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# SOCIETAS

The Magazine of  
Moore Theological College  
SYDNEY

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MICHAELMAS TERM. 1935

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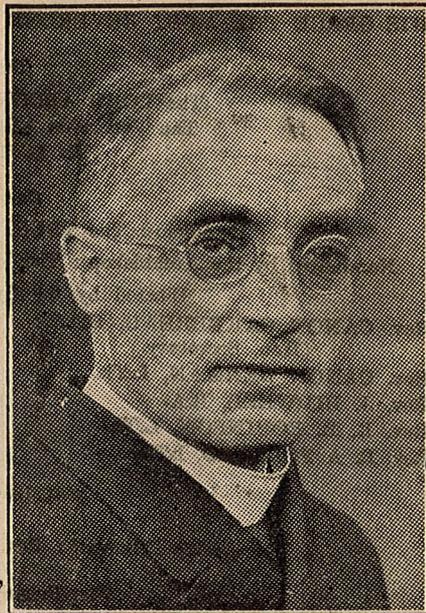
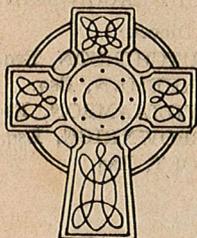
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# SOCIETAS

EDITORIAL.

“Non Inferiora Secuti.”

IN MEMORIAM



Archdeacon D. J. Davies, M.A., B.D.,  
F.R.H.S., Th.Soc.

It is not without a sense of deep sorrow that this issue of “Societas” is published. The College has sustained a great loss since the last publication of the Magazine. Our beloved and highly-esteemed Principal, the late Archdeacon D. J. Davies, M.A., B.D., F.R.H.S., Th.Soc., has passed to his rest.

He was a renowned scholar, one of the foremost of the Church in Australia, a fine lecturer and teacher, an honoured and revered theologian and historian, a faithful rector, a keen and enthusiastic sportsman; he was a cultured gentleman of the best type; he was a leader in public life whose opinions were highly respected, a man of “consecrated common-sense.”

To us students, he was also an inspiring and sympathetic Principal, a true Father-in-God. His name is honoured and admired as a faithful servant of the Church. Always kindly and courteous, always sincere and devotional, always loyal and faithful, he was a real Saint of God. His love for his students was wonderful and beautiful, glorious and sublime.

His object was to “train men for the ministry,” and he did it faithfully and well. He gave his whole self to the task, setting aside all thought of advancement and promotion that he might conscientiously and wholeheartedly do the life-work to which he believed God had called him. His was the noblest of lives, of service and self-sacrifice for the cause of God and his fellow-men.

Well may we re-echo that marvellous chapter of Ecclesiasticus, the forty-fourth, and apply it to his life, especially the fourteenth and fifteenth verses:—

“Their bodies are buried in peace; but their soul liveth for evermore.

The people will tell of their wisdom, and the congregation will show forth their praise.”

## GENERAL NOTES.

We offer our expressions of heartfelt gratitude and loyalty to the Rev. A. L. Wade, M.A., B.D., who is with us once again as Acting-Principal. It is very good of him to spend himself and his time so unsparingly in the cause of the College. We appreciate his efforts on our behalf.

Also we welcome the Rev. M. L. Loane, B.A., Th.L., as a member of the staff.

The repairing and re-painting of the College buildings has greatly enhanced their appearance.

In March of this year five students of Moore College were admitted to the diaconate by the Archbishop. They were privileged to be the first in Australia to be made deacons by Dr. Mowll.

We extend our hearty congratulations to the Rev. F. A. Reid, a former student, on his elevation to the diaconate by the Bishop of Grafton.

As the Th.L. examinations are being held two months later this year, it is not possible to print a list of the successful candidates, but still we do not hesitate to congratulate those who WILL pass. Here's hoping!

Several of the students have had letters from the Rev. G. C. Glanville, reporting his continued success, and his intention to gain still further distinction at the University.

We are glad to learn that God has so greatly blessed the ministry of the Rev. Paul Kirkham, who is labouring so diligently in the sister dominion of New Zealand. He was made deacon at the beginning of this year by Bishop Hilliard, and is the curate of Archdeacon Kimberley, also a past student of this college, being a fellow-student of the present Acting-Principal.

We were glad to welcome this year the following students, and wish them God-speed in their work:—A. Lidbetter, H. Davidson, E. C. B. MacLaurin, Ron. Arnott.

Eric Champion has come into residence. Arthur Rutter has temporarily ceased attendance at the College.

From the large number of Moore College students in the Gallery at the recent Synod, we are wondering if perhaps they are endeavouring to develop their powers of debate.

It was the privilege of the College, on September 23rd, once again to welcome former students of the College on the occasion of their annual reunion. The Archbishop was the celebrant at the service of Holy Communion.

A motion has been set on foot to erect a suitable memorial to the late Principal.

Owing to the greatly increased interest taken by some students in books of a literary, theological, poetical, homiletical, oratorical, rhetorical, zoological, biological, philosophical (?), and critical nature, some very ancient, it would seem a wise plan if in any re-building scheme, serious consideration were given to the building of substantial and capacious book-shelves in each student's room, and that the building be re-inforced to carry the tremendous weight of learning!

We are grateful to those who have contributed to the magazine, and especially would we thank the Bishop of Armidale for his kindness in writing an article.

Since the last issue of "Societas," many of our alumni have moved to new pastures. We wish them and their flocks the blessing of the Good Shepherd in their several spheres.

- G. C. Glanville, from Moore College (V.P.) to Oxford, England.
- J. H. Vaughan, from Ashfield (C.) to B.C.A., Melbourne.
- L. H. A. Broadley, from Castle Hill (C.), to S. Philip's, Sydney (C.).
- R. B. Robinson, from S. Paul's, Chatswood (R.), to Gen. Sec., H.M.S., Sydney.
- H. Hordern, from C.M.S., Sydney, to S. Peter's, Cook's River (R.).
- R. Harley-Jones, from Cremorne (R.) to Liverpool (R.).
- C. W. Hammond, from Drummoyne (C.) to Enfield (C.).
- R. P. Gee, from Erskineville (R.) to Enfield (R.).
- R. F. Dillon, from Erskineville (C.) to Willoughby (C.).
- J. Poole, from Guildford (R.) to Earlwood (R.).

- W. A. McLeod, from Lakemba (C.) to Manly (C.).  
 C. E. A. Reynolds, from Leichhardt (C.) to East Sydney (R.).  
 E. C. Robison, from Liverpool (R. and R.D.) to Cremorne (R.).  
 K. W. Luders, from Manly (C.) to Kirton Pt., S.A. (B.C.A.).  
 S. A. Mainstone, from Manly (C.) to Rockdale (C.).  
 G. G. Mottram, from Mortdale (C.) to Haberfield (C.).  
 S. G. Stewart, from S. Luke's, Mosman (C.) to Suspension Bridge (R.).  
 M. A. Payten, from Newtown (C.) to S. Andrew's Cathedral (A.M.).  
 F. Shaw, from Bishops court (Chaplain) to Picton (R.).  
 W. D. Kennedy, from East Sydney (R.) to Wallerawang (R.).  
 G. Mashman, from Suspension Bridge (R.), retired.  
 G. G. Looker, from S. Andrew's Cathedral (A.M.) to Cambridge.  
 R. J. Hewett, from C.M.S., Sydney, to S. Paul's, Chatswood (R.).  
 L. F. Newton, from Glebe (C.) to Castle Hill (C.).  
 F. G. Standen, from S. Philip's, Sydney (C.) to Neutral Bay (C.).  
 W. A. Charlton, H.M.S. Sec., retired, Acting-Rector of S. Philip's, Church Hill.  
 K. G. Aubrey, to Shoalhaven (C.).  
 J. A. Cable, to Waverley (C.).  
 W. K. Deasey, to Wollongong (C.).  
 R. N. Langshaw, to Chatswood (C.).  
 M. L. Loane, to Gladesville (C.).  
 G. R. Beatty, from Wahroonga (C.) to Ashfield (C.).  
 F. Jones, from Waterloo (C.) to Punchbowl (C.I.C.).  
 P. Kirkham, to Blenheim, New Zealand (C.).
- Also we offer our congratulations to the following:—  
 H. S. Begbie, on his appointment as Archdeacon and as a Trustee of the College.  
 C. S. Robertson, as Archdeacon in the Goulburn diocese.  
 W. J. Edwards, as Canon of S. Saviour's Cathedral, Goulburn.

