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[1]

Monday, June 27th, 1932.

[symbol]

The Gordons* left soon after breakfast, & we, soon afterwards, motored to Durham, & **there took train for S^t Andrews**. While the clerk was fumbling with his books to find out the price of the tickets, a pleasant young man came to the booking-office & we had some talk. He had been a pitman at Eldon until the pit closed, & for a year past had been employed in selling sewing-machines. When I produced two five pound notes to pay for our return tickets, he exclaimed, "That's the first time I've ever seen a five pound note." He told me that he was 23 years old, & he was evidently very intelligent. We changed trains at Edinburgh & Leuchars Junction, & arrived at S^t Andrews about 6.25 where we were met & carried to the Principal's House. We were warmly welcomed by Lady Irvine & her daughters. Lord Macmillan* who is also to receive a degree, is staying here – a very able, very pleasant, very talkative fellow. We fell to discussing our contemporaries, & deciding which, if any, of them could be accounted genuinely great. I said that the latest Lord Salisbury* was the greatest man I myself had ever met. The Principal [James Irvine]* named the late Lord Balfour*. Lord Macmillan did not name anyone, but he examined the claims of [2] [symbol] several. He would not agree with me in thinking that Buchan* had a touch of Scott's genius, &, while allowing his remarkable powers, refused to recognise him as 'great'. John Simon, he thought, was a notable illustration of the fact that ability has no essential connexion with greatness. "He has the most wonderful brain, & yet is a small man." A foolish *performance by some extreme Scottish nationalists who had pulled down the Union Jack in Stirling Castle, a piece of folly which was largely reported in the newspapers, led us to discuss the relative greatness of the two nations, & I was surprized to hear L^d Macmillan, without dissent from our host, freely concede the superiority of the English. I explained that fact, which seemed to me indisputable, by the circumstance that the Lowland Scotch were themselves racially English. Two of the professors came in after dinner, but I went off to bed early, being rather fatigued. The weather was thunderous and wet: and the wind was in the East.*

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[3]

Tuesday, June 28th, 1932.

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After breakfast, Lord Macmillan and I had a great talk in the Principal's study, and we passed from conventional to serious topics until we found ourselves discussing the ultimate questions of Religion.

The graduation ceremony took place in the fine new hall bestowed on the University by the Harkness Trust. There was a great crowd of students, who were remarkably well-behaved. After a large number of ordinary degrees had been bestowed, the honorary degrees were given. Sir James Frazer, the author of the Golden Bough, Lord Macmillan, and I received Doctorates of Law. D^r Albert Schweizer, who had a great reception, was given Doctorates in three faculties – ~~Law~~ Philosophy, Music, & Divinity. After this function there was a luncheon at which the Vice-Chancellor presided. **I responded to the Toast of the hon. Graduates.** L^d Macmillan proposed "Alma Mater" very felicitously, and was felicitously answered by the Vice-Chancellor. Albert Schweizer was induced to make a speech, but as he could speak no English, I gathered little from it. The Vice-Chancellor took Macmillan and me to see the maces and the library. The one are priceless examples of medieval goldsmith's work, the other is [4] [symbol] a far more considerable collection than I had expected. I was assured that it contains more than 300,000 volumes. While we were looking at the Chapel, Schweizer arrived in order to inspect the organ, & to play on it. We had the unexpected pleasure of listening to him. He does not speak favourably of modern organs which have excessive wind pressures. He prefers the older instruments which, though less powerful are more musical.

The Vice-Chancellor & Lady Irvine ended the functions of the day with a reception, which was numerously attended. Schweizer, whose hirsute & rugged aspect induced me to dub him "the holy buccaneer", a title which was received with general approval as both friendly & apposite, had some talk with me through a lady who interpreted. Madame Schweizer is a gentle, delicate-looking lady, whose health will not endure the climate of tropical Africa. Accordingly she will not accompany her husband when he returns to his missionary work in a few weeks time. She looked very sad.

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[5]

Wednesday, June 29th, 1932.

[symbol]

Lord Macmillan left after breakfast, talking to the last & with a naïve egotism which robbed his speech of every trace of offence. He is much like a big boy who is full of himself because, being such, he can be full of nothing else. Add that he is a man of unusual intellectual power, unusually varied experience, & great authority, and it is not ~~very~~ difficult to understand how likable he is, & how interesting is his speech.

Mine host and I sate in the garden, looking over the sea, and talked together for two hours. The beauty of the scene & the fineness of the weather added to the interest of our conversation. He said that, rather to his regret, the University authority had granted the use of a building to a party of Oxonians who desired to introduce the "Groups" movement into ~~Oxford~~ S. Andrews. I could not but express my apprehension, & told him my own doubts & fears about Buchmanism. We discussed the question of co-education, and agreed in condemning it. "S. Andrews was the first University to admit women as students, and to realize its mistake in doing so." His opinion had [6] [symbol] been confirmed by a bad disciplinary case which had just occurred. We spoke of the War and he gave me a most interesting account of his own experiences therein. He had successfully organized the production of the vast quantities of the serum requisite for the fight with typhoid. Haig was a fairly intimate friend of his, and had spoken to him in the language of vehement resentment against the French. When he bade farewell to Pershing on a stormy night, his final words were eloquent enough. 'Pershing, what do you think of the French now?' 'I think,' replied the American general, 'that everything you told me about them when I landed, is true. I didn't believe you then: I do now.' Our conversation took a graver tone, & we discussed the extraordinary difficulties which attach to an honest acceptance of Christianity in these disordered times. I was at once cheered and humbled by the firmness & simplicity of his personal faith. Altogether two golden hours!

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Albert Schweitzer and his wife were in the train as far as Edinburgh. He and his wife were most friendly & promised to visit us at Auckland, if we were still there when he again comes to England in about 2 years time. We arrived at Newcastle at 4.30 p.m., and were met by Leng with the car.

Sir Charles Peers* came for the night. He will have to retire from his present position under the Civil Service rules in about two years; he thinks that the office is now sufficiently well-organized to run effectively of itself, & that in these evil times an economy might be effected by keeping the office vacant until our national finances have recovered. I do not agree with him, because I hold his office to be ^of^ such importance, actual & prospective, that its prestige must be carefully guarded. Its temporary supposition, as being practically superfluous, would give a heavy blow to its reputation, a blow from which it might not easily

recover. Certainly under Peers's control, the Board of Works has gained the public confidence in a remarkable measure, and succeeded in carrying out much excellent work.

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[8]

Thursday, June 30th, 1932.

I took Peers into Durham, & gave him lunch in the Castle & Charles [Pattinson]* was with us, & I did such business as he had with Coates. Then I presided at a meeting of the Lay Helpers' Association in Cosin's Library.

I called at Divinity House, & found at home both Meade-Faulkner* & his wife. Both look extremely ill. He is a complete wreck, and has a moribund aspect & manners. I was painfully impressed. Then I presided over a meeting of the Durham Castle Preservation fund. D^r Peile, Lidderdale, Richardson, Sir Charles Peers, Pemberton,* Heawood* and myself attended. The architect, Jones, who looks extremely ill, & said that he was so, attended, and D^r Faber, the engineer. We had a long meeting, filled with rather anxious business. I undertook to write to three of the Harkness Trustees – Macmillan, Sir James Irvine, Mr John Buchan – and tell them the actual situation. Then Ella with the car 'picked me up', and we returned to Auckland.

[9]

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M^{rs} Anson Phelps Stokes with her daughter and two sons arrived to spend the night. The elder of the sons, Anson, had just been ordained, & was looking to begin his ministry in the 'Black belt'. The younger son, Newton, was training for the bar.

I had much conversation with the young parson, who had had personal contact with Frank Buchmann, and had reached and had reached an adverse decision on 'Groups'. He had not been favourably impressed by Buchmann, whom he rather disliked. He thought that some men had been spiritually helped by the movement, but was sure that many had been spiritually injured. The open confession of sexual transgressions which was normal in the 'deep sharing' within the groups could not be wholesome, & the 'guidance' was built on a fundamentalist handling of Scripture. Buchmann was himself a Fundamentalist. He thought that most often the movement had an unfavourable effect on the work for the Schools. I was well impressed by the candour and intelligence of Anson Stokes, & pledged him to write to me after he had settled in to his work.

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[10]

Friday, July 1st, 1932.

A stormy night with sudden rain showers, all very comfortless and unseasonable.

Our American visitors took their departure after breakfast, leaving behind them very pleasant impressions.

Then, hardly had I settled to my table, before Charles Lillingston appeared. He is woefully divided as to his plans which are ever complicated by his uncertain health. Then came Leslie Morrison, & borrowed Maitland & Phillimore's History of English Law. It is a very rash thing to lend books, and I am a fool to do it, but Que voulez vous?

The Government announced in Parliament last night a big scheme for converting £2,000,000,000 of War-loan from 5 per cent to 3 ½ per cent. This is undoubtedly excellent for the country, & as such to be welcomed by all good citizens, but it eats down further one's shrinking private income, and, to that extent, adds to one's difficulties.

Ella and I left the Castle at 2 p.m. and motored to Carlton Hall, 120 miles, arriving about 6.30 p.m. There was a considerable gathering of relations for Hal's wedding, & the usual rather ambiguous excitement!

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[11]

Saturday, July 2nd, 1932.

After breakfast I walked & talked in the garden with Lord Massereene. He reminded me that I had officiated at his wedding in S. Margaret's, a fact that I had largely forgotten.

The wedding took place at 2 p.m. in Southwell Minster. There was a large attendance of invited guests in the choir, & a crowd of people in the nave. The Bishop of Southwell 'tied the knot'. Archdeacon Conybeare read the second part of the service and **I gave an address.** Then we all went to the reception at the bride's home, & then Ella & I picked up our bags to return to Auckland. We dined at the Three Arrows, Boroughbridge. This hotel takes its name from 3 remarkable monoliths[sic] in the grounds. It is a country house which has been transformed into a hotel, and appears to be well conducted. We arrived at the Castle about 10 p.m.

Friendship has claims, & kindness deserves such requital as may be possible. But, even so, was it worth while to waste much time and time and some money in complying with the request that I should attend Hal's wedding, & give him an exhortation? I cannot honestly say that I think it was.

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[12]

6th Sunday after Trinity, July 3rd, 1932.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. One of the maids fainted just when I was ready to administer the Sacrament. This untoward incident (which was, I suppose, due to the closeness of the weather which was very oppressive) had a disconcerting effect on our worship. How lamentably dependent on trivial physical circumstances our devotion must be acknowledged to be!

I spent the morning in preparing a sermon for use in the evening at S. Ignatius, Sunderland, which was observing the Festival of its Consecration 43 years ago, in the year, 1889, when the donor, Bishop Lightfoot died.

I motored to Sunderland, & had tea with Philip Strong* & his colleagues before going to S. Ignatius for the festal Evensong. The Church was well-filled, the congregational character of the service was admirable, & there was a reality about the worship which moved me greatly. The sermon, which dealt much with Lightfoot's character & work, was listened to very attentively, and altogether I was better pleased than I had been for a very long time.

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[13]

Monday, 4th July, 1932.

[symbol]

REUNION OF CLERGY

A clouded and threatening sky augured the worst, and this ill augury worked out in a storm of rain & thunder, which came upon us in the afternoon. The attendance of clergy was smaller than last year. At 11.30 a.m. there was the celebration of Holy Communion in the Chapel, and the communicants did not exceed 25. After the service, I got hold of Drury, and offered him appointment to S. Luke's, Pallion, giving him a fortnight within which to make up his mind. Richardson gave me an account of the situation at Pelton, where the Protestants, flushed by their triumph over Merryweather, are truculent, interfering, & aggressive. Lunch went off without, so far as I could see, any untoward incident. The rain came down about 3 p.m. and drove everybody within doors. It ceased about 5 p.m., & the clergy dispersed an hour later in sunshine.

There was tea in the library, and Philip Strong proposed a vote of thanks to me very felicitously. Then followed the service in chapel, when I gave an address on S. Mark viii.15. 'He charged them, saying Take heed, because of the leaven of the Pharisees, and the leaven of Herod.'

[14]

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I gave everyone a copy of Williams's Sermon on 'The Durham Tradition'. They went away in an amicable temper, & I trust that, in spite of the rain, they "enjoyed themselves".

Ella and Fearne went off to lunch with M^{rs} Vaux thus leaving the field free for my party!

Landrell, a rather uninspiring youth with the suggestion of a worldly wisdom which sees through & beyond the enthusiasms of his contemporaries, told me that he had been attending a Conference of the "Groups" movement, and had been deeply impressed. He had never realized before that there were men so deeply concerned for the conquest of sin. He thought that some of the men whom he met there were absolutely sinless. I asked him whether Buchmann was himself present, and he replied in the affirmative. "He was a rather insignificant little man, not at all impressive. Indeed, it was said that his inadequacy was so apparent that the movement must have Divine power to make such progress under his leading". Landrell was evidently deeply moved, and resentful of any suggestion that "Groups" was not "from above".

