

# SOCIETAS

THE MAGAZINE OF  
MOORE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE  
SYDNEY.

LENT TERM, 1929

EASTER ISSUE.

FULL COLOUR PLATE OF CANTERBURY  
CATHEDRAL.

BISHOP BARNES, by "Cantab."

THE CHAPLAIN'S VISIT, by Bishop D'Arcy Irvine.

CONSISTENCY AND COMPROMISE, by the Vice-Principal.

ANZAC IMPRESSIONS, by Participant.

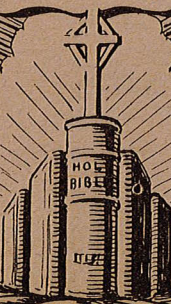
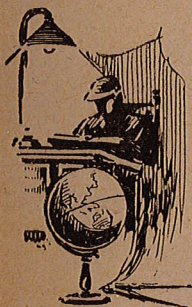
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# SOCIETAS

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## EDITORIAL.

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### *"Non Inferiora Secuti."*

The implications of our College Motto might well be expressed by that homely phrase of Emerson's "Hitch your waggon to a star!" Such has always been the aim of "Societas," and it has grown within the short space of six years from a smudgy, typewritten "rag" to a high-class, progressive publication, with a pictorial cover and three-colour frontispiece.

No feeling of surprise can be evinced at the progress which our magazine has made during the past few years when one recalls the sterling qualities of those who have wielded the Educational Pen—Davidson, Stanger, Matthews, Chandler, Shaw, and Dransfield. They have truly endeavoured themselves to carry out to the full the ideals of "Societas" as outlined in an earlier issue, namely, to find space in its columns for variety, comprehension, fresh air and sunshine, freedom of discussion, broad sympathies, the claims of good fellowship to survive and surmount divergence of opinion, the necessity in the Ministry for a high standard of culture and intellectual attainment, indifference to "the petty interests which now consume the priestly mind," and an attempt to link up the past with the present by making "Societas" widely recognised as the official organ of their Alma Mater.

Thanks to those who have had the welfare of "Societas" at heart in times past, it has weathered the storms of what amounted to almost financial despair, but even now "Societas" does not receive anything like the support from Old Students to which it is entitled.

Real progress can only be made when all students, past and present, stand behind the Editorial Staff and support their efforts in encouraging a wider interest to be taken in our College, by sending along matter for publication, and by contributing towards the cost of its production.

In this way the bond of fellowship between those who have "gone before" and those who are "coming after" will become more real and abiding; the welfare of the old College will be advanced; and the watchword of "Societas" will be upheld—

*"Non Inferiora Secuti!"*



## EDITORIAL NOTES

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The advent of a new Cook has been hailed with much joy by the Students. We hope that she will long continue to supply the needs of the "inner man."

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We are pleased to notice that two more firms have entrusted us with their advertising, Messrs. Angus and Coote Ltd. and Miss M. Corner. We commend them to your support.

---

Since the Principal has been in occupation of his new residence, the old residence has been used as a hostel.

---

Our sincere sympathies go out to Sid Mainstone at the "Home-call" of his parents.

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May we congratulate the Committee on having the walls of the College corridors repainted during the long vac.? We hope the day will not be far distant when we shall see our long-promised new College become a tangible reality.

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Many thanks to the Editor of the "New Nation" for so kindly lending us the blocks for printing our coloured frontispiece.

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We are also very grateful to Mr. R. A. Payten, Mervyn's brother, for designing the new cover for "Societas." It certainly adds to the attractiveness of our magazine.

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The trams and 'buses still rattle by the walls of the Chapel. We must say that the "music" of their swiftly turning wheels is not exactly conducive to meditations, unless it is meditations of what may be expected when we get our new Chapel!

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We express our sincere sympathy to the Principal in his recent sorrow incurred by the death of his mother.

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A very neat lapel badge, embodying the Moore College crest, may be obtained through the Principal or the Senior Student by any bona fide Old Students for the small sum of 2/6, postage extra.

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## TO ALL OLD STUDENTS.

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### AN APPEAL.

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An offer has been made by a supporter of our College Magazine to have a complete set of past issues of "Societas" bound together and indexed so that a permanent record of its progress may be kept in the College Library.

Sad to say, several issues of "Societas" are missing from the Editorial files. Would any generously-minded Old Student who has copies of the Trinity, 1924; Michaelmas, 1924; Trinity, 1925; and Lent, 1926, issues kindly send them to the Editor, so that he may take advantage of the above kind offer?



## BISHOP BARNES

### Personal Memories and Impressions.

(By "Cantab."—"S.M.H.," 12th February, 1926.)

There is no doubt that the present Bishop of Birmingham is one of the outstanding personalities in the Church of England to-day. It is almost a quarter of a century since I first met him. Little did any of us think in those days that he would be where he is now.

I remember the first occasion very well. It was in Neville's Court, Trinity College, Cambridge, wherein are those cloisters that contain a famous echo, famous because it is said to have suggested to Sir Isaac Newton the method by which he measured the velocity of sound. Half-way along the northern side of the cloisters is a door that now opens into an extension of the College Library, but which was then a lecture room. In this room were a number of men sitting for the College Entrance Examination, a mere formality for most of them, but for some of them a most anxious ordeal. All was quiet but for the occasional rustling of papers and the creak of a chair. Some of the candidates were thinking of the three small emoluments which would be awarded on the results of the examination—emoluments which would make it just possible to meet the expenses of a college career. The tension of their feelings may be imagined. The competitors were the last of the examinees to leave the room. It is at such moments that a kindly word or gesture leaves the deepest mark on a grateful memory.

#### Barnes Himself.

At the invigilator's table sat a young Fellow of the College with a pale, keen countenance, out of which looked a pair of searching grey eyes. When he got up from his chair to collect the papers, he was seen to be tall, with a stoop, and he walked with a swaying gait. As he passed out of the room with the anxious candidates he held himself neither aloft nor aloof. I do not remember his exact words, but I remember the pleasant smile and the kindly interest that made us feel at home in circumstances that were strange and almost overpowering.

A day or two later he met me in the College precincts, and said he was glad to hear that I had been successful. Thereafter our courses lay apart. He was a "don," a lecturer in mathematics, and an authority on his subject. I was a mere "fresher," one of a crowd, making a start in quite another line of study. But that friendly contact was never forgotten—it is a feature of the university and college life at Oxford as well as at Cambridge—my Oxford friends will appreciate this. It is the collegiate system that fosters such friendliness between "dons" and undergraduates. It is "education" in the best sense of that over-worked epithet.

Almost a year later we were astonished to learn that E. W. Barnes had been admitted into Holy Orders. He was announced to preach the usual Sunday morning sermon in the College Chapel. It was his



first sermon, I believe. There was a large and expectant audience. Their expectations were justified. The details of the sermon have escaped me, but the text was: "What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" (Mark 8:36,37). In the course of his sermon he lamented the decadence that seemed to display itself in the ideals and culture of the day. He appeared to have in mind a strange cult that was attracting some of the most active and brilliant minds among the undergraduates.

His sermon gripped the attention of a congregation that usually tolerated sermons with an obvious air of boredom. Here was a teacher of the sciences proclaiming the absolute supremacy of spiritual and moral values; nay more, the absolute necessity of a deep and strong personal religion to make life really worth living. The preacher was in deadly earnest. It was a wholesome shock for some of the "superior sort" to hear the simple message coming directly and forcibly from a man of forceful intellect, who was supposed to be mainly concerned with the complex abstractions of fine mathematics. Directness, earnestness, and sincerity are still as characteristic of the Bishop of Birmingham to-day as they were of "Barnes of Trinity" twenty-odd years ago.

#### A Parson.

Some time afterwards I met a man who had been a contemporary of his as an undergraduate. He was amazed to hear that Barnes had become a parson. "When I was up at Trinity," he said, "Barnes was a hard-headed agnostic." At any rate, he thought he was. Perhaps this incident may explain the strength of the appeal that Barnes' preaching exerted upon the thoughtful hearer, who could feel certain that the preacher had fairly faced the problems of the faith he proclaimed.

Yet while his sermons always commanded attention, it was in other directions that he earned distinction. He became a Doctor of Science in 1907, and a Fellow of the Royal Society two years later. Not only mathematical research and teaching, but practical college duties claimed his energies. As Junior Dean he was responsible for the discipline of the rank and file of the undergraduates in a community of some six hundred men. Then, for seven years, he was a tutor, which gave him still heavier responsibilities for the welfare of those to whom he stood practically *in loco parentis*, for such is the position of a college tutor in our ancient universities. Hence he had abundant opportunities for the handling of men and of personal dealing with them. It also seemed as if he were to be a college "don" for life.