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## ARCHDEACON DAVIES.

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### Noted Churchman's Death.

On Saturday morning, June 29th, occurred the death of the Venerable Archdeacon D. J. Davies, M.A., Principal of Moore Theological College since 1911, at the age of fifty-six years.

Born in Wales and educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, Archdeacon Davies was ordained in 1904, and came to Australia in 1911 to take up the position of Principal of Moore Theological College. He was a University extension lecturer in history and economics, a Fellow and examiner for the Australian College of Theology, and a Fellow of St. Paul's College within the University of Sydney. In 1917 he was chosen as Moorehouse Lecturer at Melbourne University, and published his lectures in book form under the title of "The Church and the Plain Man." He was appointed an Archdeacon by the late Archbishop Wright in 1917.

Archdeacon Davies was elected President of the Council of Churches in 1931, occupying that office for two terms. He was a permanent member of the Social Problems Committee of the Church of England. He was also an authority on Church music.

Archdeacon Davies was a prominent Freemason, and for the past eleven years had been Grand Chaplain of the United Grand Lodge of New South Wales. He is survived by Mrs. Davies (herself a graduate of Cambridge) and six children, to whom we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

A Memorial Service was conducted by the Archbishop on the Monday morning in the College chapel, before the impressive and largely-attended service in the Cathedral. Amongst those who kept vigil from the Saturday evening, when the cortege arrived at the College chapel, until the service on the following Monday, were: Revs. K. G. Aubrey and A. Setchell, and R. Arnott, R. W. Hemming, A. Rutter, M. Gilhespy, B. McCarthy, A. Lidbetter, A. T. Pitt-Owen, and also Mr. Jack Davies.

THE LATE VEN. ARCHDEACON D. J. DAVIES, M.A., B.D.,  
Th. Soc., F.R.H.S.

An Appreciation, by the Rev. F. A. S. Shaw, B.A., Th.L.

Like many another who had the privilege of being trained for the Christian ministry at Moore College under the late Archdeacon Davies, the writer feels rather at a loss and unequal to the task of penning an appreciation of such a Principal as he undoubtedly was. However, one's feelings, so inadequately expressed here, are perhaps an echo of those entertained by others who regarded the Principal as their friend.

Students the world over will always have appellations for their teachers and friends, but the title "The Principal" was the one used and beloved of all students of Moore College when speaking of the Archdeacon.

Moore College became a home away from home to us because we soon found there a real man who was ever ready to prove himself a father and friend to us. If there ever was a Father-in-God to students the Principal was indeed such. In a natural and human way he taught us the truths of a natural and human Gospel as he saw them. He taught with conviction as a result of much earnest and thorough investigation, and we all appreciate the fact that he was determined we should not serve the Master in the Christian Ministry at the expense of disabled minds. To him our minds were sacred, and, like the Master Himself, he had respect for our personalities. No wonder his students loved him as a teacher and Principal, and reverence his memory to-day!

Besides being a teacher and scholar, the Principal was a recognised preacher of no mean ability, and those of us who listened to him week by week were always conscious of his eagerness to impart the truth as he knew it, and to set the minds of his listeners thinking so that they would study to make the truth their own; he believed in educating his congregation—leading them out.

It was impossible to be in his company for long without learning something new. The wealth of his knowledge and experience was freely showered upon us. Every conversation with him was of infinite value. His vigorous personality was enriched by his joyful optimism and sense of humour. He was essentially a happy man, believing in a joyful God and in a Saviour Who could see the humorous side of life.

The Principal, apart from being a teacher, scholar and preacher, was also a sportsman and musician. He loved to encourage us in sport, and oftentimes joined in with us. Tennis, cricket and golf he loved. He endeavoured to teach us to sing and play and to enjoy the music of the Prayer Book. He taught many a student to play the organ and to conduct Evensong.

Three years at Moore College with the Principal meant to us enlightenment of mind and broadening of outlook, and an enrichment which comes from being in the company of a Christian gentleman and friend. Some of us spent a longer term under his guidance and instruction, but never for one moment did any of us regret our friendly association with him, and one is tempted to say that some even found friendship one of the paths that lead to Christ.

Some of us may have forgotten in part what he taught, and what the subjects of his sermons, but none of us can shut out from our minds the vision of that noble face, that intellectual brow, and that expression of friendliness characteristic of those who love their fellow-men, of our departed Principal. He refused constantly to speak ill of anyone, because he had no time for pettiness and because he realised that there are possibilities for good in all. Is it any wonder that we love to call him "The Principal"?

Most of us, when we entered Moore College, needed the help, instruction and inspiration of a great man and a great friend, and that need was adequately met when we came face to face with Archdeacon Davies. The greatest need of the world to-day is great men. May we prove such, for anything less would be an unworthy memorial of such a worthy man as was "The Principal."

## EXPERIENCES IN PARISH LIFE.

(By the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Armidale.)

Quite recently I happened to be in a vicarage where I saw on the library shelves a set of copies of "Societas," gathered in a neat cover. Obviously the magazine is treasured and the honour is the greater to be allowed to tell, for those just setting their feet on the pathway of the ministry, something of one's own early experience and training. The subject is the editor's choosing, and therefore if much of what is written is written in the first person, I hope readers will be merciful.

There is little doubt that the early days of a man's ministry are of the utmost importance. Therein he learns the habits that become the railway of the years. His curacy (or curacies—if that be possible) can be a wonderfully rich experience, and the man who deliberately postpones—if he has any choice in the matter—the taking of an independent charge for at least five years after ordination, will almost certainly be better furnished for a lasting ministry deep in spiritual power. This paper, therefore, will seek to describe the writer's years in two curacies, and the results as they appear, in the perspective of a now somewhat distant past.

My first rector was a man on fire with love for souls. He "counted not his life dear unto him," neither time nor energy was spared if only he could win men for Christ. He paid the price in the end, in failing health, but he left a band of men and women, now scattered far and wide, whose loyalty to Christ nothing in life or death will ever dim.

The background of the parish life was prayer. Each of us lived a mile from the church, and in opposite directions, but Morning Prayer was said together daily before breakfast, and the Holy Communion administered on all Tuesdays and Holy Days. The rector always remained a half-hour afterwards to pray for the parishioners, their homes being listed, so that each month every one came, with all its needs, before the Throne of Grace.

Evensong we said separately—he in the Parish Church, I in the Mission Church; but it was wonderful to see how, as months and years passed by, a congregation grew and effective prayer could be offered night by night. He was remarkable for his love for the Church of England and his care in every way possible to follow out the Prayer Book as an instrument designed through centuries, and designed with wisdom, inspiration, and no mean knowledge of human needs. Of this more anon.

Of course we knew the homes of the people. I can still remember the serious letter he wrote to my fiancée that she might know the terrific life in which she was pledging her part some day. "J—," he wrote, "will visit six afternoons and five evenings a week." So we did. Monday morning saw his campaign planned. We met for breakfast at the rectory, had a quiet hour for reading and meditation, and then discussed the visiting, the meetings, and the preachings for the week. The parish map and the books in which, sheet by sheet, we kept dated records of visits, told where visiting had been sparse of late. Twenty-five houses were allotted to each of us, independent of those we might be called to through sickness or needs of organisation, or general parish affairs. It was our task to get to know these people, the atmosphere of their homes, their interests, and their needs. It was expected that most of the twenty-five would be visited, and a report made on the following Monday, a mutual report so that both might know the whole parish and learn to see it through each other's eyes as well as through one's own. Of course at times the list was crowded out by urgent business, and some carried over for another try, but the ideal was there, not of a scamped and hurried social call, but of one where we were listeners rather than speakers, getting into the heart of the home, entering with sympathy into its life and needs, sharing its joys and sorrows, and as a rule ending by lifting it and all into God's Presence in prayer. Of course, it is said that times have changed and such practice is less possible now than twenty-five years ago. One doubts whether the human heart changes much from generation to generation, and whether more time spent in this spiritual pilgrimage of visiting on such lines as these would not solve many of the problems (financial as well as others) on which clergy of to-day spend weary hours.

