



SOCIETAS



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Moore Theological College
Sydney

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SOCIETAS

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EDITORIAL.

Not without some misgiving and some tuggings at heart strings do we watch the approach of the end of this term. For many of us it will be the last "work term" in college, for most of us it is the last chance to prepare for Th.L. In many of our minds the question that is uppermost is "Will I pass"? while conscience taunts us with the memory of wasted moments and lost minutes so precious to us now. Yet these moments are not wasted if they have taught us the value of time. Not only from lectures and text-books is education derived. The life in the College contributes in no small way if we learn from it the necessity of planning our day.

To those of us who hope to leave these walls come strange feelings within. Vague fears, vague hopes that speak to us with ghostly voices of the great task before us. Hitherto there has been always a guiding hand on the reins, a sharp but gentle rebuke to guide us when we were in danger, and to help us with our difficulties. Now that hand is about to be removed. We are going outside the heads and the pilot will soon be left behind. Out on the open sea of life alone—we are dropping the pilot to-day.

Yet before we go there is careful instruction given. We may be facing the open sea alone—but not without our Compass. Though storms be high we cannot be blown out of our course so long as we keep our eye on the Arrow, and never allow our little ship to swing with the billows. How wonderful, Christ the Compass in the hearts of those of us who leave College this year.

No more the mid-night supper, no more the mid-night rag, we are to "put away childish things," we have assumed a man's estate. Some will drift this way, some that, and pass like ships in the night, yet all the time there will be the "wireless of 'Societas'" keeping us in touch with each other and with the old College. Those of us who are not going out this year bid the others "God-speed." May the society flourish.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The College is still growing in numbers. No. 2 Bligh Street has now been fitted up as a hostel, and we have several students in residence there. This present extension bespeaks the increasing need of a new College.

Many old students have to be congratulated on appointments:— T. Terry, Chaplain to the Seamen's Institute; J. P. Dryland, as Rector of St. John's, Glebe; G. P. Birk, as Rector of Mortdale; R. P. Gee, as Rector of Nowra; R. S. Chapple, as Rector of Dapto; and W. D. Kennedy, as Incumbent of Helensburgh.

Our College has also managed to place a football team in the field, and several of its members have been chosen to play in the combined Theological faculty matches. More of this in the sporting notes.

We hope that we will have the Principal's residence completed by the end of this year. Tenders have already been called.

There has been another addition to our family, R. O'Brien. We take this opportunity of welcoming him, and hope that he will be greatly blessed during his stay with us. His advent makes the fourth addition of sons of the Emerald Isle.

Our sympathy goes out to George and Charlie who are in hospital recovering from motor accidents. Charlie's weight is much missed, and we all long to hear George's nasal twang again.

We have lost the Rev. E. R. Elder from the teaching staff of the college, as he has offered himself for the mission field. At present we have received no news of another lecturer of Philosophy to take his place. He will be greatly missed.

Congratulations to the Rev. R. P. and Mrs. Gee on the gift of a son. This is the right "Societas" spirit.

Our appeal fund was recently enriched by a handsome gift of a hundred guineas. This is an excellent example for others who could possibly give more.

R. D. Peatt paid us a recent visit. We wish him success in his work at All Saints' School, Bathurst.

The Rev. F. G. Alexander paid us a visit lately. He is also to be congratulated on his marriage. We wish him every success.

Our deepest sympathy goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Thorpe in the serious illness of their daughter, Kathleen. We trust that she will make a rapid recovery.

It was hard luck for "Doc" Shaw to have lost some of his property in a recent fire at the Hostel. We sympathise with him. You are too hot in your arguments. This may have caused the fire.

Congratulations to the Rev. G. Williamson on his appointment as Curate to the Parish of Wahroonga.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE CHURCH.

(By the Dean of Sydney).

Shakespeare's sympathies are so universal, his knowledge so versatile, that he has been credited with fulfilling almost every avocation under the sun, but I am not aware that anyone has ever charged him with having been a parson. Yet in his plays we are continually entering into the familiar atmosphere of church life. There are few church ceremonies and customs that do not find a place in his works. Here are a few references chosen at random:—

In "As You Like It" (Act II., Sc. VII), we hear the church bells calling the people to worship. Thus Orlando to Duke Senior,

"If ever you have looked on better days,

"If ever been where bells have knoll'd to church."

In K. Henry VIII. ((Act V., Sc. I.), we have the order of procession at the coronation of Anne Bullen at Westminster Abbey, when the "Te Deum" was sung by the choir, "with all the choicest music of the kingdom." In part II., King Henry IV. (Act IV., Sc. II.), we hear the Archbishop of York preaching in the great Minster,

"When that your flock, assembled by the bell,

"Encirled you to hear with reverence

"Your exposition on the holy text,"

we discover that criticism of the sermon is not merely a modern fashion. Rosalind thus chides Celia ("As You Like It," Act III., Sc. II.), "O, most gentle pulpit! What tedious homily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried, 'Have patience, good people!'"

But we are reminded by Portia in "The Merchant of Venice," that "It is a good divine that follows his own instructions."

Baptisms are as frequent in Shakespeare as in the average parish church, and care is always taken to have the correct number of godparents. Gratiano promises Shylock two godfathers on his promising to become a Christian ("Merchant of Venice," Act IV., Sc. I.). Queen Elizabeth has Cranmer to godfather and two godmothers ("K. Henry VIII.," Act V., Sc. II). William Shakespeare himself was baptised by the Vicar of Stratford, the Rev. John Bracegirdle, a native of Baguley, near Manchester, on April 26, 1564. He thus lived through the early years of the Reformation, and though, as Mais says, "Shakespeare has no sectarianism," he puts into the mouth of Archbishop Cranmer, the rich promise of England's peace and enlightenment under Elizabeth,

"In her days every man shall eat in safety,

"Under his own vine, what he plants; and sing

"The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:

"God shall be truly known."

("King Henry VIII.," Act V., Sc. IV.).

We are reminded of the difficulty of teaching children the Catechism, when Celia says to Rosalind ("As You Like It," Act III., Sc. II), "To say aye or no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism." With reference to the Holy Communion, it is required of those who come to the Lord's Table that they shall be "in charity with all men," and so Mowbray says to John of Gaunt with respect

to a design he had entertained against his life ("King Richard II.," Act I., Sc. I.),

"But ere I last received the sacrament

"I did confess it, and exactly begg'd

"Your grace's pardon, and I hope I had it."

We hear the ominous sentence of the greater excommunication when Philip boasts to King John ("King John," Act III., Sc. III.),

"Bell, book and candle shall not drive me back,

"When gold and silver becks me to come on."

In the comedies the wedding bells are always ringing, and the formalities of the ceremony must be duly observed. It is not unusual to-day for parties to request that the service be made as brief as possible, and thus Leonardo to the Friar ("Much Ado About Nothing," Act IV., Sc. I.), "Come, Friar Francis, be brief; only to the plain form of marriage, and you shall recount their particular duties thereafter." The following has a familiar ring about it, "If either of you know any impediment why you should not be conjoined, I charge you, on your souls, to utter it." The bride must be duly given away, else a marriage cannot proceed. Thus in "As You Like It" (Act III., Sc. II.),

"Sir Oliver: Is there none here to give the woman?

"Touchstone: I will not take her on gift of any man.

"Sir Oliver: Truly she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

"Jacques: Proceed, proceed. I'll give her."

