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# SOCIETAS

*The Magazine of*  
*Moore Theological College*  
SYDNEY

MAY, 1937

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# Moore Theological College

NEWTOWN, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES.

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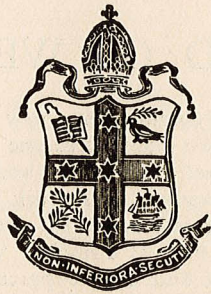
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## SOCIETAS

*The Magazine of Moore Theological College.*

MARCH, 1937.

*"Non Inferiora Secuti."*

A WORD of explanation is essential. There have been some who have wondered if Moore College has not forgotten its inspiring motto—some who have accused it of inertia when no issue of "Societas" was published in 1936.

Instead, the Editorial Committee, with the consent of the Students' Union, has decided to inaugurate a new plan for "Societas." We would have it henceforth as a fitting résumé of the year's work—a souvenir which future bishops, priests and deacons can read afresh in years to come, and recall the friends and the escapades and also, quite incidentally, the lectures that make College days the happiest days of our life. Such a publication is not possible during the last term of the College year, which is now clouded by the shadow of the approaching Th.L. examinations. No other subject is mentioned during those last few weeks of anguished toil, and no sane theological student could devote the time to writing articles for "Societas."

Therefore, we present to you our magazine in confidence that it may help you to recall the pleasant days of sport, the days of interesting study, and, above all, the inspiring days of close communion with our Lord which make the few years at Moore an unforgettable epoch in the lives of the clergy of our Church.



## A WORD OF WELCOME

THIS issue of "Societas" commences a new chapter in the history of our College. Last issue, we sadly closed one chapter when Archdeacon D. J. Davies passed to his rest after a long and devoted ministry in this corner of the Master's vineyard. His work of learning and of love will never be forgotten in this diocese, for there is no man who passed through the College while he was Principal who does not speak with gratitude of the inspiration and of the practical assistance he was to them.

He was the successor of a long line of noted Principals, who have each built soundly on the sure foundations of their predecessors. To God we give the thanks for the talents which they have so whole-heartedly expended for their King.

Again, this year, another chapter in the history of this College is commenced, and we look into the future with confidence and trust, knowing that the College will continue to advance as it has in the past.

For our new Principal, Rev. T. C. Hammond, M.A., has proved himself to be a man of learning and a man of God. Sometimes the bewildered student is tempted to wish he were not quite so comprehensive in his learning: our faculties for wowsing are so horribly restricted. Our ignorance is exposed shamefully when we find that Cramner or Hooker or Luther did not condemn just what we thought they did, owing to the carelessness or absolute neglect on our part to verify our references.

For already our Principal has deeply impressed on an awed College that if the foundations are built on sand, the house is sure to fall: if students do not consult their primary sources, their learning will always be superficial, even if they do manage to pass the Th.L. The deep impression this has made on all is surely even in itself quite a contribution to the traditions of our College.

His talks in Chapel, too, are very deeply appreciated by all, for to a basis of sound scholarship he adds a varied and practical experience of service for the Lord. A new sense of responsibility and a new sense of power is there imprinted on our souls, for we know that, great though the task is, with God all things are possible.

Thus we do feel grateful that the Rev. T. C. Hammond has been called to take a place in the succession of Principals for training men to be shepherds of His flock in Moore College. We extend to him, and to Mrs. Hammond and Miss Hammond, a word of welcome—and with it goes the hope that their sojourn in our fair and sunny land may be a pleasant period of their lives, and vastly profitable in the cause of the One Great Master we all love.



## Hans Nielsen Hauge—Norway's Wesley

*C. V. Pilcher.*

(The writer is indebted for the material of the following article to the very full monograph by Bishop A. Chr. Bang: "Hans Nielsen Hauge og Hans Samtid.").

"NORWAY did not know what Christianity was until Hauge came." Such were the words of my Norwegian friend and guide as we walked past Hauge's monument in Oslo last summer. Like all general statements, this remark needs some qualification if it is to be reduced within the limits of absolute truth. The words, however, do express in a manner which it is not easy to forget the plain fact that Norway's religious life for over a hundred years has owed its vitality to Hauge, and that this last century is probably the best in Norway's Christian history.

For it would be possible to argue that before Hauge's days Norway had been unfortunate in things pertaining to religion. Compare her lot with that of England. The messengers of the Gospel, both from Rome and from Celtic Iona, had landed on our shores before the glories of the apostolic dawn had faded from the Church. Hence the unearthly beauty of the lives of Aidan and Chad and Cuthbert which still lives for us in the deathless pages of the Venerable Bede. But Christianity reached Norway some four hundred years later. The time was the darkest night of the Middle Ages. The chief missionaries were kings who had murdered and plundered on Viking raids, and who carried similar methods into their Christian propaganda. The religion of Thor was attacked with Thor's own weapons of fire and sword. It was overthrown, and "Christianity" was put in its place, but there was wanting the loveliness of that English morn which Bede had painted. And when we come to Reformation times the contrast is still the same. In England the living force behind the movement, in spite of kings and courtiers, was a new spiritual birth. In Norway, on the other hand, were born no Cranmers, or Riddleys, no Latimers or Hookers, but Lutheranism was imposed upon the country from without. It was the command of the Danish government.

After the age of Pietism in the first half of the eighteenth century, rationalism settled down upon the Norwegian Church. Although this must have been a gratifying relief to many, since the Danish authorities had tried to force Pietism on the Norwegian farmers by putting those who did not go to such into the pillory, yet the spiritual results were deadly. To quote the words of Dr. Knut Gjerset, Norway's historian, "Rationalism, which had followed in the wake of Pietism, had almost destroyed all true piety in the Lutheran State Church. The cultured



upper classes had in general accepted the views of the *Aufklärung*, and the greater part of the clergy did not believe the Gospel which they were to preach. Some clergymen even substituted for the sermons discourses on purely secular matters and sang popular ditties in their churches for the edification of their parishioners. Among the common people, who believed the Bible teachings in a literal way, Christian faith lived despite the lack of proper religious instruction, but their deeper religious sentiments had never been stirred by an appeal to their faith as a dominant force in their moral and social life. Religion had become associated with a lifeless formalism which exercised no power over the hearts of the people, and the rationalistic state Church lacked all regenerating power." In other words, the land was full of dry bones. A breath of the Divine Spirit was needed to make them stand upon their feet, a mighty army. This divine influence was mediated through the person of Hans Nielsen Hauge.

Hauge was born at Tun near Sarpsborg, not far to the south of Oslo, in the year 1771. His parents were pious farmer folk, and the son was, from his earliest years, possessed of a deeply religious disposition. The history of his inner life was intense, and affords a rich field for the student of the psychology of religious experience. If later he was to rise to great heights, he first knew what it was to sink to the depths. At the age of seven or eight he actually contemplated suicide, in order to spite his parents. He was early haunted by thoughts of the eternal. He lived a solitary life and did not join the dance or care for amusements. He was burdened by the fear of death. At about the age of twelve he heard of the existence of other religions, and was at once plagued by doubts as to whether his own were really true. Lonely, fighting out his interior battles by himself, he was often misunderstood. While still a boy, he met with a boat accident, and was long in the water. As he felt himself drowning he was overwhelmed by a terror of hell. All became dark. At length he lost consciousness. It happened that his body drifted in to shore. He was taken up for dead, but revived. This episode, like Luther's escape from lightning, left an indelible impress on his mind. He had been brought to the very brink of the other world—and had been spared by God.

His spiritual nourishment during these years was drawn from the books of the contemporary Norwegian countryside—the Bible, Luther's Catechism with Pontoppidan's Explanation and Bishop Kingo's hymns. At the age of sixteen he was confirmed.

There followed a period of nine years during which it seemed as though he were in danger of losing the spiritual battle. He had great natural gifts for the practical life, and the career of a merchant strongly appealed. Whatever such an investment of life might mean to others, to him it presented itself as something less than the highest which he knew. Another risk of drowning and sickness sounded out to him their warning notes; but a crisis was necessary to bring him to himself.

