



SOCIETIES

THE MAGAZINE OF
MOORE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE
S 22 D N E Y.

LENT TERM, 1930

CONTENTS.

IS GOD GOOD?—E. Fresholt.

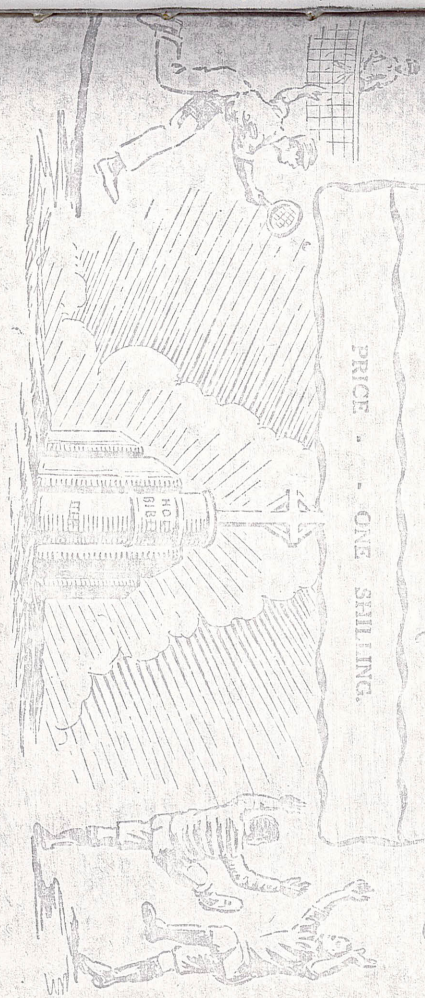
GOD AND CLADNESS.—
By the Rev. W. G. Coughlan, B.A., T.L.D.

AN AFRICAN ENTERPRISE.—By P. O. Dume.

"MAHATMA" GANDHI.—
By the Rev. H. E. S. Doyle.

THE WINNING OF SOULS.—By Canon H. S. Boghie.
RELIGIOUS DISSEMINATING.—By "Vowsees."
OTHER ARTICLES, NOTES AND NEWS.

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SOCIETAS

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EDITORIAL.

It was with no small misgivings that we assumed the responsibilities of editor of this magazine. Into our keeping has been given the welfare of a beloved paper which helps to bind those in preparation more closely to those who have passed out into the fuller ministry.

In these days, we of the College do need to know what is going on outside the College. We need to know what the difficulties, the setbacks, the reverses, the glories and the privileges are of the preacher of the Gospel. We feel, then, that our brethren in the ministry have something to give us. We know that they have experience and by this we may be warned of many of the pitfalls which beset the path of all Christians.

Again we feel that we in the College have just a little to give to those outside. There are times when we must give way to youth—it hurts—but we cannot ever be young and alert, and furthermore each section has its contribution to make to the whole.

It is our aim, then, this year to make the College Magazine one which will bind all of the College members, past and present, in a greater spirit of fellowship, and though in our work we may pass one another unnoticed as ships in the night, yet that Spirit who is greater than all will bind us together in Him who is Life and Immortality itself.

Congratulations to Major and Mrs. Danby on the gift of a daughter. This is the right "Societas" spirit.

As has already been noticed by many subscribers our Magazine has now assumed a high position which can be maintained as long as the past and present students support us with articles and finance. We ask your support.

Our subscribers' list has just reached the five hundred mark, but we still have room for another five hundred. How many can you interest?

We congratulate the Bush Church Aid Society for the fine work they have accomplished in being able to open the new children's hostel at Mungindi on February 13. May God's blessing rest on the work there.

IS GOD GOOD ?

The year's at the spring
The day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven:
The hillside's dew pearled
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world.

Magic words—beguiling many, theologians and fools, saints and sinners. I write "beguiling" deliberately. Is all right with the world? The joys and beauties of nature which are so extolled by our enthusiastic idealists as showing forth the glory of God, what sort of picture do they really present? What sort of glory does this God reveal to us through His works of nature? It may be soothing to say He is good, but it would be more truthful to say He is cruel.

I stood at Bulli Lookout and gazed at the long stretch of bays below me. Beside me an idealist raved ecstatically. The fool! Couldn't he realise that that beautiful ocean which was causing him such excitement is one vast charnel house. It teems with life and that life for its very existence must kill other and weaker life. The walrus eats the seal, the seal gulps the salmon, the salmon feeds on the immature herring and the herring takes the minnow and so on. Why the most pessimistic of us looking over the sea cannot for one moment picture the horrors going on beneath its surface—the panics, the flights, the tearing of flesh by cruel teeth and the immense loss of life every moment of the day and night.

So much for the waters, as for the air, we find that the birds are also loved by the poets and fools. Their song, their beauty, their swift flight cause us never ending interest and delight. But study their in-

instincts and their food. They live mainly by taking life. Look into a sea-gull's eye—there is nothing in the world so pitiless and remorseless.

Turn now to solid earth—the vegetable kingdom, life growing with beauty—but the law of the jungle persists, there is a deadly struggle for soil, moisture, and sunshine. Then consider the prodigious waste, a thousand seeds may be shed by the parent plant and only one or two survive and the survivor if it be an oak will expand and uproot and kill hundreds of weaker plants before it grows to full maturity.

The beasts, like the plants, the birds, and the fishes, are furnished with the same horrible instinct to kill or be killed, to eat or be eaten. Space does not permit me to enlarge on the awful carnage of the jungle.

Now why is all this? Why did a God, supposedly good, create life which depends for its very existence on cruelty and death? The soothing old person will say that we are not justified in crediting animals with having the same feelings as humans. Has he ever heard a dog yelp with pain? Has he ever heard a hare scream as a weasel's teeth close on its throat? Does he imagine that the gazelle enjoys being squeezed to death by the python? Suppose he does, then how are we to explain fear in animals? The gazelle on sighting a python doesn't come running up and say, "I've come to be squeezed, it's so jolly!" No, he flies for his life.

Then our soothing friend will suggest some hypothetical law of self-sacrifice and remark piously that even God himself obeyed this law.

Then why fear? Why doesn't the gazelle run up to the python and wag its tail and say, "You poor hungry thing. You want your dinner. Well here am I, take me. I'd love to be sacrificed this morning." Why doesn't he do this? Why does he fly through the forest panic-stricken, panting and fearful?

Christ, the perfect sacrifice, showed no fear. And to say that he was "obeying a law" is blasphemy. Christ's sacrifice was a voluntary offering and no mere obedience to a law.

A God who creates such a universe as revealed by nature seems to me to be essentially a God who delights in cruelty—a cruel God.

But we are blessed with the knowledge that nature is not a complete revelation of God, but is very one-sided and partial. We have the complete revelation of God in Jesus Christ and from Him we know that God is Good.

But do let us be honest for a change and refrain from letting our enthusiasm for the goodness of God run away with our reason. Let us be satisfied with the evidence which Jesus Christ gives us and not make use of false reasoning to try to prove that all nature proves the goodness of God.

E. BRABROOK.

REMARKS ON THE PRECEDING ARTICLE.

"Societas" serves as a forum or open debating ground for the discussion of different opinions. The writer of "Is God Good?" has forcibly expressed a point of view that has been exploited time and again by various types of unbelievers. He has also stated a problem that has sorely vexed many sincere believers.

But he has looked at the situation from only one side and he has been guilty of several fallacies. His fallacies are chiefly unproved assumptions which he has made without giving any indication thereof. He has assumed, for example, that pain is an evil, and therefore because pain exists the Creator who is responsible for its existence seems to have acted on a standard of morality other than our own. But is "pain" an evil? What is "pain" by the way? It is a purely relative term. The savage can, unmoved, endure tortures that would cause a civilized man to collapse and die. What is healthy exercise to some persons is painful exertion to others and may even be dangerous. There is no absolute standard of pain and pain is not necessarily an evil. It is often the useful warning of danger to health or life itself and a necessary discipline of character, the barbed-wire fence guarding the narrow path.

