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A table of contents for *The Expository Times* can be found here:

https://biblicalstudies.org.uk/articles_expository-times_01.php

pdfs are named: [Volume]_[Issue]_[1st page of article].pdf

there were some things in his experience that were difficult to believe. There was that about the beasts in particular. Yet now the Bishop of North Queensland tells us: 'An attractive feature is the absence of fear in the native animals. To a certain extent this is a characteristic of all Australian fauna, and it must need a very stern sportsman to shoot a native bear, which, without the slightest attempt at escape, turns on the gum tree bough to look with puzzled wistfulness at the unfamiliar creature below. The same is true to a less degree of that most inquisitive amongst animals, the kangaroo. Kangaroos have been known to come almost within "putting distance" of a traveller, but the professional sportsman is rapidly discouraging marsupial curiosity, and at the same time is reducing the number of these interesting survivals of a bygone age. Australian birds are equally fearless. Travelling in the far north-west of Queensland in 1904, I camped for a night by a creek where a small trough contained the only surface water for probably twenty or thirty miles around. The next morning while I performed my toilet at the rough basin there were beside me thousands of painted finches, ignorant of the uncertain temper of man, who took no more notice of me than of some friendly animal. They vociferously disputed with me for the complete possession of their bathing-pond as they played and flirted in the water. The whole scene was radiant with joy and beauty.'

The Bookshelf by the Fire.

By the Rev. George Jackson, B.A., Professor of Pastoral Theology, Didsbury College, Manchester.

VII.

William Penn's 'Fruits of Solitude.'

When Mr. Edmund Gosse was preparing for publication his beautiful edition of the *Fruits of Solitude*, so completely forgotten had Penn's book become that 'London was scoured for a long time in vain before a copy could be found.' This was in 1901. Since then, however, there have been several reprints—one with a brief Introduction by Dr. John Clifford,[1] and another in 'Everyman's Library.'[2] The enchanter whose coming, as Mr. Gosse says, 'wakened the delicate dead thing into life,' was Robert Louis Stevenson. It happened in this way.

At the end of 1879, Stevenson, then a young man of twenty-nine, was an exile, sick and disconsolate, in the city of San Francisco. Wandering about the streets, he picked up one day, on a stall, a copy of the *Fruits of Solitude*. The little book seemed made for the man and the moment, and it stirred him profoundly. Two years later, he sent it from Davos as a gift to his friend Mr. Horatio F. Brown, in Venice. 'Here it is,' he wrote, 'with the mark of a San Francisco *bouquiniste*. And if ever in all my "human conduct" I have done a better thing to any fellow-creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible; at least one can hand it on—with a wrench—one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still here it is. I could scarcely better prove myself,—Yours affectionately, R. L. Stevenson.' A little later he wrote again: 'I hope, if you get thus far, you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street-cars and ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But, I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not have been in vain; for while just now we are

[1] Headley Bros.

[2] This also contains *The Author's Life*, by his friend Joseph Besse—the first of Penn's many biographers—and several other of his writings.

so busy and intelligent, there is not the man living, no, nor recently dead, that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest kind wisdom into words.'[1] The *Letters* were published in 1899, and since that date many, out of their regard for Stevenson, have sought out the little book which moved him so strangely. They may not have found in it all that he found, yet few can read 'this compendium of cheerful rules for the conduct of life' without profit, or without thanks to him who has restored it to our hands. But before I say anything more about the book I must say something about its author.

I.

The story of William Penn's life may be read in the brief memoir by Joseph Besse, now printed as an Introduction to 'Everyman's' selection from his works; or in the recent volume by Mr. J. W. Graham, Principal of Dalton Hall, Manchester.[2] This, Mr. Graham says, is the first life of Penn written by an English Friend. It tells, and so far as I am able to judge, tells fairly and accurately, all that most readers would wish to know concerning the famous Quaker. Unfortunately the book is written throughout in such incurably bad English—even the grammar at times comes hopelessly to grief—that the reader who is at all sensitive on such matters is sorely tempted to throw the book down long before the end of the story is reached. Penn himself was no literary artist, but there are sentences in his latest biography that would have made him shudder.

