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Entre Nous.

THE CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Considerateness.

When William of Wykeham founded the great English school which bears his name he gave a motto to the scholars—'Manners maketh man.' Dr. W. T. A. Barber, late Headmaster of the Leys School in Cambridge, is not afraid of taking the motto at its face value. Even outward manners maketh man, he thinks, the dress he wears, the punctilious politeness he maintains. There is, no doubt, always the danger of making the man nothing but manners. And in our day, when emphasis is laid on reality, that danger is so vividly recognized that manners maketh much more for directness than for politeness. But William of Wykeham's aphorism goes deeper. In the first place, 'there is no action without reaction; the manners which are themselves the indication of an inner reverence have the effect of cherishing and preserving reverence. And, in the second place, the true gentleman is to be detected not by the fact that he knows the conventions of society, but by his consideration for others.'

Manner is an indication of character. Says Dr. Barber, 'Every one who has experience of choosing men to occupy responsible posts is conscious of how much his decision is biased by the thousand and one little things of manner, the niceties of dress, directness, *savoir faire*, the writing of a letter, the mode of expression. The remonstrance may very well be made that the criteria are poor and the judgment shallow which will be guided by such superficialities. But in reality the criticism fails; these things, small as they are, are indications of inward qualities working outwards. Granted that it is often the case that a good and easy manner may be a mere veneer, yet manners themselves are valuable indications, and ere long become sure declarations.

There are many small matters, such as promptly answering invitations, quickly acknowledging inquiries of kindnesses, and respecting conventions, whose absence the world is sure to miss. He who is punctilious in observing these is really declaring that he takes pleasure in showing respect to others' expectations and desires. Any fixed society must necessarily develop conventions, and true breeding demands a reasonable amount of consideration of them. They have their place; they may be regarded as the price of membership or as the signs of privilege. To ignore them is to betray an exaggeration of the value of self which is the reverse of true good manners. One can to a certain extent respect and sympathize with the impatience of young people with what seems to be, and sometimes is, tedious and unmeaning ceremony. There is a great rebound in the rising generation against many of the little observances to which we are accustomed. But their origin lies in consideration of others' convenience or feelings, and it is impossible to avoid an uneasy sense that in this rebound there is some injury to the original roots of unselfishness and chivalry.

I.

Take the management of Divine Service in illustration. In his manner of reading, his tone, his pace, a man may allow himself, only too easily, to think of himself alone. He may consult only his own likes and dislikes in attitude, gesture, and air. But if so, he is greatly failing in the homely duty of loyal considerateness.

A service is not something that we do for ourselves; it is always rendered to another. The true meaning of the word is seen in such expressions as "active service," "domestic service," "do me a service." Yet in the highest connexion its meaning is often completely lost sight of. Divine Service is made a matter of personal preference.

II.

Not less necessary is considerateness in the Preaching of the Word. Canon Ottley discovers in the sermons of Lancelot Andrewes a compassionate tenderness for common people, a gracious considerateness and respect, which more than any other trait appeals to our modern sympathies. An instinctive abhorrence of violent, harsh, coercive methods; faith in the attractive and winning power of truth clearly presented; a vivid sense of the heightening of human relationships which Christianity has introduced; the motherhood of the Church, the sonship and brotherhood of man, the paternal regard and right of control that belongs to true kingship—

all these are genuine elements in Andrewes' view of mankind, and give us a clue to his influence.

This spirit of considerateness which distinguishes Andrewes from other prominent churchmen of his time was one main secret of his laborious industry as a teacher. In his exposition of the fifth commandment, he lays down the duties and qualifications of the teaching office. "In the *manner* of his teaching," he says that a teacher must, "first clear parables and dark speeches; secondly, proceed in method and order; thirdly, teach as his hearers are able to learn (John xvi. 12)." This last point would require a careful consideration of the capacities and needs of the hearers. Andrewes' own work was mainly the systematic instruction of an educated and well-informed audience; but here, too, he remembered that he was dealing with frail and tempted human beings, each having his own trials, needs, and secret longings for the life of goodness. "The tidings," he tells them, "of the gospel are as well for Lydia the purple seller, as for Simon the tanner; for the Areopagite, the judge at Athens, as for the jailer at Philippi; for the elect lady, as for widow Dorcas; for the lord treasurer of Ethiopia, as for the beggar at the Beautiful gate of the temple; for the household of Cæsar, as for the household of Stephanas: yea, and if he will, for King Agrippa too . . . as, indeed, I know none so rich but needs these tidings; all to feel the want of them in their spirits; no *dicis quia dives sum*; as few sparks of the Pharisee as may be, in them that will be interested in it."'