For those were not easy days. A great industrial centre as well as a seaport provided a spirit of worldliness, and love of pleasure as keen as of any to-day. Unbelief was common, "evolution" was a word to conjure with, a glibly sufficient excuse for cutting the painter of loyalty to religion. The real reason, then as now, was to be found elsewhere in a man's personal life, and was a further incentive to personal and pastoral work. Added to this, a six months' strike brought many to poverty. But through it all this man of power and love was a light in a dark place, an inspiration to us all.

The hardest part of the visiting was the care of the sick, especially those in the rather large hospital. Do any men find the task an easy one? From the beginning I was set my share, and I look back now with a measure of shame as I realise the sad failures that not merely dotted the road, but almost paved it. My first visit to the hospital ended at the front gate; I could not go in—I went home. And even though the next effort met more success, it was a year at least before even I found the courage to pray beside a bed in an open ward. One hopes, and wonders how much of value there was in the friendly chat and word of sympathy—but how much was lacking of the lifting all and everything to God: "The little less, and what worlds away."

The rector (as did the rector in my next parish) was never tired of emphasizing the importance of prayer before and during one's visiting. They both knew the snare of merely social calls and drinking tea, but to them the solution lay, not in discarding visiting as an instrument for the Kingdom, but in putting it on its right level and depths.

If I may offer a comment from the present, the more I see of parishes the more I am sure the wisdom of these men is the true wisdom.

But visiting was not the only activity of life. Our mornings religiously were safeguarded for study and for preparation. A book of the Bible was always at hand, with commentary and Greek (if New Testament), for an hour's work every day. General reading, biography, social questions, psychology, had their allotted time, and every morning had its hour for sermon preparation. Obviously it was no use bringing people to Church without prepared instruction for them, and the sermon was considered of quite first-rate importance. For nearly five years, under the rector's advice, I wrote every sermon in full, and almost learned them by heart. What was lost in spontaneity was gained in order, accuracy, and good English at any rate; and, after all, it was a preparatory time where the gaining of these things was of real value. The fire could wait until there was material on which it might catch.

But general reading was emphasised. The strain of ministry comes after fifteen years, and the hand-to-mouth parson becomes a disappointment to his people and a source of trouble to his bishop, in the day when no parish specially wants him. Study and thoughtful reading must go on through the years, if one is to bring out of one's treasures "things new and old."

The care of the children was always counted as of high importance. In a day when Sunday Schools were larger and accepted more than to-day, the teachers' class was a weekly engagement that nothing ever crowded out.

Baptisms were conducted, as much as possible, during Divine Service, and great care taken as to god-parents and their responsibilities.

But it was in Confirmation work that the rector showed himself at his best. The classes were many and carried on for some months, but when the great day came each candidate was linked up with a witness (as the Prayer Book enjoins), and on this witness lay the responsibility of bringing the newly-confirmed to his (or her) Communion regularly for the first twelve months. Needless to say, far less leakage followed than is generally known. There's a world of wisdom in the rubrics of the Book of Common Prayer, even though a schoolboy has defined a rubric as "something that can be stretched and twisted."

There were organizations—Mothers' Union, G.F.S., and C.E.M.S.; there was always a preparation service on Saturday night for Sunday—for is not the manner of keeping Saturday night the solution of Sunday observance very largely?

So three years passed by. It may seem as though life was all woven of strenuousness and toil, and indeed, very largely, so it was. But it had its hours of relaxation. A "male voice choir," a "bachelor's" association meant an evening of lighter fellowship, while cricket and football claimed the Saturday afternoons throughout the year so that physical health and recreation were cared for quite sufficiently.

Then came news of a possible appointment to a parish. "No," said the Rector. "Will you go home to England if I can get you a two-years' curacy?" I was a married man by this time (not that I should recommend assistant curates **to-day** to marry on £150 a year, even if their bishops are willing) and with nothing much in hand, but we made the adventure and found ourselves soon settled in a great South London parish. The work was different from the earlier experience. Its background was the same—it was cradled in prayer, for each day began with a celebration of the Holy Communion and each evening at 5.30 we tried to meet for Evensong; but the work was more intense. There were five on the staff, and organisations innumerable expressed the activities of a tremendous parish. We met every week, we compared notes, made reports, but each of us had his own department, and we did not overlap very much. My task was a slum of four thousand people, with five families in a house sometimes, in an area around which I could walk in half an hour. Poverty and sickness were rife. It was a mission. The Salvation Army did not come our way, we did the work ourselves. Street preaching, poor relief, a refuge, clubs for men, lads and girls, were part of the regular routine, while a Bible Class and Prayer Meeting of the most informal kind every Friday night made a background for our lay-workers in their enthusiastic service. What a life it was! Six week-nights in two years, I think, I was at home before ten o'clock.

But, despite the organization, the clubs, the lantern services, etc., neither study nor visiting must be neglected, and, under the vicar's wise insistence, these held their place as keenly as in the earlier parish.

What an experience it was in using time, in making the most of every five minutes, in working to a programme, in never being in a hurry though every hour was packed. It taught me that peace is not the stillness of inertia, but the harmony of working forces all in tune, and that life can generate pace without ever sacrificing peace.

All this we caught from our vicar, one of South London's greatest souls—a three-mile inter-university champion in earlier days, a man who loved men only a little less than he loved God. In his younger days he had gone with his wife and his sister and hers to the Old Kent Road, and boarded up the arches under a railway bridge to make a place of worship. On the first Easter morning the four of them made their Communion alone. Seven years later he resigned for other work and a needed rest. Their last service was a week morning Celebration in a church under which, and around which, were built parish rooms with all accessories for such a district. There were five hundred communicants and more on that early morning.

Such were the curacies that sent me on my way in the ministry. Times change, but still the man of God needs the same background of prayer and study for a spiritual and effective ministry, still he needs to seek his people one by one in visiting, and never will he cease to need the surrendered life that lets God speak through him to others, nor the love of souls that will give him power to draw his fellows to God "with the cords of man, even bonds of love."

JOHN S. ARMIDALE.

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ADDRESS GIVEN IN S. ANDREW'S CATHEDRAL, SYDNEY,  
by Rev. Canon W. J. Cakebread, at the Memorial Service to the late  
Archdeacon Davies, July 1, 1935.

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We meet to-day, under the shadow of a great loss, to pay our tribute to one who, after a wonderful life of service to the Church in this Diocese and Province, has passed so quickly to his reward. Only on Friday week he was present at the Committee meeting of Moore College, and the day before at the House Committee, keenly enthusiastic as usual; but for a long time he has been battling against illness. His indomitable will and courage carried him on and prevented others from seeing how ill he was. I was very closely associated with him for over twenty years, and it is a privilege, though a very sad one, to pay my tribute to his memory.

After a brilliant course at Cambridge he was engaged in University work as Lecturer and Director of Studies until 1911, when, as quite a young man, he was called to be Principal of Moore College, and, accompanied by his accomplished wife (herself a Cam-

bridge graduate), he commenced what was to prove to be his life's work. It showed the courage and spirit of adventure of the man, which was his characteristic all through, that he should be willing to sacrifice his prospects in the Old Country to take his part in building up the Church in this southern land. He brought wonderful and varied gifts to his task, a great vision, a breadth of sympathy and a spirit of comradeship, that soon won him a large circle of friends. He was at his best among his students—their teacher, their guide and counsellor and friend; but he touched life at so many points: the world of music, a skilled organist and musician; the Masonic fraternity, where he held high office; the University, where he was lecturer and examiner. He was a keen student of the social problem, and his Moorehouse lectures, "The Church and the Plain Man," won favourable comment. He took an active part in all Church life and work, serving on many committees—no doubt, far beyond his strength.

