



SOCIETAS



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Moore Theological College
Sydney

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

MICHAELMAS TERM, 1927

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SOCIETAS

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R. J. TUCK.
H. E. S. DOYLE.

EDITORIAL.

As our Christmas Number of "Societas" promises to be a large, and, we trust, an interesting issue, the Editorial must necessarily be brief. The last term of the year, although a busy one for most of us and crowded with a variety of events, is nevertheless a sad one for some of us. Those who are eagerly looking forward to Ordination at the end of the year, begin to realise how they will miss the corporate life of the College in which they have spent three, four, or five happy years. Their absence from the College will be keenly felt, yet we feel encouraged in the thought that they go from the College, not to forget, but to support it in every way possible. While in College we learn what the term "Societas" really means, and we wish those who will be leaving us at the end of the year every success in their ministry, and in their endeavour to extend the spirit of fellowship which is such a vital and invigorating element in our Christian experience. By the development of this spirit in College and the extension of it in the world by the former and departing Students, may we not hope to see the eventual realisation of that first Christmas message:

"Peace on Earth, and Good Will towards Men."

—:o:—

EDITORIAL NOTES.

A happy Christmas to all interested in the College, and to all readers of our Magazine.

We take this opportunity of thanking all subscribers and contributors for their kindly interest and support during this year. They

will be pleased to learn that "Societas" is now on a sound financial basis. In spite of this encouraging fact, we still find some old Students of the College who do not appear interested in the activities of their old College so far as "Societas" is concerned, because a number of subscriptions are still outstanding. We hope these will be forthcoming in the near future, so that the editing of "Societas" next year will not be hindered by this year's incomplete accounts.

G. R. Mathers and R. B. Dransfield will act as Sub-Editors next year, and we give them a hearty welcome, hoping they will be prepared for the hard work we have in store for them. We shall miss both C. W. Whonsbon-Aston and R. J. Tuck from the Editorial Staff, and we have appreciated the work which they rendered during the year.

The concert held in the Record Reign Hall, Glebe, on November 7th, was a great success, bringing in approximately £16. Our thanks are due to the Revs. F. Tugwell and O. S. Fleck, and the members of St. John's, Glebe, for their generous and whole-hearted support. We also thank all those who rendered items, sold sweets, provided flowers, and attended to the supper arrangements. Last but not least, many thanks to all who supported us by their presence.

Congratulations to "Bags" on being appointed Toc. H. Padre for N.S.W., and also to "Phil" Walker-Taylor on his success in the final examinations in Medicine.

Farewell to F. Jones, R. J. Tuck, F. H. Meyer; welcome to E. Almond, R. T. Hallahan, R. A. Johnson, E. L. Millard, and E. G. Thorpe. May their period of preparation be happy and successful.

We are most grateful to the Rev. C. J. King for the gift of a splendid copy of a mediaeval Missal to the College Library.

The Old Students' Reunion was held on Thursday, October 13th, at the College. The Bishop Coadjutor was the celebrant and preacher at the Corporate Communion, and Professor Leslie Wilkinson, of the University of Sydney, who is responsible for the plans of the new College buildings, gave an interesting address on "Church Architecture," after the annual business meeting.

At the annual commemoration on November 16th, the Senior Student made "Societas" the subject of his speech, and appealed for £25. Some have already responded to this appeal, thus setting a good example to others.

The best of luck to all Matriculants, and our Medico and Architect in their respective examinations present and future.

We were pleased to note in the St. John's Messenger (Glebe), an appreciation of the work we endeavoured to carry on in the open-air during the year. We owe our thanks to Mr. Tugwell and Mr. Fleck for their help. We hope to carry on these services again next year.

COLLEGE LIFE.

Those people who have never been in College can never hope to realise the joys that one finds there, or to understand fully the meaning of the term "College life."

The main object in living in the College is the life, and the opportunities that it gives one to develop character. It is a good thing that the educational side is not stressed too far, as we never really learn much here because most of us know all that there is to know long before we enter. But the main thing is the life, and the contact that the student has with his fellow men. Also there is the wonderful consideration that one student shows for another. Everything here is done with a view to consideration and comfort. Let me explain. Some of the students have to work in Parishes, and in consequence come home very late and very tired at night. Others have "Confirmation Classes" in other parishes, which is also very tiring. These poor fellows find that early waking and early rising are a severe strain on the nerves. Out of consideration the other students wake them up, prepare their baths, and, if they are too tired to walk (which they mostly are) carry them down to the bath-room where they have prepared the bath to the desired temperature (hot or cold). Where else but in a College would you find such thought exercised?

Then, too, in our ranks, we have the usual wealthy ones who stock their book cases with books for other students to use. Those readers that have lived in College know how much the poorer members are indebted to these benefactors. What with tram fares, term fees, picture shows, and the bribing of bailiffs, the poor ones can do nothing but remain poor. If it were not for the kindness and interest of the above mentioned, the gathering of much valuable information, and the collecting of a library would be well nigh impossible.

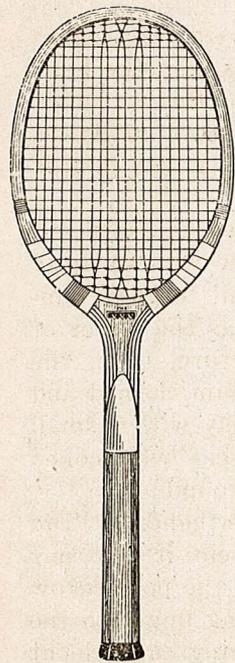
In practice we are Communists of the better type; "having all things in common." Several of the members of our Alma Mater have taken it upon themselves to add to the general wealth of the community. For instance, we have been presented with several clerical collars, three stocks, one dinner suit (we have two, but the other is a bad fit for stout people), guaranteed to fit all-comers, as there is a wonderful adjusting apparatus, also one or two radiators, and a couple of tennis rackets. These are always out on loan, and but for the fact that we have a general wealth many of the students would find it very difficult to participate in all activities.

Amongst us there is a prevalent tendency to eat between meals. We therefore prepare little feasts for all hummers (I mean comers),

young and old. The work of preparation is evenly distributed around on all. Some pay, some make the tea, and others issue the invitations to the four winds of heaven. It is not considered etiquette to miss one of these feasts. The moment that the rattling of cups is heard work must cease instantly, and a bee line is made towards the glad sound, at the same time seizing upon a cup (anyone's will do). The feasts are most enjoyable if one survives being thrown out, or manages to bluff the "roughs" who have mysteriously managed to enter these aged Halls of learning.

A final word on organisations will suffice. At present there are a few, and we are hoping before long that there will be some more. At present we have, one C.E.M.S., one Open-Air Committee (for consumptives), one Editorial Staff, one A.S.C.M., one cricket team, one tennis team, one social committee, and several very efficient organisations for the collection of monies (probably private charity). In these societies we have the "contact point" with our fellow students. Everyone is in everything. We always see the same ones—but that is the saving factor as we get to know them better, and in this way we learn to appreciate their many sidedness, and not feel strangers in any College activity.

By "I Rise Early."



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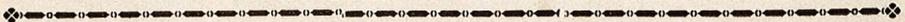
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THE LOOK OF LOVE.

A Strange Story.

I.

A strange thing occurred here yesterday. Even now it hardly seems as if it really happened, but the facts are too plain for any doubt to remain. At about the sixth hour the herdsmen who have charge of the swine came rushing into the city looking half demented, or as though they had seen a ghost. They were hot and breathless. They could speak only in gasps, but what they had to say was sufficient to cause great amazement and wonder amongst passers-by. But surely they were not sane, for the tale they told was almost beyond belief—the wild fancies of a mind unhinged, or turned from its reason by the fierce sun. The crowd laughed at them as they stood there wildly gesticulating, their breath and words coming in little sharp gasps as men who had run from afar. At last one fellow called out, "Let us go and see for ourselves!" and the excited crowd poured out of the city towards the cliffs, on the top of which the white-washed sepulchres, wherein lie the bones of our forefathers, glistened in the blazing light of the noon-day sun.

II.

They **had** told the truth!

Picture to yourself, if so be that you can, the varied expressions of amazement and wonder on the faces of the citizens, and the half-defiant, half-triumphant look upon the countenances of the herdsmen at the scene which met their eyes. "Did we not tell you that it was so," demanded one of the latter triumphantly, "and is it not just as we have said?"

You remember that wretched madman who for years has dwelt out there amongst the tombs, do you not—the fellow who so aptly called himself by the name of "Legion," who was wont to gash himself from time to time with knives and stones, and was the terror of all, whom not even strong chains could bind? Picture, then, the amazement which gripped the crowd as they beheld him clothed and calm, sitting upon a great stone, conversing quite sanely with a small group of strangers—Jews from the other side of the sea—who looked up in astonishment as the excited crowd gathered around.