It is notorious that Shakespeare's fools often say very wise things and maybe the Clown in "All's Well That Ends Well" (Act I., Sc. III) throws some light on the Ornaments Rubric, when he says, "Though honesty be no puritan, yet it will do no hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the black gown of a big heart."

Space forbids mention of references to the Saints' and others Days of the Church Calendar, but enough has been said to show that Shakespeare's wide sympathies and knowledge embraced matters ecclesiastical. I am afraid there is no external evidence that the "bright constellation of English literature" was ever a "shepherd of the flock," but he was certainly an observant churchman. Perhaps he had been a theological student who had been ploughed in his examination!!!

TABOO.

—or—

THE TEN DEADLY COLLEGIATE SINS.

The time is ripe to declare that the following topics are "taboo" in the College, and especially in the Dining Hall:—

1. King Charles "the Martyr."
2. Socialism.
3. Church Organs.
4. "Thomas a Becket."
5. Monocles.
6. Cambridge, and Oxford.
7. Joan of Arc.
8. Protection and Free Trade.
9. Cycling.
10. Caleb Simper.

"The Staff."

DROPPING THE PILOT.

Did the hand of the helmsman shake at his wheel?
Did the jib-boom sag and sway?
Did the pressure of wind make the main top reel
As we dropped the Pilot to-day?

Out through the shallows his firm hand steered,
Out past the breakers' spray
Which flung in the air where the white cliffs reared
Where we dropped the Pilot to-day.

The young man stands with the gold on his sleeve,
While the Moments tick away—
He soon will be out where the billows heave
And will drop the Pilot to-day.

Can it be that a tear had dimmed his eye
As the sailors chanted their lay?
Was the Captain afraid to say Goodbye,
When we dropped the Pilot to-day?

We all may lament at the Master who guides
In his slow, old fashioned way,
But we miss him now, mid'st life's changing tides—
For we dropped the Pilot to-day.

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"SALT SPRAY."

A "Night Attack."

It is a pitch black night. A typical "nor'-easter" is blowing, and we are in for a "wet shirt." We slip our cable and glide silently out of harbour. All "dead lights" are closed, and strict orders have been issued that no lights are to be shown. As we push our nose out between the "heads," huge black liquid walls of water rush to meet us and tumble about us in cataracts of gleaming foam.

Hour after hour we speed through the night in company with our fellows of the —th Destroyer Flotilla, the spindrift rattling over our fo'castle, the wind whistling through our rigging. Now and again a huge wave, seemingly about to swamp us, breaks with a tremendous crash and leaves us with a hiss of spent fury.

On the bridge a young lieutenant, scarcely out of his "teens," is learning the meaning of "command" in the rough school of actual experience. Occasionally he utters a sharp word of command, but for the most part he glares with aching eyes into the black void before him.

Suddenly, from the mast-head lamp of our "leader" there blinks the dot and dash of the Morse code, and almost immediately two of our number draw aside from the line and dash away into the darkness.

"Lambs for the slaughter," says our "skipper," laughing. "I hope they do the trick, but I'm afraid the beggars on the big ships will have their eyes well skinned to-night. However, good luck to them."

Just think of it for a moment. Imagine it to be the "real thing." Here are two boats, costing their country about eighty thousand pounds and each carrying seventy or eighty highly-trained men, driving at thirty miles an hour into the dread arms of the angel of Death.

On the horizon a great white light beams in the sky, and then another and another, silently telling their own ominous tale as they methodically search the waters.

"There's one of 'em," is passed in a tense whisper along the deck. Right dead ahead there "looms" a battleship, her great funnels and superstructure silhouetted against the sky.

Our "skipper" clutches his glasses more tightly, and stares fixedly ahead. "Have they spotted us?" He starts and curses, as a tiny spark jumps from our after funnel and floats away on the breeze. "Did they see it?"

Around the torpedo tubes dark forms are clustered, waiting for the crucial moment. The clang of a bell comes with startling suddenness from the steel-walled inferno below, where the stokers are hard at work. They see nothing of what is happening above their heads, but they have a supreme confidence in their beloved "skipper."

"Full speed ahead!" The vibration is terrific, the wind howls more fiercely, and the boiling wake becomes a miniature mountain of foam. Nearer and nearer to our unsuspecting foe we draw, lessening the gap at the speed of an express train.

"Hard-a-starboard!" "Stand by!" "Fire!" the commands come crisply. A long ugly torpedo slips overboard with a splash, and careers away true to its mark. Our luck's in to-night.

High up on the battleship a "look-out" has "spotted" us, and on the instant the wild blast of the bugles rings out calling her crew to "General Quarters." But he was just a fraction too late. Even as her searchlights fix their deadly glare on us and her first gun begins to spit out "death," a tiny white light carried on the nose of our torpedo is burning against her towering sides, and, theoretically, the £800 torpedo has sent £2,000,000 in steel and eight hundred men to "Davy Jones."

"Got the blighter!" cries our skipper, chuckling to himself, and, as we re-form "line ahead" in readiness to proceed back to harbour, the discomforts of the night and the weariness of the long vigil are forgotten in the glow of satisfaction which comes to the young "lieut." who has just "bagged" his first "big ship." —"Ex. R.N."

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MOORE COLLEGE AND THE WORLD CALL.

"The Whole Church for the Whole Task."

Farewell to Rev. E. R. Elder, B.A., Th.L.

Yet one more representative of Moore College has heard and responded to the Call from overseas, and on the morning of July 20th an informal meeting was held in the Library to bid farewell to the Rev. E. R. Elder, B.A., Th.L., prior to him severing his connection with the College in order to undertake educational work in connection with our Missions in Fiji.

The Vice-Principal and the Senior-Student having wished Mr. Elder "God-speed" on behalf of the Staff and Students of the College, the Principal with a few well-chosen remarks presented him with a leather travelling-bag and a pipe as a small and tangible token of our appreciation and regard.

For many years Mr. Elder has been actively connected with Moore College, and the Principal referred to the distinctions won by him both here and at the University where he graduated with first class honours in Philosophy, and was also a History Prizeman. From 1924 to 1926 Mr. Elder was in charge of the Provisional District of Ultimo, when he was appointed as Rector of the Parish of Holy Trinity Erskineville. But while at Ultimo and also at Erskineville Mr. Elder has been connected with the College as Lecturer in Philosophy, and has won the respect and esteem of all Students with whom he has come in contact. We earnestly pray that God's blessing may rest upon his future labours for the extension of the Kingdom.

PATRIOTISM.

(By the Vice Principal.)

Patriotism is usually defined as "Love of Country." This only pushes the matter further back to the question, What is Love? To many people love is a blind, unreasoning passion that can take account of nothing but the assertion, in season and out of season, of the perfection or achievements of the object of its love. It is the love and pride of the little boy in the street which leads him to assert loudly that his father can thrash the father of the next little boy. A large proportion of the "patriotism" which makes the most noise and the most trouble in the world is based on love of this sort.

Love, in the higher Scriptural sense, means Good-will, doing Service—patient and unremitting Service. It is good-will in action—if needs be, in Sacrificial Action. Patriotism of this kind is no mere cold, unemotional, passionless sentiment. Patriotism is no mere calculating preference. Has patriotism ever reached greater heights of passion than in the devotion of the prophet Hosea, the long martyrdom of the prophet Jeremiah, or the pathetic outcry of Jesus over a city He could not save, "O Jerusalem, O Jerusalem!"?