But his chief fallacy consists in ascribing to the lower organisms, the sensations and the emotions, the reactions and the appreciations of the higher. A. R. Wallace, the great naturalist, roundly asserted that after a lifetime of close observation he was convinced that animals led a happy existence and that there was very little real cruelty in "nature." To begin with, their nervous system is very different from that of a human being. Neither have they the highly developed consciousness, the imagination, and the reflective capacity of man. The sound of a beautiful melody produces a powerful emotion in many minds but to quite an appreciable proportion of persons it is mere noise. What delights one person causes another to shudder. If the same sounds cause such different reactions in different human beings we ought to be very cautious in attributing to the lower animals emotions and reactions that we ourselves experience.

The writer has also failed to take account of the distinction between instinctive impulse and moral choice. Only where there is a possibility of moral choice can we speak correctly or even intelligibly of "good" or "bad." There is no more essential "cruelty" in the actions of beasts of prey than in the denudation of rocks by the weather or other "natural" forces. They have no more choice in the matter than the box has when we nail down the lid. Animals act by "instinct" where men act by deliberate choice.

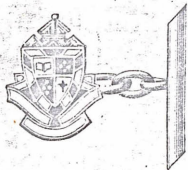
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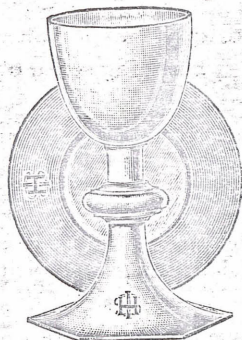
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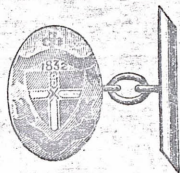
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Lastly, the writer has unconsciously confused two issues, the existence of pain, physical pain for the most part according to his own words, and the existence of moral evil. There is no real problem of pain apart from the moral issue. But the problem of moral evil has hitherto proved insoluble to human speculation. We know that God is good and we know that sin exists. These are antinomies we have not yet reconciled in thought. But Christ has given us a practical solution in and by His Cross and Resurrection. He has shown us how evil may be overcome and He has enabled myriads to overcome it.

As a parting acknowledgment the writer may be recommended to avoid interpreting the whole of reality in terms of one particular aspect which may impress him at the moment. If we could see the whole as God sees it our judgments would probably be very different from those we form under our present limitations.

GOD AND GLADNESS.

(Rev. W. G. Coughlan, B.A., Th.L.)

In a foreword to Canon MacCormick's Lenten book, "Be of Good Cheer," the Bishop of London makes the bold assertion, "Joy is the

one note most needed in our religion to-day." The statement is sweeping; yet on deeper thought does it not actually become clear that man's most urgent need is a conviction of the value and worthwhileness of life, so that any real religion must set gladness in the very front rank of the blessings it brings? And is it not true, furthermore, that in these last decades the Western world has experienced a wave of depression, uneasiness, fear, and doubt—a numbing sense of futility, a crushing pessimism and gloomy foreboding? Philosophy, fashioned from the stuff of materialistic science, has tended to estimate human life rather cheaply, and to diffuse a paralyzing feeling of despair and tragedy. That wave has broken, and the gloom is giving place to growing light; but if men are to recapture a sense of gaiety and freedom, and to be inspired with high hope and cheerful service, the new spirit must have the driving-power of religious faith to make it reasonable and potent.

Immediately, however, we are confronted by the challenging thought that religion is almost universally associated much less with gladness than with gloom; it has been presented as fettering and denying rather than as freeing and enriching; such words as "gaiety" and "joyousness" seem too "worldly" to be used as characteristic of the religious attitude. Young people especially have been driven to violent antagonism by the conventional coupling, in thought and practice, of God, Religion, and the Church with sombreness, dulness, and impoverishment of life. The leakage of youth from the Church, due largely to this conventional attitude, is a tragic fact that must cause much real concern—we have to ask afresh, then, "Is the Christian way a way of joy and gladness, or of dinginess and sombreness? Is religion synonymous with gaiety or with gloom?" The current impression is quite definitely that religion is mainly an irksome bundle of "Thou shalt not's"—how did the impression rise, and is it correct?

When we try, in search of an answer, to see what religion meant to Jesus Himself, we are confronted with a pathetic figure on a crucifix, and with pictures of "The Man of Sorrows;" such representations are accepted as true. Yet no one on reading the Gospel story freshly would recognise the Person therein portrayed as "The pale Galilaean." We meet Jesus there actually defending His own and His disciples' gladness against the conventionally religious of His day. He struck out on a line totally different from that of His great predecessors—He loved life, where they had feared it; He found joy, where they discerned judgment. Particularly vivid is the contrast to the Baptist; his life was in the shadow; he saw religion as a prohibition and a negation; he saw God stern and exacting: Jesus lived in the sunshine, and found in the service of God a rich filling of life with freedom and gaiety in a world made and kept

by a Father's love. As He put it, John was playing at funerals—He and His were playing "weddings"! One who reads without bias the story of Jesus is left with the impression of a radiant, joyous spirit, thoroughly alive in every part, tingling with the sheer thrill of living, enjoying and revelling in all powers of body, of intellect, of spirit, gay with the gaiety of eternal youth, while all the time in closest fellowship with the Father-God.

But the Gospel-picture was too original for the interpreters; Jesus' religion too daring for the conventionally pious. The utter denial of Jesus' spirit is seen in the many varied forms of Ascetic Puritanism which ever and anon have cooped the Christian mind in a corner and bred fear and suspicion of full, joyous life. Too often the Baptist's mind has prevailed—the Church has frowned on pictures, looked suspiciously on music, and banished sculpture from its sacred buildings; it has emptied life of much normal, natural gladness, and made religion synonymous with drabness and self-repression. Too often the whole life of the Church has been vitiated: in picture and window Jesus appears as weak, sombre, effeminate, never laughing and rarely smiling; hymns have waxed sentimental over His tenderness, sweetness, and general self-renunciation; and sermons have only too often but heightened the impression of His

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negative, submissive, other-worldly attitude to the real things of human life. The deplorable result is the attraction to the Church of the sentimental and ineffective, and the repulsion of the virile and healthy—those very souls who would have found Jesus of Galilee so refreshing and delightful a Master and Comrade.

It is encouraging—and humiliating—to mark, in the New Testament writings other than the Gospels, the note of gaiety and freedom with which the Master infected His friends. When we manage to pierce beyond the mere doctrines of the Epistles to the Spirit they breathe, we cannot but catch the note of wonder, of thrill, of breathless surprise that was so characteristic of the early Church. To them the "Gospel" was not yet a set of dogmas—it was still "Glad news of great joy!" How refreshing is the picture of the little communist group who "ate their bread with gladness and singleness of heart"—and can we fail to see the logic in the next phrase, "having favour with all the people?" These men had caught the original fresh spirit of Jesus Himself—they were "carried into a whole new world of fresh experience" with which nothing in history before or since can compare. Before religion was re-entangled in the meshes of arid dogma and ascetic fearfulness of human life, it was in very truth for a short while the very mainspring of bounding enthusiasm and irrepressible joy. If **any** religion is to restore a pessimistic world to a reasonable gladness and wholeness of life, that religion is Christianity—but it must be the Christianity of Christ!

This joy of Jesus and His followers is a whole world removed from that superficial optimism and happy-go-lucky shallowness which misquotes "God's in His heaven, all's right with the world," and which, because it refuses to face the ugly realities, smirks cheerfully when hearts are nigh to breaking. Such "gaiety" as that is cruel and useless; religion even more than science and philosophy must face up to the whole of life, with all its torturing problems—must not evade such stark realities as Sin, and Pain, and the seeming futility of human endeavour. Honest men, faced by these hard and ugly problems, have won through by adopting a cynical detachment, or by steeling themselves to a stoic resignation to ills they cannot cure; but Jesus took yet another course and kept His gladness!

If ever human spirit faced the facts of life, 'twas He! The Gospels are the record of an utter failure—as it seemed; the grim story of a gallant heart bearing the repeated shocks of misunderstanding, of bigotry, of slander, of disappointment, of desertion; the picture of a path crossed ever and anon by the ghastly shadow of a cross. Whoever faced the facts as He? Who could know, as He, the sore discipline of cruel things? There lies the element of truth in the "Man of Sorrows" portrait: here

was a sensitive heart haunted by the mysteries of life, touched by the undeserved pain of hurt things; anon His voice stumbles and breaks, and in the wail of the minor Psalms He finds at times something akin to His own experience. He too had to walk by faith; He too sometimes failed to understand. He faced all life's darkest facts—in the centre of the picture stands the hideous Cross!