"Masters! Look here also!" insisted one of the swineherds. "Did I not tell you that He cast forth the Legion and sent it into our swine? Look here, my Masters! Look here. . .!!!" and the poor fellow grew speechless with anger as he pointed with shaking finger to the dead hogs in the water below, which were slowly being carried out to sea! ("Your "local colour" is at fault here.—Ed.).

III.

Truly I know not what to think!

They made those Jews depart immediately, and he who had had the Legion would have gone with them had not the tall Jew bidden him stay. **That Man's Face** haunts me still! He looked not like other men! Never have I seen a face that made such an impression upon me. And His eyes!—how full of feeling they were! how, hurt they seemed at the angry words of the multitude! I for one cannot forget them. How sorrowfully He looked at us as they rowed away. I can see His face still!—it was as though He was filled with a burning desire to stay, and they sent Him away....

He who had the Legion will talk of no one else. He is overjoyed at the recovery of his senses, but that, say the swineherds, will not pay for the dead hogs. They are furious! They declare that the Man Himself was possessed with an evil spirit! I cannot but feel that they are wrong. How could one who was himself a devil cast forth devils? and, besides, that was an act of love—it was so uncalled for, so unexpected—and in itself gives their words the lie. The healed man agrees with me. He says, though, that the Stranger was the Son of God! It seems almost beyond belief, but....if it be true?....Nothing would seem too strange after yesterday. I wish we had not been so harsh with Him, yet, those hogs.... But that last look haunts me still....**That** I shall never forget so long as life shall last!

“Gadara.”

—:O:—

THE STEADY SUBSCRIBER.

How dear to our heart is the Steady Subscriber,
Who pays in advance at the birth of each year;
Who lays down the money and does it quite gladly,
And casts round the office a halo of cheer.

He never says: “Stop it; I can not afford it,
I'm getting more papers than now I can read”;
But always says: “Send it; our people all like it—
In fact, we all think it a help and a need.”

How welcome his cheque when it reaches our sanctum,
How it makes our pulse throb; how it makes our heart dance;
We outwardly thank him; we inwardly bless him—
The Steady Subscriber who pays in advance.

—From “The Witness” (Chicago).

In passing this little gem on to the readers of “Societas,” we would like it to be clearly understood that “**Them's our sentiments, too.**” We would gladly welcome a postal note for 3/- from all Old Students of Moore College, and in return would be happy to send “Societas” to them for another year. Thank you!

—The Editorial Staff.

THE VALUE OF THE STUDY OF HISTORY.

Our ideas concerning the value of the study of History will be shaped largely by our attitude towards the subject. Is it an "art," or a "science," or a mixture of both? Or is it simply "his story?"

Some regard history as the narration, more or less interesting, of memorable events, the story of glorious deeds bravely done and worthy of remembrance. Thus history becomes a branch of the literary art combining, however, instruction with pleasure because it is a study of human nature, of interesting personalities and of world-shaking movements of thought and action. It has all the interest and inspiration of a living drama because it presents the story of things that actually have been, of real men and women doing real things with real results. So history becomes a collection of precedents which will serve as a practical preparation for life, for it is popularly believed that "History repeats itself." And accordingly the study of history is degraded into the menial task of providing an armoury of weapons for partisan warfare in politics and religion. But it serves a noble purpose when it furnishes the raw material for the political scientist to build up a body of organised knowledge concerning the growth and utility of our social and political institutions.

Thus there are three main schools of historical study, the Literary, the Didactic, and the Scientific. Of these the Scientific is the characteristic modern school. Up to 1850 history was treated mainly as a branch of literature. Historical authors repeated the editions of their works without changing a word. They were regarded as finished literary products. There was no idea of bringing their statements up to date. Historical investigation was a matter of curiosity, rather than a branch of scientific research.

The modern school aims at the scientific analysis of actual phenomena, getting at the original sources of each story or statement and estimating the value of each. The dominant aim of the modern historical method is accuracy of presentation.

Hence the historian's first step is to survey the sources of information for the period he is studying. These sources may be classified generally after this manner. First there are the Literary authorities; those of primary importance including official documents and the works of contemporary writers; those of secondary importance including the works of later writers. Secondly, there are monuments and relics, but these have to be interpreted very carefully. Thirdly, there are survivals of office or custom such as those in several English towns which remind us that these communities were once mainly agri-

cultural. Fourthly, there is tradition, unreliable but none the less necessary, though needing always to be verified or corrected by documentary witness. Lastly, analogy may furnish us with illustrations by way of comparison and contrast and suggestion, but it can never take the place of positive evidence. The village community of to-day in India may help us more vividly to picture the village community in mediaeval England, but it cannot yield us direct testimony as to what went on therein.

Having surveyed and classified his sources and gathered his evidence therefrom the historian has also to study the environment of his period, that is, the "background" of the events. Geography plays a vital part in historical development, and so do ideas and principles. Different peoples seem to have different ways of thinking and acting, and so the study of their social institutions and habits comes into the sphere of necessary observation and gathering of materials.

The final step is interpretation. Having gathered our materials, what shall we make of them? Are we concerned with Political, Economic, Social or Ecclesiastical History? These are not different kinds of history, but different aspects of the one main story. For history is really all one story. It is like a landscape whose features are permanent, but present totally different aspects from different points of view. The same mountains, rivers, plains and forests are there all the time, but they do not appear the same if the spectator moves about. Hence Church History has been described as the spiritual aspect of universal history.

This brief survey of methods and principles of study will suggest the difficulties of arriving at an accurate historical judgment. There is first of all the vast range and immense multiplicity of facts. "History must be either knowable and incomplete, or "complete and unknowable." (Langlois and Seignobos.) Then there is the wide variety in the quantity and the quality of the evidence, and lastly, there are the continual changes that are going on in ideas and terminology. We look at things differently from our forefathers. They preferred stability to "progress," among other things. Lord Acton's advice is necessary, namely, "Mastery is acquired by resolved limitation."

Hence we can now estimate the value of the study of History. It has a directly practical value for, as Dr. Stubbs said, "The roots of the present lie deep in the past." History is the lesson-book of the statesman and of the economist, and not of them alone. It is the story of society, the record of human experience. "It is the story of change because it is the story of life" (S. R. Gardiner). It is by the study of history that we can trace the cause of changes in the past and forecast them in preparation for the future.

This practical value is closely linked to its educative value for the study of history in the scientific manner already described furnishes a fruitful mental discipline by developing the powers of observation, selection and judgment. It also provides the data for such sciences as Politics, Economics, Psychology and Theology, and is a part of the training for citizenship so necessary in a democratic state. Thirdly, it enlarges the sympathies and widens the mental horizon, and helps towards the understanding of other people in other times and circumstances.

No small share of the educational importance of historical study is the scope it gives for the pleasure of story telling and its many illustrations of the fact that "truth is stranger than fiction." A knowledge of history greatly enhances the interest of travel, and a great writer once described the study of history as "a tonic for drooping spirits."

To sum up, the study of history is an essential feature of a liberal education.

D.J.D.

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TRY THIS OVER ON YOUR ORGAN.

Hymnal Companion, No. 283.

MOORE COLLEGE. 6.6.4.6.6.6.4. "My faith looks up to Thee."

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a 3/4 time signature. It contains a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The second system of musical notation also consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff continues the accompaniment, featuring a steady rhythmic pattern of chords and single notes.

FASTING COMMUNION.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—

Will you bear with me once more if I reply to "Catholicus" that if he were true to his pseudonym, he would perceive that he was undermining one of the principles of the Catholic Faith. At the same time, he would repudiate such a statement because he would still reiterate that one should be true to his principles. If "Catholicus" does not wish to observe certain customs practised by some Christians in the third century, let him be consistent and surrender many other such which will fall under the same heading. To communicate fasting, is to follow the very order which our Lord Himself observed. He only instituted the Holy Communion after the sacrificial feast of the Passover, which had been prepared for by a long fast, observed from 11 a.m. of the morning before, and 10 a.m. by the stricter school. The Lord's Will was that the Passover should pass into the Holy Eucharist. If it is right to come to Baptism prepared by fasting and prayer, so surely it is right to come thus to the Holy Communion. It is the custom of the Church throughout all the world.

J. W. Russell.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—

Mr. Russell's persistency, not to say pertinacity, is to be admired, but his assertions and attempted arguments are seriously at fault. He has lost himself in a hopeless tangle.

The "Catholic Faith" is defined in the two historic creeds and in the Quicunque Vult. Nothing is said in them about "Fasting Communion." It is not even mentioned in the Book of Common Prayer and the Thirty-nine Articles which are still the official formularies of the Church of England. It is true that fasting is mentioned as part of the preparation for the Baptism of "such as are of riper years," but that makes the omission of such direction both from the Catechism and from the office of Holy Communion all the more remarkable. The Catechism clearly lays down the conditions of right reception, and says nothing at all about fasting. If any members of the Church of England prefer to communicate fasting they are at liberty to do so, but they have no authority to give the force of law to their own private preference.