The processes of the human mind are infinite. It is not often that a sin is the decisive factor in a man's conversion, but Hauge's experience reminds us of Robert Louis Stevenson's prayer for a killing sin to rouse



his soul from mortal slumber. It was at Frederiksstad, whither he had gone in 1795, that the decisive moment came. The allurements of strong drink had begun to weave for Hauge their fascinating charms. He suddenly awoke to find himself on the very edge of the sheer precipice of drunkenness. In an agony he started back and cried to God for deliverance. Returning home, he gave himself to renewed study of God's Word. "Teach me Thy way; grant me strength; revive me by Thy Holy Spirit," was the cry of his soul. And in answer the Dayspring from on high visited him. Little by little the light of a divine dawn searched the depths of his being. The dark places became light. Hauge surrendered himself to the will of God.

This happened in 1795. It was on April 5th, 1796, that a further revelation came—a revelation and surrender which were to prepare Hauge for his apostleship. In 1795 he became a converted man, but he was one of those who need what a certain school of evangelism describes as "the second blessing." Hauge was already a "twice-born man." If the theologians will permit the technical error, he was to be thrice born. On that rememberable spring morning he was working out of doors. He began to sing a hymn, and his soul by the medium of the words was lifted heavenward. And then the amazing thing, the unexpected, happened. There broke upon him the consciousness of an unspeakable glory. He felt his whole disposition changed. The world with its lusts faded away; the eternal things became real. A love to God and man consumed him. He yearned to bring this light to those who were yet sitting in darkness and in the shadow of death. He was indeed a new creature in Christ Jesus, and henceforth he moved among his fellows a godlike man.

For three weeks he experienced a halcyon time of peace—a peace which passed all understanding. He was fired with a new love for Scripture and enlightened by a new insight into Biblical truth. He pondered upon the prophet's call told of in Isaiah 6. His heart knew that God was calling him. There was not the slightest shadow of doubt about that. God was calling him to a special mission to Norway, and he responded in utmost devotion, "Here am I; send me." During these three weeks his spiritual elation was such that he only slept two hours a night. His mother and brothers and sisters were won for Christ. Father and son were already won. Hauge had a home where he was loved and understood.

There followed a time of mental storm and stress. The problem of Predestination began to confuse him. What was the good of his preaching, if already the decision were made as to who were to be saved, and who lost? But Hauge's common sense, and sense for Biblical truth as a whole, saved him. He saw that God only hardens those who have first deserved the hardening by stubborn resistance to the divine pleadings.

And so Hauge's mission began to take shape in his mind.

The religious condition of Norway at the time was a strange one. As we have already seen, the majority of the state clergy were rationalists, who, like so many of the contemporary Anglican clergy, preached the advisability of leading a moral life, while they decried all enthusiasm. The deep psychological defect of such a message is obvious. Someone has



rightly said that no virtue is safe unless it is enthusiastic. The result of this universal preaching of morality was a universal license. The vital forces of religion were barred out at the root, and the tree withered. But the rationalists did not quite occupy the whole field. Another school of thought, approaching the problem of life from an entirely different angle, produced by their teaching precisely the same antinomian consequences. The Moravian Church of the Brethren, famous for its connection with Count Zinzendorf and its apostolic missionary spirit, had extended its influence to Norway. But the later representatives of the movement were degenerate. The spirit of Herrnhut had fallen on evil days. The Passion of our Lord was preached so exclusively, and preached in such a way that men felt that Christ died that they might be forgiven—and continue in sin. The doctrine of Justification was taught to the exclusion of the doctrine of Sanctification. The wondrous balance and harmony of the New Testament was ignored. And so men sinned that grace might abound. The practical results of the degenerate Moravian teaching were identical with those of the rationalists'. Hence Hauge's message centred largely round the necessity of repentance and amendment of life. His doctrine was always the orthodox Lutheran doctrine. He taught Justification by Faith, but he insisted that we must die with Christ to sin, that we may rise with Him to newness of life. We are saved to serve. Hauge himself had vowed that he would obey the leadings of the Divine Spirit. The same course he urged upon his converts.

He began by speaking to individuals and by holding little meetings in spite of great nervousness at the beginning. For personal work Hauge was rarely gifted. He possessed that psychological insight into the character of the man with whom he was speaking, which enabled him always to say the right word. Sometimes he would go up to a man, put his hand on his shoulder, and say, "Wouldn't you like to be a brother in Christ?" Or he might talk for long on ordinary matters, and just at parting ask a question or say a word about the eternal things. But that word would linger in the mind of the one who heard it until his life's end.

And so Hauge's active period of work began. It was to last for only eight years. But in that period he was enabled to kindle a fire which was to light Norway from end to end, and whose flame is still burning. His method of work was twofold. Tract after tract issued from his pen. As a son of the people, he wrote a style which the people could comprehend. But important as this work was, the influence of his personality and voice was greater. During those eight years he travelled over the whole of Norway and even invaded Denmark. Sometimes through the more settled farming country and the small towns, sometimes by boat along the magnificent coast, sometimes by ski over the frozen mountain ways, he travelled on his errand of peace. He even reached Tromsø, far within the Arctic Circle. And wherever he went he left behind him some spiritual gift. Men and women found a living faith in Christ. He was certain that God had called him to be a messenger to the Norwegian people, and God bore witness to his work by granting him the fruits of an apostle.

But if on Hauge were bestowed the fruits of an apostle, he was



also baptized into an apostle's sufferings. It is true that he taught no new doctrine, and founded no new sect. The doctrines that he taught were those of the Lutheran State Church, and he and his followers remained faithful members of that Church. But he taught the old doctrines in a living way, and the state clergy preferred death to life. It was easy to attack the unpleasant innovator. There was an old law of 1741 which forbade a layman to preach. Although Hauge never tried to usurp the position of an ordained minister, yet the rationalistic clergy attacked him for the meetings which he held in the farm houses. Again and again he was insulted, arrested and thrown into prison—only to be released on the command of some higher authority. We will describe one instance of this. In 1797 Hauge visited Frederiksstad, south of Oslo. He was holding a meeting in a private house when the local minister, Feierman, a lieutenant and three soldiers broke in upon him. He was ordered to follow them, and was placed as a prisoner in the barracks. The soldiers swore around him to annoy him. He quietly spoke to them of God. In anger they placed him in the dungeon. There, like Paul and Silas, he sang hymns till his persecutors were amazed. He was left in the hole for two days. After two weeks the higher authorities ordered his release.

These temporary arrests were at length succeeded by something which was far more serious. The government at Copenhagen had become alarmed at the spread of the religious revival, and determined to crush it. By royal command, "the fanatic, Hauge," was arrested in October, 1804, thrown into irons, and brought to Oslo. He was immured in the prison of the City Hall, and, though his irons were removed, he was kept very closely. The stringency shown him was utterly cruel and callous. He was only allowed in the open air three times during the first year. No friends were permitted to visit him. He was granted no books or writing material, and his food allowance was inadequate. No wonder that the health of the strong, active man, accustomed to an open-air life, was broken at the end of a year. He developed scurvy, his complexion became a ghastly yellow, and his teeth began to drop out.

On one occasion a friend paced up and down the street under Hauge's window. Hauge saw him, lit a candle, and held it to the glass. It was the imprisoned man's message to his followers. "Let your light so shine before men." But Hauge's own light was at least to pass into the penumbra of eclipse. Great as his physical and mental distress might be, his spiritual agony was greater. The fact that the king had decided against him was staggering. Was it possible that, after all, he had been in the wrong? Nor were the government agents inactive. The ban against books was lifted, but the prisoner was only to have such literature as the authorities thought fit. He was to be plied with rationalistic propaganda. In his utter mental hunger—readers of Dostoevski's *House of the Dead* will understand something of that clamorous plaint of the mind—Hauge read everything that was put into his hands, and—his spiritual life began to decline. "Take heed what ye hear," warned the Master in Galilee. The words have a message for all time. Strong is the power of suggestion, and Hauge's soul, alone,



isolated from the spiritual influence of Christian men, poisoned with the scepticism of the day, began to pass towards the shadow. But at least partial relief was at hand. After two years of close confinement Hauge was allowed occasionally, under strict surveillance, to leave his prison and recuperate in the country. The physical easement brought also some restoration to his overwrought spirit.

In 1809, five years after Hauge's arrest, one of the most amazing episodes of this strange story occurred. Norway, as a part of the Danish kingdom, was at this time at war with England. The cause of that war, as we all know now, was scarcely creditable to our own country. But so it was, and the attempted blockade reduced Norway to some straits. Amongst other things salt began to run short. At this point Hauge volunteered to manufacture salt from the sea water. His offer was accepted and he left prison. His business ability and practical sagacity enabled him to start salt factories at several points on the Norwegian coast. The thing was eminently successful. The salt shortage was relieved, and the government showed its gratitude by at once throwing Hauge into prison again. This was his reward for distinguished service to his country. There he was held till 1811, when at last, a broken man, he was allowed to retire to a farm.

