



SOCIETAS



The Magazine of
Moore Theological College
Sydney

TRINITY TERM, 1927

MOORE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE

NEWTOWN, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

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SOCIETAS

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EDITORIAL.

With last term's issue of "Societas" we took a decided step forward as regards the size of the Magazine. As regards the quality of the articles published we leave it to the individual opinion and criticism of our readers. On the whole we feel that the issue won the approval of all who received a copy. Having taken this step forward we realised that more time and care would be demanded from the Editorial Staff in the preparation of the Magazine in future, and also that we should be faced again with our old problem, that of finance.

We desire to keep up the standard of the last issue. We can do this on two conditions: first, if every student in College will do his best to supply us with suitable articles, and not leave it to a few earnest workers; and secondly, if all who receive copies will send along their subscriptions without delay. In the present state of financial affairs no one should expect to receive a copy as a gift. Last term we sent out about ninety-five copies to old Moore College Students, and those whom we looked upon as earnest supporters of the College, and so far we have received very few subscriptions. If this state of things continues our College Magazine, of which we are justly proud, will cease to go forward. As this issue promises to be a good one, we earnestly urge all readers to support us in every possible way. We are determined to do our share, and we naturally expect you to do yours. The College belongs to all Moore College Students, past and present, and so does its Magazine. Help "Societas" and you will be helping your old College. We want to see more of that spirit of "Societas" coming from without to strengthen the similar spirit which really does exist within the College. With these remarks we present our second issue.

PERSONAL NOTES.

There was great rejoicing when Mrs. Davies and family returned from the Old Country early this term. They seem as pleased to be home again as we are to have them back.

We were sorry to lose the Rev. W. J. Siddens from the College, yet are glad he hasn't wandered far. We are told he is now a citizen of Nea Polis.

Owing to stress of University work, Mr. P. N. Walker-Taylor resigned the position as Tutor of the College. This position has been filled by Major L. J. Danby. We wish the former every success in his final Medical Examination, and hope that the latter may continue to look upon the College as a home. He has already proved a valuable member of our large family.

We all with one accord wish the examiners of the approaching Th.L. Examination every happiness and success. May they be endowed with the spirit of "Societas." May nothing disturb their rest, and may they be blessed with a healthy appetite.

Congratulations to C. W. Whonsbon-Aston on being appointed to the position of Scout Commissioner of the South Sydney District.

We take this opportunity of welcoming our new chum, L. J. McDicken. We hope his stay will be one of happiness and success.

We were pleased to hear of Fred. Dillon's engagement with Miss Percival. May they never forget that this is the right "Societas" spirit.

We have had two visits from our old friend, "Pop" Gidley, within the last few weeks. Such visits are always appreciated. We trust he enjoyed his holiday in Sydney.

L. N. Sutton is now on his way to England. May he meet with all success in his future studies.

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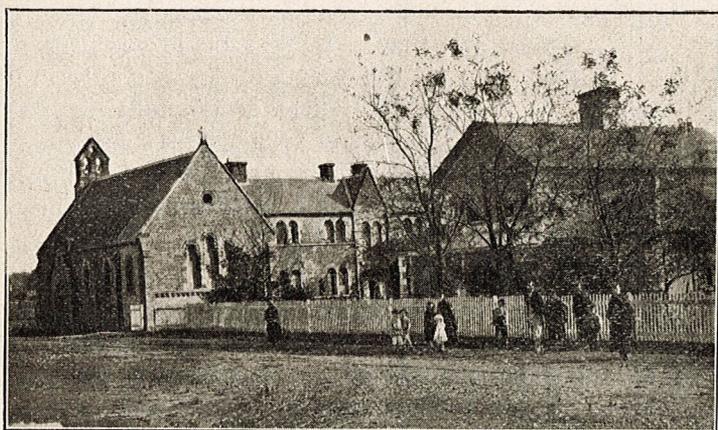
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MOORE THEOLOGICAL COLLEGE.

Moore College received its name from Thomas Moore, Esq., founder of the township of Liverpool, N.S.W., and one of the earliest pioneers of Australia. Of humble origin he rose to a position of wealth and influence in the newly settled Colony. He died in 1840, and bequeathed his property for the use of the Church of England in this country. His will provided that a part of his bequest should be applied to the founding of a College for youths, between the ages of sixteen and twenty-three years, of the "Protestant persuasion—according to the principles of the United Church of England and Ireland."

The Trustees, in accordance with the discretion allowed to them, decided to use the bequest to establish a Theological College, but it was not until Bishop Barker came to the country that the scheme was put into definite shape. The Bishop contributed largely from his own



Moore College and Principal's Residence, Liverpool.

private means, and he also collected funds with which Collegiate buildings were erected at Liverpool. Mr. Moore's residence became the Principal's house, and a roomy garden formed part of the property. The College Chapel was built in memory of Bishop Broughton, the first Bishop of Australia.

The first Principal was the late Dean Cowper, but he held office only for a few months until the Rev. Wm. Hodgson came out from England. The College was opened in March, 1856, and remained at Liverpool for thirty-three years.

In the year 1889 it was decided to transfer the College to Sydney. A site was obtained, adjoining St. Paul's College, on land which had formerly belonged to St. Stephen's Church, Newtown. The College

was re-opened on the new site in the first week of August, 1891, and the Rev. B. A. Schleicher was appointed Principal. He died in 1897, and was succeeded by the Rev. Nathaniel Jones, who held the post until his death in 1911.

The Broughton Chapel was removed from Liverpool to its present site in 1902, and re-opened in January, 1903. During the process of transference it was greatly reduced in size, but it was still amply large enough for the purposes it had to serve.

In 1906 the Jubilee Bursary Fund was raised, and the interest therefrom provided a few small exhibitions, while the capital sum was used as a loan fund. In 1912 new bookcases were placed in the library, partly through the efforts of former students. In 1914 the interior arrangements of the Chapel were improved.

In 1917, a plot of land was purchased near the College, with a view to erecting a hostel, and in 1923 two houses opposite were purchased to serve as a hostel. In 1926 the block of land adjoining the College was bought by the Trustees for the purpose of re-constructing the whole of the present buildings. A fine scheme has been prepared by Professor Wilkinson, head of the School of Architecture in the University of Sydney. At present the College accommodates, besides the Principal, a Vice-Principal, Tutor, and twenty-three students. Each student has his own separate study-bedroom. There is a library, containing several volumes of considerable bibliographical interest, including a large black-letter Bible printed in 1602. There is a tennis court in the grounds of the College.

Since the foundation of the College over 400 of its students have passed into the Ministry. Three old Moore College Students have been consecrated bishops, and a fourth is at present in England awaiting consecration. Moore College has an honour roll of twenty-five missionaries who have gone to the Foreign Mission Field, and within the last few years six men have left the College for work in the out-back districts of Australia.

List of Principals.

- Rev. W. M. Cowper, M.A., Oxon. (1856).
- Rev. W. Hodgson, M.A., Cantab. (1856-1867).
- Rev. R. L. King, B.A., Cantab. (1867-78).
- Rev. A. Lukyn Williams, M.A., D.D., Cantab. (1878-84).
- Rev. T. E. Hill, M.A., Cantab. (1884-89).
- Rev. B. A. Schleicher, M.A., Oxon. (1891-97).
- Rev. Canon N. Jones, M.A., Oxon. (1897-1911).
- Ven. Archdeacon D. J. Davies, M.A., B.D. (Cantab.), F.R.H.S.,
Th. Soc. (1911—).