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[15]

Tuesday, July 5th, 1932.

I went to the Bank and converted my War loan stock by signing the green paper. It seems that most of the stock-holders will do the same: but the considerable reduction of private incomes will make itself felt unpleasantly next year.

I walked round the Park with D^r McCullagh. Then I had an interview with a young miner, Tom Anderson, whom Little, the Vicar of Monkheseldon, brought to me as a meritorious aspirant to Orders. He is 25: knows nothing of Latin & Greek: has saved £200 & is pathetically certain of his vocation. I was favourably impressed by him, & reserved my decision.

Then a Kelham student named Robertson came to see me, & to stay the night. He was very strongly commended by the vicar, Romans. I had much talk with him, & found him intelligent, rather remarkably well-read, and in religious opinions unusually sensible. He seemed to have thought out his own solutions to the problems which agitated his mind. I do not think that the average undergraduate from Oxford or Cambridge would have been able to make as good an appearance.

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[16]

Wednesday, July 6th, 1932.

I spent the morning in working at the Howden sermon. After lunch we all motored to Durham for the Prize Distribution at the School. There was a numerous gathering, and we were not unduly emotional. Budworth spoke quite naturally, &, of course, I had to refer to him & his work for the school. Everybody seemed satisfied with my speech. Some of the Boys spoke with me afterwards. Dick's friend, Mark Potts, introduced himself. He is a feeble-looking youth with evidently bad health, hardly the type I should select either for a friend or a chauffeur. However, in these things there are no recognized rules, & appearances are more than commonly misleading. The two youngsters are proposing to motor through Scotland together in Mark's second-hand car!

M^{rs} Gow, who arrived last night on a visit, attended the prize-giving, and afterwards climbed "the steep ascent to Heaven", that is, mounted the steps to the School Chapel. The view of the Cathedral from the plateau on which the Chapels built is an ample reward for the exhaustion.

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[17]

Thursday, July 7th, 1932.

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As Ella and I left the Castle to motor to Howden, the police were engaged in recovering from the Gaunless the body of a man who had drowned himself. It appears that he came from Whickham, that he had been unemployed, that the loss of his work had preyed on his mind, and that he had been unequal to his burden. This is most sad and tragical.

We left the Castle at 3 p.m. and stopped at York for tea. Then we went on to Howden which is about 20 miles south of York. As we approached the little town, we admired the appearance of the renovated tower. Howden Church is a magnificent building. The nave and transepts form the parish church: the choir and chapter house are in ruin. Its long connexion with the See of Durham is attested by many tokens. Hugh de Pudsey died at Howden. The service was well-attended, and very hearty. I am afraid that my sermon was "above the heads" of the congregation. However, they were very attentive. After the service we had supper with the Vicar, and then returned to Auckland - 85 miles - arriving shortly after midnight.

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[18]

Friday, July 8th, 1932.

Bryan Clayton went away after breakfast, and I spent the whole morning in preparing matter for "the Bishoprick".

In the afternoon Ella gave the first of her garden parties. There was a fair attendance, and everybody seemed contented.

A brief note from Dick told me that he and Mark Potts were about to start on their motor tour. It said that he was not well, and had been ordered by his doctor to drop his work & to take a holiday. The "Long" is a difficult problem for him. There is nothing for him to do at home, & the house is narrow and noisy. But here I am helpless.

The Evening Paper reports the verdict of the Norwich Chancellor on the Rector of Stiffkey. It condemns him in severe terms. There may be an appeal. The Chancellor's judgement does not appear to be very judicially expressed: it reads more like the address of the prosecuting counsel than the sober decision of the Judge: and this falls in with what Darkwood told me about North's behaviour during the trial.

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[19]

Saturday, July 9th, 1932.

Modernism needs today a thorough cleansing of its ranks, for it has acquired a disreputable fringe of men untouched by its enthusiasms and attracted only by its negations – or by what they believe to be its indulgences.

v. Stewart “Modernism, Past & Present”, p. 356.

I finished reading Stewart’s Book on “modernism”, which confirms the high estimate of the author suggested by his previous volume on the Oxford Movement. He ends by exalting Barth as the prophet of this troubled time.

I prepared notes for a sermon tomorrow. Charles motored me to Durham, where I attended Evensong in the Cathedral. There was a large assembly of the members of the Diocesan Sunday School Association, & a suitable sermon was preached by the Bishop of Grantham. We had tea in the Deanery after service, & then went to the Town Hall, where I distributed certificates, and gave an address. Then we returned to Auckland. The weather was brilliant, but very warm, & tending to thunder.

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[20]

7th Sunday after Trinity, July 10th, 1932.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 11 communicants including M^{rs} Gow and William Bryden.

Charles went with me to Norton, where I preached in the parish church at Mattins, and afterwards lunched with the Vicar, Sturt. It was "Thanksgiving Sunday", the parish meeting having decided to set aside one Sunday in the year for Thanksgiving & in connexion, therewith, for collecting money to provide the curate's stipend and the diocesan quota. £52 had been received at 8 a.m., and £89 at 10.30 a.m. This was, perhaps, a credible amount £141:0:0. Xan Wynne-Willson,* who is the curate, seemed very happy.

We returned to Auckland in time for a very poor parade of C.L.B. [Church Lads Brigade]. I do not think there can have been more than 80 lads. I talked insufferable nonsense, & we forgot to sing "God save the King"!! The heat was very great.

I wrote my fortnightly letter to William in Johannesburg.

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[21]

Monday, July 11th, 1932.

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I motored to Billingham, & spent the morning in going over the works of the Imperial Chemical Industries Limited. Several of the officials accompanied me, & explained as best they could the marvels of modern machinery to a mind constitutionally incapable of understanding mechanics! I was informed that about 6000 men were now employed, but as most of them worked on shifts only one third were actually on duty at one time. The cost of equipping this vast machinery was stated to have amounted to about £25,000.000. I was led through the successive phases by which the chemical manure was produced, from the mine from which the lumps of ammoniated rock(!) are dug, to the mountain of snow-white crystals, which are packed into bags, & sent to agriculturalists all over the world. The magnitude & complexity of the complicated machinery, mostly automatic, amazed me, & the small number of men who were required to work it. Mostly the work proceeds in a deafening clamour, & much of it in an infernal heat.

[22]

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The G.D.A. had tea here, & attempted to play lawn-tennis: but rain stopped them. This queer little company of class-conscious virgins seeks to justify its existence by "getting up" a Nativity play, & acting it in the parishes. There is little dramatic and less musical ability among them, but they mean well, and seem to be acceptable to the parishes.

The newspapers give much prominence to a great Roman Catholick demonstration in Rievaulx Abbey to commemorate the 800th anniversary of its foundation. The Papists are once more, as in James II's reign, becoming arrogant, and they are creating in the minds of ordinary English folk a resentment which will break out before long to their extreme confusion and discomfiture. They are so conceited and unintelligent that they will not believe that Protestantism can be a serious creed, held with genuine conviction.

The great heat of yesterday gave place to a considerable thunderstorm tonight!

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[23]

Tuesday, July 12th, 1932.

A clouded morning with some abatement of the heat, though still very warm.

I wrote a few lines of sympathy to M^r H. Bottomley, whose son Frank, a most promising youth, who was an undergraduate of Merton College, has been drowned.

I corrected the proofs of the Bishoprick. How flatulent and anaemic everything reads in cold, belated print, which sounded well enough on its first emergence!

Then I was interrupted by the appearance of the Rev^d C. J. Lockyer, Vicar of Newbottle, who wanted advice. He had the silliest of conflicts with the stupidest of Parochial Church Councils in the most quarrelsome of parishes! I bleated the usual platitudes, & got rid of him!

Scarcely had he gone when Sir William Milner, a large blond man bearing the plans of a new church, came to see me. He had been commended to me by his cousin, Lady Serena James, so I had to be civil, and (gnashing my teeth metaphorically the while) I showed him the Castle, and invited him to lunch!

[24]

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I walked in the Park with D^r McCulloch. He told me of an old lady, Miss Chaytor, living at Witton Castle, who had such power over birds that they would come at her bidding. He had himself witnessed the exercise of this power, when being in her room, he hid himself behind the curtain, and saw the birds come in freely when she was calling, perching boldly on & above her. This gives verisimilitude to many amiable legends of Saints, who had familiarity with wild creatures beyond the use of nature.

Ella and Fearne went off to York for the Military Tattoo, leaving me without protection to the unshared company of M^{rs} G. That excellent lady told me that she had been brought up as a Wesleyan, & that her parents, though devout Wesleyans, regularly communicated in the parish church. Her unusual facility in preaching & praying may, no doubt, be traced to her early experiences of the class-meetings. I have often thought that her approach to ecclesiastical questions, & her general outlook, were more Dissenting than Anglican.

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[25]

Wednesday, July 13th, 1932.

The ancients thought of Solon as a sage, a teacher of morals, and a lawgiver. To moderns he appears as a pioneer economist of great power, and they stress not so much his political as his economic work. He changed the basis of Attic currency: he turned the emphasis in Athenian life from agriculture to manufacture and commerce: he encouraged the settlement in his country of foreigners etc.

Glover.* Greek Byways.

27.

Glover's book is quite fascinating. He plays easily on a foundation of wide & curious learning, & every page bristles with information & shrewd wisdom. Evidently, Loeb's Classics have been in constant use. They must be a Godsend to a complete & accurate scholar, with a strong memory & wide interests, such as Glover. It is odd that, ecclesiastically, he should be an unyielding Baptist. But learning is able to coexist with sectarian fanaticism as easily as with Catholic zeal.

[26]

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I received a long letter from Malcolm Ross, who is now actively engaged in carrying the Fiery Cross of Buchmanism through the Midlands. He writes in a tone of spiritual assurance, nay superiority, which is odd in an Ordination candidate of 22 to his Bishop! But we live in strange days, when the traditional roles of old & young have been reversed, and Youth delivers its oracular wisdom to the oldest, wisest, & most learned of the Aged! How will the lad ever bring himself to accept the modest & even humdrum work of a curate? He says that he is coming home "to prepare for the Darlington House Party from August 9-15". So the new movement is to penetrate my diocese also, & I shall be driven to say something about it. Bishop Butler's brusque rejoinder to John Wesley has been much blamed, but it expresses very exactly my own feelings towards "Groups" – "The pretending to extraordinary revelations and gifts of the Holy Spirit is a horrid thing – a very horrid thing". But then there is S. Paul's challenge – "Where is the wise?".

[27]

At the present day Calvinism feels itself to be the only Christian ecclesiastical body which is in agreement with the modern and capitalistic development, and, moreover, the only one which is suited to it.

Troeltsch* p. 577

I went to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Finance Board. There was no business of importance.

Charles & Christina [Pattinson] came to dinner, & afterwards discoursed sweet music to us in the State room. She plays the fiddle excellently, & he accompanies her on the piano. Such community of taste & faculty is no mean endowment for the adventure of matrimony: for it provides an interest which outlasts youth and beauty, & is largely independent of fortune.

M^r Waring, the Vicar of Howden, writes to thank me for coming to preach there. He says that the people were interested in my sermon, & that one of my hearers, a Roman Catholick, greatly desired to read it. I sent him the MS., bidding him return it at his convenience. He might, perhaps, let the ingenuous Papist read it!

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[28]

Thursday, July 14th, 1932.

Where else had Plato grown but in Athens, and where else could he or Socrates have been possible? Assuredly not in Plato's own republic. What does the world owe to Sparta or to any race, country, or system of one idea? Even the most established churches need dissenters or Turks or Voltaires if they are to keep the mind alive. The only dangerous heresy is orthodoxy.

Glover. 'Greek Byways'. p. 119.

"By what authority doest thou these things?" – the question was natural, even inevitable, but Christ would not answer it. He pointed his questioners to the precedent provided by the Baptist. How would they answer their own question, if it were asked with reference to his ministry? Similarly, the champions of "Groups" evade one's inevitable challenge, by raising the precedent of John Wesley. Personally, I think the apology for the Methodist movement must be found, not in its merits, but in the abuses of the Church.

[29]

[symbol]

I wrote letters of inquiry about "Groups" to Graham, the Principal of Cuddesdon, and to Bezzant.*

I received from Canon Thory Gage Gardiner, to whom I had sent a message of thanks for his goodwill in praying for me & my diocese in Canterbury Cathedral, the following letter, which has a certain interest:-

My dear Bishop of Durham,

I must add one letter to your post-bag to say how grateful I am for your very kind letter.

Yes. I remember well the old days when you were at Oxford House & I at Toynbee Hall, you with your great abilities & the assured promise of a great career, when I coveted your brains & envied Oxford House – Your letter has brought it all back. You were brilliantly clever you know, & possessed of such courage.

Ah! Well, I am 75 years old now, & must soon shoulder my pack and go. So forgive this outburst – but it is sincere.

As always I wish you the very Best.