He was still uncondemned. No sentence had been given. During his imprisonment he had continually been pestered by official interrogations. The most absurd charges were levelled at him. Some six hundred witnesses were heard. At last the court made up its mind in 1813. Hauge had already been two years on his farm. He was condemned to two years' more imprisonment, and to the costs of his case, for preaching the Word of God as a layman. Hauge appealed. The higher court let him off with a heavy fine.

In the old days of his apostleship Hauge, like Jeremiah, had refused marriage. But the reasons which then held him back were operative no longer, and in 1815 Hauge took unto himself a wife. Even this Indian summer of his stormy life was soon overclouded. His wife had a premonition that she would die in childbirth. The foreboding was fulfilled. At the end of the year she bade her husband farewell and passed out into the beyond.

Hauge married again in 1817. He now lived at the farm of Bredtvet, and was visited by leaders of that very clergy which before had been foremost in persecuting him. On one occasion two bishops, two theological professors, and fifteen clergy called to see the man who had suffered so much for Christ, and whose home was now the centre of Norway's spiritual life. For the tide had at last turned. Men were coming to see that Hauge and his followers had been the means of bringing new life to the Lutheran State Church. Even the governing classes experienced a change of heart. Norway had become independent of Denmark in 1814, and in 1820 the authorities paid Hauge a sum of money which reimbursed him for what he had lost.

For a few more years the man was spared to this world. He was scarcely fifty years old, but his form was bent, his complexion was a ghastly yellow. The old warrior for Christ, with all these marks of his



service on him, might often be seen in his garden walking with his little son, showing him the flowers and speaking of God's goodness. Nor was his pen inactive. His later writings were thoughtful, cultured, and bore witness to a deepening apprehension of the things of God; but they lacked the flaming battle spirit of his earlier tracts.

In 1824 he was, for a fortnight, confined to his bed. His wife noticed that he seemed to be struggling to say something. She bent down to hear, when the dying man said aloud, "Follow Jesus." A look of joy overspread his face. Once more his lips moved, "O Thou everlasting and beloved God." Hauge had gone Home.

He was only fifty-three when he died. His long martyrdom had shortened his days. But now thousands mourned for him. By fjord and fjeld multitudes knew that a man had passed from the earth who, by his sufferings, had won for them the choicest things that earth or heaven can give. He had been God's instrument to them, because he had been faithful to God's call. Hauge could write, "I pledged myself to follow the leading of God's Spirit, and God by His grace has kept me true to that promise." And so it came to pass that men honoured him then and that they honour him now, and that a hundred years after he had fallen asleep, a Norwegian, passing the monument raised to his memory in Norway's splendid capital, could say: "Norway did not know what Christianity was until Hauge came."

And his faithfulness also bears a message to the Church in all lands. He came to a community which was religiously moribund because it had either degraded Christ into a mere example, or preached the antinomian doctrine of a merely external atonement. His success was due precisely to the fact that he countered these two errors. He preached the Christ of the Catholic Faith, the Divine Redeemer of mankind; and he also preached the necessity of taking up the cross and following the example of the Man, Christ Jesus. In other words, he preached, like St. Paul, religion, and ethics energized by a religious dynamic. Religion and ethics—the whole of Church history proclaims the indissolubility of their marriage. Our present age, no less than former ages, will divorce them at her peril.

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## CHURCH LIFE IN AMERICA

*By George Craig Stewart, Bishop of Chicago.*

The Episcopal Church, sprung from the Church of England of Colonial days which landed at Jamestown, Va., in 1607, now covers the vast continent of the United States together with her extra continental territories like Hawaii, Philippine Islands, and Puerto Rico, and maintains missionary work in Liberia, Africa, China, Japan, Mexico, Cuba, Haiti, San Domingo and Brazil.

Numerically, it is not very strong, with fewer than a million and a half communicants in a population of 125 million, but its influence is vastly disproportionate to its numerical strength. Perhaps three-fifths of its communicants still live east of the Alleghany Mountains, in what were the original thirteen colonies, but, beginning just one hundred years ago, its march across the continent has been phenomenal. Conspicuously it has captured whole Indian Tribes, and to-day the highest proportion of communicants to State population is in South Dakota, where practically all the Sioux Tribe of Indians are Episcopalians. While still predominantly an urban Church, the distribution of mission stations in rural parts of America is such as to give the Episcopal Church a place only second to that of the Roman Catholics in accessibility to even the remotest communities.

There are about six thousand clergy in the United States, trained for the most part in one of a dozen theological seminaries, widely distributed through the country. Certain of these seminaries represent distinct types of Churchmanship, so that, employing the vulgar words of partisan controversy, we might say that Virginia Seminary (Alexandria, Va.), and Philadelphia Divinity School (Philadelphia, Pa.) and Bexley Hall (Gambier, Ohio) are "Low"; Cambridge Theological Seminary (Cambridge, Mass.) is "Broad"; while General Theological Seminary (New York), Nashotah House (Nashotah, Wis.), and Seabury-Western Theological Seminary (Evanston-Chicago) are "High."

The form of ceremonial worship by and large throughout the Middle West might be called moderately Anglo-Catholic. In the South and South-East conservatism is pretty well entrenched, and the ceremonial accompaniments of worship are severely simple. In the East and Far-West all types are found.

The General Convention of the Church, which is the legislative body, meets every three years (the next Convention will be in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1937), and all enactments require a majority concurrent



vote in both houses, viz., the House of Bishops, and the House of Clerical and Lay Deputies.

There are no Archbishops, but there are eight provinces covering the country, each with a provincial synod presided over by an elected president. The ranking bishop or primate is called The Presiding Bishop, and presides both over the House of Bishops, which he calls together annually, and over the National Council, which is the Executive body, to carry out the will of the General Convention in the nation-wide and world-wide programme of Missionary work, as well as that of Religious Education, and Social Service. This Council is made up of four bishops, four presbyters, and eight laymen, elected by General Convention, together with one person (either bishop, presbyter or layman) elected by each of the eight provinces. At the last General Convention there were added four women to be elected by the Triennial meeting of the Women's Auxiliary.

The Episcopal Church includes in its leadership, as it has always done, outstanding leaders of the Republic. President Roosevelt and a number of members of his present Cabinet are Churchmen. So was General Pershing. So is Admiral Sims.

And one may add that, despite her traditional conservatism, the Episcopal Church, both in her corporate official expression, and in allied organizations like the Church League for Industrial Democracy, is recognisably one of the most progressive and potent forces in seeking to establish a new social order in which righteousness and justice shall prevail.

At present, under the leadership of her Forward Movement Commission, with its stimulating booklets, "Forward Day by Day," for personal and private devotion, distributed monthly in issues of 500, 600, and 1,000, the Church is experiencing a deepening and enrichment of her spiritual life.

B. S. BERRY, Ph.C.      K. C. BERRY, Ph.C.

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THE LATE VERY REVEREND  
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DEAN OF SYDNEY.

*An Appreciation of His Life,*

*By Rev. J. R. Le Huray and Rev. P. R. Westley.*

THE name of Dean Talbot will always be prominent in the pages of the history of the Diocese of Sydney, into which he came in the year 1912, seven years after his ordination in Manchester, and with a wonderful parochial experience and brilliant scholastic attainments.

It was the writers' privilege to be at Moore Theological College during the period when the late Dean was lecturer in Old Testament. His lectures were always on the highest intellectual level, reverent, scholarly, and most thoughtful. Again and again his advice was to read the text of scripture, especially in the original tongue. "Never take second-hand opinions," he would say, "read what the text says itself." He put his soul into his lectures, as also into his preaching. It was all absolutely genuine, nothing "put on."

The students dearly loved him; he was a real brother and friend to all. How we can remember him at our College Picnics, full of enthusiasm, and ready to enter into the spirit of the day's outing. He was always the same, a lovable and happy Christian brother, full of zeal for the extension of the Kingdom of God among all people. And, in all our association with him during the nineteen years that have passed since those days, we have felt the same great love and admiration for him. Many of us feel that we owe to him more than we can express, not only for his great educational help, but also for the love of our fellow-men and charity towards all, which he always taught us, not only by word but by deed. We miss him, but what he has been to us and taught us will ever remain with us, and in all sincerity we thank God for the fellowship, love and joy which we had with our leader and our friend.