Mr. Russell is quite astray in his references to the records of the institution. Matthew, Mark and St. Paul are the best authorities on the subject, our only authorities in fact, and they decisively say that

Our Blessed Lord and His disciples partook of the Last Supper immediately before the institution of the Eucharist. They did **not** communicate fasting. It is also not at all certain that the Last Supper was the Passover. That is one of the unsolved problems of the story of our Lord's Passion as any scholarly commentary will show. It is very unsafe to base an alleged law of the Church upon an assertion that is open to question. There are points of correspondence between the Eucharist and the Passover, but the points of contrast are equally significant. The one belongs to the Old Covenant, the other to the New Covenant.

Finally, the Upper Houses of Convocation of Canterbury and York in 1893 and 1899 distinctly laid down that to describe non-fasting reception of the Eucharist as a sin is contrary to the teaching and spirit of the Church of England.

“Catholicus.”

—:o:—

LOST ON THE MOUNTAINS.

If you have ever been to the little town of Sheffield that nestles at the foot of Mt. Roland, you will agree with me that it is one of the most delightful little spots that you could hope to find in this part of the world.

Well do I remember a holiday that I spent there not so very many years ago. It was mid-summer, and even a tiny city so far south as Tasmania can become quite unbearably hot in the summer. So I decided to get out into the mountains if I could. But could I? I had no money for a holiday, and where could I hope to go with only enough to pay my train fares and buy cigarettes? I could see that it would be “no go” unless something unforeseen happened. Like Mr. Micawber, I waited for something to turn up, and it did. A few days after conceiving of the thought to get out of the city I received a letter from some friends who wanted me to stay with them—and they lived at Sheffield! Sheffield, right under the mountain! So I packed my few things, and left in double quick time. And that is how I got to the foot of Mt. Roland.

It was a beautiful Monday morning, and I was sitting in the sun musing awhile after breakfast. I had enjoyed the church service at the little Parish Church very much the night before. The sermon had been good, and the singing, if not the best, was very hearty, but the organist was a queer fellow. He had played as if his soul was in his fingers. So well had he executed his task that I felt that he

must have been inspired—but was he? He had deliberately ignored my hand as he left the church. The rude fellow; and I had wanted to thank him for the way that he had played! He never even looked twice at me. But why should I worry? and with a shrug I put him out of my thoughts. I would ask Jim to take me up the mountain (Jim was the young man of the house). We could go after dinner, as I knew that he had the afternoon off. He used to drive the rail-motor between Sheffield and Railton.

After lunch I waited for Jim. I waited for half an hour, but no Jim arrived. I went down to the railway station, and there I found that he would not be home for hours. The rail motor had jumped off the line. Never mind I would go alone. The path up the mountain was quite clear, and easy to follow and I could be back by seven o'clock easily, and off I went. The climb up the mountain was easy enough until one got near the top. There the hillside was very steep, and the climbing became hard. Up the little path I went to the summit, and flung myself upon the rocks to cool down. It was hot work climbing. When I had regained my breath I began to look around. There were hundreds of little peaks that seemed to beckon me to come and peep from them. I scrambled from one to the other in great glee, like a mountain goat. The scenery was delightful. Down below were the rolling plains of the valley, pinching themselves into curves that looked like the bumps on an eiderdown. Far below was the town, a model village. I felt like Gulliver in the land of the Lilliputians. The tiny specks in the streets were the people who were doing their shopping. Away in the distance were the hills reaching one above the other as if attempting to see who was the tallest, while on my right arose a low range of little peaks that stretched out toward the great lake, and lost themselves in a blue haze that looked like a bridal veil.

Overhead the sky was clear and blue, except for occasional clouds which had come to that great designer, the sun, to have the hems of their flowing skirts trimmed with gold. These dainty ladies of the sky tripped after one another like dancers in a ballroom, or were they like some magic spirits? They were never the same shape or remained the same. The Puck of the mountains was ever causing them to turn into something else as he blew them with frolicksome breath into the West, where they disappeared like frightened ladies in whirl of white when startled by a mouse.

How many peaks I climbed I do not know, or how long I stayed watching I cannot tell, but suddenly I was aware that it was very late. I must be getting back. Down I scrambled toward the place where I had left the path. But it did not seem to be where I had

left it. After searching around for some time eventually I found it. I was later now than I should have been, and in my haste I decided to take a short cut. Off the path I went and into the scrub. I could easily pick the path up lower down. Bustling gaily through the bushes that hung as a beard upon the mountains rugged face, I sent the wallabies tearing up the rocks in fright, and the parrots that were just going to rest flew off screaming rude things at me in parrot talk.

Suddenly it dawned on me that I had gone a long way without striking the path. I could not see where I was as my vision was obscured by the bushes. A night on a mountain alone was not a pleasant thought, and darkness was rapidly falling. The air was getting chilly. I was getting frightened. The people at home would be looking for me. They would think that I had died, and might send home and give father a fright, and he would never let me come again. So I scrambled on, harder than before.

Coming upon a clear space I thought that I might rest awhile. It was nearly dark by now! Never mind, I would try again. I could not be far from the bottom now. Perhaps I was about half way down! I kept trying to think something about the Duke of York who had ten thousand men who were always only half way up, and only half way down. I was sympathetic with those men by now. I stopped for a moment to light a cigarette. What was that? Something was moving slowly in front of me. Was it a man or a kangaroo? No. It must be a man, it did not hop.

"Hey! Coo-ee," I howled. I can't find the path. "I'm lost." The man (for it was a man) stopped and half turned round. "Come on then, follow me," he said. As I drew near I thought that I had seen this fellow somewhere before. But where? Who was he? As I followed I kept asking myself. I did not like to be rude and question him. So I quietly followed, feeling too much of a fool to talk. I had been so clever going off by myself. It was dusk now as we reached the outskirts of the town, and I would soon be home. Who was this man who had lead me down the mountain, and where had I seen him before? At last, plucking up courage, I said, "Haven't I seen you before somewhere?" "You may have, he smiled (I could see the moonlight on his teeth), I play the organ at the church. Everyone knows me here." "You play jolly well, said I, I wanted to thank you for it last night at church. But now I must thank you for bringing me down the mountain. You seemed pretty sure of your way.—This is where I am staying." The quiet smile broke out over his face again as we stood at the gate in the moonlight. "Thank you, sir, I'm glad you liked my playing, and as to the mountain—I know it quite well,

and never lose my way. I go there often." But it was dark," I replied. "Makes no difference to me, sir, you see—I'm blind." As he went I thought of his hymn—What were the words?—"

"From harm and danger keep thy children free,
For dark and light are both alike to Thee."

R. B. DRANSFIELD.

—:o:—

DENTES SANI IN CORPORE SANO.

In a previous reminiscence and elsewhere I have referred to my teeth as cropping up—figuratively, the reverse actually—at odd times in my wanderings. The incidents related below occurred during a period covering the Great War, one of them in East Africa, the other in Italy.

The conditions during the South African War were not conducive to excessive good health; bad food and water, fever, etc., causing considerable trouble with one's teeth amongst other portions of the anatomy. Consequently soon after my return to England in 1908, I had to be dragged to a London extortioner to have things done. His waiting-room was bright and cheerful, full of up-to-date papers and periodicals, and he himself a nice man. I came away presently minus eleven teeth, plus a restorative, and with appointments for the future. In those days it was not adjudged correct to have plates, but to have the various gaps in one's mouth bridged—of course I fell into the chasm and was bridged. The man told me that the bridges would last for ever (I sold one the other day, gold crown and all, getting 5/- for it), but that I had an impacted wisdom tooth which would cause trouble in about 20 years. He was a wonderful prophet; the bridges probably will last for ever, but their buttresses started to go years ago!

Now, during the Battle of Loos, in September, 1915, I happened to walk into some gas, and although rendered somewhat more light-headed than usual, did not seem to feel any serious effects until some months later when I was thrown out of France. I was treated quite nicely at the great military hospital of Millbank, in London, and was then allowed to go home for prolonged treatment at my own expense. Here my doctor and my dentist were able to let themselves go full out over me; electric treatment, medicine, inoculations, all were tried, lasting over a period of three months, and finally they both decided after a sudden brain wave that my perfectly sound bottom front four teeth must come out. I was past arguing, so they gassed me again, and later

gave me a nice little plate of four teeth, which I can move up and down so as to amuse natives and children. It is this plate which, being imbued with a spirit of irresponsible humour, has caused me some annoyance and bitings of the tongue.

Early in 1917, on a very bitter Wednesday morning, I was approached by the Adjutant of my unit, who handed me a wire instructing my commanding officer to send me on eight days leave previous to embarking for the East, and that I was to report on board at Plymouth on the following Friday—the orders had left the War Office days before of course! Anyhow, I just had time to dash to town, buy a topee, turn round three times, catch the train and report on board H.M.T. Osterley, where I found I was detailed as Adjutant for the voyage. After looking over my officers, I selected two likely looking youths, appointed them as Assistant Adjutants to do my work, and settled down to enjoy submarine scares and life generally.

