

Duplicate

Societas



Moore Theological College

SYDNEY



1946-47

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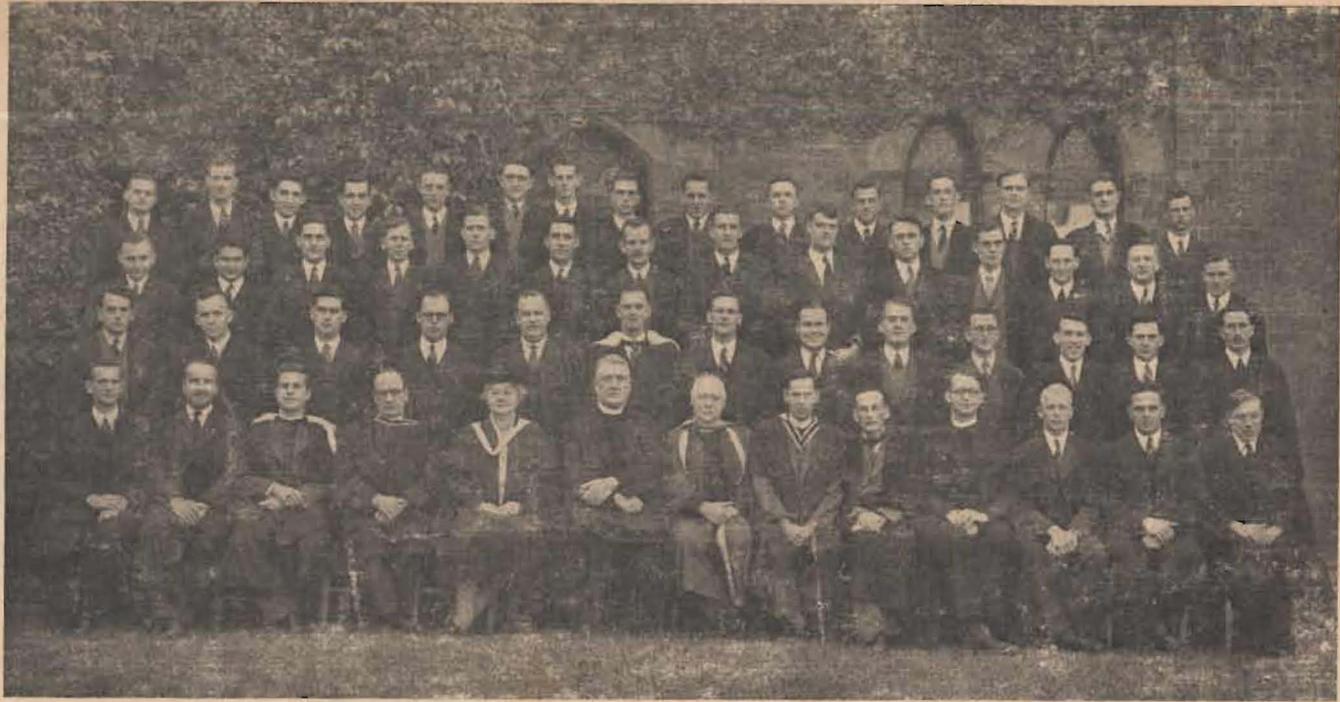


EDITORIAL

In these post-war days, when the tempo of existence threatens increasingly to weaken the influence of organised worship and family life, there is clamant need to stress the things that really matter. We are deluged with a spate of literature—good, bad, and indifferent. "Societas" aims at being a magazine of general Christian interest, especially to members of the Church of England in the Diocese of Sydney. Besides having a definite message, it introduces its readers to the student life of Moore College, and furnishes information of academic and other interest.

The co-operation of many has been enlisted in the production of the 1946-7 issue. I should like to express in this regard my sincere appreciation of the loyal assistance of my two Sub-Editors; and to acknowledge my indebtedness in varying degree to the following:—The Principal, the Resident Tutor, the Senior Student, Messrs. K. Walker and D. Langford, the Misses Mary Paton and Audrey Simmonds (in the typing of articles), and, at Deaconess House, Mrs. Wheat and Miss Hazel Martyn. I am under obligation also to the prayerful interest of numerous friends and well-wishers in the various parishes.

R. E. Sherlock,
Editor.



BACK ROW (*left to right*): Messrs. Rawson, Goodman, Buckle, Johnson, Saxton, Davis, Deane, Hobden, Stewart, Bathgate, Grisdale, Bootle, Payne, Newmarch, Mansfield.

THIRD ROW: Messrs. Sherlock, Gibson, Weir, Yuill, Williams, Elliott, Ross, Gray, Ingham, Coulthard, Goodwin, Hayes, Edwards, Marr.

SECOND ROW: Messrs. Rogers, Patfield, Carter, Ctercteko, Fisher-Johnson, Crawford, Morris, Draper, Fuhrmeister, Woodward, Crigan, Ash, Halliday.

FRONT ROW: Messrs. Walker, Buckman, Rev. E. K. Cole, Rev. Canon R. B. Robinson, Miss M. J. Steel, The Lord Archbishop of Sydney, The Principal, The Vice-Principal, The Resident Tutor, The Rev. Dr. S. B. Babbage, Messrs. Palmer, Tooth, Langford.

Moore Theological College

FOUNDED 1856

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HIS GRACE THE MOST REVEREND THE ARCHBISHOP OF SYDNEY.

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Hostel Warden : THE REV. E. K. COLE, B.A., Th.L.

Sub-Warden (In Residence) : THE REV. A. R. LORMER, Th.L.

PROSPECTUS OF THE COLLEGE

LOCATION

The College is situated on the corner of City Road and Carillon Avenue, and adjoins the University of Sydney, within the boundaries of Sydney. Postal address: Moore Theological College, Newtown, N.S.W. Cable address: Theology, Sydney.

ENTRANCE STANDARD

Matriculation

It is also necessary to be medically examined. Tuition for Matriculation is provided by the College for accepted students in residence.

COURSE

Having passed the Matriculation Examination, students are trained in the First Year Preliminary course, and thereafter in a two years' course according to the syllabus of the Australian College of Theology for the Diploma, Licentiate in Theology (Th.L.), and in addition are required to spend a further year in a specially prescribed course for the Moore College Diploma.

Subjects: Doctrine, Old Testament, New Testament, Greek, Church History, Prayer Book, Psychology and Education, Hebrew, Philosophy, Voice Production, Pastoralia, and Homiletics.

ACADEMIC YEAR

The College period consists of three terms annually—Easter, Trinity and Michaelmas—of about eleven weeks each. Students are expected to be in residence during these terms, unless especially exempt by the Committee.

A fourth term for special studies is held early in the following calendar year.

FEEs, SCHOLARSHIPS, BURSARIES AND PRIZES

The annual fee, including residence, is £90.

The Eleanor Abbott Scholarship is awarded to the student who comes first among Moore College candidates in one section of the Th.L.

Numerous Bursaries, e.g., the James Sandy, the Walter and Eliza Hall, etc., make it possible for deserving students to get assistance with their College fees.

The Dean Talbot Memorial Essay Prize is awarded annually.

The Thomas Watson Memorial Prizes for reading are awarded by examination during the Michaelmas term.

The S.P.C.K. makes a grant of books to the value of two pounds to each student; and a further similar grant on ordination.

CHAPEL SERVICES AND DAILY ROUTINE

Rising Bell	6.30 a.m.
Chapel Bell	7.25 a.m.; Wednesdays, 8.25 a.m.
Breakfast	8.15 a.m.; Wednesdays, 7.45 a.m.
Bell for Lectures	9, 10.5, 11.10 a.m. and 12.5 p.m.
Lunch	1.0 p.m.
Evening Chapel Bell	5.55 p.m.
Dinner	6.30 p.m.

There is no Evening Chapel on Saturday and Sunday or Morning Chapel on Monday. Litany is said on Wednesday and Friday.

Holy Communion is celebrated on all Sundays and Holy Days in term, and on other special occasions.

The Principal or one of the Staff gives an address of a devotional or practical character in the Chapel at the Morning Services and the Mid-day Devotional Service on Friday.

MOORE COLLEGE DIPLOMAS

An annual ceremony is held for the conferring of Diplomas. Holders are entitled to wear the hood, which is of black silk lined with purple.

COLLEGE MAGAZINE

The title of the Magazine is "Societas", published annually.

RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES

Cricket, soccer, tennis and debating fixtures, including the Annual Athletic Carnival for the Wilbur Chaseling Cup, are arranged by the United Theological College Representatives' Council, and held during the year.

OLD STUDENTS' UNION

A Reunion of former students is held annually during the session of the Diocesan Synod. The Rev. R. W. Hemming is the secretary.

THE STUDENTS' UNION

College Office-Bearers, 1946-47

Senior-Student	- - - - -	L. R. Buckman.
Deputy Senior Student	- - - - -	R. H. Palmer.
Secretary	- - - - -	J. J. Goodman.
Treasurer	- - - - -	R. V. Ash.
Auditor	- - - - -	R. E. Sherlock.
Organist	- - - - -	D. E. O. Crawford, B.A.
Choirmaster	- - - - -	A. H. Crigan.
Sacristan	- - - - -	A. C. H. Yuill.
Editor of "Societas"	- - - - -	R. E. Sherlock.
Sub-Editors	- - - - -	D. E. O. Crawford, B.A., and A. H. Crigan.
Telephone Secretary	- - - - -	D. Stewart.
Hospital Secretary	- - - - -	H. W. Rogers.
U.T.S.R.C. Representative	- - - - -	J. R. Payne.
Librarian	- - - - -	R. A. Woodward.

SUBSTANCE OF A LUNCH-HOUR ADDRESS BY THE PRINCIPAL

Away back in the early days of Christianity, we had two classes of people, people who lived an earthly life, who took to the full what they regarded as the good things that were provided for them in all the satisfactions of all their animal instincts; and we had another set of people who were so disturbed and distressed at the greed and corruption that resulted from this view of life that they withdrew from it altogether. They shut themselves up in monasteries and, at an earlier date, they went away into the desert. They reduced their temporal needs to the lowest minimum and they let the old world batter along in its own way to perdition. That is not a peculiarity of Christianity. You have all heard, I take it, of old Diogenes and his tub. When Alexander the Great asked Diogenes what he could do for him, he asked him to stand out of his light. That was the only benefit he sought from the great ruler of the world who, legend tells us, wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. And so you see it is the natural instinct, interpreted of course in the terms of reality, that belong to the people who undertake it. The old pagan Greeks had no idea of God as we understand Him and no knowledge of Christ as we know Him. Nevertheless, they had the idea that the world was a poor world and that to seek satisfaction for it was a blunder of the first magnitude. Now that is something with which we have to reckon, and I believe that both these people were mistaken. God did not send me into the world to live in isolation from my fellow men. I have never done so, and I have not the slightest intention of doing so, no matter how disagreeable I may be sometimes. I believe I was sent into the world to move amongst other people and to help other people, and so I think it is a mistaken saintship that shuts itself off from the activities of life. Of course it is an easy way, in one way, because you are free from all responsibilities. You are only concerned with yourself and with your own primitive wants, whereas when you move about in the world you have to concern yourself with hundreds of other people and with their wants and their needs, and the thing becomes more complex and more difficult. Yet it is necessary, for not merely a full life on earth, but, I venture to believe, the full life of God.

And so, when we turn with those thoughts in our minds to the question: What is going to happen now the war is over? we can look at it for the moment in a small way. What is going to happen to me? And what is going to happen to the people with whom I am closely in contact? It depends upon the question: What is your relation to God? and the answer that you can give to that question. The trouble is this, that the ordinary man thinks that these two things are entirely separate. He says to himself, It is all very well for people to be religious, but he looks on religion as something like a game of tennis. If you can play tennis, play it . . . If folk prefer to play golf, that is their affair and if they prefer not to play at all, that is also their affair; and so the people imagine that religion has very little to do with the ordinary affairs of life. You can be a religious man in your spare time but of course you are a business man when you are in your shop or office . . . When you are out for a night's jollification you let religion go one way and you go the other. That is a very popular idea, and I think it arises from the fact that people think that religion is

nothing more than the stirring of an emotion. A different emotion from making money or friendship or flirtation, and that one emotion is as good as another, and all have their turn. Now I do not believe that. I believe, on the contrary, that one of the necessities for the development of our social life is what the high and mighty people call "integration". That is a big word. What it really means is this—that your whole life should be, shall I say, morally consistent. Now how does a man make his life consistent? A man makes his life consistent by getting hold of a controlling motive. It may be good or bad or inadequate but, if he gets it, his life is under the control of a particular motive. Sometimes you have sad experiences of that. We will take, for example, the case of the drunkard. Insofar as his life is integrated, it joins in subordinating everything to beer. Now that is integration that leads, of course, to disintegration, because it is impossible to put a full orb'd life into a beer party, and so his love for people and his duties to home and his responsibility to society all go west under this dominating idea that the one thing was to get drunk, and to get sober in order that he might get drunk again. And, of course, you have higher integration. A man may set himself to make a reputation, and so you will see his name in the daily newspaper and, incidentally, he may do a great deal of good; he may make donations to the Red Cross; you see he might do it for a very good purpose, but his purpose is to make himself a great name, and everything is sacrificed to that. And so if we are going to have a really good, intelligent, well-constructed society it must be integrated, and with what are we to proceed to this integration? That, I think, is the greatest question that any man can ask himself, not only for his own benefit, but for the benefit of the humanity round about him; and my answer to that question is this—the sovereignty of God. We have forgotten all about it. Some people think that God does not really matter, but I believe that if there is one thing above another that has to be restored to mankind at large it is a sense of God's supreme demands and supreme control, and, of course, once a man is possessed of that he regulates his whole life by that conception. He cannot help it. It is supreme. God Almighty is the final auditor of his ledgers. God demands a certain course of action and, if his life is properly integrated, he puts that action into operation in his business and similarly in relation to his domestic affairs. God demands certain obligations there, certain fidelities which must be observed; and a man who makes God his sovereign seeks to carry that out in domestic relations, and he does not act differently in international affairs as far as his voice or his judgment is in operation there.

And so you see we are not talking about dreams or religious taboos when we tell people: You must get back to this. You are answerable to God for the conduct of your life in relation to all your fellows. I am told a great many things at the present day. Some people tell you that, if you alter the economic structure you would be alright; if you get rid of money—I don't believe it. Some people tell me if you put more powers in the Federal Government you would get on alright. I don't believe it. Some of these things may be quite good in their own way, and they are worth a trial, but, until men and women recognise the *authority of God*, they will blunder on and make the same mistakes that they made before. Now if you believe that, then your position should be the position of the Psalmist: I do set the Lord always before me. Always! Not merely on Sunday, but when I get up, when I go to bed, when I sell an article or buy a piece of furniture, when I court a girl or set up a home. Whatever

I do, wherever I go, I do set the Lord always before me. I am responsible to Him, I am answerable to Him. Have we got that position? Of course we have, and if you try to do it (and you ought to try) then you will very soon find out that you cannot do it except by the Divine enabling of God Himself, Who redeems you through His Son.

A MEDLEY OF SPIRITUAL ADVENTURES

K. L. WALKER—3rd Year.

I stared at the box-like contraption mounted upon a Chevrolet truck chassis and my heart sank as Capt. Cowland, the Chief of the Australian Church Army, told me that I was to take the "Van" to Grafton where Bishop Ashton would dedicate it, and in it send me to conduct an itinerating mission throughout his Diocese. This "Van" was to be my home! Gingerly I turned the key in the lock of the door in the rear of the Van, and summoning all my courage, I opened the door and looked inside. Not so bad, after all. Over against the front wall of the Van were two beds arranged in double-decker style; there was a long settee affair on one side fitted with a hinged lid, and on the other side was a sink with a hinged table-top, a seat, and a cooking space, while in every conceivable place the thoughtful builder had put a cupboard. All the wood-work was nicely stained and polished, and the general effect was quite pleasing. I felt somewhat better after my inspection, but I was still troubled . . . would I prove sufficient for the task ahead? I found a measure of comfort in reminding myself that God equips those whom He calls. In any case there was no use in worrying; I'd been detailed for the job and that was enough. My immediate task was to get the Van ready for the trip to Grafton.

It was a great consolation to find that Capt. Young, one of the senior Officers was to accompany me on the trip. He was to preach at the Services in the Cathedral arranged in connection with the Service of the Dedication of the Van and it was good to know that he would be with me till then. The journey to Grafton from Newcastle was uneventful, the engine running perfectly, and one day in June, 1938, the "Philip Prior" Van was dedicated to the service of God in the Diocese of Grafton. After the dedication Captain Young returned to Newcastle, and that kind, fatherly Bishop, Dr. Ashton, gave me his blessing and sent me forth to preach the Word. The scope of the work was wide. I was to arrange to visit the parishes of the Diocese for the conducting of Missions, paying particular attention to the outlying areas; to take charge of districts in the event of there being no Minister available, and generally to assist the clergy in proclaiming the Gospel of Jesus Christ. One Church Army rule, to the effect that the Van was only to enter a parish at the invitation of the Rector, together with the three main planks of the Church Army platform, Conversion, Consecration and Churchmanship, made the appearance of the Van acceptable to the clergy.

The Grafton Diocese embraces that strip of coastal country stretching from Wauchope to the Queensland border. It includes mountain and plain, big timber and river flats. The roads vary from good bitumen and concrete to ugly, deep-rutted bullock tracks. Space does not permit an account of my journeys throughout the Diocese, of my visits to Churches, halls and schools, of the services conducted in parish churches, in the open air, at Aboriginal Settlements and at the sea-side. I will have to content myself with trying

to give some idea of a normal day of Van life and perhaps a "snap-shot" of a Beach Mission.

The normal crew of a Van is a Captain, in charge, assisted by a Cadet in training. The day starts at 6.30 and each attends to his ablutions and private devotions. The best cook then prepares breakfast on the "Primus" stove while the other cleans up the Van, attending to any minor adjustment. Breakfast over, Morning Prayers followed, after which the Cadet would settle down to his studies (two hours per day as a minimum insisted upon) while the Captain would do any necessary preparation for the Services to be conducted that day, see to arrangements for the movements of the Van, and attend to correspondence. He would then set out to visit. Should the Van be parked alongside a hall in a sparsely populated area it was my practice to borrow a horse or a bicycle on which to get around. Sometimes this



would not be possible. I can remember one day walking nine miles in order to visit three families. Visiting in the country was always interesting, and at times productive of fruit for the Kingdom of God. There one could sit on the fence and talk to the ploughman as he rested his horses, go into the dairy at milking time, sit with the timber-millers at their "smokos", ride with the bullocky as he drove his team, and, if one was patient, the conversation would usually turn to the Things of God. As I write this, a conversation with a bullocky comes to mind, which was not without humour.

"Captain," he said, "Do you remember those hymns you made us sing the other night?"

"Yes" I answered, "What about them?"