But in 1915 he was appointed Master of the Temple, essentially a position for a preacher. It was a great change from Cambridge, especially after spending twenty years in academic life. But another change came in 1919. He was appointed to a canonry at Westminster, where he occupied number three of the historic residences in Little Cloisters, a surprising oasis of peace and beauty, so secluded that its very existence is not suspected by the crowds that pass by on the pavements or in the ceaseless stream of vehicles that flows through the heart of the Empire. On several occasions I was a guest at number six, and so a neighbour



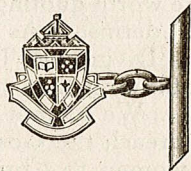
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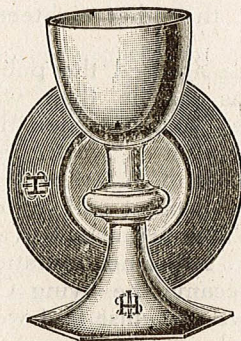
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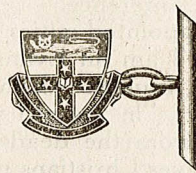
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of his, and was able to appreciate in a measure the opportunities and advantages of such a position.

The Bishop of Birmingham was a Birmingham boy. He was a brilliant pupil of the famous King Edward's School at Birmingham, and he ought to have been expertly familiar with local circumstances and traditions. It was a courageous act to offer him the appointment, and it was equally courageous on his part to accept it.

### A Marked Man.

He had become a marked man. He was accused of being a "modernist," and so his orthodoxy was more than doubtful in the eyes of extreme men of both parties. In a sermon preached in Cardiff, when the British Association met there in 1920, he criticised the cruder theories as to the origin of sin, and was accused of heresy on the Fall of Man. Later on he preached the concluding sermon at a historic gathering of "Modern Churchmen" at Girton, near Cambridge, in 1921. In this sermon he declared himself to be an "Evangelical" to everyone's great surprise.

Hitherto it had been almost impossible to "place" him in the scale of churchmanship. Some time after I had taken my degree we were both coming out of the Great Gate of Trinity College. After a few kindly inquiries he said to me, as we were reaching the point where Trinity Street turns into St. John's Street: "During vacation on Sunday morning I come out of the College and go to the corner of St. John's



Street and Bridge Street, and then I say to myself, 'Shall I go to St. Giles and have a service, or shall I go to the Round Church and hear a sermon?' " Those who know Cambridge will appreciate his remark. For the benefit of others it is necessary that St. Giles' represented what is now called "Anglo-Catholicism." It was one of the half-dozen churches of that type in Cambridge, the other eighteen were nearly all "Evangelical."

The Girton Conference aroused the public interest, and no little controversy. Canon Burns, as he then was, contributed a paper on "The Centrality of Jesus," and preached the sermon at the close of the Conference. That sermon is worth reading, especially by the self-appointed critics of the Bishop. A few sentences are worth quoting:—

"I am an Evangelical; I cannot call myself a Modernist. As you know, I answer all the questions just asked" (as to the Divinity of Jesus Christ) "in the old way. . . I feel no hesitation in affirming that Jesus rose from the dead and became the living Christ. . . We cannot call ourselves Christians unless we recognise that we must preach the Gospel: that we must go out and labour to bring men and women to Christ!"

Dr. Barnes may seem to have gone rather far on the way to meet the "Modern Churchman;" others may think he ought to go further, but the main thing he really stands for is personal devotion to Jesus Christ as Saviour and Lord of all men and all things, and he would remind us that, as St. Paul said long ago, "we know in part, and we prophesy in part," and that on many questions of vital import we have by no means reached the last word.

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#### ON PREACHING.

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A mighty voice came unto Snorasnoose,  
Saying, Get up and preach—preach what you choose.

It's not often that I'm obliged to go back so far beyond the first of January and poke round among the rubbish of dark ages to scrape up arguments in support of my calling; but what I have here gathered shows conclusively that I have the same right to preach anything I please, as had Snorasnoose of old. This renowned man lived at a time when the people all spoke dead languages; therefore we can't have the benefit of his writings, except a few passages that have been translated by some of us learned men. Our language, my friends, is only a dialect, made out of the Ethiopian, Dutch, Irish, Kickapoo, and others. It's a living language now; but it won't be much longer; it has been murdered most extensively by students—so much so that I hardly know it. I have preached since I was no older than a very small man; and I defy all creation to show where I ever slaughtered a single sentence of English.

A voice came unto me similar to that which aroused Snorasnoose, and told me to open my mouth and preach what I had a mind to, without fear of persecution, prosecution, or elocution. It didn't say, "Go into the bush and preach the gospel to the "'Roos;" but it spoke of my kindred at home—pointed out their errors—laid bare their iniquities—and told me to be up and doing. I reflected, pondered, meditated and



became inflated. I saw they had all gone astray; they worshipped idols—did those things they ought not to do, and left undone those things which they ought to have done. The monster, Vice, rose up before me like a spirit of darkness from the infernal regions of torment, and poor frightened Virtue spread her gaudy pinions to the air and cut it for heaven as though Beelzebub was after her.

I went forth immediately armed and equipped as the Theological Law directs (Part.  $1\frac{1}{2}$  Th. L.;  $\frac{1}{4}$  Soc.;  $\frac{3}{8}$  Th. Sch. etc.), to grapple with the monsters prowling at large. How far I have accomplished my project it remains for you to judge. When I first entered upon the duties of my professions I preached to a barn-full of barbarians, who scarcely knew B from a bag of bran.

There they sat, men, women, and children mingled together. Here were seen grey hairs of age, raven locks of manhood, and tow-heads of youth. I, perched upon a kerosene tin, dealt out such doctrines as were most needed. I pointed out their errors—and warned them to repentance; and when I stated that between some of them and eternity there was but a single plank, they all looked significantly at the old barn floor and began to shiver and shake. My preaching was not without effect. I wrought a change among them, for which I received the thanks of the congregation and a bowl of soup. The good work shall go on. I will preach; the steam is up; and I will go ahead. Backed by sound doctrines, I will square off to opposition, shoot folly, put a half-Nelson on sin, and lick Satan out of the land. I go in for good works and just enough faith to pickle them, but Sydney has been weighed in the balances and found wanting by several pounds and some shillings! All here seem sure of heaven because they believe in one. This won't do. Now, my brethren, I wish to operate on you, so that you may go forth as samples of piety manufactured by me, in order that ten righteous people, at least, may be found. Men! be true to your wives; hand over your wages every week. Women! remember your solemn vows and leave your husband's pockets alone. Boys and girls! if your parents will not instruct you, instruct yourselves and then teach **them** a thing or two. To one and all I say, "Act as becometh rational beings and don't condemn my preaching!"

—"WOWSER."



#### WELCOME.

We are glad to welcome to our fellowship Alan Begbie, another son of our former student, Canon H. S. Begbie; Charlie Hammond, who hails from "up country"; Karl Luders, one of last year's night students and Johnnie Vaughan, late of Blacktown, Ceduna and goodness knows where else!

May their term at College prove to be both happy and blessed, and may they prove themselves worthy sons of our Alma Mater.



## CONSISTENCY AND COMPROMISE.

"I never compromise." Is that a right attitude to adopt? It may be argued that the world to-day needs nothing so much as strong, stalwart, uncompromising men. The world has suffered much, the Church and Christian character have suffered still more, from a proneness and willingness to make terms with evil.

If a problem involved sacrifice of moral principle undoubtedly one would be right in thrusting the temptation resolutely to one side. If, however, it involved only matters of policy or method, concerning which a strong personal preference might be held, but about which equally honest opinions might differ, a new situation would present itself. In the realm of method it might be clearly one's duty to meet one's neighbour half way, and, if compelled by one's colleague to go a mile, cheerfully to gird oneself for a "second mile." In the realm of principle a man must stand unflinchingly for his convictions.

The temptation is twofold. Self-interest may urge a man to assign to the realm of policy or method a matter involving principle. Quite as often that imperious sense of self to which very conscientious men are prone may impel the man to thrust a question of mere policy up to the realm of principle. Great causes have suffered from the moral weakness of leaders who have sold principles in the interests of a false or mistaken toleration. Little less have great causes suffered from the obstinate self-will of stalwarts who would take no way but their own to the desired goal. Most of the divisions which rend the Christian Church to-day have had their origin in the unwillingness of good men to be patient with the ideas or customs of other good men. Both sides entrenched themselves behind the breastworks of "principle," discussion ceased and schism triumphed. It has been said that all great thoughts come from the heart, but that it is wise for them to come round by the head.

There are two kinds of compromise—the one legitimate, the other not. It is wrong deliberately to suppress or mutilate an idea in order to make it accord with current prejudice. There is, however, nothing wrong in acquiescing rationally in the fact that the majority of one's contemporaries are not yet prepared to embrace one's own ideas or to conform to them. This involves an energetic and faithful candour in maintaining the truth whether men will hear or forbear. It involves patience with the processes of growth, especially when the time seems long.

—G. C. GLANVILLE.

## THINGS WE'D LIKE TO KNOW.

Who picks up night when it falls?  
Where do fashions go when they go out?  
What caused the window pane?  
Which one is which when a man is beside himself?  
Why did the day break?