After some weeks I arrived with others at Dar-es-Salaam, capital of German East Africa, there receiving orders to proceed to Lindi, a port down coast and report there. I travelled back on an old China Seas tub, and in time found myself in the thick bush country, Staff Officer to a column operating with another larger one in that area.

We were lying in front of a strong German position watching the enemy whilst preparations for a big push were being made, the General and I occupying a little knoll under some trees, in the middle of the entrenched perimeter camp. He used a camp bed, and I, having mislaid mine, used a water-proof sheet on the ground alongside. Things had been quiet for a day or so, and on this particular night seemed more so, therefore having finished writing some orders by the aid of a torch, and under cover of a blanket, we turned in about 10 p.m. As usual, time and occasion permitting, I placed my boots within easy reach, and was soon asleep. I was rudely awakened by the sound of bullets flying over me, some of them striking nearby; added to this was the noise of men "standing to," and the general disturbance of a night alarm. Naturally I grabbed my boots, jammed my foot into one and withdrew it again with that "hollow moan of despair" of which you may have heard. I should mention here that the bush around was full of snakes, black scorpions, tarantulas, etc., and these make a habit of getting into boots lying about and curling up for a nap.

A sharp pain as of a bite had run through my heel, bullets were flying about, the Column Commander was cursing, whilst I for a minute or two sat still and calm, waiting for the end; in other words paralysed with terror. This gave place to a panic of movement, I got out my torch, my surgical knife, and permanganate of potash, and started to inspect the damage. As the shaft of light from my torch

hit the ground, there was the boot as I had kicked it off, and close to it my plate, its four teeth grinning up at me. I nearly wept with relief as I remember having put them in my boot for safety, forgetting the fact in the excitement of the alarm, pulling it on hurriedly and biting myself severely in the heel in consequence.

Achilles may have been vulnerable in this portion of his anatomy, but I don't suppose he tried to bite it.

(The other incident occurred in Italy, but the Editor thinks that "one shocking affair like the above is sufficient for this issue." I don't quite know what he means—I can't see anything wrong with it myself).

L. J. Danby.

—————:o:—————

MOORE COLLEGE MAGAZINE.

—————
To the Editor.
—————

Dear Sir,—

It is with deep feeling that I observed an article in your most recent issue, entitled "A Suggestion." The suggestion took the form of an examination paper on "General Collegiate Knowledge," and I have much pleasure in submitting this set of answers, which, I am sure, will be of the utmost value to all who are concerned about the progress of our most illustrious seminary:—

Question 2—Far be it from me to describe, inscribe, or ascribe the College menu. Sufficient it is to state that the underlying principle is beyond the comprehension of any layman in the science of analytical chemistry, while its physiological value is entirely dependent upon the extent to which one is advanced in Christian Science. Psychologically, it builds up a "constellation," combining the instincts of flight, pugnacity, curiosity, and self-abasement together with their accompanying emotions.

The ethics are best left undiscussed here while the social value is adequately indicated by the number of "confirmation classes" which have to be attended on Tuesday and Thursday evenings.

Question 3—In reading a paper to the Moore College Committee I should choose "Shakespeare" as a subject, with special reference to "The Merchant of Venice." The reason for this can only be comprehended by a knowledge of the relation between pecuniary embar-

rassment and the sentiment of Portia:—"The quality of mercy is not strained."

Question 5—"Little Ivy"—Ask "Mephistopheles," Room 18. "Etc."—Sometimes used by the Principal in lectures. "Dash, a hyphen.—Why not say a dash from a syphon? "Coo"—Derived from "cow," but not to be confused with it.

Question 7—It is estimated that the Janitor who wakes up at 6.40 a.m. feels like missing breakfast.

Question 8—This question demands a knowledge of the proximity of Th.L.

Question 10—"Chapel singing as it is at present" is a subject demanding the most intense agony to describe. How can we sing a cheerful song when we remember the tailor's bill? Who can drop the lower jaw with the possibility of having a "coo" hurled in his teeth? What man is there who could venture to keep the "professional smile" while straining 'neath the effort of labial gymnastics?—Yes! Chapel singing is at a deadlock, it is blasted in its sweetness by the explosive force of voices that have lost their natural beauty in a maze of laws worth half a guinea each, but purchased at a greater price on Tuesdays from 12 noon to 1 p.m.

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1927 BATHING COSTUMES
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THE UNSEEN GOAD.

Metaphors are useful sometimes. They shed light upon hidden truths, and make them plain to all. There is, folk tell us, in every really great man, or institution, or enterprise, some hidden force at work—an unseen goad, if you will—which prompts towards higher things. In common parlance this secret spur is called "Vision." We say that a man who strives earnestly towards a goal, unhindered by disappointments, and difficulties, and opposition, is a man of vision—a "Visionary."

All great men have been "men of Vision"—men who possessed the ability to see things not only as they were, but also as they should be—and though they, perhaps, never actually attained to the splendours of the "Golden Age" of their dreams, they have been happier men, and the world has been a better place because of the Vision which prompted them to live and strive as they did.

In her youth the Christian Church was herself a Visionary, having ever before her eyes the "Vision Splendid" of a world in which anger, and clamour, and bitterness, and strife were abolished, where men lived together as brothers, and Christ reigned supreme in their hearts. "Jesus shall reign whe'er the sun doth his successive journeys run," was her watchword—her expectant, yearning cry—as she gazed upon the golden glories of the ages yet to come.

With heart and soul afire with love for her Master, she applied herself to her task. No danger was too great, no labour too hard, no journey too arduous, no goal was impossible in that Golden Age of Faith. Her Missionary zeal was intense, her heart was large and warm, her doors were ever open in His Sacred Name to the Poor, the Needy, and the Destitute.

* * * *

Then, slowly but surely, the cold hand of commercialism laid its hold upon her heart; the windows of her soul became dimmed and clouded, and, bit by bit, the Vision faded. She had turned aside from her first love—reluctantly, at first, but still she had turned—her heart grew strangely cold and hard, her zeal and love faded, and the memory of the Vision well-nigh passed away.

True, she still called herself by the Name of Him Whom once she had loved, but her heart was no longer wholly His. No longer did she strive for Peace and Brotherhood; a new passion took possession of her, and she began to lust for position and power. . . .

Men were put to death, cruelly, remorselessly, in the Name of Him Who came to give them life!—O, bitter shame!—and she, her hands red with their Martyr Blood, still called herself His Bride!

And still the world cries out for a fresh outpouring of His matchless Power and Love, for a Saviour who will comfort and heal. Her hands—hands that should be bringing joy and healing and peace to the Nations—are occupied in feverishly gathering in temporal power, and wealth for herself. Her eyes are fixed and glassy for they see not the Vision. Her tongue still pronounces His Holy Name, but her actions are not those of the Bride.

Other, and false Shepherds are at work. His sheep are being led into pastures that are unsafe. The "Still Waters" are not to be found in them, and turbulent streams bear many away to destruction. Still others, seeking the green and verdant pastures are being lured aside into the quagmires of Unbelief and Sin. . . . "Men scorn Thy Sacred Name, and wolves devour Thy fold"

In their distress and agony the Nations are crying out, and the voice of their crying is terrible to hear,—“How long, O Lord, how long shall these things be?”

But the future holds rich promises. Already she is beginning to arouse from her stupor, and once again the Vision Splendid in all its former glory is rising before the Church of God. At last the cries of the weary, sin-sick world has pierced her heart, and the Vision of Peace and Brotherhood beckons her on. . . .