Patriotism such as this is based upon good-will. It teaches consideration for the worth and rights of others. No true patriot will speak slightly of another nation, or insult its ruler or its flag, since these are symbols of that nation's right to be itself—precisely the right which every true patriot holds so dear with regard to his own country. He would despise himself if he were to swagger up and down before his neighbour's house boasting of his own wealth or accomplishments, and casting aspersions upon his neighbour's family life. To do this would create bad blood in his community; its counterpart means bad blood in the family of nations. Self-assertion of that sort is usually considered to be the evidence of a silly, ignorant, over-weening pride that invites a fall, or of a deep-seated inferiority-complex that shouts defiance because it is not sufficiently sure of itself to live with others on easy terms or speak in friendly tones.

Our long apprenticeship in British freedom has taught us that love of country is less a matter of words than of deeds. Patriotism, moreover, is best expressed in homely deeds, such as intelligent and faithful voting, a conscientious observance of law, the economical and diligent discharge of small trusts, a decent courtesy towards other nations. The Gospel of Jesus Christ goes to the roots of individual conduct and searches into the depths of corporate responsibility. True patriotism will do the same.

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We take this opportunity of thanking all those who have entrusted us with their advertisements.

RENNIE MORAN, Advt. Manager.

SUPERSTITIONS.

Their Origin and Influence.

"When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things . . ."
—Julius Caesar, Act I., Sc. 3.

An irrational fear of all that is unknown and mysterious, and a tendency to act in such a manner as is calculated to avoid mischief, or to obtain certain advantages from such supposedly supernatural events, is what is generally understood to be the significance of the term "superstition." Under this general heading we have come to group together a vast number of beliefs, habits, and fancies, which cannot be regarded as having reasonable foundations.

The daily life of the peoples of many races in the world to-day is almost wholly determined by such supernatural beliefs, and for those whose lives are thus dominated it is sufficient that these strange rites and ceremonies have been handed down to them from their ancestors, and so no attempt is ever made to understand or explain them. Many of these customs are of extreme antiquity, and leading scientists aver that some of the beliefs and practices now surviving amongst the savage tribes of Borneo, for example, had their beginnings more than fifty centuries ago.

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Even amongst the most civilised of peoples, on the other hand, numerous superstitions have survived the ravages of time and are preserved in variously modified forms even to this day. There is but little doubt that the peculiar reverence which we show for the Flag is nothing more than a relic of the use of "ritual standards," or Totem-poles, which play such a large part in the worships of many primitive races. Folk-lore is responsible for preserving many of those peculiar beliefs concerning supernatural forces which have such a firm hold over even the upper classes of our modern society. Very few of our actions may be said to be wholly rational and unaffected by tradition or custom, and even if it is true that scarcely any educated people now-a-days take superstitions seriously, no one can gainsay the fact that much of our behaviour is still affected by all sorts of trivial events which are held to foreshadow good or evil consequences.

Supernatural beliefs have exercised a considerable influence upon the development of many aspects of present day life. For example, the conquest of the seas, and the discovery of other lands was originally due to the need of the ancient Egyptians for resins, incense, and timber with which to preserve the bodies of their dead from corruption, in the hopes that they would be eventually re-animated by supernatural means, and might thus attain immortality.

The ritual performances that were supposed to effect these supernatural results gave rise in the course of time to many of those forms of sport which claim so large a part of the interests of twentieth century peoples. Even the familiar game of tug-of-war is said to have developed from the ancient beliefs that thus did the beneficent and evil spirits contend for the souls of the dead. Other games of skill, such as football, cricket, tennis and polo, if traced far enough back, will be found to have originated in some form of ritual combat, in which the attainment of immortality was the prize.

Again, the dominant instinct of all living creatures is self-preservation, and to this source may be traced many superstitious practices by means of which man attempted to avert the dangers which everywhere threatened his existence. Shells, which were considered symbolical of birth, or life-giving, were believed to possess the necessary powers to preserve those who wore them from the danger of death. For some obscure reason, cowries were thought to possess this power to a marked degree, which explains the origin of their use, both as an ornament, and also as a medium of exchange.

From very early times peculiar magical properties have been attributed to gold, which, in an ancient Indian work, the "Satapatha-Bramana," is said to be immortal, and the rejuvenator of mankind,

conferring the blessing of long life upon its possessors. Thus the search for this precious metal had a superstitious origin far removed from the love of gain which prompts men to seek for it to-day, and it is safe to say that this supernatural belief has exerted a far-reaching influence upon the whole history of mankind which has been responsible in a greater measure than anything else for the spread of civilisation across the globe.

Space does not permit further investigation of the part which man's irrational beliefs have played in the development of our present civilisation, but it is clear that no other force can be compared with the idea of the supernatural as a factor in human life.

—Harold E. S. Doyle.

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FELLOWSHIP.

What does fellowship mean, especially to a Christian? Communion with God and his fellow men. In and around the world to-day, do we find that fellowship which the Apostles and the early Christians showed?

Do people who profess to have our Lord in their hearts only surmise it? Have we become slack in our Christian duties?

Does this apply only to the Laity of the Church? This is a serious question for the Clergy, and for us in College, whose lives, we hope, will be spent as Ministers of that Spiritual Church which our Lord founded some 1900 years ago.

What is amiss? Is it the want of prayer? Is it that we do not try to follow the example which our Saviour showed to us? Do we not find in the non-Christian world a friendship, and a readiness to help one another, which the Christians in many instances fail to display? A friend of mine once told me that he went to the same Church for nearly six months, during which time he had never a word spoken to him by the priest in charge or any other person of that institution. Is this a rare instance? Does this mean fellowship? It might be asked, why did he not tell the Rector that he was living in that district. No doubt he should have done so, but the fact remains that he made his communion once a week, he always attended evening prayer on Sundays, and sometimes he also went to Matins on that day.

He must have been noticed by the priest in charge, also by some member of that Church. His complaint is—and is there not too often cause for the complaint?—that the people of Christ's Church

form little cliques of their own, and unless one knew a member of such a clique, one would wait perhaps for months before being asked to join their little band.

This is not fellowship! It is not Christianity! The mission of the Church is not to look after one class or group, but after all classes and groups. There is no respect of persons before God.

Occasionally there are men who belong to a profession, and who are Christians, speaking to, and helping only, those who are professional men. Christians should never forget those very comforting words our Lord spoke to His disciples after He had washed their feet (St. John 13: 15-16). We sometimes let the world come into our lives and eat away our fellowship.

We kneel side by side to receive the Blessed Sacrament which our Lord instituted, but when we go out of the Church we forget—because we want to forget, and once again take the world into our hearts. Surely Christianity means more to us than the world, and yet when outside and away from the Sacrament of Fellowship, we act unsociably towards one another. We do not mean that our fellowship should last only while we are in Church, and that our prayers said side by side should be a mere performance; yet in some cases they appear to be a performance. We appear to belong to the Christian Church, which means fellowship, and yet do not follow the example of our Lord, the Founder.

What is the use of our professing Christianity, and belonging to some Church, if we are not going to carry out its teachings?

“Go ye unto all the world and preach the gospel to every creature.”

We miss the meaning of Christianity in merely trying to save our own souls, and letting thousands of others die in sin, for the want of the example we have received from Him, and especially the example of fellowship which we should set. Each one of us has a little task to do for Him, Who has done so much for us. But firstly, we must pray for help and guidance, and ask from Him the strength to carry on with the special task which our Dear Lord has given us to do, remembering the words of our Master, and the words of His follower, St. Luke: “And they continued steadfastly in the Apostles’ Doctrine and FELLOWSHIP, and in breaking of bread and in the prayers.” (Acts II., 42).