## THINGS THAT DO NOT APPEAR IN THE DAILY PRESS.

### No. 5.—My Conviction.

I must agree with the man or woman who says, "We are living in most wonderful times," and I feel a great sense of satisfaction in receiving a request from our noble editor of "Societas" to contribute another article for the College "Rag." To tell the honest truth, however, I have a suspicion that a shortage of material probably prompted the request. But, nevertheless, I have that satisfaction of knowing that the "Rag" cannot continue without my support, and I am again led to exclaim, "My! We are indeed living in most wonderful times!"

Mr. Editor, and dear reader, this is not merely the expression of a sentiment on my part, nor yet does it show that I am prejudiced in any way, but believe me when I say it is my firm and certain conviction, a conviction even greater than the conviction of danger which took hold upon Elijah when, as we have read, "He arose and went for his life." Allow me, therefore, to state in your reliable, readable "Rag" my reasons for entertaining such a conviction, namely, that we are indeed living in most wonderful times.

People who do not think, and who do not know, have said, and still maintain that the Good Old Days are gone forever. I repudiate such a blatantly wrong statement, and I do so with the certainty of having the support of notable graduates from Cambridge, Oxford, London and even Sydney—the support of men who know, men, indeed, who can discuss the full meaning of the word "caris" or expound the nature of

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"machines," or the social and moral value of "truthful papers." Such men, I say, know that we are living in most wonderful times.

Fortified with such moral support, let me proceed to explain the reasons for my conviction. For want of space, College experience must suffice.

First of all, then, the College has developed the wonderful art of reproducing sounds at a distance from their source, that is, we now have two telephones. Entertainment for students of little means and little inclination to exceed the forty-four hour week is now provided free of cost. We have learnt that "the sensation of sound is produced by rapid fluctuations in the pressure of the atmosphere on the tympanum of the ear," and that "if the fluctuations are irregular and non-periodic, the sound is called a noise," and such phenomena are not peculiar to the chapel activity on Tuesdays at noon. During lectures, however, we experience what is called a musical sound, because then we understand that "the fluctuations are cyclic and follow a regular and sufficiently rapid periodic law." The unfortunate part about it all is that there are very few who are privileged to hear this musical sound, and we must admit that the musical ability of the majority must remain a matter of debate, yet all students get at least three shillings and sixpence worth of noise per term. Surely we are indeed living in most wonderful times!

Secondly, the rapid growth of new buildings around us strikes us with wonder and amazement, and we begin to perspire in our concern—especially when we realise that the trained practical psychologist maintains that "anything that grows too fast is not soundly based because foundations are very important." In such wonderful times as these we expect the impossible to eventuate.

Thirdly, we are living in most wonderful times because the seemingly impossible has already come about from an entirely unexpected quarter. Some things take a whole generation, or even a lifetime, to get started, but once started they seem to live and keep on living. I refer to our College "Menu." We trust that it will keep on living and serve. Those who spent a goodly sum to purchase a "feed" and thus miss the "Tuesday's Pie a la carte," returned only to find that they had missed the pork. For encouragement's sake we ask them to peruse Charles Lamb. Indeed, we are living in most wonderful times.

Fourthly, those who have no interest in telephony have developed new methods of causing sensations of sound to travel some distance from their source. One individual sits by his window with an "instrument of musick" testing the ability of the listeners to distinguish between tuning and playing. Another precious specimen of humanity encourages the begging the question impulse. He persists in cooing to the late Thomas Moore and other noble personages in the dining hall twice daily. I don't wish to beg a question, but one must have noticed the increase in the number of cats about the premises during the term. The children are not in this part of the College to encourage them now. Perhaps a branch of the R.S.P.C.A. should be formed among the students. Again I stress the fact of the great wonder of these times in which we are living.



And lastly, the enthusiasm of the great Cricket season, with the visit of our friends from the land of the great Universities and Colleges where thoughtful as well as thoughtless undergraduates abide, has left its impress upon the hearts, minds and souls, as well as upon the lips of our College members. One man, who glories no doubt in the fact that he is a namesake of our most graceful cricketer, has developed an "eleven a side" upon his upper lip, perhaps as a commemoration of the test we won. The other misguided youth is trying to demonstrate the truth in the statement that a man will not go to the place which we are all endeavouring to avoid alone, but will take another with him; so he allows nature to look after his upper lip, thus economising in shaving soap and razor blades. His hair is of that shade which suggests warmth. Perhaps he feels the cold, poor man. Such men as these are allowed to rejoice in the name of Sons of the Free.

Mr. Editor, and reader, I appeal to you: Are we not indeed living in most wonderful times?

A. N. ONLOOKER, Esq.

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#### A.S.C.M. NOTES.

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Our Branch extends a warm welcome to all new members, for whom we emphasise the fact that the movement is a world-wide fellowship of students, who seek through prayer, study and service more fully to know Jesus and His principles of life, and who are willing as they come to realise his claims and power, to follow him in the service of God and their fellow-men.

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

Our annual meeting was held on Thursday, April 4th, 1929. The Treasurer reports a credit balance of (five pounds fourteen and ninepence) £5/14/9. Of this amount £3 has been allocated for the purchase of new books. Here we draw attention to the A.S.C.M. section of the College library, which consists of devotional books, recommended by the Principal, all of which are well worth perusal.

On Thursday, April 4th, Mr. Bligh, of the "White Cross League," gave a very interesting and helpful address, for which we thank him. We have a number of speakers in view for future Thursdays and look forward to more helpful addresses.

It is pleasing to note that this year we will be able to render some practical service by supplying study circle leaders to other branches of the movement. The year has begun well. Let us work together in hope that it will so continue.

KEITH BRODIE, Hon. Sec.

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#### REALLY

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If I really, really trust Him  
 Shall I ever fret?  
 If I really do expect Him  
 Can I e'er forget?  
 If by Faith I really see Him  
 Shall I doubt His aid?  
 If I really, really love Him  
 Can I be afraid?

—F.M.N. (in the "Record of Christian Work")



## THE CHAPLAIN'S VISIT.

By the Rt. Rev. G. A. D'ARCY-IRVINE,  
Bishop-Coadjutor of the Diocese of Sydney.

The sound of the surf breaking on an Australian shore on a day when a great sea was running, came as music to the ears of a man clothed in sober grey, as he approached a building enclosed by high brick walls. Before ringing a forbidding-looking door for admittance, he gazed with wonder in the direction of a breakwater which protected a little harbour, for the waves are coming in, in majestic succession, and every breaker as it struck the masonry sent itself in white spray high into the air. As the man stood looking, there came into his mind a stanza from a poem someone had addressed to the sea—

"And there where the breakwater tremblingly stands  
"And anxiously hears the great breakers' demands,  
"In mountains they thunder and swell;  
"And the lash of the merciless tempest goes past,  
"And thy torrents with fury are wild as the blast,  
"And boulders as playthings they hurl."

The bell was answered by a man in uniform, who, recognising the visitor, led him through to another door, and, selecting a key from a bunch he carried, unlocked the second door, and gravely saluted as the visitor passed in. The building was a prison, the official in uniform a turnkey, and the man in grey the gaol chaplain. Entering a room which opened on the exercise yard, the chaplain saw a company of men in the charge of another official, who stood at the door, and, noticing one whom he did not know, he spoke to him, and said he would like to talk with him alone presently. After a short religious service, which included a homely, almost conversational talk, the men went out, and the chaplain and the new prisoner alone remained. "What is the matter?" said the chaplain. "Why are you here?" His tone was kind, and the man immediately replied, "I don't know."

"What, you don't know?" said the chaplain, "and yet you are here. You must know why."

"No, sir, I don't. I don't know anything about it. I was charged with language and assaulting the police, but I don't know anything about it. I can't remember a thing, but I don't deny it."

"You had been drinking, I suppose?" the chaplain said.

"Yes, I was drinking, and I don't remember a thing."

The chaplain, apparently absent-mindedly, said, "Dear me, can you hear those breakers? How wonderful they are."

"I have nothing else to listen to," said the prisoner, "all the night long."

Changing the subject, the chaplain said, "I think you are a miner."

"Yes," he replied, "that is what I am."

"And," added the chaplain, "you have to work in a stooping posture often. Sometimes even lying on your back, using your pick."

"I've been in the mine and seen the men at work. You earn your money without a doubt."



"That's right," said the man. "We earn the money all right."

"And," continued the Chaplain, for the miner was now interested in the conversation, "you draw your pay once a fortnight on pay Friday, and you come into town on Saturday with money in your pocket."

"That's right," he said, "you know all about it."

"Have you got any of it left to take out with you?"

"Not a brass farthing," replied the man.

"Dear me," the chaplain said again, almost to himself. "Just listen to those breakers. And," he added, "you work very hard?"

"Yes, you know I do. You said you had been there."

Disregarding the miner's slight irritation, the chaplain said abruptly: "What would you think of a man who worked in the pit as hard as you do, who drew his pay on pay Friday, and the next day took it in his pocket and stood on the beach and chucked the money into the sea?"

The miner stared at him in amazement, and said, "What?"

The chaplain repeated the question.

"I should think he was mad," was the emphatic reply.