Penn was born in 1644, the year of Marston Moor, and soon found himself involved in the civil and religious conflicts which, in that stormy age, were the strong man's natural inheritance. His troubles began before he was out of his teens, when, to the surprise and disgust of all his friends, he turned Quaker. His father thrashed him, and Oxford expelled him; but in men like William Penn persecution does but make of the pliant willow a rod of steel. The proud, defiant words on the title-page of his first book—'William Penn, whom Divine Love constrains in an holy contempt, to trample on Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the majesty of Him who is invisible'—strike the keynote of his whole life, and a Quaker he remained to the end of his days. And in the seventeenth century, to be a Quaker meant, whether you would or not, that you must fight. Nor did Penn flinch. In an age of fighters, he kept his place with the foremost, and if Quaker principles denied him the use of the sword, they left him a mightier weapon which he knew well how to wield. The enormous list of his publications,[3] largely controversial, remains to show with what immense and tireless energy he threw himself into the struggle for religious freedom. Indeed, so hot and ceaseless was the conflict, that it is only when we follow him into hiding or to prison, and not always then, that the strife dies into silence, and we find the quiet which is the Quaker's true home.

In Penn's case even death has not been able to rescue his name from the feet of controversy. Macaulay, in his *History*, brought against him a series of very grave charges, based mainly on his relations with James II. and the corrupt Court at Whitehall. I need not repeat the charges—Macaulay is on all our shelves—nor the arguments by which they have been refuted. I refer to the matter at all only because Macaulay has a thousand readers where the friends of Penn have but one; and because any one who really believes that Penn was capable of the kind of misdemeanours charged against him by Macaulay, would, to say the least, have his appetite spoiled for the reading of such a book as the *Fruits of Solitude*. Here it must suffice to say that in the judgment of students as competent and as impartial as Mr. Gladstone[4] and Dr. Stoughton,[5] Macaulay quite failed to make out his case.[6] And to their verdict on the particular

[1] These two (copyright) letters are reprinted here from vol. ii. of the four-volume edition of Stevenson's *Letters* by the courteous permission of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne and Messrs. Methuen & Co.

[2] *William Penn*, Headley Bros.

[3] See the Bibliography in 'Everyman's' edition.

[4] *Gleanings*, vol. ii. p. 318.

[5] *History of Religion in England*, vol. iv. p. 123.

[6] Macaulay, it may be added, maintained his view of the matter until the end. In his Journal, under date Feb. 5, 1849, we have the following: 'Lord Shelbourne, Charles Austin, and Milman to breakfast. A pleasant meal. Then the Quakers, five in number. Never was there such a rout. They had absolutely nothing to say. Every charge against Penn came out as clear as any case at the Old Bailey. They had nothing to urge but what was true enough, that he looked worse in my History than he would have looked on a general survey of his whole life. But that is not my fault. . . . The Quakers were extremely civil. So was I. They complimented me on my courtesy and candour.' So that, as Gladstone says, Macaulay not only remained himself un-

points at issue, it is pleasant to add Tennyson's general summing up of Penn's character and work. In 1882 a number of American citizens approached Tennyson through Lowell, asking him to write a few verses on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the founding of Pennsylvania. Tennyson was at the moment unable to comply, 'but,' he wrote, 'I will be with you in spirit on the 8th of November, and rejoice with your rejoicing; for, since I have been ill, I have read the life of your noble countryman, and mine, William Penn, and find him no "comet of a season," but the fixt light of a dark and graceless age, shining on into the present, not only great but good, καλὸς κἀγαθός as the Athenians said of their best.'[1]

Stormy as Penn's public life was, it had its quiet anchorage in a good woman's love, and no notice of him, however brief, can well omit some reference to his noble wife, Guli Springett. She was the stepdaughter of Isaac Penington, a name well and honourably known in Quaker annals, and a woman comely alike in her person and in her character. Many suitors sought her hand in marriage—amongst them young Thomas Ellwood, the friend of Milton; but all in vain, 'till,' as Ellwood, himself says, with a sigh of resignation, 'he at length came for whom she was reserved.' For twenty-two years she shared her husband's life through good and evil report; then death disjoined their hands. Her grave is in the quiet burying-ground of the Friends, in Jordans, Buckinghamshire. Twenty-four years later her husband was laid by her side.

II.

Of all the writings which we owe to Penn's industry and zeal the *Fruits of Solitude* is perhaps the only one which can still claim a place on our shelves;[2] quite certainly it is the only one to which we shall give a place on our shelf by the fire. We owe it—or rather to speak exactly, we owe the first and larger part of it—to a long period of seclusion which circumstances made prudent during 1691–93. The little volume belongs to the literature of 'Aphorisms' on which Lord Morley, though he does not mention Penn, has given us one of his most delightful and illuminating studies.[3] What is an aphorism? I cannot do better than quote Lord Morley. 'The essence of aphorism,' he says, 'is the compression of a mass of thought and observation into a single saying. It is the very opposite of dissertation and declamation; its distinction is not so much ingenuity as good sense brought to a point; it ought to be neither enigmatical nor flat, neither a truism on the one hand, nor a riddle on the other.' Morley goes on to point out—and it is a reminder of which readers of the Gospels, to their own undoing, are continually losing sight—that few aphorisms are to be taken without qualification. 'They seek sharpness of impression by excluding one side of the matter and exaggerating another, and most aphorisms are to be read as subject to all sorts of limits, conditions, and corrections.' The greatest English master in this difficult branch of the literary art is, says Morley, Francis Bacon; but over the whole field the supremacy belongs without question to the literature of France. Now, as Mr. Gosse points out, the movement in France was at the height of its influence in England at the time when Penn wrote. Rochefoucauld's *Maximes* was published in 1665, Pascal's *Pensées* in 1670, and La Bruyère's *Caractères* in 1687. The very title of Penn's book reveals how much, in its form at least, it owed to its French models. Rochefoucauld writes *Réflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales*; Penn, *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Human Life.*