III.

And if considerateness is good for the conduct of public worship and good for the preacher, it is good also for the everyday life of the pastor. The Bishop of Durham remembers a conversation a few years ago 'with one of our college servants, an excellent Christian woman, truly exemplary in every duty. She was speaking of one of my dear student friends now labouring for the Lord in a distant and difficult mission-field, and giving him—after his departure from us—a tribute of most disinterested praise: "Ah, Sir, he *was* a consistent gentleman!" And then she instanced some of my friend's consistencies; and I observed that they all reduced themselves to one word—Considerateness. He was always taking trouble, and always saving trouble. He was always finding out how a little thought for others can save them much needless labour. The things in question were not heroic. The thoughtfulness for others concerned only such matters as the bath, and the shoes, and the clothes, and some small details of hospitality. But they meant a very great deal for the hard-worked caretaker, and they were to her a means of quite distinct "edification," upbuilding, in the assurance that Christ and the Gospel are indeed practical realities.'

Dr. Moule adds: 'I break no confidence when I add, by the way, that my friend had not always been thus "a consistent gentleman." But the Lord had found him, and he had found the Lord, in the midst of his University life; and he had learnt most deeply and effectually, at the feet of Jesus, the consistency of Considerateness.'

That is the secret. 'Behold, God is mighty, and despiseth not any; for that he is great in heart.' The man who has made that discovery has the 'capacity of penetrating to the hidden man of the heart, recognizing and bringing to light the inward goodness which an uncouth exterior or a repellent manner had concealed. He evinces a delicate courtesy, an almost instinctive understanding of what another means and would be, a wise considerateness. He realizes, too, and very clearly, the value of things that appear to be trivial. Brother Lawrence was accustomed to say, "You can pick up a straw for the love of God." You may do even as small a thing for the love of man. He who is immersed in the Spirit will measure every earthly thing with the reed of the sanctuary; he will discern the unseen magnitudes which reveal the relation of the simplest deeds to the things that are above. The cup of cold water, the kindly human word, the touch of a brother's hand, faith's two mites offered in love, are infinite in worth and measureless in reward.'

'One autumn afternoon,' says the Rev. D. M. M'Intyre, 'I was returning from the funeral of an aged country minister, who had lived for half a century in a lonely parish in Scotland on the edge of the moorland. A white-headed man came up to me, and told me, as well as he could for weeping, how more than fifty years before, he had been a herd-lad in that parish. My friend had then come, fresh from college, to be ordained to the charge which he was to hold until his death. One evening, as he walked down the road beside the field where this lad was herding, the cows

"tigged"—started, and ran—and the young minister came at once to the help of the half-distracted child, gathered the cows back, waited until they became quiet, then proceeded on his solitary walk. Probably he was thinking of the charge laid on him, and the work which had been given him to do for God, and after a few minutes would possibly dismiss from his mind this mere incident. But the boy never forgot. It was more to him than all the preaching and visiting that followed. It was that, more than anything else, which seemed to hold him to God and to God's minister; and as he told me of it after all that space of years, the big tears were raining down into the dust, and his voice choked and broke. To the minister that which he did that evening may well have seemed a little thing; to the lad it was as if the hand of Christ had been laid on him in blessing.'

SOME TOPICS.

Action.

Lady Ritchie's Memories, entitled *From Friend to Friend* (Murray; 6s. net), are good for two or three hours of quiet reading and enjoyment. She tells happy stories of the life of Fanny and Adelaide Kemble, of Tennyson and Mrs. Cameron (the gifted generous friend of the Tennysons), of her own father (W. M. Thackeray), and of others.

Her father took her to a Shakespearian Reading by Mrs. Fanny Kemble. 'As we came away he once more broke into praise. "Don't you see how admirably she forgets herself?" he said; "how she flings herself into it all? how finely she feels it?"' That is an added note to the paper on Action in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for February.

Whitaker.