"Not as mad as you," the chaplain said. "Now listen. You say the man would be mad who would do that; I think so too, for he would

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have lost his money by his own act, after all his hard work in earning it. But you have lost your money, and not your money only, but your liberty, and you've got a sore head. And while you don't deny the charge that was made against you, your money as you spent it, got you into such a state that you can't even remember anything about it; and can't you see man, it's a kind heart, and not a lecturing fool, that said to you just now—'not as mad as you'."

"I see what you're driving at," the miner said; and he grasped the chaplain's hand.

And as the man in grey walked homeward along the sounding beach,

"And watched the tow'ring breakers pour  
Themselves unceasingly  
And spread in ripples at his feet  
While sunbeams kissed the sea,"

he thought of his brother man he had been speaking to, and murmured:  
"That will stick; he will remember that better than a lecture."

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### EXAMINATION LOW CUNNING.

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#### An Incident in a College Study.

("Very low," and not much "cunning."—Ed.)

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'Twas late on a winter's night. Theta had just come from his parish, and Phi had just come in from the pictures. The pot was boiling merrily on the gas ring, and the old teapot stood ready. On the morrow Theta and Phi were to undergo the ordeal of an examination. So when the tea was well and truly brewed, they sat down with their notebooks, and—well it may have been that the tea was too strong or—but at any rate, this is what ensued, and we will leave our readers to judge for themselves.

"What do you think he'll ask us to-morrow?"

"Well, Magna Charta is a cert."

"That is what Cranmer put at the back of the Prayer Book, isn't it?"

"I don't think so, isn't it the preface to the Ordinal?"

"Perhaps you are right, although I always thought that Anselm had something to do with it."

"Did he? On second thoughts, wasn't it the thing that the Pope gave to Lanfranc to help him to dissolve the monasteries in the reign of Henry VIII?"

"Ah, yes, and he was unable to carry it out because the jolly thing got lost in the wash."

"They didn't have laundries in those days, did they?"

"Don't be silly, the Wash was a beautiful stretch of water in England some miles north of Cambridge."

"Oh, yes, I remember; it's a charming ride along a leafy lane on a push-bike."



"That's true; I remember hearing about it from someone or other."  
"Talking about those lanes; do you remember the one that went past Kirkstall Abbey?"

"Oh, yes, 'twas rotten hard luck on the monks, wasn't it?"

"What was?"

"They had to go without any food on Fridays."

"Why, couldn't they get any fish?"

"Of course they couldn't, because all the fish were poisoned by the scourings from the woollen mills of Bradford"

"You know those jolly old monks made England the Australia of Europe."

"They were the mediaeval squatters, I suppose."

"Yes, talking about squatters: They haven't much of a clip this year."

"No, they haven't, and what with other things they are having a pretty thin time."

"What other things?"

"Why, can't you see Australia's absurd tariff policy is killing them? It is a piece of economic suicide."

"Fancy that now, who'd have thought it? Why, I remember when you could buy cabbages for ninepence a dozen."

"So can I, but half of them were bad."

"Yes, but that is what you call the law of diminishing returns, isn't it? Of course, to get a working rationale of this subject, as of any other, you have to settle the question, who wrote the Book of Daniel?"

"Why's that?"

"Well, Daniel was a bit of a philosopher, wasn't he?"

"How do you make that out?"

"Well, he thought things together."

"What things did he think together?"

"Well the lions' jaws for one thing, and Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar for another."

"That may be, but Dr. Somebody-or-other, who ought to know, says that Nebuchadnezzar and Belshazzar were not related at all!"

"That's all he knows about it. I'll guarantee he couldn't answer that question that ——— gave us this morning!"

"What one was that?"

"Surely you remember."

'Brothers and sisters have I none,  
But this man's father is my father's son.' "

"I think you are getting frivolous, so we'd better go to bed."

"Oh all right, but somehow or other I have an idea that Anselm was stoned at the stake because he did not subscribe to the fifty-nine articles."

"Isn't it forty-nine? Anyhow, I'm not going to argue at this time of the night."

—THETA & PHI.



## ANZAC IMPRESSIONS.

The attempt to gather one's thoughts upon any particular subject, or to set down in anything like order a series of impressions, is not an easy task, and I would like to say here and now, that no coherent account of any engagement can be given by a participant. Event follows event with such startling rapidity, that only a trained observer specially equipped and set apart for that task can be relied on to give the proper sequence of incidents together with their relative importance. Nevertheless, the role of narrator can be successfully undertaken by a participant, **if he confine himself to the events in his immediate vicinity**, and exercises due care in the selection and recollection of his experiences.

One has only to recall the derision with which the so-called "Accounts of the Landing by One who was in it," were received by the troops on Gallipoli when the first batch of newspapers arrived there, to feel the truth of what has been said. How we used to laugh, too, at some of the individual impression that were recorded in the "Truthful" and other news (?) sheets that found their way out there to us! Many a muttered threat was heard against those well-meaning home folk who were responsible for the publication of a letter from "my boy at the Front." This was usually the case when the "boy at the front" was known to have really been at the rear, and the glowing description of events which he gave as an eye witness were second-hand.

The most readable narrative of Anzac, and, I think, the most reliable that has come to my notice is that written by Mr. E. Ashmead Bartlett, a special war correspondent with whom I had the pleasure of a chat on board the H.M.S. London, the night before the landing took place. The impressions of that night are with me now, so I may as well jot them down.

Our battalion had been waiting in Mudros Harbour for six weeks for the order to tranship to a battleship from the troopship we were on. During the whole of this time we practised mock landings on the shores of the Isle of Lemnos, much to the edification of the local Greek inhabitants. At last the order came that we were to be taken on board the "London," a battleship of a type now out of date. The order was obeyed with alacrity; if you would know why, spend six weeks on an overcrowded troopship, and then you will not wonder at the enthusiasm with which the order to move was received. That night we spent on the iron deck of the battleship, after being regaled with a mug of hot coffee and rum from the crew's rations. These navy boys also entertained us with an impromptu concert, some of the items of which still remain in the memory in spite of frequent exorcisms (or perhaps because of them, ask the psychologists on that point)! During the night we steamed out of Mudros Harbour, accompanied by a huge flotilla of transport ships and an escort of battleships and cruisers.

Early on the morning of the 25th, having reached the spot opposite what is now known as Anzac Cove, we were lowered into our appointed places in the tow of lifeboats at the ship's side, and when the time came and the signal to "cast off" was given by a midshipman, the steam pinnace with a quiet little "chug chug" commenced the tow of a mile or so.



We had no certain idea of meeting opposition, as our intelligence staff had told us that we had every possibility of getting three or four miles inland before would be observed. The staff, however, proved to be, I will not say false, but at any rate unreliable members of the prophetic guild, for when we were yet a quarter of a mile off shore a solitary ping whiz of a rifle bullet, and the tiny flash of what was probably an alarm signal, made us aware that our presence was known and resented. A further proof of this resentment was not long forthcoming, in the shape of a fusillade of machine gun bullets, and later heavy artillery fire.

By this time, however, we of the "first tow" were ashore, and the writer has a vivid remembrance of cowering in the protection (?) of a sage bush about eighteen inches high.

The next few moments are a dim memory now, and one which I am not over-anxious to freshen; I suppose we all have our moments of cowardice, from which somehow or other we emerge, generally under the pressure of an outside urge. I know that the sight of an Army Med. Corps. sergeant, whom I cordially detested, going about his first-aid work, stirred me up to the recollection that, as medical officer's orderly, I should be likewise engaged, and from then on I was—no credit to me. In the absorption of work the fit of cowardice passed off, at any rate for a time, and one was gradually broken in to the new conditions which meant that one did not "duck" at the sound of every passing missile.

Thus commenced Anzac Day, 1915.

As I rise on Anzac Day, 1929, and ring the college rising bell (the alarm bell), just fourteen years will have passed since these impressions were first recorded on the mind, and I find myself reminded of the old

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saying that the first sign of dotage is anecdotage, so I had better "call a halt," not wishing just yet to be numbered in the ranks of those whose days of labour are drawing to a close.

I believe that Anzac Day, 1929, presents a challenge to us all. During the fourteen years that have passed we have come to realise the futility of war as a means of settling disputes, and we have need of all the vigour and enthusiasm of youth to prevent a recurrence of the conditions which made the war of 1914-1918 possible. The task to which I believe God has so graciously preserved me is just this: to proclaim the truth that if we desire peace (and surely we all do) we must be prepared to sacrifice as much for the cause of peace as we did for the cause of war. Both the motive and the power lie within our grasp in the Person of Him who is our Peace, even our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, "who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross despising the shame and is set down at the right hand of God."

—R. T. HALLAHAN.



(We are always glad to hear of the activities of our Old Students, and hope that they will always keep in touch with their Alma Mater.)

May we congratulate Charlie Kenderdine and Gordon Olds on the recent announcements of their engagements. This is the true "Societas" spirit. As Longfellow says, "He who followeth Love's behest far exceedeth all the rest." So mote it be!

The dedication of the new church at Chatswood is a sign of the progressive nature of the work of our old friend, C. E. Adams.

The Secretary of the Old Students' Union, Canon Cakebread, has just sailed for England. He has promised to send along some English "impressions" for a future issue.