"Well," he drawled, "I thought that I'd try them out on my bullocks in place of other things I usually say to them."

"And what happened?" I asked.

"It's a funny thing, but they seem to go just as well." Imagine it, a bullocky singing hymns to urge on his team!

It was always my practice to visit the local school as early as possible on entering a new district. This proved valuable from two angles. First it gave an opportunity to give the children religious instruction, and if there

was no Sunday School in the district, to link them with the Mail Bag Sunday School. Then it also provided an excellent means of advertising the Mission Services. In passing, I may say that invariably I received the warmest welcome from the teachers, who were always willing to co-operate with my plans for children's afternoon services.

At times it was not possible to return to the Van for lunch and one was usually entertained at a farm-house or cottage. Then, in the afternoon, one would return from his visiting in time to conduct the afternoon service for the children. The Cadet had most likely been away in a different direction visiting, timing his return to coincide with the service.

After the children's service, if the Van crew was not invited out for tea, the evening meal would be prepared on the Van, and final preparations made for the evening service. In the more thickly populated areas it was customary to hold mission services every night for a week or ten days, whilst in the more scattered districts a service would be held on alternate nights. It was always a source of inspiration to me to see the numbers of attendants increase night by night, witnessing as it did to the ability of God to use even a weak vessel to His glory.

At some places we would not have even a hall in which to hold services. Then we would take our little organ out of the Van, rig up a big lantern-sheet under the trees, and, by running the lantern from the car battery hold an open-air lantern service. Hymn slides shown on the screen saved people from reading hymn-books in the near darkness, and many a happy evening was thus profitably spent.

When the Christmas holidays came round, we found that most of the people who could get away from their farms went down to the beaches, where they would camp, many of the mothers staying on with the children whilst the fathers returned to their work. This provided a wonderful opening for Beach Mission work.

Arriving at the beach we would park the Van in the Camping Reserve, and display a sign: "Church Army Beach Mission". In no time the Van would be surrounded with children, many of whom would prove to be old friends from the country. They would be told of the plans for the Services and sent away with an invitation for the afternoon service. Preparations would then be made for the services, arrangements for lighting, etc. Usually the Rector of the Parish would have made preliminary arrangements, and the local church people in most cases supported the effort whole-heartedly.

In the afternoon the youngsters would be gathered around the organ, where with the singing of hymns and choruses and the telling of stories, the message of Jesus Christ, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me" would be told. At the end of the visit, after perhaps a fortnight, a Sand-modelling Contest would be held, at which the children were required to illustrate one of the stories told them during the Mission.

At evening the lantern sheet would be erected and community hymn singing conducted, followed by a message illustrated by slides depicting events in the life of our Lord. We usually found that the attendance at these services amounted to a large proportion of the campers. Some came to hear the message, some to sing the hymns, others just to see the slides, whilst others again because they had nothing better to do. But they *came* and they *listened*. We always felt that these efforts were well worth while, because they were opportunities to preach Jesus Christ and Him crucified.

For nearly three years the "Philip Prior" Van was my home and I look back with deep thankfulness to Almighty God for granting me such an opportunity of service, a service which was both fascinating in its character and full of rich blessing.

CHRISTIANITY AND SPORT

J. R. PAYNE—1st Year.

There are many people who hold the view that Christianity and sport cannot go "hand in hand" in the individual. In fact, one has heard the coined "catch-cry", "Once a Christian, never a sportsman". However, like other "catch-cries" and slogans such as "All parsons are parasites"—"Once a policeman never a man"—"All politicians are crooked", it is an entirely false summing up of the situation. Down the centuries Christian men have identified themselves with all types of sporting activity. Many have distinguished themselves in certain branches of sport, and some have risen to take the highest honours in their particular sport.

Probably one of the greatest Christian sporting personalities of all time was C.T. Studd. He is still regarded by authoritative cricket critics as the best all-rounder that England ever produced. He had a truly amazing record of all-round brilliancy in the grand old game of cricket. Norman Grubb says of him, "C. T. Studd never regretted that he played cricket, for, by applying himself to the game, he learned lessons of courage, self-denial and endurance, which, after his life had been fully consecrated to Christ, were used in His Service. The man who went "all out" to be an expert cricket player, later went "all out" to glorify his Saviour and extend His Kingdom".

Another great character was J. B. Hobbs, opening batsman for England over a long period of years. He was also a staunch Christian man. During a tour of England he refused to take part in one match because it involved playing on a Sunday. Hobbs was severely criticised for his action in this regard by the press and cricketing authorities, but he resolutely stood his ground.

Several Australians too, who became "giants" in the sporting world, were Christian men who "witnessed a good confession". In recent years we have had W. (Bert) Oldfield, world famous wicket-keeper, Jimmy Carlton and Ted Hampson, both Australasian Champion sprinters, and A. V. (Cocky) Mayne, international Rugby Union player and referee.

Clergymen, too, have distinguished themselves in several branches of sport. The late Archdeacon R. B. S. Hammond was a first-class sprinter and all-round athlete in his younger days. Amongst the Clergy of the Sydney Diocese at the present time we have a former interstate Rugby Union player, a former amateur heavy-weight boxing champion of New South Wales, a former interstate tennis player, and several former first-grade cricketers and footballers.

In Moore College at present there are several sporting personalities. According to reports our honoured Principal was a footballer of some repute. Amongst the students we boast a first-grade cricketer and several other representative cricketers and footballers. Of fifty-one students, only eleven have indicated that they have no interest at all in any branch of sport.

This is but a very brief survey of the subject in hand. Several other personalities could be mentioned, and undoubtedly there are many more with whom the writer is not acquainted. The important point is that those mentioned are typical of many hundreds of Christian men, who have found it possible to glorify God on the field of sport.

SOME INTERESTING FELLOWSHIP

For a short time during Lent Term, we were privileged to have the company of Chaplain The Rev. J. H. Ogilvie, O.B.E., of the Church of Scotland, who shared the common life of our College. He attended lectures in order to cover a very brief "refresher course", and one morning in Chapel surprised and delighted us with a brief but graphic account of his life's work. He has travelled extensively, has engaged in missionary work of a pioneering character, and served in the first Great War as well as throughout the recent conflict.

On the afternoon of 7th May, Padre Ogilvie kindly offered to conduct a party of men aboard H.M.S. "Duke of York" which ship he has been serving as Chaplain. Some fifteen of us availed ourselves of this "golden opportunity" and gained some insight into life on a battleship. The part of the vessel dearest to our hearts was the "St. Helena Chapel", beautifully appointed, and with seating accommodation for over thirty men. The Padre, in his quiet, gracious manner, gave a few words of explanation as each point of the ship was reached. Most of us were conscious of stiffening muscles as we climbed the "last ladder" and came ashore, but our minds were much enlightened. Chaplain Ogilvie chatted to the various groups of men at work, here and there, and their pleasure at his simplicity and kindness was very evident.

Our brother in Christ has left us, to take up an important work at Hong Kong, and our prayers and best wishes go with him.

INCIDENTS OF CHAPLAINCY LIFE

CHAPLAIN THE REV. C. H. SHERLOCK, Th.L., R.A.A.F.

(MOORE COLLEGE 1938-40.)

"Say Padre, heard the news? Signals say that three new crews are on the way . . . whacko . . . soon the big smoke for me!" These words burst upon my ears from the mouth of an excited young airman whose precipitate entrance into my tent had momentarily upset the equilibrium of my thoughts. The full purport of their meaning is not at first readily recognisable, but to the speaker this was *the moment* for which he had been waiting for nine long months—months crammed with incidents exciting and otherwise—long patrols over stretches of sea scouting for submarines—wearying flights on escort duty over slow-moving convoys—hazardous trips to bomb enemy-held strong points—constant reconnaissance jobs each different from the other. In between the humdrum duties of camp routine, there was always the thought of a tour completed and plans for leave. Now as with the same keen enthusiasm he sped from my tent to spread the good "G-G" further, I prepared to go

down and meet the crews of these three new "kites", and my thoughts went back over the months in which we had grown to know one another. Memories came of talks late at night by the flickering light of the old kerosene lamp, of discussions on the Christian approach to this problem and of services held on Sundays at first in the Mess Hut, and later in our Chapel (in the erection of which this young friend had been so helpful). I silently thanked God for the gift of Christian friendship and for the privilege of ministering to these men who so constantly *dared all* for the winning of peace. I would sorely miss the presence of this crew, and wondered just what the new "blood" would be like. The lines that follow will be an attempt to express just what one of these crews came to mean.

By the time my battered jeep reached the approach to the strip the first of the planes was coming in. The stillness of the tropical jungle was broken by the roar of engines, as the Beaufort Bristol Bomber went round on a circuit. Around me lined up a row of Squadron vehicles, jeeps, trucks and the like, each with its contingent of bronzed men all keen to meet the new arrivals and to see if there was any mail. The aircrew members critically watched the pilot's approach, keen to assess the skill of the newcomer. Engines throttled back, undercarriage correctly in place, flaps down, the plane came in to an excellent landing. She ran the full length of the strip and then came taxi-ing back, the observer now standing abreast the hatch having a first close look at this his island home. Having been guided to a bay the ground crew took over, and with the contents soon unloaded the new crew alighted and began their greetings.

"My word, Padre, the pilot's a big cove," said a young fitter standing nearby, "Wouldn't like to have a grudge with him and then meet him in the dark." That too, was my impression as I advanced to meet him, and inwardly thought that his soiled battle dress but heightened the impression of solidity. His cheery smile and warm handshake dispelled any sense of bluntness, and introduced by him to the other members of his crew I immediately felt at home with them. The observer, whose name was Andrew, at once impressed us all by his obvious sense of humour, constant supply of jokes and ready gift of repartee. The two gunners, Tom and Lionel, made up the crew, all of whom already appeared to have achieved that happy spirit of unity which, fully developed, has been responsible for an amazing degree of loyalty and camaraderie amongst these men who constantly faced danger together.

In the weeks that followed I gradually came to know each of these four rather well, and noted how quickly they settle down to squadron life. Theirs was an infectious happiness, the buoyancy of which caught others in its wake. It was pleasing to me to find that on the Sunday after their arrival two of the members were at Communion. The pilot, named John, told me that he had been a member of the Parish Council of his Church in a country town, and that confidence was the first step in a long series of talks in which we came to discuss deeply many subjects of Christian import. Tom, the only commissioned member of the crew, was one of the most regular communicants I have ever met in service life, and his keenness to learn more of Christian things drew us together in a firm bond. He was from Western Australia, where his active association with his Parish Church had deepened convictions and strengthened roots imparted by Christian parents from an early age. The joy of fellowship with these two, whose faith was so evident, is one of my happiest reflections on active service days. The task of captivating others for

Christ was made easier through the help of these two, and as time passed I gradually found that Lionel's interest in the belief of his mates also became more marked. Andrew belonged to another Communion of our great Catholic Church, so that I lacked the joy of ministering to him through the Sacramental and Didactic Ministry of our Church, but in other contacts we all learned that *Christianity* is larger than *Creed* and that in Him we could truly be one.

The last few minutes after briefing was over found us yarning over a cup of coffee or cocoa and the final cheery word whilst they clambered into their aircraft, the minding of little mementoes, the sharing of their secret joys in family life all are happy thoughts as one looks back. This crew seemed unconscious of any sense of danger, and fear to them was unknown. On an early flight with the Squadron their plane lost a motor when but a few minutes out. A full load of bombs was jettisoned hastily and John put the plane down to a perfect ditching in a matter of seconds. They all clambered into their dinghy and a few hours later had apparently forgotten the whole thing. Not so long afterwards their starboard wing was badly holed after a strafing and bombing run. The leader of his flight advised an immediate ditching but no—John nursed that old plane along, struggling for height, edging round fronts and so finally won through, and coming into the circuit area of our home strip calmly asked for an immediate landing O.K. Breathlessly we watched his approach, wondering how the wing would hold, but down he set her as if nothing was wrong. I was at the hatch when they started to clamber out, and through a barrage of greetings and good-natured banter from those who had come to greet them caught John's eye.

"Did you hear us singing, Padre?" he called. "Afraid not" I replied, "but what was the song?" "Why, nothing but the best," was the rejoinder, "Just that little number 'Coming in on a Wing and a Prayer', and we were not only singing either."

So with lives packed with incidents such as these our fellowship deepened and our understanding grew. Then came for them a period of leave, a few weeks away and then back to the toil again. They arrived about eleven one morning, with the exception of Lionel who had got back the previous day, and that afternoon we had a great old yarn. Just why we did so I shall never know for it was a complete reversal of usual routine. It was as if some unseen Hand was directing us to what was to prove to be our last talk together. Later that afternoon I noticed two of our planes being "bombed up", and on enquiring the reason found that a special strike was to be on at once. This, however, did not eventuate, as the weather closed in completely, but early on the following morning (Sunday) we awakened to the roar of engines being warmed and tested preparatory to take off. As I made my way to the Chapel for the first Communion service of the day my thoughts went out to the crews who were then setting out, and as I left the Chapel after the service there came the news that one of the planes had crashed soon after "take off", and it was feared that the crew was lost. Many hours passed before it was possible to obtain confirmation, and later that day it was my sad task to assist the medical staff in obtaining and preparing for burial what earthly remains there were of this gallant four.

It has been my sad privilege to officiate at many Service funerals but never have I witnessed such visible signs of sorrow and sadness as on this occasion. The Chapel was crowded to capacity for a memorial service on the Sunday night, and the day following all who could be spared from essential duties joined in paying homage to these grand fellows.

So now, as one reflects on Chaplaincy experiences in days of war, one does thank God for the privilege which has been ours during these years. To minister spiritual things in any sphere is a sacred trust—to do so in circumstances of war, amongst men who were determined to give their all for the preservation of the ideals of Christian civilisation (even though some who served may have but dimly perceived them) is a peculiarly responsible trust, and one which has deepened our conviction that to be a true Priest of our Church is to be the servant of all.

COLLEGE ROLL-CALL

(Moore College includes within its student body, men of all types. While our immediate, central purpose is the same, our individual outlooks, temperaments and dispositions differ considerably. All of us have varied interests apart from our necessary studies, although our noted diligence prevents us from giving the former a prior place! The little details set forth below, concerning each gentleman, will give you a "peep" into the real life of those who hope to be the clergy of the future. "Societas" boldly takes its readers into its confidence.)

- Ash: "What! more notices up? Strike!"
 Bathgate: "I've a soft spot in my heart for the Baptists."
 Bootle: "Just a University student,
 Diligent, faithful and prudent;
 Though Greek is my sphere, I'm happiest there
 When with Dorothy, Heather and Prudence."
 Bosanquet: (He doesn't say much, as he's someone at home to say it for him.)
 Buckle: (A very respectable Hostel inhabitant.)
 Buckman: "Just caught that dining-room skylight in time!"
 Carter: "I'm wanted on the 'phone. It's probably mother."
 Coulthard: (For a school-teacher he says surprisingly little.)
 Crawford: "I'm not too good. I've got a cold and my Rector wants me."
 Crigan: "Look in about eleven o'clock, will you, please? I'd like to be up
 for lunch."
 Ctercteko: (He's a "day-boy" — seen and not heard.)
 Davis: "I'm only a count-ery Catechist,
 Not even a first-class phlegmaticist,
 For to tell you the truth
 There's something one rueth,
 -To be called a *Matriculaticist*."
 Deane: (As genial as his "ecclesiastical contemporaries.")
 Draper: "Good day, brother man! God bless you, old son!"
 Edwards: "The successful clergyman has at least *four* surplices!"
 Elliott: "Gee, it was funny in lectures this morning!"
 Fisher-Johnson: "Any library books for distribution to-day?"
 Fletcher: "I'd rather be a good old 'Sally' than intone the Collects!"
 Fuhrmeister: "Oh, yes, I see the 'Deacs' occasionally, but then . . ."
 Gibson: (He vainly contends that he's taller than the Editor.)
 Goodman: "I wish to protest, Mr. Chairman!"
 Goodwin: "Put your head out the window!"
 Gray: "If I'd prayed a bit more I'd have made the century!"
 Grisdale: (A lad of strong convictions)—"Be steadfast, unmoveable."
 Halliday: "I'll duck down to Alec's room for a brew."
 Hayes: "I'll see you to-morrow. I'm off to A. & R's."
 Hobden: (Following in father's footsteps.)
 Ingham: (His frown's as deceptive as his comment is rare.)
 Johnson: (Meet to be called a meek, married man.)
 Johnston: (His heart's in China, and his home's in Gerringong, but he's with
 us in spirit.)
 Langford: "You beaut! Be in it, Joe!"

Mansfield: (Intends joining Theology to Science, is following our Vocal Expert's vocation.)

Marr: (Well, he won't always be a recluse. Next year . . .)

Morris: "Be it even in Gladesville,
There's no place like home."

Newmarch: "I'll do you over!"

Palmer: "It's only my *sister!*"

Patfield: "See my cobber, Weir."

Payne: "All the very best, son!"

Rawson: "Saturday again, and more washing!"

Rogers: (Another one of the Campsie crew)—"Praise the Lord!" says Draper.

Ross: "Wait till you're married—you don't know what you're missing!"

Roughley: (The proud, patient pater of a pair.)

Saxton: (For information, apply Room I, or Sacristan.)

Sherlock: "How about that article for 'Societas'?"

Stewart: "If you chaps must put 'milk tokens' in the telephone, you might at least avoid bent ones."

Tooth: "Up home, it's mangoes and paw-paw,
But here, it's *tea* that's called for."

Walker: "Swot! for the night is coming,
Swot through the morning hours."

Weir: "A faithful companion is a man's truest consolation."

Williams: (Too engrossed in the Phone Room to answer.)

Woodward: "A man is *never sure*, despite mathematics, psychology and philosophy. Do I really think at all? Or do I only *think* that I think? Hang it all! Am I even here?"

Yuill: (A fine fellow, with a fair flair for finding fitting flowers for furnishing the Chapel. *You'll find him there now.*)

Yes!!—and we'd like to know who planted that *dog-box* near Mr. Minn's door, before Roll-Call. It appears that he was "barking up the wrong tree!"

ST. PHILIP'S, SYDNEY — PAST AND PRESENT

L. R. Buckman—3rd Year.

In illustrating the error of Sabellius (who described the Trinity as One Person manifesting Himself in three different functions) the Principal has often used himself as an illustration—being, in one person, Principal of Moore College, Canon of St. Andrew's Cathedral and Rector of St. Philip's, Church Hill. Leaving the heresy (wisely) alone, it is an interesting sidelight in the history of the Church of England in Australia that the oldest Church in the Commonwealth should now be linked with the oldest and largest Theological College.