“Verily, verily, I say unto you, the servant is not greater than his Lord; neither He that sent, greater than He that sent Him. Ye know these things. Happy are ye if ye do them.”

Ye know these things. Happy are ye if ye do them.” John 13; 16-17.

C. J. R. MORAN.

THE TOP OF AUSTRALIA.

"How's she running?"

We had "taken down" the Morris engine for valve grinding and

We had "taken down" the Morris engine for valve grinding and decarbonization, had reassembled it, and now were on the road.

Cooma is probably one of the finest towns in N.S.W. Though not so elevated as Kiandra, its surroundings are fine, and it serves as a starting point for several very attractive trips. On this occasion we had chosen the summit of Kosciusko as our terminus.

The outlook all the way is delightful. Gentle slopes lead on to majestic mountain peaks, set off by colourful and impressive valleys. The town of Berridale announces itself by a long lane of tall poplars in Autumn clothing, whose lower trunks are hidden behind dense hedges of green Hawthorn made gay by a profusion of red berries—and then comes the inevitable "pub"—long, low, and "Australian" looking. Berridale, however, reminds us of another level than that indicated by the hotel, for there on the road stands a solitary crucifix, striking in its purpose—a war memorial to remind the holidaying traveller and the local toiler alike that the road to freedom and to all the higher peaks of life was, and is to be, won in the toil and sweat and blood of sacrifice no less than was the road to Kosciusko in the days of pioneers and explorers.

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That emblem gives such food for thought that one forgets the landscape for a time, until the descent toward Jindabyne demands attention, for here the Snowy has to be crossed. Surely, this little spot is one of Nature's treasures. Spanned by a pretty white bridge, banked with graceful willows, and set in the heart of a great expansive valley, the "Snowy" runs firmly yet steadily on its way—a picture to charm the most excited and to smooth the most ruffled of a thousand riotous thoughts raised by the message of the Berridale cross.

Then begins the real ascent to Kosciusko along the Kerry Course. Vegetation gradually becomes more dwarfish and rare, the atmosphere exhilarates, little streams of fast running water—clear as crystal—cross the track, and a few sheep crop what can be gained before moving to winter quarters.

Eight and a half miles from the Hotel is Bett's camp. Somebody did live there once. A Scot, I was told, who always walked about with his mouth wide open. Questioned about this habit one time, he replied, "Ah, Mon, there's a 'nip' in the air!" (I have this on the authority of the Headmaster of the Manaro Grammar School).

Three miles from the summit we cross the "Snowy" again, within a mile of its source. Then began the wonder! Away over to the right a rift in the mountain opened up a scene of vivid, breath-taking magnitude that was only excelled by the view from the very top. Away to the east there sank the valley we had crossed; the road winding a tortuous way along its crest.

Such a valley as this must be rare indeed—vast, deep, alluring—but what of the aspects north and south and west? Mile upon mile of mountain tops, receding beyond the range of vision. Hundreds, thousands no doubt, of mountain peaks—not hills, but mountain peaks—and yet they lie at your feet, beneath you and running away from you, leaving a vague indescribable sensation of colour that soothes yet dazzles, distance that charms yet baffles, majesty that thrills yet awes, grandeur that fascinates yet compels an involuntary shudder.

This is the top of Australia. This surely is the sort of vision that moved the tongue of Israel's singer long years ago: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my help!" It is only when one has looked down upon the hills from one of their own kings that the outburst of the Psalmist becomes fully intelligible; for full view once granted of such majesty from on top must ever draw the spirit that strives from the valley beneath to the greater heights above.

—G.R.M.

PASTORAL VISITATION.

Looking for Results.

The subject is a large and important one and deeply interesting to both priest and postulant. Activities in the average parish are so varied and multitudinous that the Pastor will readily discover the growing populations of our cities and towns, will soon become out of touch with the worship and work of the Church unless some efficiently organised method of visitation is maintained. Far-reaching effects for good or evil upon the spiritual life of the parish are discernible, according to the methods employed. The clergy must be found regularly "in and out among the people," consequently every branch of parochial activity will function successfully towards the unity and well-being of the Church.

Under the Anglican system of appointment the Rector is primarily responsible before God for the care of the souls within the area under his jurisdiction—that is, as its parish priest. In many instances he delegates duties to colleagues or assistants, in which case there must be a mutual arrangement as to the carrying out of the work. Personal contact with the parishioners demands manifold calls; in the larger populations especially the task is so vast that the question arises: "Where am I to begin?" The answer comes, "Begin with yourself." You are the servant of God, and must place yourself in His Hands, if you are to work His Will in the great sphere before you. Time, therefore, should be set apart day by day for communion with God, if our work is to produce blessings. Dr. J. R. Miller recommends devout men to give more time than usual to their daily devotions when one has a larger programme of duties to face for the day than usual.

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God's own people, the faithful, are to be sought out and listed, and bound together in the Fellowship of the Faith. Door-to-door visiting seems the most satisfactory method. Used in conjunction with the card index system, keenly supported by the clergy, associate licensed workers and district visitors, results will undoubtedly follow; moreover, records can be kept up to date, which is not only useful to the staff, but invaluable to a locum tenens or successor. District visiting by men, day or evening, provides a useful adjunct. None of this work ought to be done in a perfunctory manner.

Visits can be made short and not seem so, provided (after the formal introduction) the subject of the conversation is changed frequently, never forgetting, however, Whose we are and Whom we serve. Bible reading and prayer may be had as opportunity offers. Devout churchpeople, as a rule, expect these.

Results are not usually visible, nevertheless they are a token of effort. Upon a given area being worked during the week, soon after will be found candidates for Confirmation, infants for Baptism, scholars for the Sunday-school, worshippers in the Church, new parish helpers and fresh interest in a general way. Expect results and work to that end. Ask to be introduced to the men (in or about the home) and greet the children with graciousness and words of a catechetical character upon some aspect of faith.

Pastoral work among the sick or afflicted, in home or hospital, is best done by the person possessing an intense love for Christ. The circumstances of the place need consideration, and confidence must be established at once between all concerned. Communion for the sick and aged is invariably accepted by the faithful. Courage needs to be exercised in hospitals in offering it. The company of a Divinity student or other communicant for the Sacrament of Com-



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munion in hospital gives a helpful note of fellowship. A screen should be used in wards occupied by several patients. The distribution of Bibles and other approved reading matter, especially well-printed cards possessing Scriptural or poetic sentiments, to sick and aged folk or mourners is invaluable. Pious noodleism is out of place both for the sick and at the grave. Sick people are always anxious about their souls. Examine their faith, using the Office for the Visitation of the Sick insofar as the exigencies of the case permit. This is best done privately; afterwards let the patient acknowledge the Saviour in the presence of relatives and friends. This gives comfort. A courteous demeanour and sympathetic cheerfulness, buoyant with hope, should always be observed.

—G. P. B.

—:O:—

PEREGRINATIONS.

As a tiny boy, one remembers that "Golden Bell's" classic, "Down in the Valley." Last vacation a small party of us discovered the valley, and decided to go and explore. Truth to say, we indulged in a walking tour, from Moss Vale, through Kangaroo Valley, to Nowra.

Having taken Francis Bacon at his word, and "urbe relicta," we found ourselves wandering from one country seat to another; Moss Vale first stop. We stayed there overnight, at the Railway Refreshment Rooms, and made an early start in the morning. The shopkeepers at Moss Vale are very enterprising: we were able to purchase our breakfast before seven o'clock. From that you may discover that we arose well before sunrise—a splendid effort. That breakfast was to be eaten along the road and visions of it lent us wings.