One of our Missionaries, the Rev. C. C. Short, has just returned with his wife and sister-in-law (Miss C. Begbie) from Nairibi.

The Rev. R. B. Robinson, of Leichhardt, who has been away on a trip to England, has taken up his labours in his parish once more.

Len. Sutton, who is now finishing his course of studies at Oxford, hopes to leave the Old Country shortly for Palestine and India, arriving back in Sydney by the end of the year.

The Rev. W. (Bill) Kingston, the energetic and missionary-hearted incumbent of Lakemba, has sailed for Ireland, where he intends to spend six months with his parents.

The Diocese of Grafton is to be congratulated on having three such Moore Collegians amongst its clergy as F. G. Alexander (Dorrigo), Len. Hamilton (Kyogle) and Oliver Manny (Bellingen). F. G. Alexander was Senior Student.

George Polain, we have been told, is very proud of the new additions which he has made to his collection of lantern slides during his recent visit to England and Palestine.



Congratulations to our oldest living Student in active work, the Ven. Archdeacon F. B. Boyce, on having reached the grand age of 85 not out!

Our own Bishop, the Rt. Rev. G. A. D'Arcy Irvine, who has always been a keen supporter of the College, has sent us an interesting contribution, which appears elsewhere in this issue. We hear that soon he will be moving into a new home.

It is said that since his advent to the waterside parish of Woolwich, I. D. Armitage has become quite a prominent personage at J.C.S. meetings.

Fred Jones is now Rector of Cann River, Gippsland, Victoria. In a recent letter he speaks hopefully of the opportunities presented in this new sphere of labour. Freddie, how cann you?

We were sorry to hear that Eric Yarrington (Ambasi, Papua) has been in hospital with pneumonia, and hope he is now well again.

Several new appointments have taken place recently. The Rev. S. H. Denman, to Marrickville; F. H. B. Dillon, to Kurrajong; J. W. Russell, to Adamstown (Newcastle Diocese); G. P. Birk, to St. Thomas, Auburn; Norm. Fox, to St. Andrew's, Summer Hill; W. J. Siddens, to Mortdale and Penshurst; F. Alderton, to Drummoyne; and C. E. A. (Pastor) Reynolds, to Penshurst. "Change and dismay in all around I see!"

Our sincere sympathy goes out to the Rev. John Matthews at the Home Call of his mother, and also on account of the painful accident which he recently sustained.

Amongst our Old Students in the Diocese of Gippsland is Archdeacon D. W. Weir, of Warragul, who has recently been appointed Vicar-General.

Good reports come from Mungindi, where Eric Felton is carrying on such excellent work.

It is interesting to notice how well the Rev. Joshua Hargrave, one of our oldest Students, maintains his strength and vigour. He is often to be seen at Church gatherings.

Is it really true that Ernie Cameron runs his own printing press now? What will you charge for publishing "Societas," old friend? "They could not come nigh unto him for the press!!!"

A very busy man is the Rev. J. F. Chapple, acting secretary of the Home Mission Society during the absence in England of Archdeacon Charlton. Soon he will be inundated with work in connection with the Annual Festival of the H.M.S.

Another busy person is the Rev. P. R. Westley, of Long Bay and Matraville. We hear that he has been doing sterling work as Chaplain to the Gaol.

It is said that the Rev. H. D. Bagot ("Bags," for short) likes his new work as Toc H. Padre in Manchester (England), but cares not for the English winter. He is looking forward to the time when he will be able to return to the sunny south again.

The Rev. Canon J. Alldis has sent us a copy of his new booklet, "Can Australia be Saved?" The Canon, who has had a wide experience of out-back Australia, and is one of our pioneer Students, now lives at Westmead.

Congratulations to the Rev. F. H. Hordern on his appointment as travelling secretary to the C.M.S.. "In journeyings oft!"

Yet another name must be added to the Missionary Honour Roll in the College dining room, for the Rev. S. E. Jones, the son of a former Principal of this College, has sailed to take up work in the Sudan.

We are glad to hear that the Rev. T. Hughes is getting on well at Wallerawang. May he always do so.

It has been said that the new car recently presented to the Rev. H. W. Mullens costs the owner exactly nothing per week for upkeep and running expenses!

Rumours are current that the Rev. H. G. S. Begbie, B.A., is usually "engaged" six or seven times a week, but not in the feminine sense of the term!

A new Communion Table and Reredos were recently dedicated by the Principal at St. Barnabas' Church, Fairfield, where the Rev. H. E. Rogers is now stationed.

Congratulations to F. H. Meyer, late of Leichhardt, on his appointment as assistant Secretary of the Bush Church Aid Society.

Our oldest living student is the Rev. C. F. L'Oste, now living in retirement at St. Helen's, Tasmania. He celebrated his 100th birthday last January.



## WANTED—AN IDEAL.

"None sends his arrow to the mark in view,  
Whose arm is feeble, or his aim untrue."

—Cowper.

An Ideal, the dictionary tells us, is a conception of a thing in its most perfect state—a mental picture of something that would fully satisfy us if we could attain it. Often we speak of our ideal home, the ideal holiday, or occupation, or life, dreaming of something that ought to be, in contrast with something that now is.

"Life," said Alpha of the Plough, "is such a tumultuous and confused affair that most of us get lost in the tangle and brushwood, and get to the end of the journey without ever having found a path and sense of direction." Not so the man with ideals. For him, amidst the tangle and confusion of the moment, there stands out clearly that dominant idea which, star-like, lures him on to its exclusive purpose. Even though it be illusive, mirage-like, keeping somewhere just ahead, just out of reach, it leads him out into life's nobler spaces and supplies him with a compass for the journey.

Half, more than half, of life's failures come from low ideals. Those who are too easily satisfied with "near enough" fall far short of the perfection which might have been theirs. They lose their vision and forget their purpose in life, until they become content simply to drift with the tide, too indolent to shift for themselves. Like rudderless ships, they fast become a danger to themselves and to all around. Lacking an ideal they lack everything that matters.

Before ever he commenced to carve one of his great masterpieces Michael Angelo would sketch upon his marble the figures which he wished to mould. Then, carefully, painstakingly, he would work away at his task of fashioning from the rough stone something which reflected the hidden longings of his soul. A perfect human life is much more difficult to fashion than a statue, yet many men start out in the world having no conception of what life at its best should be, no dream of lofty heights to be attained, no ideal which shall give point and purpose to their existence.

The Christian religion, unlike the philosophies which have for centuries been the despair of their disciples, presents an ideal of life which is accessible to all. Despite the changes in thought and practice since Jesus was on earth, more people in this twentieth century take Him for their Ideal than ever heard of Him during His earthly life, finding in Him alone those priceless qualities, harmoniously balanced, which go to make up the perfect life. As they grow in years and wisdom, men still discover in Him those virtues and graces which alone can meet the needs of their successive stages of development.

Emerson, paying rare tribute to the man with ideals, declares that, "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse-trap than his neighbour, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." Through His matchless purity, simplicity, and faithfulness, Jesus has set before the world such an example of a life consistently lived at its highest and best



that countless thousands, in many lands, and throughout all ages, have acclaimed Him Lord and Master, the Fairest among ten thousand and the altogether lovely One.

Recognising Him as such, let us pay constant homage to the Carpenter of Nazareth (rising up early and seeking Him), knowing that He alone is the divinely human pattern of all that is noblest and best, the Ideal and the Desire of all ages.

—H. E. S. DOYLE.

### EXAMINATION RESULTS.

#### AUSTRALIAN COLLEGE OF THEOLOGY EXAMINATIONS, 1928.

##### Scholar in Theology (Th. Schol.)

Passed Part II.—Siddens, Rev. William John.

##### Licentiate in Theology (Th.L.)

Second Class.—Mitchell, Rev. Victor S. W.

Pass.—Mutton, Rev. Alfred Arthur.

Olds, James Frederick Gordon.

Passed Part I.—\*Dransfield, Reginald B.

†Ezzy, Roy Albert.

†Doyle, Harold E. S.

Stewart, Sydney George.

\*Begbie, Herbert G. S., B.A.

Shaw, Frederick A. S.

Hallahan, Robert T.

†Millard, Ernest Langdon.

Held Over.—Wade, Arthur Patrick.

Almond, Eric, B.A.

Candidates "held over" need not sit again for the same part.

\* indicates two extra subjects taken.

† indicates one extra subject.

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Alexander, Clarence B.

Whiting, Thomas Edward.

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## THEY SAY.

---

Being a very learned and much travelled man, I have been asked by the Editor to expound my views on that mysterious society "**They**."

Now, as the child would say, "Who is '**They**'?" Or as the "Man-in-the Street" would say, "They say——!" "Who says?——Why, **They** say!"

"**They**" of that wonderful Secret Order are to be found everywhere—in town, Parliament, workshop, parishes, and even in our own College. Is it a Society like the "Stewed Ducks Klan" working for the benefit of mankind; is it some wild Hielan' Society seeking to terrorise the world; or are **They** of the Society of "**They**" merely seeking their own ends?