I am,

Your dutiful

Thory Gage Gardiner.

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[30]

Friday, July 15th, 1932.

[symbol]

The object of the journalist, all over America, & generally (in these times) in England is to tell the less reflective members of the middle & lower classes what is already in their own minds. In both countries the journalists are the enemies of education: they are only valuable to the historian as the echoes of the unthinking. Plato's description of the rhetorician exactly fits the journalist: "he has made a study of the opinions of the multitude", in complete indifference to truth & right.

Glover. Greek Byways. p. 281

The 'Record' speaks of "an apparent glut of clergy" in Canada & Australia, & attributes it to the failure of funds for their support. It appears that in normal years "the P.E. Church of America offers tempting salaries, & attracts a steady stream of Canadian clergy across the frontier, amounting to as many as forty in some years", [31] [symbol] and this movement has been arrested by the crisis in U.S.A. The stream of hungry colonial clergy, whose Divine Vocation is uttered in terms of salary, is now setting strongly towards England. They are ill-educated as well as sordidly-minded. The fearful prominence of Money in the sphere of organized Religion abashes and terrifies me. It is no more than the simple truth to say that spiritual success (as we perforce must reckon it) and financial ease go together. The best men (i.e. the best educated, the most attractive, the most able men) go where there are the largest incomes & the most pleasant positions. In the unlovely parishes, where the necessitous poor must needs live, where all the circumstances of life are hostile to religion we place our least effective clergy. For they alone, driven by necessity, will accept the relatively petty incomes & find themselves "at home" in the squalid environment. "To him that hath it shall be given." If asceticism could be severed from fanaticism, and privilege divorced from ambition, we might be able to man the poor parishes with a self-denying, enthusiastic, & educated clergy, but as things actually are, the situation is hopeless.

[32]

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A considerable number of people attended Ella's garden party. I had some talk with Cosgrave,* Coen, and Thompson about the projected invasion of Darlington by "Groups", and charged them to keep me informed of developments. There can be little doubt that the traditional Quakerism of Darlington provides a favourable soil for a movement like Buchmanism, which gives no place to Church or Sacrament. I wrote to Archdeacon [Leslie] Hunter* asking him for his opinion on 'Groups'. He is a man of alert & curious mind, predisposed to welcome anything that is novel & risky, but little likely to be easily ensnared by what is merely shoddy & pretentious.

M^r Bottomley sent me the photograph of his son, Frank, the Merton undergraduate who has been mysteriously drowned off the Cornish coast. I had written to the boy's father a letter of sympathy, and he thanks me for it. But truly such letters are hard to write, and harder to acknowledge. Life is heavily garmented with enigmas, & none more afflicting than the untimely death of a promising youth.

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The following was Professor Blyth Webster's "laudation" **or laudatory address in presenting the Bishop of Durham for the LI.D. of S^t Andrews:-**

"One who has known many policies & parties, & numbered his critics with his causes, but has known only one Church & one desire to serve her, & one ideal of clarity and candour for the conduct of his tongue & pen. Expressing himself in controversy over a long period of years, always with warmth & vigour, as honest in admission as ardent in attack, with his acute sense of anomaly & vivid reaction to rebuff, he has been open to the charge of change of view, but not of principle. For devotion to the actual Church in a changing world & respect for the calling of her clergy have dominated his dialectic, leading him now to defend her privilege, now to demand her freedom. Such independent judgment & flair for causes, not lost but in need of champions, & the chivalry of common sense, approve him in the line of the great churchmen of the xviith & xviiith centuries with whom he is so well acquainted, whose formidable capacity for wise & witty speech he shares & knows to use."

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[34]

Saturday, July 16th, 1932.

A dull, depressing and chilly day. I spent the morning in writing letters, and preparing notes for my addresses to the Lay Readers' Association, which was to hold its annual conference in the afternoon. They assembled about 3 p.m. There was a service in the Chapel at 3.45 p.m. at which I admitted 37 new members, and gave an address from the words – "He charged them, saying, Take heed, beware of the leaven of the Pharisees, & the leaven of Herod" (S. Mark viii.15). Then followed tea in the large dining room, & when that was over, there was the Conference in the State room. I myself introduced the subject, "How to prevent the newly-confirmed from falling away from Holy Communion". I "talked large" for 35 minutes, & then for more than an hour the lay-readers 'maundered' wearily, after which they went their way. About 140 attended, and I hope they were edified. I was dreadfully tired.

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[35]

8th Sunday after Trinity, July 17th, 1932.

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Cloudy and rather cold but relieved by sudden jets of sunshine, the picture of a life, perplexed and shadowed yet from time to time lightened by affection. What can I say that shall be both sincere and salutary to a collection of discontented, utterly selfish and hopelessly wrong-headed ex-soldiers, who regard themselves as disowned and deeply wronged heroes? This ever-accursed War has deranged all moral perspectives as well as all economic & political situations.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants including M^{rs} Gow and Christina.

I wrote at some length to that queer angular creature, Brooke Westcott, who has had the great misfortune of being appointed when quite young to a rich parish. The endowment will immobilize him, probably for life, and thus limit his experience, stere-otype [sic] his defects, and probably sour his temper. He will not be able to afford to take any less wealthy parish: and, when his seniority might have justified his appointment to higher office, his too-limited experience will disqualify him.

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I motored to Cleadon, & lunched with Colonel Chapman M.P. the Mayor of South Shields. He has a pleasant house, and a most beautiful garden. After lunch we went on to South Shields for the great annual service of the British Legion. This was on a grand scale & most impressive. We proceeded in a great procession through the streets to the sea front, where the service had been ~~held~~ arranged in the public garden. Nothing could have [been] better organized. The crowd, exceeding 10,000 in numbers, were ordered with precision. Loud speakers enabled everybody to hear, an achievement the more remarkable since a brisk wind was blowing. I gave an address, & General Maurice made a short speech. After the service we returned to the Town Hall, by a different route. The streets were lined with spectators. When we reached the steps of the Town Hall, the Mayor thanked everybody, & we sang "God save the King" for the second time. Then we went to the Headquarters of the B.L. & had tea. I made another speech.

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I could not but reflect, as I walked through the streets of South Shields, where at least one third of the population are unemployed, & the economic outlook is very black, on the absence of class hatred from the general mind. Would a Bishop in his robes with his staff

borne before him be able to walk without insult through throngs of artisans in most continental towns? I doubt it. English people are, indeed, tolerant of eccentricity, & fond of shows. Still, the Bishops as a body are, & generally have been since the Reformation, very unpopular, & the Bishop of Durham is certainly no favourite with the multitude. M^r Lansbury has recently declared that the miners "hate" him, & he is rarely referred to in the Labour Press without insult. I was surprised to hear Colonel Chapman refer to the attack made on me in the House of Commons by one of the Labour members. He said that he had felt moved to rise & defend me, but hadn't the courage to do so! I treated the matter very lightly, & said that in the course of more than 45 years of clerical life I had acquired the habit of being completely indifferent to such attacks. They did not perturb or distress me in the least.

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[38]

Monday, July 18th, 1932

In answer to my inquiry about the Group Movement in Oxford, I received from the Rev^d J. S. Bezzant a long, interesting, & obviously careful letter. Though he disclaims a complete condemnation, his verdict can hardly be otherwise described.

M^{rs} Money Kyrle and her daughter came to lunch; also an Ordination candidate named Bernard John Gurney Fox, who desires to offer a tithe from S. Mary Magdalene, Sunderland.

Charles & I motored to Newcastle where I visited M^r Dellow, the hairdresser, & received his professional attentions. Then we had tea in the Hotel. We proceeded to the Rectory at Gateshead, where we had an early dinner with the Rector. After this I attended the meeting of the Ruridecanal Chapter of Gateshead, and addressed the members on the subject of retaining the Confirmed in Communion. I used again the notes which I had prepared for the Lay Readers last Saturday. There was the usual fatuous "discussion", and then we returned to Auckland.

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[39]

Tuesday, July 19th, 1932.

A brilliant morning lighting up a country which is sumptuously vested by a summer not yet beginning to decline into the fading splendour of the autumn. The post brought me two more letters about "Groups" from Coen of Darlington, & Archdeacon Hunter, the first vaguely hostile, the last doubtfully favourable.

I spent the morning in clearing off some correspondence which was in arrears. I wrote to the Bishop of Eau Claire, answering his letter of June 6th. I wrote to the Archbishop of York proposing that I should speak on "the Religion of Sir Walter Scott", when I address the annual meeting of S.P.C.K. on November 7th. Also, I wrote to Athelstan Riley* who had sent me a memorandum on the Jerusalem & the East Bishoprick.

After lunch I motored to Durham, and licensed two curates, Barker to Herrington, & Tuff to S. Thomas, Sunderland, and gave them tea in the common room. Then I had an interview with Harold Lyle Hunter, an ex-chorister of the Cathedral & Head of Durham School, who is about to start at Clare College, Cambridge. He was 19 on the 25th March. A promising lad.

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Wednesday, July 20th, 1932.

The Principal of Cuddesdon (Rev^d Eric Graham) replies at great length to my inquiry about "Groups". He is evidently much impressed by the movement, and plainly (as its advocates might say) "not far from the Kingdom of God". He encloses a pamphlet entitled "The Principles of the Group" by Sherwood Sunderland Day, which does not re-assure me at all. The opening paragraph is sufficiently disconcerting alike by its arrogance and by its vagueness.

"The principles of 'The Oxford Group' are the principles of the Bible. The Group is not an organization, not a sect, not even a new method. The Group is a life – that life which is hid with Christ in God."

This frank identification of the Group with essential Christianity discloses its strength and its weakness. A new vocabulary is being improvised for the use of "Groupists", which – although sectarianism is very earnestly repudiated – is an unmistakeably sectarian procedure. Nor can I discover in "the Principles of the Oxford Group" any recognition of the Church or the Sacraments. These may be tolerated by, but they are certainly not integral to, "Group" Christianity.

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The Bonus of 1 per cent on conversion arrived this morning, and was paid into my Bank. I suppose this promptness of payment is designed with a view to stimulating the laggards who have not yet converted.

I walked round the Park with D^r McCullagh. The Rev^d F. J. Cutts, Chaplain of the Seamen's Institute in Sunderland brought two candidates for confirmation, whom I confirmed in the Chapel, and sent away after they had had tea, & looked at the Castle. One of the candidates was an old woman, aged 76; the other was a ship's engineer, on shore between his "tramps" voyages.

I wrote to Graham, indicating perhaps too frankly my dislike of M^r Day's statement of "Principles". In my heart of hearts, I suppose that I don't want men to become so obsessed by technical Religion as to have no mind for anything else. I don't like these very religious people. They bore me quite unendurably. My own interests are widely distributed, and I do not contemplate with satisfaction a state of the Church in which a Bishop cannot, without impropriety, discuss secular matters with his lay contemporaries on equal terms. These "Groupists" would certainly have no difficulty in declaring my spiritual condition!

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What may be considered the dying words, the solemn bequest of Mohammed to mankind, were nearly the last words of the last-revealed Sura: "O true believers!

wage war against such of the infidels as are near you, and let them find severity in you, & know that God is with them that fear Him."

Milman, Latin Christianity vol II, p. 196

The VIIth century witnessed both the rise and establishment of Mohammedanism, and the conversion of the English. In the XXth century there are more Mohammedans under the sceptre of the King of England than exist elsewhere in the world. The English type of Christianity is distinct from the Greek or the Roman, and it now divides the allegiance of Christendom, with them. Probably it is the case that, not the Anglican Episcopal Church, but the numerous sects which are non-episcopal, non-liturgical, and "voluntaryist" are the truest representatives of the English race in the sphere of religion, & America is their "spiritual home"!

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[43]

Thursday, July 21st, 1932.

The decision was made when I was one and twenty. In that year, while still a student, I resolved to devote my life till I was thirty to the office of preacher, to science, and to music. If by that time I should have done what I hoped in science and music, I would take a path of immediate service as man to my fellow men. What this path should be I counted on learning from circumstances during the interval.....

*Finally a chain of circumstances pointed out to me the road which led to the sufferers from leprosy and sleeping-sickness in Africa.
Schweitzer memoirs, p. 82.*

I spent the morning in preparing a sermon about S. Oswald for use at Guisely on August 6th. The habit of writing sermons, & taking trouble over their composition compels a vast expenditure of time over matters of little immediate importance and no practical value. I can see the folly of this waste of time & energy, but I have not will-power to abandon it!

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I went to Durham, & presided at a meeting of the Board of Training & Maintenance. On returning to Auckland I had interviews with two Ordination candidates – Norwood and Woodall – neither very remarkable. The one is earmarked for Murton Colliery, and the other for Bishop Auckland.