The Principal of a Theological College holds a unique place in the life of the diocese. To him come the young men desirous of entering the ministry, full of that first glow of love for Christ and a longing to preach the Gospel. They long to make known to others the wonderful love of Christ which they have realised in their own lives, but they need to be trained, they need to learn before they can be polished shafts fit for the Master's use. It was his joy to teach them. He showed a wonderful patience. Thoroughly musical himself, he loved to teach them the beauty of music in worship. A skilled historian, his learning in the history honour schools at Cambridge made him long to teach them to read history, to love it for its own sake and for the sake of its broadening influence in fitting them better for their work. He always thought the best of his men. His sympathetic understanding of and interest in them brought a ready response. He did not seek to turn them all out after one pattern. He set before them the truth as he saw it, and left them to work it out for themselves. He was so proud of them when they did well in the examinations, so understanding if they were unsuccessful. It was his joy to visit them in their parishes after their ordination, and he never lost sight of those who had passed under his Principalship.

Moore College men are at work far and wide in Australia, and in the Mission Field, and only the other day he mentioned to me with evident joy that the five clergy in the Federal Capital of Canberra were all old students of the College.

To you, my friends and brothers of the clergy, who were trained by him and fitted for your life's work under his guidance, I know well how you feel to-day. He loved everyone of you, and you know dear Ben, as you loved to call him, would have done anything that was in his power for anyone of you. You truly feel you have lost to-day a friend and counsellor, one to whom you could go at all times and feel sure of having a glad welcome and sympathetic counsel in your difficulties. It was his greatest joy to know of your work. He was like an elder brother more than a Principal, a true and loving friend. It is a personal sorrow to us all to-day. A man in his position could not possibly please everyone.

How can we best pay our tribute to his memory? I think we can best pay our tribute to him by seeking to carry out the ideals he set before us, by going back to our parishes in city or country, in crowded centres or scattered populations, and working harder than ever, to bear our witness to those eternal realities which were so real to him and which he sought to impart, and without which life would be a poor thing indeed.

"O bless the Shepherd, bless the sheep,  
That guide and guided both be one,  
One in the faithful watch they keep,  
Until this hurrying life be done."

If in this Memorial Service we reconsecrate ourselves afresh to-day to our Lord and Master, if we go back from his graveside to our parishes with eyes dimmed with tears but with hearts aflame to live out in our lives and in our witness to others the great truths which he taught us and which were dear to him, then it may indeed be said, "He being dead yet speaketh."

No greater joy could we bring to his heart than to know far and wide over this land is a band of brothers who in city and country are serving the Living Christ and building up the City of God.

And to the wider congregation present you who pay your reverent tribute to-day to a great churchman, a great scholar, and a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, there was one project dear to his heart which is unrealised—the re-building of our Theological College, and especially the College chapel. He worked hard to raise funds for the College, he rejoiced to see the first part (the Principal's house) completed, but the rest of the scheme still waits.

There could be no better memorial that our diocese could erect to his memory than the completion of the College, or at least the building of a new College chapel which was so very dear to his heart. It would stand for all time as a witness to his life and labours and enable the training of men for the ministry to be more effectively done.

He is not here—his body lies in the choir as we honour his memory in this Cathedral Church of ours—but his gallant spirit has passed on, freed from the burdens of the flesh, to his eternal reward. Even when the shadows were deepening and his life fast ebbing out, he was singing. His wife bent over him and found that he thought he was taking a College practice in the chapel. "You will tire yourself out, dear," she said, and he answered: "I must do my job." He did his job faithfully and well, and died as he would have wished, at his post.

He has left a beautiful example of a perfect home-life. He was devoted to his dear ones and they to him. A loving husband and father and a true friend. To his sorrowing family we offer our heartfelt sympathy and pray that the God of all comfort may speak peace to their hearts in this time of trial. His was a life that could ill be spared. His place will be hard to fill. Others will take up the work, but the sense of loss remains.

Yet for him we dare not grieve. He has finished his course, he has kept the faith. His work will remain and will live after him in the life of witness of the men he trained, but he has joined the great company who have loved and served and suffered for their Lord and for whom all the trumpets have sounded on the other side.

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## THE SILVER JUBILEE.

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On this occasion of the Silver Jubilee of His Majesty King George V., we take the opportunity to voice our expression of devotion and loyalty to His Gracious Majesty. We cannot do better in this matter than repeat the words of the late Principal, used by him in a commemorative address:

"Our gracious King George is the first citizen of the British Empire. We do well to celebrate his Silver Jubilee, for he is an outstanding example of the exercise of influence and authority in a strictly constitutional manner. The Great War upset many thrones and overturned many governments, but King George's throne is more secure than ever, and no person in the world to-day commands such loyalty and respect.

When we search for the basis of his unique influence, we do not find in him any signs of special intellectual ability or force of personality. It is true that he has well and worthily maintained the dignity of his high position and has displayed due discretion in discharging its functions; but those who heard his Christmas message were impressed with his large humanity and kindly feeling. He is the head of his people, but is also one of them, and also their servant. He spoke to us as a large-hearted father to his world-wide family.

Problems of statesmanship and administration he wisely leaves to those responsible for dealing with them. Yet we feel that he is a real man with a real job, and a man who does his job while letting the other men do their jobs. We feel that he knows his job and does it, and the secret of his success lies in the fact that His Gracious Majesty King George V. is first and foremost a simple Christian gentleman.

In political crises before and after the war, and in the stress of the war, he set a fine example of devotion to duty and readiness to share whatever sacrifices his people might be called upon to make. Standing above and apart from all parties, he was able to bring together the leaders of different sections, and in conference enable them to understand one another better, while freely criticising one another, but in the right temper. By acting strictly as a constitutional ruler he has enabled political experiments to be made, and eased the strain of more crises than one. He has done this by representing in his own person the larger interests of all his subjects, and by investing his strong sense of duty with a warm touch of personal kindness and friendly humanity. He is truly the friend of all his people, and he is such, I repeat, because he is first and foremost a simple Christian gentleman, a servant of God for the benefit of his people.

Herein he is an example for us, his people, to follow—the first citizen of the Empire. God save the King, and help us to follow his example of service."

## IN MEMORIAM.

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We offer our sincere sympathy to His Grace the Archbishop in the death of his mother. Several of the students attended the Memorial Service held in the Cathedral.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

Private advice has been received in Sydney of the death in England of the Rev. Arthur R. Blackett, at the age of 87 years. He was educated at Moore College and St. Paul's College, Sydney University, and was ordained by Bishop Barker at St. Barnabas' Church, George Street West, in 1872. He had charge of several parishes in New South Wales, among them being Holy Trinity, Kelso, and S. Matthew's, Windsor. He was Canon of Bathurst Cathedral for two years. In 1895 he left Melbourne, where he had been incumbent of S. Matthew's, Prahran, for five years, to take up missionary work with Bishop Stewart in Persia for seven years. He then went to England, and acted as organiser for the Church Missionary Society. He retired from active duties in 1928.

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## SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

By Rev. M. L. Loane, B.A., Th.L.

There are few Englishmen who know nothing of the troubled times of Archbishop Laud and Charles I. They were times when Protestantism was endangered and the work of the Reformation nearly undone; they were days when many a Gospel truth was covered over, and many a faithful Gospel preacher was put to silence. They were stormy years when Samuel Rutherford was born in 1600, one of three children of a respectable farmer in Nisbet. Thus he was inevitably plunged into the thick of the fray in all the deadly turmoil of the seventeenth century. He received his schooling in a nearby town—Jedburgh, and in 1617 he entered what was to become the University, but was as yet simply the College of Edinburgh, and here he gained the degree of Master of Arts in 1621. His scholarly gifts and high talents soon won him an appointment as Regent or Professor of Humanity, but in 1625 he relinquished this office and led a private life, devoting himself to theology. It was probably during these years that he was brought into a full saving knowledge of Christ and Him crucified, for he writes: "Like a fool as I was, I suffered my sun to be high in the heaven and near afternoon before ever I took the gate by the end." But now family trials and the dealings of Providence began to mould him into a mighty man of God, and in 1627 he was settled in the small rural village of Anwoth.