And yet . . . this same Jesus carried with Him an atmosphere of gallant gladness, and where He came men smiled with new hope and courage. Even "on the same night that He was betrayed," within a few hours of the last ordeal, surrounded by His fickle few, elbow to elbow with Judas; facing already in thought the bodily agony and mental dereliction of the soon-dawning morrow—He yet stands erect and cries with ringing challenge to those fearful hearts on the point of breaking: "In the world ye shall have tribulation . . . but be of good cheer! I have overcome the world!"

Such was the spirit of the Master—and in such a spirit have the great servants of the race endured the buffetings of life. Paul sings in one prison, and from another writes, "Rejoice . . . rejoice!" And that rare soul, the beloved R. L. S., exiled for health's sake and destined soon to die in pain, catching a gleam of the heroic spirit of His Master prays "Give us to awaken with smiles . . . give us to labour smiling." The way of Christ is a way of gladness even when it leads downward through the valley of the Shadow of Sin, and Sorrow, and Loss.

This gladness is no mere passing emotion; it is dependent on an indispensable condition—and that condition is an intense conviction of the basic goodness of things; a chivalrous risking of one's all in the belief that reality is something grand and beautiful; in short, a FAITH in

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a worthwhile GOD. Jesus' gladness sprang from one root only—His joyous idea and experience of God as Creative Love; it was that idea which, saturating His being, lit all His life with gaiety and freedom, and imparted to His whole outlook and bearing a fresh spontaneity and charm unique and yet infectious. When sorrow rolled down in waves upon His soul and the dark clouds of human sin and its entail enveloped His spirit, still He felt for the Father's hand, and finding it won through, calm-eyed and highly hoping. So through the ages those who shared that thrilling faith have maintained a gladness and a sense of large freedom which circumstances could never unsettle—gay and adventurous, greeting the unknown of life and death with a cheer, because they too flung their all upon the God and Father of Jesus Christ.

That then is the plain truth: the religion of Jesus is shot through and through with gladness and joy, and its gladness is the fruit of its belief in God. The truly Christian way is a way of freedom, of gallantry, of adventure, of confident questing—a way of joyous achievement and victory. It is the task of the Church to-day to restore the true picture of the ever-youthful Christ. Why should we concentrate on a half-truth, depicting Him always in weakness . . . on the Cross . . . hanging dead? That was but an episode. It is our task to ring out the message that beyond Calvary's Cross is the Empty Tomb—that Good Friday is but the portal to Easter Day; that Christ has won, and Goodness is on the throne," and the end is sure. That is the tonic to nerve men's hearts; that is the clarion call to send a host of men crowding in behind the advancing Christ—swinging gaily on the way, ready and eager for every adventure, laughing and singing and exulting in the high thrill of it all—glad in God! It is the task and privilege of youth to paint the Master afresh—not weak, and sombre, and unsmiling, and overborne; but young, vigorous, alive through and through, rejoicing in muscle and game and joke and high endeavour; the Lord of all Life, who shouts His defiant challenge, "Be of good cheer! I have overcome the world!"

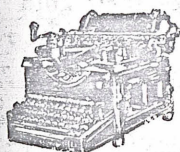
AN AFRICAN ENTERPRISE.

(P. O. Blumer.)

Four years ago the writer received an appointment in the Gold Coast, West Africa, without knowing exactly where it was; and there may be some of the readers of this magazine who are as ignorant as he. The Gold Coast is a colony of which Ashanti is a part; it is about half-way along the east-west part of the West African coast; and it is one of the four colonies which comprise British West Africa. The others

are Nigeria, Sierra Leone, and The Gambia. But nevertheless I advise you to look up a map and see.

West Africa was famous in the past for three reasons. We still hear it spoken of at times as the White Man's Grave, and there are not many more unhealthy places on the earth. One can still catch malaria and dysentery with the greatest ease, blackwater fever quite easily, and yellow fever with more difficulty; and the climate is depressing and tiring in the extreme; but it is now a health resort compared with fifty years ago, when the average expectation of life for a European was two years, and every year the various fevers took a heavy toll of the missions and the government and the business firms. Western medical science and sanitation have worked wonders; but even now the most extraordinary measures are taken to protect the white man from the climate. Government and commercial employees are not expected to stay in the country for more than eighteen months at a time; they are given free passages to and from England; they receive free medical and dental attention while on the Coast. We all wear mosquito boots every evening after dusk; we take daily quinine; and we would as soon sleep without a mosquito net as go out in the tropical sun without a helmet. To fight yellow fever the Rockefeller Institute assists the medical work of



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the Government with money and men; and less than two years ago three men engaged in the search for a serum to prevent or cure yellow fever all caught the disease themselves and died—Dr. Naguchi, the Japanese who was reckoned the greatest expert on the subject in the world; Dr. Young, a Canadian; and Dr. Adrian Stokes an Englishman. At such a price is this part of the world being made more fit for human habitation.

The second cause that made West Africa famous in the past was that it was the source of supply for the slave trade. It was on the West Coast that the slave traffic was started by Englishmen in the days of Elizabeth; and the castles erected by the British, the Dutch, the Portuguese, and the Danes still stand along the shores of the Gold Coast, with the dungeons beneath where the slaves were herded while they waited for their ships, as a memorial of a grievous wrong for which white civilisation has to atone.

In the third place the West Coast was famous for its products—other than slaves—and the Gold Coast chiefly for the metal which gave it its name. Even Defoe has a novel, "Harry Singleton," which describes the adventures of an Englishman seeking alluvial gold in the rivers of the Gold Coast. Now the alluvial gold is all gone, but the quartz is mined instead, and a million pounds worth of gold is exported annually.

The deadly climate of West Africa has had one result of extreme importance. The traders who came for their slaves or their gold did not desire to be reckoned amongst the victims of the climate, and so they penetrated no further than their castles on the coast. They bartered with the coastal tribes for their precious cargoes, but had no designs on their land; and so in West Africa there was no such grabbing of land as has been seen in other parts of Africa, and in the tropical world at large. This state of affairs lasted so long that the British Colonial Office was able to introduce a new policy; and they laid it down as a law of the Medes and Persians that changeth not that no European should be allowed to acquire any land at all in British West Africa. So to this day the Africans in these colonies own their own land, and they cannot alienate it to Europeans even if they wish. In Kenya and South Africa, in India and Ceylon, and in Australia, the native tribes have been either partly or wholly dispossessed; and in British West Africa alone have we initiated the policy of reserving the natives' land entirely for the natives themselves. Where land is required for mining or other special purposes, of course, "concessions" are granted, under very strict conditions.

It must not be supposed that this land which failed to attract marauding Europe during the past four centuries is worthless. Palmoil, groundnuts, kola, shea butter, and other tropical products are exported in increasing quantities. And less than fifty years ago cocoa was intro-

duced into the Gold Coast, and now this colony produces more than half the cocoa of the whole world. And the land in which the cocoa flourishes is the same magnificent forest country which by reason of its large rainfall secures a perpetual supply of standing water, and so is the nursery for the mosquito and the deadly malaria. By reason of cocoa the Gold Coast has become one of the wealthiest and most prosperous countries in Africa; as is evidenced by the fact that imperial penny postage has been reintroduced here, alone, as I believe, of all parts of the Empire since the war.

The Africans themselves own this cocoa! Because they have grown so wealthy, and because the government has a genuine desire for their good, and is anxious to give them something more than material prosperity—some sort of mental and moral equipment that will enable them to protect themselves from the exploiting world—for this reason the College to which the writer belongs was established. German and Swiss missions a hundred years ago, Wesleyan and Roman and others at intervals since, have started schools and in many cases have done solid and useful elementary teaching; but in recent years the demand for education has increased, and many more schools have been opened than the supply of decent teachers warranted; and so the standard of education has been very seriously lowered. So Achimota was started—or, to give it its full name, The Prince of Wales College and School, Achimota. Sir Gordon Guggisberg, who retired from the governorship two years ago, initiated the scheme, and persuaded the Colonial Office to accept it, and saw the College open before he left the colony; and as our Founder he is still a source of inspiration to us, and is still as vitally interested in us as a father in his child.

