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think, our faith might be strong enough. Well, here it is: 'He that spared not *his own Son*, but delivered him up for us all, how shall he not with him also freely give us all things?' Our pledge of what He will do is simply what He has done.

It will be noticed that I have nowhere said that emotion is required. No: for, though it frequently accompanies prayer, emotion is not prayer.

Prayer is a petition presented to one powerful enough to grant it, and effectual prayer is that same petition presented in the full assurance that He will grant it. 'Whatsoever things ye ask for, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them,' said our Lord. And this saying is absolutely true, just as true as it is that a favourite son will get whatever he asks from his father. That is, he will get it, if it is not bad for him to have it. A father, for instance, would hardly give his little son a razor however hard he begged. It might grieve him to refuse, but his love for his son would override the son's prayer. We shall assuredly have 'whatsoever

things we ask for' so long as infinite love and wisdom does not see that they would injure us. A child asks for cake and has some; asks for more and is told: 'You have had enough! more would be bad for you.' That does not hinder the fact of WILLINGNESS to grant, nor can this be called an unanswered prayer. It is answered by a denial kinder than the granting would be. Nor does the denial hinder the child's next petition, for he realizes that he WOULD HAVE HAD THE CAKE if he could without being made ill.

We need sometimes to realize this with God.

What, then, is prayer? It is the answer to God's prayer, for it is just the being reconciled to God, and so bringing our wants to Him as any child does to its parents; sure we shall get what we want, so far as love and willingness goes, but not sure so far as infinite knowledge and wisdom goes. But trusting that wisdom, and so loving and trusting God, whether He give, or whether He withhold.

EDWARD METCALFE.

## Entre Nous.

### German Spiritual Music.

Canon Scott Holland, who is Regius Professor of Divinity in the University of Oxford, has been contributing papers on the War to the *Commonwealth*, of which he is the editor. These papers he has now collected into a volume with the title *So as by Fire* (Wells Gardner; 1s. net). There are Politics, Doctrine, Philosophy, and other things in them, and there is something else in this paper on

### GERMAN SPIRITUAL MUSIC.

'There is only one thing to be done during this disastrous strife. Whenever you have read your papers, and have been reduced to a carnivorous fury by hideous tales of outrage and horror, you open your piano, and you begin to play tunes out of the most beautiful, and tender, and beseeching book in the whole wide world—"Das Deutsche Geistliche Lied"—the Collection of German religious music down the centuries. There are six little paper volumes of them—and they begin with a Hymn of Caelius Sedulius, with words by Martin Luther: and they come right down, through all the superb royalties of John Sebastian and Philip

Emmanuel Bach, to Schubert, and Mendelssohn, and friends of yesterday. Was there ever music like it, to wind into your very heart of hearts? These cuddling, crooning, Cradle-Songs in which Mary begs the dear Joseph to rock the child, or gather the hay for its pillow—they have in them the very soul of Germany—homely, motherly, sentimental, soft, delicious! There is song after song of this cradle-lilt: and, then, there are others which sing of Jesus, the babe, who will lie in our bosom, and be sung to sleep, with refrains of "Eia! Eia!" They seem to well up out of the very depth of loving motherhood. They rise and fall like a mother's breathing breast. They coo with the pleading sing-song of a brooding nurse. And, then, there are Shepherds calling to their goats, winning them by tender-hearted echoes to the safe sweet pastures. And there is solemn music from Hans Sachs, and Corner, and Crüger, for Sunday twilight over the wood fire: and folk-songs that have in them the strange soft pathos of buried peoples, who have lived in quiet forgotten places: and there is always Franck, and the great Sebastian, to kindle and to awe. It is a world of

peace: of home: of love: of pastoral joy: of a "family" religion that fills the house with its fragrance: of spiritual peasantry. No music compares with it for soothing crooning affectionate faithfulness to the God of the Hearth and the Jesus of the Cradle. As you play it, the Germany you had lost is found again, like the happy city under the Breton Sea, whose chiming bells Renan heard sounding through the green floods. This is the real Germany, and you love it: and your heart goes out to it: and you feel the blessing, as of an old mother, stirring about your head: and you are a child again, nestling inside the folds of granny's gown. How foolish and far-away, now, the rabid talk of your Treitschkes and Bernhardis! Away with them into the pit of forgetfulness! You have recovered your lost Allemagne.

'And, then, when we have got quite snug and comfy, and love our Deutschen friends, before we creep into bed, we had better just take down our John Morley—honest John! and read his lecture on "Machiavelli." It says the whole counter thing to Treitschke in a final and inimitable manner. It dismisses the Corsican conscience for ever. It puts us straight with the ultimate realities. It re-establishes our normal human nature on its sane ethical base. It disposes of sophisms. It clears the ground. It sweetens the air we breathe. It is absolutely healthy and convincing. We cannot relapse, after such a fortifying rally. We feel sure of ourselves. The moral law holds the field. It is the only interpretation of life which stands the pressure of facts. After all, was there ever so downright and catastrophic and damning a practical failure as the career of Cæsar Borgia on the lines of Machiavelli—except the career of the Corsican conscience with its piteous ending on the lonely rock, with the tortoises, at St. Helena? Is that a success that invites a following? Is that an end which justifies the means employed to arrive at it? Does it bewilder or intoxicate by its fascination? Good-bye, Corsican! Good-night, Treitschke! We can go one better than that.'

#### Ejaculatory Prayer.

The Committee of the Student Christian Movement has issued a small volume on *The Discipline of Prayer* (6d. net). It is an extremely attractive little book, both in its matter and in its outward form.