I received from the Bookseller a book written ecstatically in praise of “Groups” – “For sinners only” by A. J. Russell. It tells me what I had not known that Harold Begbie was an enthusiastic supporter of Frank Buchman. This does not recommend the movement to me, for I have ever held a poor opinion of H.B. It is written in the staccato, superlative strain of “up-to-date” Journalism: and is marked throughout by a laudation of “Frank” which may be very pleasing to him, but is rather nauseating to less interested persons. The staple of the book is a series of stories of “changing”, such as is provided by the waxing literature of the theurgic sects. Can it be reasonably doubted that “Groups” will travers the normal cycle?

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[45]

Friday, July 22nd, 1932.

The mischievous effects of an earthquake or deluge, a hurricane, or the eruption of a volcano, bear a very inconsiderable proportion to the ordinary calamities of war, as they are now moderated by the prudence or humanity of the princes of Europe, who amuse their own leisure, to exercise the courage of their subjects, in the practice of the military art. But the laws & manners of modern nations protect the safety and freedom of the vanquished soldier; & the peaceful citizen has seldom reason to complain that his life, or even his fortune, is exposed to the rage of war.

Gibbon, Decline & Fall, vol III, p. 70, ed. Bury.

A heavily clouded sky, a heavy atmosphere, and, at intervals, rain – a morning of ill promise. I finished the Guisely sermon.

Four officials from Billingham works came to lunch, and were shown over the Castle. Then about 130 persons came to Ella's garden party, & as the weather was prohibitive, were crowded inside the house rather woefully. However, they dispersed in apparent good humour.

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I have finished reading Russell's Book, and am certainly not attracted by its account of the new "Groups" movement. It belongs to a class of literature which has become extremely popular viz. the descriptive account of the "magnalia Dei" as displayed by the evangelistic sector. In reading them I am offended by their horrible vulgarity in their handling of religious phenomena, their reckless irrelevance, & the tone of hilarity which pervades them. My sceptical instincts are stirred by the large draughts which they make on my credulity, and the grotesque discord between their assertions & the evidence with which these are supported. But the fact has to be reckoned with that intelligent, devout, & educated men are swept away by 'Groups', and that many ardent youths are transformed by it, & of course, we have always to remember the words of Christ, 'By their fruits you shall know them.' My difficulty about that Test of Results is how to decide at what stage it may fairly be applied. All those subjective movements begin well, & have an astonishing record of conversions to offer; but none of them seem to wear well: & if they were judged by their [47] [symbol] later aspects, the verdict which seemed unavoidable at first might seem as unavoidably to be reversed. If it be objected, that precisely the same might be said of ecclesiastical Christianity itself, we might reply, that at least ecclesiastical Christianity claimed to rest on Divine authority expressed objectively in history, and also that in the long continuing record the good fruits did plainly predominate. The Archbishop of York is more favourable to 'Groups' than I, but, then, he belongs to a younger generation. He writes to me:-

I partly, but only partly, share your anxiety about the Groups. At any rate, as worked in Oxford, where senior men of knowledge and weight are associated with them, I think they have done much good & not much harm. But I should be anxious for any

one who got 'stuck' in them. During my mission there eighteen months ago, I came to the conclusion that the best people I came across were people who had got into the movement & then got out again. But of course it is not new: only young folk always think egg-sucking a novelty.

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[48]

Saturday, July 23rd, 1932.

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The newspapers report the death of M^r Meade Falkner, at the age of 70, which took place last night in Durham. When I sent to inquire about him last Thursday, the report was favourable. He was one of the most elusive, versatile, and 'intriguing' persons of my acquaintance. The association of a man of his character, gifts, and interests with the position of chairman of a great armaments firm was startling. His fondness for music, knowledge of architecture, and real concern for religious matters led him to attend the services of the Cathedral assiduously, but he never received the Holy Communion. His preferences were Roman rather than Anglican, & though he spoke respectfully of the Established Church, he was contemptuous of Anglo-Catholicism. He had been much abroad, & had perforce outgrown the illusions & delusions of insularity. His ~~his~~ antiquarian & liturgical studies had brought him into acquaintance with the Roman Catholic authorities, & he was well-known at the Vatican Library. I once challenged him on the subject of his absence from Communion, & asked him whether, in his heart, he was a Papist.

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He explained the first by confessing opinions which were rather pantheistic rather than orthodox, and the last he flatly denied. He wrote admirable novels, and quite tolerable verses. His whimsical manner and speech never failed to attract me, & I was divided in mind as to whether he could most fitly be described as a pagan or ^as^ an Erasmian medievalist. His tall sloping frame, intense look & slow movement entirely matched his personality. His death withdraws from Durham one of its conspicuous & most valuable residents & creates a void which cannot be filled.

*Death has been busy in the little society of my cathedral city. Ellershaw, * Bishop Knight* and Meade-Falkner have all passed away in less than three months, and they were all, in very different ways, outstanding men.*

After breakfast, I took Gee to see the old church at Hartlepool. At the vicarage we found Bishop Lasbrey, who accompanied us to the church, where we were soon joined by the Vicar, Salter, who was formerly a student at University College under Gee.**

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M^r Linge, the clerk of the Works at Durham Castle came to lunch, & afterwards was shown the chapel. He is an upstanding man about 40 years old, who was on duty at S. Paul's Cathedral and came to Durham with the prestige of the work there. He brought with him an album of photographs of S. Paul's taken during the work of restoration.

After tea Gee and I walked round the Park. Though there were dark clouds in the sky, there was no rain, & save for the persistent annoyance of the flies, we enjoyed a pleasant conversation.

I wrote a letter of condolence to M^{rs} Meade-Falkner, and a letter of commendation to the Bishop of Chichester for Morley Wells, who is seriously perturbed by the possibility of being unemployed when his tenure of the house-mastership at Durham runs out.

We gave a little dinner party. Harrison with his wife & daughter, M^r & M^{rs} Dickson, and Colonel McCullagh were the guests. Charles & Christina came in after dinner, & discoursed sweet music.

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[51]

9th Sunday after Trinity, July 24th, 1932.

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Somebody sends me a page of 'John Bull' containing 'Hannah Saraffer's Open Letter to the Bishop of Durham'. The letter is headed 'Why despise the common man?' and is illustrated by an appalling picture of myself, which is hardly good enough to be a caricature. The text of a fierce denunciation of Bishops in general and the Bishop of Durham in particular is the following extract from my second speech in the House of Lords.

"The great industrial communities are very young. They have no tradition of ordered life, with the variety of interests & experience able to produce individuals competent for financial management."

This seems to be an almost platitudinously true account of the facts, but it provides material for a tremendous denunciation into which are brought all the stock charges against the bishops. It ends:

"Speeches such as yours will not only retard Progress, they will bring down, amid the ruins of many other things, the Church of which you could be such an ornament."

Well, well!

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants including the Dean of Gloucester. Fearne and Kitty Cobham kept their rooms under ~~the~~ colour of having chills.

Then I set myself to prepare a sermon for Dipton, where the anniversary of the consecration of the parish church in 1886 is being observed.

Kitty Cobham having disclosed the fact that Gee was observing his birthday, I presented him with a photograph of myself, & Ella with an engraving of the Castle. As he was ordained in 1880, he cannot be less than 75 years old. He wears well.

Charles and I motored to Dipton. The Church smelt horribly of fresh paint, so that I felt quite nauseated. There was a considerable, but not a crowded, congregation, which listened very closely to my discourse. They seemed to be ~~edified~~ interested, but whether they were also edified I am doubtful! The parson, Woodward, is an illiterate fellow, who slurs his sentences terribly. After the service we returned to Auckland.

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[53]

Monday, July 25th, 1932.

The Dean of Gloucester and Kitty Cobham went away after breakfast, motoring to Scotland.

I spent the morning in writing letters, & preparing some notes on 'Groups' for discussion with Hunter.

Two distressingly plain ladies, Miss Honor Lawrence and her Swiss friend arrived. They also were on their way to Scotland, & would break their journey.

After lunch, Charles & Fearne went with me to Hamsterley, where I baptized Paula Daphne Linnell, the infant child of the Vicar & his wife, who were both present. Dick & his wife with Gerald's sister were the God-parents. The last lady is, he told me, immersed in the 'Groups' movement. I had noted in her a Quaker like gravity & remoteness. After tea Gerald [Linnell]* took me in his little car to see his parish, which stretches far over the moors. This is the scene of a large forestry scheme for the working of which 13 red-tiled cottages have been builded by the Government. The beauty of the country seen to perfection in the summer was unspeakable! Gerald appears to be both contented and devoted to his work. I noted with satisfaction that his church & his garden were carefully kept.

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Archdeacon Hunter came to dine & sleep. After dinner we discussed "Groups", which he regards with disfavour. While taking [Frank Russell] Barry's place in Oxford last year, he had seen something of the movement there, & was not well impressed. He had attended three house-parties, & while at the first he thought some of the 'sharing' was sincere & perhaps, edifying, ~~he~~ at the others he had reversed his opinion. He had from the screen in S. Mary's witnessed a Groups wedding i.e. a wedding arranged on the principle of "faith and prayer" in which both parties had been guided to their decision. He had listened with repugnance to Buchman's address in which he exalted the faith of the marrying couple in extravagant terms. He did not attach much weight to Grensted's* opinion, & advised me to seek the opinion of D^r Selbie,* the late Principal of Mansfield, a better balanced & more powerful mind than Grensted's. As a Nonconformist, Selbie will be less startled by the Theurgic note in 'Groups' than I am.*

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Tuesday, July 26th, 1932.

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The plain ladies left after breakfast, and the Archdeacon went on his way southwards after 11 a.m. My conversation with him raised my estimate of his understanding, and moderated my suspicion of his opinions. He certainly is not an "Anglo-Catholic", and sees clearly the hopelessness of the attempt to win the ordinary English parishioner to that version of Christianity. He said that he doubted whether there was more than one incumbent in the Newcastle Diocese who would fitly be entrusted with the training of a deacon! The situation is not much better in the diocese of Durham.

I received an excited and extremely improper letter from Duncan, whose vanity has evidently been wounded by Gadd's informing him that I had made a "violent attack" on him because of an article which he wrote in a local newspaper! I remember that Gadd sent me the article, which greatly displeased me, and that in expressing my displeasure I had expressed my surprise that clergymen in charge of great parishes, & singlehanded, could find time for journalism. And this, it appears, is what is meant by a "violent attack"!

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I wrote to Selbie asking for his judgement on the Oxford Groups. Also I wrote to William.

Arthur Watts came to see me, & had tea. We talked together for 2 hours. He says that Leonard Wilson and Gomer Williams are "in" this Group Movement, which is plainly exciting his own curiosity. He has but just returned from a Student Christian Convention, and is about to go to an S. P. G. School in Thirsk. This generation lives in an atmosphere of "group" thinking, praying, and discussing. I have an old fashioned prejudice in favour of private judgement!

Then a nervous youth, named George Beckwith, came to ask my advice. He is 20 years old, and would like to know how best to spend the interval before Ordination. I recommended a theological college, and suggested Lincoln.

The weather has been sultry & thunderous, very unfavourable to any kind of exertion, & almost prohibitive of intellectual work. How I wish I were not so miserably subject to the state of the atmosphere!

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[57]

Wednesday, July 27th, 1932.

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There was much rain during the night, and the day came in with a cloud-mantled sky.

We all went in to Durham, and attended the Memorial Service to Meade-Falkner in the Cathedral. There was not a large gathering. Bayley* told me that the admirable appreciation in the Times was written by Graves, who had talked it over with him. This would explain the local touches, which a metropolitan like Graves would hardly be able to supply without assistance.

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I motored to Darlington, and met Arthur Rawle, who arrived on a short visit.*

Another Labour member, Ritson, takes up his parable against the Bishop of Durham, emphasizing the truly shocking circumstance that his Lordship has a secure income of £140 per week! It is certainly a considerable disadvantage that Bishops labour under by reason of their official status & emolument. Prejudice can be aroused, and a red herring drawn across the path of every Episcopal argument by raising that issue. I don't quite see how this difficulty, which is really formidable, is to be overcome.*

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The Christianity of the Victorian bourgeois was, in fact, a cautious & bowdlerized imitation of what had obtained in the age of real faith. As for its having any part or lot with the teaching of Christ, the idea is too blasphemously absurd for present-day discussion.

Wingfield-Stratford. History of British Civilization. p. 1064.

How far is this a just verdict on middle-class Christianity in the XIXth century? "The Teaching of Christ" is presumably identified with a literal reading of the Sermon on the Mount, and, is that identification be allowed, the total failure of Victorians (and every other variety of Christians) to accept it cannot be questioned. But in that case Christ's Teaching would have no relevance to human life as it must necessarily proceed in the world, & Christianity would be very reasonably set aside as Utopian, and for all practical purposes futile; which is precisely what its opponents affirm.

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[59]

~~Wednesday~~ Thursday, July 28th, 1932.