In England nowadays there is an Advisory Board on African Tropical Education, which assists the Colonial Office, and which contains representatives of the missionary societies, as well as ex-governors, and others interested in education; and it was partly due to this Board that Guggisberg's scheme for Achimota was approved. Guggisberg also, as one of the fifteen points in education which he put before his Legislative Council, as he explained his scheme to them, insisted that religious teaching must be one of the fundamentals in education; and again through the Advisory Board this principle was accepted by Downing Street. And so thoroughly was it accepted that the Principal appointed was the Rev. A. G. Fraser, who had become famous as the Principal of Trinity College, Kandy, in Ceylon, a C.M.S. missionary school; and Fraser was given a free hand in religious teaching and worship at the College, and practically a free hand in choosing his staff. The writer and Mr. Stanley Dunstan, of Sydney, who had been on his Trinity College staff, and the

Tamil sportsmaster of Trinity—Mr. A. H. R. Joseph—were among those selected; the writer being appointed Vice-Principal. Dr. Aggrey, the great African whose life has just been written, was Assistant Vice-Principal till his death in 1927.

The people of the Gold Coast are a collection of many tribes and languages, but all are alike in respect of their magnificent physique. They are the cheeriest and most friendly folk you could ever wish to meet; and the writer will never forget with what cheery laughter the people of a small bush village once turned out at midnight at his request to help to clear the road for his car. They are extremely musical, and I have heard sweeter part-singing in a school in a certain bush town here than I have ever heard in any school in New South Wales. They have no heritage of civilisation, no heritage of two thousand years of literature and artistic culture, like the people of India and Ceylon, but they are equally keen on education, and every father wishes to give his children the best education the country can provide. As for their religion, though there is a belief in one Supreme Being, yet in practice fetish and ancestor worship play the greatest part. Conversions to Christianity are easy, and all the present students of Achimota call themselves Christians, with the exception of three or four Mohammedans; but the change of life and outlook that Christianity should bring is by no means as much a matter of course. In the College our students are extremely interested in religious teaching, and extraordinarily amenable to religious influence.

Achimota is an attempt to give to Africans who are finding their place in the economic world of today an equipment that will fit them to make their own contribution to mankind. It is founded on the belief that every nation and every race has its own peculiar gifts for the world. It is for boys and girls alike, and its buildings and equipment have cost over half a million sterling; and the staff are working to discover what is the sort of education that is needed for this people. It is easy enough to introduce agriculture, religious teaching, domestic science and hygiene, biology and art, music and handwork, as subjects calculated to render schooling practical and real; but it is not so easy to break free from all old traditions in education, or to recognise which are only old traditions and which are essentials; and to escape the danger of imposing useless Western burdens on a backward race that is struggling up to manhood.

We meet with much opposition in the Colony from other Europeans, chiefly for a reason which some of your readers will appreciate; the very common objection to the education of the backward and coloured peoples. To this we have our answers. We do not desire to give them a European education, but to discover what is suited for this coun-

try. The school is financed entirely from local revenue, and it is but just that this money should be spent on the people of this country in a way that they particularly appreciate. Again, the time when it could even be considered as feasible that the coloured races should be kept down is past. They are rising, and they will rise, whether we like it or not, and we may as well give them the best outlook that we can, by means of education, so that their strength and coming of age may be a blessing and not a danger to the world. Our religion tells us that these nations are valued by God, not out of sentimental pity, but because He knows the material that is in them and the greatness of which they are capable; and finally, we who know these people and have worked with them have ourselves seen the heights to which they can rise, and the goodness and love, the wisdom and beauty that are theirs; and so we work for them, not from a sense of duty, but because we know them and because we believe that they are necessary to the world.

Mr. Blumer writes:—I strongly recommend the following books by Edwin Smith for everyone who is interested in missionary and educational work in West Africa, or in the race problem at large and the future happiness of the world:—Edwin Smith's *Aggrey of Africa*, *The Golden Stool*, *The Secret of the African*.

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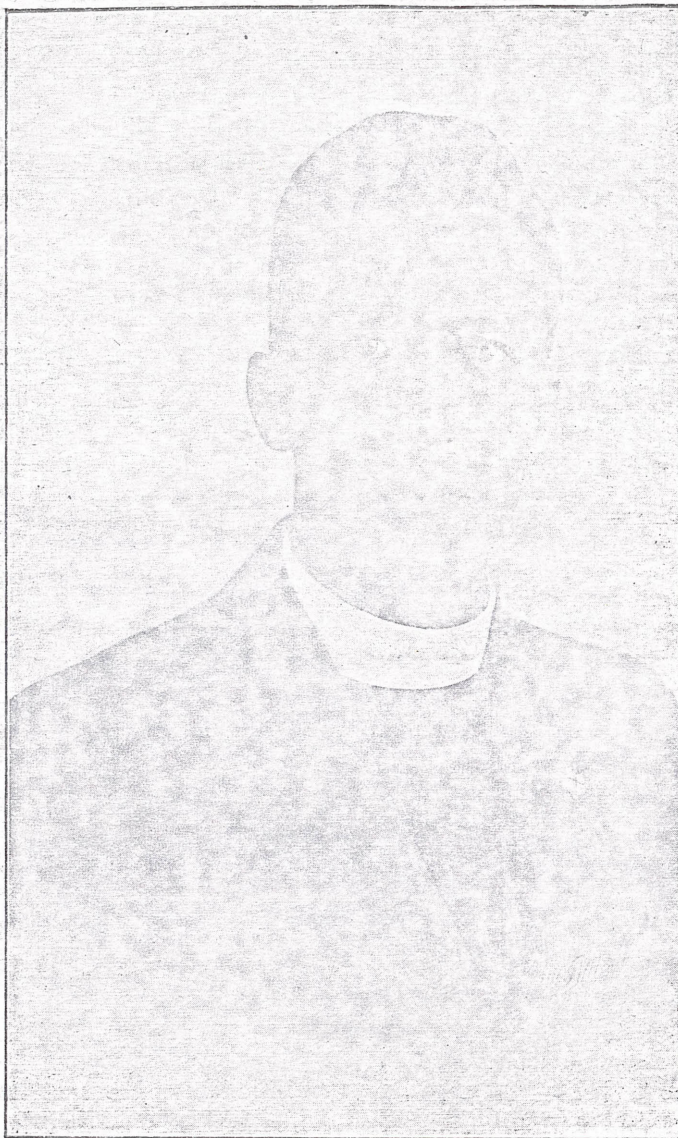
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THE REV. F. A. S. SHAW, Th.L.

Mr. Shaw came to Moore Theological College from The King's School. He matriculated while at this College. Senior Student 1927-29. He represented the College both at tennis and cricket, and took an active part in all other College activities, including the position of editor of "Societas."

By his manly, consistent character, his Christian tact and courtesy, he endeared himself to his fellow students, senior and junior alike, as well as to the teaching staff.

Our congratulations were warm and sincere on learning of his success in the recent Th.L. examination. Naturally it was with a pang of regret that we said good-bye, but our prayers and best wishes were with him on the day of his ordination and have accompanied him to his work at Ashfield.

"MAHATMA" GANDHI

Indian Mystic and Nationalist.

(By The Rev. H. E. S. Doyle.)

Recent events in India have once more brought into prominence that somewhat mysterious figure in Indian politics, "Mahatma" Gandhi. Sixty-one years of age, this man, who as leader of the "Non-co-operation" Movement for Indian self-government, has taught his fellow-countrymen that there is a more satisfactory way of winning national freedom than by force of arms, still proves himself to be to a great extent the virtual master of the situation, and wields as great an influence as ever over the Moslem as well as Hindu members of our great Indian Empire.