List of Bursaries, Exhibitions and Prizes, Etc.

Thomas Moore, Esq., Bursaries.

"Barker" Scholarship.

"Eleanor Abbott" Scholarship.

J. M. Sandy Bursaries.

J. H. Hedges—Library Endowment.

Thomas Watson Memorial Reading Prize.

F.E.E.

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THE COLLEGE DIRECTORY.

Is it possible for anyone to feel at sea on land? "Quite possible," says the Editorial Staff. We feel that a little instruction to visitors of the College may prove helpful, so with this issue we publish a College Directory. Many a poor soul has experienced that feeling of loss on entering this massive academical pile. For safety's sake, then, all visitors are requested to take note of the following directions.

Ask the tram guard to be sure to put you out at the stop after St. Paul's Road, or, lest he misunderstand you, just mention the name "Bligh," and all will be well. Don't forget to face the driver when alighting, and place your outside foot on the ground first. We mention this for your own sake, as well as that of our Resident Medical Practitioners whom we trouble as little as possible.

On entering the College grounds walk circumspectly. On reaching the handsome portico don't knock at the massive double doors, but ring the bell once or twice. It won't ring, by the way, but don't be discouraged at that, simply remove your hat and gloves and proceed to the main electric light switch and turn it slightly to the right. The response to your call will be almost instantaneous. If you happen to call in the day time and can receive no response to your repeated attempts to make your presence known, proceed to the Principal's residence, which completes the west wing of the quadrangle, use his telephone, and ring L 1103, then race back to the main entrance of the College and hope for the best that someone will answer the 'phone. If this fails, answer the 'phone yourself, place the receiver on the hook, and call loudly, "George, telephone!" and then proceed upstairs. Half way up the chances are that you will meet that person "George," who, at your request, will put you on the right track, or perhaps show you round the College. If he does not put in an appearance turn to your left as you reach the first floor, and with the aid of this directory, proceed. We feel sure that whatever you are looking for will be found in due course.

- Room No. 2—"The College Cafe."
Tea, cakes, and biscuits at all hours.
Fish and fishing tackle to order.
Detective yarns to read while U wait.
- Room No. 3—"The Home of good Meat," or "Jewish Butchery."
- Room No. 4—"Head Office." Manager, Mussolini.
- Room No. 5—"The Surgery."
Open all hours before and after Th.L.
- Room No. 6—"Tutor's Office."
Special coaching in the art of becoming a gentleman.
Practical tips for Tyros.
- Room No. 7—"Aroma House."
Ask for our pamphlets on "Neatness" and "General Efficiency."
- Room No. 8—"The Studio."
Mouth-organ lessons twice daily.
- Room No. 9—"The Study."
Challis Professor of Logic and Mental Philosophy.
- Room No. 10—"The Skinny Villa."
Professor P. E. R. Sea. Expert Coach.
Leaving Certificate and Matriculation.
Economics and Ancient History a Specialty.
- Room No. 11—"Sports Depot, and Furniture Removalist."
Delivery free of cost.
- Room No. 12—"The Garage."
Free Air.
- Room No. 13—"The Vatican."
Strict Silence.
- Room No. 14—"The Puggery."
Enter without knocking.
- Room No. 15—"The Home of Spare Parts."
B.C.A. Enquiry Office.
- Room No. 16—"Boy Scouts' Department."
General Enquiry Office.
- Room No. 17—"Moore's Look-out."
Where Gordon holds the fort.
- Room No. 18—"The Vahalla" Music Store.
Latest pieces in stock.
"The Sleeping Beauty" (Score).
"Dreaming and Drifting."
"Tuck me to sleep."
"Three o'clock in the morning."
"In Blanket Bay."
"Some day I'm going to murder the Janitor."

- “By the fire-side she is dreaming.”
 “Traumerei” (Dreaming).
 Room No. 19—“The Olympic” Theatre.
 Now showing:—
 “De Silentio Janitoris.”
 “The Missing Hair-pin.”
 “The Marcelle Mystery” (Serial).
 Room No. 20—“The Fire Station.” Manager, “Apollos.”
 Room No. 22—“Out Patients.”
 Room No. 23—“The Class Room.”
 Lectures on “Voice Production” and “Yawning made
 easy.”
 Room No. 24—“The Dog Box,” Sample Room.
 Rugs, Mattresses, Room Heaters, and Double-breasted
 coats, etc.
 Room No. 25—“The Manse.”
 Let Van Daedalus draw the plans of your future home.
 Room No. 26—“The Temple.”
 Grand Master, “Mut.”
 Goats for hire.

Note.—Visitors are strictly requested to leave their umbrellas,
 walking-sticks, bags, and cameras downstairs. † On no condition are
 visitors allowed to enter the kitchen.”

“The Staff.”

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JUST A RAMBLE.

Now I meditate upon my text. Why did I choose it? As a matter
 of fact it is not the result of choice—my mood would not permit selec-
 tive reasoning—my mind’s gone a rambling. This text may be found
 in the book of life: you can track it down to the chapter of experience.

I want you to note that word “Ramble.” I did not say “Rambler.”
 I would not be a mere Rambler. We have all met the aimless individual,
 and I venture to suggest that the pulpit is not his only habitation!
 There are others beside the parson, when he is dressing up a text,
 who, like Abraham of old, go out not knowing whither they proceed.
 Have you never met people whose whole attitude to life may be thus
 summed up?

Yet, there is a healthy mood into which we fall when the mind
 would go a rambling; let her! Open wide the doors: the glorious lib-
 erty of unexplored thought lies ahead! Give place to the mind and
 let her pasture where she will. Do not lead: be led! I amble along in
 that freedom now.

For the moment I snap my fingers, yea, put out my tongue to the be-spectacled, wrinkled-browed psychologist, and the cast-iron featured, dogmatic theologian. Have I not been endeavouring for years, past to force my mind into the steel-like channels these gentlemen have made for my thought? No wonder that revolution has come! My mind, cramped and bruised, begins to find a new vitality. She stands a moment, before sporting herself amid the entrancing unknown, pulsating with emotions which affect her as a child, who has succeeded in breaking bounds for the first time—having avoided the parental eye—is momentarily controlled by the thought of triumph and expectation. The newly released butterfly is not a very inadequate illustration: wings cramped—which will, ere long, in the free play of sunlight, receive a power previously unknown; the stunning realisation of bigness as contracted with the narrow confines of the now useless chrysalis. The strength has come! Away flits the twin-winged thing, indeed not knowing whither it goeth, yet it finds, not merely life-sustaining, but life-enriching, pleasure giving sweetness.

So my mind has broken the bounds, and in its rambling, is gathering the nectar of the gods: it is a glorious experience! I am being led into the sphere of that which might have been and, though I have a tender conscience, I am not a wee bit sad, because I am away from the things which are. We now enter the field of that which may be, and I wish you could be with me here! Come quickly, for I perceive we are returning! We come back with a knowledge of the things that might have been; with a vision of the things that may be, to transform the things which are.