Although the scheme for founding the colony included a suggestion that "it must certainly tend to promote the Christian religion amongst thousands of our fellow-creatures who are at present destitute of all rational worship", and despite the fact that Governor Phillip's instruction included the clause, "It is further our Royal will and pleasure that you do by all proper methods enforce a due observance of religion and good order among the inhabitants of the new settlement, and that you do take such steps for the due celebration of public worship as circumstances permit", a place of worship was not erected until August, 1793—five years after the arrival of the first fleet, and nine months after Phillip had left the colony. The Chaplain was the Rev. Richard Johnson, who, on 3rd September, 1793, only nine days after the opening of his new Church, was reported by the Lieutenant Governor, Major Grose, as being "One of the people called Methodists—a very troublesome,

discontented character". Mr. Johnson's name was cleared by the testimony of Wilberforce, who told the Secretary of State for Colonies that the Chaplain was "one of the worthiest men breathing—very little acquainted with the world".

How did St. Philip's get its name? In this respect also its association with Moore College is interesting. The number of Theological Colleges bearing non-Biblical names is remarkable. We think of Ridley Hall, Cambridge, Wycliffe College, Oxford, and, to come nearer home, Ridley College, Melbourne, St. Francis' College, Brisbane, and Moore College, Sydney. Actually, St. Philip's name, too, is non-Biblical, for, in a letter dated 4th June, 1789, to the "London Chronicle", there is a passage "as soon as a sufficient quantity of bricks can be made, a Church is to be built, and named St. Philip, *after the Governor*". Philip, however, was not insistent in the matter, and Mr. Johnson's first building was simply "wattle or daub". On 1st October, 1798, "some infamous person, between the hours of seven and eight in the evening, wilfully and maliciously set fire to the Church and school-house, by which it was completely consumed". This act of desecration was the result of an order by Governor Hunter "compelling decent attention to Divine Service, and a more sober and orderly manner of spending the Sabbath day".

For a time, public worship was conducted in a large storehouse. Governor Hunter, however, "laid the foundation of a large and substantial stone Church at Sydney, which we shall continue to work at . . . until it is finished". During the long and arduous labour, difficulties were encountered—one side of the clock tower fell during a heavy gale in 1799 but the clock (strangely) went undamaged. The size of the foundation was reduced to expedite the completion of the work, but not until 1807 was the building completed. The official opening was delayed owing to the deposition of Governor Bligh, but finally, on 22nd December, 1810, the Church was consecrated by Principal Chaplain Samuel Marsden. Before the consecration, Governor Macquarie changed the name to St. Philip, after the New Testament saint.

Services in the Church were "eight o'clock in the morning for troops, and eleven in the forenoon for the free inhabitants and convicts." Public servants were "paraded" to Divine Service, and all public houses were closed during hours of worship.

Each article of the highly-prized silver service of Communion plate, comprising a flagon fifteen inches in height, two chalices ten inches high, and two patens ten and three quarter inches in diameter, is inscribed, "as presented by His Majesty, King George the Third." To this royal donation were added tablets of the Lord's Prayer, Creed and Ten Commandments. The peal of eight small bells, brought by Governor Hunter, was erected by Bligh, and first rung in 1807. However, the tower was so thick that they could not be distinctly heard beyond three hundred yards. (Evening Services in St. Philip's were not held until April 29th, 1821.)

By 1846, despite the erection of St. John's, Parramatta, and St. James', King Street, it was found that the accommodation in the existing site was inadequate. At a meeting in November, 1846, at which the Bishop of Australia presided, the erection of a new and more commodious Church was discussed. As a result, the foundation stone of the present building was laid on 1st May, 1848. The work was completed in 1856 at a cost of

£16,000, raised entirely by voluntary contributions from congregation and friends.

The Bible and Prayer Book which were brought out by the first fleet, and the Communion Service presented by King George III, were transferred to the new Church, where they are carefully preserved, and still occasionally used.

Space prevents a review of the work done by the individual incumbents of the Parish. Perhaps the repetition of a few names will suffice—Richard Johnson, William Cowper, D.D., Archdeacon W. M. Cowper, Canon O'Reilly, Archdeacon Langley (late Bishop of Bendigo), and Canon A. E. Bellingham.

Founded literally upon a rock, and set apart for the preaching of the Catholic Faith, St. Philip's, standing as it now does, at the very pulse of Sydney's traffic heartbeats, is a witness to the Glory of God, and a finger to point men heavenwards.

OUR DOMESTIC STAFF

The Principal often stresses the fact that the activities of our College are based on a true family relationship, and an important section of that family is the domestic staff. Without their care in the matter of our material sustenance, the daily routine of College would be impossible. Throughout the war, as now when rationing still prevails, the tireless zeal of Matron and her helpers has been and remains our "strength and stay."

Miss Clinch is still assisted by our old friend Mrs. Heavey, together with our cook, Miss Mendham, and Misses Nelson and Maynard. Others, too, have given aid from time to time.

It is a duty and privilege to express appreciation of the unstinted service of the domestic staff to each one of us. Apart from the ladies, our groundsman, Mr. Sommerville, deserves our thanks, and we pray that he and they may long continue in our midst.

SCOUTING AND CHURCH LIFE

J. J. GOODMAN—1st Year.

(G.S.M., 2nd Dulwich Hill (Holy Trinity))

Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell, son of the Rev. Professor Baden-Powell, a distinguished scientist, lived a disciplined, full life. Not only was it a practical life in the service of the Empire, as a successful heroic campaigner, and to the world as the Chief Scout; but it was a life cultivated in a Godly atmosphere, to blossom to fulness in continued Divine communion. To young men, he offered this contribution concerning religion. "If you are really out to make your way to success, you must have a religious basis to your life. This, very briefly, is recognising who and what God is, and making the best of the life that He has given you in doing what He wants of you. This is mainly doing something for other people."

The relation of Scouting to the Churches, must be considered if there is to be an earnest seeking of closer co-operation between the two bodies. I make so bold as to repeat this statement made by an English priest: "the Church needs Scouting; Scouting cannot exist without the Church."

Irrespective of the age of the boy, the promise to "do my best to do my duty to God . . .," holds good for all time, after investiture. Too often religion is unrelated to life, because it is not translated into activity. With active Scouting within the Church, this cannot be so. The Church, it seems to me, is the obvious body in which a boy is to find corporate expression of his religious life. Hence, that spirit of duty and loyalty to God, King and fellowman by all Scouts, is engendered through close co-operation of both Church and the Movement. Duty to God, is not only a thing to be known, but a life to be lived.

Within the being of every boy, there is that adventurous spirit and sense of hero-worship. Now, then, is the time to present religion as a great adventure, and religious heroes as men and women who did noble things in order to keep their promise to be loyal to God. A Daniel facing death in the lion's den; a Paul tramping fearlessly over Asia Minor or sailing to the ends of his earth to proclaim in the face of torture, beatings and mockery, his message; a Capt. Oates giving up life itself to free his companions. Thus the spirit of loyalty and duty to Church and God as well as King and Country is inculcated. As a result, I feel there should be a lively section of the Scout Movement wherever the Church life of any community exists. It provides a link with the Church life and not only trains boys to be healthy, happy and helpful members of the community but relates religion to the boy's life itself. Thus we achieve the ideal set by the Chief Scout, in teaching him to obey the highest and best in life.

THE ANOINTING AT BETHANY

W. F. Carter—2nd Year.

Our Lord had arrived at Bethany on His last journey to Jerusalem, with the shadow of the Cross of Calvary cast upon His soul, a shadow growing every hour more dark and terrible. He was enjoying a quiet, homely dinner with some friends. St. Mark tells us He was in the house of Simon the Leper. This is all that we know of Simon, that he was a leper, or rather had been a leper. His leprosy must at this time have been healed, else it would have been unlawful for him to entertain guests. Perhaps he was one of the many lepers Jesus had healed in the course of His ministry, and this dinner of his was one inspired by gratitude to the Healer.

As Jesus sat at meat, a certain woman having an alabaster box of ointment, broke the box and proceeded to pour the ointment upon His head and feet. We know from the gospel of St. John that this woman was Mary, the sister of Lazarus, and if we want to understand the reason for this lavish and splendid deed we must refer to the 11th chapter of that Gospel. This chapter tells us how Lazarus sickened and died, and how, at the urgent request of Mary and Martha, Jesus came and restored their brother to them alive and well. Ever since that memorable occasion the two sisters, overwhelmed with love and gratitude, sought to show their appreciation to the Master. Nothing was too good or too precious for this Mighty Friend who had done such great things for them, and at this homely scene in the little village of Bethany we see how their passionate gratitude sought to express itself.

Anointing the head with oil was a common practice in the East. It was a little attention which, like water for the feet, hosts were in the habit of paying to their guests. It was refreshing and exhilarating, especially amidst the closeness of a heated atmosphere, with many guests at a feast. But it was no ordinary ointment that was poured out by Mary. It was spikenard ointment, one of the most costly of all the fragrant oils. According to Dr. Sloon it was generally used by kings, and the richest classes, and was costly enough to be made a royal present. This was exactly what Mary was doing. She was giving of her best to the Man Christ Jesus, Who, ere long was to prove Himself to be King of Kings.

Naturally, we would expect that the disciples of the Lord Jesus would commend such an act, and that their hearts would vibrate in sympathy. They knew, more than anyone else, who He was and for what purpose He had come. They had been intimately associated with Him for months now, and their eyes had witnessed the radiance of His presence as He went about doing good. Yet we are told that the deed stirred some of them to indignant remonstrance. "Why was this waste of ointment made?" they said. The spokesman, however, was none of the true-hearted Eleven, as we learn from St. Matthew, but Judas Iscariot, the traitor. Doubtless the thought stirred first in his breast and issued from his base lips, and some of the rest, ignorant of his true character, and carried away by his plausible speech, might for the moment feel some chagrin for the apparent waste.

Such an action, however, had the contrary effect on the Lord Jesus. It stirred Him to thanksgiving and praise. "Let her alone," He said to her critics, "she hath wrought a good work on me." Dr. Moffatt puts our Lord's answer very beautifully in these words: "Why are you annoying her, she hath done a beautiful thing to me?" Mary of Bethany thus received the noblest praise ever bestowed by Christ on man or woman. Why was this act so acceptable to Jesus, and what was in it that drew such a eulogy from Him? Was it because the ointment was so costly? No! It was because she had done what she could. It was not the ointment which pleased Jesus, but the love and sacrifice of which the costly ointment spoke.

"What a wanton waste!" Judas had said. The woman's act was undoubtedly out of all proportion to its utility, but her Lord commended her extravagance. Love and expressions of love are ends in themselves and are not to be measured by the low standards of utility. Real love never enters into a profit and loss account. Sacrifice and devotion which spring from love are never wasted. If Mary had just used the few drops of ointment necessary, in her manifestation of hospitality (which was all that was needed to fulfil the demands of etiquette) this story would not have been included within the pages of Holy Scripture. Jesus saw what the disciples did not—that behind this lavish offering there was a heart outpoured in love.

Is not this what Jesus wants of us?—a heart outpoured in love and gratitude, and a desire to serve. Mary showed in a practical way her desire to serve, and true love and devotion will necessarily issue in unstinted service. The Apostle Paul said "I will most gladly spend and be spent." and the willingness to be "spent out" is the proof of a genuine love. Have we such a love for Christ, such a heart overflowing with devotion and gratitude, such a burning desire to expend our energy on Him, that the world cries out "what waste!"? If so, we can be sure of our Lord's

commendation, for it is lavish, wasteful love like that which He so earnestly desires.

"What though in poor and humble guise,
Thou here didst sojourn, cottage born,
Yet from the glory in the skies,
Our earthly gold Thou didst not scorn,
For love delights to bring her best,
And where love is, that offering evermore is blest.
Love on the Saviour's dying head,
Her spikenard drops unblam'd may pour,
May mount His cross and wrap Him dead,
In spices from the golden shore."

(Keble)

A DAY AT SEA IN A CARRIER

The Fleet Air Arm Makes War in the Pacific

BED! SLUMBER!! DREAMS!!!

The steward switches on the lights. I climb up from unconsciousness to semi-consciousness. He brings in the hot water. "It's half past seven, sir." "Uh—h". I emerge from semi-consciousness to consciousness. I blink in the hard, bright light. I stretch myself, roll over, sit up and struggle out of bed. The cabin is one of the odd bits of the ship which were left over when all the essentials had been fitted in. It is a coffin-shaped space, some 17 feet long, and 9 feet across at the wider end. It is home from home for six of us (and our luggage). The others are easy to get on with, but sometimes I wish they were not there. The cabin is in the stern, so that we feel the vibration from the screws, and on the water line, so that we are not supposed ever to open the scuttle when at sea: not supposed.

Dressed in khaki shirt and shorts and gym shoes I go for'ard to the wardroom for breakfast; at the door the ship's postman hands me some letters to be censored. How well I have got to know those letters (good, it's orange-juice this morning). The one which begins "Dear Mum, Dad, Sis and all:" the one which talks guardedly of what the writer did in harbour two months ago: the one which vividly anticipates what the writer will do when he gets home: and, of course, the one which brightly remarks that we have just left — (wherever we have just left). (Anyone got a razor blade handy?) Then there are the mysterious words written at the bottom of the letter: BIBTOP, ITALY, SAHARA, and the like; I LOVE YOU done in kisses (bother, it has gone in the marmalade); and, without fail, the hopeful fellow who expects the censor to seal his letter With A Loving Kiss. Well, it is a useful way of occupying the grim and rather liverish silence which characterizes a naval breakfast.

Censoring done, there is time before work for a breath of air on the Flight-deck. It is still cool, the breeze is fresh, the sunlight is brilliant and the sea is blue. I walk up the deck and sit on the for'ard round-down, feeling the bows of the ship heave and sink beneath me with a slow but lively rhythm, like an enormous cradle. The unbroken, cloudless horizon encircles us, and beyond it on every side is only the ever-restless ocean. Half way down the deck are six or seven aeroplanes with men working on them

dressed in shorts, or overalls rolled down to the waist: an engine starts, roars, hesitates, coughs and stops: the bell rings as the forward lift goes down: around us are the other ships of the force, steaming in precise formation. The hump-backed swells, sparkling in the sun, dash themselves into foam and spray against the prow of the ship as it cuts its way through them. I lean back and shut my eyes, and feel the breeze as it blows on me, ruffling my hair, and the heat of the radiant sun on my face. My ears are full of the sound of rushing waters. There is spray in the air as the ship goes irresistibly forward, and the salty smell of the sea. This is indeed the perfection of physical well-being and felicity of sensation.

It is time for work. Oh yes, we do work in this squadron. "All Observers to the Buzzer Room." Descending into the bowels of the ship I find half a dozen people waiting outside the room, for no-one has the key. When someone has fetched it we enter and sit down. "Where is Smith?" "And Jones?" We start: Jones arrives. "You're late!" "No, I'm not, it's exactly fourteen and a half past by my watch." "Well it's twenty past by mine." Etc., Etc. We settle down and start deciphering the combinations of long and short squeaks which comprise the Morse Code. Or perhaps we try to comprehend the latest signal brochure from the Americans. Our noble allies have a weakness for elaborate codes which take the sender half an hour to work out and are as baffling to the receiver as to the Japs; maybe they have time and personnel for that sort of thing in a Super-Fortress. Then comes a visit to the Squadron office to look at any fresh orders or information in the "Officers" tray, followed by a stroll round the hangar to see that the cab is in good order and that the erks are happy (after all, our lives depend on their work). Then we do a little aircraft and ship recognition, for it is well to know which side you are shooting down, and whose Carrier you are landing on, and then we get into swimming trunks and go up to the Flight Deck for P.T. When you are cooped up in a ship at sea it is necessary to take some trouble to keep fit, very, very necessary. When we have recovered it is time for lunch. Say what you will, it is pleasant to have an appetite.

In the afternoon, as at Moore College, our time is our own, and after the labours of the morning the emphasis is on rest and recuperation. Reclining in the sun on the after round-down, or in the shade on the quarter-deck, the hours pass drowsily over our heads. Some have a book, others a letter-card; but many just recline. An air of indolence pervades the ship, (and the throb of life is dulled). Glowing sun and cool breeze and fresh sea air make a climate fit for dreams. Then the bomber squadron start running up their aircraft. Engines roar, and great gusts of slipstream rush aft carrying dirt and pieces of paper and maybe a stray chock with them. One of the engines is faulty and the pilot keeps it at cruising revs. for several minutes, more than fifteen hundred horses thundering past within ten yards, a harsh mass of sound, pulsating with a maddening reiteration, killing all thought. The pen ceases to scratch the paper and the pages of the book are not turned. We have hardly settled down again when the plumbers intervene, and "puff, puff, puff," a cloud of fumes and stench belches from the funnel. Yet the sun is warm, and the sea calm, the fleet steaming in formation is a grand sight, and I have no need to worry about losing my job or where the next meal is coming from. I am relaxed and at peace with the world; I am content. It is time for tea.

After tea there is deck hockey on the Flight-deck. This is a game in which there are few rules, and a casual spectator would have difficulty in discerning any at all. The sticks are good stout cudgels, the "ball" is a grummet (a small ring of rope), the space is limited, and the referee is usually one of the players. The game is fast and extremely furious. Play does not last long, but, apart from occasional interruptions, as when the grummet is lost overboard, there are few halts, and there are frequent moments when the game seems to be deck rugby rather than deck hockey. Often there are parked aircraft to form an additional hazard, and there is always the possibility of falling down the lift well.

After the evening shower we change into whites for dinner, and go for a final stroll on the Flight-deck. The sunsets are very beautiful in these latitudes. Scattered cloud-banks to the west are coloured with delicate shades of red, poppy and rose and flame-colour; while behind us they are sombre grey. On the horizon a passing thunderhead dissolves as the sun sinks to rest and the air grows cool. Other evenings are cloudless and the sky itself is tinted with a delicate gradation of colours: pale pink on the horizon, merging into white, then green, blue, violet, and so to the shades of night which overtake us from the East. The boatswain's mate pipes "darken ship" over the loud-speaker system, deadlights are clamped over scuttles, and curtains drawn across doorways. A few minutes more and it is dark.

Dinner is the best meal of the day. Our food is monotonous, and the fresh fruit and vegetables which are bought in harbour are a most refreshing change, yet we feed better than most people, especially in this ample evening meal. Our rations are enormously greater than those of civilians, and compared with the people in corvettes, or even destroyers, we are looked after with an abounding solicitude for our comfort which makes our lives almost luxurious. But then we are aircrews (after all it is we who do the fighting) so that we can still think with longing of days ashore when we had fresh milk in our tea and fish did not come out of tins, and speculate on what strange techniques the cooks may employ in re-hydrating the "cabbage", without feeling in any way ungrateful for the mercies which God has showered upon us. When I have finished I go across to the ante-room for a cup of coffee and a hunt through the periodicals for something I have not yet read, but it is inspired more by hope than by faith. People crowd in, friends gather into little circles, a game of halma starts, the bridge enthusiasts are in action; the bar is open and the scuttles are not. Soon it will be time for the news. And so the evening passes in an atmosphere of rowdy chatter, sweat, tobacco and (if the Commander is not about) song.