Once more the unseen goad is at work, and the day is not far distant when

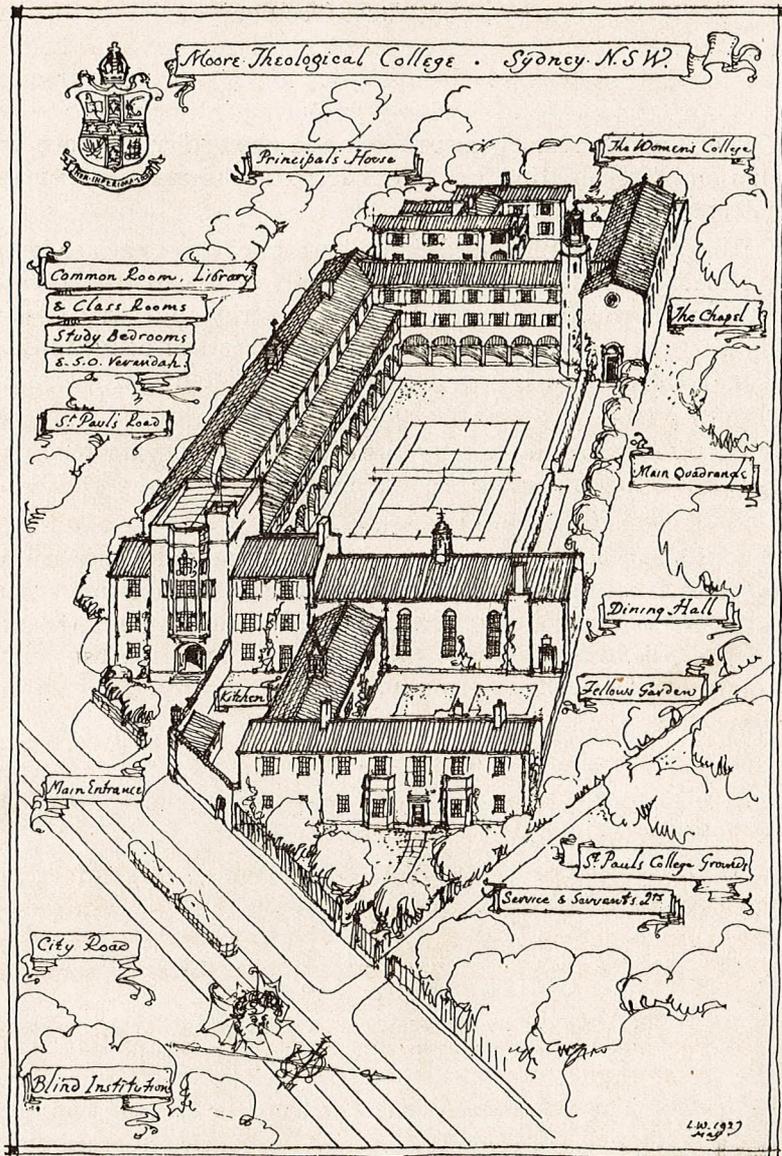
A nobler Church than e'er has been of old—
With Vision wider than Earth's narrow span,
With heart of sympathy, and love untold—
Shall rise to lead to Heaven fallen man.

And, though her spires shall reach far out of sight,
Her walls shall rest secure upon the sod,
And from her doors shine forth a steady light
To guide the wandering Pilgrim back to God.

Within her fold distinctions shall not be—
There red, and yellow, black, and brown, and white,
Shall join to worship as one family—
And rich and poor in brotherhood unite.

And Christ, Who is Himself the Only Way,
Who walked the paths their wandering feet have trod,
Shall lead them into everlasting day,
Their great High Priest, their Saviour, and their God.

—H. E. S. Doyle.



PROPOSED SCHEME OF RECONSTRUCTION.

The new scheme has been generally approved by the College Committee. It is planned to make full use of the extended site and to give accommodation to forty students. The total cost is estimated at about £35,000, but the new College can be built in sections, without disturbing the existing buildings, until practically complete, when the old buildings will be removed. The new scheme not only provides double the present accommodation, but is much more conveniently arranged, and presents a pleasing appearance reminiscent of the Colleges of Oxford and Cambridge. Some of the new buildings could be erected as memorials, e.g., the library, the lecture rooms, the dining hall, the combination room, or the cloisters.

The College is greatly indebted to the Consulting Architect, Professor Leslie Wilkinson, of Sydney University.

THINGS ONE NOTICES.

The "nom-de-plume" on the tennis ladder, Harry Lauder, is a contradiction of terms, besides being far from the mark of representing the Scotch for Joseph Baker.

You harry a person as soon as he hits the College. Nice people! This should not be. You should laud him (or Lauder if you will), however, be it known, from this date forward—and so on and so on.

I notice that the upright grand in the dining hall attracts me generally before a Friday afternoon paper. At one time I thought that it would encourage some intelligence for the paper set, but have discovered that it has the opposite effect, so I shall have to discontinue my ramble on the ivories.

At all events, this might be welcomed by some of the inhabitants of the College. Last Friday afternoon, my blood flowing in the channels of light and faery themes, brought music suitable for accompanying, certain gyrations of one who had not studied the finer meanings of the Terpsichorean art, and who rolled about in a most hippocratic fashion, not that Hippocrates left his practice of medicine and followed in Pavlova's footsteps.

Music hath charms, but not on that day.

It reminds me of an evening I spent with some musical friends, may be some five and forty years since, ahem!

Delphine, 18 years, stylist at the piano. After inflicting many compositions upon the company, the weary, Oh! so weary host and hostess brace themselves to suffer the last descriptive piece, long after the time when such guests should have been in home and bed, not home and dead, in home and bed.

Delphy (familiarity sets in) proceeds. Lightly tickling some notes in the treble region, she turns about to her listeners and affirms that to be "rain." The astonished assembly were carried off their feet as it were, and their action was as though a drill master screamed out an order from behind the lacey curtains. "Every one present, draw in the lower lip and cover with the top, and then swallow," for that was the attitude of the assembly plus a firm grasp of the left thumb as though it was the onyx end of a chubby umbrella.

An uncommonly vicious clout at the bass notes, brought forth the further remark, "thunder," which had the effect of causing the aforelips to be severely bitten, another swallow, this one being connected by cords to the eyeballs, thus drawing them backwards in its descent.

A sickly caress about the middle register (of the piano) was about to bring forth a remark that it represented the gentul bree-azes stealing across——!

Fond Ma and Pa already felt the icy bree-azes wafting across the room in a most confused manner, from North and South, Host and Hostess, so they judiciously rise at last to the occasion, saying:

“We really must go, it is so late.”

There were no waste words or ceremony. “Better late than never,” replied the polite host. He was the braver of the two, so we will not waste any more space, Mr. Editor.

“Joseph.”

THE 1927 TOUR OF “PAUL” AND “BARNABAS.”

In the Easter issue of “Societas” the “best of luck” was wished to “Paul” Smith and “Barnabas” Stewart, and “their car.” Well, we did not have exactly what might be called the “best of luck,” but we managed to arrive home safe and “sound” with the car in a similar condition.

The tour was Sydney to Ceduna and Fowler’s Bay, via Wilcannia, Menindee, Broken Hill, and Port Augusta.

On our way to Ceduna we met with many adventures, such as racing emus, being bogged in the sand and mud, passing camel teams, having many breakdowns, being deceived by a “cocky’s gate” and spending two nights in the “wilderness.” Ceduna was reached at ten past two on Sunday afternoon, having had only five hours sleep since the Friday previous.

It was our intention to do three things on our arrival—(1) Have a good wash or a bath if possible; (2) Consume as much of the Rev. F. Dillon’s food as necessary; and (3) Have a sleep. The first two we accomplished, and left the third till about midnight.

After a stay of nine days we decided to commence our return journey. So when we had been “commended” by the brethren we departed on the Tuesday after the King’s Birthday.

Wishing to see one of the brethren, we went to Mudamuckla, where he is staying, and spent the day with him inspecting his work.

The weather being rough we found it necessary to fit the chains to the wheels, when we started the following day. We had travelled about a hundred and twenty miles from Ceduna, and had just passed the "Cocky's gate" that deceived us on the forward journey, when to our horror the clutch refused to grip. We tried to adjust it, but discovered that the driving plate had stripped. It was ten minutes to six when we stopped; by the time we had detected the trouble, collected some articles, and pushed the car off the road, it was nearly seven o'clock. There was but one thing for us to do, and that was to tramp through mud, to the station homestead, five miles ahead, and there try to secure a new part for the car. At nine o'clock we arrived at the homestead, and managed to get some tea and a bed.

The next day we secured a horse to tow the car to the station, but after pulling the car for a half a mile the horse jibbed. So on the following day the station manager sent a car to get ours to the homestead. As soon as we were garaged in a shed we dismantled the car. In the meantime "Paul" had sent a wire to Port Augusta, a hundred and sixty miles away, for the required part.

Now the name of this station is Yardea, its area is eight hundred square miles, and they run sixty thousand sheep. The mail arrives once a week from Port Augusta, on a Saturday night. It was by this mail we hoped our clutch plate would arrive. While we were waiting we made ourselves useful about the station.

Much to our disappointment a wire came on the Saturday informing us that the part would not be on the mail that night, as the agent at Port Augusta had to send to Adelaide, and thus the delay. So after a talk we decided to part company the following day, as "Paul" had engagements to fill the following week at Menindee and Wilcannia.

That same Saturday evening a fine Australian bushman arrived at the homestead from Lake Everard, ninety miles away. This man had cut his foot with an axe while cutting poisonous wood. The nearest hospital that he knew of was Port Augusta. He was riding a motor bike, and as the roads were slippery he had fallen several times on his way in, each time the bike falling on his wounded foot. It was his intention to go on the next day on the motor bike. "Paul" and I rendered "first aid." An artery had been cut, but after some time we managed to stop the bleeding. Arrangements were made for him to travel with "Paul" the following day, in the back of a utility truck.

This speaks for the need of doctors and nurses, and the B.C.A.S. in such lonely areas.

Sunday came, and with sad feelings we parted company.