The parish of Anwoth is inseparably connected with Rutherford's name. Here, for nine years, night and day, he lived and laboured; he wrestled and prayed, he preached and visited, beseeching men in Christ's stead to be reconciled with God. Obscure though his parish was, scattered though his sheep were, the work of the ministry and the salvation of their souls was dearer to him than life itself. Is it a small thing that his name became a proverb and his people would boast that "he is always praying, always preaching, always visiting the sick, always catechising, always writing and studying"? His vast learning and his undeniable talents were all laid out in pursuit of one thing—to win souls for Christ. The herd-boys were not too lowly for him to seek out personally and individually; the nobles were not too lofty for him to reprove, rebuke, and exhort as faithfully as he would his own children. Yet he did not see immediate conversions. After two years he says: "I see exceedingly small fruit of my ministry; I would be glad of one soul to be a crown of joy and rejoicing in the day of Christ." But after nine years he could call God to be his witness that he was clear of the blood of their souls. He could write back from his exile and say: "Thoughts of your soul depart not from me in my sleep." Such was the intense yearning of their pastor over his flock.

His work in Anwoth was suddenly brought to an end, and he was banished to Aberdeen in 1636. He was called to the High Commission Court and condemned for his refusal to conform to Archbishop Laud's requirements, and for his great work against the Arminians. He was deprived of his ministerial office and sentenced to live in silence within the confines of Aberdeen. The parishioners of Anwoth sent representatives to accompany him in sorrowful sympathy right to his journey's end. There in Aberdeen, a town bitterly hostile to the Reformation, he was confined for nearly two years, the first man to feel the lash of persecuting tactics. True, he was not cast into bonds or bound with fetters or locked in a dungeon, but he was banished and silenced. The Gospel was a forbidden thing, and this treatment hurt him to the quick. But his sufferings in Aberdeen were wonderfully blessed and used of God for his glory; they stirred up the saints all through the United Kingdom to a deeper and more ardent solicitude for the jeopardy into which the reformers' work had fallen. And they drew him personally into such sweet and precious communion with Christ, into such new revelations and experiences of God's marvellous grace, and into such transports of joy at the very thought of his Redeemer, that men marvelled to see how closely he walked with God, how ardently he gazed on the King in His beauty. It was while the folk of Aberdeen nick-named him "the banished minister" that his heart-searching and heart-moving "Letters" were written—written as from "The King's Palace," in Aberdeen.

In 1638 public events had taken another turn in Scotland and Rutherford hastened back to Anwoth. But in 1639, in spite of his reluctance, he was removed to the professorial chair in S. Andrew's and became Principal of the new College. But he insisted on securing permission to be free to preach regularly every week, for he could not bear to be silent. In 1643 he became one of the Commissioners from the Church of Scotland to the famous Westminster Assembly. For four years he attended its sessions, and his was the principal guiding hand in drawing up the Shorter Catechism. On his return to S. Andrew's he carried on his invaluable work until his death in 1661. He declined two invitations to professorships in Holland. During these years no man stood higher as a scholar, a theologian, a controversialist, or a preacher in all Scotland, and truly "there were giants in the earth in those days." His vast learning, his moving and affectionate preaching, his passionate yearning for souls, his intense personal saintliness, made him a marked man—both for friend and foe. No one living was more sought after and looked up to than he in the deepest questions of the spiritual life, in the secrets of the Lord with the soul. With all his faults, despite his extreme bitterness in controversy, his hasty temper and ill-timed reproaches, he was a great man. His "Letters" alone reveal how truly he sat with Christ in the heavenlies. His own words, archaic though they may sound in modern ears, "I would be farther in upon Christ than at his joys; in where love and mercy lodgeth, beside His heart," reveal the all-absorbing desire of his soul. Few know that the lovely hymn, "The Sands of Time are Sinking," is composed solely of extracts from his letters, and the ever memorable words uttered on his dying bed, which were woven into a beautiful poem by Mrs. A. R. Cousin.

When Charles II. was fully restored to the throne, Rutherford's work, "Lex Rex," proved particularly objectionable to the Government. A fresh outburst of persecution was imminent under the uncompromising policy of the new king. His book was publicly burnt in 1661, first at Edinburgh by the hands of the hangman, then a few days later, at the hands of Sharpe, under his very own window at S. Andrew's. He was deposed from all his offices and was cited to appear before Parliament on a charge of high treason. But the summons was too late. Already he was lying on his deathbed, and his reply was that he had received another summons to appear before a far higher Judge. The message he sent was simply: "I behove to answer my first summons, and ere your day arrive I will be where few kings and great folk come." A lingering illness gradually carried him off on the 30th March, 1661. His last saying has become immortal: "Glory, glory dwelleth in Emmanuel's Land." Then in his own beautiful words he fell asleep "on the bosom of the Almighty."

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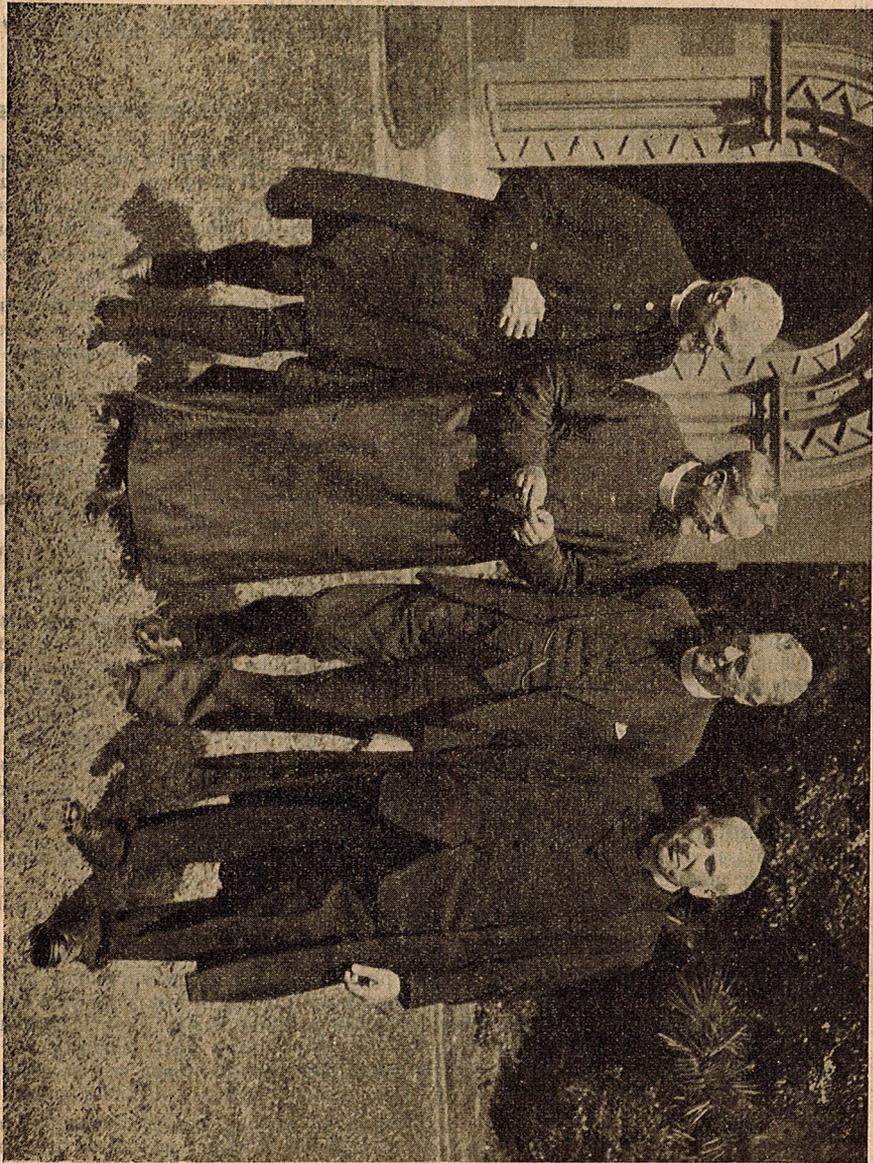
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## SYDNEY JAMES KIRKBY, BISHOP.

(By Rev. R. H. Pitt-Owen.)

As a contemporary of the late Bishop Kirkby, and one who always looked up to him as a brother in Christ, I am glad to record my appreciation of his life since the day he entered Moore Theological College.

From the very first day that we came into contact with him we felt that his gift of intellect was adding to the atmosphere of spiritual learning which was so manifest in the Principal (the Rev. Canon N. Jones) and the Vice-Principal (the Rev. H. Saumarez-Smith). His strength of character, which the features of his striking face and kindly eyes so clearly delineated, captivated us at once, and we knew that one had come to live among us whose influence would radiate into the life of every student.