What is Prayer? 'Prayer is the reference of our lives to God. We refer the world of mind and

matter to Him and we adore. We refer our sighs to Him and we confess. We refer our needs to Him and we make petition. We refer the needs of others to Him and we make intercession. We refer our blessings to Him and we give thanks.

'If prayer is different from all else it must follow that the prayerful life is different from the life in which there is no prayer. For if we do not refer our lives to God we unconsciously refer them to ourselves or to others. The result of this may be complacency or self-contempt; envy or exultation; satisfaction or remorse; dependency or excitement. But the result of referring our lives to God and viewing them in His presence will be such things as contrition, sense of pardon, aspiration, faith, assurance, acceptance of the will of God, caring for the good of others, peace, joy in the Holy Ghost; there will be other things, too, without a name, which nevertheless subtly operate among men just as nameless elements are potent in the world about us. The man who is possessed by the spirit of these emotions is a different man from him who is possessed by those others, and his quality is of a different value in the world. The prayerful life is therefore different from the prayerless life. It moves upon a different path and towards a different goal.'

The volume ends with a Plan of Prayer for a Week, and just before that an effort is made to encourage the use of Ejaculatory Prayer. Outside the Roman Church we do not take easily to Ejaculatory Prayer. This is what the unnamed author of this book says about it. 'The prayer-spirit may be kept alive through the day in the midst of the press of many duties if we sometimes send a very brief prayer winging its way to the throne of God. Such brief ejaculations as these have been found helpful:

Jesus!

All love, all glory be to Thee, O Lord.

Thy will be done!

God only.

My Lord is crucified.

Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?

Father, forgive me.

What Thou wilt; when Thou wilt; as Thou wilt; while Thou wilt.

'By some such utterance at any time of the day or night; in the midst of our business or of our pleasures; at the thought of a friend's need or of

our own weakness; on being confronted with a sudden difficulty or an overwhelming joy, or even when we are helpless in deliberate prayer—we may touch every incident of life with heaven and make even a grey and monotonous day flame with an unearthly glory.

‘Regular prayer does not exclude ejaculatory prayer, nor does ejaculatory prayer make regular prayer unnecessary. Regular prayer is like the great reservoir of water up among the hills which supplies the pipes in thousands of homes many times a day. Reservoir and pipes are mutually dependent and helpful. The reservoir supplies the pipe, and the pipe sweetens the reservoir by preventing it from becoming stagnant. And reservoir and pipe are both ultimately dependent upon the gracious bounty of the rain from heaven.

‘Our daily Bible-reading may become a most helpful source of this brief form of prayer if we store our memory with its phrases and use them to clothe our sudden thoughts and needs.’

#### Katharine Tynan.

Some poets have discovered themselves in the War. Some have discovered new depths in themselves. Katharine Tynan was a poet before the War began: her war poems are a discovery to herself and to us. The best known gives the book its title *Flower of Youth* (Sidgwick & Jackson; 3s. 6d. net). Copies of this poem may be bought separately (2½d. each, or a dozen for 2s. 1d.). Let us quote it here.

#### FLOWER OF YOUTH.

Lest Heaven be thronged with grey-beards hoary,

God, who made boys for His delight,  
Stoops in a day of grief and glory

And calls them in, in from the night.  
When they come trooping from the war  
Our skies have many a new gold star.

Heaven's thronged with gay and careless faces,

New-waked from dreams of dreadful things,  
They walk in green and pleasant places

And by the crystal water-springs  
Who dreamt of dying and the slain,  
And the fierce thirst and the strong pain.

Dear boys! They shall be young for ever.

The Son of God was once a boy.  
They run and leap by a clear river

And of their youth they have great joy.  
God who made boys so clean and good  
Smiles with the eyes of fatherhood.

Now Heaven is by the young invaded;

Their laughter's in the House of God.  
Stainless and simple as He made it

God keeps the heart o' the boy unflawed.  
The old wise Saints look on and smile,  
They are so young and without guile.

Oh, if the sonless mothers weeping,

And widowed girls could look inside  
The glory that hath them in keeping

Who went to the Great War and died,  
They would rise and put their mourning off,  
And say: 'Thank God, he has enough!'

#### H. Rex Freston.

There is not a weak or worthless poem in Mr. Freston's collection which he calls *The Quest of Beauty* (Oxford: Blackwell; rs. net). There is Wordsworthian simplicity, as in this:

#### GOD KNOWS.

So much sadness in the world!  
Is the pleasure worth the pain?  
Are our efforts all in vain?  
Who can know and who can say?

Little children—such are we!  
For the rest—it seems to me  
God must know, and surely He  
Will explain it all one day!

There is also the skill of the translator, as in this translation of President Poincaré's poem.

#### IN OLD LORRAINE.

Delicious odours are abroad!

The night air fills the heated train  
With those cool scents which time hath stored  
In the dim forests of Lorraine.

Greetings, fair land of health and grace!

Within thy borders dwell serene  
Strong scions of the ancient race,  
Of loyal heart and dauntless mien.

And every time that I return

Some new delight mine eyes can see;  
Some shy surprise at every turn  
My boyhood's home prepares for me.

Printed by MORRISON & GIBB LIMITED, Tanfield Works,  
and Published by T. & T. CLARK, 38 George Street,  
Edinburgh. It is requested that all literary communications be addressed to THE EDITOR, Kings Gate, Aberdeen, Scotland.