Now, Mr. Know-All Theologian, and Mr. All-Wise Psychologist, I return to you again. I raise my hat in recognition of your usefulness, but, don't you wish you could have been with me!!

R.J.T.

—:o:—

OUR POET.

(To the Editor.)

Dear Sir,—

Our magazine has lately been distinguished by a series of exquisite poems, which have caused no small stir in literary circles. It may be that they are not as widely read as they deserve; and I have heard it suggested that you yourself cannot have studied them very carefully or else you would never have allowed them to be printed. The fact, however, that they make their appeal to a limited public of one (the writer) does not detract from their intrinsic worth; and I, regarding them quite impartially and disinterestedly, attach so much

importance to the series, that I feel compelled to make this appeal for the author, who is now suffering from a nervous breakdown, combining high blood pressure with periods of acute melancholia.

Hitherto master to a noticeable degree, of his subject he has unfortunately been overwhelmed by it. No known metre has been discovered portly enough to contain it; no rhyme or rhythm can be found fit to deal with it. Can any of our readers assist our unfortunate poet?

I have the privilege of knowing him personally, and the honour of being a member, by election and terminal payment, of the same College. I have entree into his study, where, ignoring all pests, he sits down at the table with a tired look of grim determination to that form of amusement so near to his heart.

Ah! you care-free catechists, surrounded by every luxury and modern convenience as you are, overpaid and underworked, overfed and unworried, do you realise the hardships and sufferings of this man who, facing the grim hardships of a College life, attempts to enlighten our dulled intellects with his poems? Have you ever paused to think of the tremendous strain upon the man's imagination required to convince himself that, were it not for him and his masterly poems, the poetical life of our College would deteriorate? Have you ever conceived the terrible shock to a highly sensitive nervous system, such as his, which is caused even by a hint that an allowance should be made to those launching out in poetic efforts?

He is not a bad fellow if you take no notice of his poems; but poet or no poet, there is no verse that could adequately deal with him so I plead for leniency, and still more leniency for Our Poet.

C. W. Dillon.

—:O:—

THE INTRODUCERS.

The well-known writer, David Grayson, the author of "The Friendly Road," once said that he would like to be called an Introducer. "My friend, Mr. Blacksmith, let me introduce you to my friend, Mr. Plutocrat. I could almost swear that you were brothers, so near alike are you. . . . And, Mr. White Man, let me present you particularly to my good friend, Mr. Negro. You will see if you sit down to it that this curious colour of the face is only skin deep" . . . and so on.

We are all like that to some degree at least. Even at Moore College we all could desire to be known by no more welcome title than that

of Introducers. True, we do not as a rule seek to introduce men to one another in the way depicted for us above, but we do seek to help our brother man, whatever his state may be, to get acquainted with the Friend of Friends, the Lord Jesus Christ. In this special sense of the term we may be said to be in the succession of the Apostle Andrew, for was not he responsible for introducing his brother Peter to Jesus? Truly, no man can do a greater service to his fellow than this.

Most particularly might those of our number who week by week seek to proclaim the Gospel in the open-air be known by this name, for it is the set purpose of these meetings to bring needy souls face to face with their Maker. "Come," they say as they proclaim the Gospel Message, "Come, and let us introduce you to Jesus." Not waiting for men to come seeking an introduction to Him, they go out into "the highways and byways," there to "lift up Christ" before men, that "He may draw them unto Him."

For some months past the meetings of the College Open-Air Campaigners have been held at the Post Office corner, Glebe, and there, again and again, the "Old, old story of Jesus and His Love" has been proclaimed to needy souls.

It is not easy work, this introducing men to their Lord, for many do not wish to know Him and seek to pass by. Many, however, do stay and listen to the message, and not a few have gratefully accepted copies of the New Testament that they might be able to read for themselves the Words of Life. And the hymns, how they love to hear the old hymns sung again: "Rock of Ages," "Nearer My God to Thee," "Abide With Me," are all favourites that are asked for nearly every night. Who knows what hidden chords, deep down in the hearts of passers-by, have been touched and thrilled by these and other hymns sung by the road-side, who, indeed, save God?

At the conclusion of the service the Girls' Club of St. John's Church usually provides a very welcome supper. The support, not only material, but spiritual also, which is given by this loyal band of Church workers has been a constant inspiration to those who have taken part in these meetings.

In this thing all are agreed, that of all the student undertakings of the College there is none so soul-satisfying or so inspiring and helpful to all concerned as our work in the open-air as introducers of our fellow men to our Lord and Master, Jesus Christ. And, too, we are convinced that no effort on our part is too great if it but serves to bring some weary, burdened, sinful soul nearer God.

"A.I.R.O."

EPITAPH.

(Written by the late F. S. Shenstone, 12th May, 1927, a few days before his death.)

"To be free to walk in God's good open air;
To smell the flowers and hear the birds sing in the trees;
To see the wide expanse of hill and dale and sea and sky;
Touch that we will and taste the food a bounteous Nature gives;
To have good friends, good health, the will to work—and play,
And, before our end is come, to have aided where we could,
To make more real God's great purpose to produce one perfect man,
To be our everlasting witness at His holy court—
This is to have lived and played our part;
So may we lie and rest in perfect peace."

The late Mr. Shenstone was probably well known to many of the readers of "Societas" as a member of the firm of Messrs. Angus and Robertson. The above lines were written by him a few days before his death, and so beautifully fitting are they that we are constrained to print them. We are greatly indebted to Mr. Long, Headmaster of Gardiners Road, Junior Technical School, for this copy.

C.W.A.

Once a Year

An opportunity is given to Clergy and Church people to purchase everything required in connection with Church work at big reductions.

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A SUGGESTION.

The first Saturday morning of each term is looked upon by the students as a rare occasion. They are then given an opportunity of tabulating their heretical views. They assemble for the space of three hours, under strict examination conditions, to do credit to what is called a General Religious Knowledge Paper, or what is more commonly known as the General Ignorance Test of the Term. We are led to believe at times that the results are most remarkable.

As this test is so beneficial to the students as a whole, may I be allowed to suggest, through your Magazine, Mr. Editor, that on the last Saturday morning of each term the students be asked to submit to an examination, on the subject of General Collegiate Knowledge.

Lest my readers do not comprehend what I imply by this title, I here set out in full form the exact nature of the type of examination paper which would prove most helpful and edifying to the body of Moore College students.

General Collegiate Knowledge. Saturday, 3rd Sept., 1927.

Time: 3 hours—9 a.m. to 12 noon. Attempt 8 Questions.

1. If the erection of a new College, or the alteration of the present building, rested entirely upon your constructive and imaginative ability, how would you set about spending the round sum of £50,000?

2. Write out in full the College weekly menu. Discuss its underlying principle, and estimate its physiological, psychological, ethical, and social values respectively.

3. If you were asked to read a paper at a Moore College Committee meeting, what subject would you choose, and why?

4. Give a list of Hymns suitable for the Eve of Th.L., and Th.L. week.

5. Tell all you know of the following:—"Little Ivy," "Etc.," "Dash A. Hyphen," and "Coo."

6. How often does the College 'phone ring during lectures, and should the Janitor perform his duty on these occasions? Substantiate your answer.