I go up to the Flight-deck for some fresh air. I walk for'ard past the booster to the round-down. To stand on the for'ard round-down of a carrier at sea on a fine night in the tropics is a strange experience. The sea is calm and glassy, the breeze is almost imperceptible, the sky is alive with stars and the moon reflects an unearthly light upon the immediate surroundings, but beyond that everything is muffled in blackness pierced only by the moonbeam which glitters along the surface of the waters. All is still. Only oneself is moving, floating effortlessly and silently through the moonlight as in a dream, borne along by some unseen power of which one is unaware. This is the hour when the mind escapes from the body and floats in space, conscious only of a mysterious rapture too subtle for Reason's dissection, a

rapture wholly pervading and possessing it, and setting every heart-string vibrating. It is unreal, yet more real than the prosaic sensations of day. I turn and walk aft, past the island with its fuming funnel and flapping ensign, past the parked aircraft and the men bedding down for the night. I yawn: it's getting late: time to turn in. I go down into the ship, down one, two, three decks, into the cabin.

And so to bed.
And so to *sleep*.

R. C. INGHAM, B.A.

MOORE COLLEGE EXAMINATION RESULTS

(Including former students *)

Australian College of Theology

CLASS LISTS FOR 1945

Licentiate in Theology (Th.L.)

SECOND CLASS (*Order of Merit*):

Reed, Bruce Douglas.
Tipping, Angus Cornwell.

PASS (*In Alphabetical Order*):

*Johnstone, John Roderic L., LL.B.
*Leaning, Vernon Lamsdale.
Lorner, Arthur Robert.
McKnight, Thomas F., M.A., B.Ec.
Merrell, William.
*Prescott, Alwyn Walker, B.E.
*Slater, Frank William.
Twine, Percy William G.

(No failures.)

PASSED PART II OF THE EXAMINATION (*In Order of Merit*):

E Crawford, Douglas E. O., B.A.
E Walker, Kenneth Lewis.
E Palmer, Ronald Harrison.
E Langford, Donald Arthur.
E Buckman, Leo Richard.
Fisher-Johnson, Edwin Warwick.

E Tooth, George A.
E Morris, Gerald John.

E Crigan, Alexander Hamilton.

(No failures.)

(E indicates Pass in Principles of Education.)

STOP PRESS

Some long expected news has just come to hand, which we must pass on. Another victim has succumbed to the blandishments of the fair sex! One more *Theologue* is betrothed to one more *Deaconess* (yes, a fully-fledged "Deac" this time). While we regret that the ranks of the Bachelor Club are further sadly diminished, we extend to Mr. William Carter and Miss Violet Ferres our best wishes on this auspicious occasion. (Who'll be NEXT?)

PRIZE WINNERS FOR 1945

(Prizes are awarded to Th.L. Students on the results of the first and second term examinations. The "Reading Prizes" are also open to 1st Year students—the 'readings' are held in the Chapel towards the close of the third term.)

General Proficiency

B. D. Reed

New Testament

L. R. Buckman

Doctrine

R. A. Woodward

Church History

B. D. Reed

Old Testament

R. H. Palmer, P. W. G. Twine (aeq.)

Greek

A. R. Lormer

Prayer Book

D. E. Crawford

Religious Education

K. L. Walker

Dean Talbot Memorial Essay

Subject: "The Book of the Prophet Jeremiah is the Prophet's Autobiography and the Nation's Obituary."

K. L. Walker

Thomas Watson Memorial Reading Prize

1. B. D. Reed—2. W. G. A. Tooth—3. G. M. Fletcher

Henry C. Wisdom Prize

T. J. Hayman

"Eleanor Abbott" Scholarship

D. E. Crawford

Barker Scholarship

K. L. Walker

Matriculation Students' Prize for efficiency in evening studies in Theology was won by R. H. Weir.

Nervous Catechist (engaged in house-to-house visiting): "Yes, I'm representing the Rector, Mr.——."

Parishioner: "Oh! You're the *Catechism*, are you?"

FINIS

When the last lecture of the last term of the last year was at last over, a little group of stalwarts, led by a well-known "religious gipsy," made a last desperate effort to rid the College of the presence of an aged, tattered garment, which our esteemed Vice-Principal insisted on wearing to the last patch of cloth. (This "gown" had been surreptitiously seized and soaked in kerosene to shorten its "fiery trial".) It was now hung upon a pole, duly ignited, and placed, all aflame, in the centre of the College lawn, amidst cries of "WE WANT MR. LOANE!" However, the aforesaid Mr. L. remained in his loft above, with *apparent* stoic indifference. Was he fighting back the tears? !! What had been a thing of pride and beauty was now a handful of ash.

Readers! Be admonished by this solemn judgment, which fired our purpose:—Hoarding is ever a *VICE—PRINCIPAL* amongst annoying little habits, and must be sternly discouraged at all costs. Our well-known precision of academic costume being *AT STAKE*, we attacked the situation with a *BURNING ZEAL*.

EPITAPH

"Lightly they'll talk of the gown that's gone,
Which (till it was ashes) disgraced him,
But little *he'll* reckon, if they let him *read on*,
In the room where tradition has placed him."

(With apologies to the anonymous author of that poem which school-teachers tried to make us learn—sometimes with *painful results* to both parties.)

JERUSALEM

J. S. Elliott—Matriculation Student

"Pray for the peace of Jerusalem; they shall prosper that love thee. Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces."

(Psalm 122:6,7.)

No visit to the Holy Land is complete without visiting the city of Jerusalem, for irrespective of our views regarding the authenticity of the holy places within and around the walls of the old city, we cannot fail to be interested in seeing this site, so impregnated with history both old and new, for no other city in the world is held in such veneration as is Jerusalem.

To the Jew it is the Holy City, the site where the Temple once stood in all its magnificence and glory, but where now "not one stone of it remains upon another."

To the Moslems it ranks next to Mecca as a holy city, and their great Mosque, the Dome of the Rock, more commonly known as the Mosque of Omar, now rises majestically upon the site that was once covered by the Temple area.

To the Christians, it is holy because of our Lord's associations with it, and many Christians reverence it sincerely with an almost superstitious devotion.

The beginning of this city goes back into early times. We read of its first entry into recorded history somewhere about 2,000 B.C. when Abraham was met by Melchizedek, king of Salem.

In the days of Joshua, it was called Jebus, and was the chief city of the Jebusites. David captured it from the Jebusites about 1,000 B.C. and made it his capital. During the reign of Solomon, the first Temple was built in the city. It was a magnificent structure, but in 587 B.C. it was destroyed by fire, along with the rest of the city, by order of Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon.

In 536 B.C., after the first captives returned from the exile in Babylon, they began to rebuild the Temple, which was dedicated about 516 B.C. The second temple was built in a modest style; it was not until the reign of Herod the Great that it was restored to its former magnificence.

When Alexander the Great captured the city, he spared the Temple, out of reverence. It was not until 70 A.D., during one of the most terrible sieges in history, that the Temple was completely destroyed, and has never been rebuilt. All that remains to-day is portion of a lower wall. This is known as the "Wailing Wall", because there the orthodox Jews assemble, and lament over the plight of Jerusalem and pray for the restoration of the Temple to its former prestige and glory.

Jerusalem was made a Christian city in 313 A.D. by the Roman Emperor, Constantine, and many Christian Churches and Shrines were erected over traditional holy places. But the peace of Jerusalem was not to last, for in the year 614 the Persians devastated Palestine, captured Jerusalem, demolished all sanctuaries, and massacred nearly thirty thousand people.

Jerusalem next fell into the hands of the Arabs, who for a time were tolerant to Christians. But in the Eleventh Century persecutions broke out against all Christians. This was followed by the Crusades, which endeavoured to liberate the Holy Land. In 1099 Godfrey de Bouillon entered the city, and a Latin kingdom was set up, but due to lack of unity among Christian rulers, the Crusaders suffered defeat at the hand of Saladin in 1187.

Other attacks on the city followed from outside nations until the Turks took control in 1517, and the Holy Land remained under Turkish rule until 1917, when General Allenby, Commander in Chief of the British Forces, entered the Holy City.

The erection of Churches and Shrines over the holy places date from the time of Constantine. Many of the Churches throughout the Holy Land were built at the instigation of his mother, Helena. According to legend, Helena had a dream, in which she saw the place where the "True Cross" had been thrown after the Crucifixion. Following this, an expedition was sent to the Holy Land and excavations duly made, and (so the legend states) the Cross was unearthed. Over this spot was erected a Church, which in later years was extended. This edifice, known as the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, is still to be seen in Jerusalem to-day.

The Church, though in great need of repair, is still standing, and is controlled by about six different denominations, mainly Eastern Christians. The only Western Church represented there is the Roman Catholic Church, known more widely throughout the Holy Land as "Latins".

Due to this multiple control, strife often occurs between different Churches within this edifice. The key is not in Christian hands. It is kept

by a Moslem family, and a Moslem keeper is always on duty inside the Church.

Much has been written as to whether or not the Church is built over the exact site of Calvary, for even in the Holy Land we cannot be sure of holy places. Here there are two sites, both claiming to be the actual site of Calvary. The other place is known as Gordon's Calvary, or the Garden Tomb, and is situated outside the walls of the old city, not very far from the Damascus Gate.

Strangely enough, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre is inside the present walls of the old city, but according to some authorities, the walls of the city were in a different place at the time of the Crucifixion, placing the present site of the Church outside the original walls.

Of the two places, The Holy Sepulchre and Gordon's Calvary, tradition holds strongly to the former. If this Church is built over the actual spot, then it destroys the topography of the land. This mass of architecture, which is neither beautiful nor practical, prevents a clear picture of Calvary.

The advantage of the Garden Tomb is that it is not hindered by unattractive buildings which seem to have been erected without design or purpose.

The Church of the Holy Sepulchre is, to the Western mind, strangely unlike a Church. It is grotesque, being without beauty, style or sequence. Entering the building from the entrance nearest to the Jaffa Gate, we immediately come out of sunlight into semi-darkness, and an atmosphere that reeks strongly of incense. It is impossible to describe in detail the layout of the interior, because it seems to diverge in so many different directions, breaking out into Chapels which belong to separate denominations. Each one has its own services and there always seems to be a service in progress somewhere within the walls of the Church. Here and there we see a black-robed Greek priest swinging a censer at some appointed spot, and brown-robed Franciscan friars carrying lighted tapers, or performing similar duties.

The traditional site of Calvary is not very high, about fourteen or fifteen feet, and it is ascended by a wooden stairway. As we climb these stairs we wonder, Is this the actual spot? and we cannot help but feel a certain sense of awe.

On Calvary itself there are three main altars—the altar of "Nailing on the Cross", the altar of the "Raising of the Cross", and the altar of the "Mater Dolorosa" (Mother of Pain). The first is said to be built on the site where our Lord was nailed to the Cross. The second one is said to be built over the exact spot where the Cross was lowered into its socket. Beneath this altar is indicated the "exact" spot where the Cross sank into the ground on that first Good Friday. The altar to the Mater Dolorosa is said to be built on the place where the Virgin Mary stood during the Crucifixion. Upon this altar resides a half statue of the Virgin. The eyes give to this statue the appearance of life. Through the heart of the statue runs a jewelled sword, and the outstretched arms of the Virgin contain some of the most valuable gifts of precious gems in the world.

All these altars are ornate in design, and seem to be covered with what appears to the Western mind as worthless junk. Hanging over the altars are oil lamps of all sizes and shapes, giving an atmosphere of unreality to the whole scene.

The main section in this Church is, of course, the Holy Tomb itself, and this is contained in a rotunda-like structure in the Church. Outside the entrance to the Tomb is a large stone, said to be the Anointing Stone.

To enter the Tomb it is necessary to lower our heads as the door has been built low with special intent. The Tomb itself has been hewn out by Roman engineers (so we are informed) and has been faced with marble. Only a few can enter the Tomb at a time. The marks of Eastern Christendom are to be seen strongly here, and again, to the Western mind, there seems a lack of realism.

As we leave this site, we are reminded that our Lord rose triumphant over death, and we thank God for the empty Tomb, because we know that "He is Risen" and because He lives, we too, shall live forever if we believe and trust in Him.

The privilege of being permitted to view such traditional sites is one for which we are grateful, but to see such superstitious reverence in our "enlightened age" makes us feel that the *place* is being worshipped and not the *Saviour*. The real joy of being in the Holy Land is to be obtained from walking the roads that our Saviour walked, seeing the countryside and the scenes He saw, not in viewing the religious observances in dimly-lit Churches and Chapels. And as we stand on the Mount of Olives, overlooking the city of Jerusalem, before us passes all the pageantry of the ages, and we ask ourselves how often our Lord beheld the city from this very mount. Our thoughts are of *lost opportunity*, as His were in those days of His flesh.

While within her walls, Moslems, Jews and Christians strive for mastery and recognition, the Son of God passes by, unnoticed by them all. While processions walk her streets, depicting the last scenes of our Saviour's life, our Lord is forgotten. While holy places are revered, the Holy Son of God is being overshadowed by ritual, and while tradition binds man to superstitious observance and error, the Lord of Freedom and Truth pleads to the unheeding throng.

"O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together as a hen gathereth her chickens, and ye would not!"

(St. Matt. 23:37.)

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES OF COLLEGE PERSONNEL

FOURTH YEAR

(All non-resident except Rev. A. R. Lormer—Sub-Warden.)

- REV. A. R. LORMER, Th.L. (St. Barnabas', Broadway).
- REV. W. J. MERRELL, B.A., Th.L. (St. Anne's, Ryde).
- REV. T. F. MCKNIGHT, M.A., B.Ec., Th.L. (St. Aidan's, Blackheath).
- REV. B. D. REED, Th.L. (Barker College, and St. Paul's, Wahroonga).
- REV. G. B. SIMMONS (Parish of Kangaroo Valley).
- REV. F. G. TAPLIN (St. John's, Wilberforce).
- REV. P. W. G. TWINE, L.T.C.L., Th.L. (St. John's, Darlinghurst).
- MR. A. C. TIPPING, Th.L. (Full-time Catechist at Penrith).

THIRD YEAR

- LEO RICHARD BUCKMAN: Educated Canterbury High School. Enlisted 1940, discharged 1944 (55th Aust. Inf. Bn.). Civil employment—clerk. Entered College 21/4/44. Catechist at St. John Baptist, Ashfield.
- DOUGLAS ERNEST OLDAKER CRAWFORD: B.A. Educated Bowral High School 1932-38. School Captain 1938. Blues for Tennis, Athletics and Football. Entered Faculty

- of Arts, Sydney University, 1939. Enlisted 1941. (From 5/10/'42 until discharge on 19/7/'44 Sgt. in Army Psychology Service.) Entered Moore College 19/7/'44. Graduated as Bachelor of Arts, Sydney University, 1944. Catechist of All Saints', Woollahra. Eleanor Abbott Scholar, 1946.
- ALEXANDER CHARLES HAMILTON CRIGAN: Educated Ivanhoe Grammar School, Melbourne, 1934-40, and Resident Junior Teacher there 1941. A.I.F. Dec. 1941 to Feb. 1944 (Field Ambulance). Entered Moore College, March 1944. Assisting on Sundays at St. Jude's, Randwick. Special Interests—Music and literature.
- EDWIN WARWICK FISHER-JOHNSON: Educated Cranbrook School. Bank of New South Wales, Feb. 1927-1944. Diocesan Reader, June 1938. Enlisted March 1942 (Sigs., 2 Aust. Div., A.I.F.). Discharged for Moore College, April 1944.
- DONALD ARTHUR LANGFORD: Educated Carey Baptist Grammar and Melbourne C. of E. Grammar. Army from 1942-44 (Service in action in New Guinea, 24th Aust. Inf. Bn.). Civilian employment—junior audit clerk. Entered College, September 1944. Catechist, Cabramatta-Canley Vale. Interests—Missions, literature (esp. poetry), tennis.
- GERALD JOHN MORRIS: Educated Parramatta Intermediate High, Sydney Technical College. Engineer. Entered Moore College 1944. Catechist, St. Bede's, Drummoyne.
- RONALD HARRISON PALMER: Educated Scots College 1934-38. 3rd Year Economics, Sydney University. Clerk in Public Service, A.I.F., 1942-44. Entered College 1944. Catechist at Eastwood. University hockey blue. Interests—Crusader Union, C.S.S.M.
- WILLIAM GEORGE TOOTH: Educated in North Queensland. Service in England, North Africa and New Guinea with A.I.F., 1939-44. Catechist at Gladesville.
- KENNETH LEWIS WALKER: Educated Central Tech. College, Sydney. Church Army 1936-40. Enlisted A.I.F. 21/4/'40 (2/6th Aust. Fd. Regt. R.A.A.); discharged 30/6/'44 to enter Moore College. Catechist at St. Thomas', Enfield. Barker Scholar 1946, Talbot Prize 1946.
- RAY ALBERT WOODWARD: Educated Sydney Technical High 1935-37, Sydney Technical College 1938-43, Sydney University Arts II. Electrical Fitter, Cockatoo Dock, 1937-44. Entered College 1944. Catechist at Miller's Point. Special Interests—Young Evangelical Churchman's League, Evangelical Union.

SECOND YEAR

- RONALD VICTOR ASH: Educated Sydney Technical High School. Fitting and Machining, Marine Engineering—Sydney Technical College. Entered College July 1943. Catechist, Abbotsford-Russell Lea.
- WILLIAM FREDERICK CARTER: Educated Central Technical School, Ultimo, 1935-37. Enlisted 1942, discharged 1943 (3rd Aust. Inf. Bn.). Clerk in Merchant's Office. Entered College, April 1943. Catechist at St. Peter's, Cook's River. Special Interest—Sport (cricket).
- HAROLD ERNEST CTERCTEKO: Educated Wm. Thompson Masonic Schools and Parramatta High School. Clerical work, 1934-39. Diplomas of Missionary and Bible College and S.P.T.C. Hon. worker C.S.S.M. since 1934. Missionary, C.M.S., Oenpelli (Northern Territory)—Superintendent 1945. Catechist, Holy Trinity, Kingsford. Interests—Missions and Youth Work.
- DONALD WALTER DRAPER: Educated Homebush Boys' High School, 1936-38. Matric. Sydney University through A.E.S., 1945. Enlisted E. Com. Sigs., 1941; discharged 1944 (Y.M.C.A. Cpl.). Insurance Clerk, 1939-41. Entered College June, 1944. Catechist—Parish of Prospect with Seven Hills, 1944-1946; St. Andrew's Summer Hill, 1946. Special Interests—C.S.S.M., C.M.S., League of Youth.
- HENRY GEORGE FUHRMEISTER: Educated Melbourne (State School and West Melbourne Technical School). Five years with Evangelisation Society of Australia. Catechist, Erskineville Parish. Special Interest—Missionary work. Candidate for Bush Church Aid Society.
- CHARLIE LANGLEY GOODWIN: Educated at Parramatta Intermediate High School, 1933-35. Sydney Technical College Course in Electrical Fitting, 1937-41. Electrical Draughtsman at Cockatoo Island Dockyard till entering Moore College in 1943. Interests—Missionary.