The world's amateur walking record is about five miles per hour. It may be wrong, but that is what is generally believed among the students. We have no intention of boasting, but would merely like to mention that we walked four miles in 50 minutes, at a leisurely pace. Of course Moss Vale air is more invigorating than that of Cambridge (the home of the record); perhaps that accounts for it. But putting all jokes aside, there is a very pleasant stretch of road from Moss Vale to Fitzroy Falls; and the landscape with its autumn foliage is most inspiring. Here the road is very broad, and there it narrows into a leafy lane. All the way on each side there is something to look at; things bright and beautiful.

By ten o'clock, the sun waxed very hot; we slowed down, and reached the falls at about noon. Here we found the purple-headed mountain and the river running by. The scenery at Fitzroy Falls is indescribable—go and see for yourself. Having made a good luncheon, bathed our feet, and having taken a supply of "Minties," we moved on; at one o'clock. Although we ate "Minties," we had not yet reached the stage or the "moment" when we actually needed them. The toughest part of the journey and the descent into the valley was yet to come.

Some more level road, and eventually you reach the winding Barrangarry Pass, a seven-mile slope, which, like a college course, seems to have no ending. Down and down, and down again, and as you go down, you wonder how the car you pass could possibly come up, the road is so steep. At each step you are deceived by perspective and distance. As the crow flies, the valley township is no distance away, but as the road winds so must you, and a ten-minute flight turns into three hours of solid foot-slogging. The pass is very narrow and on either side of it is a rich and natural greenery of fern and frond, hardly ever touched by the sun, still soaking wet with the beads of morning dew.

But here is the level road again: We are in the valley, and the sun is beginning to yawn and look lazy. Being keen students of



Fitzroy Falls

nature, we know that he will soon retire, and we must hurry on. Along the straight road we go, and the sighing willows bow to us as we pass. Willow trees are very sympathetic, but passing motorists are not, and we return the sigh of the willow, while our feet, especially those of A., put on the expression of a tired martyr. But, stick to it, old chap, we are almost there! See, here is the Kangaroo Valley Suspension Bridge!" And in a state of suspended animation we quietly straggle over into the township singing "Excelsior."

The Mayor of the Valley and his train did not come out to meet us with garlands, and the town band did not assemble; but we quietly entered the picturesque little rectory of the Rev. H. E. Rogers, a person whom since we have all included in our private list of saints.

On that day we had walked 24 miles, and were very tired—so tired that Mr. Rogers' hospitality overwhelmed us. There is nothing more pleasant than a good meal, a cold night, a big bright wood fire, and pleasant company. So we spent the evening by the fire talking to one another and listening to gramophone records. Then early to bed and early we rose. The morning was very cold, and mist hung in the air like rain. The sun was shining, but not in the

valley. It was away upon the mountain tops, well above the mist. We came across it later; and this is how it happened. Originally we intended to walk the whole distance of thirty odd miles from Moss Vale to Nowra. So far we had only walked about two-thirds of the way. Now Mr. Rogers, as well as having an obliging disposition, has also an Overland car. He took every trouble to do so, and finally convinced us that it would be much better for us to go by car than to walk. Some say that we went on a picnic, not a walking tour. But whatever our original intentions were, either about riding or walking, we thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, and that is just what we set out to do.

The ascent from the valley is called Cambewarra Pass. If you would like a description of it refer to the above account of the descent. The two passes are precisely the same; only where before we wound down and down, we now wound up and up, until we rose



Suspension Bridge

above the mist and watched its snow-white billows roll over the valley. Here we greeted King Sol. At the top of the pass there is a look-out, which, like the Fitzroy Falls, cannot be described—you must needs go and see it.

We had arranged to meet Herb. on the way into Nowra. So down we go on the way to the level Shoalhaven district, expecting to meet him with his car any minute. We sight him coming up the hill, and lo! behind him there comes a sulky, and in the sulky sits a man. You ask: Who was the man? It was none other than the Principal. What could we do? We could not hide: There was no way out. To run we were ashamed; we had to stand up like men, and explain, or rather put the blame on the Rector of Kangaroo Valley for not allowing us to walk.

However, to cut a long story short, we came into Nowra, had a hectic little row in a hectic little boat, a hectic little luncheon, in a hectic little cottage, caught the train into Sydney, and in spite of Melia's protestations during the hectic journey, sang "Auld Lang Syne," and parted longing for the next vac.

—K. B.

THINGS THAT DO NOT APPEAR IN THE DAILY PRESS.

An Extraordinary Students' Meeting had been called for on a certain Thursday during the second Term. An official notice has been duly affixed to the Notice Board. It ran as follows:—

An Extraordinary Meeting of Students will be held at 12.10 p.m. on Thursday next in the Lecture Hall. All Students should endeavour to be present. The sick may be carried in by request.

Those in plaster of Paris should obtain crutches etc.

Business: To form an "Anti-suicidal" Committee with the "Safety First" complex.

In due course the day arrived. The Extraordinary Meeting lasted exactly ten minutes and the above-mentioned Committee was formed consisting of Students above the age of thirty years but on no condition was a member of the College Social Committee allowed to hold office in this newly-formed Committee.

A week later there were distinct signs of activity among the Anti-suicidals. Exeats had been printed and handed to every Student residing in College. Day Students were encouraged to link up with the Girl Guide Troops in their respective Parishes. Doctors, Architects, and Scientists were warned to keep themselves in readiness should their services be needed at any time.

Accompanying the Exeats were information sheets giving full detail for the use of the same.

The idea, in short, was this: Each Student desiring to leave the College for any length of time must fill in an Exeat and have it signed by the Principal or Vice-Principal before leaving.

The above-mentioned members of the Staff were supplied with "Safety First" forms by the aforementioned Committee. These forms were later referred to as the "Catch my Student" Certificates.

All worked well for a time, Exeats and Certificates being signed and pigeon-holed at regular intervals during the day. But exactly one week before Th.L., the Secretary of the Anti-suicidal Committee awoke to find himself in Hospital. His Exeat, the sole means of his identification, was immediately forwarded to the Principal, who at once called for a combined meeting of the Committee and Students. On this occasion the business consisted entirely of the reading of the Secretary's Exeat and "Catch my Student" Certificate, both of which were found to be signed and in order.

The Exeat read as follows:—

Name: F.X.	Moore College
Destination	Gladesville
Conveyance	Motor Cycle
Business	Strictly Private
Hours of Leave	Friday, 2—5 p.m.

The "Safety First" Form was a matter of involved questionings and answers, and read as follows:—

I hereby declare that the said F.X. duly fulfilled the conditions and rules as laid down by the "Anti-Suicidal" Committee, and that he has answered the questions below in all good faith. Signed Principal.

Q. Do you believe that you are a fit and capable person to observe the "Safety First" rule when out alone?

A. That is my conviction.

Q. Have you ever ridden a machine of any description before?

A. Only once. On this occasion I broke the record cycling through the lanes of Cambridge.

- Q. Is the motor cycle your own or the possession of another?
 A. I borrowed it from Grandfather, who died before making a will.
 Q. Do you wish to return to the College alive and in good health?
 A. That is my desire.
 Q. Is your life insured?
 A. Yes.
 Q. Are you in debt? Name the unfortunate party.
 A. Yes. Laundry Secretary.
 Q. Will you endeavour to keep all the rules and regulations of the "Anti-Suicidal" Committee.
 A. I shall endeavour to do so.
 Q. Are you married?
 A. Yes.
 Q. In the event of your death will you be pleased to know that all your worldly possessions have gone to augment the College Appeal Fund.
 A. I will.