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The Yorkshire Post, under the heading "Bishop criticised" reports a considerable onslaught on me by the Chairman of the Durham County Council, e.g. "I regret that in the main his public pronouncements are of a character that do not win for him the affection of the people in this mighty industrial diocese. I cannot imagine anything more tragic than the Bishop of Durham being so far out of sympathy with the great mass of people in his diocese. There is not that bond of sympathy between the Bishop and his people which ought to exist". I did allow myself, perhaps unwisely, to dash off a brief letter to the "Yorkshire Post" before motoring to Durham with Arthur Rawle. We viewed the Cathedral and the Castle, and then returned to Auckland for lunch.

Arthur Rawle and I had tea together, the ladies having gone out to visit a neighbour, & we fell to talking about religion, concerning which he disclosed much ingenuous confusion of mind. He and his wife are evidently "unsectarian" Church people, who are excellent in all the normal duties of citizenship, and ecclesiastically quite "undeveloped"!

[60]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to:

1. Canon Peter Green
2. M^r Justice Roche
3. [symbol] Arthur E. Henson
4. [symbol] Arthur Rawle
5. [symbol] D^r Selbie
6. [symbol] Dick
7. Rev. E. C. Hodges
8. [symbol] Sir Lewis Dibdin
9. [symbol] Rev. Jack Worsley Boden
10. [symbol] W. D. Caröe
11. Malcolm Ross
12. [symbol] G. Gray Turner
13. [symbol] Colonel Headlam
14. Canon Elliott (leeds)
15. Dean of Worcester
16. [symbol] D^r L. R. Phelps

The late Bishop of Wakefield, D^r Eden,* arrived on a short visit. I showed him the new cottages &c. and took him & Arthur Rawle for a walk in the Park.

We gave a dinner-party. The guests were

1. General Sir Conyers Surtees & Lady Surtees

2. Sir Timothy Eden
3. Lady Katherine Vane & Miss Vane
4. Colonel and M^{rs} Morley
5. Bishop Eden
6. M^r Arthur Rawle

The party seemed to go well enough, & after prayers everybody examined Cosin's Communion plate with much interest. The evening was calm & even allowed hope for tomorrow's weather.

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[61]

Thursday Friday, July 29th, 1932.

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I think its is probably the case that the Labour Party think it "good business" to attack the Bishop of Durham, who, it must be admitted, is very vulnerable. Both his faults and his misfortunes tend to make him so. In seeking to stand outside politics in a district dominated by "Labour", where the chronic conflict between Capital and Labour has been empoisoned by political controversy, the Bishop was carried into a political isolation, which robbed him of all popular support without securing for him any personal advantage. His independence, which was his only compensation for unpopularity and abuse, did not command the recognition of those whose policy he was known to disapprove, or the respect of those with whom he was believed to sympathise. The one held him to differ from other opponents only in a hypocritical pretence of impartiality, the other looked upon him with disgust as an untrustworthy & timorous ally! After 12 years tenure of the Bishoprick, I am completely at a loss to determine what would be the right course for the Bishop to pursue. "Labour" is both dominant and morally disreputable. "Capital" is as disreputable but altogether subordinate.

[62]

I received from the Hon. Sec. of the Fison Memorial Committee an invitation which I should desire to accept, but which would pledge me to an undertaking clearly beyond my powers.

"The Lecture (sc. which I should have to deliver) is given here (sc.in Guy's Hospital) annually, and the scope of the lectures is intended to be the philosophical aspects of science in the widest sense of the words".

The list of previous lectures does not encourage me to put hand to this plough. In 1926 Dean Inge lectured on "Science & Ultimate truth", but he is a recognized philosopher. In 1929 Sir John Marriott discoursed on the "Philosophical Conception of the State", but this subject hardly appears to come within the prescribed scope of the Lectures. **In 1931 Prof. Sorley discoursed on "Science & Morals"**, but he, like Inge, is a recognized philosopher. Where could I come in? I am neither a philosopher, nor a man of science, but a dabbler in history, ethics, theology, & "political science". It is humiliating to have to refuse.

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Finally I decided temerarily that I would adventure something (if they would accept it) which was neither philosophical nor scientific in the technical sense. I proposed for my subject:-

“Ethical conditions of Scientific Method”. I am not quite sure that it means precisely what I intend. How far do moral considerations determine the application of scientific discoveries to practical uses? How far may one inflict injury, & insult self-respect, in the pursuit of knowledge? It is surely not too much to say that Vorontzeff’s experiments in grafting the glands of apes on boys do both inflict injury & insult self-respect. Vivisection, vaccination, poison gas tc. provide examples. There is a piteous though comical story of an Alderman whom the Emperor, Frederick II, entertained at dinner, and then cut open that he might ascertain the progress of digestion. His Majesty’s scientific enthusiasm was beyond praise but his method was inadequately conditioned by ethical considerations! There seem to be the possibilities of a lecture in the suggested subject, but, of course, it means a divergence of time, effort, & interest from my proper business.

[64]

The weather was most unpleasant throughout the day and, for the second time, Ella’s garden party was ruined. Nonetheless, about 100 people came, & gossiped together in the state room. Among them were D^r Paile and his wife. Bishop Eden made himself very agreeable to our guests, and Arthur Rawle played his part manfully. After the company had departed, I took Arthur for a walk round the Park. As we returned, we encountered M^r Burkitt with three friends. I showed them rapidly over the Castle; and then it was time to dress for dinner.

My conversations with my cousin have interested me greatly. He is certainly a very excellent specimen of a very excellent type of Englishman – county-bred though engaged in business, filled with the tastes & prejudices of the country, very loyal to a simple & not ungenerous code of morality, not in the least degree ecclesiastical, but preserving a real deference for Christianity and a profound reverence for the Person & Character of Christ, a cheerful philosopher devoted to field sports and the open-air.

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[65]

Saturday, July 31st, 1932.

[symbol]

Bishop Eden and Arthur Rawle left the Castle after breakfast, leaving behind them a very pleasant impression.

Duncan from Dawdon came to see me, and I had a "heart-to-heart" talk with him about his writing for the newspapers, and his astonishing letter to me. He expressed regret, promised amendment, and was restored to favour!

[symbol]

Hodgson from Escombe came to see me, bringing for my inspection a weedy youth nearly 19 years old. This was his son Mandell, who aspired to be ordained, but has never been to school, and has demonstrated the quality of his home-given education by being "ploughed" for the Durham matriculation. I could not but feel compassion for the lad, who looks crushed & unhappy. I told him to make his application to the Board of Training, & said that, if the Board were willing to give him a grant, I would approve it. This is all that I can, and more than I rightly may, authorise. **We are no longer necessitated by the fewness of the candidates to accept all that present themselves, but this change of the general situation is for the most part unrealized. Hence many disappointments.**

[66]

[symbol]

D^r Selbie, lately the Principal of Mansfield College, replies very civilly to my inquiry about "Groups".

My dear Bishop,

Though I have been in touch with the "Groups" ever since the War, I still do not feel that I can either fully support, or openly condemn them. Their methods and technique undoubtedly work well in some cases, but are not for universal application. In certain hysterical types I am sure they do harm, and I have felt obliged to warn some such (girls especially) against them. On the other hand, they have converted some hard bitten "bloods", and have put backbone into some weaker youths, even to the extent of improving their College work. When people talk to me about it all, I try to be critically sympathetic, pointing to that in it which is not new but common to all Christians, and warning them against its exaggerations. The movement ought not to be labelled "Oxford". It is really American, and it has been much healthier here since it got into the hands of men [67] [symbol] like Grensted, Rose, and T. Duesbury.

I do not like Buchman personally, but he has undoubted power, and some unexpected people like T.R. Glover believe in him. I have had many talks with him, &

must admit that he has listened patiently to criticism and taken advice. The movement too is generally healthier as it gets away from Oxford, which is too much of a hotbed. It did, for example, very good work at S^t Helen's, where its new-found zeal could have some practical effect.

Russell's book I think is deplorable. That kind of publicity will do them no good. There is too another side to the picture which he ignores, & it is sometimes a very sad one.

Should you be in Oxford at any time I would gladly talk the matter over in more detail. I am now retired & on the shelf, but I hope still to keep in touch with things & not be altogether useless.

I am, yours sincerely,
W. B. Selbie

[68]

[symbol]

I have just seen Barry's article in the 'Spectator' – the best thing written about the movement yet. I almost wholly agree with it.

This letter has a judicious tone which inspires confidence in the writer. Selbie, as a Nonconformist, feels under no obligation to correlate every soi-disant spiritual movement with the Divinely ordained system of the Catholick church, but, perhaps for that very reason, he is the more ready to judge by practical standards. I am impressed by the repugnance which most seem to feel against Frank Buchman himself. This is the more impressive since they all admit his power. Is his personal influence more properly described as hypnotic than as spiritual? Archdeacon Hunter opined that he had unusual telepathic faculty. As a German Lutheran he has the sentimentality of race united with the subjectivism of religion. These are no sound constituents of a religious movement, & their dominance can hardly but be disastrous.

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[69]

10th Sunday after Trinity, ~~July 31st~~ August 1st, 1932.

[symbol]

A calm bright morning, very welcome after the rain and gloom of last week. Why are we so helplessly dependent on the state of the atmosphere? Does not the fact that we are so authenticate the belief that there is a connexion between the physical disturbances and the moral & political aberrations of history? Are not the one trustworthy indications of the other? I cannot but suspect it.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 9 communicants, including John, the under-gardener, & Harold & Florrie Bryden. The Gospel included that suggestive act of Christ when He cleansed the Temple, & pronounced his judgment on

ecclesiastical "business" – "It is written, My house is the house of prayer: but ye have made it a den of thieves." That sentence was never so poignantly relevant that [sic] in these days of Americanized Church-life. It is not greed but dura necessitas that forces Money into supremacy in the modern Church, but I fear this circumstance does little to mitigate the degrading effects of the fact. The organizers of Bazaars are not so much thieves as receivers of stolen goods, when they exult in their takings!

[70]

[symbol]

I wrote a difficult letter who [sic] is casting eyes of desire on Barnard Castle, which since the report of the Vicar's pending resignation has gone forth, has become a magnet of clerical appetite! I will not lie open to the charge of nepotism whatever other episcopal faults I may commit.

I wrote to D^r Selbie, to Dick, & to the Rev^d E.C. Hodges. To the last I sent a cheque for £42. in payment of 4 weeks rent of his vicarage at Ruswarp.

After lunch I walked round the Park. Hardly had I started before rain began to fall, & so continued until I got very wet, & had to change. I wrote at length to Canon Grensted inquiring about 'Groups'. He appears to be the principal champion of the Movement among the Oxford dons, & one is bound to hear what he has to say. He is a younger man than I had supposed, having been born in 1884. Thus he is 21 years junior to me, and is naturally 'at home' in this strange generation which is never happy save in company, & dislikes nothing so much as individuality.

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[71]

Monday, August 1st, 1932. Bank Holiday.

[symbol]

“The pulpit, that safe and sacred organ of sedition.”

Gibbon. Decline & Fall. vol. iv. p. 82.

The historian is referring to the hostility of the Catholic clergy in Northern Africa to their Arian rulers, but his phrase has a wider relevance. Not even now is it altogether inapplicable to the modern pulpit. Since the emphasis of public concern has passed from politics to economics, the use of the pulpit as a “safe & sacred organ of sedition” has been widely extended, & clothed, & clothed with a new plausibility. The Socialist or Communist parson has no difficulty in disguising his ruinous doctrines under respectable pretences of sympathy and self-sacrifice. The Sermon on the Mount, absurdly presented as a code of Christian conduct, provides him with an exhaustless arsenal of weapons when he assails the established order of society, or denounces the dark, and probably inevitable, paradoxes of economic life. And all is delivered, after the perilous fashion of modern preachers, ‘In the Name of the Father, & of the Son, & of the Holy Ghost.’ It is, perhaps, regrettable that the old fashion of interrupting preachers has ceased.

[72]

Should you remain in Canada, you must consider your family as settlers in that state, and as I cannot believe that it will remain very long separated from America, I should almost think this equal to depriving them of the advantages of British subjects – at least of those which they might derive from their respectable connexions in this country.

Lockhart’s Life of Scott. vol. iii. p. 145.

Sir Walter is writing to his brother Thomas under date, 13th December, 1817. No less than 115 years have passed, and Canadians are still proud to own themselves to be British citizens.

The weather was better than we had dared to hope, for, though there was little sun, there was no rain, and the “fête” organized in the Park for the Cottage Hospital was attended by a considerable number of people. *I walked in the Park, & had some conversation with two young miners, unemployed and dejected, but neither embittered nor unreasonable. ‘Usquequo, Domine?’ The strain of continuing idleness cannot be endured for ever.*

<!020832>

[73]

Tuesday, August 2nd, 1932.