7. Estimate the feelings of any one of the following:—(a) The student who sets his alarm clock for five in the morning and has no intention of rising before seven; (b) The student who turns in at nine-thirty and imagines that the rising bell is the Compline bell; (c) The Janitor who wakes at six-forty; (d) The man who hasn't prepared his Greek.

8. Imagine you are standing on the corner at eleven p.m. one week night; how many lights are you likely to see in the College premises?

9. Describe the aromas of any of the College corridors during the winter months; or

Why is the water pressure so strong during these months?

10. Write a critical essay on one of the following:—"Chapel Singing as it is at present"; "Lectures in the Sun," and "A Student's Meeting."

11. Discuss the statement, "No Hostel, no College," or

"Can a member of the Hostel be saved?"

12. Should there be a Dramatic Society in connection with a Theological College? How would the presentation of "Julius Caesar" by Theological Students affect the morale of the College, and effectual parish administration.

13. Why do the Kooka-burras laugh during Greek lectures?

"Auto."

—:o:—

THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

When we read the Bible humbly and receptively, we know that it is the word of the Living God that abideth for ever. There is something in the Old Book which speaks direct to the hearts that God has made for Himself.

Whenever we think of the cost of our English Bible, there passes before our mental vision a great procession of some of the noblest Englishmen who paid a heavy price that the Book might become ours.

The Bible is the most cosmopolitan and universal Book in the world. It appeals not only to all ages, but to all peoples. It is at home everywhere. This marvellous Book makes its appeal to men and women of every tribe and kindred and tongue just because it is the authentic word of God speaking to hearts that God made for Himself.

The British and Foreign Bible Society formed in 1804 has for its sole object the encouragement of a wider circulation of the Bible without note or comment. Its aim is to place a Bible in every home, first in the Homeland, and then throughout the world. It is both a Home Missionary and a Foreign Missionary Society.

The circulation of the Scriptures by the Society throughout the world for the twelve months ended March last, is slightly more than 10,000,000 copies. Surely this is an enormous quantity. Someone might ask are the copies read? One cannot say, but one knows they would never have been read if they had not been circulated. People do not buy what they do not require, as a rule.

The Society assists the Missionary Societies of all Churches, and the Scriptures are sold at a price the poorest people can afford.

One thousand Colporteurs circulate the Gospel up and down the pathways of the world. These Christian Apostles have shown a temper as fine, an endurance as tenacious, a boldness as daring, as ever distinguished Elizabethan seaman or modern explorer or soldier. Their record shines in the pages of the Bible Society's reports.

The number of languages into which a book is translated gives an idea of its importance. Shakespeare is represented by some play or plays translated into nearly forty foreign tongues—including Japanese and Icelandic—while John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is issued in no fewer than 118 versions. But these figures are insignificant when compared with the versions of the many-languaged Bible. Translators are making God's Book the common property of mankind. The Gospel has been actually printed in over 700 forms of human speech.

As its share in this vast and beneficent work the British and Foreign Bible Society has helped to spread God's message in 593 languages and dialects.

For the blind peoples of the world, the Society has published some portion of the Gospel in Braille type in 39 different languages.

The Church of England has obtained no fewer than 185 versions of the Scriptures from the Society in the various fields where it is at work. The Presbyterian Church has received 153 versions, the Methodist Church 107, the London Missionary Society 60 versions, and so on.

Strong Churches are rising in many non-Christian lands. Some day the Missionary will be called to higher service. But the Church will remain, and the Bible in the indigenous tongues must also remain. It is of paramount importance that these Churches, as well as the Church at home, should have their faith grounded in the Holy Scriptures. It is the Bible Society's high and responsible privilege to be the chief provider of those Scriptures.

A.N.S.B.

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CHEERIO!

(John, 16:33, "Be of good cheer...")

Sweet friend, look not with tearful, downcast eye
Upon the ground where broken hopes lie strewed;
While life shall last, true hope can never die—
Hope reaches out to grasp eternity,
And disappointment is the strong soul's food.
Be brave, dear heart, for underneath the sky
All things work out for man's eternal good!

—H.E.S.D.

"OUT WEST."

In an undulating district, not boasting any big hills, skirting the shores of the Great Australian Bight, a district where no rivers or creeks are found, where practically the whole area is covered by dense mallee and sandalwood scrub, you will find, the Peter, James and John of the Bush Church Aid Society of Australia and Tasmania.

Fred Dillon, an old Moore Collegian, Charlie Kemmis and Jack Vaughan, two aspirants for Holy Orders in the near future, are doing a wonderful work in the name of the Lord Jesus in the sparsely settled areas of our own continent on the "West Coast" of South Australia.

"Are they happy?" you ask. Could I take you into the two-roomed tin shanty house—named by the name of "Rectory" and show you Fred cooking the sausages for breakfast, while Charlie makes the beds, and then goes and tinkers with the old "Rugby" in preparation for perhaps a hundred or so miles of parochial visitation; could you hear the good-humoured repartee which passes through the kitchen window; could you see them both as they visit our little hospital and encourage the sisters by their jovialities; you could certainly have received a reply to your question.

These "Fishers of Men" are working in a district, the very formation of which adds to the difficulty of the work. The soil is very sandy, in some places exceptionally so, and the whole country abounds in swamps, and salt lakes from one to ten square miles in area, wonderful speedways when dry, but veritable bog traps for the unwary motorist after even the slightest rain. Two ranges of sandhills, one on the coast of the Bight, and the other some ten to fifteen miles inland, take all the conceit out of the urban speedhog, who with a full assurance of his capabilities, tackles them. The roads, too, compare favourably with the main artery of our State, in one thing, their width, in fact in most cases the width is conspicuous by its absence (joke.—Ed.), and this has one great advantage, no difficulty is found in passing an approaching vehicle, when you are fortunate enough to see one!

Also is it necessary on all journeys to be your own "Bowser" as garages are rare adornments of the landscape.

Water, too, is a precious commodity, and forms one of the necessities of a trip.

But to dilate on the geographical aspect of the country is only filling space more needed for greater things. What is the work of the Missioner of Ceduna and his stalwarts? What are those warm-hearted Sisters of Mercy doing for the salvation of the pioneers of the land beyond the sunset?

There are in this area, extending as it does for 500 miles, eleven centres at which regular services are held, some each Sunday, others once a fortnight, and the others once a month. These services are generally well attended, and are mostly held in the school houses, which number fifteen, in a distance of 120 miles. These school buildings are mostly of limestone, and some are very small. One in which the Missioner held a Harvest Thanksgiving with a congregation of twenty-six is only 12 x 9.

Visitation, one could not call it parochial, plays a large part in the work of the outback. The missionaries leave the base probably on Saturday morning, motor to one of the out centres for Sunday, taking always three services and travelling generally 80 to 100 miles in so doing. During the week they visit the schools and the congregation of these churches, returning home at the end of the week.

Periodically, once in every four months they endeavour to visit Nullarbor Station, 240 miles distant, and once in every six months, Eucla, 390 miles away, the farthest west point of this great mission area.

The congregation is not always white to look at, but deep down in the heart this great "Parish" boasts men and women, worthy in every respect of the name, irrespective of outward appearance.

Truly, too, in this great field, "white already to harvest," is the work of the Good Samaritan wonderfully exemplified.