At the close of the Meeting it was decided that these details be sent to the Board of Examiners for their sympathetic consideration, with the hope that the unfortunate victim be granted a much coveted pass in the Th.L.

No reply has reached us yet, but still we sing—
 There was a young student of Moore,
 Who thought he could ride, but, O Law!
 Taking one on the back,
 He went clean off the track,
 And now he is one mighty sore.

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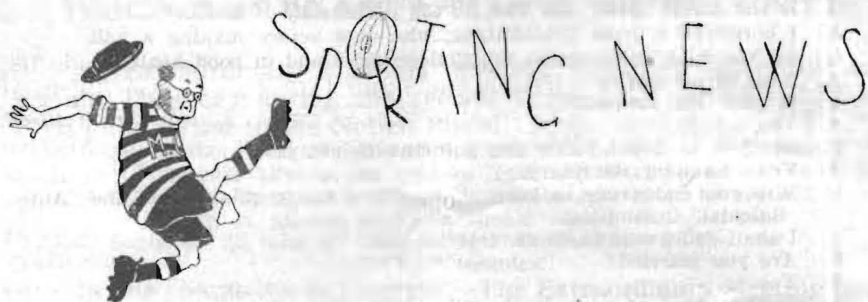


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The Sports' Committee feel that in the realm of sport the College is failing. The Principal recently uttered a very wise maxim: "Work hard, pray hard and play hard." Play can no more be excluded from the daily round than working and praying. It is a strong moulder of character, and has two aspects.

1. Physical: It is a well-known psychological fact that the brain of a man who is physically fit is usually more keen and receptive than that of a sedentary person. Exercise regulates the system and gives a healthy outlet to the surplus energy that would otherwise find vent in baser activities "a sound mind in a healthy body" is an ancient ideal that is very much up to date.

2. Social: In sport we meet our opponents on a common level; be they inter-collegian or business men. The associations after the game are as important as the game itself. It is the game that gives the opportunity of mingling with men of different characters, ideas and ideals. To converse with such men broadens the mind and makes it too big for pettiness.

Recently a Sydney graduate made the assertion that he received a more liberal education from his associations at the university than he did from his actual course of reading. In sport we meet sometimes better and sometimes inferior characters than ourselves; and each type has something to offer. As men practise together on the playing-fields and consider team-work, they develop a loyal devotion for one another; and the old enemy, selfishness, fades into the background. In the greater public schools certainly, and in most schools, sport is considered a very necessary part of a boy's education. So should it be in ours.

The following is a review of the College sporting activities for the term:—

Tennis: Three matches were played.

Moore 4 sets, Leigh 5 sets.

Moore 7 sets, Camden 0.

Moore 4 sets, Andrews 4 sets.

one loss, one win and one draw. The standard of our tennis is below normal at present.

Football: Like our sister College, St. John's, Morpeth, we have about thirty-five men in College. But the St. John's people are more enterprising; they have a football team of their own, playing in a Newcastle competition; last season they did very well. We have not a team of our own, but have united with St. Andrew's Theological Faculty to play in Rugby Union second grade. We are only playing scratch matches at present and will be entering the competition next year. In view of the number of men in College we should be able to field a team of our own. However, six of our members are playing in the team, and that shows some sign of progress.

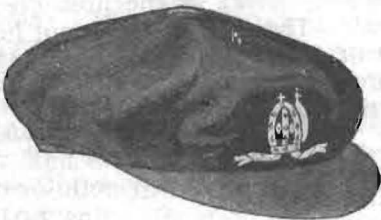
As for the proposed **Hockey team**, it is too late in the season to think of it, but next year we intend to place a team in the field. We remember that in 1914 Moore College fielded a Lacrosse team that vied with any of the teams playing in the same competition. Are we just too lazy, too busy or don't we care? Society looks to us and the true sporting spirit plays a very big part in it.

LUDO.

PRAYER AND THE INNER LIFE.

In Holy Baptism I was made a Child of God. St. Paul bids us, "walk as children of light." By the Inner Life, I mean the Spiritual Life, or Life within the Kingdom of God. Canon Liddon has defined prayer as "the act by which man puts himself into real and effective communication with Almighty God." It can be exercised in three ways—formal, ejaculatory, intentional. In formal prayer, we deliberately place ourselves in the Presence of God, as in our devotions at set periods and in meditation. Ejaculatory prayer is the momentary uplifting of the heart to God. In what words can we better do so than those of the Psalter, the Hymn Book of the Church through all the ages. We all know that it contains rich stories of praise, thanksgiving, penitence, and supplication.

Too often prayer is thought of as synonymous with supplication. We need to remind ourselves that every thought directed to God is prayer, and every act done with right intention is a prayer. This is where I wish to connect prayer with the Inner Life. We are often told prayer is very difficult; so it is. But, paradoxically, it is very easy. In the home, the child is not always telling its parents of its love for them. It is shown in numberless ways, by conscious and unconscious acts. Let us in like manner live our life in the Kingdom of God, the Home of the Family. We cannot always be consciously in the presence of God, but we can make our whole life a prayer, by dedicating our life to His service. "I offer Thee all my thoughts, words, acts, and sufferings, that they may be to Thy Glory, Praise, and Honour."



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Many of us have little time for formal prayer especially in the form of meditation; but how much can be done by this direction of the intention. So easy, in that we make the daily offering, and perhaps think no more about it, at least consciously, and yet so difficult in that it involves perpetual recollection. For having devoted our day to Him, how dare we wilfully do or say aught inconsistent therewith? Our Lord has given us the command, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect." There is the ideal toward which we are all pledged to strive, and which, the more advanced we are in the Inner Life, the more we feel to be unattainable, because the nearer the approach to Godlikeness, the wider the grasp of what "perfection" implies. Such we find to be the experience of all the great saints. God became Incarnate that we might have, in Him, the revelation of the Perfect Life, the life as lived in the world, but not of the world. That is the essence of Inner Life, the life of perfect obedience to the will of God. Our one theme must be the glory of God. To this end must every thought, word, and action be directed; and being so directed, our whole life becomes a prayer; prayer in action; that "Our Father's Will be done in earth as it is in Heaven." Thus will our life be modelled on that of our Divine Master, a life of perfect consistency. We cannot split our life up; so much for God, so much for ourselves. Our life in business, recreation, social amenities, must all be to the glory of God. We can take our recreation with the same end in view, as we can perform our devotions in church. A saint of old, being asked while playing a game of chess, what he could do if our Lord suddenly appeared, replied, "Continue playing this game." What a magnificent example of the Inner Life! His meaning was that he was perpetually living in the presence of God. God's will is that we be natural. The example does not infer that the saint was always conscious of God's presence, but that he aimed at leading a simple, natural life, endeavouring, as far as possible, to be consistent with his baptismal vows.

A. E.

:o:

REMINISCENCES.

They sat round the fire in my rooms in Westminster one winter's evening, smoking and yarning, as only old friends can. The night wore on, and as it did the talk veered round to those eventful war years, now, thank God, only a memory—but what a memory!