This Diocese is the poorer, and our hearts will always feel an empty space, through the passing of such a gallant son of the Church and loyal soldier of Jesus Christ. He was both the Church Dignitary and the true friend of the humblest. He preached the Gospel in the Cathedral and lived it in the poor streets of the city, and "the common people heard him gladly." Our Archbishop said, how, during his visits to the Dean, in his last days on earth, he used to speak of his visitation of the sick and poor in the early days of his ministry in the old country.



Well can we understand the following words, appearing in a "Diggers' " paper, for he loved them dearly at the front, and just as dearly after they came home, those who did come home.

"Though unobtrusive in his outward showings, the Padre had a deep and prayerful inner life and a heart of almost reckless generosity. Many of the 'down and outs' and of the flotsam and jetsam who have, in these days of the depression, found it hard to keep afloat at all, will best remember the Dean as one who has encountered them on some chance, haphazard occasion, bespoken them kindly and sympathetically, without even the tiniest hint of patronage or condescension, and, on looking down after his departure, they have found a few shillings on table or mantelpiece, quite obviously left there for them to gather, or sometimes pressed with a nice smile into their hands. And so he lived and moved, scattering his quiet, small deeds of kindness and courtesy and consideration round him like shedding petals . . . which so many can remember."

So he has left a small, a very small, estate, as the world sees it, but great riches of his lovable personality in the hearts of the masses. We speak as those who know, when we say how he loved the sinner, the prisoner, the outcast and the fallen. He bestowed love and kindness on all who came within his Christian influence. Perhaps few know how he would go at times, when worn-out, in the late hours of the night, to the sick and dying. He never spared himself.

His ecclesiastical outlook was always devout. His recent book, "Church of England Divines and the Anglican Tradition," is a real spiritual treat. His last great lecture, before he went into hospital, on the subject of Re-union, which was so dear to his heart, is full of that inspiration which makes us work to see our Lord's prayer for His Church fulfilled, "that they all might be one." He loved the Cathedral and its services, and, listening-in on Sunday, before his death, he felt it deeply that he was not in his appointed place. As His Grace said, again, he was proud of being Dean, and always sought to adorn his office.

At the Broughton Centenary Pageant he was lector on the last night. He was behind the screen, yet seeing and knowing all that was going on. So to-day we think of him among that great assembly who compass us about, yet out of sight to human eyes, assuring us of the worthwhileness of serving Christ while here below.

Like the saints of old, he climbed "the steep ascent of heaven through peril, toil and pain," with a firm faith in his Saviour, Jesus Christ.

*"O God, to us may grace be given,  
To follow in their train."*



*"Maxima reverentia debetur puero."*

THE archives of history oftentimes produce curious revelations in methods adopted to quell the obstreperousness and inherent mischievousness of the youthful generation. Would it not be of much interest to know what Moses would do if committed to the task of instructing a Sabbath school whose members are well-armed with miniature catapults and *pisum arvense* cannons? Perhaps it was porcupine quills and scorpions in his day.

It may be *temperamentum musicum*, but it is certain that the species known as choir boys are endued with an extra share of this perversity. Is there a panacea? Alas! Not now, but there was in the 11th century—listen:—

"At Nocturns, and indeed at all Hours, if the boys commit any fault in the psalmody or other singing, either by sleeping or such like transgressions, let there be no sort of delay, but let them be stripped forthwith of frock and cowl, and beaten in their shirt only . . . with pliant and smooth osier rods provided for that special purpose. If any of them, weighed down with sleep, sing ill at Nocturns, then the master giveth into his hand a reasonably great book, to hold until he be well awake. At Matins the principal master standeth before them with a rod until all are in their seats and their faces well covered. At their uprising likewise, if any rise too slowly, the rod is straightway over them. . . ." (Customal of St. Benigne, Dijon).

But off duty brought little more leniency:—

"When the boys are duly seated they should behave like gentlemen, not dirtying their napkins or other things at the table; they should take up their meat with nicety and decorum: cut or carefully break their bread, not tear it with their nails: drink only when their mouths are empty, and eat their food slowly and not ravenously. They should separate the bone from the meat; they should not clean their teeth with their knives." (Bishop Thomas Beckington—Rules for Choristers at Wells, 1443.).

(Apparently this ancient cutlerical skill amongst the dentals has been entirely lost.).

Many of us would like to revert to these idealistic times, but, alas! we may not. We must grin at the up-turned drawing-pin; we must smile at the pellet behind one's ear; we must laugh at the personal disparagements, for it is now

*maxima reverentia debetur puero.*

—K.N.S.



## MOORE COLLEGE

1878—1884

*Dr. A. Lukyn Williams*

AS I look back on my six years' tenure of the College (July, 1878-December, 1884), the ever present remembrance in my mind is the extraordinary amount of warm-hearted kindness that I received when there. After one night in the Hotel in Wynyard Square, my wife and I were carried off by Dean Cowper to the Deanery, where he and Mrs. Cowper did all they possibly could for us till we moved into the House at Liverpool. And that kindness was typical throughout. Alas, I fear that the Alexander Gordons, of Woollahra; the Pains, of Cobbitty, and of St. John's, Darlinghurst (later he was Bishop of Gippsland); my immediate predecessor, Mr. (afterwards Archdeacon) King, and his wife; the Stanley Howards, of Bowral (I had known him slightly at Cambridge); the Herbert Throsbys, of Mt. Ashby, Moss Vale; the Comries, of the Kurrajong; and even Bp. and Mrs. Barker, are all but names to-day; so comparatively few people are left who knew them personally. But these and others were kindness itself, and we had only to hint at any time that we should like a few days' change, and then we received a warm invitation to visit them and stay as long as we liked. Fortunately, the Vacations gave the opportunity, and we were not sorry to leave for a bit the rather dull little township of Liverpool, and be re-invigorated by the bracing air of the Kurrajong, the Blue Mountains, or the Fitzroy Falls.

But this is hardly of Moore College itself, of which you would hear. You know indeed the Chapel, with its roof from which the builder fell and was killed, as he was laying on the tiles, for you have the Chapel still with you, removed stone by stone (I understand) to its present position. I fear that at Liverpool it was rather a Cave of Adullam for some who were disgruntled with the slightly higher services of my friend the Vicar, Mr. Priddle, but it brought me into contact with very kindly people, especially Mr. and Mrs. Bull. It also served for morning worship for the inhabitants of Holsworthy, a large and seemingly endless parish across the river, for the pastoral care of which the College and its students were responsible. But I do not think that very many came to our Chapel. The parishioners were mostly small farmers who were very scattered, and attended the services held in the afternoon in the little wooden Church, about a mile and a half away (what a hot walk it was!). I remember once that, instead of holding the service, we all had to stand to, and do our best to beat out a bush fire that was rapidly coming up. We should have entirely failed, and the Church have been burnt to the ground, if the wind had not changed.



The College buildings formed three sides of a parallelogram, one short side being the Chapel, the opposite side the Dining Hall and Kitchen, and the Housekeepers' rooms, the long side containing the Lecture Room and the rooms for some twelve Students—the whole building being very simple, not beautiful, but useful. The fourth side was represented by the Principal's House, the former home of Mr. Thomas Moore, after whom the College was named. Quite properly, too, for it was the result of his legacy of land, chiefly on the outskirts of Sydney, which made the erection of the College at all possible, supplemented by generous gifts contributed by Bishop Barker and his friends in his old Liverpool parish. Mr. Moore, it seems, hoped that his gift might in due time develop into a University. He must have been a queer old fellow; while he was dying, he was asked if he would not leave something to his nephew, but he replied: "No, God gave it all to me, and I shall give it all back to Him." The legend ran that he secreted a large sum of money somewhere in the house, which could not be found after his death. Yet a tenant came, with no money worth speaking of, who suddenly went to a distant part of Australia as a well-to-do man; and the story ran that he had found the lost treasure under the stairs of the house. Whether the tale is true or not, I do not know. I may add that when I was Principal, I jotted down all I could hear about Mr. Moore, especially from the old people who had known him, and, on leaving Australia, I handed my few notes to the then Diocesan Registrar, whose successor presumably holds them still.