It must be a tangible Christ, it must be a reflected image of the Master which is to be taken to the people of the outback, and in the B.C.A. Hospitals, now two in number, you will find ample evidence of that self-sacrifice and devotion, sympathy and patient service only to be found in those who can, with St. Paul, say: "Henceforth I live, yet not I, but Christ liveth in me," and it is only because of the presence of our Saviour in the hearts of these workers, both men and women, that they are able to face the hardships and effectually maintain the cheerfulness which is found radiating from each one of them.

They, too, have their distractions from arduous labour. Once each week it takes the form of a happy fellowship of Prayer and Bible Study, in which all join and place before the Master the difficulties of the work. Or maybe it is in sport—tennis, cricket, swimming, fishing, etc., are tried, but the sport which interests the "West Coaster" most is football, but whether the most enjoyment is to be had in watching the players or the barrackers, most of them young members of the weaker sex, is a matter of opinion.

Then there are other diversions, one just a few months ago, in the form of a wedding, in which two of the workers played the principal parts.

However, we cannot let this article go to print without reference to "Bob" Hallahan, and his happy bride, for "Bob" is one who thanks the "Three Fishers" for a deeper realisation of the great Pathfinder and is one to whom, together with Charlie Kemmis, the students of Moore will have the pleasure of extending the right hand of fellowship with the words, "Welcome, brother student, and fellow-worker in Christ Jesus."

K. Smith.

—:o:—

CARAVAN WANDERINGS IN THE "WEST."

I had heard strange tales of the West, but had never reached this reputed "Land of Saints," in previous wanderings. Of its just claim to such a description I became well assured for every other village seems to carry the name of some Celtic or British Saint. They are a tangible mark of the past; a constant reminder of the interchange between Brittany and Cornwall of "Holy men of old."

There came a time when I was to wander, if not quite in the same way, at least for the same purpose as my Celtic fore-runners, and to experience as many others have, the almost psychic spell which mere words are unable to convey to the uninitiated. "What are the people like; will they welcome our work?" was my query, and I received from my chief the comfortable suggestion that they "thrive on missions."

One feels that the deeply religious temperament is not the growth of a moment, but the residuary legatee of the "Faithful past," and there are abundant links with a past devotion. Holy wells abound, speaking as a rule of the sojourn of some "Holy man" near the spot, in consequence of which the waters heal or convey some such blessing as that of which the poet reminds us in the "Well of St. Keyne!" Whoever drinks first of these waters after the marriage service will be "master" for life. My drinking had no such connection, I need hardly say. Time and again in some ancient church-yard, or away on the moors one will come upon a venerable stone cross with perhaps the history of a thousand years at the back of its lonely existence, and these "outward and visible signs" number about two hundred and seventy. They seem to hold a secret as inscrutably as do the Egyptian monuments. Within the reach of their shadow I have tried on some occasions to pierce the past and discover its devotion, but they resent a too inquisitive enquiry; but they are not alone, for I have watched a distant Tor for so rude a length of time that I have seen the Moor mist suddenly arise and hide it from view. Such is Cornwall, and such is its baffling spell.

Perhaps with such a background it will not be thought necessary to raise the eye-brows as I relate what in a more blase atmosphere seems out of place. Standing one day on the cliff of the north seaboard we watched the Atlantic rollers until they fulfilled their task of helping to intensify, if it were possible, the rugged character of that wild coastline. Yet the real interest was more than this; a rock island, so close to the mainland as to be linked by a somewhat rickety foot-bridge beneath which the by-no-means-spent Atlantic rushed and fumed. On this rock is to be seen the remains of a chapel and castle which were once King Arthur's, at least "we" of Cornwall, adopted or otherwise, firmly believe. Standing as I did with this priest it seemed as natural to be assured by him of the special holiness of that spot, as presently to be asked to satisfy an appetite with lunch. "Here in Tintagel and at Glastonbury" (where our holy faith first found acceptance), "The veil between this world and the next is thinnest. Those who have lived here for any length of time know that this is so," was his word of assurance to me. Who am I who love the romance of Cornwall to deny such testimony?

I have felt in my wanderings in the "West" that I should be less surprised to see "St. Allen, the presiding saint of the hail or moor," or Saints Adwen Tudy, or Minver and others, than the material form of a native of the present order one occasionally meets, in tramping "Away from the haunts of man." Should this seem incredible I would say, so did it seem to Aquinas to believe that a "religious" could lie; to him it would have seemed more feasible for an ox to fly, at least, so his Biographer would have us believe. Fortunately our faith is less severely strained in these matters.

V.S.W.M.

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THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL CHURCH FOR MATRAVILLE.

I have been asked by an old Moore College Student, and a keen supporter of "Societas," who is at present the Hon. Secretary for the above movement, to bring before the notice of our readers this appeal for funds to bui'd the Diocesan Soldiers' Settlement Memorial Church on the soldiers' settlement at Matraville. This is more than a parochial affair, and therefore we do not hesitate to bring the matter before the notice of our readers. You are asked to become subscribers. All subscriptions may be sent to the Rev. P. R. Westley, of St. Mark's Rectory, Long Bay; the Dean of Sydney; or the Hon. G. F. Earp.

Editor.

THE IDEAL OF LIFE.

A celebrated philosopher is reputed to have said, "The end of life is the highest good." While this statement contains a measure of abstract reasoning, yet an ideal is enshrined therein. The ideal therein set forth is obviously "the highest good," it is also an objective.

Most people may be said to have an ideal, and just what that particular ideal may be, must of necessity make all the difference in life. With the philosopher the ideal was the life of virtue which in itself is a most desirable attainment.

Virtue is defined as moral excellence, and the practice of duty, thus the elements of virtue are enshrined in the Church Catechism. Our duty towards God and our duty towards our neighbour are a clear and explicit definition of virtue in the highest possible terms. Should either of these primary Christian duties be absent from our lives then the life of virtue is incomplete.

The ideal of the philosopher, may, in a deeper sense, be the ideal of every Christian. Yet the ideal in, and by itself is vague. Some Power and Love, other than our own is needed, to make the ideal real and full of meaning.

The Christian's ideal and objective is centred in a Person, Jesus Christ. In Him dwells the complete life of virtue, and with it the power to make it an integral part of life. There is no love, no beauty, and no virtue in life that does not spring from a source, and the source is Christ Himself.

Once our particular ideal and objective of life is centred in Him, the focus of life is changed. Instead of moving in the darkness, as it were, we henceforth move in the rays of the Light of Life, endeavouring through the channels of love, devotion and sincerity to attain in actuality, the highest and noblest ideal.

But some will say this is mere speculation, it is **too** high, it is impossible. Such is the opinion of the world of self and of pleasure. Jesus said, "With God all things are possible." In Him is the Power to perform in us that which the world declares impossible.

God intends us to be conformed to the image of His Beloved Son, and this is the Christian's ideal. It becomes an integral part of daily life. It is not merely, as with the philosopher, the life of virtue, but rather the life in which the ideal and objective; "the highest good" is Christ.

F. Jones.

A PLEASING SUBJECT.