[symbol]

I received from Miss Mary Hodgkin an invitation to attend the House-party in Darlington, which (it is modestly stated) "has been planned under the guidance of the Holy Spirit." She enclosed a cutting from the local newspaper, from which I learn what I had suspected that "Groups" is being welcomed & assisted by the Quakers, who, thanks to the Peases, are powerful in Darlington. "For four months now there have been meetings in connection with the movement at the Friends' Meeting House, Darlington. People from a wide area have attended." I replied, in a carefully written letter which, while sufficiently indicating my doubts as to the Movement, did not altogether abandon the position of an inquirer. There can be little question that I shall have to declare my attitude towards a movement which is organizing itself within my diocese, & "capturing" the clergy: and, I fear, there can be as little question as to the general character of that attitude. It can hardly be other than unfavourable, though I must wrap up my general condemnation in a vesture of sympathetic compliment! I gather that the Movement is of some standing, but has only now in England developed the fervent & aggressive spirit of proselytism.

[74]

In his Journal (vol I. p. 102) Sir Walter Scott makes some observations on Methodism which are not without value. There had been a lawsuit in which "a Methodist parson of the name of Hill" had been scandalously prominent. Sir Walter comments:-

"It throws a curious light upon the aristocratic or rather hieratic influence exercised by the Methodist preachers within the connection as it is called. Admirable food this would be for the Quarterly, or any other reviewers who might desire to feed fat their grudge against these sectarians. But there are two reasons against such a publication. First, it would do the poor sufferer no good. Secondly, it might hurt the Methodistic connection very much, which I for one would not like to injure. They have their faults, and are peculiarly liable to those of hypocrisy, and spiritual ambition & priestcraft. On the other hand, they do infinite good, carrying religion into classes in society where it would scarce be found to penetrate, did it rely merely upon proof of its doctrines, upon calm reasoning, and upon rational argument. Methodists add a powerful appeal to the feelings and passions: and though I believe this is often exaggerated into absolute enthusiasm, yet I consider upon the whole they do much to keep alive a sense of religion, and the practice of morality necessarily connected with it."

Scott was so much a child of the XVIIIth century as to regard "enthusiasm" with dislike and suspicion, but his nature was too candid, and his respect for Religion too sincere to allow him to 'sit in the seat of the scorner' when a religious issue was raised.

[symbol]

I walked round the park. Two little blackguard boys were floating a little ship in the Counden Beck, & I joined them in the business. I gave one of them sixpence, saying, 'Do you love the

Bishop?'. He replied at once, "Oh yes: I always did"! So we may set that against W. Lansbury's statement that the miners hate his Lordship!

Miss Pearce * the sister of the late Bishop of Worcester, arrived on a visit. Ella and Fearne having gone to a Girl Guide function at Wynyard, I received her, gave her tea, & showed her over the Castle.

<!030832>

[76]

Wednesday August 3rd, 1932.

In his undergraduate days he 'went (he says) frequently a simpling, and began to steal dogs and dissect them.' When at home he 'made a handsome skeleton[sic]' of an aged cat.

... In January 1718[he] took part in establishing the Society of Antiquaries, of which body he acted as secretary for 9 years. ... He suffered from gout, which he cured partly by long rides in search of antiquities....He went on long antiquarian tours in various parts of England, and in 1725 he traversed the whole length of the Roman Wall.... Being encouraged by Abp. Wake to enter the church, he was ordained at Croydon on 20 July, 1729, & was presented in October to the living of All Saints at Stamford....

He was an unconventional clergyman, & once (April 1764) postponed the service for an hour in order that his congregation might witness an eclipse of the sun. When he was nearly 76 he preached for the first time in spectacles, from the text, [77] 'Now we see through a glass darkly', the sermon being on the evils of too much study. On 27 Feb. 1765 he was seized with paralysis & died in Queen Square on 3 March 1765 in his 78th year.

v. Dict of Nat. Biog. "William Stukely",
1887-1765. Art by Warwick Wroth. F.S.A.

Sir Charles Peers* in his presidential address to the International Congress of Prehistoric & Protohistoric Sciences, referred to William Stukely as "a man gifted with a vivid imagination and an insatiable curiosity."

"While we in the 20th century were conscious of knowing too little, Stukely undoubtedly knew too much. Nothing daunted him. 'What is all learning,' he said "but a knowledge of antiquities?" and the secrets of nature were no more hidden from him than the manners of primitive man."

M^r Stukeley was evidently an original. His career as an English Clergyman could hardly have been paralleled outside the 18th century. I feel a threefold interest in him for he was antiquarian, Freemason, and Ecclesiastic.

[78]

[symbol]

[N.B. By some mischance I omitted Thursday, August 4th when I went to Scarborough with Charles & Leslie, & inspected the C.L.B. camp. In my absence Jack Clayton arrived on a visit.]

I wrote to Ernest [Henson]* in answer to an immense epistle in which he "let himself go" on the subject of Patronage. He views it entirely from the side of the parson, and has very little knowledge of the actual working of the system.

I walked round the Park with Dr M^cCullagh, & afterwards showed him my letter to Miss Hodgkin, which he approved. Miss Pearce tells me that the present Bishop of Worcester (Perowne*) is following the example of the Bishop of Leicester (Bardsley*), and throwing in his lot with this new movement. These spineless Evangelicals simply cannot stand out of these emotional ventures. They are all *au fond* "Fundamentalist" in creed, and 'corybantic' in practice, though they have learned to dissemble in ecclesiastical assemblies. There is no doubt as to the general discontent with the established presentation of the Gospel, nor as to decay of conviction among the rank & file of 'the churches'. In these circumstances, is it rightly to be wondered at that that the Young welcome a movement which is unauthorized & novel, and which seems to "deliver the goods"?

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[79]

~~Friday~~ **Thursday, August 5th, 1932.**

[symbol]

Caröe brought me the certificate, dated Aug: 3rd, 1932, for the dilapidations on Auckland Castle. This holds me immune from further charges on that score for five years.

*I replied civilly to old Lord Halifax, * suggesting that he was, possibly, confusing me with some other bishop, e.g. the Bishop of Gloucester (D^c Headlam*) who attains the age of seventy this month, & has talked of early retirement. I wrote also to Headlam, sending him the venerable peer's epistle.*

I have received 3 more letters on the 'Groups', from Miss Hodgkin, Canon Cunningham, and Canon Grensted.

[symbol]

Malcolm Ross has been "guided" to send me a letter expressing regret that he has offended me by his enthusiastic outpouring. His vicar has, rather foolishly, told him that I was offended, whereas, of course, my concern was wholly for the dear youth himself, who may be carried the Lord knows where by the wave of zealotry into which "Groups" has plunged him. I wrote to him a short & soothing letter.

Ella had nearly 200 people at her garden party including the "magnates"!

<!060832>

[80]

Saturday ~~Friday~~, August 6th, 1932.

We (i.e. Ella, Miss Pearce, Fearne and I) left the castle a few minutes after 10 a.m., and motored by way of Ripon, Harrogate, & Otley to Guisely which we reached at 2.10 p.m. We lunched by the wayside about 3 miles out of Harrogate. I preached in the fine parish church from the two texts, Isaiah 49. 23 'Kings shall be thy nursing fathers': and Galatians vi. 14 'But far be it from me to glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, through which the world hath been crucified to me, & I unto the world.' There was a great congregation which listened with exemplary attention to my exaltation of S^t Oswald. After the service we went in procession to the Cross in the market place, where speeches were delivered by the chairman of the urban district council, & the High Sheriff (F. H. Fawkes). We then returned to the church, & proceeded to the rectory where a historical pageant illustrating the life of S^t Oswald was presented by the villagers. This was excellently performed. We then took our departure, & returned to Auckland, stopping on the way to see the Turner pictures in the High Sheriff's house, Farnley Hall, a noble mansion.

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[81]

11th Sunday after Trinity, August 7th, 1932.

A most glorious summer morning, brilliant and warm. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 9 comm^{ts} including Miss Pearce.

We all drove to Escombe, where I had volunteered to take the services while Hodgson took a week's holiday. The little church was filled: there was a surpliced choir which did its duty quite creditably: the lessons were read (by Mr Widdas, and by the Vicar's son) not badly, though the latter's 'lor' for 'law' began to get on to my nerves. Probably nobody else minded it. I preached from Eph. V. 16, "The times are evil" the congregation was very attentive, but I fear it was largely imported from outside the parish.

Christopher Ede, a grandson of the dean of Worcester, came to lunch. He is learned[sic] organ building under Harrison & Co in Durham, and seems to be both amiable and intelligent.

I went again to Escombe for Evensong at 6 p.m. There was, of course, a crowded church, but I fear that the majority of the congregation had walked out from Bishop Auckland.

[82]

I sent a copy of my "Notes on Spiritual Healing" to the pleasant young clergyman who acted as my chaplain yesterday – Rev Charles Wells, 53 Thornton Lane, Little Horton, Bradford. It may well be the case that "spiritual healing" is a local heresy, on the site of Hickson's mission. Moreover, I have never quite reconciled myself to the failure of that book, which I dare to think deserved a better fate.

Have I done wisely in taking the services at Escombe today? Mainly I was influenced by the circumstance that the Vicar has been abominably insulting to me, almost from my arrival at Auckland: but who will suspect, or understand, such Quixotry or altruism? Is the said Vicar himself capable of understanding it? He wrote to me a letter which was almost insolent:

Again I appreciate your help & trust that you may be able to be appreciative of even the imperfect work done with our best. No one can offer more, ~~to~~ and God does not want less.

And this to his Bishop!

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[83]

Monday, August 8th, 1932.

[symbol]

A brief & civil note from Lord Halifax ends, I trust, his Lordship's approaches to H.D. [Herbert Dunelm].

My morning was frittered away in the miserable but indispensable preliminaries of a holiday. Miss Pearce left the Castle after an early & private luncheon, and then arrived the surgeon who operated on me for appendicitis, Mr Grey Turner with his wife, their daughter, and son, a Winchester boy quaintly like his father. They lunched, and were shown over the Castle, of which they were delightfully appreciative.

I read an article on the Oxford Group Movement by Canon Barry, written in the Spectator. It is quite excellent, & is endorsed by D^r Selbie. Mainly it must be regarded as a condemnation.

The evening post brought me yet another document from Miss Hodgkin, a 'letter' giving narratives from South Africa. There is evidently a considerable 'Group' literature already in existence, which is being added to almost daily. The Groupists picture themselves as a conquering army, but herein they do but exhibit the megalomaniacal enthusiasm of all nascent sects. In fact, the great world is mostly unaware of their existence!

[84]

Copies of the Bishopruck were sent to:-

- | | |
|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| 16. Dean of Westminster | 38. [symbol] Rev. Arthur West. |
| 17. John Wrightson | 39. Sir George A Smith |
| 18. M ^r Linge | 40. Dean of Hereford. |
| 19. Sir James Irvine | 41. Sir H. Fairfax-Lucy |
| 20. The Headmaster of West. | 42. [symbol] Dean of Norwich. |
| 21. F.H. Fawkes Esq. | 43 Henry Duke Esq. |
| 22. [symbol] Sir Thomas Oliver. | 44. Chancellor Austen. |
| 23. [symbol] Abp. of ^Co.^ Durham. | 45. <u>M^r Hildyard</u> . |
| 24. Lester Morrison | 46. Principal of Lichfield |
| 25. Dean of Canterbury | 47. Sir Gerald Sampson |
| 26. M ^{rs} Radford. | 48. T.G. Marriott Esq. |
| 27. Canon Cunningham | 49. M ^r G. Trueman. |
| 28. [symbol] D ^r Jacks | 50. G.E. Newsom. |
| 29. [symbol] Geoffrey Dawson | |
| 30. [symbol] G.A. Macmillan. | |
| 31. Richard Craig. | |
| 32. Lord Londonderry. | |
| 33. Lord Hugh Cecil. | |
| 34. H.T.A. Dashwood. | |
| 35. Lord Charnwood. | |
| 36. [symbol] F.W. Pember | |

37. Sir Charles Peers

[85]

[Margin] Principal A.P. Jacks in article 'Morals & the Crisis'. The Observer Aug: 7th 1932. [end of marginal note]

[symbol]

Walking recently in a district of Chicago where aggressive ugliness, both of sights and sounds, seemed to have passed the limits of human endurance, I asked my companion, an elderly citizen of that city, 'In heaven's name, what is it that makes life tolerable to young people in this dreadful place? His answer was 'sex'. 'And what', I asked 'makes it tolerable to you?' His answer was 'money'.

*Daring a recent visit to the United States, I sought information over a wide area as to which were the least depressed among the industries of that great country, and found that opinion converged on the four following, though there was some difference as to order, in which they should be placed: **1. Candy, 2. Cosmetics. 3. Sex literature with its near relation, 'the movies', 4. Drugs.***

*To these four some authorities added another – the funeral trade They might be called the **'Four Horsemen of the Economic Apocalypse'**, with the funeral trade as a possible fifth to cover the rear'*

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[86]

Tuesday, August 9th, 1932.