What of the Students themselves? I was at first rather shocked at their educational backwardness. Did not one of those who were there before my time, a very highly respected and influential clergyman in Sydney, say that I was insisting on the men reading "Xenophon's Greek play"? But I soon found that their brains were at least as good as those of the clergy in England. They were all most conscientious and hard-working young men, most indeed better at riding than at reading, but I never had any trouble with them. In fact, no one could have had a pleasanter set of men to manage, who bore with the conceit of my youth (for at first they were practically all a good deal older than myself) with patience and ready zeal to prepare themselves for the ministry. I was very fond of them, and this feeling, I know, was reciprocated.

The subjects taught by myself or the Tutor, Mr. Muzy (one of the most unselfish men I ever met), were much the same as those required of ordinands to-day—save that we had none of the nonsense, prevalent now in England, of allowing Candidates to omit Greek on the very smallest pretence. We required some Greek for admission, and the teaching of it continued throughout the College course. I do not remember that anyone took Hebrew, alas, but a little Latin (I fear only a little) was necessary for ordination, and we taught it.

There was a boat belonging to the College, which the Students enjoyed. And I had to buy two horses, so that they and I could get about for our pastoral duties, and for taking services for neighbouring clergy. Did not the horses cost me ten pounds (£10) for the two? And, later, did I not buy the most perfect little mare that ever man sat on, for my own riding? I think I paid seven pounds for her! But those were the days



when it was still possible to leave a horse in Sydney quite unattended, with only the bridle slipped under the stirrup leather. I have seen such a horse myself standing in Redfern. But while I was there (I think) the practice was made illegal in Sydney.

Two years' residence from passing the entrance examination was required before the College Hood was granted, and there were sometimes searchings of heart, when, in spite of conscientious reading, the Candidate failed to pass, and so did not get the Hood. He might, however, become ordained, for examiners and Bishops do not always agree (even in England), and the decision in each case rests finally with the Bishop, as is but right. Yet, with the rarest exceptions, all the Students became very hard-working and useful clergymen, showing by their words and lives the grace that is given to those who yield their hearts to the service of Christ. They preached the Good News in its simplicity, and endeavoured to proclaim the power of the Kingdom of Heaven to influence the very details of men's lives. Moore College, it seems to me, has played an extraordinarily useful part in the history of the Church in Australia.

#### THE REV. J. V. PATTON.

Moore College lost an old friend when the Rev. J. V. Patton, M.A., B.Litt., passed to his reward recently. Last year, on Ascension Day, he spent a happy evening at the College. It was here that he was trained; it was here that he held office as Vice-Principal after his return from Oxford University where he graduated with honours in Arts and Literature. His career was varied after leaving the College, he had been Diocesan Director of Education, Editor of the "Trowel," a chaplain in the war in Palestine, master at Melbourne Grammar School, and finally, rector of Berwick.

His gifts of scholarship were everywhere recognised and the Church in Australia could ill afford to lose him.

To his wife and children we offer our sincere sympathy.

Miss M. CORNER.

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## A CURIOUS EPISODE IN BIBLE TRANSLATION

*Rev. T. C. Hammond.*

A VERY stormy period in French History, 1641-'86, is responsible for a remarkable episode or series of episodes connected with the translation of the New Testament. After the fall of Rochelle in 1629, freedom of conscience was still granted to the French Protestants. This freedom was gradually restricted. One common device of the opposing majority was to avail themselves of the opportunity of entering Protestant "temples" and engaging in argument with the French Protestant pastors. The pastors eagerly took up the gage of battle.

There were many publications also setting forth the positions on either side of the controversy.

It is obvious, from a study of the period, that the Roman Catholic divines were greatly embarrassed by the free circulation of Protestant versions of the scriptures. Thus in 1655 Father Denis Amelote was entrusted by the French Bishops with the task of providing a translation of the New Testament, "to counteract the Testaments of Wittenberg and Geneva." This particular version appeared frequently without notes during the period covered by 1666-1855. As far as it has been possible to trace, the last edition edited without notes bears the date 1688. Amelote was a strong Anti-Jansenist. The Jansenists published a version at Mons, 1667. Although this particular book had been condemned at Rome, and placed on the Index of Prohibited Books, it continued to be very popular, and there are numerous editions of it.

The familiarity with the New Testament thus created had a curious effect on the controversy between the Protestants and the Roman Catholics. The former more and more loudly challenged their opponents to produce evidence for their peculiar doctrines from the pages of the New Testament.

Apparently, the urge to meet this demand is responsible for the particular series of episodes to which attention is now directed. Amelote may be credited with forming the movement which was destined to attain such dimensions. He renders Acts XIII:2: "While they were offering the sacrifice to the Lord." This is, of course, ambiguous, and depends for its justification on a fanciful and mistaken interpretation of the Greek word "liturgised." It has the additional objection, from the Roman Catholic point of view, that it departs from the Authorised Vulgate text, which reads "ministered."

But previous to Amelote, a translator of a different type made his appearance. Jacques Corbin was born in 1580, and studied law. He entered the lists of religious controversy, and, at the command of Louis XIII, undertook a French version of the Bible, translated word for word from the Latin Vulgate. The effort was not a success. Corbin's con-



temporaries speak slightly of his translation as too literal, and too rude and coarse in style. The Theological Faculty of Paris petitioned Cardinal Richelieu to bury the book in the sand, "as Moses hid the Egyptian whom he had killed." Corbin had no doubts and no hesitations. He seems to have persuaded himself that his deductions were a genuine part of the text of the New Testament. He had written a tract in 1620, "Proof concerning the name of the Mass," and apparently in 1641 found his proof ready to hand. It is another question how he persuaded himself that a "word for word" translation could turn "as they were ministering to our Lord" into "Now they were celebrating to the Lord the lively sacrifice of the Mass," but that is how his "word for word" version read. Whether Corbin was a blunderer or a deliberate mistranslator, he set the course for many followers.

The Jesuit, Francis Veron, was born about 1575, and joined the Jesuit Order in 1595. He opened an attack on the French Protestants in 1643 by a tract on "The Discipline of the Pretended Reformed Churches in France." He seized eagerly on Corbin's suggestion, and published a New Testament in 1646. Simon, who is credited with being the father of biblical "introductions," writes in 1685 concerning Veron: "For as much as he was a professor of controversies, he hath adapted some passages to his own notions: as when he endeavoured to find the word 'Mass' in the 13th chapt. of the Acts V:2, where he translates 'as the apostles celebrated Mass to the Lord!' The reason that he gives us for his translation in this place is that the Calvinists had often demanded of him in what part of scripture it was expressed that the apostles recited the Mass."

Veron also sought to assist his co-religionists by rendering Romans I:4, "By the power he received for working miracles."

The next step in this series of episodes was taken by "a royal missionary" to Protestants, Girodon. These royal missionaries were sent out by command of Louis XIV. The description of them in Protestant writings of the period are far from flattering. Girodon imposed many new mistranslations. He finds the fire of purgatory in I Cor. III:15, "the sacrament of marriage" in I Cor. VII:10. "There is a sin which is not mortal but venial" in I John V:17; "on pilgrimage to Jerusalem," Luke II:41; "a leitourgos, that is to say a sacrifice this of Jesus Christ," Rom. XV:16. "The spirits in prison to Limbo," I Peter III:19; "one sister, a woman to serve with us in the gospel and for a remembrance of their goodness," I Cor. IX:5; "the error of wicked heretics," II Pet. III:17; all these notable mistranslations have been preserved in the Bordeaux Testament issued in 1686.

A most remarkable circumstance is that each of the copies to which reference has been made in this article is accompanied by an official "approbation." These approbations are attached so carelessly that it would require a separate article to indicate the problems connected with them. Two doctors in theology, Vapour and Faix, approve of Corbin's translation by name. Two doctors, Colein and Bouf, certify that "the present translation" conforms to the faith of the Catholic Apostolic Church in the case of Veron's Testament in its first edition. Two



other doctors, De la Haye and Le Febvre, approve the second edition by name. The same two doctors have their names printed as approving Veron's translation in the issue of Girodon's New Testament, and two others, Braumont and Breteuil, approve Girodon's effort by name. The final Bordeaux Testament, containing the errors of former editions and adding a few of its own, has an approbation apparently given to a former edition of 1661, reprinted, signed by Lopes and Germain, and is further issued with the direct approval of Louis Archbishop of Bordeaux.