At eight o'clock on the Tuesday night following, the clutch plate arrived, being brought by a tourist travelling west. I set to work and assembled the parts of the car we had dismantled, replacing the new part. Next day I took my departure.

The journey was much the same as when with "Paul," until I reached a town called Mingary, on the Adelaide-Broken Hill railway line. Here I mistook a cart track for the road, and ran into a bed of deep sand, and could not move. It was now ten-thirty p.m., so I walked back to the town, a distance of a half a mile to get assistance. The only help available was the hope of getting five men who were busily engaged playing crib. I waited till midnight, and they finished their game. Three came to help me push the car. It took ten minutes to get the car on the road again. Broken Hill was reached at four next morning, and Wilcannia at five in the evening. Once again "Paul" and "Barnabas" were united.

The trip from Wilcannia to Sydney was not accomplished without several more adventures, but I am afraid that some of the other students wish to submit articles to the Editor.

"Barnabas."

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A VISIT TO MORPETH.

Six of us visited our sister College of St. John's, Morpeth, on October 10-12th. We received a hearty and enthusiastic welcome from the Warden and Students. Every moment of our stay was crowded with interest. Excursions were planned for us, and the tennis match, which was the ostensible object of our journey, was played to an exciting finish, and won by St. John's.

Our own scheme for the re-building and extension of Moore College enabled us to enter fully into the hopes and aspirations of our fellow-tutors and our fellow-students at St. John's. We were quite competent to appreciate the possibilities of the site, and admire the plan of a magnificent quadrangle surrounded by an up-to-date series of academic buildings—an inspiring vision of which the present commodious structures are the earnest and the pledge.



[Photo by F. Shaw.]

Our further ambition of making Moore College a residential centre, where candidates for Holy Orders may be trained for the Matriculation, and read for the Arts degree of the University of Sydney is leading us to watch with keen interest and sympathy the experiment at St. John's, in which the establishment of a Country Residential College is contemplated, where students may work for Matriculation and degrees in Arts and Divinity of the University of London.

We extend congratulations to our young sister College upon its present achievements, and offer it our prayers and best wishes of success, in the highest sense of the term, in its spiritual, educational and constructional endeavours.

G.C.G.

FURTHER "WANDERINGS."

Take them as they stand, a finer lot of people cannot be found than the "barbaroi" of any country. They of the West of England are no exception to the rule. Crowds of artists may seek to paint for our admiring gaze the natural beauty of the Duchy, while men like Sir A. Quiller-Couch may, with sympathetic pen, capture our hearts' interest for the people; yet there is always much for the lay mind to discover and enjoy.

Should you wonder—having crossed the Tamar—why so many of the villages bear strange sounding saints' names, you will not be left long in doubt. The devil was bent on entering Cornwall, but ere that happened he was told of the famous pasties into which every oddment goes without reserve. Fearing for his skin he wisely kept to the right side of the river. Hence the favourable condition of that land made it a "Saints' Rest" (with apologies to Baxter).

One cold January day we "berthed" our van next to the wall of the church-yard in a north coast parish, some two miles from the sea. The climatic conditions were more than favourable for the following mistake! A man found us out soon after our arrival, and began his history. We found him a man of many parts and interests in life; we learnt of his past fears and future prospects which somehow or other seemed to gather around his cow, the fishing season, and his children. The boys were well discussed; then, suddenly (as I thought) he switched on to the weather, for he spoke of two fine "mittens" that he had. I thought it right to say that there was nothing to compare with mittens on these particular days, and that that was the very thing I needed. It was some while after before I discovered that what I thought was "mittens" was "middens," which, in turn, was meant for maidens! I wondered what the impression, in the man's mind, of the missionary had been!

Religion and superstition blend, as shown in the Cornish litany: "From ghoulies and ghosties and four leggity beasties, and things which go bump in the night—good Lord deliver us."

This mixture was well revealed in the revivals of days gone by; the chapel would be crowded; the excitement intense. When a certain point had been reached in the service, and confession of sin made, then ensued the anti-climax which took the form of "hunting the devil." The lights would be put out, and the utmost confusion immediately followed. With substantial cudgels the whole mob would

hunt the devil out of doors. "There ee be; no 'ere; look-ee ther ee goes; whack! whack!" No doubt there was a plentiful supply of broken heads afterwards. Until now a deep respect for things religious obtains, and for the "passon." In the past this was even more obvious. It is told of one who was in charge of a well-known parish (which has a fine Norman Church near to the cliff), that he would take his share of "wreckage" in "praper style, mister." One Sunday a messenger interrupted Divine service with the cry, "wreck!" Those who instinctively moved were instantly checked by the parson who said, "Nô one is to leave until I have given the blessing." Meanwhile he stalked to the west end, pulling off his robes as he went; turning round at the doorway he said, "Now we all start fairly; follow me." I am almost persuaded to believe this story of the past!

V.S.W.M.

—:0:—

SOLITUDE.

Those who live in the country will forgive me, if for a moment I draw the attention of their urban brethren to the virtues of solitary contemplation. Whether, because the facilities of modern transport make it possible, or for some other reason, people in towns have latterly brought "mobbing together" to a fine art.

They never seem happy unless attending a football match, a cinema, on some other entertainment in herds. It is, as the publicist would say, a portent of the age.

I am the last to suggest that being present at a cinema performance or a football match is wrong, or even inadvisable, and I realise that we cannot each of us have a cinema performance or a football match to himself. But at the risk of being thought old-fashioned, I will suggest that to be alone and to reflect now and again is not a bad thing. We need not go into deep questions of mass-psychology and herd instinct, in fact I know nothing whatever about them, but on the other hand, I do know that the great figures of history have felt the need of solitude.

A man, whose name I have forgotten, once said in connection with some questions of conduct, "After all, the one person you've got to live with is yourself." Nowadays people it seems, become a little afraid of themselves, they, as they put it, cannot bear to be alone, though there is nothing on their conscience, worthy of reproach. They are apt to acquire opinions ready-made from a newspaper, and feel

unhappy unless going somewhere with other people to do something not very important, with a view ultimately to leaving that spot and returning to the point of departure in order to go on somewhere else. I am quite sure that none of us is so dreadfully spiritual that the idea of sitting down, say, once a month and taking stock of himself and of his life is unbearable.

On the other hand it is not unprofitable to ask oneself occasionally, "What am I doing, where am I going, and why?"

A.E.

—:O:—

AUSTRALIAN COLLEGE OF THEOLOGY.

Th.L. Examinations—1927.

Completed Th.L. Second Class, Meyer, F. H.
Pass: Williamson, G.; Elliott, F. E.; Whonsbon-Aston, C. W., Tuck, R. J.
Also Miss S. Ayre, Deaconess House.
One Part: Reynolds, C. E. A., Mutton, A. A., Mitchell, V. S. W., Mathers, G. R., Olds, J. F. G.

Held over—Ashcroft, R. G. B.

There are two parts in the examination, but only one part can be taken at a time. Moore College was responsible for twelve names on the list. A candidate "held over" need not sit again for the same part.

—:O:—

OVERHEARD IN THE COMMON-ROOM.

As He Saw It.

An old batchelor editor, thus in his spite, comments on a recent moonlight night: "We left our sanctum at midnight, and on our way home we saw a young lady and gentleman holding a gate on its hinges. They were evidently wild at being kept out so late, as we saw them bite each other several times!"

The Abode of Safety.

A clergyman, during his first curacy, found the ladies of the parish too helpful. He soon left the place. Some while later he met his successor. "How are you getting on with the ladies?" asked the escaped curate. "Oh, very well," was the answer, "there's safety in numbers." "I found it in Exodus," was the reply.

Ready to Oblige.

It was the young wife's first party, and she entered the kitchen to consult the cook on the subject. "We are having a few friends in for a musical evening to-night, Bridget," she explained, "and I want you to do your best." "Sure, mum," replied Bridget, "I haven't sung for years, but you can put me down for 'Come into the Garden, Maud!'"

Took the Hint.

A very good story is told of a certain clergyman (who shall be nameless if he pays his subscription to "Societas" immediately), who asked the vergor for a glass of water to be put in the pulpit. After the service he remarked jokingly: "It might have been whisky and soda for all the congregation knew, Thomas!" The next Sunday, when he sipped the contents of the glass before commencing his sermon, he was astonished to find that his glass did contain spirits. Underneath the glass was a piece of paper with the words, "I took the hint, sir."

CRICKET.

The Annual Cricket Match between the Clergy and the Students was played on St. Paul's Oval on Monday, November 14th, and it resulted in a win for the Clergy. This match is an event which is always looked forward to with interest, and we congratulate the Clergy on their win.

For the Clergy, Mr. Pearce made top score, with the half century, whilst Mr. Rook came second with 32.

For the Students, R. Dillon and C. Alexander compiled 29 runs each. The total scores of the match were:—

The Clergy	208
The Students	99



[Photo by F. Shaw.
The Clergy Match.