In a very small book, which has recently been published, an anonymous thinker deals with a very important problem, one of the most important, indeed, of all problems, which go to make up the burden of the mystery of things. It is one which crouches hideously on every pillow in the world, that haunts every dawn with its presence, that robs sleep of half its beauty, that makes midnight festivals—be they never so innocent—“mere hollow mockeries and gawds.” I refer, of course, to the problem of Early Rising on Cold Mornings.

Some people like Drano and Morany say it is an easy matter. All that is required, they say, is a good resolution, or the sound of another student being ejected from his warm couch. The latter case is the best cure for hesitancy. This may be very true, but it is the same with the boy at school, who has to take the flogging and then it is all over. But as yet we have not reached unanimity on the point. As a helpful stimulant let us consider this problem a little in detail.

Our Janitor who, by the way, is usually rising as one of our number, is returning home, is gifted with the abnormal capacity of rising with the lark. Sad to relate, however, he, too, often succumbs to the weakness which at some time or other attacks all humans. Although a man of noble convictions he thoroughly agrees with Sir Harry Lauder when he says, “It’s nice to get up in the morning, but it’s nicer to lie in bed”—and so he does.

There are some advantages in early rising, the chief of which is the avoidance of a sudden and forcible awakening, accompanied with a tremendous shock to the nervous system by the discovery of the prostrate figure of oneself on an icy-cold floor, pitifully shivering and wildly endeavouring to regain the dry, soft, warm bed clothes.

The vision of forthcoming examinations compels one diligently to engage in study at every opportunity, in order to avoid a sorry collapse on the part of oneself, and that of the far more sorry examiners.

Since an anaemic constitution is the result of abstinence from that healthy indulgence of the sporting element, one assiduously maintains one’s condition by sprinting round the adjoining oval, much to the delight and admiration of the muffled milkman, who, though an enthusiast himself, does not carry his exercise to such an unusual extent.

But I have left the most important consideration till last, namely, the partaking of one’s cold shower. The “gingerly” hesitancy with which this luxury is approached, makes it all the more delightful, and once overcome, one’s resolution receives recompense in one’s joyous indulgence in its pleasing fridity. Surely such ecstasy is sufficient reward for any merit attached to early rising.

C. B. Alexander.

“TO BRIGHTEN LIFE.”

If every word we uttered could be kind,
And every smile we shed abroad sincere;
Then this would be a diff'rent world, you'd find,
And half the clouds that come would not appear.

If every deed we do was done to Serve,
And all our learning but that we might know,
A better way to strain our every nerve
To make life good and then to keep it so.

If every thought we think might be a dream
To bring some Sun into a life that's black,
To make life's toils easier than they seem,
We should not then be frightened to look back.

If every prayer we pray **could** be a prayer,
And we forgive as we are now forgiven,
I think we'd find that Paradise was here,
And this old earth could be a gate to Heaven.

R. B. Dransfield.

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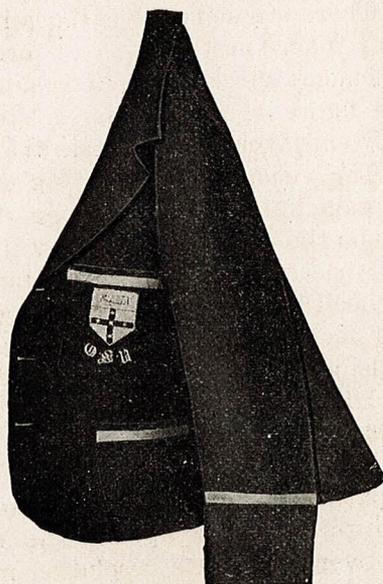
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C.E.M.S. NOTES.

Annual Meeting.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the College Branch of the C.E.M.S. was held in the Library on Thursday, 7th July, 1927. The retiring Secretary's report outlined the activities of the Branch for the previous year, and also recorded our indebtedness to the twenty-five speakers who had addressed the members at the Weekly Devotional Services. The accounts showed a credit balance of approximately 13/-. The following office-bearers were elected for the ensuing year:—Hon. Secretary, H. E. S. Doyle; Committee, A. H. Edwards, A. E. Elliott, R. A. Ezzy, and J. F. G. Olds.

Admission of New Members.

Our service for the admission of new members was rather later this year than is usual. On Friday, 15th July, the following were admitted to full membership of the Society by our Branch President (the Principal), Messrs. C. B. Alexander, J. E. Baker, R. F. Dillon, A. E. Elliott, R. A. Ezzy, and L. J. McDicken.

Weekly Devotional Service.

As always in times past, the weekly devotional service on Friday mornings has been a continual source of help and inspiration to all our members. It is here that we feel the Unseen to be the more real to us because of our deep desire to learn His Purpose and Plan for our lives. We have had some very interesting addresses from our visitors this term, and we extend to them our hearty thanks. Amongst them may be mentioned the Principal and Vice-Principal, and the Revs. W. J. Siddens, A. J. H. Priest, Leonard Gabbott, P. A. Micklem, P. J. Bazeley, and Canon Langford Smith.

Open-Air Meetings.

Last, but not by any means least, amongst our activities mention must be made of the weekly open-air services which our members have carried on with unabated enthusiasm throughout this term. These have been held near to the Glebe Post Office nearly every Friday evening, and we have good cause to feel that they have not been altogether fruitless. Thanks to the generosity of Mr. W. Winn, of Winns, Ltd., we have been able to hand copies of the Scriptures to enquirers at the conclusion of these meetings. This adds greatly to the force of our Message, for who can teach so well as the Holy Spirit through the printed Word?

General.

We of Moore College are out to show the world that, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, the C.E.M.S. is a live factor in the build-

ing up and enlarging of the Kingdom of Righteousness on earth. During the coming year we are hoping for great things, not only for ourselves, but also for others as a result of that Active Witness, Fellowship, and service to which we have all pledged ourselves in the Name and for the Glory of Jesus Christ.

Harold E. S. Doyle, Hon. Secretary.

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A.S.C.M. REPORT.

Trinity Term, 1927.

Such a journal as this does not call for a long report, concerning matters, which, for the most part, merely affect ourselves. Therefore, in the words of friend Polonius, "I will be brief."

This branch of the A.S.C.M. is flourishing, and stands upon a very sound financial basis. In the near future we hope to augment our library with the latest devotional works. At present we have an excellent collection of A.S.C.M. publications, and students are urged to avail themselves of such sound and edifying literature—room No. 10, in the cupboard, at any time.

Since the last publication of this Magazine (Easter term), we have carried on our meetings with the valuable assistance of prominent speakers.

On Thursday, May 12th, Colonel J. Allister-Smith, of the Salvation Army, spoke to us on missionary work in Africa. We are particularly grateful to him for his extremely helpful address, and one at least has gained a greater knowledge of the power of prayer and constancy. It is an excellent thing to come in contact with our fellow-workers of other denominations, but still more helpful when they happen to be so inspiring as our much experienced visitor. The cover of the latest issue of the "Intercollegian" bears the words, "ut omnes unum sint" (which being interpreted means that all may be one), and to this we all say—"Amen."

On Thursday, June 30th, we were pleased to welcome Mr. Alexander Mill, Religious Work Director of the Y.M.C.A., Auckland, New Zealand, whose inspiring talk was appreciated by all. Mr. Mill represented the Egypt General Mission. He is a most interesting lecturer upon Egypt and Palestine, having visited the places of note in both countries.