There is no parallel in any modern religious body to this persistent mistranslation of sacred scripture.

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### CONCERNING VISITORS.

The Students of Moore were honoured in hearing the first Sermon the Archbishop of Armagh preached in Sydney in the chapel. His subject was the place of Science in our life, in which the three great ultimates: truth, beauty and goodness, had reached their perfection in our Lord.

F. C. Andrews, who was touring Australia under the auspices of the Student Christian Movement, captured the hearts of all of us by the unaffected charm of his personality and his real and deep grip on the things of the Spirit.

Captain Cowland gave a most inspiring and instructive talk on the work of the Church Army. It is very pleasing to learn that the work of this fearless yet unobtrusive organisation is being rapidly extended in Australia.

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### MOORE COLLEGE BLAZERS

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## THE CHALLENGE OF THE SLUMS

*By Bruce McCarthy.*

A GROUP of boys are gathered together in a building within ten minutes' walking distance of St. Andrew's Cathedral. To get to the building we are forced to travel through a maze of evil-looking streets lined with ramshackle hovels, damp and disease-infected. From such a neighbourhood come the lads who, through a few public spirited citizens, are enjoying the educational and recreational facilities of a well-equipped and carefully staffed Boys' Brigade. "Sonny," says the superintendent, "how old are you?" A small, emaciated-looking laddie, whom the visitor estimates to be six or seven years of age, smartly replies, "Twelve, Sir." "And you, Joe, what is your age?" "Fourteen, Sir," to the surprise of the onlooker who had expected an answer indicating eight to nine years at the most. Do congested, squalid living conditions impair child-life? Decidedly so! What equality of opportunity is there for the children of districts like Erskineville, Pyrmont, and Waterloo compared with those of Killara, Vacluse, or Lindfield? Official figures, averaged over a period of six years, show that the infant death rate per thousand births in the congested areas is double that of the outer districts.

### *Near the Gates of Moore College.*

Travel to the right or left of Moore College and within five to ten minutes we come upon free Kindergarten buildings that stand oasis-like midst the dreary desolation of a depressing environment. In Newtown, in Chippendale, as in some fourteen like centres, we find crowds of youngsters from 18 months up to six years enjoying one of the few blessings of their early and most impressionable days. But for such an organisation their only playground would be the mean streets and narrow lanes. As it is, because of general apathy and indifference on the part of the Christian community, the crusade against bad housing conditions is conceived as a Christian obligation and duty only by the "faithful few."

### *Humanity Redeemed.*

Of little use it is to talk of "humanity redeemed" when slums and poverty degrade and destroy the humanity personality. The ghastly standards of slumdom can do no other than have a devitalising effect on the inhabitants. An area where 80% of the houses are



really unfit for human habitation; where of 1552 places inspected, 882 were without bathroom or laundry. Districts where the normal amenities of living are unknown, and parks and playgrounds are noticeable by their absence. Two thousand acres of squalid, overcrowded areas in Sydney alone, so said a recent report compiled by a Government committee of investigation. Is it any wonder that Professor Winifred Cullis, distinguished woman scientist of London University, was moved to say: "I was horrified at the unspeakable slums of Sydney!"

Yet in our smug, respectable, and complacent way we talk of the need of a wider spiritual conception of life on the part of those who dwell in such a depressing atmosphere. What is really needed is a wider vision on the part of those who would have us believe that Christianity is not concerned with conditions that crush the Christ-image common to every human soul. We continue to rail at the Lottery, drink and gambling, all very undesirable elements, but forget that these influences are but symptoms of poverty and slum-life, and are often the only means of escape for a thwarted personality. It was Canon Barnett, of Tonybee Hall fame, who, when speaking of slum conditions, said: "How, in fact, it is the mean street and the mean house which prepare the way for poverty and vice. The voice of joy and health is not heard even in the dwellings of the righteous."

### *The Christian Challenge.*

To say that human nature cannot be altered is to deny the efficacy of the Christian faith. In Great Britain official figures show that 95% of erstwhile slum dwellers have responded to better living conditions. Give our own people the chance and they will similarly respond. The duty of the Church is to give consistent leadership in the crusade against slums and in a "Holy War" against poverty. Occasional pronouncements or pious resolutions are no use. It must stand as the watchdog of the poor, for the sake of truth and righteousness alone. Consistently and insistently it must demand the abolition of slums. The Church must be the motivating force for great social reforms, it must, if it is to survive, enlighten and direct public opinion, and set the community conscience working for justice.

The challenge of our day and generation is to build a better world. The Christ taught us to serve God through man. It is only as we do this, as a Church Militant, can we hope to save the nation, and the nations, and in this way build God's Kingdom on Earth. The anti-slum campaign is one particular phase of building the Kingdom in our own city—let us then rise and build!



## SCOUTING AND RELIGION

R. B. Arnott.

*"Sons of Men—so beautiful  
Because you are not men,  
We dream in you a wonderful dream:  
That you may grow up better than we are,  
And keep all the divine brightness in your eyes."*

—(Translated from the French.).

Is Scouting inspired of God? Is the attitude of Scouting towards Religion, both in theory and practice, justifiable? One would think not, from the criticism one hears from a minority of members of the ministry, both within and without the pulpit.

The boy, upon becoming the Scout, promises to do his best to do his duty to God and to man. The World Chief Scout, Lord Baden-Powell, has set out the duties of a Scoutmaster in regard to religion. The first requirement of the Ideals designed and formulated for the Scoutmaster is that he himself be a man of religion. By this is meant nothing falsely pious nor unmanly, but that he will have a pure faith in God, and feel that in his job as a Scouter, he is playing a great part in building up the Kingdom of God, and making this world a better place to live in. Now Christianity is a religion of many sects, differing violently upon matters of creed and ritual. But there are certain fundamentals accepted by almost all. As such, it is, in essence, a simple faith, a faith of love. Upon this faith is built the Scout Movement.

Can you imagine a Scoutmaster, who has promised to do his duty to God; who is voluntarily giving up his time for the sake of the future manhood of the nation; who loves Nature and God's "Great Out-of-Doors," not being a religious man? It is because of this "pure and undefiled religion" that our movement has grown and is what it is. Religion is the one sphere in Scouting in which the Scouter has to take the lead. How does he express it? Not one Scout Meeting must pass without some recognition of God and His Fatherhood over our world-wide movement of Brotherhood. While religion is not continually talked about, it must be the underlying principle in the life of the group. It is required of a Scouter that he not only "urge the boy to attend the services of the boy's own Church," but that he set him the example, and awaken in him the latent spiritual urge that is in us all. Prayers and personal talks come into the programme of every Scout Meeting.

Scouting is not a religion, nor does the Scout's Own Service take the place of the religious services of the Church. Firstly, the Scout's



Own is used on occasions, and as necessity demands, to lead the boys to their own Church, and, secondly, to allow Scouts of all denominations to meet, united, to return thanks, as Scouts, to their Creator. Mr. Ince, the Warden of Roland House, London, has said: "We are bringing fresh twigs, not to light a new fire, but to kindle the fires of the faith of our forefathers."

The Scoutmaster is unfit for the task if he, himself, has not a real and personal faith in God. Often the question is asked of those in authority: "We have lost our Scoutmaster, where can we find another?" I put the question: "Why is not the Church in Australia producing more Scoutmasters?" The Church alone can train them in their first requirement. The disciples have often been pictured as the Ideal Troop, under the leadership of One, Jesus Christ, the Ideal Scoutmaster—and He was a Man of Religion. He was One to Whom "good turns" were the first things in life, an absolute "Friend to animals," who would not allow an ox to be kept thirsty, because of the petty conventionalities of His time, and One Who was essentially "clean in thought, word, and deed." He was One Who more than fulfilled the Scout Law as we know it.

Before a Scout becomes a Rover, he is required to keep a Vigil, during which he reviews his past life, thinks of the future possibilities then dimly seen, and dedicates himself in silence to the Service of God and his Fellow Men. He starts upon his Quest of Life, having first asked God's Blessing, for during his Investiture the Rover Leader says to him: "Realising that man is but frail, and that the responsibilities of a Rover are great, you will now kneel in all humility whilst God's blessing is asked on your endeavours."