A most glorious day. Everything becomes then most alluring when we must leave it. I have grave doubt as to the reasonableness of this very modern craze for holidays. If, of course, one would get away from one's relations & one's neighbours, and most of all from one's own self, the case were different, but these one can never really break with, & since one must have their intolerable company, does it matter much where we 'do out the duty'? I can understand that manual workers, office-workers, and the melancholy host of shop-assistants are eager to break with their too often unpalatable & even disgusting toil, and for a space to indulge the delusion that they are free, but for those whose 'work' can never be brought under precise discipline, & is personal rather than local and prescribed, what is the real advantage of leaving one's house, where there has been achieved a certain congruity of environment and they are 'at ease in the (domestic) Zion? It is quite certain that they will be less comfortable in their holiday abodes, and very probably ~~that~~ they will be acutely bored.

[87]

I received a Letter from Dick which was almost entirely filled with a criticism of my article in the Bishopruck on 'Education for Leisure'! This is, at least, a welcome indication that he is thinking for himself. He refers to his mother's health in rather alarming terms 'After winters passed abroad, she finds of late years that the cold in this country is more that she can endure'. It would be indeed a calamity for her children if she found herself unable to live in Scotland.

I bade farewell to D^r McCullagh, gave my last admonitions to Elland, wrote a few letters, and so spent the morning until lunch, after which we 'took up our carriages', & ~~the~~ motored to Ruswarp. In less than two hours we arrived at the Vicarage and found everything ready for us. There is, perhaps, an excessive economy in the matter of washing utensils and towels, but this even can be remedied. Anyway other anchorites have managed with less comfortable cells, & we must make shift.

The drive over the moors, achieved in perfect summer weather, was delightful, the dirty paper of picnicking tourists was, however, very apparent.

[88]

RUSWARP VICARAGE

I sent a note to Christina bidding her cut the lavender in the beds round the Bowling Green.

There seem to be an extensive, but ill-kept kitchen garden belonging to the Vicarage. As the whole is managed by a jobbing gardener, who works but two days in the week, the garden is perhaps, creditably worked, but I do hate the aspect of slovenliness. Ella and I walked to the river side. It is not an impressive stream in its summer appearance, and at low tide, for it is tidal, & certifies the fact by its odour!

The place crawls with every variety of holiday maker, & there is in the air the curious feeling of amiable promiscuity which belongs to these new fashions of camping, 'hiking' etc.

An entrance to this house is at a place where three roads meet, and, as these appear to be much used by motorists, the chances of a violent death are many. However we escaped disaster, & after dinner, Ella & Fearne essayed the desperate venture of teaching me to play cards.

<!100832>

[89]

Wednesday, August 10th, 1932.

A brilliant morning, and very warm. I slept badly, & got up feeling jaded.

I share Sir Walter's Scott's weakness in the matter of payments & tips. The following from his Journal expresses exactly my mood on the matter, & my habit.

'I own I like to pay postilions & waiters rather more liberally than perhaps is right. I hate grumbling and sour faces and the whole saving will not exceed a guinea or two for being cursed and damned from Dan to Bathsheba.' [ii.157]

I spent the morning in reading, & noting Scott's Journal, one of the pathetically self-revealing documents in literature, to be placed alongside of S. Augustine's 'Confessions', & Bunyan's Grace Abounding.

After lunch we motored over the moor to Pickering where we visited both the Church & the ruins of the Castle. Both are well worth seeing. The Church is adorned with a remarkable series of frescoes on the walls of the Norman nave. S. George, S. Christopher, and S. Edmund ~~were~~ are very prominent. There are 3 recumbent effigies worthy of noting. The Castle is in the keeping of the Board of Works, & well-kept.

[90]

[symbol]

In the days of Charles ii or his brother, flourished an old Lady Elpinstone, so old that she reached the extraordinary period of 103. She was a keen Whig, so she did not relish Graham of Clavers. At last, having a curiosity to see so aged a person, he obtained or took permission to see her, and asked her of the remarkable things she had seen. 'Indeed', said she, 'I think one of the most remarkable is, that when I entered the World there was one Knox leaving us a' with his clavers, and now that I am going out of it, there is one Clavers leaving us with his knocks.'

Scott's Journal. li.73

I was struck by the total indifference to the passing motors exhibited by the horned sheep which browsed by the road-side: & by the great preponderance of females among the motorists, who were 'out- spanning' on the moors.

[91]

[symbol]

I read through Ronald Knox's* "Caliban in Grub Street" a clever satire on the numerous discussions of Religion in which the baser newspapers abound, & which are contributed to by every kind of well known person, however grotesquely incompetent. Of course, he has an easy task in demolishing the ignorant dogmatism of such writers, and, equally of course, he carefully conceals the fatal weakness of his own position. If you can bring yourself to

accept that Papist assumption, all goes well enough. The Papal Scheme of Salvation is admirable & satisfying. But who, modernly educated & with an adequate endowment of intelligence, can accept the Papal assumption? His whole contention is no more than a red herring drawn across the road, & diverting the reader from the issue. He assumes the soundness of his own position and employs himself in exposing the weakness of every other. But what if his own position also were brought into the line of fire? Would it come out any better than the rest? In some respects it would fare worse, for the subjective certitudes, on which the others rest, have validity for the individual: but the objective facts on which Popery builds are capable of complete disproof.

<!110832>

[92]

Thursday, August 11th, 1932.

Another glorious day, but very warm.

I received a telegram from Jimmie Dobbie announcing the birth of his daughter, and sent him a letter of congratulation.

I muddled away the morning in reading the Times, writing letters, and reading.

After lunch we motored to Robin Hood Bay, a pretty little tourist haunt, curiously suggestive of a continental place. Then we went on to Scarborough, and, after having tea in the hotel, visited the Castle. This is a far more imposing ruin than I had expected, & it is admirably kept by the Ancient Monuments Department of the Board of Works. The view over the bays is superb. On the adjacent table-land a camp of the Boys Brigade from Sheffield had been arranged. We visited the parish church, a large & gloomy Gothick building. I remember preaching in it to a great congregation of Oddfellows a few years ago. Our drive back to Ruswarp over the moors was delightful. In the level lights of the declining sun the country looked its best. The multitudes of holiday-makers seems to mark the cruel anxieties which harass our minds.

[93]

[symbol]

“It seems to me one of those crises by which Providence reduces nations to their original elements. If I had my health, I should take no worldly fee, not to be in the bustle, but I am weak as water, & I shall be glad when I have put the Mediterranean between the island and me.”

Oct 19th, 1831 (Journal ii.424)

Sir Walter's fears were shared by the Duke of Wellington. Talleyrand said to the Duke during the Reform Bill troubles: “Duke of Wellington, you have seen a great deal of the world. Can you point out to me any one place in Europe where an old man could go to & be quite sure of being safe and dying in peace? (Ibid. Note)

Talleyrand's challenge might be made today, when assuredly the Duke's forebodings darken many minds. There is no part of Christendom where society has the aspect of stability. Perhaps Great Britain is still the most stable of the communities which we call (rather absurdly) civilized.

[94]

The battle is against all the traditional loyalties., and some of the most inveterate prejudices in human nature. Religion, patriotism, personal liberty, and the incentive of private gain, everything, in fact, that is implied by the term “bourgeois ideology” are condemned and fought.

This is a painfully interesting and very informing book by a man of unusual intelligence, & apparent candour, who has evidently been at great pains to reach the truth about this terrible & portentous Bolshevism. The chapter, "Government by Propaganda" is intensely & ominously suggestive. "Of all propagandist activity in Russia that directed against religion strikes the stranger as the most remarkable". Is it succeeding? Against the Russian Church the author appears to think that it is. The Church "seems to have sunk into silent impotence from the moment the Tzar disappeared". But "it is hard to believe that the religious impulse can be stamped out".

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[95]

Friday, August 12th, 1932.

A long letter from Morley Wells detailing his grievances against the Governing Body of Durham School. I replied soothingly, dissuading him from betaking himself to the law, & suggesting (perhaps unwisely) that he might, perhaps, address his appeal to the Visitor of the Cathedral, i.e. me.

Lansbury has a letter on the front page of the Times, defending the Cornish Vicar from whose church Kensit violently removed certain illegal ornaments. Another correspondent disclaims interest in the ecclesiastical issues raised by the episode, and dwells on the public loss involved in the smashing of the carved 15th century font. The real importance of the incident is the illustration it provides of the impossible situation into which the Church of England has drifted, & which has been stereotyped by the rejection of the Prayer book.

After lunch we motored to Goathland, where is a modest church which possesses a 15th century chalice, which we did not see. Then we went by a circuitous route over many-gated roads to Whitby, where I was shampooed, & so home to tea. The weather is deteriorating, very heavy and sultry.

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How far can it be said that Scott was a Christian? He belonged to the XVIIIth century in his religion, and in his politics. A Scotch moderate, the spiritual comrade of Robertson, Blair, & "Jupiter" Carlyle, who became an Episcopalian by way of reaction from the dogmatic narrowness & rigid morality of his home, & also because his historical loyalties were anti-Presbyterian, Scott was always external to the enthusiasm & definite belief of personal discipleship. His own moral code was rather conventional than Christian. He was no ascetic: he was prepared to fight a duel: he had no sympathy with the Evangelical movement. He bore his own troubles with a serene dignity which is rather Stoick than Christian, and though he often mentions God in his "journal", he rarely names Christ. He hated every form of affection & pretence, and had a particular dislike of religious humbugs. He took an instinctive repugnance for Edward Irving, & was clearly not attracted by Simeon; but he valued Methodism for its influence on the poor, & had a high opinion of Wesley.

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[97]

Saturday, August 13th, 1932.

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I may claim that I think few in this room can claim, that before I went to Oxford more than thirty years ago I had read every one of Scott's novels at least three times, and I do not believe that one quinquennium has passed without my re-reading them all since that period.

Lord Birkenhead. Speech as President of the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club.
1925.

F. E. Smith* was almost aggressively English, and in his habits, mental attitudes, & modes of expression he was curiously reminiscent of the 18th century. Yet he fell thus completely under the spell of Scott. I can myself confirm what he said as to the nonsensical statement so often made that the Scotch dialect detracted from the ability of English readers to enjoy the novels.

"I have little knowledge of the Scottish dialect...but I am bound to make it plain that I never felt the slightest difficulty in understanding the whole of the spirit, & almost the whole of the language used by Sir Walter Schott".

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I received an interesting letter from D^r Jacks* acknowledging the copy of the "Bishoprick", & **expressing approval of my article on "Education for Leisure"** ("a most important statement with which I profoundly concur"). He says that he is sending me a book which he has written, summarizing his impressions of a recent visit to America. Anything that he writes is sure to be worth reading.

Ella and Fearne went to tea with a neighbour. I, welcoming release from female society, and desiring some exercise, walked into Whitby, and then "took the air" on the West Cliff for an hour. I went into the Hotel to get tea, & was immediately hailed by Bishop Welldon*, who was expecting Canon Sykes*, the Rector. So I had tea pleasantly enough, and then walked with Sykes to see the new parish church of S^t Hilda, and his vicarage. The latter is a nice Queen Anne house, adorned with Adams' mantel-pieces tc. I walked back to Ruswarp, arriving at the Vicarage at 6.20 p.m. reasonably fatigued. Certainly Whitby is an attractive place, beautifully situated & very picturesque in aspect.

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12th Sunday after Trinity, August 14th, 1932.

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Canon Sykes is evidently a strong “Anglo-Catholic” by conviction, but he has learned some lessons of caution, and is endowed (as I imagine) with a fair proportion of common sense. Accordingly, he abstains from “forcing the pace” of the conversion of his Protestant parishioners to his own type of churchmanship. Clearly, however, in these circumstances, there can hardly exist between him and them that frankness of intercourse & fullness of confidence, which would seem to be requisite for happy & fruitful pastorate. This is the situation over great part of the country, varied by open, & sometimes scandalous collisions between priest and people, where conviction is not conditioned by caution and common sense. Meanwhile, “the stars in their courses” are fighting against “Protestantism”. The younger generation neither heeds its warnings, nor understands its shibboleths, while it “has no use for its dreary creed and severe habit. It is, indeed, obviously, even confessedly, obsolete. “We are here”, said Mr Kensit,* after wrecking the Church at Marazion a few days ago “to do what was done in England in Reformation days”. Precisely, but if he were treated on the same principle, he would be minus his case & right hand!

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We i.e. Ella and I – the sluggard Fearne abiding in her bed – went to church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. The ten Commandments and the Prayer for the King were omitted: the wafer was used: & the priest “grovelled” at intervals: but the service was fairly audible, and recognizably Anglican. There were about a dozen communicants. Lady Brooksbank was in church, & told us afterwards that she and Sir Edward were going to Fountains, where the Bishop of Ripon & a selection of Sectaries are uniting in a service of Thanksgiving for the Monasticism which they all conscientiously condemn! It is an odd oblation to the God of Truth, but we live in strange times, and push our paradoxes even into the Sanctuary. Of course, the Papists are making very effective play with the spectacle. Yesterday, Canon Sykes expressed his belief that “the old gentlewoman of Babylon” was “gaining”. Indeed, if that experienced Bedlam could but humble herself to the task of considering English prejudices & adapting herself to English habits, she might well garner a considerable harvest of disgusted, disillusioned, & withal devout English folk.