Some years ago, a writer in the "Manchester Guardian" said, "Gandhi is not typical of India; particularly is he not typical of Indian politicians, for India is not a country of idealists, but of corruption." But, be that as it may, if India ever really puts Gandhi's programme into practice, no nation in the world will be able to wrest from her the position of moral leadership and spiritual superiority which will then be hers. Even his bitterest opponents are forced to admit that Gandhi has put sincerity into politics, and given to India an ideal of living which will never be lost.

Called by his followers "Mahatma" (great-souled), Gandhi has consistently turned the seething tides of discontent and rebellion into open and frank channels, rejecting the powerful arguments of the sword and bomb in favour of the power of suffering love, and teaching that it is necessary for individuals first to attain victory over their own inner selves before they can hope to gain any outward national victory. This is still his policy to-day, and his words to his followers at the commencement of his march to the coast to offer civil disobedience to the salt laws are typical of the man, and of the policy which he has so consistently followed: "Our case is strong; our weapons are non-violence, truth, and suffering, and God is on our side."

Long years ago, the Son of a carpenter from an insignificant village in Palestine, said to the people of His day, "Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth." Gandhi has taken Him at His word.

Though he calls himself a Hindu, he is really one of the few men in this modern age who attempts seriously to put the basic principles of Christianity into action. Dr. Stanley Jones records how, at an important conference in which the Indian Nationalist leaders were discussing Gandhi's policy of passive resistance and boycott, a Hindu nationalist stood up and said, "I oppose this non-violent non-co-operation. I ask you, is it Hindu teaching? It is not. Is it Mohammedan teaching? It is not. I will tell you what it is, it is Christian teaching. I therefore oppose it." And Gandhi, holding fast to the belief that through patient suffering India must at last win for herself spiritual and national freedom, is showing himself one of the greatest living exponents of a workable Christianity.

Public opinion declared that Gandhi's last campaign was a failure, but that is not true. Gandhi did not fail. The people of India failed him. They did not fully grasp his principles, and allowed an element of violence to creep into the movement which utterly destroyed all that Gandhi, through his patient suffering, had accomplished, and this present movement of Civil Disobedience had practically failed for the same reason.

In the past Gandhi has fully demonstrated the power of suffering love over organised violence, and it is upon this power that he has been depending in his present campaign. But India has not grasped the doctrine of non-violence, and so has again failed the one who has attempted to give to her a freedom which she at the present moment would be unable to appreciate or to use to the best advantage. Nevertheless, were India to whole-heartedly adopt the doctrines and principles of Gandhi, and to put them into practice, no power in the world would be able to stand before such a force as would then be at the disposal of the Indian Nationalist leaders.

The silent pressure of the spirit of Gandhi, multiplied ten-thousand-fold, would be sufficient to give to India not only political freedom, but also the moral and intellectual leadership of the world. It would bring about a revival of religion such as the world has never known, and men would be forced to acclaim Mahatma Gandhi as the greatest exponent of a workable Christianity since the days of its Founder, for in the joyous acceptance of suffering for the sake of national ends there would dawn a new understanding of the mystery of Calvary, and of the vicarious sufferings endured there; while the long-sought-after ideal of world peace would no longer be a vague dream, but a vital reality, and the world would be compelled to recognise that the highest and most effective power for good or for evil lies not in guns or armaments, but in the minds and souls of men.

HALLOWED MEMORIES.

Time—1985 A.D. Dramatis personae—two clerical octogenarians; whose voices, now turned to childish treble, pipe and whistle in their sound. Place—a musty study. Dress—among other things, gaiters, now a world too wide for their shrunk shanks. Tone of conversation—"They used to call me Bogey;" that is, a reminiscent frame of mind, which appears to take the venerable old gentlemen back many years, when they infinitely younger and less venerable dived deeply down into the Woronora; and with purple faces and suspended breath, battled with the current, pressure and mud, to recover somebody's sandshoes, everybody elses etceteras and particularly, the general's blinkers.

The above is but an indication of what was being said. I listened very intently, and there was gradually unfolded a sequence of strange events.

It appears that between fifty and sixty years ago, these two old gentlemen, then of course young men, belonged to an institution which annually, presumably because there was nowhere else to go, patronised a certain Woronora, and had what they called a hectic day. Every one of the party must have been equipped with a boiler; because apparently one of the chief diversions seemed to be a letting off of steam.

Careful enquiry has since located the institution. It was, and is, a theological seminary by name Moore. The correct postal address is given as at the corner of City Road, Bligh St., Carillon Avenue and St. Paul's Road, Sydney, Camperdown, Darlington and Newtown and adjacent to St. Paul's College within the University of Sydney.

In the student days of our friends it was an old red brick building and discrepit. Since those days a modern building has been erected, and stands four-square on the old site, a monument to the public spirit, initiative and foresight of old students who took an interest in it and worked hard enough to get it. In any case, that which was, now is.

The Woronora was a river, an arm of the Georges' River, branching off at Como. Old residents say that its banks were once famous picnicking grounds. Since then it has shared the fate of the old tank stream and is a street in the centre of the metropolis; five minutes by air, on the overhead which stretches from the G.P.O. to Wollongong Cathedral. Hither on a set day in each year, our friends and the rest of the students consorted, and manned funny little boats; the like of which have since been excavated at the various watering places around the State. In those days, men, even these, were given to "vice." Our worthies made repeated reference to "the vice" and now and again re-

ferred to it as a "principle." Possibly, "vice" and "principle" were both present—one to counteract the other.

The account of the last "College picnic"—for that was the name given the outing, as far as one could gather, ran as follows. The night before the outing, when all had been arranged, the students were agog; and waiting upon the rising of the sun. At a set and incredibly early hour a gentleman (was he a gentleman?), referred to as the janitor, caused the chapel bell to be rung, and hither flocked the body of devout students. Having for a short while deplored the "subtilities of the devil" (the spelling is not mine) they repaired to the hall and breakfasted. Breakfast over there was a wild stampede. Freshers, fresher than ever, dashed about in blazers they had never earned. While more sedate and mature students enquired after the unnecessary fuss. One thing leads to another.

Hampers, billies, tea and all eventually arrive at St. Peter's, but only half the men—consequence, the party arrives at the river in dribs and drabs, to find one Muzzlini, standing upon his head, and openly defied by certain lewd fellows of the baser sort and revolutionaries, who dispute and alter the personnel of the crews who are to man the little boats. After some more wrangling and when the crews are settled down; the little boats make their way upstream.

The sun blazeth right heatedly and the lads bend to the oars, their fair white bodies glistening in the sunshine. Incidentally coming home their rich red bodies glow in the shade. Between the going and the coming many things seem to have happened.

For a short time there is nothing heard but the quiet splashing of the oars and intermittent cat-calls. The calls gradually develop into open cries of defiance—the race is on. One crew bids fair for success, and the headship of the river seems assured. When, lo! the cry goes up! "Man overboard." Now, did he fall or was he pushed? Methinks he was pushed. He is gathered into the boat again, but the race is lost. And so they go; up the river one after another, like the famous milk giving quadrupeds, the property of a certain Mr. Brown. Thus half the day is spent. Eventually the party, ducked and bumped and sank and sang and pushed and swam its way to the top of the river. All, but those who are weak as to the knees have a swim. Meanwhile lunch is served—with tea. Billy tea you know, properly made; yes properly made by one who had been associated with a tea-planter in Ceylon. After more messing around the company departs—must get home to chapel.

The going is more disorganised than the coming. It takes much more time, because they swim half-way back dragging upturned boats after them. Moreover, sunken property has to be recovered from the depths and boats must be pieced together again.

Soon there is another arrival; some cricket, more playing trains, more eats and more billy tea. At the beginning the lads had rubbed shoulders, but now they rub no more, because they are too sore, like the lowing herd they wind slowly up to Sutherland (which was) and go home; where they bathe themselves in berries or some product of the berry. It was not made quite clear; but berries had a good deal to do with it and plenty of them. Berries and Berries was mentioned frequently.

The above is not as detailed as it might be, because the old gentlemen spoke in riddles and gave such an unconnected account of things. What actually happened in those days has only been barely outlined.