"**They**" say that this Society of "**They**" does more harm than good, and "**They**" say further that one of its rules is never to reveal the identity of its members. Thus all we can get from them is, " '**They**' say——!!"

We are especially interested in the operations of this Society in the Ecclesiastical sphere, and although "**They**" are said to be well meaning we are afraid that "**They**" do quite a lot of harm.

This "**They**" Society, like the poor, we have always with us, telling tales about us and others. One of my friends, on arriving home recently, was accused by his wife of having been to the Theatre. When asked who told her, she replied, "Never mind! '**They**' saw you!" Thus the "**Theys**" often do more harm than good. But it can't be helped!—The "**Theys**" are everywhere!!! Even in our Churches.

When the newly-appointed Curate seeks information about his charge he is told that "**They**" will tell him all, as "**They**" have been in the parish longer than most. Soon he is told that he must never do certain things. "Who says so?" he may ask. "Why, '**They**' said so." This pestilent Society of "**They**" are at it again.

We believe that this terrorising Society of "**They**" was formed soon after the Creation of the world. Proof of this may be seen in any standard History books, all of which state that "**They**" did this or that. "**They**" are often mentioned in the Bible, but as you know that Book fairly well there is only need to refer to one verse, the 6th verse of the 17th chapter of St. Mark.

I might state that I am at my wits' end to explain what "**They**" will do next. I am informed that "**They**" say that I should grow a beard like Alan B.'s or a nose like Perce! Although "**They**" cause a lot of trouble in the world, I appeal to you, can "**They**" force me to do that?

The moral is, never take "**They**" at their word.

P.S.—"**They**" say—yes, again!—that this article only just got past the Editor! (Quite correct, too—Ed.) Beware lest "**They**" are able to say that you haven't paid your subscription to "Societas"! Send along your 3/- now, and we will endeavour to keep them quiet for another year

—RENNIE MORAN.



## ORDINATIONS, 1928.

On Friday, 21st December, 1928 (being St. Thomas' Day) the following members of Moore Theological College were admitted into Holy Orders:—

### DEACONS.

Eric Almond, B.A., Dip. Ed. (to Cook's River).  
Arthur Norman Stanley Barwick (to Wentworthville).  
Herbert Gordon Smirnoff Begbie, B.A. (Syd.) (to Eastwood).  
Robert Frederick Charles Bradley (to Enfield).  
Alfred Herbert Edwards (to Drummoyne).  
George Richard Mathers (to Erskineville).  
Ernest Langdon Millard (to Waterloo).  
James Frederick Gordon Olds, Th.L. (to Willoughby).  
Sidney George Stewart (to Chatswood).  
Ernest George Thorpe (to Maroubra Bay).  
Arthur Patrick Wade (to Five Dock).

### PRIESTS.

Cecil William Dillon.  
Frank Edmund Elliott, Th.L.  
Victor Sidney William Mitchell, Th.L.  
Alfred Arthur Mutton, Th.L.  
Kenley Frederick Saunders.  
Charles William Whonsbon-Aston, Th.L.  
George Williamson, Th.L.



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## REMINISCENCES.

### iii.—“Down East.”

Padre Charles was in a mood for philosophising when I climbed up the long flight of stone stairs to his tiny two-roomed flat away at the top of a huge block of two-roomers in Poplar, London, E.14. The Padre was in a way typical of those great souls, true men of God, who are labouring to bring a glimmer of light into the drab lives of the folk in “Dockland.” On the Stock Exchange before the War, and comfortably off in 'fourteen, he got a commission in a London battalion, and for five years he was guide, counsellor and friend to as wild and merry a company of Cockneys as ever donned the King's uniform. In France, sharing their joys, their sorrows, and their perils, he learned to love and respect them, and so in nineteen-eighteen, when the war drums had ceased rolling, he felt that he simply couldn't return to the “top hat, black coat, and striped trousers” sort of existence; so with what little he had saved, and his War Gratuity, he managed to work his way through “Teddy Hall” at Oxford, and on getting deacon's order he came straight down to Dockland—and, well he's been down there ever since, doing a gallant work for God.

“Hullo, old man!” he said, as I entered. “Keep an eye on that toast, will you? I'll make the tea.

After tea we settled down for a bit of a yarn before going out to his parish hall, where I was going to teach his Scouts some new games. (This was by way of a return good turn, as the Padre had been over to Victoria Docks teaching my boys some new songs the week before). The talk wandered over many topics, and eventually got down to “shop” and we swopped experiences in our parishes.

“You know,” he said, “I feel sure that these people down here want a friend more than a pastor, or if they must have a pastor, well, to be successful he must be completely disguised as a friend. Why is it that there persists that strange fallacy that the poor need religion more than the wealthy? Do you know, old man, I've found more real genuine Christianity down here in Poplar and Canning Town than ever I found in Oxford or in the West End. What if they do curse and swear and drink and lead outwardly beastly lives? Their surroundings, the very atmosphere of this place encourages blasphemy. I don't wonder at their profanity. What is a marvel to me is that they are not more so. I do think we'd do 'em a sight more good if we pulled down their filthy hovels and put up decent dwellings for them rather than ramming the Word of God at them at every available opportunity. The people who really need the Word are the landlords, the profiteers and all those members of polite society who do so little to bring light and sunshine into these people's lives—yes, they need the Gospel far more than my people down here. Why, take for example, this block in which I live: There are forty such houses in the block, and Heaven knows this place is small enough for one alone. Just think what it must be when there are a dozen living in two poky rooms like this—and that's a frequent occurrence, mark you. How can youth develop to the full amid such sur-




roundings? Out in France I saw what simply splendid material came from these quarters, and I know what they can achieve, but when I look out of this window here, and see the ghastly surroundings in which these young souls have to develop—well I marvel more and more each day, and I just hate the state of society which permits such magnificent material to go to waste simply by a stroke of luck. For what chance has he down here? What can he know of home life in these infernal pig-styes? And again he's forced into blind alley jobs because the rotten education we give him has fitted him for nothing better. For recreation he's forced on the street or into the 'pub.' Why, man, I tell you, it's a marvel that we don't have a revolution, and a particularly bloody one at that! I believe that what stands between this country and Bolshevism is the work being done by such places as the Oxford Mission in Bermondsey and the Dockland Mission where you are. But for such places I feel sure there would be a most unholy lot of trouble. But still we can't sit here talking all night. Come, let's get down to the boys." And as we walked down I wondered why the Padre, when mentioning the outposts of good in this quagmire of evil, had not said anything about his own little Church of St. Michael. But then that's just like the Padre.

—E.W.B.

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# SPORTING NEWS

## TENNIS.

The infusion of new blood has had a stimulating effect, and it appears that last year's men will have to look to their form if they are to retain their places in the team. Knocking at the door for admission are

Begbie, Millard, O'Brien, Smith, Vaughan, Whiting and others.

Competition is the order of the day, and some keen trial matches should be witnessed on the practice afternoons, which, by the way, will be every Monday.

Results of matches to date:—

Moore v. Camden—Moore won, 5 sets to 4.

Moore v. Andrew's—Moore won, 5 sets to 4.

Moore v. Baptist—Moore won, 5 sets to 4.

## CRICKET.

The annual match between Leigh College and Moore was played early this term and resulted in a win for Moore. A most enjoyable afternoon was spent, and both sides were loud in their praises of St. Paul's Oval.

Scores.—1st innings, Moore 66 (Dillon 22, Alexander 8); Leigh 43. Second innings, Moore 3 wickets for 79 (Brodie 40 not out, Alexander 20); Leigh 70. Bowling: Begbie 9 for 31, Dillon 10 for 45 (including "hat trick").

## FOOTBALL.

This year again sees a fair representation from our College in the Combined Theoloical Faculty Team. After more practice the team ought to do well in the competition games.

R. T. HALLAHAN,  
Sports Secretary.

## A FRAGRANCE OF CHRIST.



They say that once a piece of common clay,  
Such fragrance breathed as from a garden blows,  
"My secret is but this," they heard it say:  
"I have been near the rose."

And those there are who bear about with them,  
The power with thoughts of Christ men's hearts to stir,  
For, having knelt to kiss His garment's hem,  
Their garments smelt of myrrh.

So grant, I pray Thee, Lord, that by Thy grace,  
The fragrance of Thy love may dwell in me;  
That as I move about from place to place,  
Men's thoughts may turn to Thee.

—Anon.



## INTER-COLLEGIATE.

### Debating.

In the first round of the Intercollegiate Debates for 1929, Moore College has met and defeated teams from St. Andrew's (Presbyterian), Camden College (Congregational), and Leigh College (Methodist).

### Social Evening.

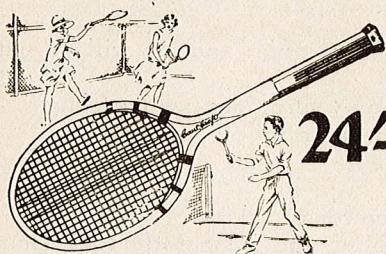
The first of a proposed series of Intercollegiate social evenings was held in the Coronation Hall, Newtown, on Thursday, 11th April, when a most enjoyable time was spent. Lack of space prevents us from giving a more detailed report of this function.