Thus we see that the religious base of the movement is of great importance. Yet, no doubt, some Troops run counter to the Church. We notice regular Sunday outings, which are arranged so as not to permit of the boys attending either a Church service or Sunday School. This is entirely a contradiction not only of the rules and regulations, but of the whole spirit of Scouting. Yet these troops are in the minority, especially in European countries. Scouting is barely thirty years old. We cannot have everyone perfect within thirty years. Men have been trying to free slaves for over 100 years, and they are not free yet. Men have been fighting ignorance 500 years, yet it is still enthroned in high places. We have been trying to develop and people Australia's open spaces for over a century, and with what result? It took a century to give people votes. It was hundreds of years before a door of a University was opened to a Nonconformist. Christianity is 1,900 years old, yet how much of even the civilised world is truly Christian to-day? Scouting, with the stupendous task of converting all nations, all creeds, all peoples, through youth, to Peace, Brotherhood, and God, is still like a child in its schooldays. It is an everlasting wonder that it has succeeded thus far.



No one has ever yet achieved the standard of the Scout Law. Even many boys surrounded by culture, given every advantage of secondary or public school education, and blessed with a good home, cannot realise its meaning. Can we expect all street boys, who have been surrounded, all their life, by deplorably low ideals, to live up to it? Their interest in sport has been dominated by raffles and betting. They have been denied the common decencies of life. They hear God and Christ a hundred times as an oath to once spoken in reverence. If we are to hold these lads, and finally lead them to God, we must be allowed to hold before them an ideal which they can appreciate, and which they feel they have some chance of attaining. Not that the Scouter should lower his ideals, but that he should attune those he presents to the boys to a level which they can appreciate, and exercise sympathy with the boy in his inherent incapability of appreciating the full content of the Ideals of Scouting. There is a job waiting for the Church when a boy joins up with a Scout Group. And the ministers of the Church should be willing to help the lad who is ready to go a step higher in his appreciation of the religious principles underlying Scouting; and be ready, being critical by eye and not by tongue, to help him a little further up the ladder to a fuller understanding, and a more strengthened character, which will be the result.

Finally, there is no doubt whatever that to those who are Scouters, in the true sense of the word, comes a little of the Peace of God which passeth all understanding, and the great love of a few boyish hearts.

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## RICHARD BAXTER

*By Rev. M. L. Loane.*

The annals of the 17th century record few names more noble and chronicle few lives more honourable than that of Richard Baxter. He lived in strangely stirring times. His life almost spanned one of the most troubled and tragic centuries in English History. It fell to his lot to witness the rise and fall of good and great and bad alike. His birth touched the reign of James I. and his death reached the reign of William III. Between those two Sovereigns, no less than three other kings had ruled and passed away: Oliver Cromwell had fought and triumphed and died; Charles I. had lost his head, and James II. had lost his crown; the Westminster Assembly and the Savoy Conference alike had waxed and waned. It was an era in which the history of the country was wrapped up with the history of Puritanism. And . . . for more than half a century, no man in England more truly shared their perils and glories than Richard Baxter.

His father owned a little property in Shropshire where he kept the light of Christ burning amid dark and Godless surroundings. Here in 1615 Richard Baxter was born. He suffered all his life from the severest and most painful bodily ailments: fever and disease wasted his frame away from childhood. Often he lay at death's door and he was ever listening for the last messenger. This early gave his thoughts a Christward bend, "Weakness and pain helped me to study how to die. That set me on studying how to live." Very soon Christ became all and in all to him and thus from his youth up he was devoted to his Master's service.

Baxter was never an undergraduate but his passionate love for books did more for him than any University. He pored over them with intense delight and ranged over a vast field of learning. Patriotic and scholastic writings were equally ransacked by him while his powerful mind made him the master of all the subtleties of their thought and speculation. At the age of 22, in 1638, he was ordained by the Bishop of Worcester. In his own words, he was simply "conscious of a thirsty desire" for the salvation of men and "if one or two souls only might be won to God," he would rejoice in his ministry. Within three years, he was settled at Kidderminster, the town for ever associated with his name. But while he was busy "catechising in the lanes," the Civil War suddenly burst upon England and, after the Battle of Naseby, he was whirled into the thick of it. Strange it seems to think of him marching to the drums of the Roundheads: but he volunteered as a chaplain to Cromwell's troops if by any means he might save some. However, illness struck him down in 1646 and for months he hovered on the borders of death. At last he was able to resume his ministry in Kidderminster and here for 14 years he preached and prayed and pleaded for the souls of men. By the grace of God, he turned the sinful, drunken, Christless town of 3,000 people into a garden of the Lord. Eventually he had no less than 600 regular communicants of whom there were not twelve of whose conversion he was still in doubt. It was said that every Sunday "you might have heard a hundred families singing psalms and repeating sermons as you passed through the streets." In many quarters, there was scarcely a family who did not meet daily for united prayer. Like Rutherford and Venn and McCheyne, he never tired



of knocking at the door and calling at home after home. He was ever on the watch for Christ's sheep which had gone astray. He wrought with souls one by one and was marvellously owned by God.

Baxter was in many ways a royalist at heart and did not fear to argue boldly with Cromwell for the crown. In 1660 he visited London to throw his weight into the recall of Charles II. He soon became chaplain to the King and was offered the Bishopric of Hereford. But he was soon sickened by the false promises of Charles and Hereford was refused. During the Savoy Conference, he did his utmost to conciliate the Puritans and the Churchmen, but no human effort could bring them together. The arrogant Bishops would not bend and the die-hard Puritans would not truckle. In 1662, when the rod fell with the Act of uniformity, Baxter was one of the noble two thousand who were driven into Non-Conformity rather than deny their faith. That still remains one of the darkest blots upon the page of Church history. Two thousand of the best and holiest ministers our Church has ever had were ruthlessly ejected. Under Cromwell, the Puritans had made England's name stand among the first in Europe, now they were trodden underfoot by the singularly foolish and deeply sinful policy of Charles.

Henceforth Baxter was like a partridge hunted in the mountains. The hatred of his enemies drove him from place to place in turn. They hounded him and courted him in turn. Now he was offered a Scotch Bishopric and now he was penalised in prison. His troubles reached their height with his farcical trial before the infamous Judge, bloody Jeffreys. The accession of William III. brought him a measure of relief, and at last, at the age of 67, worn out with privation and suffering, with work and prayer, he died in 1691.

Baxter was long an advocate of clerical celibacy, but after he had lost his charge, he married Margaret Charlton, a woman in every way worthy of him and passionately devoted to him. His love story is one of the most precious and sacred portions of his inner biography. Baxter was a mighty author. His pen was astonishingly prolific. He could handle the most obtruse metaphysical problems and the plainest practical doctrines alike, with extraordinary success. Twenty thousand copies of the *Call to the Unconverted* were printed in a single year. Perhaps no more heart-searching book for the ministry has ever been written than the *Reformed Pastor*. "The Saints' Everlasting Rest" was written after recovery from an illness which seemed likely to carry him to his eternal home, and its countless devotional gems have won for it an abiding place as a classic of heart-felt religious literature. Baxter was also one of the mightiest preachers England has ever known. Like Whitefield, his voice was wonderfully melodious and capable of the most deeply moving and pathetic effects. Spurgeon used to tell his students that if they would learn how to plead with souls, they should steep themselves in Baxter. And withal he was one of the saintliest men of his age. Orme, his early biographer, truly says that he was a most "unearthly" man. He breathed the very air of Heaven even in the hottest part of the fray. And the name of Richard Baxter is still a name to make the heart burn; his life a life to kindle within a flame of fire; his words a message to rouse the very soul:

"I preached as never sure to preach again  
And as a dying man to dying men."

## EXTENSIONS TO LECTURE ROOM.

The lecture room of the College is being extended and repaired. Last year a huge lump of plaster fell and smashed a chair on which one of our brilliant students was accustomed to sit, but he, fortunately, was not there. The room is being plastered afresh and, with the extension, has been made a large room with an abundance of light.



## SPORT AND THE CHRISTIAN LIFE

"O Lord, our God, other lords beside Thee have had dominion over us." This confession came reluctantly from the heart of God's People many centuries ago, but it has its counterpart in the people of our own country. A new "lord" has almost completely dominated their hearts. No heathen could worship wood or stone with greater fervour than that of the thousands who bend their knee in homage before the shrine of the god of "sport."