Listen to them as they part. "Ah dear brother Snooks, those were the days, weren't they, brother Snooks? Do you remember the figure Brim used to cut? Do you remember the time the lads missed the train and was set up upon a rock which was higher than they? Some said they would miss the train to heaven. Nevertheless I am sure "K" went to heaven, although he was hanged. Good-bye—"see you in Liverpool."

THINGS THAT DO NOT APPEAR IN THE DAILY PRESS.

No. 8.—The Lack of Public Opinion.

Dear Mr. Editor,—

Again I feel called upon to contribute an article for your Magazine, being fully assured that it deserves whole-hearted support from past and present members of the College as well as the support of those who regard themselves as friends of the College.

To you as Editor for this year I extend hearty good wishes, trusting your Magazine will meet with the success it rightly deserves.

I have always been of the opinion, Mr. Editor, that "Societas" is a means of creating and developing a healthy College spirit, and for that reason mainly I have tried to be not merely an interested onlooker, but also, in a small way no doubt, a practical supporter; and I am convinced that co-operation in practical service is the only thing that will make "Societas" the blessing and help it should be to the College. The College itself, in fact, must be recognised as a co-operative society having one aim and purpose in view, namely, the creation of a healthy, happy

body of men with a strong and honest College spirit. "Societas" need have no fear when once this has been acknowledged by all.

Again, I regard your Magazine as a means of helping to create a stronger public opinion based on the principles of Jesus Christ. This, then, brings me to the theme of the article, namely, "The Lack of Public Opinion." I think it is about time "Societas" emphasised this unfortunate lack of public opinion even though the truth may appear distasteful to some. To my mind the lack of a healthy public opinion in this land of ours to-day is deplorable. This evident lack comes home to many of us especially at Easter time when the sacredness of the season is destroyed for many by a vast number of worldly self seekers. It is not enough that the officials of our Church protest against this travesty, their voice has almost been silenced. What can they do? Even our leading public men care little or nothing about Good Friday observance. Our Governors, forsooth, have never been known to refuse to attend the official opening of the show for the reason that Good Friday is abused. Think what it would mean were our public men in official capacity to issue a protest in this regard and object to Good Friday being made the day for the profiteers. We can, indeed, expect little from our leading citizens to-day unless their aim is to create a healthy public opinion. It rests, so it seems, with the general public to take a stand in the cause of justice and fair play. Yet the hundred thousand who attended the show on Good Friday are still unwilling to do so. There would be a terrible uproar to-day if Anzac Day ceased to be a public holiday, yet on Anzac Day when the Show Authorities showed their loyalty and patriotism by closing the show for a few hours what was the result? Only one short letter in the "Herald" suggesting inconsistency. But what it really showed was that many people are turning the Divine Law round completely to read "Love your neighbour first of all and then give God whatever love you have left." This is the sort of thing that is gradually destroying what little public opinion we have left. The creation of a strong public opinion will alone be the means of bringing about the right observance of our Holy Days. With the Church people of to-day, headed by the Clergy and the prospective candidates for the Ministry, rests the responsible task of creating this healthy public opinion; and I verily believe "Societas" may help by doing its share.

By glancing at the Picture Shows of to-day we may see another example of the lack of public opinion. Prices may, and do oftentimes, go up to an incredible sum, and the standard of the pictures may be, and often is, lowered to a shameful degree, yet, in spite of this fact, crowds will pay these prices and fill these places of amusement, and besides all this many will giggle at anything suggestive, or anything with

a tinge of the immoral about it. The only way to stop the profiteer and to raise the standard of decency in our midst is for people to refuse to patronise and support the people or industries which tend to lower the moral standard. If they don't exert this public opinion our country will be on the downward path to hell.

A few weeks ago the Evening Papers put up their prices. The majority of the Sydney people refused to pay, and so did without their paper. What was the result? Within five or six days the price was reduced to the normal amount. Public opinion won the day. Why, then, can't people, who profess to be good citizens, and decent citizens, apply this method in their attitude towards the picture shows and Good Friday observance? Only one answer can be found, namely, because we are not unanimous in our determination to sacrifice something for a principle. Only in so far as we demand a higher standard, and refuse to remain indifferent to the state of things as they exist to-day, shall we heighten the morale of our country.

Again, we are told that advertisements are spoiling the beauty of our city. I believe this to be true. Yet little is being done to remedy the abuse. Picture show advertisements are becoming more and more disgusting as the months go by. Why can't our citizens object in a body to such disfiguration. We cannot entirely blame the members of our local councils in our various towns; we are the people who should co-operate in a whole-hearted objection. Here again the Church must lead in creating the necessary healthy public opinion which alone will arrest the lowering of the moral standard of the community.

Another question we ask is "why is so much immoral literature printed to-day?" to which we get the direct answer, "Because the people desire to read such." A. G. Studdert Kennedy has written, and I believe he is quite right, "There are thousands of writers, artists, playwrights and musicians who are making their fortunes out of the appeal to the animal in man." If this state of things goes on for long the time will come when many of our youthful trash readers and jazz players will be absolutely incapable of appreciating what is really beautiful in both literature and music. In spite of this fact the majority are still content to drift and to turn an indifferent ear to the existing state of things. Our need is great. We need citizens who will refuse to buy or read licentious literature, and who will discourage the importation of American jazz.

Men and women are calling out to-day about the distressing conditions of the country, but I believe we have only ourselves to blame,

and that the lack of public opinion has mainly been the cause of the present distress, as it was the cause of the Great War. I go so far as to say that lack of public opinion means moral bankruptcy. Just think of the poverty which exists to-day and then consider the number of race meetings that are held during the week in our own city of Sydney—race meetings which have become nothing less than hot beds of gambling and vice. Think, again, of the numerous art unions advertised and carried on within the city. What are they but gambles pure and simple! Instead of promoting Christian Charity they are abusing it. An art union for promoting Charity and helping public institutions is a method which is economically unsound, to say the least. What it tends to promote is sectarianism. Our members of Parliament seem indifferent to the matter. It remains with the general public to remedy the abuse by refusing to "try their luck." Perhaps our citizens do not think these matters concern them, if so then they have still to learn a great lesson, namely, that these matters are of vital concern to their future comfort and welfare. Again, I maintain that the Church, the whole body of professing Christians, must set itself to the task of creating a healthy public opinion, in fact the Church must lead and not lag behind. The Church often appears to be lagging behind instead of leading. People do not wish to be told their mistakes, they would rather be warned against making them or prevented from making them.

The cure of all these things is the creation of a public opinion. I doubt whether attack, criticism and negative methods will avail very much. Power to add something to life is more effective than subtracting evils. We must overcome evil with good, and what can we add to the world so as to sweeten it but Christian influence and unselfish service to mankind. Only in this way shall we be able to make people realise and acknowledge that Christ is indeed "The Way, the Truth and the Life." In other words, Christ, through Public Opinion, will lead to the solution of all our problems.

Finally, unless "Societas" with the loyal support of all its subscribers is willing to create a healthy public opinion in its small way, I feel sure that it will be regarded as useless and cease to exist. Therefore, our need is urgent, our responsibility is great. Yet just in the same way as Christ through Public Opinion spells Progress, so Christ, through "Societas," will mean success to the College Spirit in the part it will play in helping to develop a stronger Public Opinion in the world both now and in the future.

"Floreat Societas" is the wish of your sincere contributor,

A. N. ONLOOKER, ESQ.

THE WINNING OF SOULS.

Canon H. S. Begbie.

Prov. xi. 30.—"He that winneth souls is wise."

Dan. xii. 3.—"They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

St. Mark i. 17.—"Come ye after ME, and I will make you to become fishers of men."

There is no work entrusted to the child of God more responsible than that of winning souls to Christ. There is no task fraught with greater possibilities for good than that of leading other souls to a saving knowledge of the Lord Jesus. And there is no joy so great as that which comes to the man whom God uses in the turning of others from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God. While we cannot all be evangelists, we can all be soul-winners. A man may possess no great preaching gifts, he may not be gifted with great eloquence or great learning, yet he can be a winner of souls. In particular, those trained for the sacred ministry of the gospel of the glory of God's grace should see to it that they be not ignorant of methods of soul winning, and that upon completion of their College course they may be able to accurately diagnose spiritual diseases, and be ready to prescribe the Divine remedy with supreme confidence in the issue. The trouble often is

- a. The true passion for soul winning is entirely absent;
- b. Many an ordinand seems to possess no gift of spiritual diagnosis;
- c. Many have a very hazy idea of how to apply the suitable remedy for the particular spiritual disease.