## EXCHANGES.

The Editor acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges:—"The Morpeth Review" (St. John's Theological College); "The King's School Magazine"; "The Bush Brother"; "The Triangle" (Trinity Grammar School); Christ Church, Lavender Bay, Parish Paper; Christ Church, St. Laurence, Parish Paper; The C.M.S. Gleaner.

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## AN INVENTION OF THE DEVIL

(Herewith we present for the benefit of our readers the story of a trip to Kurrajong recently undertaken by members of the C.C.C.—"College Cycling Club"—mounted on motor-cycles.—Editor.)

"I say, old chap, I think you really need a pair of goggles."  
"Haven't got any—How's the blinkin' thing going?"  
"Not so bad, sparking on all eight."  
"Oh well, I'll risk it, but wait till I get my goloshes."  
"Well, hurry up, old Capt's waiting for us. We've got eight minutes to get to Marrickville."  
"Right, here I am, right away guard."  
"My word, doesn't she run sneezer."  
"Sneezer be blowed, look, out you perishing idiot!"  
—— grim silence—— ???  
"Twas a bit close that time—never mind, you are not an angel yet."  
"!! ? ? ? !! —— No, but I've ordered my harp!"  
"Is that the one in Tara's Hall?"  
"Shurrup—here's a cop!"  
"All right, keep calm."  
"Calm, be blowed! There's a blinkin' motor car."  
—— (Squeal of brakes) ——  
"Crikey, I dunno how these coves get their licenses. Why I had to pass a very severe test!"  
"I suppose you bribed the cop to let you through."  
"Well, here's old Capt's place."  
"Thank heaven. For the love of Mike, Capt, persuade this chap to drive a bit slower!"  
"Slow! He doesn't drive fast surely?"  
"Saints preserve us!"  
"What about a bit of a spell?"  
"Well, there's only another couple of miles and we will be out of the traffic."  
"Oh, righto, but my internal economy sure does need settling."  
Grim silence—concrete stretch for half a mile!!—Then . . .  
General dismour'ing.  
"Got any matches?"  
"No, don't believe in them—dangerous for kids."  
"Chump! Give us a match, Capt, and a cigarette too. Thanks; this will just save my life."  
"You blokes were dawdling along."  
"Well Capt, this bird wouldn't let me open up, so I just had to let her tick over at a measley 45."  
"Well, finished that cigarette yet?"  
"Right you are, I suppose I've got to get on this animated mouse-trap once again."  
Oh no, please yourself."



"Well, we're into the pretty country now, eh, what?"  
 "Bonzer—ooch! You scoundrell!"  
 "Sorry, I was looking at the scenery."  
 "Well, pay attention to your job."  
 "All right, old horse, hold your hat on!"  
 "Here, I say, Capt's coming up behind with a roar, so let's leave the blighter."  
 "Right!"  
 Grim silence and setting of teeth.  
 "That was a bit of all right, old man, but I do wish you would keep both hands on the business."  
 "Oh, yes, I s'pose it really would be safer."  
 "Hullo, here we are again."  
 "What, Capt, had engine trouble?"  
 "Maniac!"  
 "Hold tight, here we are coming to a rough bit."  
 Bump! Bump! Bump! "———" "You don't say so!"  
 "See that bend down at the bottom of the hill?"  
 "Yes——? ? ?"  
 "Well, that's where I had my first smash."  
 "Holy smoke!"  
 "Do be careful, go slower, put on the brake, turn off the juice. Oh, do something, do anything—don't be an ass."  
 "Oh, it's all right; I never smash more than once in the same place—it gets one a bad reputation."  
 "Couldn't make yours any worse than it is!"

"Well, you chaps, how do you like the place?"  
 "All right, old man."  
 "Yes; it's nearly worth the rotten shaking you've inflicted on me."  
 "Ungrateful animal."  
 "You chaps will be late for chapel, won't you?"  
 "Oh, no; we've got half an hour; we'll easily manage it, won't we, old misery?"  
 "Mmmmm; I suppose the evening traffic sort of inspires you!"  
 "Oh it do, do it?"  
 "It doth."  
 "Look here; I've got to get back to my parish, so close down and start up!"  
 "Right oh, let her go."  
 "Cheero, Capt; see you next week."

"Gee, Carillon Avenue is bumpy, isn't it?"  
 "Yes, 'tis rather, anyway here we are at last."  
 "Don't go into the wrong gate!"  
 "Wasn't going into any gate—I'm going thro' it!"  
 "I say, isn't that front tyre a bit flat?"  
 "So it is, you can help me mend it in the morning!"

—ALPHA & BETA.



## OLIVET.

I see the silver Moon o'er Olivet,  
It casts long lingering shadows on the grass;  
The leaves upon the trees seem dripping wet,  
As if they would, and yet cannot forget,  
So shed soft tears while sacred mem'ries pass.  
The wind blew soft across the lonely hill,  
Jerusalem, below, lay wrapped in dreams—  
And everything, except the wind, was still,  
Which stirred the leaves with rustlings like a rill  
That hastens on to join the larger streams.  
And then He came, and with Him two or three—  
Bidding them wait He turned away to pray,  
Yet as He turned I thought He looked at me—  
I looked away for fear what I might see,  
And blocked my ears for fear what He might say.  
But though I tried to stop it from my ears  
His message came—a humble, sad request  
That I might watch the closing of His years,  
Might see the horror of the wasted tears,  
And stay there waiting with Him and the rest.  
I saw the Moon sink down o'er Olivet;  
It was so sad—I, in emotion, wept;  
Then comes the rest that I would fain forget—  
For, while He prayed and blood served Him for sweat,  
We were so tired—I and the others slept.

—R. B. DRANSFIELD.

## THINGS HEARD IN THE COMMON ROOM.

### Characteristics.

The Englishman loves his Beer and his Bible.  
The Welshman prays on his knees on the Sabbath and preys on his neighbours during the week.  
The Scotchman keeps the Sabbath and everything else he lays his hands on.  
The Irishman does not know what he wants, and won't be happy till he gets it.  
The Australian never does to-day what he can leave till to-morrow, and never does to-morrow what he can get someone else to do for him.

A Scotchman was taken to hospital with a loud-speaker firmly jammed on his head. The Doctor made inquiries and was given the following statement:—Sandy has been "listening in" to a Church Service, and during the offertory he heard a coin drop.

An American was travelling per "Lizzie" in the wheat country of New South Wales sometime about the year 1912. Unfortunately the "Henry" broke down—engine trouble—just near a paddock in which a farmer was cutting his crop with a hay-mowing machine. The farmer, not having seen a car before, stopped and asked what the contraption was. He was told: "Aw, this is an automobile, but it won't go." The farmer continued his work mystified. The American, after repairing the engine, stopped the farmer and asked him what was the machine his horses were towing, and received the reply: "This is an auto-mow-hay, but it won't cut."

Standing up on the platform at the annual tea meeting, the Rector of a certain suburban parish commenced his speech thus:—"My dear friends, I know you too well to call you ladies and gentlemen . . ."

The congregation, knowing him just as well, laughed heartily and then allowed him to proceed.



## C.E.M.S. NOTES.

### Admission of New Members.

On Friday, April 12th, the Service for the Admission of New Members was held, when the Principal in the name of the C.E.M.S. extended the right hand of fellowship to Messrs. A. E. S. Begbie, K. W. Luders, S. A. Mainstone and J. H. Vaughan. We welcome them as members of the Society, and pray that their membership therein may foster the life of Christ within them.

### Weekly Devotional Services.

St. Paul in his Epistle to Timothy urges him to fan into a flame the Divine gift which was in him through the laying-on of hands. This thought is expressed in another form in the C.E.M.S. "Rule of Life," which is "to live in the Power of the Holy Spirit." As an aid towards this ideal our weekly Devotional Services are invaluable, and we sincerely thank the following for their helpful addresses at these services this term:—The Revs. G. C. Glanville, D. J. Knox, H. C. Leplastrier, Canon S. E. Langford Smith, W. J. Siddens, R. B. Williams (of North Brighton, Victoria), J. Bidwell.

### Open-Air Services.

The Rule of Life lays down that all members should endeavour "by active witness, fellowship and service to help forward the Kingdom of Christ." Our Open-Air Services, which we have re-commenced in the Parish of Ultimo, are the corporate expression of our obedience to this rule. Many very helpful and inspiring meetings have been held this term.

### General.

Members of our Branch still visit the Blind Institute every week to read to the blind boys. This is another act of witness and service in which we engage.

May 1929 be for all of us a year of deeper consecration, and may we show that as Members of the C.E.M.S. we are marked with the Cross on our foreheads and in our hearts, and are willing to go anywhere and do anything that will help forward the cause of the Kingdom of God.