- DAVID CLIFFORD HAYES: Educated Canterbury High School and Sydney Technical College. A.I.F., 1941-44, 3 Aust. Landing Craft, Workshop Section, A.E.M.E. Entered College March, 1945. Special Interests—Photography.
- JACK M. JOHNSTON: Five years' service with China Inland Mission. Catechist at Gerringong.
- JOHN ALEXANDER ROSS: Educated Christian Brothers' College, Lewisham. Mechanical Engineering Draftsman, 10 years. Entered College March, 1945. Catechist, St. John the Evangelist, Campsie. Special Interest—Australian Aboriginal Missions.
- ROBERT EDWARD SHERLOCK: Educated Bondi Commercial School and Randwick Inter. High to Intermediate. Later, at Chartres Business College, 1935, and Blennerhassetts Institute of Accountancy, 1935-1942. During first two years in College studied for Leaving Certificate at M.B.C. Clerk at Permewan Wright Limited (General Merchants) from 1935-1941. Clerk at Vacuum Oil Co. Pty. Ltd. from 1941-43 (Hunter's Hill Depot). Entered College March, 1943. Diocesan Lay-Reader, 1942-43. Catechist at St. Peter's, Cook's, River, 1943-45. Catechist at St. Alban's, Belmore, and Moorefields, from March, 1945. Special Interests—Journalism, C. of E. Fellowship and other youth activities, Tennis.

READING FOR ARTS AT SYDNEY UNIVERSITY

- JOHN STEWART HAMILTON BOOTLE: Educated Barker College, Hornsby. Enlisted A.I.F., 1942; discharged 1944. Entered College 10/3/45. Honorary Catechist, Carlingford. Special Interests—Tennis, football, swimming.
- RICHARD FREDERICK BOSANQUET: Educated at Nareburn Technical School, Ultimo Technical College (correspondence). Enlisted 1941, 2nd Field Survey Coy., A.I.F.; discharged May, 1945. Four years with advertising agency. Entered College July, 1945. Catechist at St. Ives (Christ Church). Special Interests—Open-Air Work and Missionary Enterprise.
- GEOFFREY MITCHELL FLETCHER: Educated Parramatta High School. A.I.F., 1941-42; R.A.A.F., 1943-45. Commercial experience—wool clerk. Entered College July, 1945. Catechist, Marrickville. Special Interests—Open Air and Youth Work, Missionary Advance, Flying.
- ROY FRANCIS GRAY: Educated West Kempsey High School and Sydney Boys' High School. Enlisted March, 1940; discharged December, 1944 (112 Aust. Con. Depot). Licentiate of Advertising Association of Australia; Sales Staff, S. T. Leigh and Co. Pty. Ltd. Entered College Feb., 1945. Catechist, St. Anne's Church, Hammondville. Interests—Cricket, Football, Tennis, Table Tennis, Missions and Youth Work.

FIRST YEAR

- ROY EDWARD COULTHARD: B.A. Educated Auckland Boys' Grammar, 1935-38; Teachers' Training College; University College, Auckland, 1939-41. N.Z. Medical Corps, 1942-43. Teaching, 1944-45. Entered Moore College, 11/3/46. Catechist, Mascot. Interests—Boat-building and Sailing.
- ARTHUR DAVIDSON DEANE: Educated Canterbury Boys' High. Enlisted Nov., 1941. Served two years with 34 Aust. Inf. Bn. and two years with 1 Aust. Parachute Bn.; discharged Feb., 1946. Civilian occupation—Clerk, Bank of N.S.W. Entered College March, 1946. Catechist, Holy Trinity, Concord West.
- HARRY JOSEPH EDWARDS: Educated Arncliffe Commercial School. Clerk at W. S. Friend & Co. Organist, St. Peter's, Watson's Bay, 1938-42. Catechist, Christ Church, Bexley 1942-43. Catechist Holy Trinity, Dulwich Hill, from 1943. Entered Moore College March, 1945. Special Interests—Music and Missionary Work.
- RONALD ROSS GIBSON: Intermediate Trangie Public. Inter. Accounts and Auditing, Commonwealth Inst., 1936-38. Diploma Missionary & Bible College, 1939-40. Commercial experience—costing clerk and book-keeper. Two years with C.M.S. in Northern Territory, 1943-45. Entered College March, 1946. Catechist at Newtown. Interest—Missionary.
- JAMES JOSEPH GOODMAN: Educated at public schools. Infantry, 1940-45. Clerk in Manufacturing Industry. Entered College March, 1945. Catechist, Kingsgrove-Bexley North. Interests—Youth Work. (Scoutmaster 11 years.)

- GEOFFREY VICTOR HALLIDAY:** Educated at The Scots College, Sydney. A.I.F., 1942-46 (Meteorological Section. 8th Survey Btty.). 1st Year Law, 1945. Entered College March, 1946. Honorary Catechist, St. George's, Earlwood. Special Interests—Football, Cricket.
- ROBERT COOPER INGHAM:** B.A. Educated Wellington College, 1930-35; Peterhouse Cambridge, 1935-38, B.A. (honours). Worked in a war factory, 1939-40. Observer in Fleet Air Arm, 1940-46. Entered College March, 1946. Interest—Life in General.
- COLIN HARRISON MANSFIELD, B.Sc.:** Service with R.A.A.F. Entered College March, 1946. Evening studies at University—Faculty of Arts. Catechist at St. David's, Surry Hills.
- KEITH HENDERSON MARR:** Educated Canterbury High. Enlisted 16/7/'40; discharged 8/4/'46 (8 Div. Sigs.). Two years Accountant's Office. B.T.S. Course, 1939. Catechist, St. John's, Moss Vale, Jan.-July, 1940.
- WALTER HENRY NEWMARCH:** Educated Barker College, 1937-42. Three years in Army, 1943-46, 2/14 Aust. Inf. Bn. (Int. Sec.). Entered College 11/3/'46. General help parish, Roseville. Interests—League of Youth, C.S.S.M., Crusaders.
- RONALD PATFIELD:** Educated Nowra High and Homebush Junior High, 1935-39. Enlisted 1942; discharged 1945 (104 Fighter Control Unit). Three years in office of Australian General Electric Pty. Ltd. Entered College March, 1945. Catechist, St. Peter's, Watson's Bay, 1945; St. John's Rockdale, 1946. Interests—Missions, C.M.S., League of Youth.
- JAMES RICHMOND PAYNE:** Educated Drummoyne Intermediate High School. Matriculated 1945, Arts I, Sydney University, 1946. Enlisted A.I.F., 1941; discharged 1944, 2/2 Pioneers & 3 Aust. C.C.S. (A.I.F.). Assembling Clerk in Drug Co., 1939-40. Entered College March, 1945. Catechist at St. Michael's, Surry Hills. Special Interests—Youth Organisation, Christian Politics, Cricket and Rugby League Football.
- HAROLD RAWSON:** Educated Central Secondary School, Sheffield, England. A.I.F. Nov., 1939, to Jan. 1946 (2/3 Inf. Bn. & Army Amenities Service). Catechist, St. Alban's, Douglas Park, and St. Luke's, Wilton.
- HAROLD WILLIAM ROGERS:** Educated Homebush Junior High School, 1935-37; M.B.C. Evening Matric. Classes, 1938-40. Army Medical Unit, N.T., New Guinea, New Britain, 2/7 A.G.H., 1941-46. Shipping Clerk, Tas. Govt. Tourist Aust. Travel Service. Entered College March, 1946. Catechist, St. Mark's, Malabar. Special Interests—Medical Missions, C.S.S.M.
- KENNETH BRUCE ROUGHLEY:** Educated Parramatta Inter. High. Enlisted 1/10/'41; discharged 15/12/'44, 112 Aust. Con. Depot, A.I.F. Commercial experience—Westinghouse Brake (A'sia) Pty. Ltd.
- RAYMOND CHARLES WEIR:** Educated Chatswood Inter. High School, 1935; North Sydney Chatswood Junior High School, 1936-37; M.B.C., 1938-41. Enlisted 1941; discharged 1944 (1 Aust. Army Air Photo Interpretation Unit). Four years accounting work, Amalgamated Wireless (A'sia) Ltd. Entered College March, 1945. Catechist, Miller's Point, 1945; St. Peter's, Watson's Bay, 1946. Interests—Hiking, Tennis, C.M.S., League of Youth.
- MAPSON THOMAS WILLIAMS:** Educated Wollongong Technical School. Orchardist. Enlisted 1941; discharged 1943, 11 Aust. Div. Provost Coy. Entered College March, 1944. Catechist, St. Paul's, Bankstown. Interests—Football.
- ALLAN CLYDE HAMILTON YUILL:** Intermediate, 1938, Metropolitan Coaching College. Two years, Oceanic S.S. Co. A.I.F., 1942-44, 6 Aust. Tech. Maint. Sect. (13 months New Guinea). Entered College 1945. Matriculated 1945. Catechist, St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay. Interest—Royal Aust. Historical Society.

READING FOR MATRICULATION

- NEVILLE CYRIL BATHGATE:** S. Andrew's C.C.S., 1936-41. Enlisted 1943; discharged 1946. Entered College March, 1946.
- EDWARD GILBERT BUCKLE:** Educated Hurstville Central Technical School. R.A.A.F., 1944-46. Entered College 11/3/'46. Electrical Trades, 1941-44. Special Interests—Very keen on Youth Work, especially Christian Endeavour. Boys' Town Sunday School at Engadine.

- PETER KEITH DAVIS: Educated Albury High School, Accountancy. Enlisted R.A.A.F. April, 1944, N.E.A.H.Q. Telecomm. Unit; discharged March, 1946. Entered College May, 1946. Catechist, Seven Hills.
- JOHN STODDART ELLIOT: Educated Waterloo Public School, 1926-32; Gardener's Road Junior Technical, 1932-34; East Sydney Technical College, 1935-36. Enlisted 1940; discharged 1945 (2/3 Aust. Army Field Workshops). Formerly Panelbeater. Entered College June, 1945. Catechist, St. Silas', Waterloo. Interests—Youth Work (British Empire Boys' Brigade).
- KEITH NOEL GRIDALE: Educated Homebush Junior High, 1937-40. Enlisted 3/2/43; discharged 11/1/46 (2/8 Aust. Field Regt.). Clerk, Dalgety & Co. Ltd. Entered College March, 1946. Catechist, St. Matthew's, Homebush. Interests—Missions.
- KEITH WALKER HOBDEN: Educated at Homebush Junior High School, 1939-40; Trinity Grammar School, Summer Hill, 1941-43. Enlisted in R.A.A.F., 1944; discharged 1946. Entered College 8th April, 1946. Special Interest—Youth Work.
- DENIS GEORGE JOHNSON: Educated North Sydney Boys' High. Enlisted A.I.F. 28/5/40 (2/13 Aust. Inf. Bn., 9th Div.); discharged 12/10/45. Formerly Clerk and Outdoor representative Manufacturer's Mutual Insurance. Entered College March, 1946.
- JOHN KIMBERLIN SAXTON: Educated Sydney C. of E. Grammar School, 1937-41. Technical Trainee in R.A.A.F., 1945. On staff of Prudential Ass. Co., Accounts Dept., 1942-44. Entered Moore College March, 1946. Sunday School Teacher and Chorister at St. Augustine's, Neutral Bay.
- DAVID JOHN STEWART: Educated Penrith Inter. High, 1935-38. Clerk, Baulkham Hills Shire Council, 1941-42. Enlisted A.I.F., 1942. Discharged 1946. Entered College March, 1946.

A SIDELIGHT ON SCIENCE

C. Mansfield, B.Sc.—1st Year

The ultimate aim of the physical sciences is the elucidation of the constitution and properties of the matter which comprises the material universe. The method of the scientist is to reduce the natural phenomena which he observes, to a minimum number of the simplest and most probable fundamental assumptions. Here let it be observed that science knows nothing of absolute finality. The verification of many of its hypotheses, e.g., the atomic hypothesis, is improbable. Their function is principally that of an imaginary mechanism provisionally accounting for observed phenomena; if after formulation they clash with new facts they are either revised or abandoned, but if they cover new facts they become strengthened. Some hypotheses have in fact proved so eminently useful in accounting for experimental data that their essential truth is highly probable; amongst such is the atomic hypothesis, upon which the whole elaborate structure of chemistry stands.

It has long been known that a certain number of elements can be isolated which have constant physical and chemical properties, and which combine in a regular way with other elements to form compounds with properties quite different to those of the elements themselves. These elements are made up of individual particles called atoms, and it is these that enter into chemical combinations according to fixed mathematical laws. For example, as most people know, two atoms of hydrogen, (a gas), unite with one atom of oxygen, (a gas), to form one molecule of water.

Later work has shown that the atom itself consists of a central nucleus electrically positive, surrounded by a number of negatively charged electrons, the atom unit being electrically neutral.

The point I am wishing to bring out now, however, is the beautiful periodic structure evident in the elements proceeding from the simplest in structure, hydrogen, to those more complex. The hydrogen atom consists of just one nuclear positive charge and one outer "planetary" electron. Now all the elements are made up on this basis, with one electron added for each element to the outer ring of electrons, until, when a ring of eight is completed, another is started outside that one, and so on. Sir James Jeans has well remarked: "The universe appears to have been designed by a *pure mathematician*."

Quite by chance, it was discovered that the radio-active elements, *e.g.*, radium, were disintegrating, being transmuted into elements of lower atomic weight and simpler structure. This degeneration is accompanied by the liberation of energy in the form of heat and electromagnetic vibrations. It is evident, therefore, that matter is a form of energy. But the amazing result brought out by measurement is the relatively prodigious amount of energy to which matter is equivalent. In the case of radium, some idea of the energy stored in the atom is gained from the fact that every hour a given mass of radium liberates sufficient energy to raise the temperature of its own mass of water from freezing to boiling point; and this has been going on year after year through geological ages as long as the element has existed. It is this energy latent in matter which probably forms the source of the sun's radiation, and is the energy of the "atomic" bomb.

I think it is not impertinent to ask, Whence all this energy? No theory of evolution can be advanced here, for we are dealing with that energy of which all else consists. Only two rational positions are possible, the one to say that energy or matter is *self-existent* and *eternal*, or to believe in a self-existent and eternal *God* the Fount of all power, and Whose Infinite Mind superintended the creation of matter and the universe. The former proposition makes existence incomprehensible and meaningless; the latter alone, I believe, does justice to the perfect order evident in the constitution of matter and the universal laws underlying its behaviour, and alone gives an intelligible meaning and purpose to existence and life.

Lord Kelvin, probably the most eminent British physicist, has said truly: "If you think strongly enough, you will be forced by *science* to believe in God."

THE SUPREME NEED OF YOUTH

D. W. DRAPER—2nd Year

*Psalm 119:9—"Wherewithal shall a young man
cleanse his way? By taking heed thereto according
to thy word."*

The average well-meaning young man of to-day who worships regularly, or perhaps occasionally, generally asks himself the question at some time or other—How may I get the very best out of my life? Or, How may I best use its worthwhile possibilities?

In this psalm the aged author, one of God's outstanding saints, presents this challenge to the youth of his day. He infers that, in young manhood, life requires cleansing because of the presence of the virus of sin. He implies that life at its centre is out of control, and that, while alienated from God, it fails in its true aim, and is displeasing to Him. ("The heart is deceitful above all

things and desperately wicked; who can know it?"—Jeremiah 17:9. "There is none righteous, no, not one."—Romans 3:10. "For all have sinned and come short of the glory of God."—Romans 3:23.)

Our writer proceeds to inform us of the way of escape—"by taking heed thereto according to thy word." Yes, the Word of Life very simply and very emphatically tells us that we can be actually lifted from a life of *uselessness* to one of absolute *usefulness* in His service in the full assurance of His free and wondrous salvation. ("If we *confess* our sins, he is faithful and just to *forgive* us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness."—1 John 1:9. "Wherefore *he is able to save them* to the uttermost *that come unto God* by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Hebrews 7:25.) Without Jesus Christ the sinner must realise that he is *condemned*. ("He that believeth on him is not condemned (or judged): but he that believeth not is condemned already, because he hath not believed in the name of the only-begotten son of God."—John 3:18. "And it is appointed unto man once to die, but after this the judgment."—Hebrews 9:27.)

His need once realised, a man has the complete assurance that he can be transformed by the indwelling power of a wonderful, mighty, and all-loving Saviour Who *can* and *will* supply every need. ("But my God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Philippians 4:19.) He begins to build his life on a solid foundation.

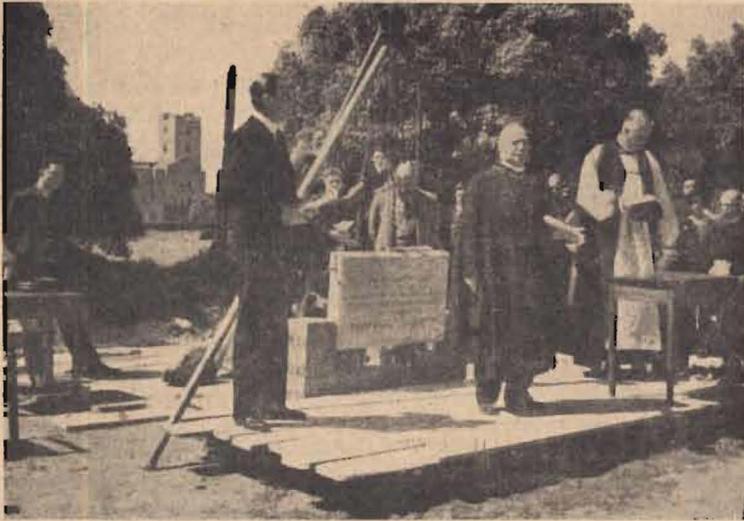
Yes, there is Life, Hope, Joy and Lasting Peace to the *Repentant*, for such has the free assurance of a complete liberation from the consequences of a sinful nature. What a thrill and joyous certainty is possible to the one who acts upon this injunction of the King of Israel!

The Youth of to-day requires one thing pre-eminently. That fundamental need is not training, not a broad-minded outlook, not an appealing personality, but a reception of the complete salvation in Christ Jesus. That and that only is the basis and the beginning; and when this new life in Him begins there are indeed unlimited possibilities. ("Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness and all these things shall be added unto you."—Matthew 6:33).

Put the Lord Jesus Christ to the test; place your trust in Him, and you will prove the reality of the words—

*Only Jesus satisfies,
And my every need supplies;
He is now and e'er shall be,
More than life itself to me.
Jesus! All the world to me,
Jesus! Satisfied in Thee;
Jesus! Saviour, Friend, and Guide,
I am fully satisfied.*

An "extra subject" occupies every single moment of a student's spare time, fills his thoughts whenever they are not rigidly fixed upon lectures or study, causes him to interrupt his very meals to answer the 'phone, makes him feverishly rush the postman, governs even communal conversation . . . Can this *extra subject* possibly be *neuter gender*?