The Students met a team of the "Deaf and Dumb" Institution on October 24th, and were strong enough to defeat them. This is the third victory against this team we have had for a great many years.

For the Students, A. Elliott compiled 35 runs, being top score, whilst F. E. Elliott came second with 29.

For the Institution, Mr. Lobb compiled 35 runs.

The final scores were:—

The Students	151
The Institution	111

:o:

EXCHANGES.

We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following:—"The King's School Magazine," "Record of Life and Work" (St. John's, Morpeth).

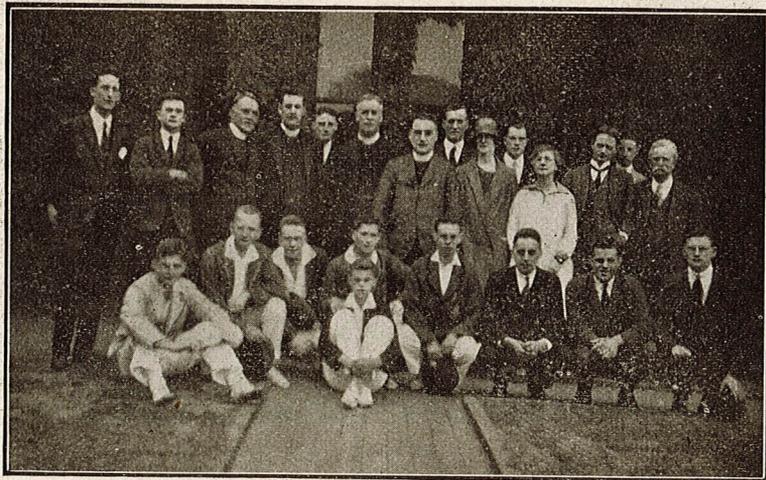
TENNIS.

Extract from the "Maitland Daily Mercury," Friday, October 14th, 1927:—
"The Students of Moore College, Sydney, visited Morpeth early this week, and were the guests at St. John's College, for three days. On Tuesday, the 11th, the Students played their annual tennis match with Moore College, which resulted in a win for St. John's by 5 games.

The match itself was a hard one, and evenly contested, the result being 4 sets all, 39 games to 34.

For many years it has been the custom for these two Colleges to meet at tennis. Previously the matches were played at Sydney, when St. John's men were passing through at the end of term. This year it was possible to invite Moore College to Morpeth, as it is now more central than when the College of St. John's was at Armidale.

The visitors enjoyed their stay, and have accepted the Warden's invitation to visit again next year."



[Photo by F. Shaw.
Moore v. St. John's Return Match, at Moore College.

There are two good courts at St. John's.

A return match was arranged for the 17th of November, at Moore College. A most enjoyable afternoon's tennis resulted in a win for Moore College by four games.

Among those present we were pleased to see the Principal and Mrs. Davies, the Vice-Principal, and the members of the Moore College Committee.

Results:—The score was:—
Moore College, 4 sets 35 games.
St. John's, 4 sets 31 games.

The College was represented by C. W. Dillon, R. Dillon, F. A. S. Shaw, K. Saunders, R. Dillon taking the place of K. Brodie, who played at Morpeth.

Afternoon tea was served in the Library. Our guests stayed for dinner, and were entertained by the Students during the evening.

C. W. DILLON,
Sports Secretary.

The College Team.



[Photo by F. Shaw.]

Top Row:—F. Shaw, C. Dillon (Capt.), K. Saunders.
Bottom Row:—C. Alexander (Umpire), K. Brodie.

—:O:—

C.E.M.S. NOTES.

Admission of New Members.

This term we have had the pleasure of welcoming five new members into the fellowship of our branch of the C.E.M.S. The Service of Admission took place in the Chapel on Friday, 11th November, at which the following were made full members:—Messrs. E. Almond, R. T. Hallahan, R. A. Johnson, E. L. Millard, and E. G. Thorpe.

Weekly Devotional Services.

Perhaps the best expression of our Corporate Life is to be found in our Friday midday Devotional Services. Most of us find it hard at times to realise the essential nearness of the Master, and in this hour we are enabled to become more deeply conscious of His Presence—"closer to us than breathing, nearer than hands and feet"—and so this hour has come to be a real joy in our lives. We wish to extend our heartfelt thanks to the following Clerical friends who have assisted to make these Services so helpful: the Vice-Principal, and the Revs. Canon E. Howard Lea, J. W. Ferrier, W. G. Hilliard, A. G. Moore (Lismore), E. R. Elder, J. Bidwell, P. J. Evans, R. Harley-Jones, and H. Barder.

Open-Air Meetings.

For various reasons we did not see the advisability of carrying on our Open-Air Meetings this Term. This does not mean that we have abandoned them altogether, for we feel that we cannot afford to miss the blessing that comes from this work. On the contrary, we intend to re-commence them as soon as possible, and hope that next year we shall be able to continue them with even greater success than has attended our efforts in the past.

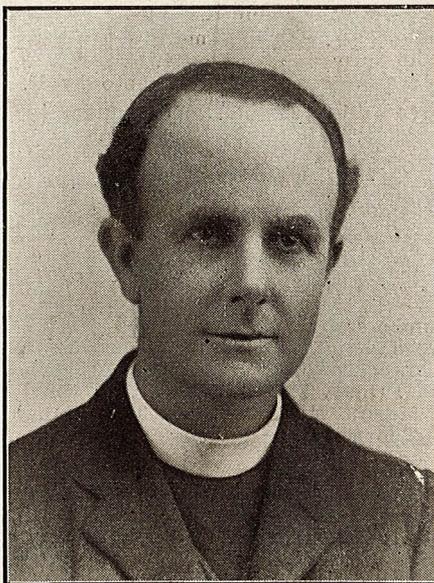
H. E. S. DOYLE,
Hon. Secretary.

THE FIRST BISHOP OF CENTRAL TANGANYIKA.

At the beginning of this year it was decided that the Church Missionary Society of Australia and Tasmania should undertake the responsibility of providing the external financial support for the new Missionary diocese of Central Tanganyika, in what was formerly German East Africa. The Society was asked to nominate the first Bishop subject to the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury. The choice fell upon the Rev. G. A. Chambers, M.A., B.Ec., the Rector of Dulwich Hill, Sydney, who was Federal Commissioner for the C.M.S., and he was consecrated in Canterbury Cathedral on All Saints' Day, November 1st, 1927.

The new Bishop is a graduate of St. Paul's College, in the University of Sydney, and was trained for the Ministry under the late Canon Jones, at Moore College.

He was ordained Deacon in 1901, to the curacy of St. Clement's, Mosman, and was Vice-Principal of Moore College from 1904 to 1911, when he was appointed Rector of Holy Trinity, Dulwich Hill.



His work at Holy Trinity has been marked by the erection of a fine new Church, and the purchase of a Rectory. In 1913 he founded Holy Trinity Grammar School, which made such progress that it now occupies the fine site in Hurlstone Park, formerly occupied by the State Agricultural School. During the years 1917-1919 he was in England as Australian deputation for the Colonial and Continental Church Society, and also did educational work with the A.I.F. in France. He was Archbishop's Chaplain for the Lay Readers from 1910-1919, and early in 1922 he became one of the three Trustees of Moore College. He has been Secretary of the Board of Examining Chaplains for the Archbishop of Sydney since 1911. He is fourth in the episcopal succession of Moore College Students, his predecessors being the first two Bishops of Bendigo and the present Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Sydney.

A.S.C.M.

The Michaelmas Term has been a very busy one—not for this branch of the movement, but for the Students connected with it. Preparation for examinations has had first call upon everybody's time. Consequently, interests such as ours have temporarily fallen into the background.

However, we have found time to listen to three visiting speakers. On Thursday, November 11th, Brothers Martyn and Edwards, in representing "The Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd," spoke to and enlightened us, upon the growing and perplexing problems of the very remote country districts.

On Thursday, 24th November, Miss Claydon, who is home on furlough, gave a very interesting illustrated lecture, upon the work among the natives in the Punjab. Besides the main problems, political and social problems were placed before us in such a way, as to make us understand just how men and women are needed in the Mission field, and, above all, how helpful are the prayers and the monetary support of all who may be able and are willing to help. The position in India is very grave, and the prayers of all are humbly solicited.

Here are two illustrations of missionary work at home and abroad. And we cannot help thinking how noble those persons are, who give their whole life, or part of it, to the glorious work of carrying the Gospel of Jesus Christ to those who have such dire need of it. Our sympathy and our prayers are always with them. As embryo ministers of that same Gospel, many of us hope in the future to render the highest service possible, either here in our own land, or abroad. Meanwhile, in our present position, we must remember the A.S.C.M. call to service, and bear in mind those who are at our very door, and have sore need of us.

KEITH BRODIE,

Hon. Secretary.

CHURCH STORES

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"WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST?"