His deep conviction regarding the truth of the Gospel was often brought out as we listened to some of the finest addresses that were ever delivered in the College chapel, and which came from the lips of one whom we realised had consecrated his gifts to God—Sydney James Kirkby. I recollect that on one occasion he took for his text the words that are written across one of the windows at the east end of the chapel: "I determined not to know anything among you save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." Those of us who were present at that service can never forget the deep impression which his earnest words made on us all as we began to realise, as never before, the beauty of that verse which S. Paul wrote to the Corinthian Christians.

His sincerity of purpose and his spirit of loyalty to the Master Whom he loved so dearly, and served so faithfully were ever prominent features of the life which he lived so well, and the talents which he so unstintingly surrendered. He will always be remembered as one of the outstanding students of a Theological College which numbers among the clergy of the Church so many who have born faithful witness to the truths of the Gospel, and have fearlessly proclaimed the glad tidings of salvation. He loved the College with his heart and soul, and endeavoured to enunciate the teachings which he had imbibed therein, and had himself helped to impart to prospective ministers of God's Church.

Throughout his varied ministry of thirty years he has been a devoted, hard-working servant of Jesus Christ, a talented preacher, a gifted organiser, and an earnest student.

While the story of the first twelve years of the Bush Church Aid Society will ever be the gem in the many services which he rendered to the cause of Christ and His people, we can never forget how he crowned a most useful life with the work which he was able, by the grace of God, to accomplish during the years he was seconding the tasks of the Chief Shepherd of the diocese as Coadjutor Bishop; and especially the splendid way in which he rose, after the passing of Archbishop Wright and in the interim of fifteen months when we were waiting for his successor, to the duties of Administrator of the greatest diocese in the Southern Hemisphere.

The Church in Australia is poorer for the summoning of our right reverend brother to the higher sphere, the nobler service, the better land; but we have the most convincing evidence, both by his death and his life, that he could have said triumphantly with St. Paul, "I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give to me in that day."

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## DAVID JOHN DAVIES.

### An Appreciation.

David John Davies, Master of Arts and Bachelor of Divinity of Cambridge University, Fellow of the Australian College of Theology and of the Royal Historical Society, Principal of Moore Theological College beloved teacher and friend, has passed on. He has fought a good fight, but his course is not yet finished.

The Church and community are the poorer for his passing: we who were his students feel that we have sustained an intimate personal loss.

As Principal, he guided our theological studies, and in them he passed on to us his own deep love of learning and reverence for truth. His task, as he conceived it, was to teach us to think constructively and broadly, to welcome truth and light wherever found, to develop understanding and sympathy, to relate faith to life—all in loyalty to the purposes and will of Him Who is Head of the Church and the Lord of all good life.

No one could be a student under him for long without being conscious of the range and accuracy of his scholarship. The realisation of it grew upon one; it was never protruded. Yet how tolerant he was of our immaturity and undeveloped ideas. He respected our point of view and we never knew at the time how deeply he was influencing us, always towards a richer appreciation of life and a deeper view of religion.

A man of deep convictions which were the ripe fruit of hard thinking, he exercised a wide charity with those who differed. Where men misunderstood him and tried to hamper his work he was never bitter. He was always ready to think the best of them. In the intimate contact I had with him I have never heard him say one unkind word. It was not in him to hurt.

A Welshman, he had music in the soul of him. Any lover of music among his students had revealed to him a delightful and beautiful aspect of his personality.

He had the gift of teaching and he was truly at his best among his students. But he was more than teacher. He was our friend and counsellor. We went to him with our personal problems; we consulted him in all the great decisions of our ministry, and at all times found in him a wise father-in-God and a sympathetic and helpful friend.

Upon men of varying type and differing outlook and gifts he exercised a quiet but irresistible influence. Its essence was the offering of comradeship—the comradeship of a real and lovable and child-like soul. It is this that bound and binds us to him with invisible bonds which outlast the accident of death. His death leaves a gap in the circle of friendship, or shall we say it widens the orbit.

The Church has lost a thinker and scholar who added a worthy personal contribution to its treasures of faith and life. The community has lost one who always bore his testimony to truth and righteousness on public issues with a wide charity, and yet with unmistakable loyalty to Christian principles.

He was a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman. Wherever he is in God's vast abiding-places of refreshment and service, our love goes with him. F.A.W.

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## PRAYER.

(By A. T. Pitt-Owen.)

I suppose that the first question that enters the mind when prayer is mentioned is, "What exactly is prayer?" If we are going to pray, it is essential that we should know something of prayer: what it is, its value, its efficacy.

Prayer is a communing, a talking, with God. Just as a child may speak to his earthly father, so we, as the children of God, may speak to our Heavenly Father. Prayer at its best is conversation and intercourse with God—the confidential talk of a child who tells everything to his father. But true prayer is more than merely conversing with God. True prayer should, as one writer has said, have the effect "of connecting every thought with the thought of God, of looking on everything as His work and His appointment, of submitting every thought, wish, and resolve, to Him; of feeling His presence so that it shall restrain us even in our wildest moments."

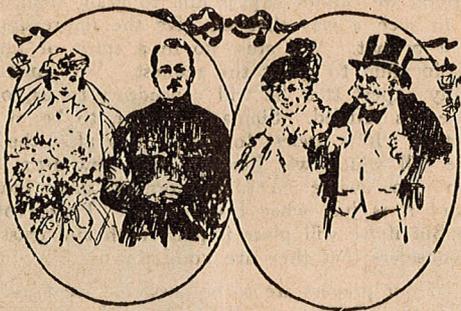
Prayer is God's great universal gift to mankind. It may be used and cultivated by all. By it we may supplicate God for our wants, we may thank Him for past blessings, we may tell Him of our troubles and sorrows, and we may rejoice with Him in our joys and pleasures. Prayer is a very serious matter, it is a wonderful privilege, it is a most gracious and helpful comfort. Such a privilege as is ours belongs to all, whether they be high or low, rich or poor; there is no distinction of class or race; all may come into touch with God; all may pray to Him.

But it is not always an easy matter for us to pray. It is surely a tremendous and grand privilege that we have in that we are given the opportunity of speaking quite freely and openly with our Heavenly King, with God Himself. How are we to pray will no doubt be a problem that is often raised. Simply to recite a few words is not praying, and there is a great danger of our falling into such a habit. We have to consider very thoughtfully what we are saying to God, whether by word of mouth, or in our minds. For prayer does not consist merely in our speaking to God, but also in spending moments of quietness when we may listen to God speaking to us. It is the attitude of the mind and heart of the individual himself that is most important in our prayer-life. We may have been accustomed to fall on our knees every morning and evening from our earliest childhood, and we may have spoken words that we call prayers, yet it is possible that we have never really prayed. When we speak to an earthly father we have some definite person before us whom we can see; and when we enter into conversation we speak to him and he replies to us, and we find it a pleasure to converse one with the other. So also we should be pleased to have communion with God. But we require greater concentration in offering our prayers, for we are speaking to Someone Whom we cannot see with our outward eyes, but Who, we know, sees and hears us. The heathen erects his image or idol, and prays to that; but we must get into direct touch with God, and we shall feel His presence if we put our minds wholeheartedly to the task, and recognise God as Someone Who will hear us—a Father Who is ever ready to answer. And so we need to cultivate the spirit of real prayer: prayer that is not merely a vain repetition of words, but prayer that is really prayer, that is, a living realization of actual communion and fellowship with God.

Prayer can be a great force in life. We should not think it amiss to spend hours in prayer to God, putting all our trust in Him, for He careth for us. It was to the quiet places that our Lord often went to indulge in prayer: to the mountain-tops where He was away from the turmoil and the rush of life, and in solitude could come and meet the Father. And we likewise, in reverence and quietness, may draw near to God in prayer, using that most valuable means of grace, that great bulwark and source of strength that is ours.