Early in July we were favoured with a visit from Canon Burns, of Nairobi, who made a direct appeal for Missionaries for Africa. His address was warmly appreciated by all present, some of whom cherish the hopes of serving in the Mission Field in the days to come.



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FARMER'S

"The Store for Men"

On Thursday, July 28th, we had a visit from Mr. B. R. Wyllie, M.A., the travelling secretary of the A.S.C.M. His talk proved very enjoyable and enlightening, consequently we now have a deeper regard for the movement.

Our branch extends sincere thanks to these several speakers for their support and sympathetic help.

Recently, words were published to the effect that the A.S.C.M. was a society for whetting jaded appetites for service—and a very fitting definition, let us not forget it.

Keith Brodie, Hon. Secretary.

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CHRIST EVERY MAN'S STRENGTH.

(Written on the occasion of the Admission of New Members to the College Branch of the C.E.M.S.).

The Exhortation:

“Quit you like men, be strong!”
Fierce foes around you throng—
Be this your battle-song:
“Christ is our Strength!”

Pray to God every day
For light upon your way—
E'en when the skies are grey
He'll be your Strength.

The Response:

Faithful to His Command
Firmly for Truth we'll stand;
With Christ at our right hand
Great is our Strength!

Seeking to know His Plan,
Trusting in Him we can
“Be strong and play the man!”—
Christ is our Strength!

* * * *

When life's hard day is done,
After the fight is won,
Let each victorious son
Praise Christ our Strength!

—H.E.S.D.

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

In our childhood days this question was one with which we soon became familiar. Even before we understood many of the things going on around us, we understood this question, and could answer to our name. Before the Church teaches us the most elementary rudiments of Christianity, she makes a solemn demand, "What is your name?" She would impress each one of us with the idea that in the sight of God he is a person. He has a character, whether that character is good or evil; he alone is responsible, his personality and character are summed up in his name.

How awful is this question, when we are called to answer it before God, "What is thy character?" "What sayest thou of thyself?" It is so easy to talk of others, to give others our opinion of their character. We are not called upon to answer the question for them, but for ourselves: "What is our character before God?"

John Bunyan writes his *Pilgrim's Progress* with all his characters named, by their virtues or vices. He was probably right on this point; our name and character are soon identified; how quickly we associate one with the other.

In the eyes of the Almighty is our name "Faithful," is it "Christian," or is it "Disloyal" or "Worldly?"

Yes, we have received a name by which God knows us, a name which will be revealed to us by God Himself. Our earthly name, ignored by the world, laughed at by many, and put to an open shame by those who are "not religious," yet our name with God; our secret name is spoken of with princely dignity in the courts of heaven, in all our weakness and all our unworthiness, each of us is still a person to Him.

Our prayers are mighty in His councils, each of us is one of those sheep He came to seek and to save, and one of those precious ones whom He calleth by their name.

Our name, given to us as Holy Church, signed our brow with His sign, will in heaven be written on our foreheads to be known of all. Plain and visible our new name will be known without the faults and failings of an earthly name.

"By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,
And the next world's reward and repose, by struggles in this."

In the courts of ancient Greece the judgment was given to the prisoner at the bar by placing in his hand a stone, and according to the colour of the stone so was the sentence; a black stone signified "Guilty," and the punishment was death, but a white stone was acquittal and pardon. S. John, in his vision of the judgment, where Christ is our Judge,

finds that the faithful are given by Christ a white stone, which means their acquittal and pardon, and something much more than this, not only pardon, but a new name written on the stone.

So the first question which Holy Church asked us is the same question which will be required of us as we come face to face with the King of Kings and Lord of Lords.

What is your name?

"Delta."

—:o:—

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"WHERE DID YOU GET THAT PIE?"—Words only. Suitable for Tuesday nights.—"George & Others," Moore College.

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SENSATION!! Have you seen us do it? We are specialists in Early Rising! Any bait will do. Get particulars this morning. Apply at 7.30 a.m., to "O. U. de Acons," Rooms 7 and 9.

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SPORTING NOTES.

Our College stands for all that is highest and best. It equips a man for the battle of life, spiritually and physically.

Thus sport should play a prominent part in our College life and routine. College sport affords a man an excellent opportunity of developing that side of his nature which in the past has been more or less neglected. We would urge all students to avail themselves of this opportunity while they have it.

Tennis has been the order of the day. The final matches of the Newman Cup Competition were played off this term.

We were defeated by Leigh College by five sets to three, which again places us in the position of "runners up" for this year's competition.

We defeated St. Andrews by six sets to two. The games were keenly contested, and very enjoyable afternoons were spent.

During the term our team played Castle Hill at Castle Hill, resulting in a victory for Moore.

An enjoyable tennis afternoon was also spent at Normanhurst. We are deeply grateful to those kind friends who entertained us, and gave us such pleasant afternoons.

We would like to hear from any tennis team that would care to arrange a match with us on a Saturday afternoon during the coming term.

C. W. Dillon, Sports Secretary.

—:O:—

OVERHEARD IN THE COMMON-ROOM.

A Religious War.

"Freddie, Freddie! What are you thinking about? How often have I told you not to play with your soldiers on Sunday?"

"But you see, Mama," replied Freddie promptly, "this is a Religious War they are fighting!"

Those Pies!

Matron: "That flour I bought from you last week was very tough!"

Grocer: "How's that?"

"Well, the Students couldn't eat it!"

A Familiar Sound.

The Rector was preaching on the "Revised Prayer Book," and laid stress upon the fact that the use of the new forms was purely optional. The small daughter of a Churchwarden was very puzzled. "What's 'optional,' Daddy?" she said in a loud whisper, and added, after a moment's reflection, "I know, fancy dress or otherwise!"

He Knew the Procedure!

The Teacher was giving the lesson of "Cain and Abel" to her Sunday School class. She had just reached the part where Cain killed Abel, when suddenly the youngest son of the local Policeman jumped up and rushed out of the room, saying as he went, "I must tell Father about this!"

Sleepers.

"Isn't it lucky that the men from Moore College don't have to travel to their Parishes by train?"

"Why?" "Well, I was told the other day that trains run over sleepers!"

C.J.R.M.

—:O:—

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENCE.

"Hoi Polloi."—The reason why the Gunpowder Plot failed was, that there was no connection between it and the French Match.

"Sid."—Collapsible motor car wheels have been tried a good many times; but on each occasion it was unanimously decided that the aforesaid wheels were not conducive to smooth running.

"Chas."—No. "Tomus Secundus" and "Prior Tomus" do not refer to "Ginger" the cat and his second cousin once removed.

"Fiery Fred."—We agree with you. "Bluey" should benefit considerably by your exhortations to meekness, gentleness, and long suffering.

"Hal."—Don't be alarmed if your hand won't cover it. The top of your head can't possibly fall off. If it were so easily detached it would have been left somewhere or other long before this.

"R. Deac."—We feel that while owl-eye rims do not prevent fittings from scratching, they do at least save the lenses from being damaged.

"Vasselino."—We most certainly do agree that your work is to save souls; but we often wonder what happens while you "fiddle."

"Cardinal."—We find it very difficult to say which would give the greater shock and make a person look the sillier: a wet bath when expecting a dry one, or a dry one when expecting a wet one.