Scene at the laying of the Foundation Stone of the first block of new rooms on October 29th, 1943.



RUGBY UNION TEAM, 1946.

"ON THE MARCH" WITH THE CHINA INLAND MISSION

J. JOHNSTON—2nd Year

It is said that "the University of hard knocks" is the best training school to equip us for life, and a term of service with the China Inland Mission I found to be a very good "theological college." Going to teach and preach, I learned. Indeed, that is as it should be, and could not be better expressed than in the words of Bishop Houghton, "Missionaries should always be *teachers* with the spirit of *learners*."

The Orient is a superb commentary on the Word of God, and as we live among the people whose mode of life is akin to that of Bible times, many a passage of Scripture leaps to life.

Itinerating in late summer through the beautiful Kweichow mountains, I have seen harvest scenes reminiscent of the Book of Ruth, threshing floors as in the days of David, men working with flails, and winnowing being done as John the Baptist saw it carried out. In the fields the oxen plough, the sower sows and the reaper wields his sickle. Let me take you there in the spirit.

We live in walled cities that see siege and famine, when an ass's head might well be sold for fourscore pieces of silver, as when Benhadad besieged Samaria. Natural famines there are, too, which make vivid the stories of Joseph and Elijah.

Idol processions for rain pass by, approaching in fervour the frenzy of the prophets of Baal on Carmel. Baalam, the seven sons of Sceva, Simon of Samaria, and Elymas walk our streets. There are groves on every high hill, and gods more numerous than those which stirred the soul of Paul in Athens.

The rich man swaggers down the road, makes loans on usury, batters on widows and orphans, and fares and dresses sumptuously every day. The beggar lies at his gate. The repulsive street curs slink about. The blind, the halt and the leprous call piteously for alms. O to see the Saviour make them whole!

Accompanied by a host of noisy mourners the widow of Nain passes with the bier of her only son out through the city gates.

Our neighbours arrange a prolonged wedding feast for their daughter.

The criminal is marched through gaping crowds to public execution.

Next day the urchins in the street rehearse alternately scenes depicting weddings and funerals, calling to mind the children who "piped and mourned" in the market places of Christ's day.

Decapitated heads dangle from trees—an eloquent deterrent to evil-doers. We are reminded that a noble head once lay upon a charger as the result of a king's evil habits. (St. Mark 6, verse 28.)

Robbers plague the roads, as they did the road to Jericho, or those which Paul traversed.

Jeremiah's potter sits at his wheel a-fashioning. By the river the fisherman casts his net. The proud Confucian brings to mind the ostentatious Pharisee, and in the carpenters' shops we catch, as we pass, a glimpse of our Lord at a bench.

Amid such scenes the missionary goes forth like the sower he sees in the field, broadcasting precious seed. On market day in milling crowds around a medieval market-place; in rowdy street-side chapel, or the guest-hall of his home; in bus, junk, sampan or train; on lonely roads to fellow-travellers as he

walks, and in the homes of peasants and the "well-to-do"—the seed is sown.

Oft comes a quiet Voice: "He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap." "Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters. . . ." "Sow in the morn thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand." "Cast thy bread upon the waters. . . ." "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy; He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him."

The seed is swiftly taken from the heart, the young plant withered by adversity and persecution or choked by wealth, success or care, but here and there the seed falls on good ground and the heart of the Giver and the sower of the seed is requited.

COMIC COLLATION
from
"CRIGAN'S COSY COFFEE CABIN"

Our alphabet opens with Ronald—now "Mo" Ash,
Who entered the Church with a sanctified splash;
Bathgate (near bathroom) goes in for immersions
But Bootle, belated, makes quick shower-excursions.
Bosanquet used to write eye-catching ads,
And Buckle, ex-airman, round Sutherland pads;
Buckman's the Senior by whom we're all hounded—
Since Sonnie arrived his delight's been unbounded.
Kokoda Trail Carter is lovingly matched,
But Coulthard from Auckland seems quite unattached;
Crawford and Crigan—the Church THEY uphold
Maintaining the Rites of the Anglican fold.
Ctercteko comes daily Moore doctrine to seek,
While Davis from Morpeth finds candlepower weak;
Deane lets the fine points of doctrine go hang,
And Draper's located near every loud bang!
Edwards's music surpasses his Greek,
And Elliott's Ceb's rigout would charm any Deac.;
Fisher-Johnson hunts books with experienced skill,
Geoff. Fletcher's love interest lives straight down the hill.
Fuhrmeister's squeeze-box makes noises uproarious
And Gibson's circumference is likewise notorious;
Cricketer Gray bats with skill that is rare
And opens each innings with one minute's prayer.
Goodman looks choice as an ardent "Boy" Scout,
But Goodwin's good deed's done when fuses blow out;
Grisdale appears as if chased by a lass,
Ex-Orange comes Halliday, evading the Mass.
H is for Hayes with his drayloads of books
Who thinks leather-bound volumes improve a room's looks;
Hobden's a latecomer—out of the Blue—
While Ingham from Cambridge is "reahly too too"!
OUR Johnson and Johnston don't make toilet gear—
From Kingsford and China they hail, so we hear;
L is for Langford, the man with a Mission
Who strongly objects to the Eastward position.
Mansfield for work has a definite kink,
And Marr's just come out from three years spent in "clink";
When Morris appears then girls turn a glad eye,
But when Newmarch is 'round you can hear them all sigh!
Palmer and Pamela coyly agreed
That two are much cheaper than one is, to feed;
P is for Payne who admires Eddie Ward,

While Patfield and Weir are in perfect accord.
 Ex-Army Rawson is one of our thinnest,
 And Rogers admires a young lady—violiniste—
 Ross has decided his spiritual home
 Is located at Canterbury rather than Rome.
 Khaki-clad Roughley once fed out of tins
 But is now fully occupied feeding his twins;
 Saxton wears Paisley (£7/10/- and 8 cpns.) when clothes he has shed,
 But Sherlock (not Holmes) prefers something in red.
 Stewart's appendix in May was removed,
 His figure, we hope, will be greatly improved;
 Tooth is from Townsville where Churchmanship's queer—
 Refer back to Patfield when looking for Weir.
 Ken Walker—"Captain" was his designation,
 The Army HE came from was Church, not Salvation;
 Ex-provost Mapp. Williams thought Army life "Fine"
 But it seems he would rather keep holding the line.
 Woodward's "attainment" is accurate speech—
 He works out by slide-rule what doctrine he'll teach;
 Low-Churchman Yuill was high while at Lae,
 But now he's changed down, finds he suits Neutral Bay.
 Having worked out our couplets from A down to W,
 We hope our conclusions won't seriously trouble you;
 So if you should think this a libellous letter
 Our parting retort is "You try to do better"!

(Signed) C.I.B.

(That's not what U think!

It's Crigan, Ingham & Bootle.)

LIFE IN THE HILLS — UNEXPLORED AND UNREACHED

H. G. FUHRMEISTER—2nd Year

In recent years, means of speeding up the spreading of the Gospel message have extended to the use of the aeroplane in many mission fields and outback districts of our own land. To reach those in timbered areas, such means are unnecessary and impracticable in most cases, yet very few realise, and are willing to overcome, the difficulties entailed in hastening to fulfil the command of our Lord. In visiting many of the timber mills "tucked away" in the forests, various means of transport have to be used. Sometimes it is possible by car, timber-lorry or bicycle, but quite often it can be accomplished only on foot. In Gippsland, Victoria, the reaching of one of these mills nineteen miles out from a township, is possible only by journeying on a "timber bogie," and this takes four and a half hours. The speed limit does not exceed 10 m.p.h., and in places the climbing is so steep that wooden rails are used, and sand is sprayed in front of the tractor wheels to prevent skidding.

The journey is most interesting and inspiring, and after crossing many beautiful fern gullies, and winding around the sides of mountains (climbing all the while) at last you see the smoke, and then the buildings of the mill. As you approach, the trees, cut into fifty foot lengths in the logging yard, seem to bespeak a difficult task ere they can be put on the saw bench, but it is "all in a day's work" for lumbermen. When eventually the logs are on the bench, the

twin circular-saws soon square and cut them up ready for the smaller saws, which finally turn them out into the desired dimensions for building purposes.

All the machinery is driven by steam, and the boiler fires are kept burning with waste timber. (When no spare bunks are available for the visitors, these fires provide a cosy place near which to sleep in the winter.)

One must follow the tracks out into the bush to see where the logs are coming from, and how they are obtained. Sometimes they are hauled in directly from the "fellers" by a horse lorry or tractor; then again they are hauled out of the valleys or let down the side of the mountain by a steam winch. At the mill just referred to, a pulley system is operated by a steam winch—the pulley, attached to the top of a tree nearly two hundred feet high, hauls the logs out of a valley nearly half a mile away.

In many places the logs are brought into the mill from camps set up right out in the heart of the bush, or on some of the highest mountains. The men in these camps are naturally a hardy type, and have to be prepared to face all kinds of difficulties. Their life is oft-times very lonely, and would seem to be monotonous, but you couldn't drag them back to work in the town or city. Because they live in the higher regions, snow often holds up their work, and men are sometimes confined to their huts for several weeks.

The brave women, also, who go out to live with their husbands and families, need to be resourceful, for the amenities are few, and even such as do exist may be lost through bush fires at any time during the summer.

A number of men and youths return to their homes for the week-ends, but leisure hours in the evenings during the week become a snare to many, and gambling and sensual talk is rampant in most camps. Yet, because of their seclusion, when approached in a tactful manner they show appreciation of the visit of the Gospel messenger, and literature, whether evangelical, moral or secular, is gladly accepted. But whether the reception be good or otherwise, there is generally an unwillingness to break with sin, either because they love it, or because they fear the scoffs of their fellow men.

Though one rarely meets a witnessing Christian, those who are sought out greatly value Christian fellowship and encouragement, for opposition to living a consecrated life is strong and bitter at times.

While having a chat over a cup of tea in a log hut with a lad, the latter soon learned the mission of his visitor, and produced a Bible from his case, which had in it an inscription by his mother. He made no profession of reading it, yet one could not but feel that the conversation which ensued was a further sowing of "the seed of the Word" in his heart, and possibly another link in the chain of his soul's salvation.

The timber mills and joint enterprises present needy fields of evangelism which have been scarcely explored and are hardly being reached by the Church; such tragic neglect breeds not only Communism and false cults, but results in souls perishing without God and without hope.

Pray ye . . . Go ye . . . , are the Words of our Saviour and Lord. What will your response be to Him?

"*Woffling*" is the hope of all, but the downfall of many. Rightly applied, it transforms vague generalities into profound revelations. It is the art of impressing the examiner with one's knowledge of everything else, so that awe and wonder inspire his generosity.

DEACONESS HOUSE STUDENTS

- BOOTH, JOYCE A.: Educated at Willoughby Domestic Science School. Clerical work in a Chartered Accountant's Office. Entered Deaconess House March, 1946, from Parish of St. Stephen, Willoughby. Interests—League of Youth; assisting at St. John the Baptist, Milson's Point.
- DELBURN, LORRAINE G.: "Koyong" Ladies' College, Moss Vale. Clerk-typiste at Hunter Bros. Entered Deaconess House June, 1945, from Parish of St. Johns, Moss Vale. Bros. Entered Deaconess House June, 1945, from Parish of St. John, Moss Vale.
- DICKENSON, EDNA M. R.: Educated at Willoughby Domestic Science School and Stott's Business College. Stenographer. Entered Deaconess House March, 1945, from Parish of St. John, Milson's Point. Assisting at St. Alban's, Ultimo.
- FAIRBAIRN, PAULINE E.: Educated Dulwich Hill and Burwood Domestic Science School. Clerk-typiste, Irrigation Commission. Entered Deaconess House March, 1945, from Parish of St. Andrew, Summer Hill. Interests—Delinquent Children.
- FUNNELL, GLORIA N.: Educated at Canterbury Central Science School. Employed as colourist in photographic Studio. Entered Deaconess House March, 1946, from St. John's Campsie. Interests—Music, (Fellowship Prayer Secretary in League of Youth), assisting at St. Faith's, Narrabeen.
- MARTYN, HAZEL V.: Educated at "Riverside", Huntleys Point. Attached to Head Office Staff E.S.A. Bank. Entered Deaconess House, June, 1945, from Christ Church, Gladesville. Interests—G.F.S., Y.E.C.L., League of Youth. Assisting at St. Anne's, Hammondville.
- MOORE, FRANCIS E.: Educated at "The Wilderness" School, S.A. Stenographer and Clerk. Entered Deaconess House 1946, from Columba, Hawthorn. Interests—Assistant Secretary and Prayer Secretary of League of Youth. G.F.S. Girl Guides.
- MOYSE, E. DIANE.: Educated Sydney Girls' High School. Army Intelligence Service, A.W.A.S., 1942-45. Entered Deaconess House from St. Paul's, Chatswood. Interests—C.S.S.M., O.A.C., Y.E.C.L., Everymans S.E.C. Assisting St. David's, Surry Hills.
- PARKER, BESSIE F.: Educated Hornsby Girls' High School. Clerical work 1937-38. General training Royal Prince Alfred Hospital Sydney, midwifery training King Geo. V. Hospital. Mothercraft training "Karitane", Truby King Mothercraft Training Centre, Sydney. Staff appointments Women's Hospital, Crown St., Sydney, and "Karitane". Entered Deaconess House July 1945, from St. Columb's, West Ryde. C.M.S. Missionary in training for Tanganyika. Assisting Abbotsford-Russell Lea.
- SHARPE, DOROTHY: Educated at Newtown Home Science School, M.B.C., Sydney Bible Training Institute. Formerly Officer for 5 years in Department of Taxation, Sydney. Entered Deaconess House March, 1946. Interests—Girls' Life Brigade. High School Girls' Camps. Assisting at St. Bartholomew's, Pyrmont.
- SPRY, MARGARET I.: Educated at Culgoa, Vic., Bendigo School of Mines. A.W.A.S. Jan. 1943-1946. Entered Deaconess House April, 1946.
- STANDFIELD, JEAN D.: Educated at Sydney Girls' High School. Employed Insurance Office. Entered Deaconess House March, 1946, from St. Luke's, Mascot. Interests—Youth Organisations. Assisting St. Clement's, Marrickville.
- WHEAT, A. C. LILA: Educated at Ashfield Inter. High School. Employed at Department of Railways. Entered Deaconess House March, 1945, from St. Thomas', Enfield. Interests—Choirs, Diocesan Fellowship, Y.P.U., B.C.A. Secretary. Assisting Pallister Girls' Home.

SIMON OF CYRENE (*Matt. 27.32*)

A MEDITATION

How came he to be there I cannot tell,
Nor why he mingled with the jostling throng,
But there the worthy son of Afric stood
Upon that day to be remembered long;
And, as he turned upon that scene his gaze,
I wonder what his inmost thoughts would be.
Did he marvel that so meek and lowly One
Should be compelled to bear so cruel a tree?
And, when beneath the weight so great to bear,
Jesus was weary, fainted, and there fell,
How was it that they hands on Simon laid,
And did to bear the heavy cross compel?
What were his thoughts (thrice blessèd he!)
As after Jesus he the burden bare?
Counted he it privilege or disgrace,
Rejoiced his heart, or did it chafe him sore?
Then, when he came to bitter Calvary,
And there, upon the skull-shaped rock reposed
His burden which he bore, yet which should bear
So very precious Burden through that day;
Did Simon hasten from that gloomy spot;
Forth from the jeering crowd to hide away,
Or mingle with the many lookers-on,
Or with the friends of Jesus watch and pray?
Did wonder or great sorrow stamp his mien
As each great nail, each brutal nail, was driven?
Did Jesus' calm demeanour strengthen faith
Or was the revelation to him new?
Wondered he as the Saviour uttered prayer
For those who made Him suffer bitterest pain,
When others in like cases (it is said),
With curses fell their executioners disdained.
And when the thieves upon the Saviour railed,
And cast at Him heart-rending bitter taunt,
Till one not quite so strongly sin-enchained
Did in his strait himself no longer vaunt,
But pleaded that he might remembered be
When to His Kingdom Jesus Christ should come,
And straightway he the answer did receive,
"To-day thou enterest Paradise with Me,"
For Jesus saw the robber did believe:—
Did Simon in his heart rejoice, and say,
What! Room for thieves within that Paradise!
Then Oh! What tidings glad I hear to-day,
For, if to him the gates are opened wide,
Will this great King the blackamoor reject?
And, when Christ died, and in the tomb was laid,
What then must dark-skinned Simon's thoughts have been?
Did he return, and to his children say,
"My sons, strange things indeed are these I've seen?"
And when the Resurrection morning came,
And Christ arose, the first-fruits from the grave,
Was he among the many blessed ones
Who saw the risen Christ who died to save?
Could he have left Jerusalem of old
And gone his way to Afric's sunny strand,
And could he there the blessèd news have told
Of that redemption offered full and free

To all who would the precious gift receive—
 No gold, no silver, purchase price could be,
 'Twas FREE for those who would on Christ believe?
 O that with Simon then my place had been
 O to have borne that day the heavy cross,
 O would that with those footsteps I had trod,
 Been given strength to bear the shame, the loss!
 For still my heart doth throb with longing deep,
 So might I there upon that morn have been,
 Among that crowd beside the ancient gate;
 But no, alas, such aid could never be,
 No help could any give but what was given,
 For unto that same hour came not He forth—
 To be for us the very Paschal Lamb,
 All sting from death to take, from grave all power?

—(Deaconess) Catherine Carter.

A STUDY ON STUDY

DOUGLAS CRAWFORD, B.A.—3rd Year.

The value of an individual's study can only be measured by his ability to understand, retain and, when necessary, signify by word or deed the knowledge gained as a result of that study.

The most important factor of study in its relation to its practical application is MEMORY.

What does the word "memory" mean? This noun is properly a verb. It means "remembering"—it is a direct use of what has been learned—it is the reproduction of previously learned material. Remembering implies previous learning and also implies that what has been learned has been retained during the interval between learning and remembering.

There are three main headings under the general heading of Memory. They are LEARNING, RETENTION and RECALL.

The first important fact in learning is the *will to learn*. This is often called the Factor of Voluntary Attention. If the will to learn is present then interest in the material is a powerful force. If the student has the will to learn, and the accompanying interest, then he is prepared to expend a large amount of energy in mastering the subject before him, and results, in relation to retention, are largely in proportion to the amount of effort actively expended.

There are two main types of students—those who attempt to acquire knowledge by what is termed the method of *rote learning*, a mere memorising at the expense of understanding—and those who attempt to understand the material before them. This type of learning is called *logical learning*—the method by which the student endeavours to understand the material before him, and this is the superior type of learning. When the sense of a passage is noted and understood, then it is not hard to memorise.