The fifty-second annual volume of *Whitaker's Almanack* 'marks the centenary of the birth of its projector.' It also marks the entry of new nations, and 'New articles deal with Arabia, German Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Hungary, Poland, Rumania, and Yugo-Slavia, with outline maps in the text. Maps have also been added to the articles on Germany, Turkey, and Denmark, and an attempt has been made to represent the existing state of affairs in the various Russian Republics, and to describe the potentialities of the Arctic *El Dorado* in Spitsbergen. The terms of the Treaties of Versailles, St. Germain, and Neuilly, and the Covenant of the League of Nations, are also included.' A new section deals with 'Questions of the Day.' What are the questions of the day? They are Women's War Work, the Professions open to Women, Women Police, and Workmen's Compensation, and on all these questions Whitaker for 1920 contains special articles. One thing is unexpectedly omitted. The Temperance (Scotland) Act comes into operation this year. A summary of its provisions with instructions to voters would have been very useful.

Inspiration.

What is the particular adjective which you use to describe the inspiration of the Bible? Verbal? We received a few weeks ago a monthly magazine in which the verbal inspiration of the Bible was spoken of as if it were as certain as a demonstration in geometry. Plenary? That was a blessed word once, but it seems to have lost its charm. Moral? Dynamical? Vital? Dr. George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School in Cambridge, Massachusetts, prefers 'vital.'

Dr. Hodges has written a popular and progressive book on the Bible. *How to know the Bible* he calls it (Skeffington; 6s. net). What he says about Inspiration will let us understand the kind of man he is and the kind of book he has written:

'In the lives of some men there are moments of unusual vision and exaltation. Into this experience even ordinary persons enter in times of exceeding emotion, but it is the special privilege of those whose difference from the common run of men is called genius. In such moments they see visions of truth and beauty, and hear voices which bring answers to ancient problems. They are unable to give prose accounts of these experiences. They come out of the silence into the street, and, if they attempt to describe what happened to them, they say that they heard the blowing of a mighty wind, and saw the flames of mystic fires; or some such thing. St. Paul, to whom this happened many times, confessed that whether he was in the body or out of the body, he could not tell. All that he knew was that he was caught up to the third heaven, and "heard unspeakable words, which it is not lawful for a man to utter." That was his way of expressing it. Bezaleel and Aholiab, inspired craftsmen, would

no doubt have expressed it differently; so too would Gideon and Jephthah, inspired captains. But in all cases it is essentially the same thing. Men are conscious of an impartation and impulse from without. They are lifted above their ordinary selves. Suddenly, the world about them is illuminated, as by a flash of lightning in the dark, and they know where they are, and what things mean, and where to go, and what to do. They come out, and write a poem, or a sermon, or a chapter of a book, or they build a house or a bridge, or paint a picture, or make a new plan of compaign, or put a new resolution into effect.

'For this vital inspiration, as the Bible itself suggests, is not peculiar to religion. Neither is it essentially different in religion from what it is in other fields of life. People used to ask, when this doctrine was debated, how the inspiration of Isaiah differed from the inspiration of Shakespeare or of St. Augustine. There was never any very satisfactory answer. It was like asking how the genius of the one differed from the genius of the others. The "spirit of God," as it says in the Old Testament, was upon them all: also upon Michael Angelo and Raphael, upon Copernicus and Newton, upon Washington and Lincoln. Each of these men was so uncommonly filled with power, or with wisdom, or with insight, or with the knowledge of the truth, that he perceived, and his neighbours perceived also, that he was moved of God. That seemed the most direct and simple explanation. The divine impulse and the divine guidance did not relieve them from the necessity of work, neither did it insure them against making mistakes; neither did it obliterate their individuality, rather it emphasized it. What it did was so to vitalize them, so to enrich and strengthen their souls, that they were able to do great deeds, and to think great thoughts. These men, whether they wrote books of the Bible, or built churches, or ruled states, or made any other contribution to the progress of the world, were inspired of God.'

POETRY.

Margaret Cavendish.

An addition has been made to the 'Golden Treasury Series.' It is *A Treasury of Seventeenth Century English Verse*, from the Death of Shakespeare to the Restoration (1616–1660), chosen and edited by H. J. Massingham (Macmillan; 3s. 6d. net). The poems are arranged in the alphabetical order of their author's names. And so, pretty early comes Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, with this reflexion on the Soul's Raiment:

Great Nature clothes the soul, which is but thin,
With fleshly garments, which the Fates do spin,
And when these garments are grown old and bare,
With sickness torn, Death takes them off with care.
And folds them up in peace and quiet rest,
And lays them safe within an earthly chest:
Then scours them well and makes them sweet and clean.
Fit for the soul to wear those clothes again.