There was dear old Jimmy—he's bailiff on a big place in Hampshire now, and wonderfully cheery and agile, in spite of the fact that one of his legs is made of duralmin and that his left sleeve is permanently tucked into his pocket. "My souvenirs," he laughingly calls them. Then there was old Doc, who spent the best part of three and a half years in an advanced dressing station, and through the whole time never seemed to turn a hair, but whose hair was brown in 'fourteen, and by the end of the show it was a snowy white, and he was only thirty when it was all over. Sprawled in my best armchair was the Commander, a jovial tubby figure. He had been retired early owing to the Geddes Axe, and was now living quietly on his pension and was devoting all his time as a Boy Scout Commis-

sioner; old Tom Drew, the Scientist as we dubbed him, completed the party. Tom seldom spoke, but those who know are wont to declare that his service was not nearly so insignificant as he would have us believe.

Each chap had spun his yarn, and it came to Tom's turn, and a silence fell upon the room while the deep old bird sat back in his chair and filled his pipe with maddening deliberation.

At last the task was finished. "I've never told you of young Donald Nobell," he said quietly. "Donald was at Heriot's, in Edinburgh, and left in ten or eleven, I forget which, and went through to Glasgow and took a jolly good science degree there. He specialised in optics. When he left the 'Varsity he took a post with Barr the range-finder man out at Anniesland, where he did some jolly fine work on crown glass prisms. In August, '14, he 'listed in the R.E., but within a fortnight B. & S. had the old boy back again at his beloved prisms. Range-finders were scarce, and so were men like Donald.

The old fellow didn't like it, I know, but he never grouched about it at all. I felt it keenly enough when my rotten old eyes kept me at home, but for a physically fit fellow like Don it must have been horrid. Well those were hectic days at home. I was at Kelvin's doing compass work, and our conditions of working were somewhat the same. The works were going day and night, so as it was necessary that I should be on the spot, I put a bed and a table in a little lumber-room off my laboratory. This I did so that should any circumstance arise requiring my attention, I was always available. Donald was in the same boat at Barr and Stroud's.

Well, the war dragged its weary way on, and about the middle of May, '15, we received a visit from some "brass hat" from the Admiralty, followed a week later by an order to make periscopes for submarines. On my advice, we borrowed Don from Barr's, and he shared my room and laboratory. My! That chap could work. For months and months he never worked less than 17 or 18 hours a day, and even on Sundays he'd put in about 12 hours. He worked a revolution in his department, and produced some truly wonderful instruments. He used to deplore that his job was so horribly safe—that the risks which our pals were undergoing in France were quite apart from his life. We all felt this to a degree at this time, as things were pretty rotten for our fellows just then, as you all know.

"They were!" interrupted Jimmy, tersely.

Well, little did Don and I think that before the war had run its course we would have more of an adventure than ever we had dreamed!

We both felt it necessary that we should test and examine the instruments we were working upon, when they were under service conditions. Accordingly we had many seagoing trips away from the works in what "Jerry" was pleased to call Unterseabooten, Don fussing about with the periscopes while I hovered around the compasses. We did enjoy those trips, and many a merry yarn we had in the ward room when coming up the Firth after a day's test run.

For some time we had been eagerly looking forward to the trials of K———, one of the latest steam-propelled ships. She had an

absolutely new design of compass, and Don had worked out several improvements on her periscopes. At last the day came, and we went down to Fairfield's yard to embark. There she lay, a thing of beauty—but for us, though we did not know it—not a joy for ever.

The trials were wonderfully successful; everything had gone swimmingly, and after about six hours we ran alongside a tug to let the technical staff disembark and proceed to Glasgow by train. As Don and I knew most of the officers we elected to stay on board and sail up the river.

When the tug had cast off, the Commander turned the ship towards the Gareloch, and decided to have one more dive before returning to the yard. The order was given to submerge, and we had no sooner sunk beneath the surface than the depth indicator began to change at an alarming rate. Something was wrong. In a few moments we settled on the bottom. We could get no reply from the engine-room, and were reluctantly forced to conclude that for them the worst had happened; but was it the worst? we began to think, for our own position was far from enviable, shut up in a steel box, under a good many feet of water.

In an attempt to get news of the disaster to the outside world one of the officers lost his life. There seemed to be nothing to do, so we sat down and chatted, and some of the fellows played cards until the lights failed; then it was really rather beastly. I think most of us went to sleep, however—we had had a fairly strenuous day.

I won't bore you with an account of those hours of waiting, as they were really very uneventful. (Thus did old Tom regard how those gallant men waited for what they all felt was certain death.)

After what seemed a very long time we were roused by a shout from one of the chaps, "Listen!" We did, and sure enough there came the steady tap-tap of a hammer upon the hull. Well, it was a bit of a relief. A few hours later our friends managed to fix a flexible steel and rubber tube over one of the ventilating valves, and soon after that they were able to pass down an electric light, some hot soup, and also to pump down a supply of fresh air. For eight hours more we could hear them fixing chains and hawsers about the ship, and then they got the ship to the surface, and soon afterwards we were being helped on board a pinnace and taken to Shandon Hydro, where we bathed and went to bed.

That's all, but it cured us of our complaint regarding risks in our work. We'd had some!

"Scottie."

—:O:—

A.S.C.M.

Catch-My-Pal Movement.

This term we feel constrained to give a brief resume of the origin and aims of the "Catch My Pal" Movement, as outlined by its author, the Rev. R. J. Patterson at a recent A.S.C.M. meeting. The movement had such a unique beginning, and has become such a strong force for Prohibition, that those who feel the obligations of that all important public question will be interested.

Mr. Patterson had a charge as a Presbyterian minister at Armagh in Ireland. In view of the conflicting claims made by the Church of England archbishop and the Roman Catholic archbishop to the primacy in that city, he

usurped the title of Presbyterian archbishop and made himself the primate of the church of Ireland. He was not officially recognized as such, that was only his little joke; but as results go he made for himself a very strong claim for supremacy. Facts are very forceful.

Mr. Patterson returning to his manse one afternoon passed a group of six men, quietly and lazily supporting a lamp and other posts. They were not intoxicated, but had been on the previous evening, and were now feeling the inevitable after effects. As he passed by, one of their associates who had just left them, told Mr. Patterson in a more or less jocular mood, that he should go and speak to them and reprimand them for their intemperate habits. Thinking it a good opportunity, and taking the man at his word he crossed over to the men and began to speak to them. The outcome was, that several days later at nine o'clock in the evening, the six men, true to their promise and in answer to the clergyman's earnest prayers, arrived at the manse to sign the pledge. With Mr. Patterson and themselves as witnesses they signed and all prayed. The answer to their prayer was that each one of them should go out and return a week later with a pal; the lowest and most ragged drunkard that each could find. The parson argued along these lines. "If you and a number of other men had fallen into a river and one of you succeeded in getting out, would you first of all go and get fully dressed, then lend your comrades a helping hand? Or would you immediately stand on the bank and offer assistance?" The men responded to this argument because they saw that while they now stood in comparative security, others were perishing every minute. There is a lesson here; that a starchy and high-flown dignity does not carry salvation with it; if we think that, we have lost sight of our calling. To serve it is necessary to stoop. However, at the appointed time the six men returned with seven more, making a total of thirteen, and so on, until the room in the manse became too small for the growing body that trooped up to the door of the manse each Friday evening. The movement spread from the manse to the church hall, from the hall it spread over the town, and from Armagh it conquered a goodly part of Ireland, and is at present operating in England, Scotland and Wales.

The movement was so successful that Mr. Patterson was forced to resign his charge for the sake of organising it. At the opening of the prohibition campaign he received an unsolicited invitation to visit Australia and assist in what he calls "driving out the serpent." The people of Tasmania told him that he had come to the Garden of Eden. He replied that their Garden of Eden was very beautiful, but the serpent had yet to be driven out. St. Patrick was supposed to have cleared all the snakes out of Ireland, but it has been left to the "Catch-my-pal" movement to banish the remaining one and most poisonous of them all.