In support of logical learning Dr. Martin quotes these figures from an experiment carried out on one person. He states that the learning of two hundred "nonsense syllables" occupied ninety-three minutes, while the learning

of two hundred words of prose occupied twenty-four minutes and two hundred words of poetry occupied ten minutes.

Mnemonics, that is, associations and reductions (*e.g.*, each fact is given an associative letter and a code word derived for the material); form a direct secondary, but artificial, aid in logical learning. This system helps in remembering disconnected facts, but such methods as this have only a limited field of application and do not in the least improve the general power of memory.

Having learned something, it is most important to retain the material over periods of time. This is called Retention. It is most important to learn in such a way as to retain the greatest amount over the longest period. Experiments have shown that one forgets a great deal in the first twenty-four hours after study, but thereafter the rate of forgetting is much slower.

In many cases, ideas are crowded out by other interests or ideas. Therefore, it is better if a student spends time on one particular subject and then allows time for "mental digestion" of the facts before attempting to absorb new material. It is advisable to make a definite break between the learning of different subjects.

The best method of utilising the time between learning periods is to indulge in physical exercise, for the mental state of an individual is dependent to a large degree upon his physical condition.

There are various factors which should be observed in study.

The first is *the distribution of learning periods*. It is far better to distribute the repetitions of learning material over many days, weeks, or even months, rather than attempt to "cram" or attempt the learning all at once.

Jost's Law states that when two associations are of equal strength but unlike age,

- (a) Repetition tends to increase the strength of the older more than the younger.
- (b) The younger fades more rapidly than the older.

Therefore, the more frequent repetition of new material is necessary.

Another important factor in study is *fatigue*. The individual should take care to see that he is physically fit, for physical fatigue impairs mental activity. Also, he must take care that he is not mentally fatigued. He should stop work for a period when he realises that he is not absorbing the material into his mind. For this reason, breaks from study, as mentioned earlier, are necessary. Then the question arises, should material be learned as a whole or part at a time? When a part is learned at a time it tends to form a separate entity apart from the other sections, and the individual has little or no concept of the material as a whole. This impairs retention, for we understand things as wholes much better than as a series of parts.

It is much better to learn by the "whole learning" method. This is often a slower process, but when accomplished a fuller understanding results, and hence, the material is retained for a longer period. A practical aid to retention is given by what is called the Recitation or Expression Method. In this method part of the time devoted to learning is given over to recapitulation, or an attempt to reproduce the material. This has two advantages: (1) It gives the individual practice in the method of reproducing material; and (2) It enables him to discover the weak spots and thus shows him where he must give careful attention. If the student finds that he learns better by the part learning in contrast to whole learning, then this Recitation or Expression Method just mentioned will enable him to co-ordinate the various sections into a whole, for

in reproducing the sections one after the other, a successive chain of thought will be set up in his mind.

Having learned the material and retained it, the next question arises as to how to recall it when necessary. Good retention does not guarantee recall. Often interference occurs.

One type of interference is Emotional. Fear may paralyze recall. Anxious self-consciousness or "stage fright" often prevents the recall of many well-learned facts. For example, in the hurry and worry of an examination, a person is often unable to recall material—there is some sort of inhibition or interference blocking recall.

If this occurs it is better to drop the matter for the moment and go on and do a question, the facts for which are "at the student's finger-tips," so to speak. In this way the student gains confidence in himself and so steadies himself emotionally.

Another method, which personally I find helpful, is to put down the pen and think for a few moments about things in no way connected with the examination. This enables the mind to re-adjust itself and to become clarified.

A different type of interference takes place when two thoughts are aroused at the same time and get in each other's way—one recall blocks the other. In this case, too, it is better to drop the matter for a few moments and, usually, the interfering activity quiets down and loses its temporary advantage.

Yet another factor responsible for forgetting or confusion of ideas is what is commonly called *lack of confidence*. The individual lacks confidence in himself—this state being comparable to a mild attack of "stage fright," which produces a state of mental confusion in his mind.

There are four possible causes of this lack of confidence—Heredity, Environment, Physical Debility or Emotional Instability.

In the case of Environment, a change of environment will often correct the trouble. As regards Physical Debility, it is for the individual to seek medical advice, if necessary; if not, then to set his mind on overcoming the difficulty. As regards Emotional Instability, emotions can be modified. However, if the student finds that he is unable to overcome this difficulty, it is advisable to seek medical advice. This state can be induced by a mental set, in which case a correction of this mental set will eradicate the trouble.

As far as heredity is concerned, this presents difficulties both to the individual and to anyone called to treat him, for in the opinion of many psychologists, this factor cannot be eliminated.

However, there are several practical suggestions which can be offered to a student who suffers from lack of confidence in regard to study.

The first thing is to impress upon his mind the fact that the cure lies mainly in his own hands—he must make the initial effort. He must realise that the difficulty can be overcome and that he can overcome it. Having realized that the obstacles are not insuperable, he begins to gain confidence in himself.

The next step for the student is to learn the material and then get a friend, who is studying the same material, to examine him in it frequently.

Success in these tests brings confidence.

Only a good knowledge of the material and the realisation that he knows it and, therefore, has nothing to fear, will overcome this "stage fright."

From what has been said, the following conclusions may be drawn, and may be stated as practical laws of Memorizing:—

The first law is to attempt to acquire thoroughly the main sections of the material and establish a definite relationship between all sections of it. Having done this, the student should work over the material for some time as a whole unit, and organise it mentally.

The student should observe pauses between learning periods, and he must decide for himself the length of these periods, since a certain length of time may suit some people, but not others. The majority of students find that periods from one to one-and-a-half hours are the maximum.

During these periods a student should pause and rehearse the work to make certain he understands it. He must work with a will to learn, for "incidental" learning, unless exceedingly protracted, is seldom efficacious.

Study is in general aimed at memorizing, and therefore, the laws for memorizing may well be applied to any study.

When studying, concentration should be at its highest peak and distractions should be minimised. Difficulties should always be resolved, for only by so doing will the work be understood.

I have set out very briefly some suggestions which I hope will give assistance to students and others who are trying to improve their knowledge by study. I realise that all these suggestions will not suit the temperaments of some people but I trust that these people will find some points which will make learning easier for them.

As a Christian, I urge that all study be made a matter of prayer. God's blessing and help should be sought in all that we do. St. Paul found in practice that he could do all things through Christ who strengthened him, and we have our Lord's encouraging statement: "My Grace is sufficient for thee."

"ARE YOU A MAN OR A MOUSE?"

W. NEWMARCH—1st Year

If we were to place on a table two pieces of cheese, one of which had been nibbled by a mouse, and the other bitten by a man partial to the food, we would have no difficulty whatever in distinguishing the man's work from that of the mouse. The distinction would be obvious, because the man is more adequately equipped to take a large bite, and realising that this ability is at his disposal he uses it, even though, if he so chose, the same man could nibble the cheese in a manner very similar to the mouse.

In our Christian lives we can be very much like the *man* or the *mouse* as we set out upon the task that God has allotted to us, for though we have His promises of adequate strength and ability for every task that shall confront us, we so often forget to draw upon these reserves, and instead of a formidable approach we tend to nibble at the crust of the work.

God requires no man to accomplish anything without the ability to do it, for He has made provision, in many ways, for the enlargement of our means and powers to meet our emergencies, and this is evident in the natural life as well as in the life of faith. Men are often put under an obligation to do that for which they have, in themselves, no present ability. During the recent war years we have all heard countless instances of momentary preternatural strength to meet a great exigency, and whether we can look back upon such an occasion

in our own lives or not, we know that they are very real, even though, in retrospect, such things seem impossible. Danger seems to stimulate the impulses of humanity and affection to create strength and endurance, yet, when the emergency is past, we repose in a tremor of weakness. Intellectual force, too, seems to have this elastic quality when fired by some great cause which is at stake, as bursts of eloquence proceed from previously inert and lifeless corners of the mind.

If such provision is made for the natural man, what of the man in whom dwells the Christ, Who said: "All power is given unto me"—and of whom His angels say: "Nothing shall be impossible" (Luke 1:37)? We see this power made evident as our Lord fed the five thousand with only five loaves and two small fishes; the disciples must have been very conscious of their own inability to fulfil this task, but as they obeyed Christ's directions, *His power* was manifested, and their scanty stock became as good as a full supply. So from this we learn, too, that the *surrender of life* is only the beginning of a life of surrender; we can no more accomplish spiritual feats of ourselves than we can maintain life without breathing. Yet He is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think, according to the power that worketh in us."

We find the simple shepherd boy laying the champion of his country's enemies in the dust with nothing but a sling and the fire of faith. Next he is leading the army, and then the nation; and through the years there have been many Davids who, out of weakness, have been made strong; all had enemies, but their confidence in their cause gave them a *force*. So we are told that if we resist the devil he will flee from us, yet unless our finite resistance is complemented by His infinite wisdom and majesty, it will avail us nothing. There is no more natural ability in the soul to attain a plane of freedom in new life than for a tree to grow without light, heat and moisture.

But as our Lord speaks to us He undisguisedly declares through His promises that we have complete power accruing as we need it, and on His Word we may rest our frailty and go forward. To the misgiving penitent, He says: "Let him take hold of My strength, that he may make peace with Me; and he *shall* make peace with Me." He calls each one of us to earnest endeavour by His all-supporting grace: "Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling; for it is God which worketh in you." We find the sublimity of the Christian's confidence—"when I am weak, then am I strong; I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me." To the man of faith an assurance of infinite support is given: "They that wait upon the Lord shall *renew* their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and shall not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint"; and an all-embracing promise of continual grace and might: "Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Such is the blessing offered to all. God's desire and counsel and command to us is to enter in and to possess all this glorious inheritance.

As we rest day by day in the confidence that "to them that have no might He increaseth strength," and as we obey, God blesses our obedience, and avenues of service multiply, and blessing grows, while we hear His voice saying: "I the Lord have called thee in righteousness, and will hold thine hand, and will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house. I am the Lord; that is My name: and My glory will I not give to another."

HISTORIC CHURCHES OF AUSTRALIA

H. J. EDWARDS—1st Year

The great enthusiasm of those who were the early founders of the Australian Church can be seen in the memorials they have left behind them, namely, the historic churches of Australia. Space will not permit a reminiscence of all these historic churches, but we will deal with a few in the Sydney Diocese.

ST. LUKE'S LIVERPOOL. It was between August and November, 1819, that the first service was held in St. Luke's. In December, 1820, Governor Macquarie attended service in the still unfinished church. Progress was slow in the completion of this fabric, but after waiting for almost five years the Rev. Robert Cartwright was able to preach for the first time in his completed church in 1824.

ST. MATTHEW'S, WINDSOR. This is one of our best known churches. Windsor was one of the first outposts of New South Wales. The present beautiful church, which was opened and consecrated on December 18, 1822, by the Rev. Samuel Marsden, replaced the makeshift structure which had been erected in early 1811. The present church was built of hand-made bricks, and their distinctive colour makes the church a conspicuous landmark for many miles around.

ST. JOHN'S, PARRAMATTA. Many claim that this church is the oldest standing in Australia, but it is only entitled to this honour in part, for the twin towers are actually the oldest standing pieces of church architecture, and were built some time between 1815 and 1819. The present main portion of the church is by no means of this great age. Its history dates from 1852, when the earlier church was demolished and replaced. The foundation-stone of the first St. John's church was laid in April 5th, 1797. The present church, with the exception of the towers, was opened by Bishop Barker in 1855. The church is of Norman architecture and one of the most beautiful in Australia.

ST. PETER'S, COOK'S RIVER. This church was built on the estate of Robert Campbell, one of the outstanding pioneers of the shipping trade in New South Wales. In 1835 he gave six acres of his property to the Anglican Church. The foundation-stone was laid on July 9, 1838, by Sir George Gipps, the Governor at that time. Work on the building proceeded rapidly, so that the church was consecrated and opened for worship on November 20, 1839, this ceremony being performed by the Lord Bishop of Australia, William Grant Broughton.

ST. PETER'S, RICHMOND. Anglican church services at Richmond began some time in 1810 when a temporary chapel and school were built in the town. Governor Macquarie recorded this fact in his report to Earl Bathurst. It was during the ministry of the Rev. Henry T. Stiles, M.A., that the present church was built. It was consecrated by Bishop Broughton on July 15, 1841, and as it stood then, was considerably different from the church of to-day, having no porch, gallery or chancel, these being added since.

ST. MICHAEL'S, SURRY HILLS. The foundation-stone of this church was laid in September, 1854. This parish was once part of the Parish of St. Laurence, Sydney. The church as it stands now is not so large as it

was when it was consecrated on Thursday, March 12, 1857. Towards the end of 1917 the widening of Flinders Street became necessary, and part of the east end of the church had to be demolished. The foundation-stone was re-laid on December 8, 1917, by the Most Rev. J. C. Wright, D.D., Archbishop of Sydney, to mark the rebuilding of the chancel owing to the widening of the street.

ST. JAMES', SYDNEY. This church is built on foundations originally laid for a Court House. The ceremony of laying the foundation-stone took place on October 7, 1819. However, Commissioner Bigge, who was sent out by the British Government, instructed Macquarie to build a church on these foundations, and on January 6, 1822, it was opened for Divine worship. No church in Sydney has had so many interior alterations, but the exterior is the same as when built. The church is one of the historic landmarks of the Church of England in the Commonwealth.

ST. ANNE'S, RYDE. This beautiful old church was built in 1826, but Church life in that district goes back for a great number of years before this fine building was erected. This district in those days was known as Kissing Point, and the church there was built in 1800. Even prior to this, religious services had been conducted in an old barn by the Rev. William Henry, one of the commissioners who travelled to the South Seas in the ship "Duff," in the year 1798.

ST. THOMAS', MULGOA. The history of the Anglican Church in the Mulgoa district dates from 1827, when at that time it formed part of the enormous parish of the Rev. Thomas Hassel, who was stationed at Cobbity in 1835. A meeting was held to consider the erection of a suitable church. No difficulty was experienced in raising the necessary funds, and on August 22, 1836, the foundation-stone was laid by Miss Jameson, daughter of Sir John Jameson, K.G.V. The church was consecrated by Bishop Broughton on 13th September, 1838, and the Rev. James C. Makinson was appointed the incumbent.

One would like to make reference to many more of these beautiful buildings of worship which exist in Australia. Many of those unmentioned have histories similar to those abovementioned. Several churches of the same historic period are:—St. Peters, Campbelltown (foundation-stone laid December 1, 1820), St. Paul's Cobbity (foundation-stone laid 1840), St. Marys, Denham Court (opened approximately 1838), St. Marys Church, St. Marys (opened April 23, 1840, by the Bishop of Australia), Holy Trinity, Miller's Point (foundation-stone laid June 23rd, 1840), St. John's, Ashfield (foundation-stone laid September 9, 1840, by Bishop Broughton), All Saints, Parramatta (foundation-stone laid May, 1846), St. John's, Camden (foundation-stone laid November 3, 1840), St. Thomas's, Enfield (completed and consecrated December 1, 1849), St. Michael's, Wollongong (foundation-stone laid October 14, 1840), Holy Trinity, Berrima (foundation-stone laid April, 1847), St. Jude's, Randwick (foundation-stone laid November 27, 1857), Holy Innocents', Rossmore (foundation-stone laid December 28, 1848).

ANNUAL COLLEGE CONVENTION

20th - 24th May, 1946

D. A. LANGFORD—3rd Year

As is the custom, the last week of the First (Lent) Term was set aside for the holding of the College Convention, for the express purpose of deepening the spiritual life of the members of the College.

The meetings, however, were open to the public, and many friends availed themselves of the opportunity to join with us—mainly in the evening—and to hear what the Lord our God would say to us. Here let it be said how much we valued the time of fellowship after the evening meetings, with "squashes" in the rooms, and the partaking of supper together.

The Rev. Dr. S. Barton Babbage opened the Word of God to us each morning at the 9.30 a.m. Bible Reading, covering the first chapter and the first eleven verses of the second chapter of St. John's First Epistle. He also gave the address on Wednesday evening on Freedom through the Son of God. (John 8:36).

The Principal at 11 a.m. on the Monday gave the message based on Galatians 5:16, "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh" — regarding the conduct of the Christian Life. The danger of Compromise, as shown by the Corinthians; of External Conformity, illustrated by the Galatian Christians; the position of the believer in Conflict, as shown in Ephesians chapter six; and the Internal Conflict exemplified in the Philippian Church, were points stressed.

Mr. Norman Deck dealt simply yet most effectively with the Sin Problem, speaking at the evening meeting on the Monday night and the 11 a.m. meeting the day following.

The Rev. M. L. Loane, Vice-Principal, gave another of his biographical studies on the Tuesday evening, this time taking Bishop Handley C. G. Moule's life-story.

At the 11 a.m. session on the Wednesday, the Rev. G. A. Hook spoke on "Separation," basing his message on 2 Corinthians 6:14-18 and Romans 6:1-11. ("It took God one night to get Israel out of Egypt, but forty years to get Egypt out of Israel.")

The burden of the message on the Thursday morning at 11 a.m. was "The Holy Spirit as Fire," delivered by Archdeacon Denham.

Archdeacon Begbie was with us again this year, speaking on Thursday evening on "Surrender."

"The Dignity and Wonder of the Christian Ministry" was brought before us by Canon D. J. Knox on the Friday morning. He was constrained to speak on Acts 20:28.

Dr. Northcott Deck was the concluding speaker on the Friday evening. He illustrated from Scriptural examples how "sowing in righteousness" always involves present loss.

Throughout, the messages were profound and heart-searching. Our prayer is that, as a result, there may be lasting fruit (in the lives of those who were privileged to be present) to His Glory and Praise.

CHURCH MUSIC

H. J. EDWARDS—1st Year

Nearly every Church possesses a choir of some kind, and indeed, a choir has come to be regarded as part of the standing equipment of the Church. The choir is of practical interest in our worship of God Almighty. Pure congregational singing is an art which is seldom attainable without definite leadership.

The first object of the choir is undoubtedly to lead the praises of the congregation, and even the humblest choir should be able to fulfil this important task. Whether a choir sings in unison or harmony; whether it comprises men or women; whether it wears surplices or not, does not matter; but it *must* give a *clear lead*. The choir must be strong enough (without practising the unbearable habit of shouting) to be heard by the congregation when the worshippers need encouragement. It must know its work, so that it can sing confidently and with clear pronunciation of words, so that they can be understood. It should seek to attain these essentials and should not attempt anything greater until they are attained. The choir does not cease to be part of the congregation because it sits in the chancel or wears a special kind of dress. The duty of the members is not to perform to the congregation, but realize that *they also* have come to worship. The minister alone voices the *prayers* of the people, and the choir may properly voice their *praises*, provided the singing is of such a kind that the congregation may join in. Any choir, then, should aspire to this twofold function—to act as leaders and as representatives in the choral worship of the Church. There must be *balance* between the choir and congregation. Difficulty is found in the singing of the psalms. Very few members of any congregation, if any, have copies of the psalms with "pointing." This difficulty should encourage every choir to try to sing the psalms and canticles in a natural way (such as speech rhythm) so that the congregation may join in happily.