We do not decry sport. It has its rightful place, and plays an important part in the building of a sound nation. But what we do deplore is that it is fast becoming our master rather than our servant. The Lord's Day, the one day in seven that God has demanded from His creatures from time immemorial, is now a day of frivolity and mirth. The House of God is neglected and forsaken, except for a comparatively few faithful people. It is a tremendous challenge to all who profess the name of Christ to lift a united voice against the desecration of God's Holy Day, and to call the multitudes back to God.

What, then, should be the attitude of the Christian towards sport? That it is vitally necessary and even scriptural is without any possible doubt. Every part of our being needs exercise. God has given us a mind, but it must be developed and exercised by constant reading and exercise. Our souls, too, need spiritual exercise, for it is only as we wait upon God in prayer and meditation that we grow in Grace and in Knowledge of God.

The same, then, should surely apply to our bodies; our temples of clay that are "so fearfully and wonderfully made" by God. "Know ye not," writes Paul, "that your bodies are the temples of the Holy Ghost?" What shall we say then? Shall we neglect the external for that which lies within? Would we allow our Church, the House of God, to fall into disrepair? No, rather would we tend it with great care that it might be a worthy dwelling-place for the Spirit of God. The same is equally true of our bodies, for the Holy Ghost dwells there.

Let us then develop and exercise in every godly way this temple of ours, being fully conscious of the snare that might so easily entrap us, and of this "liberty of ours that may become a stumbling-block to them that are weak." Let us remember, however, Paul's words of advice to young Timothy: "Your bodily exercise profiteth for a little, but Godliness is profitable unto all things" (R.V.) I Tim. 4:8.

—R. Clive Kerle.



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## SPORT, 1936

1936 was rather a lean year for Moore College. Both the Athletic and Tennis trophies, won during 1935, were lost and, alas, decorate our mantelpiece no more.

However, it was only after very keen and hard tussles that these cups were wrested from us.

It must be borne in mind that increasing duties at College make it very difficult for men to spend much time at sport. So much was this so in the past year that it was decided—very reluctantly—not to enter a cricket team in the U.T.S.R.C. competition.

## TENNIS.

1936 saw many new faces in the tennis team—only two of the previous year being still at the College. In all 7 games were played, 3 being won and 4 lost. The College was represented by: Kerle, Eglington, Camroux, Arnott, Wotton, Jamieson, Cottrell-Dormer, Menty and Osborne-Brown.

On the whole the form was good if erratic at times, and generally speaking the tennis was of a high level. Kerle and Eglington were the outstanding pair and played consistently well and did all that was asked of them. Of the others, Arnott and Camroux gave good support.

The competition was won by Baptists after a very keenly-fought series. Our congratulations to them on their very fine performance. It gives us some consolation to know that we extended them in both matches.

## RESULTS:

- v. Baptists—lost 6 sets to 2 and lost 5 sets to 1.
- v. Camden—won 6 sets to 1 and walkover.
- v. Leigh—won 5 sets to 1.
- v. Andrews—lost 6 sets to 4 and lost 5 sets to 3.

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## ATHLETICS.

Although Camden relieved us of the Cup, it was only after a very keen and exciting struggle, the result being in doubt right up to the Medley Relay—the last event of the day—Camden prevailing by a narrow margin.

Camden deserved to win and we congratulate them. Although they possessed no outstanding athlete theirs was a well-balanced team, while Moore was almost a one-man team.

Dormer performed brilliantly and if he had had more support Moore would have retained the Cup. He won the 220, the broad jump and the hop, step and jump and came second in the 100, shot putt and 440 yards—in all 15 points—a really wonderful performance. Of the others, Eglington alone was successful, winning the high jump after a keen tussle.

The College team consisted of Minty, Camroux, Dormer, Eglington, Kerle, Wotton and the Rev. the Tutor.

## CRICKET.

Although no competitive cricket was played a most enjoyable picnic match against the clergy was staged. Although the clergy mustered together a good team of all sorts and conditions they were rather badly beaten on the first innings.

The College batted first and scored 196, Eglington (80) and Wotton (71) being the principal scorers. In reply the clergy scored a mere 67 and were forced to follow on, Camroux and Eglington being the destroying agents.

In the second innings Rev. Louis Pearce's veterans got going and at stumps had scored 94 for the loss of 4 wickets, the College thus winning by 129 on the first innings.

It was a most enjoyable day's cricket and we hope that next year Mr. Pearce will once more lead his merry men against us.

## MORPETH.

During June a team from College went to Morpeth where tennis matches and debates were held. We arrived at St. John's on Thursday night, played tennis on Friday morning and debated at night.

The honours were even; Morpeth easily won the tennis but the College debating team, consisting of Gilhespy, Dormer and Kerle, won a very interesting debate.

We tender our hearty thanks to the principal and students of St. John's for the hospitality given us and trust that ere long they will in like manner be our guests.

## VALETE.

The College is this year poorer owing to the loss of three students who whole heartedly took part in every activity of the College. They were:

Rev. C. M. Gilhespy, Th.L., who secured a Second Class in Th.L. and who was Senior Student last year. His efficiency in conducting the meetings and in debates made him a much valued member of our College.

Rev. N. B. Minty, Th.L., whose voice is sadly missed in chapel and whose budgets are still extolled as the ideal.

And Rev. F. J. Cameroux, Th.L., who worked so hard to maintain the sporting activities of the College.

To one and all we offer our hearty congratulations, and trust that their work in ministering among their people may be crowned with God's richest blessing.



## NOTES AND NOTICES.

*Concerning Chapel Services.*

The Chapel Services have been attended very regularly during the past year and have proved the centre and source of inspiration for all our work.

The offertories were distributed between the Bush Church Aid, Church Missionary Society, Australian Board of Missions, British and Foreign Bible Society, Home Missions Society, and the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge.

Thanks are due to those who so kindly donated flowers, especially to Miss Gledhill whose weekly gift during the past three years has been very much appreciated.

At the close of the second term a series of special services was held which proved very inspiring to all those who were privileged to attend. Among those who gave of their valuable time to address us was the Archbishop of Sydney whose unflagging interest in the College is encouraging to all.

The In Memoriam service to the late Ven. Archdeacon Davies was very largely attended by the men who had passed through the College while he was principal. It was a fitting tribute to one whose memory will long be treasured by those with whom he came in contact.

The College was represented at the unveiling of the memorial above the late principal's grave. It is a plain Latin cross mounted on a kerbing of white sandstone and inscribed: "A faithful minister of the Lord, fruitful in every good work."

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## CONCERNING THE STAFF

It is with very real pleasure that "Societas" welcomes the Bishop-Coadjutor, Dr. C. V. Pilcher, to the staff of our College. His lectures on hymn selection and the manner in which services should be conducted are of considerable value in assisting us in our efforts to do things decently and in order. But we are even more grateful to him for his brilliant and deeply spiritual expositions of the Bible which have inspired all to bring forth new treasures from that already valued treasure-store, to "search the scriptures" that we may understand more of the glory and the grace of our Master.

To the Venerable Archdeacon A. L. Wade, M.A., B.D., we offer sincere congratulations on his elevation to the Archdeaconate. The Archdeacon has been connected with the college for many years, and for not a few, both past and present students, he has removed the terrors and tricks of New Testament Greek.

The news of the resignation of Rev. L. S. Dudley, B.A., was received with regret in the College. His New Testament lectures were always clear and thoughtful, and his fearless expression of his convictions won the respect of all. We were pleased to note his name among those who passed in Greek and Latin Fathers in the Th. School examinations and trust that in his new sphere of labour at Katoomba he may continually find fresh opportunities of using his talents in the service of God.

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## NEW STUDENTS.

This year we welcome several new students to our midst. We trust that during their stay at "Moore" they may increase in a knowledge of the truth and that God will abundantly bless them as they prepare for His service. They are R. Ogden, A. Pattison, K. Shelley, V. Ibbotson, E. Seatree and N. Gelding.

Who said that Janitors can't rise to the occasion? On one memorable morning in March, and a chilly morning it was, too, we were roused from our slumbers by the insistent clinging of the bell at 4.30 a.m. After hastily dressing and devouring the inevitable egg, we pinned on our shamrocks and sang "Killarney" and down we rushed to the wharf to meet the Principal on the "Orford." It has been rumoured that some people did not consider the shamrocks genuine articles, even though Pellegrini's guarantee accompanied them.



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