The general character of Penn's little 'Enchiridion,' as he calls it, is perhaps best indicated in his own words: 'Some Parts of it,' he says, 'are the Result of serious Reflection: Others the Flashings of Lucid Intervals: Writ for private Satisfaction, and now publish'd for an Help to Human Conduct. The Author has now had some Time he could call his own; a Property he was never so much Master of before: In which he has taken a View of himself and the World; and observed wherein he hath hit and mist the Mark; what might have been done, what mended and what

converted, but even believed he had converted the Quakers—'all this when they had left him boiling, or at least simmering, in unanimity of wrath, and silent only because hopeless of redress, and borne down by a torrent that nothing could resist.'

[1] Tennyson's *Life* by his Son, p. 644 (one-volume edition).

[2] Our grandparents perhaps would have added *No Cross, No Crown*, and Charles Lamb, at least, would have agreed with them. 'Tell Lloyd,' he writes to Coleridge, 'I have had thoughts of turning Quaker, and have been reading, or am rather just beginning to read, a most capital book, good thoughts in good language, William Penn's *No Cross, No Crown*. I like it immensely' (*Letters*, vol. i. p. 74, Eversley edition).

[3] See his *Studies in Literature*, pp. 54–102.

avoided in his Human Conduct: Together with the Omissions and Excesses of others, as well Societies and Governments, as private Families, and Persons. . . . The Author does not pretend to deliver thee an Exact Piece; his Business not being Ostentation, but Charity. 'Tis Miscellaneous in the Matter of it, and by no means Artificial in the Composure. But it contains Hints, that may serve thee for Texts to Preach to thy Self upon, and which comprehend much of the Course of Human Life: Since whether thou art Parent or Child,' Prince or Subject, Master or Servant, Single or Married, Publick or Private, Mean or Honourable, Rich or Poor, Prosperous or Improsperous, in Peace or Controversy, in Business or Solitude; whatever be thy Inclination or Aversion, Practice or Duty, thou wilt find something not unsuitably said for thy Direction and Advantage. Accept and Improve what deserves thy Notice; The rest excuse, and place to account of good Will to Thee and the whole Creation of God.'

So much we may learn from Penn's Preface. When we turn to the pages that follow, we find in them pretty much what these words, and our knowledge of the writer might lead us to expect. 'I love,' Penn wrote, in a beautiful letter to his wife and children, on the eve of his first visit to America, 'I love sweetness, mixed with gravity, and cheerfulness tempered with sobriety.' And these are the things—sweetness and cheerfulness, gravity and sobriety—which in these maxims, he illustrates and commends. The style throughout is quiet. There is passion, but it is always well in hand; the fire warms, but it does not crackle. And if Penn is shrewd rather than wise, penetrating rather than profound, if he does not sound the depths, nor scale the heights, nor light up wide horizons of human life, nevertheless his words are the words of one who has looked on men and things with honest wide open eyes as keen as they are kindly. He is not afraid of the commonplace, but then he has the rare gift of knowing how to make the commonplace arresting. He has a wholesome Quaker hatred of display and luxury and shams, and an equally wholesome love of toleration. Everybody talks toleration to-day as a matter of course. In the heat of seventeenth-century strife it was a virtue which few practised or even professed. Altogether Penn's little book is, as Stevenson said, 'a sweet and peaceful companion' that no man can live with without being the better for. I read it first amid the silence of the fells that look down on Ullswater. Itself the child of solitude, it is perhaps in solitude that its quiet healing power can best be felt.

A book of aphorisms like the *Fruits of Solitude* readily lends itself to quotation. The difficulty is that sayings which appeal to one, may appear but flat and trivial to another. I will run the risk at least so far as to add a few of Penn's maxims by way of sample:

'They have a Right to censure that have a Heart to help: The rest is Cruelty, not Justice.'