We were duly impressed with the ideals and success of the movement, and sincerely hope that it will flourish here. In any case Mr. Patterson's appeals went home. "Don't sit in your lofty position of security and deplore the fact of the drink curse, but for God's sake do something for the unhappy victims."

Thank you, Mr. Patterson.

—K.B.

THE WANDERER.

Grant me to rest beneath the spreading trees,
And watch the bush-birds winging o'er the plain;
To hear once more the sighing of the breeze
That wafts across the fields of ripening grain.

Grant me to know the simple joys once more—
The sunshine and the softly falling rain;
To see the faces that I loved of yore,
And clasp the hands of bygone friends again.

Grant me leave the busy world behind,
And wander through the bush-land, fancy-free;
For, in the gentle sighing of the wind,
I hear the open country calling me.

—H. E. S. DOYLE.

C.E.M.S. NOTES.

Annual Business Meeting.

At the sixteenth Annual Meeting of the Moore College Branch of the C.E.M.S., which was held in the Library on Wednesday, 4th July, 1928, the Committee was able to report a year of varied interests and activities. The Report recorded the fact that no less than 19 new members had been admitted into the fellowship of the Branch since June 30th, 1927. Reference was made to the College Open-Air Campaign, and every Member was urged seriously to lay to heart the great opportunities of real service which were made available through these Services. Our indebtedness to those twenty-five Clerical friends who had addressed the members at the Weekly Devotional Services was also placed on record. The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—Honorary Secretary, H. E. S. Doyle; Committee, F. A. S. Shaw (Senior Student) ex officio, A. E. Elliott, R. A. Ezzy, G. G. Mottram, and M. A. Payten. Mr. R. A. Ezzy was also appointed as Delegate to the Provincial Council.

Weekly Devotional Services.

Dr. Fosdick in one of his devotional manuals tells of an Oriental who said, "You wonder why Christianity makes such slow progress among us. I will tell you why. It is because you are not like your Christ." Too often, alas! this has been true of professing Christians, and so we specially cherish the Weekly Devotional Services which help us to realise more deeply our Master's abiding Presence, and bring us fresh inspiration for our daily lives. We are always grateful to those of our Clerical friends who help to make these Services so interesting by their devotional addresses, and this Term we are especially indebted to the Vice Principal and the Revs. C. T. L. Yarrington, P. R. Westley, F. W. Tugwell, E. Cameron, J. P. Dryland, C. E. Adams, H. J. Noble, and others.

Open-Air Services.

After serious consideration on the part of the Open-Air Service Committee it was regretfully decided to discontinue the Open-Air Services until after the Th.L. examination. We have had very happy and successful meetings in times past, and it is hoped that next Term we shall be able once more to go out into "the highways and byways" with the Message of God's Love.

The Blind Institute.

Extract from the Annual Report: "It is with a feeling of regret that we refer to the fact that Members are not making the most of the opportunities offered by the weekly visits to the Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind. The blind boys deeply appreciate such visits as are made, and it is sincerely hoped that more interest in this activity of the Branch will be manifested during the coming year."

"The Australian Churchman."

The National Secretary has kindly made available a number of copies of the "Australian Churchman" for distribution among Members, and it is hoped that all our Members will become subscribers to this excellent journal. The annual subscription is 2/6, posted.

—H. E. S. DOYLE,
Hon. Secretary.

:o:

STOP PRESS.

Just as we are going to press, the news has come to hand of the Home Call, on August 1st, at the Rectory, Hirnant, Wales, of the Rev. D. Davies, M.A., father of the Ven. Archdeacon D. J. Davies, Principal of Moore College. Before going to Hirnant, the late Mr. Davies, who was a graduate (M.A.) of Trinity College, Dublin, had served in several positions in the Dioceses of Llandaff, Ripon and Lichfield (Eng.). Our Principal has our heartfelt sympathy.

SHOULD DIVINITY STUDENTS STUDY PHILOSOPHY?

To the Editor of "Societas."

Dear Sir,—

Despite the loss of dignity, and the severe sense of shame which I feel at soiling my hands addressing your scurrilous paper, yet, I feel it my duty to make the supreme sacrifice, in the hope that the seed sown may find a lodgment even among the dry bones of M.C. Should Divinity Students study Philosophy? we are asked, and we can only reply, Should truth have any fellowship with unrighteousness? B used to say, be men of one Book, and that Book to which he referred was not the Logical Basis of Education, by some chap who made the pace a welter. It was not a so-called introduction to science, by a man with a distinctly Irish name; it was not a History of Philosophy, by one who spun his Webb of Paganism round the Storehouse of Truth. The Book to which B . . . referred, was that one of which alone it can be said that every work contained within its covers is true and verbally inspired. So now, as an old man, and as one of the clerical caste let me exhort you, my Lay Brothers, to abhor these evil communications of Satanic Authorship, whose teachings make our Protestant hearts bleed and groan with anguish unspeakable.

Yours, etc.,
LOW CHURCHMAN.

:0:

HERE AND THERE.

Verger: Most of the cellars that I have seen are underground. Yours is about the only top-floor cellar known.

Darlington: Remember that at all church parades in the future, sprigs must be removed from the boots, and trousers worn much lower.

Bertie: The book-business is much more lucrative than science. Besides, it carries with it a very liberal education. Or would you prefer to be a fisherman?

Tiger: Now, how could a man live after that?

Alban: The Americans have reached a remarkable degree of efficiency in shaving. You will have less difficulty if you do as they do—grow your whiskers inwards and bite them off.

Ted: In Australia we usually put blankets on the bed and a collar on the neck.

Brim: Do you know how it goes? "Sunbeams scorching every day." But you must be very careful, my son; anything on wheels, like a little knowledge, is dangerous.

Hal: Would you lecture one Thursday at noon? We would suggest as a topic "Life and how to make a success of it," or "mess of it."

Grum: In spite of your experience Charlie declares the nurses at Sydney to be much nicer.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

- Ronnie.—Very sorry the Handel refused to turn.
- Ted.—Hope that you are never as full of "Scotch" as your articles are.
- Perse.—Sorry we could not accept your article on aeroplanes come down to earth.
- 'Arold.—Your article on habit forming is very good, but we have an innate tendency of dodging lectures out of hours. Besides Woodworth is copy-right.
- Syd.—Your early morning methods are certainly a wake up. Be very careful or you will be throwing yourself in one day. Remember habits are reflective.
- Hauburn.—The little article which you sent along entitled "That's fine", was so fine we could hardly hear it.
- Braid.—If you really want to know a good barber try the chap who cuts the lawn.
- Hoi Aristoi.—We estimate that if we come out of lectures and Chapel five minutes later every day that in 144 days we will be saying Complaine instead of Mattins.
- Card.—The correct method is to blow the bath heater right up the funnel, connect the water and gas mains diagonally, and then smoke under the shower.
- George D.—Your article entitled "Should such a faith offend?" smacks of insincerity. You would not ride on Drano's motor bike.
- Drano.—Try fitting floats to your bike. Remember Noah in the Ark.
- Tiger.—Our columns are not open for correspondence on "Nick-Nocking." Besides, College Studies have no knockers.
- Erb.—How often do you oil your chaff motor? You are a mechanic, why ask us what is wrong?
- Muzz.—Why keep on drawing blocks, the City Commissioners have already put their heads together?

—:O:—

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