The many weird and varied methods of singing psalms exclude worshippers from joining in the ancient, God-inspired hymns of the Bible—the Psalms.

(References from S. H. Nicholson, D.Mus., M.A.)

HENRY FULTON

Prisoner, Pastor and Pioneer

A. C. H. YUILL—1st Year

Prior to the year 1805, few clergymen of the Church of England had ever ministered to the people in the Colony of New South Wales. The names of the Reverends Richard Johnson and Samuel Marsden are well known to all. A third, the Rev. J. Bain, a chaplain to the New South Wales Corps, remained only a short time in the colony. The Rev. Henry Fulton, B.A., was another, and his life, which was truly a remarkable one, is worthy of note.

In the year 1799 he arrived at Port Jackson, a prisoner, aboard the convict transport "Minerva"; yet this same man lived to be one of the most respected clergy of his day. He lived to prove himself worthy of his calling to Christ's service.

Henry Fulton was ordained by the Lord Bishop of Killaloe at the end of 1794. After a comparatively short active ministry he was accused of complicity in political troubles in Ireland. He had stepped foolishly outside his own sphere of life, probably because of inexperience and lack of wisdom. However, the results were to prove disastrous. He was charged with having carried on seditious practices against the government, and was sentenced to exile in New South Wales.

By the time Fulton arrived in New South Wales he had fully atoned for his former errors. His letters to the Bishop of Derry reveal a spirit of penitence in reference to his mistakes. The Bishop later wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury on Fulton's behalf. Governor King, to be remembered for his able administration in New South Wales, soon realised the character and worth of Fulton and gave him conditional emancipation. The Governor directed him to perform Divine services, and on 27th December, 1800, he conducted his first service in Australia at Hawkesbury.

For some years the settlement at Norfolk Island had been without the services of a chaplain. The Rev. Richard Johnson had returned to England, and as the Rev. Samuel Marsden was the only chaplain remaining in the colony, King decided to send Fulton to Norfolk Island. During King's own personal administration of Norfolk, some years previously, the religious needs of the people had been met, the Governor himself often conducting services. However, his wise and thoughtful government was not continued by his successor at Norfolk, Major Foveaux.

The Island became notorious and it was in such a place of darkness that Henry Fulton laboured as chaplain for some years. Officially, he was still only subject to a conditional pardon, but in 1803, King, when writing to Lord Hobart, spoke of his conduct as being exemplary. In 1805 Norfolk Island was partially evacuated in favour of a new settlement beside the Derwent River. Fulton returned to Sydney and was appointed assistant to Samuel Marsden. In this capacity he continued until February, 1807, in which month both Governor King and the Rev. Samuel Marsden departed for England. To use his own words, "at which time the whole duties of the territory devolved on me."

Late in 1806 Captain William Bligh, R.N., famous for his connection with "The Bounty," and subsequently for his deposition by the officers of the New South Wales Corps, succeeded King as controller of affairs in the colony. It has been said of Bligh that his faults were mainly those of his contemporaries, but his virtues for the most part were unmistakably his own. Governor Bligh appointed Henry Fulton as his chaplain, and together they sought to bring about reforms in the colony. In attempting to carry out these reforms they incurred the enmity of certain officers of the New South Wales Corps, who were busy "filling their own pockets" at the expense of the colony in general.

1808 saw Bligh deposed by Lieutenant-Colonel Johnstone. Fulton, who remained loyal to the Governor, was suspended from fulfilling his duties as chaplain. When writing to Lord Castlereagh in February, 1809, he declared that Johnstone, Macarthur and others were building a "Babel" which he did not doubt would be ultimately destroyed. It is significant that all the respected colonists remained loyal to Bligh, and that Marsden, while in England, spoke of Johnstone and Macarthur as being adventurers.

Lieutenant-Colonel Foveaux succeeded Johnstone and assumed control until the arrival of Colonel Paterson. Fulton later stated that Paterson was drunk most of his time, and a convenient tool in the hands of Macarthur and Foveaux.

When Bligh was allowed to proceed to England, the Reverend Henry Fulton accompanied him. The rebellion was investigated. Johnstone was brought to trial, found guilty and punished. Macarthur was forbidden to return to the colony for some years. By a Royal Commission in 1811 Henry Fulton was reinstated as assistant chaplain in New South Wales.

He returned to Sydney in 1811, and took up his clerical duties once again. Having an Arts degree, he took up the work of secondary education in New South Wales. Most probably he laid the foundations in that connection in Australia. In 1826 a man named Charles Thompson had a book of poems published which he dedicated to his friend and teacher, Henry Fulton. Possibly this publication was the first of the kind in this land.

This dogged clergyman, who had once suffered the shame of being treated as a convict, laboured for the rest of his days in the district of Castlereagh, his farm being situated there. The Reverend John Youl, a missionary from Otaheite, and a contemporary of Fulton and Marsden, described the religious state of the colony at that time, in the following words: "Sin like a mighty torrent overspreads the land; no other spot on the face of the habitable globe contains more witnesses of the awful depravity of human nature."

Together with his contemporaries, Johnson, Marsden and Cowper, the Reverend Henry Fulton laboured faithfully in the Lord's vineyard in order to bring light to a land of spiritual darkness. Praise be to God for their noble witness.

LATE FINAL EXTRA

Messrs. Chynoweth, Gilchrist and Newall, affectionately known as "The Three Musketeers," have arrived in College ex Army Disposals, minus muskets. Now that they have taken up the Sword of the Spirit, we wish them all the best.

David J. Stewart lost his appendix last May and has discontinued his course for the present.

Floods of congrats. (not water from Draper's tap this time!!) are overwhelming Robin Ingham, following notification from Cambridge to the effect that he is now a M.A. (We all know what *that* means!)

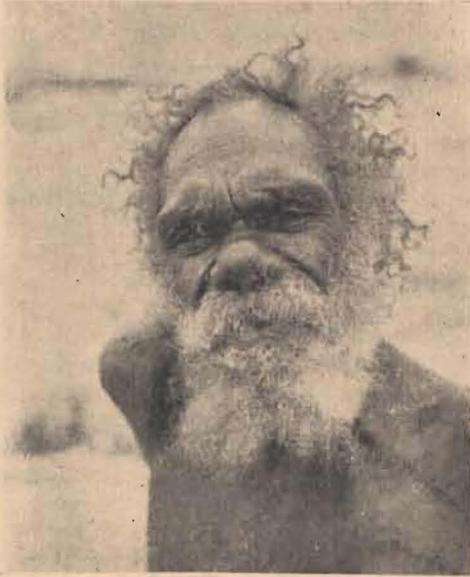
When Dr. and Mrs. S. B. Babbage settled in the woods in Wahroonga, certain people (we hear) were mystified when they lopped back some of the trees and shrubs. The reason has just become apparent. They wanted to let in a little son and heir. We think that was a splendid idea — congratulations.

We hear that Roy Gray has got into a "Blue" at the University . . . for cricket. He couldn't have done "batter".

OUR OWN

R. GIBSON—1st Year

As Australians, we have many things which are peculiarly "our own." The Australian Aborigines provide one of the unique features, and for many people they are just listed with the other things. This lack of intelligent knowledge has been, in recent years, counteracted. The journalists have used, as a background in their reports on the Servicemen in forward areas, the native people of a particular district under review. The soldiers returning home have



very vivid impressions, too, and the combination of these sources of information gives a fairly accurate picture of the people.

Anticipating this growth of interest among Australians generally was the change of National Policy with regard to native races, and the aim has been specified—Full Citizenship for the Australian Aboriginal. There are, of course, many obstacles to be surmounted before we realise this aim. Modern civilization, to the Aboriginal, is a force which will drive him to racial suicide and in this tragedy there are "accomplices after the fact." The authorities have very wisely qualified this promise in view of the tendency to exploit them. When the Aboriginal is capable of living as an ordinary citizen he will be treated as such.

As Christians, the power of the Gospel of Christ is available to us, and He has proved His ability to bridge the gap between a stone-age stage of development and modern civilization. The promise—that by faith we become new creatures in Him—raises each Aboriginal believer to the position of sonship. Colour, and cultural differences, are forgotten in the sweet fellowship

of the redeemed of the Lord, and we have demonstrated for us, in the mission work amongst these despised and ignored people, the glorious possibilities in Christ for their race.

We know the message and they are "*our own*" responsibility.

MISSIONARY PRAYER MEETING

D. A. LANGFORD—3rd Year

A brief history of this meeting would not be out of place.

The Missionary Committee, appointed towards the end of 1944, adopted a long-range plan, by means of which as many fields as possible would be covered over a period of two to three years, so that a student would gain a view of the World-wide Field, and understand something of the World-wide Vision, together with the attendant difficulties and provisions. Towards the end of the first Term, in 1945, a small group was able to meet regularly each week, to be instructed, given information, and then to pray definitely about it. Our aim has been, and is, to spend the maximum time possible on concentrated prayer; and for this reason, lengthy discourses by speakers, local or visiting, are frowned upon and not welcomed.

Throughout, we acknowledge the gracious working of the Holy Spirit, as one step after another has been revealed. Lack of concern for the untouched millions abroad is noteworthy. Shall we, as ministers of the Gospel, deny that we are debtors to all? It is the duty of each man and woman (the Deaconesses have joined with us) to ascertain to which part of His vineyard God is calling him or her. Our passion for *service* is dependent upon our passion for *Christ*. Let us, then, turn our eyes to Jesus, turn our eyes to the fields, and ask: "What wilt Thou have me to do about it, *over there, or here* at home?"

The good hand of the LORD being with us, we thank God, and take courage.

NEWS FROM OUR SISTER COLLEGE

Deaconess House continues to benefit by the wide experience of Mrs. Wheat, the Acting Principal. Each student has many happy memories of her days spent here in training, and Deaconess House could not be the home it is were it not for Sister Cathrene, who feeds the "inner woman."

From time to time we enjoy the visits of our two friends, Canon Robinson (our chaplain) and Canon Hammond, who entertains us with his endless supply of wit and ditties (kindly note "endless" refers to the verses of the latter).

Last year a number of us attended a Valedictory Communion Service for Sisters Lila Arnett and Joan Parker.

Lila Arnett sailed for Africa and is stationed at a C.M.S. Hospital in Berega. She needs your prayers, for she is working lone-handed in this centre of witchcraft.

We farewelled Joan Parker to India. She is at present working at Rhanagat, but we have heard that she has "very special reasons" for transferring to China.

Both these lasses are following the Master in the ministry of healing—they are fully-trained nurses.

Three of our number are C.M.S. candidates, preparing for service overseas. Hilda Villiers, a triple-certificated nurse allocated to Groote Eylandt, leaving early in June; Bessie Parker, similarly qualified, is going to Tanganyika. India has been the call to Dorothy McDonnell, a kindergarten teacher, and she leaves, transport permitting, early in June for St. George's School, Hyderabad. Joyce Pullen, for a short time one of our number, is now with her husband, working in Masulipatam until they complete their language studies, and then they will proceed to Dummagudem.

We offer "hearty" congratulations to Miss Pamela Nicholson and Mr. Ron Palmer, also to Miss Diane Moyse and Mr. Geoff. Fletcher, upon the announcement of their engagements.

INCIDENT OF LIFE IN THE LECTURE HALL, DEACONESS HOUSE, DURING EXAMINATIONS

Time: Children's Holidays.

Environment: Distasteful because of the noise.

- Events:
1. The Professor makes an exit.
 2. A child's loud plea calling "Run, quick, run!" is heard.
 3. Laughter fills the lecture hall.
 4. Quietness reigns in the hall and outside.
 5. The "Prof." returns after 30 minutes' absence.
 6. One and a half hours elapse.
 7. Examination finishes.
 8. The Professor is thanked for his noble action, but gives his assurance that he was not instrumental in quieting the children, for when he appeared on the scene, his childhood days flashed through his mind; consequently, he let them continue rolling tyres up and down the street.

THE VALUE OF SONG

How early in the world's history do we read of singing?

"Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? . . . when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" (Job 38:4-7).

What did Israel do when delivered from Egypt?

"Then sang Moses and the children of Israel this song unto the Lord . . . The Lord is my strength and song, and He is become my salvation; . . . and I will exalt Him." (Exodus 15:1-2).

How did angels manifest their joy at Christ's birth?

"And suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." (Luke 2:13-14).

How are we told to come before the Lord?

"Serve the Lord with gladness: come before His presence with singing." (Psalm 100:2—see 2 Chronicles 29:30).

How does David say such service is regarded by God?

"I will praise the name of God with a song, and will magnify Him with thanksgiving. This also shall please the Lord better than an ox or bullock that hath horns and hoofs." (Psalm 69:30-31).

What instruction did Paul give concerning singing?

"Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord." (Colossians 3:16—see also Ephesians 5:19, James 5:13, Psalm 149:5-6).

Music, like poetry and flowers, is elevating and refining in its nature, and should therefore have its place in the worship of God, and in the life and experience of God's people. It is adapted to every mood and feeling of the human soul and many times has reached hearts when other means have failed.

"The history of the songs of the Bible is full of suggestion as to the uses and benefits of music and song. Music is often *perverted* to serve purposes of evil, and it thus becomes one of the most alluring agencies of temptation. But, rightly employed, it is a precious gift of God, designed to uplift the thoughts to high and noble themes, and to inspire and elevate the soul. As the children of Israel, journeying through the wilderness, cheered their way by the music of sacred song, so God bids His children to-day to gladden their pilgrim life. There are few means more effective for fixing His words in the memory than repeating them in song. And such song has wonderful power. It has power to subdue rude and uncultivated natures; power to quicken thought and to awaken sympathy, to promote harmony of action, and to banish the gloom and foreboding that destroys courage and weaken effort."

"O that we might sing evening and morning, and let song touch song all the way through. O that we could put songs under our burden. O that we could extract the sense of sorrow by song. Then sad things would not poison so much. Sing in the house; teach your children to sing. When troubles come, go at them with song. When griefs arise, sing them down. Lift the voice of praise against cares. Praise God by singing; that will lift you above trials of every sort." *Attempt it.*

(Sister) ENA MATTISKE.

INCIDENT IN A HUT

An Army corporal knelt beside his palliasse to pray. This was unusual—he had not appeared "religious" before. Nineteen O.R.'s gaped for ten minutes until the "corp." rose to his feet, looked around the dumbfounded soldiers, then carried on unmoved.

The men shuffled about in an effort to conceal their interest and amazement.

"He that confesseth Me before men, him will I confess before My Father which is in Heaven."

Jesus Christ had truly entered the life of this corporal. Could he deny the One who had done so much for him? Could he be ashamed to own *Him*?

Some in the hut were touched and moved by the irrefutable facts of this redeemed life. They came to him in ones and twos and in ones and twos they were earnestly besought to let Christ have a chance in their lives.

No weakling, this—a typical, efficient N.C.O.; a rough, rugged face, burned by the sun; a gruff voice made gruffer from long hours on a parade ground; yet, if dealing with decisions which would influence his eternal destiny—he was not ashamed of the tears which would course down his furrowed face. He had a Saviour Whom his pals needed. No measure was spared, no price too high, no duty too much—he would go to any length in order that by some means he might *save* some.

—DIANE MOYSE (ex-A.W.A.S.).

OPEN-AIR EVANGELISM

This is not the story of a lone warrior of the Cross, blazing a trail across rugged mountains and trackless deserts, carrying the glorious Gospel of a Risen Christ to those who sit in darkness and the shadow of death; but rather that of a small band of disciples, beginning at Jerusalem, obeying their Lord's injunction to go out into the highways and byways. Men and women who have caught a glimpse of a crucified and glorified Lord, to them He has become both Lord and Christ. The Light of the world has shone into their souls and they have a personal and practical experience of One Who has *delivered* them from the *bondage of sin* and the *fear of death*.

"I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." They know that the same love which drew them to the foot of the Cross will also draw others if only the Word of the Cross be preached. The Divine love implanted in their hearts flows out to the fellow men and women who neither know the Way of Life, nor yet seek the Truth; who, in spite of advantages, gifts and talents, are leading barren and incomplete existences; wistful men and women, puzzled by the bleakness of their own religion.

It is Saturday night, the eve before the Sabbath. Let us, for a short while, stroll through the streets of the city. The thoroughfares are still crowded as it is yet early. The throng of people moves in haste, maybe to a show, maybe a dance. What time have they for the Supreme Lord of the universe?

Hark! What is this new sound, heard clearly above the shuffle of feet on the pavement? It is a young woman singing. The words come clearly and distinctly, "Beneath the Cross of Jesus I fain would take my stand, the shadow of a mighty Rock within a weary land." Many pause to listen. What *memories* old, familiar words bring back. Choir-boy days in the little stone church; Easter Day in the Cathedral.

A Gospel waggon is drawn up by the pavement and a crowd commences to gather around it, some attracted by the singing, others out of idle curiosity.

Shall we pause and listen awhile? The young man is announcing a hymn: "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." As the strains of the rich, familiar melody float out on the air, many bystanders join in. Who can resist the appealing words "the darkness deepens, Lord with me abide?" The

inspired words, penned by St. Luke, will live forever in the hearts of all who hear them.

The Leader steps forward to speak. He presents the "Good News" simply and plainly, "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest." He is not talking in riddles, for in this busy, hurrying world, who does not require rest? If we could gently draw aside the veil and gaze into the hearts of men, we would see clearly the toil and sorrow which weigh on every soul. What can we offer to a hungry man other than Christ, the Bread of Life? Our Lord, Himself, is the *Truth*. He is the Bread which came down from Heaven and is therefore, *the true Manna*. All else is meat that perisheth. The meeting closes with an invitation to all to *accept* the Lord Jesus Christ as Saviour and Friend.

Sunday afternoon, and we are in a back street of a dreary suburb close to the heart of the city. The strains of "Beyond the Sunset" come floating past a row of ancient houses with very shabby front doors, only redeemed by the bravery of shining brass knockers. A man is standing on the corner of the street, and beside him is a bicycle, complete with gramophone and loud-speaker. Request numbers are being played. First favourite is "Nearer, my God to Thee"; but frequently other favourites such as "Jesu, Joy of man's desiring" and "The Holy City" are requested. Windows are thrown open, and many inquiring heads are thrust out to see the cause of the commotion. Taking the opportunity, the missionary proclaims the message of the Kingdom of Heaven.

And so it goes on, week after week—amid the grime and gloom of a city the glorious light of a *Risen Christ* glows and gleams brightly.

*"Jesus wept o'er the city
With its burden and toil and care,
Wept while the throngs were too busy
To know He was standing there;
Wept for the people who gave Him
A Cross for a diadem.
Jesus wept o'er the city,
But—was it Jerusalem?"—Wilson.*

—DOROTHY SHARPE.