'Nothing does Reason more Right than the Coolness of those that offer it: For Truth often suffers more by the Heat of its Defenders, than from the Arguments of its Opposers.'

'He that has more Knowledge than Judgment, is made for another Man's use more than his own.'

'Not to be provok'd is best: But if mov'd, never correct till the Fume is spent; For every stroke our Fury strikes, is sure to hit ourselves at last.'

'If we did but observe the Allowances our Reason makes upon Reflection, when our Passion is over, we could not want a Rule how to behave ourselves again in the like Occasions.'

'We must not be concern'd above the value of the thing that engages us; nor raised above Reason, in maintaining what we think reasonable.'

'No matter what the Subject of our Dispute be, but what place we give it in our Minds: For that governs our Concern and Resentment.'

'But too common it is for some People, not to know their own Maxims and Principles in the Mouths of other Men, when they give occasion to use them.'

'Where Right or Religion gives a Call, a Neuter must be a Coward or an Hypocrite.'

'If thou hast not conquer'd thyself in that which is thy own particular Weakness, thou hast no Title to Virtue, tho' thou art free of other Men's.'

'It is a sad Reflection that many Men hardly have any Religion at all; and most men have none of their own: for that which is the Religion of their Education, and not of their Judgment, is the Religion of Another, and not Theirs.'

'To have Religion upon Authority, and not upon Conviction, is like a Finger Watch, to be set forwards or backwards, as he pleases that has it in keeping.'

'It is a Preposterous thing, that Men can venture their Souls where they will not venture their Money: For they will take their Religion upon trust, but not trust a Synod about the Goodness of Half a Crown.'

'The Humble, Meek, Merciful, Just, Pious and Devout Souls are everywhere of one Religion; and when Death has taken off the Mask, they will know one another, tho' the divers Liveries they wear here makes them Strangers.'

'It were better to be of no Church than to be bitter for any.'

'He that is taught to live upon a little, owes more to his Father's wisdom, than he that has a great deal left him, does to his Father's Care.'

III.

Those who have found help and solace in Penn's little book, and remember with gratitude his brave fight for religious freedom, should not fail to visit the pleasant country of South Buckinghamshire. It is a land already sacred to every Englishman for its memories of Milton, Gray, and Burke; but more even than for their sake, American visitors seek out its quiet lanes because it was once the home and is now the resting-place of the founder of Pennsylvania. From London to Beaconsfield by train, and then in a few hours under the guidance of, say, Mr. C. K. Shorter,[1] or Mr. E. S. Roscoe,[2] we can see most of the spots with which Penn's name is imperishably linked—The Grange at Chalfont St. Peter's, where Guli Springett lived with her mother and stepfather, Isaac Penington; the farmhouse near Chorley Wood, on the borders of Hertfordshire and Buckinghamshire, where she and Penn were married; Rickmansworth, near by, where the first years of their married life were spent; and Jordans, the Friends' Westminster Abbey, as it has been called, where under the shade of the fragrant limes they now rest side by side. To many who are of neither Quaker nor American stock, those Buckinghamshire uplands will be, for William Penn's sake, always dear.

[1] *Buckinghamshire*, in Macmillan's 'Highways and Byways' series.

[2] *Penn's Country* (Longmans).

Contributions and Comments.

'A Light to lighten the Gentiles.'

A good deal has been said in recent years with regard to the first chapters in Luke, and their Semitic colouring, and more remains to be said. Is seems clear that investigation is on the right track, but whether we are to search for a Hebrew or an Aramaic original is still doubtful; nor is it certain whether Semitism is to be affirmed equally for the prose parts of the narrative and the poetical. Even where the Old Testament can be detected looking at us through the veil of the New Testament, the definition of what is there is frequently obscure, so obscure as to make reconstruction of lost sources very difficult.

For example, if we take the *Nunc Dimittis* as it exists in our Greek New Testament, we are face to face with Greek sentences that are redolent of the Old Testament, but are in part meaningless and untranslatable.

What is the average man, the student 'in the street' if there is such a person, to make of such a sentence as

φῶς εἰς ἀποκάλυψιν ἐθνῶν?

To translate it as

A light to lighten the Gentiles

is rhythmic, and probably encloses the meaning, but it is not a translation. We are not surprised to find the revision replacing it by

A light for revelation to the Gentiles,

with an alternative margin

A light for the unveiling of the Gentiles.

But here conflicting explanations are at work: according to the first rendering, it is the light that has the veil over it; according to the second, it is the Gentiles; and the Revisers could not agree which it was. The question arises in our minds whether either rendering is admissible. But the reply to such questioning would, perhaps, be that the unveiling of the Gentiles is referred to in Is 25^7,