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

## IN MEMORIAM, R. J. TUCK.

There is not one of us who was not deeply shocked when the news came that R. J. Tuck had been drowned. It was too dreadful to be believed. But it was true, nevertheless, and we wondered, in all humility, why so useful and promising a labourer in God's vineyard had been removed at the very beginning of his ministry in a district where such a ministry was so sorely needed. It was all the more tragic in view of the years he had spent in training for this particular kind of work.\* Our great consolation is that he has received a well-earned promotion in the service of his Lord. He was only twenty-six years of age.

Reg. Tuck, as he was affectionately called by his fellow-students at Moore College, joined us on November 21, 1924, and left at the end of the Trinity Term, in 1927. He was ordained deacon in 1926, being gospeller, and was licensed to Wahroonga, where he had already served as a catechist. He completed the Th.L., and was ordained priest in 1927, leaving Wahroonga for Werrimul, a scattered bush district in the diocese of St. Arnaud, Victoria. The work was particularly difficult, but he proved the man for it. He was a man in every good sense of the word. He was a right good sort, one of those earnest servants of Christ who are too rare, for he made goodness really attractive, as many good people fail to do. For his goodness was compounded not only of sincerity and sympathy, but also of that saving sense of humour which makes all the difference. He has gone to his reward and has left a fragrant and inspiring memory with those who were privileged to know him.



### A GLIMPSE OF SCIENCE.

"Let no man . . . think or maintain that a man can search too far or be too well studied in the Book of God's Word, or in the Book of God's Works; divinity or philosophy; but rather let men endeavour an endless proficiency in both." Thus Francis Bacon would teach us that, despite the limitations imposed by the brevity of human life, we should endeavour to satisfy our inborn desire for perfect knowledge. Few, indeed, even approach this proficiency; nevertheless our curiosity, though causing mortality amongst humans as well as amongst animals of a feline character, has inspired the inevitable search for Truth.

The term "Science" (scio, I know) is very comprehensive, and even the most expert of those who have devoted their lives to the study of the subject have found that they have merely climbed to the end of one of the branches, and, save where twigs from adjacent branches have interlocked, have left the remainder untouched. To proceed with the analogy, the "tree" of Science has ever been expanding and new shoots developing since the days when the ancient Greeks, on making their examination, gave to the world the great results of their discoveries. It would appear that this growth will continue *ad infinitum*.

There have been dark ages for Science, and at times men have made fruitless attempts to foretell the nature of the "tips" of the branches before having firmly established the knowledge which they already possessed. The fallacy of the doctrine of a "Spontaneous Generation" recalls countless mistakes of the past. Less than a century ago a farmer, on having discovered numerous small mice in his barn, declared decisively that they had been created there and then, and but for the efforts of Louis Pasteur, who was a devout Roman, and others, that belief would have held to the present day.

The benefits to a clergyman of even a slight knowledge of Science are too numerous to indicate here. A scientist, even though he be far from attaining it, is at least searching for Truth, and often in the course of his quest he must discard old beliefs, which had been obtained at the cost of the work of a lifetime. As a Scientist, the Minister of the Gospel is able to meet men, who have themselves studied deep problems of nature, with arguments that are neither based upon ignorance of the subject nor yet upon the follies of superstition.

A well-known type of theologian is fond of quoting a trusty Latin proverb, "Non vult anser velli, sed populi vult decipi!" ("The goose does not like to be plucked, but the people wish to be deceived.") On the other hand, the man of Science is less likely to mislead others through an erroneous presentation of fundamental truths of Nature. He will endeavour to find in Nature the answer to the problems which daily confront him, realising indeed the depth and sincerity of the poet when he says:

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,  
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,  
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar;  
I love not man the less, but Nature more,  
From these our interviews, in which I steal  
From all I may be, or have been before,  
To mingle with the Universe, and feel  
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal."  
—"APERITUS."



## THE BOOKS OF THE BIBLE.

### OLD TESTAMENT.

In GENESIS the world was made by God's creative hand,  
In EXODUS the Hebrews marched to gain the Promised Land.  
LEVITICUS contains the Law, Holy, and just and good,  
NUMBERS records the Tribes enrolled—all sons of Abraham's blood.  
Moses, in DEUTERONOMY, records God's mighty deeds,  
Brave JOSHUA into Canaan's land the hosts of Israel leads.  
In JUDGES their rebellion oft' provokes the Lord to smite,  
But RUTH records the faith of one well-pleasing in His sight.  
In First and Second SAMUEL of Jesse's son we read,  
Ten Tribes in First and Second KINGS revolted from his seed.  
In First and Second CHRONICLES see Judah captive made,  
But EZRA leads a remnant back by princely Cyrus' aid.  
The city walls of Zion, NEHEMIAH builds again,  
While ESTHER saves her people from the plots of wicked men;  
In JOB we read how Faith will live beneath affliction's rod,  
And David's PSALMS are precious songs to every Child of God.  
The PROVERBS like a goodly string of choicest pearls appear,  
ECCLESIASTES teaches man how vain are all things here.  
The Mystic SONG OF SOLOMON exalts sweet Sharon's Rose,  
Whilst Christ the Saviour and the King, 'rapt ISAIAH shows,  
The warning JEREMIAH, apostate Israel scorns,  
His plaintive LAMENTATIONS their awful downfall mourns.  
EZEKIEL tells in wondrous words of dazzling mysteries,  
Whilst Kings and Empires yet to come DANIEL in visions sees.  
Of Judgement and of Mercy, HOSEA loves to tell,  
JOEL describes the blessed days when God with man shall dwell.  
Among Tekoa's herdsmen AMOS received his call,  
While OBADIAH prophesied of Edom's final fall.  
MICAH pronounces Judah lost—lost, but again restored,  
NAHUM declares on Ninevah just Judgment shall be poured.  
A view of Chaldea's coming doom, HABAKKUK'S visions give,  
Next ZEPHANIAH warns the Jews to turn, repent and live.  
HAGGAI wrote to those who saw the Temple built again,  
And ZECHARIAH prophesied of Christ's triumphant reign.  
MALACHI was the last who touched the high Prophetic Chord,  
Its final notes sublimely show the Coming of our Lord.

### NEW TESTAMENT.

MATTHEW, and MARK, and LUKE, and JOHN the Holy Gospels wrote,  
Describing how the Saviour died, His life, and all He taught.  
ACTS prove how God the Apostles owned with signs in every place,  
St. Paul in ROMANS teaches us how man is "saved by Grace."  
The Apostle, in CORINTHIANS, instructs, exhorts, reproves,  
GALATIANS shows that Faith in Christ alone the Saviour loves.  
EPHESIANS and PHILIPPIANS tell what Christians ought to be.  
COLOSSIANS bids us live to God, and for Eternity.  
In THESSALONIANS we're taught the Lord will come from Heaven,  
In TIMOTHY and TITUS a Bishop's rule is given.  
PHILEMON marks a Christian's love, which only Christians know;  
HEBREWS reveals the Gospel, prefigured by the Law.  
JAMES teaches without Holiness Faith is but vain and dead,  
ST. PETER points the narrow way in which the Saints are led.  
JOHN, in his three Epistles, on Love delights to dwell,  
ST. JUDE gives awful warnings of Judgement, Wrath and Hell.  
The REVELATION prophesies of that tremendous Day  
When Christ, and Christ alone shall be the trembling Sinner's stay.

M.R.



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

The following donations and subscriptions received since last issue are thankfully acknowledged by the Editorial Staff:—

### Donations.

Miss McArthur Onslow, £3/3/-; Miss C. Anderson, £2/2/-; Rev. F. Cash, 2/-.

### Subscriptions, 1928.

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## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Ted.—The fact that you term yourself a "Foreigner" bears out our suspicion that you are one of those imported pests, such as the rabbit and the prickly pear.

Patent.—"Small things . . . ." but we are sorry to hear that you have "clicked" so early in your career.

Perc.—We all agree that you *should* "get on with the business," but there is a time and place for all things. Find your place!

Beg.—Did Paul write the Epistle of James? We suggest that you submit your theories to the editors of the new Critical Commentary.

Drano.—What makes you think that a slow speaker is the most popular? Is it personal experience?

Roy.—When did Moses say, "Let not the sun go down upon your wrath"? Did you consult Dr. Gore's new Commentary?

Pat.—Maybe you have the "Grace of Orders," but what a disgrace to snooze off at 7.55 a.m.

Hambone.—Oh, what a night! The details are too harrowing to pass on to our readers. Try "Smith's." Anyhow, not all "First Nights" are like yours!!!

Chemist.—What did Doc. diagnose? You are not sufficiently lucid in your letter. It seemed very like gastritis to us.

Brim.—Far too crude. There is a difference between Humour and Mud-Slinging. Maybe your style would suit the "Guardian."

Card.—We heartily agree. The reason why they lost the Boat-race must have been the fact that the English style of rowing is unsuitable for Australian Waters.

Hal.—We all know that Blewie is impulsive, but why tell him that his "Bull-rushes" reminded you of Moses?

Doc.—We have noticed how you are fading away to a shadow. The reason is only too obvious. June is far away!

Mus.—"Kings will win!" Shaw!

Jack.—How many Giants have you killed?

Hoi Polloi.—Your rendition of "Mou" does not bring memories of a cowyard.





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