Life would not have the same interest for us, nor the same value, if none of us ever spoke to his neighbour, nor had intercourse of any kind with him. And life will not have the same value to us, nor will it be so glorious, if we fail to use that great gift of prayer, that intercourse with Him Who is above all human beings, even God. If we neglect intercourse with others we are likely to become narrow-minded and un-

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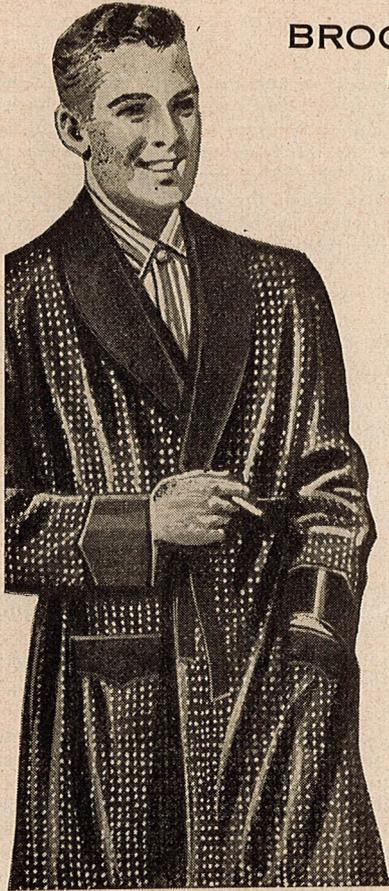
appreciative of the glory of life ; but if we neglect our prayer-life we will become spiritually stunted and barren, and will not bring forth in our lives the fruit that is expected of us.

We must speak to God in faith, with an earnest desire that He will hear us and answer our prayers. Prayer without faith is of no avail, is useless, is no prayer at all. If we have not faith that God will help us, that He will, in some measure at least, grant our petitions, how can we expect our prayers to be answered? If we ask a favour from some friend we cannot expect him to grant that favour if we go to him and ask him for it in such a way that we give the impression that we do not care whether we receive it or not. We must go in a spirit of hope, and let him know that we are anxious for him to grant the request. We must show him by our expression that we really expect that he will concede it to us, otherwise we cannot be surprised if our request is refused. Similarly, prayer, to be of any value to us, must be sincere and expectant. It is useless for us to pray after the manner of the woman who prayed that the hill which was blocking the view from her window might be removed, and when she awoke in the morning and found that it was still there exclaimed, "Ah! it is just what I expected." Prayer offered in such a spirit will have no effect. But if we will place implicit faith and trust in God He will grant our requests if He considers that they are good for us.

And then again, if our prayers are to be answered we must be prepared to do our share in bringing about their fulfilment. When the sick came to Christ for healing, He usually told them to do something before they were made whole. Thus, He told the blind man to go and wash in the pool of Siloam ; the man with the withered hand was commanded to stretch it forth ; the man who had the palsy was told to rise, take up his bed, and walk. We cannot expect to sit back in an armchair, as it were and let God do all the work. We ourselves must be ready to do whatsoever is in our power to bring about the accomplishment of our prayers.

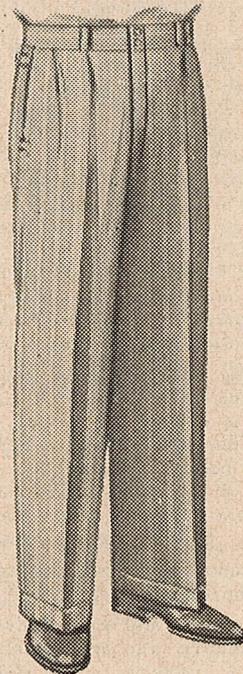
Then, also, we must face the problem of apparently unanswered prayer. Complaint is made that God has made up His mind and will not change it. But God is too kind and loving to be cruel to us. He is our Father and will answer our prayer if He sees it is best for us, giving us more than we ask or think. A sensible father will not give his small boy a razor to play with, for he knows that it is dangerous for him. Likewise, God in His wisdom knows what is best for us : He sees and knows all ; He is working out His great plan, and we may well entrust our lives to His keeping. Our prayers must always be subject to God's will. We should pray as Christ prayed : "Lord, not as I will, but as Thou wilt." Where would we have been to-day if God had granted Christ's request when He prayed in Gethsemane that the cup might pass from Him? But God did not grant the request. Similarly, St. Paul prayed that he might be relieved from a disability in life—what he called a "thorn in the flesh"—but God replied, "My grace is sufficient for thee." Yet St. Paul did not lose faith in God, but carried on his work nobly, and became one of the greatest men that have ever lived. We must be content with the will of God. To us our prayers may seem to be unanswered, but surely it is better to abide by God's will in this matter, and allow Him Who is all-powerful and all-merciful to carry out His great purpose. We may not understand, but God understands.

Prayer is a most excellent gift that God has placed at our disposal. By the regular practice of a prayerful life, by regular communion with God, we will receive blessing and comfort, strength and power for the battle of life. We think of the diver who goes down into the depths of the ocean. We may wonder at such marvellous feats, but we realise that were it not for the supply of air that is given to him from above the water it would not be possible for him to endure. It is that supply of air that sustains him. Likewise, prayer is the great force that gives us the energy and the zeal to fight the battles of life. It is the chain that links us with God ; it is the source of that courage that will enable us to overcome all obstacles, and will bring us nearer and closer to God. Above all, prayer is a great boon to mankind, the gift of a loving Father to His children ; it is a tremendous force and spiritual comfort ; it is a wonderful privilege, and can be a marvellous influence for good in our lives, and in the world as a whole. True prayer, earnest and sincere prayer, is a tower of strength, a bulwark against sin and the temptations of the world.



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## TYPES OF IMAGERY.

(By A. Lidbetter.)

Imagery is a process of the mind aroused by a stimulus, being reasonably like but not the actual sense perception. We do not have images of sensations we have never experienced either as a whole or in fragments. A dragon seen by a child is built up of pictures he has seen and is influenced by terrifying animals with which he has come into contact. Fresh sensations co-ordinate the nerve centres in such a manner as to make it possible for a copy of them to arise when the original outward stimulus is lacking. In most people images of various types can be aroused, but they are combined to create a mixed image. There are really very few who have images of any one type exclusively.

Most common of all types is the visual. A word is mentioned, a sound is heard, an action is performed—and the nerve current, rushing to the centre in the brain where that sensation is perceived, finds a path from it already made to another centre in the visual area and it arouses a visual image connected with that perception.

Poets, men skilled in apt phraseology, frequently arouse visual imagery. Everyone does not obtain a similar image from the words, unless there is a famous picture connected with it. Most people, in reading "Sir Galahad," for example, would have a visual image of the painting in which he is represented clad in mail beside his white horse. When I read Wordsworth's lines, "A violet by a mossy stone, half-hidden from the eye," I see an image of a wild violet on the bank of one of those small, rushing streams of the South Coast, where the sunlight merely filters through the foliage on to moss, fern and rock. It is a clear image, vivid in colour, but there is a vagueness about it which would prevent me from reproducing the scene in a painting. Items in the image seem to change their positions, even as I look; there are patches where there is nothing in particular. However, most other people seem to visualise "the violet by a mossy stone" in an old English garden; it seems to me that they have seen numerous postcards of such gardens. Indefinite as such visual images may be, they are sufficiently real to act as consolations for things we have seen and loved.

Young children derive much pleasure and much fear from their visual images: the dragons in the dark, the fairies in the flowers, and other such mythical creatures. Imagery is one of our earliest sense-perceptions. The instance pointed out to us in lectures this term is very illuminating on that subject. A young child calls all men "Daddy" because "Daddy" was the first man he knew. Each similar creature he saw brought up the image of the man called "Daddy." Soon, however, his perception increased and so he was able to compare and differentiate these images from the present sensation. Still the images were very real and vivid.

Romantic youth pictures itself in various pretentious situations, although the self is very blurred in the scene.

Old women also seem to live on images—on scenes of their childhood and the faces of the children who are no longer by their side.

But men of science, hard-thinkers, seem to lack this imagery. Their search is for truth, and fact alone has a place in their thoughts.

Another frequent type of imagery is the auditory type. Most people declare they possess this, but it seems to be in quite a perverted way if we are to judge by the sounds they make when asked to represent the sounds they hear. My auditory imagery is only sufficient to distinguish contrasting sounds—the cornet sounds clear, the violin thin, the piano tinkles, the call of the pigeon is soft and low. I have heard so many dogs that although I know how they yap or bark, my imagery is not sufficiently keen to distinguish even the bark of our own Scotch terrier, and his bark, I know, is quite distinctive.