There are many other poems as happy in thought and expression in the three hundred and ninety-nine which the little volume contains. And besides the poems there is Mr. Massingham's Introduction and Notes. Here is the note on the poem just quoted and its author: 'If this poem were not short, the idea would be elaborated until it was worn as threadbare as the fleshy garments. The Duchess of Newcastle never lets well alone in her verse. She likes to think of a number, double, treble, quadruple it and conclude that the poetic vision is captured by the big battalions. As it is, it is a fine success.

'The Duchess of Newcastle's biography of her husband is of course an English classic, even though Pepys called her "a mad, conceited, ridiculous woman" and the Duke "an ass to suffer her to write what she writes to him and of him." Lamb's criticism is well known—"No casket is rich enough, no casing sufficiently durable to honour and keep such a jewel." She wrote thirteen volumes, all her works are in folio, and she left a mass of manuscript. The reason why so much of it is unreadable is given in her own words—"That little wit I have, it delights me to scribble it out and to disperse it about,"—for the vanity and lax expansiveness of the self-exploiting amateur are what posterity condemns in her. Nevertheless, if one has the patience to wade through the lake-like sweep of shallow water to its brook-source, there is much homely wit and sensible housewifely counsel on life. The "Life" is a work of noble quality and naive charm. But on the whole, this famous Duchess was a blue-stocking who not only made the most, but a success of it.'

R. L. Gales.

The war has bitten deep into the soul of that passionate poet, R. L. Gales. His *Skylark and Swallow* (Erskine Macdonald; 5s. net) is hard reading, but all discipline is hard. The last poem in the book is an oath:

THE OATH.

By these unnumbered foully slain
We will not rest, we swear,
'Till Freedom, unto eyes that weep,
That Sight so fair,
Arises deathless from the deep
Of our despair;
Till night falls on the dotard lords
And vampire kings,
Till all the sceptres and the swords
Are broken things;
Till babes are born into the world
Not cannon-food from birth,
Till all the mirage of our dreams
Is solid earth.

Agnes Lee.

Agnes Lee is but one of the hundred and fifty poets of the present day who are represented in *New Voices* (Macmillan; $2). But it is a poem by her that we propose to quote, and so we give her name the honour. The editor of the volume is Marguerite Wilkinson, a well-known critic of poetry and encourager of poets. The editor divides her poets and poems (they are British as well as American) into classes according to their prevailing subject. Some write mostly of Love, some of Religion, some of Children, some of Nature. But some are Radical and some Conservative, and they also are gathered together according to their taste or training. Every chapter is introduced with an essay by the editor, and then follow the selected poems. We like the poems better than the essays. We did not think that so many of such real excellence could have been brought together out of this century's work. It is a great feast. And it is the more enjoyable that every dish is quite digestible, which is to say that every poem is quite intelligible. And now for the example. It is called

MOTHERHOOD.

Mary, the Christ long slain, passed silently,
Following the children joyously astir
Under the cedrus and the olive-tree,
Pausing to let their laughter float to her.
Each voice an echo of a voice more dear,
She saw a little Christ in every face;
When lo, another woman, gliding near,
Yearned o'er the tender life that filled the place.
And Mary sought the woman's hand, and spoke:
'I know thee not, yet know thy memory tossed
With all a thousand dreams their eyes evoke
Who bring to thee a child beloved and lost.

'I, too, have rocked my little one.
Oh, He was fair!
Yea, fairer than the fairest sun,
And like its rays through amber spun
His sun-bright hair.
Still I can see it shine and shine.'
'Even so,' the woman said, 'was mine.'

'His ways were ever darling ways'—
And Mary smiled—
'So soft, so clinging! Glad relays
Of love were all His precious days.
My little child!
My infinite star! My music fled!'
'Even so was mine,' the woman said.

Then whispered Mary: 'Tell me, thou,
Of thine.' And she:
'Oh, mine was rosy as a bough
Blooming with roses, sent, somehow,
To bloom for me!
His balmy fingers left a thrill
Within my breast that warms me still.'

Then gazed she down some wilder, darker hour,
And said—when Mary questioned, knowing not:
'Who art thou, mother of so sweet a flower?'—
'I am the mother of Iscariot.'

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