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that particular ailment of the patient under his charge. True, such learn more by experience and observation, yet there must be some adequate knowledge of the diseases to which flesh is heir to, the symptoms of such complaints, and remedy which is likely to prove most effectual. And it is not too much to expect that the trained spiritual expert should have similar powers in the spiritual realm regarding spiritual disease, symptoms of the same, and the Divine remedy. And there is no spiritual disease which has no Divine remedy, a remedy which, because it is of God, is always effective.

1. First of all, let each ask himself, "Have I a passion for the salvation of souls?"

Our Saviour Christ Himself tells us that He came to seek and to save that which was lost. His passionate love for the souls of the perishing moved Him to "empty Himself of His glory, taking the form of a servant!" He "became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross." "Woe is me," cries St. Paul, "if I preach not the gospel" "I am become as all things to all men, that I may by all means save some." And his consuming passion for the souls of the lost brought him into greater trials and privations, some of which are recorded in his 2nd letter to the Corinthians xi. 23-33. As he thought of his "brethren, his kinsmen, according to the flesh," for their salvation he could "wish himself anathema from Christ," if that would be effective. All through history, the men that have moved the world, and under God were instrumental in bringing about spiritual revival, and missionary triumphs, have been men with a passion for Christ and for souls.

Zinzendorf cries, "I have but one passion, and that is He." Henry Martyn could thus express himself as he faced the missionary work to which God called him, "Now let me burn out for God." Brainerd wrote, "I cared not where or how I lived, or what hardships I went through, so that I could but gain souls for Christ." Richard Baxter, who was used of God to win thousands, at the close of his life said, "I remember no one sin that my conscience doth so much accuse and judge me for, as for doing so little for the saving of men's souls." John Knox could cry, "O God, give me Scotland or I die." And George Whitefield scarcely ever preached without weeping, so heavily did souls press upon his heart.

O for a passionate passion for souls!
O for a pity that yearns!
O for a love that loves unto death!
O for a fire that burns!

The Lord is able to clothe us "with zeal as with a cloke." Let us ask Him constantly for an increase of true zeal for His glory, and a true, passionate love for the salvation of souls.

2. While it is true that every child of God can be a soul-winner, there are conditions laid down in Holy Scripture which must be fulfilled if our labours are to be crowned with success.

(a) The first condition of success is necessarily, a personal, experimental knowledge of Jesus Christ as Saviour.

And this includes a knowledge that our sins are all forgiven, a glad certainty upon this point. A blessed experience, too, that the risen Saviour is daily saving us from the power of sin in the life, and that we have very definitely placed our lives at His disposal. In other words, that He is to us, SINBEARER, SAVIOUR, and SOVEREIGN. The knowledge of what Christ had done for him was a great factor in St. Paul's ministry.

(b) A life that is clean within and without. "God does not demand a beautiful vessel for His work, but He does demand a clean one." See 2 Tim. ii. 21.

(c) A life so fully abandoned to God, that with St. Paul we can say, and say sincerely, "To me to live is Christ." Phil i. 21. Nothing must be kept back from Him.

(d) A vision of the souls of men as Christ sees them. He came to seek and to save them WHICH ARE LOST. "The whole world lieth in the evil one." "Without God, without hope, without Christ." "He that believeth not shall not see life but the wrath of God abideth on him." "Dead in trespasses and sins . . . children of wrath." These and many other Scriptures depict the souls of men apart from Christ, as "lost," "perishing," "under wrath and condemnation."

(e) True love and compassion for these perishing ones. Nothing wins like love. Christ, because He loved, was "moved with compassion" towards the multitudes. So with St. Paul, constrained by the love of Christ, with Christ's Own compassion filling his soul, was moved towards the souls of the perishing. But how shall we obtain this love? First of all let us dwell upon the Master's love for us, and see it against the background of our own vile sin. The one who realised that he was "the chief of sinners" was stirred to wonderful efforts for the salvation of sinners. And if we seek earnestly for this love, to be truly "burdened with longing for souls," the Blessed Holy Spirit will surely impart it. The fruit of the Spirit is LOVE.

(f) We need a practical knowledge of the Bible. See 2 Tim iii.

16-17 (R.V.). We must know our Bibles; know where the remedies for spiritual diseases are to be found; know chapter and verse so that we may readily turn to the same in moment of need in dealing with a sick soul. We should study the Word, and meditate wholly upon it, for "thus thou wilt save both thyself and them that hear thee." We should draw our own nourishment from the Word. Trees draw their nutriment from the soil. Through millions of tiny hair roots attached to the bigger roots, moisture and food is drawn up and forced by a pressure of 300lbs. to the square inch, right up the trunk, to the branches and leaves. A lilac leaf is said to have 160,000 pores. A mistletoe only 200. Why this difference? The latter does not do its own drawing—it lives on what another tree draws. Let none of us be a mistletoe, and read merely what others have written about the Bible, what others have gleaned from their study of the Bible. We should learn to do our own drawing, direct from Holy Scriptures. Other books may be helpful, and often are; but our lives will be the poorer, and your ministry less effective, if we live only upon what others have gleaned from the Word of God.

(g) Learn how to pray. This is essential. George Muller wrote once, "I expect to see more souls in heaven through my praying than through my preaching." To have real success in bringing men to Christ, we must pray much.

(h) Lastly, we cannot be successful unless we seek and claim by faith, the blessing of Pentecost, and are FILLED WITH THE HOLY GHOST. "Ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." This blessing is for every child of God, and he who would be a winner of souls must seek this fulness, and obtain it at all costs. The command, "Be filled with the Spirit," must be obeyed. The indwelling Spirit must have full possession of our lives, and we must obey Him whatever be the consequences to ourselves.

Trust and obey,
For there's no other way
To be happy with Jesus,
But Trust and obey.

May we have grace given us that we may each one be a true soul winner, and hear the Master say to us in the Day of His appearing, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of the Lord."

RELIGIOUS DISSEMBLING.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say,
That still a godly race he ran,
Where'er he went to pray.

Friend Goldsmith knew a thing or two. Islington is not the only place that contains such silver-plated ornaments to religion as the one mentioned above. We find them wherever we go—they're around us as thick as grasshoppers and mosquitoes, only we cannot always distinguish them from the real Simon Pure; but all we have to do is, to give them a little scratch with the thumb-nail, and then it's easy to tell what stuff they're made of.

These fellows go down on their marrow-bones and make long prayers just to show off; but they couldn't pray at all, if they hadn't it all cut and dried beforehand. Very often they get "bogged" right in the middle of some beautiful effusion; because they want to vary it, and haven't the gumption to do the thing nicely.

I once knew an old farmer who might be set down as a fair specimen of the whole batch of those cunning dogs who lick the outside of the platter. He used to pray every morning as regularly as the coffee-pot was emptied; but while offering up his threadbare petition, one eye was singled to the glory of the Lord, and the other to matters

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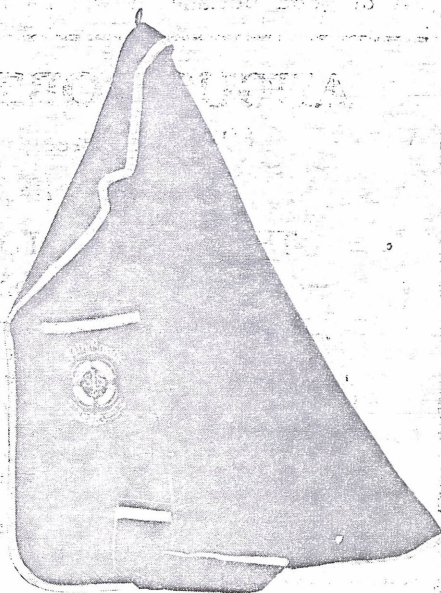
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nearer home. On one occasion, as he drew the big arm-chair (over which he had been devoutly leaning) to the window, he cast his "weather eye" outside, and ere his humble prayer had risen higher than the chimney top, exclaimed in the fulness of his heart, "There—there—run, John! Them d—— hogs are all in the mowing again!" Here was one of your true men of Islington. He ran a godly race when'er he went to pray; but at any other time his race consisted in chasing the "poms and vanities of this wicked world." The cloak of religion won't fit such deformed beings, no matter how they fix it; it wrinkles in the back—cuts under the arms—sits awkwardly—just like a cheap suit.