With regard to auditory imagery, I may summarise my own response as being composite—it consists of the general sound, but not the particular.

However, there are many who even think in auditory imagery. They do their mental arithmetic by "hearing" the steps in their mind. They repeat to themselves

their lessons to be memorised—they hear themselves repeating them. Most people do that to a certain extent—even we who are not gifted with good auditory imagery. Necessity and frequent practice has made it an acquired habit.

A discussion of this type would not be complete without mentioning the marvellous feats performed by musicians. What could it be but auditory imagery that enabled the deaf Beethoven to compose his enormous symphonies, or that enabled Mozart to remember a Miserere after hearing it only a few times in the Sistine Chapel?

I have read of a small group of modern poets who translate colours in terms of sound. Such people would certainly be of the audile type.

Kinesthetic imagery, the motor revival of the muscle, is not so frequent except in combination with other types. With auditory imagery we usually find it combined when we endeavour to articulate certain words mentally. I have tried for a week to pronounce *bubble* as James suggests, imagining at the same time that my mouth is open. I have not yet succeeded. Motor imagery is essential to do so.

In obtaining the image of a runner, I see his movements and feel them also in legs and arms.

Professor Stricker, of Vienna, reports intense motor imagery to such an extent that if he deliberately suppresses his sympathetic feeling the object of his imagination becomes paralysed in his motor image also. His recollections of his own movements and of those of other objects are accompanied by distinct muscular feelings of those parts of the body which would naturally be affected. (Incident quoted by James.)

There are several other types of imagery which occur to a less degree and usually in conjunction with others, such images as those of touch, taste, smell, pain. In recalling the perfume of a bunch of roses I can reproduce the action of sniffing mentally; I can see them, but I have only a very faint olfactory image. This is attributable to the small part smell plays in our life—the roses I have seen were noticeable more for form and colour than their perfume.

Tactile imagery is rather more noticeable and distinct. In blind people, there must be very intense tactile imagery, as their ideas about the form and texture of things is based entirely on their sense of touch.

Most people, however, have only very slight images of these minor types. They could recognise contrasting examples of each of these types as distinct, but rather because they know them than because they are experiencing them. Pine logs and leather produce a very different odour when burnt, but in the image they are by no means so contrasted.

It is difficult to distinguish any one type of image. They are so interwoven and we experience so many different sensations even from the one object. We use so many types in every image that the only type of imagery we can say is really common is the general.

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## DEBATING : ITS VALUE IN A THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

(By C. M. Gilhespy.)

It has been said that much of the trouble with present-day preaching lies in its lack of the dogmatic element. Dogma does not make sermons dry or uninteresting, but rather the lack of dogma. The men whose preaching has been effective have always made to the hearts of their listeners an appeal built on a strong foundation of dogma. When creed vanishes the truth it intends to convey becomes less definite. Here it is that the practise of debating—despised though it be by some—meets a great need. At a time when preaching is inclined to develop into pious discourse, to become "all gravy and no meat," those who take part in debating receive some small training in the art of being dogmatic, and as a result their congregations in the future should profit by it.

When a subject for debate has been chosen the members of the team set to work to study all available information. Often they will go to great trouble to find the necessary material in order to establish one small point in their argument. The matter in hand is carefully studied and prepared for delivery in the debate. Each step in the case is closely examined so that no weakness may be discovered by the opponents. As the time allotted to each speaker is short, the truth he has must be presented clearly and concisely. The best opportunity must be made of the time. Points are awarded primarily for the strength of the arguments used; hence it is of little value to talk "hot air" (to use a common Moore College-ism), or to speak without being perfectly certain of one's facts. In short, in order to gain points the speaker must be essentially dogmatic.

The part a man plays in debating at college is of inestimable value to him in his ministry, a large section of which will be fulfilled by "the foolishness of preaching." True it is that the subjects of debate are "secular," but there is much in common in their treatment with that of sermons. When the debater decides on the topic for his

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next sermon he will probably make use of the knowledge he has gained for preparation. He will not be content merely to talk round a subject, vaguely and airily, but he will feel bound to find out all he can about the matter. His points will be logically and clearly set out; his object to convince the people of their truth. He will take care lest a loophole should be found in his "case." The fact that he is not likely to be replied to will not trouble him or cause him to grow lax in his presentation because he will be trying to gain points for his Lord and Master. As far as the subject matter of a sermon goes, the debater will find his experience most advantageous in helping him to lay a strong foundation of truth upon which to base his appeal.

Whilst the matter of a debater's speech is the greatest contribution he can make, other qualities are taken into consideration. The matter in which he presents his matter counts for much—his gestures, bodily attitude, idiosyncrasies—are carefully noted. The less he relies on notes the better the impression he makes. Even the tone of his voice is listened to and his facial expression is watched. Scarcely a detail is forgotten. The sincerity which he conveys through his words and actions either add to or detract from his qualifications as a debater.

If such details carry weight in a debate, do they not also count in the sermon? The debater tries to become proficient in these matters, and when he faces his congregation he practises what he knows is most suitable. Often the speaker in the debate has to assume his sincerity, nevertheless he strives to incorporate every detail which will help him. How much more forcible should he be when he speaks of "the things pertaining to the Kingdom of God"?

Nothing has been said of the many other benefits of debating: the confidence gained, the practise of speaking impromptu when the occasion demands (as in Synod for instance), to mention only two; but stress has been laid on the principal benefit gained—definiteness in speaking and preaching. Maybe this article will help to dispel the idea that debating is a waste of time and show that it is rather a priceless opportunity of fitting oneself more perfectly for the service of God.

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## SPORTS.

Tennis has been the chief sport that has been played during the past year, and in that field of sport the College has been most successful and deserves our hearty congratulations. All the matches that were played by Moore were won by the College, thus resulting in the retention of the Newman Cup.

The team consisted of the following :—L. Swindlehurst (capt.), L. Harris, G. Smee, F. O. Hulme-Moir, D. R. Begbie, F. Camroux, and R. Arnott.

The tennis results were as follows :—Moore v. Andrews, won by Moore, 5-3 ; Moore v. Leigh, won by Moore, 7-1 ; Moore v. Camden, won by Moore, 6-3.

Preparation is now being made for the cricket season, when it is hoped that the College will be just as successful as in the tennis.

The Debating Committee has not had much work to do so far. Only one debate has yet been decided, and that was a forfeit to Moore. This term promises to be rather busy for the debating team.

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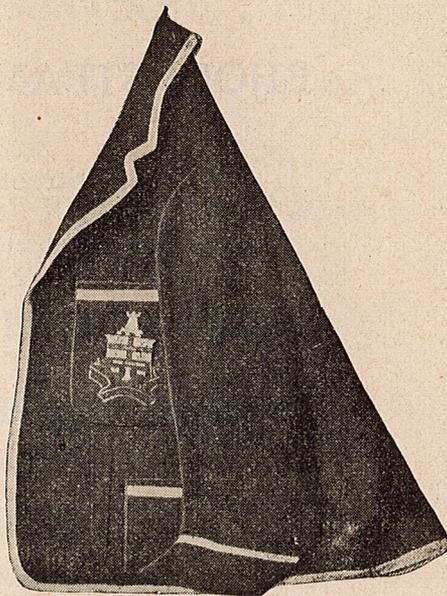
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Somehow the way is not so rough where  
press the throng ;  
Our frowns change into smiles, our sighs  
to happy songs,  
And easy seems the way out of many  
wrongs,  
When we are right with God.

Somehow we find there's strength where  
weakness dwelt before ;  
More friends now know the pathway to  
our open door,  
And burdens now are lighter than those  
that once we bore,  
When we are right with God.

Somehow our keenest joys come when the  
load we lift  
From off some weary pilgrim and show to  
him the rift  
In winter's cheerless clouds, through  
which love's sunbeams sift,  
When we are right with God.

Somehow we do not dread our tasks at  
rise of sun,  
In striving with the crowd, with ease suc-  
cess is won,  
And more of sweet content is ours when  
day is done,  
When we are right with God.