- "Frank."—Thank goodness we have some one to lead the singing, and to prevent it from being a failure altogether.
- "Green—for the use of men."—While we do not agree with people who pretend to be younger than they really are, we would advise caution about going to the other extreme for fear of people misconstruing a normal attitude for that of second childhood. People are, comparatively speaking,—er—more or less—sr—that is to say, generally speaking—er—young and inexperienced you know.
- "Reg."—We were wondering the same thing; still we don't think there is any reason to believe that because a man has less jaw he will "jaw" less.
- "Fred. Org."—We consider your refusal a distinct exhibition of lack of public spirit and societias. To whom can we now turn for a suitable organist for that majestic pile?
- "Willo."—We regret to say that we cannot possibly accept your application for the position of trained nurse in this Institution in spite of your remarkable qualifications. We fear your failure to obtain regulation shoes to fit will result in too many relapses.
- "Inquisitor."—All efforts on our part as budding theologians to discover why Governor Phillip should be the first of that name to have two "ls" have been unsuccessful; at any rate he has our sympathy.
- "Doc."—At Junee, is it always as with the railways, not only the parting of the ways, but also the meeting of the ways?
- "F. Deac."—We feel deeply indebted to you, for that long gliding step with rhythmical movement of the body is, to say the least, fascinating. The delightfully artistic poise of the head holds one rapt. That engaging and confidence winning smile would win the heart of the Sphinx itself, the air of assurance which is so essential a character inspires one to the highest ideals.
- "Lauder."—After exhaustive research we say with all confidence that Robert Grosseteste was in no way related to Frederick II., known in academical circles as Fredericus Stupor Mundi.
- "Wash-pot."—Nothing will convince us that inspirational Greek will ever supplant the written text.

—:O:—

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

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

Donations.—The generous donation of £5, which was offered towards the upkeep of "Societas" last term on condition that we received fifteen other donations of £1 each, was received a few weeks ago, in spite of the fact that we have so far received only four other donations of £1 each. This generous gift was greatly appreciated. Dr. F. C. S. Shaw, Mrs. F. C. S. Shaw, Rev. W. J. Siddens, and A. A. Mutton, £1 each; Rev. J. W. Russell, 6/-; K. Saunders, 5/-; Rev. A. G. Reilly, 4/-; H. E. S. Doyle, 10/-; Rev. A. E. Hodgson, 2/-; Rev. E. N. Gidley, 2/-; A. H. Edwards, 2/6; Rev. N. Fox, 1/-; R. A. Elly, 5/-; N. Gidley, 2/-; A. H. Edwards, 2/6; Rev. N. Fox, 1/-; R. A. Ezzy, 5/-.

Subscriptions.—Miss Ayres (sales), 10/-; Rev. O. S. Fleck (sub. and sales), 8/-; H. E. S. Doyle, 6/1; Archdeacon Davies, 5/-; Rev. G. C. Glanville, 6/-; Rev. F. Jones, J. E. Baker, A. H. Edwards, 5/- each; Rev. A. G. Reilly, 6/- (sub. 1926-27); F. E. Elliott, 6/-; Rev. H. N. Powys, 6/- (sub., 1926-27); Dr. F. C. S. Shaw, Mrs. F. C. S. Shaw, F. Chudleigh, Rev. L. P. Parsons, Rev. A. H. Adey, Rev. W. J. Siddens, Rev. K. Smith, Rev. A. R. Shaw, Archdeacon Boyce, Canon Langley, Rev. A. E. C. Tranter, Rev. P. R. Westley, Rev. A. E. Hodgson, Rev. R. P. Gee, Rev. J. Bidwell, Rev. D. J. Knox, Rev. H. E. Felton, Rev. W. N. Rook, Rev. E. N. Gidley, Rev. E. C. Yarrington, Rev. N. Fox, Messrs. K. Brodie, C. B. Alexander, C. W. Dillon, A. A. Mutton, K. F. Saunders, C. J. R. Moran, V. S. W. Mitchell, R. A. Ezzy, Signor Milano Garti, H. A. Doyle, Miss E. Peck, Miss Wrigley, Miss Curwen-Walker, Mrs. C. M. Mills, Mrs. B. T. H. Doyle, 3/- each; Messrs. R. B. Dransfield, S. Stewart, 2/- each; Rev. F. A. Walton, 1/6; Rev. A. L. Wade, A. N. S. Barwick, E. Baker, J. Cable, R. F. Dillon, F. W. R. S.

Shaw, F. Shaw, A. E. Elliott, K. Gardiner, A. E. Gardner, R. Johnson, R. H. Johnson, G. R. Mathers, S. Mainstone, G. Olds, M. A. Payton, G. F. D. Smith, P. N. Walker-Taylor, A. P. Wade, S. C. Van-Breda, Rev. R. J. Tuck, Miss G. Shaw, R. F. Bradley, G. Williamson, T. E. Whiting, Rev. F. Meyer, 1/- each.

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

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

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CRITICISM.

The following articles were submitted to the Editor, but were put on one side owing to lack of space in this issue. A critical note or two may prove helpful:—

"**The Vulga Bathing Song**" (by Tennyson Minor).—Please remember that poems should not be written in a hurry. It is rather a pity those thoughts ever did arise in you. Your attempt to strike a point of contact is rather crude.

"**Words suitable for Mr. F. Shaw's Hymn Tune**" (by R.B.D.).—The Editorial Staff unfortunately found them otherwise. Not such a bad attempt. Try again for next issue.

"**Revival**" (No name).—Those who submit articles should allow the Editor the privilege of knowing the author's name. This does not mean that your name will be published. We advise you to use a nom-de-plume.

"**The Law of Advancement**" (by F.H.M.).—We are doing our best. We school-boys fully realise how hard it is to go straight to the 'Varsity. Furthermore we respect our University Authorities, and our Old Testament Lecturer.

"**When the Kettle Boils**" (by F. J. —).—Sorry we can't accept this Essay. It reminds one too much of Henry Lawson's "While the Billy Boils."

"**Are You a Mason? and other poems**" (by I.A.M.).—Rebuilding operations have not yet begun. We realise how keen you are, but we are not prepared to sleep in the Domain just yet.

"**The Cold Tub**" (by Goliath).—We advise you not to suggest the introduction of such mediaeval furniture. Remember we are all over the age of sixteen. Bath heaters are bad enough.

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DEBATES.

We extend our congratulations to our debating team on the victory gained on Tuesday, June 28th against Leigh College. R. J. Tuck (leader), G. R. Mathers, and G. Williamson comprised the team. They affirmed "That hereditary influences are greater than environment." They gained eighty-one per cent., while Leigh College came up very close with seventy-three per cent.

We were unfortunate in losing our debate against Camden College on Tuesday, July 26th. Our team on this occasion affirmed "That men of letters have done more for the good of the world than men of invention." Camden College gained eighty-four per cent., while we managed to obtain seventy-six per cent.

The final debate for the Pearce Memorial Shield will take place some time next term, when our team will again meet Leigh College. May the better team win.

We are again indebted to the Y.M.C.A. for the use of one of their rooms for the purpose of Inter-Collegiate Debates, and also for supplying the adjudicators.

Editor,