If I had my way, I'd strip every rag of hypocrisy from their backs and leave nothing on them but the shirt of honesty, which, the Lord knows, would be a pretty flimsy covering. Their show of piety is only to help them along in this world. It makes them appear upright, just and equitable. They will offer their spurious coin at the gate of Heaven—but it will be no go—can't go in with that shilling. They burn out their candles in the service of the devil, and then throw the wick in the Almighty's face.

Dearly beloved brethren—don't profess any more than you possess; be frank—be honest—speak your minds on all occasions—tell the truth and shame the lawyers.

I came among you to preach, without script, and an empty purse. Just fork over a few coppers more, and then, if I don't ladle you out a mess of good pottage, it will be because your plates are all bottom

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CRICKET.—A delightful day of cricket at the University Oval on Monday, March 31st, marked the occasion of the annual match between the Clergy and the Students of our college. After securing a good position in the first innings lead, the students saw victory snatched from them at the last moment by the hard fighting Clergy. A glance at the scores will show the closeness of the game, and we students will be anxious to top the score next year, but still it was Cricket, and we say "Bravo" Clergy.

DEBATING.—It is rather early in the round to comment upon our Debating this term, except to congratulate our men (all quite new to the team this year) upon their excellent showing against the Baptist College. Though beaten by three points on a very difficult subject they show promise of keeping up the reputation of the College, after a little more practice together, as a team.

33

SAVOURLESS SALT.

Has the Church a Message for To-day?

"As surely as we cannot live without bread," wrote Joseph Parker, "we cannot live truly without Christ He only can satisfy the hunger and the thirst of the soul of man." Yet to-day we find the Christian Church practically impotent to make the claims of Jesus Christ compelling, or even relevant, to great masses of typically modern people, and modern Christianity seems to be insipid and tasteless to the palate of those who, in these troublous times, stand most in need of the power and the peace of religious assurance.

It is easy enough for us to say that the world has gone pleasure-mad, and will not pause to think of its own soul, or to infer that the weary, sin-stained years of war through which we have so lately passed have left to us and to our day and generation an inheritance of gross materialism and indifference, but even this will not suffice to explain why so many have fallen so far away from the religious ideals of their fathers as to feel that the Church of to-day has no message to meet their own needs and the needs of the times.

Possibly the real reason why modern Christianity is not more convincing lies in the Christians themselves, for the Church is composed of individual units, and its power to witness depends entirely upon the faith, the enthusiasm and the consecration of every one of its several members. Witness-bearing, it has been said, is the only weapon which our Lord has appointed for the conquest of the world, and if our power to witness has weakened is it not because the salt of our lives has lost its savour and become insipid?

When Christianity first burst in upon the world, it won out over paganism because it presented to the men of those days a more workable way of living than any they had hitherto attempted. To-day few of us have ever seen the Christian who really appeals to us as one who has discovered a universally workable way of living through which even the humblest and most ignorant might feel that he, too, could build

"With human hands the creed of creeds

In loveliness of perfect deeds."

And, further, many of us have never made a decisive start in the Christian life. We have never passed through what Baron Von Hugel describes as "that delicate difficult crisis" when we ourselves "have deliberately to will the right and God." We are not of those who "have turned the world upside down" because there is so little in our corporate or individual life to proclaim to the world that we have been with Jesus.

The fact is that we cannot give to others that which we do not

possess! It is useless to ask people to apply to social, political, and industrial life that which is so sadly lacking in the home and family life of those who claim to be the heralds of a new and a victorious way of living. The first-century Christians were marked by a contagious enthusiasm—they were frankly excited about Jesus, and in their enthusiasm they changed the whole social order, for they brought a message of power to men of every rank and status in life. But many of us twentieth-century Christians might accurately be described in a phrase of Giles Randall, who wrote in the 17th century of "poore souls after many years" travelling being found in the same place and going at the same pace."

But the Church has a message for the world of to-day. As the Bishop of Winchester says, "In a world torn with controversy as to the meaning of life, seething with every conceivable variety of opinion, religious and otherwise, there stands a world-wide society, founded on the impregnable rock of the Incarnation, whose very existence is due to the fact of God in Christ, charged to administer Christ's sacraments, commissioned to deliver Christ's message, pledged to Christ's valuation of life, committed to the setting up of Christ's kingdom, designed to exhibit Christ's love to the world." But it can accomplish this only in so far as the people of God fully consecrate their lives to His Service. We are told that when someone tried to flatter Washington, he turned on him with the retort, "Where do you stand with reference to the cause I represent?" To-day Jesus makes the same challenge: "If you claim to be My disciple, are you straining every nerve to get God's Will done?"

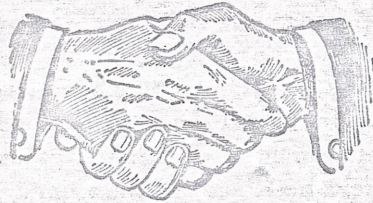
When individual Christians purposefully re-consecrate their lives to the service of the Master, the unbeliever and the outsider will be led to "touch Him in life's throng and press" and, feeling something of His power flow into their own lives, find that Christianity is not a theory, or a speculation, or a myth, but a life which truly satisfies the hidden longings of every human soul.

—DISCIPULUS.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Editor desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following publications:—"The Morpeth Review," "The Church Standard," "The Church Record," "The Australian Christian World," "The Church Times" (England), "The Church Gazette" (England), "The Record" (England), "The C.M. Gleaner," "The A.B.M. Review," "The Australian Churchman," "Progress," "The Sydney Diocesan Magazine," The King's School Magazine, and The Intercollegian; and the following Parish Papers:—St. Stephen's, Newtown; St. Paul's, Chatswood; St. Thomas', Enfield; St. Alban's, Ultimo; Christ Church, Lavender Bay; St. Alban's, Douglas Park; St. David's, Surry Hills; Christ Church, St. Laurence; The Herald of the Far West Mission; Holy Trinity, Erskineville.

VALETE, SALVETE.



We extend a hearty welcome to the following "freshers": A. L. Ironside, C. E. Burgess, G. F. D. Smith, L. H. Broadley, T. G. Gee, R. J. Hill, C. A. Goodwin, and J. G. Robertson. We hope their stay at Moore College will

prove a real blessing to them and afford them full opportunity for their preparation for the Sacred Ministry.

Also, too, we have had some farewells—Fred. Shaw, R. A. Ezzy, R. B. Dransfield, K. Brodie, and H. E. S. Doyle. May God bless each one richly in their respective fields of labour.

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Class II.—Dransfield, R. B. S.

Ezzy, R. A.

Shaw, F. A. S.

Doyle, H. E. S.

Pass.—Hallahan, R. T.

Stewart, S. G.

Almond, E., B.A.

Held Over.

Johnson, R. A.

Mainstone, S. A.

Part I.

Thorpe, E. G.

Part II.

Dillon, R. F.

Alexander, C. B.

Payten, M. A.

Brodie, K.

Elliott, A. E.

Brabrook, E. W. R.

Also Miss D. G. Baker (Part II).

AN EVENING HYMN.

(Tune, H.C. 597)

We thank Thee, Father, Lord of earth and sea,
That Thou hast called us, and hast made us Thine;
And, ling'ring here, we offer praise to Thee
For all Thy mercies, and Thy Love Divine.

We thank Thee, Father, that in days gone by,
E'en ere our infant lips could lisp Thy Name,
Thou did'st in love behold us from on high,
And through our life Thy love remains the same.

So, gracious Father, to Thy tender care,
We would commit our weary souls this night;
And pray that still Thy mercies we may share
When heaven's morning breaks in radiant light!

—H. E. S. D.

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