(St. Matthew, 22:42.)

"What do ye think of Christ?" He asked,
And asks again to-day,
Because He loves to know if we
Have really found the way.

"What do we think of Christ?" we ask,
At first with doubt and shame,
Because by thoughtless acts and words
We've caused our Lord much pain.

"What do ye think of Christ?" He asks,
With loving patience still,
Because He knows each human soul
Must offer first his will.

"What do ye think of Christ?" He asks,
With still small voice, yet clear,
A still small voice that will persist
Until we deign to hear.

"What do we think of Christ?" Ah! Lord,
Is it with simple faith
We bow our knees before Thy Throne,
And humbly crave Thy Grace.

We think of Thee as Saviour, Friend,
As Prophet, Priest and King,
Thee do we love, for Thee we work,
To Thy dear Cross we cling.

To suit F. Shaw's Hymn tune, which appeared in this year's Easter Number of
"Societas."

—"Tyro."

:O:

THE FINAL DEBATE FOR THE PEARCE MEMORIAL SHIELD.

This interesting event of the year was held on Tuesday, November 1st, at 8 p.m., at the Y.M.C.A., when our College met Leigh College to debate upon the all-important subject, "That capital punishment should be abolished."

G. R. Mathers was the leader of our team, of which the other members were R. J. Tuck and G. Williamson. Leigh College took the affirmative, while we took the negative.

The subject was well thrashed out before the best audience of the year. Among the distinguished visitors were our Principal, Dr. Anderson, the Principal of St. Andrew's College, and Principal Thatcher, of Camden College.

Leigh College was well fortified with strong arguments, and so won the debate by the narrow margin of three points. This victory gave Leigh the majority of points required to carry off the shield once again. Congratulations!

After the debate the ladies of the Y.M.C.A. dispensed supper to send the victims home happy, and to give strength to the victors to carry home the trophies that were presented to them on this occasion.

During supper time the Shield was presented to Leigh College by our Principal. The Tennis Cup (The Newman Cup), also won this year by Leigh, was presented by Dr. Anderson. After further speeches this interesting and enjoyable social gathering was brought to an end by a hearty vote of thanks to the ladies who had provided the supper.

SYCHAR.

Beside the well He sat that summer day,
And gazed across the valleys and the plain
With eyes that saw the distant harvest-day,
And golden grain.

She came and stooped beside the ancient spring,
Not seeing Him Who sat beside the brink;
And as she filled her pitcher to the brim
Hs asked a drink.

Surprised at His request, she raised her head:
"And who are thou that asketh drink of me?"
"The Fount of Living Waters, Child," He said,
"Come, taste and see!"

She came for water, and refreshment found,
Sweeter than that which flowed from Jacob's well;
Then hastened forth to other souls around
Her joy to tell.

—H.E.S.D.

:O:

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The Editorial Staff wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following amounts since last issue, with very many thanks:—

Donations in response to the appeal made on Commemoration Day: Mrs. K. A. Donkin, £2/2/-; Archdeacon Boyce, £1/1/-; Mrs. Boyce, £1; Bishop D'Arcy Irvine, 10/-; Anonymous, £1.

Other Donations: Rev. F. Jones, 10/-; Rev. S. J. Matthews, 7/-; Messrs. J. E. Baker, A. N. S. Barwick, R. F. Dillon, A. H. Edwards, A. A. Mutton, 5/- each; Major L. J. Danby, 2/-; Rev. R. J. Tuck, 1/-.

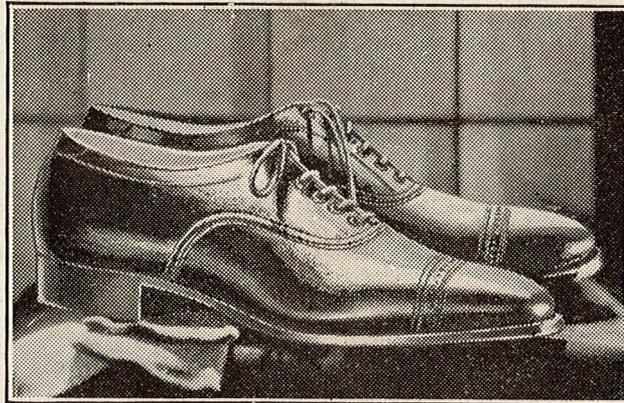
Subscriptions: H. E. S. Doyle, 10/-; Archdeacon Davies, Rev. G. C. Glanville, Rev. T. Knox (1926-27), 6/- each; Revs. F. Jones, C. W. Chandler, Canon W. J. Cakebread, 5/- each; V. S. W. Mitchell, Rev. R. J. Tuck, 4/- each; Rev. G. Polain, 3/6; Rev. J. W. Russell (sales), 4/-; Miss Ayre, Mr. C. W. Dillon, Revs. C. E. Adams, H. Bagot, J. F. Chapple, C. Coleman, A. Colvin, F. Cash, F. Dillon (Ceduna), F. J. Dillon, R. J. Hewett, N. Haviland, C. Kenderdine, C. H. Tomlinson, C. R. King, S. J. Kirkby, O. N. Manny, W. Maltby, A. E. Morris, F. W. Reeve, W. H. Stanger, H. Tate, E. C. Yarrington, S. J. Matthews, 3/- each; C. W. Whonsbon-Aston, R. F. Bradley, R. F. Dillon, J. F. G. Olds, Miss N. Bullard, Rev. S. Turner, Miss T. M. V. Shaw, Miss R. E. Dorman, Miss Hooper, Rev. E. Potter, 2/- each; Rev. A. Killworth, 5/-; F. E. Elliott, G. Williamson, G. R. Mathers, C. J. R. Moran, Major L. J. Danby, Rev. H. W. Mullens, Messrs. G. Newman, C. B. Alexander, R. B. Dransfield, F. Shaw, A. A. Mutton, R. A. Ezzy, F. W. R. S. Shaw, S. C. Van-Breda, A. N. S. Barwick, J. E. Baker, A. P. Wade, J. Cable, T. Whiting, K. Gardner, M. A. Payten, A. E. Gardner, R. A. Johnson, R. T. Hallahan, E. L. Millard, G. Mottram, E. G. Thorpe, Revs. F. Meyer, F. A. Walton, 1/- each; Rev. J. F. Russell, 3/-.

Many thanks to all those who have supplied articles for this issue of "Societas."

Also many thanks to our advertisers, and seeing that their advertisements in our Magazine help to lessen expenses, we would ask those who patronise these advertisers from time to time just to mention that they belong to the College, or are interested in the College and its "Societas."—Editor.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

- "Blewie."—All things are possible, but do you really believe? Inspirational Greek must be a great strain to your faith, both in your own abilities and in the correctness of the Authorised Version.
- "Roy."—Your article, "The Soup Taster," was rejected because of lack of originality. We all knew that the last state of that soup was worse than the first.
- "Perce."—We all knew that you were to play the part of Julius Caesar, but we did not know that your fall was to be so early in the morning.
- "Mutt."—Please do not take Hymn 66 too seriously, take a tip from Hymn 68.
- "Baldy."—We advise you to apply to "Little Ivy" for advice as to tonsorial restoration.
- "Lugs."—Your rendering of "My heart is in the Mountains" is too touching, try "Home, Sweet Home."
- "Poms."—Your articles are "awfully" fine. What? But they do not enlighten us upon such subjects as:—"The Real Bushman," "Submarines in the Drain-pipe," "The English Mission to Sydney," "The English Order of Evangelists," "Sunday Sport in the Bush," "Free train fares for Confirmees."
- "Harold."—It is not the recognised custom to gargle with soap. We advise you to try strychnine.
- "Ken."—Innovations in the Common Room lead us to ask whether you are upholding Bishop Barnes or introducing Romanism.
- "Eric."—If you desire to know more about this country apply to "Poms."
- "Keith."—"Ignorance is bliss." Hence "Ginger" takes her kittens to the back Lecture Room mat.
- "Marie."—We still fail to understand why the "Tin Hare" does not run on Tuesday nights.



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DAVID JONES'

THE TRAVELLER'S SONG.

The Sun was shining down my country road,
When I left home that day;
And Nature smiled because I followed God
Along His way.

The Travellers seemed so kind, the world was good;
I loved my journey then—
I was not yet outside my shady wood
To talk with men.

And as I journeyed things were not the same—
The road was hard to-day—
The travellers scarcely smiled—if any came
My lonely way.

I found that grass could fade and flowers die,
And men be changeful, too;
That where I hoped to find the Truth—a lie
There only grew.

I sought for peacefulness—it is not here
Along this dusty track;
And where was once a smile now comes a tear—
Shall I go back?

Shall I go back along another road
Where cowards love to lie?
I cannot go! I cannot leave my Christ
Again to die!

Tho' Cowards fly when odds around them move,
The crown is worth the Pain—
Then up, my soul!—And onward in His love
To fight again!

—R. B. Dransfield.

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