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We attended Divine service in the old church of Whitby. Morning Prayer was read by the Vicar who also preached from the “three decker” pulpit. The church appeared to be well-filled by a congregation of young woman among whom was a noticeable sprinkling of elderly man. Young men were very few. The service was evidently enjoyed by the people, who responded heartily. Sykes has a good voice, which he manages well, & an impressive manner. He had no text, but preached on the Temptation of Christ, of which the narrative had been read as the 2nd Lesson. It was a good sermon, delivered as far as I could see, from

copious notes. After the service, he divested himself of his surplice, and, ascending the pulpit, gave an exposition of the Church to the considerable part of the congregation which remained behind to hear it. He made no concealment of the disgust which the "Protestantising" of the Norman church stirred in his own mind, but he said that no attempt to alter what had become a curious relic of the past would be made. The suggestion of the extraneous hostile factor violently thrust into the old Church was overwhelming.¹

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In estimating Scott's labours we must not forget the demands which his unflinching charity made on his time and his purse. More than half his correspondence was devoted to helping lame dogs, and in his worst days he managed to scrape together a pound or two for some of the ragged regiment of Parnassus. Most of his protégés, like Gillies, were impossible people, doomed to fail in everything that they undertook, but Scott never lost patience nor wearied in his well-doing.

v. Buchan, p. 315

This abounding generosity must not be omitted when the attempt is made to understand Scott's personal religion. It seems, indeed, to have been rather the inevitable expression of his large-benevolent nature, than the outcome of any religious belief. He rarely went to Church: he did not frequent the society of clergymen: &, though his knowledge of the Bible was amazing, it was mainly limited to the Old Testament.

¹ See Henson Journal, 14 July 1931.

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[103]

Monday, August 15th, 1932.

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I had a sleepless night, and felt a wreck in consequence. Of all human ills few are more distressing than insomnia, and I begin to fear that it is to be my fate. **If only it doesn't go along with the failure of my eyes, I might face it. But this disaster is also on the horizon: and, if the two unite, my old age will be bleak enough: but in that case let us hope it will be brief.**

I wrote a long letter to the Vicar of Leeds on the subject of 'Groups'.

Also, I sent a letter to Robin on *the birth of a daughter. There will, of course, be much disappointment that the infant was not masculine.*

After lunch we motored to Sandsend, and for an hour walked by the sea, which provided a noble prospect of incoming waves. A good many people were bathing, mostly families, as I imagine, greatly enjoying their union in spite of sex. Moore, from S^t Andrew's, Tudhoe, hailed me. Then we had tea with M^{rs} Richardson, Peter's mother. One of his sisters, a strong-looking wench who is training for a lady-doctor's career, guided me to an optician, where I left my spectacles, & then walked home. It took me just 45 minutes to reach Ruswarp Vicarage.

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Scott's books are no longer events: they are much nearer to being a part of nature itself. Scott has now taken his place among the natural forces of the world, like Homer & Shakespeare, and, I would add, the Atlantic.

The president of Magdalen

What precisely does this mean? It sounds very impressive, but what is meant by saying that the author has become a 'natural force' like the Atlantic? We may affirm of a few supreme writers that their work is an essential part of the intellectual heritage of mankind, so that, if it were omitted, that heritage would be demonstrably damaged & reduced. But how is this parallel with the place of the Atlantic in the system of our globe?

I met old Chancellor Austen in the street of Whitby, where for many years he was Vicar. It was remarkable enough that I recognized him: but still more remarkable that he – aged 93 – should have recognised me. Would I wish to live for yet another 24 years? I cannot think so.

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[105]

Tuesday, August 16th, 1932.

Speaking in this place, in the very place where Sir Walter Scott established his home, and anchored his heart, it would seem almost inevitable that I should consider rather the man himself than his work, or at least his work mainly as the revelation of the man. Scott has the advantage or disadvantage of being intimately known. He is not, like Shakespeare with whom – the fact is itself a sufficient evidence of his superlative greatness – he is most often compared, a dimly discerned figure, whose character may be conjectured, but cannot be surely ascertained, and whose very identity may be challenged. He lived beyond his contemporaries in the glare of publicity. He multiplied acquaintances wherever he went, & none who came within the circle of his conversation did not seek to develop acquaintance into friendship. He was a prolific letter-writer, and his letters were self-revealing in no common degree. His interest in the politics of the time was keen, and expressed itself freely. He came to be a figure of international importance, and the impression which he made on his most eminent contemporaries is on record.

[106]

As I was without my reading spectacles, we decided to “make a day of it” by visiting Beverley. We left the Vicarage a few minutes before 11 a.m. and motored by way of Scarborough, Filey, and Bridlington to Beverley where we arrived shortly after 1 p.m. Our first concern was for our luncheon, and this was achieved, in gross plenty but in squalid circumstances, in a ‘café’ above a grocer’s shop. Both the A.A. man and the policeman warned us in almost tragic terms against going to either of the two hotels named in Baedeker. After lunch we visited the Churches, which are superb, especially the minster. I had not realized how magnificent are the Percy tomb, the miserere stalls, and the whole church. The other church – a fine perpendicular building – has some unusual features, & is thoroughly worth visiting. We had tea very comfortably at Bridlington in the Hotel Britannia, and then visited the Priory Church, a most noble building. The clerestory on the north of the nave especially impressed me. I notice also the very fine relics of the cloister set up in the Southern aisle, and the chained Books.

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Bridlington was thronged with visitors, mostly, I imagine, those who had come in for the day. It is a pretty place, and the bay is ample and fair. The room in which we had tea overlooked the harbour, in which much activity was apparent. Sea-birds perched on the parapet before the window, & seemed very much at home with their human neighbours. The immediate vicinity of Scarborough & Whitby is occupied by camps, in clusters where some organization has organized an outing for its members, and in single tents where groups & individuals are taking holiday. “Hikers” are much in evidence, and of both sexes. Certainly, beyond all precedent, this is an ‘open-air’ and peripatetic generation. Its manners are remarkably free, but not, it is but justice to say, observably vulgar beyond the use & wont of the past. Its clothing is very slight, but very sensible & I cannot but think that it must

be healthful. As to the freedom of comradeship between the youth of both sexes, it is easy to be over-suspicious. Probably those who are so inclined have always succeeded in being vicious, however hedged in by protective conventions.

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[108]

Wednesday, August 17th, 1932.

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I received a very interesting letter from D^r Jacks in reply to my letter in which I had commented on the suggested parallel between Bolshevist Communism and Mohammedanism.

He says:-

*"I think it not unlikely that when other means fail Bolshevism will attempt to propagate itself by the sword. **My son, recently returned from 3 months in Russia, tells me that the country swarms with soldiers, & that great munition factories, mostly run by Germans, are everywhere.** A Russian emigré, well-informed, assures me that Germany & Russia, both desperate, will ultimately make common cause, though not necessarily on pure Bolshevist lines, and hold their united clubs over the head of Europe. He affirms that the Five Years Plan etc. is the creation of German brains, the Russians themselves having "never invented so much as a mouse-trap." But there ~~is this~~ will be those differences from the [109] [symbol] Mohammedan parallel: first, that the world is forewarned by that outbreak, and, second, in a much stronger position to resist another. All the same terrible would be the conflict if these dark ratiocinations become true."*

We motored to Bolton Hall, & lunched with George Macmillan* and his wife. The brilliant weather made the drive over the moors very enjoyable. His gardens are now extremely beautiful, & the whole aspect of the place restful. Macmillan himself is visibly aging: a recent accident has given him an appearance of frailty which, perhaps, hardly agrees with the vigour of his constitution. He had read the copy of the Bishoprick, which I sent him, and expressed approval of its contents. We talked of the scandal at Marazion, and, though he spoke cautiously, it was but too apparent that his sympathies were with that unspeakable fanatic, Kensit. I did not pursue the subject, as I had no desire to give offence to a man, whom I really like.

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[110]

Thursday, August 18th, 1932.

The Baron of Bradwardine is one of the most finished, and certainly one of the most attractive figures in the long gallery of characters which Scott's genius has furnished. In some respects Scott has drawn his own portrait in the kindly old man, true as steel, abounding in quaint interests & obsolete loyalties, but full of affection, [marginal note - start] c. Waverley [end] and at bottom deeply religious, one who thought well of men, and evoked love from them. His generous feeling for the old clansman, who could not forgive the Baron for killing his son in a [marginal note - start] c. x1vi. [end] foray: his reading the evening service of the episcopal church to his troopers on the eve of Prestonpass – "As he shut the book, "Now, lads", said he, "have at them in the morning, with heavy hands and light consciences" – above all, his brave bearing in adversity when he lay hid in a narrow cave on his own property, aided & concealed by his devoted tenantry. It is a picture of Scott himself in those last gloomy years of life, which his journal illumines. [marginal note - start] c 1xv. [end] "There was no fruitless repining, no turbid melancholy : etc.

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Old Chancellor Austen called. He said that he was 94, and had never worn spectacles. For 45 years he was Vicar of Whitby. He told me that at one time he had been pressed to accept the Archbishoprick of Melbourne. The old man is disposed to ramble, & betrays something of the megalomaniacal egotism of Senility!

After lunch Ella and Fearné went to return a call in Robin Hood's Bay, and I walked to Whitby, where I visited the hairdresser, paid my account for rectifying my spectacle frame, & then walked along the shore to the West Cliff. The beach presented a gay and mingled scene. "Mixed bathing" was in full course, & I was impressed by the apparent indifference with which young men and women, whose nakedness was only emphasized by their bathing dresses, conversed & played together. I recalled an Essay of Montaigne in which he accumulates from his omnivorous reading an amazing number of incongruous human customs in order to illustrate his thesis that morality is mainly conventional. I do not think anything w^d now be lost if we abandoned the last relics of deference to tradition, and went stark naked like the savages of Australia.

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After having tea very comfortably in the Hotel Metropole, I walked slowly back to Ruswarp. On the way, I turned over in my mind two questions, viz. should I write to the Times on the subject of Marazion? And, if so, what form should my letter take? Having answered the first in the affirmative, I considered the last with such effect, that, on arriving at Ruswarp, I betook myself forthwith to the study, and wrote a letter entitled, 'The Universal Parishioner', which ended with suggesting the question, Whether the maintenance of the Establishment was really worth the religious humiliation & practical importance which it necessitates?

According to my foolish custom, I read this letter over to my wife. & evoked (as, indeed, I ought to have expected) a vehement protest. The dear lady had so completely identified in her mind the Church and the Establishment, that she interprets any opinion unfavourable to the last as an attack on the first, and thus readily allows herself to describe the Bishop of Durham as something like a traitorous iconoclast! Well, well!

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[113]

Friday, August 19th, 1932

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I revised my letter to the Times, & posted it. Then I wrote to Rawlinson,* the Rev. John Smith of S. John's, Hebburn, W. R. Lott, and Charles.

Sir Ian Hamilton, to whom I had sent an invitation to stay at the Castle, if, and when, he came to Bishop Auckland to address the British Legion, somewhat surprised me by addressing me as 'Dear M' Herbert Dunelm. One expected from so distinguished a soldier, more acquaintance with the use & wont of polite society. This morning I received from him an apology 'for his idiotic forgetfulness of your most esteemed title and rank'!

We lunched with Sir Edward & Lady Brooksbank in their charming rural retreat Newton Hall. After lunch, we walked through the woods to the waterfall. There was but little water in the cascade, but it was nobly placed & of ample dimensions, so that I could easily imagine how magnificent must be its appearance when the stream was in spate. Sir Edward bewails the business incapacity of the present Archbishop of York, and contrasts it with the masterful grasp of affairs, which distinguished his predecessor.

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We had tea with the Misses Yeoman, who live in a pleasant house at a distance of about two miles. Several neighbours were present, among them a daughter of Lord Guisborough, whom I found very interesting. She spoke with marked aversion of her father's crazy zeal for Anglo-Israelitism, a subject which, in the interest of domestic harmony, they did not discuss at home. A substantial gentleman named Horsfall was full of the landing of a gigantic tunny, weighing 730 lbs, which he had just witnessed. He said this monstrous fish was about 13 feet long: that it was a mackerel, and edible. The creature was caught with a line, and had led its captors no less than seven miles before it was secured.

The weather became close, and thunderous as the afternoon advanced: some rain fell, and at nightfall there was a feeling of imminent storm.

I received affectionate letters from Robin and Jimmie in reply to my letters of congratulations on the birth of their first child, in both cases, a girl. Both express themselves with simplicity and unaffected pleasure at their attainment of parenthood.

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[115]

Thursday, August 20th, 1932.

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The Yorkshire Post reports from America that the well-known modernist, **Kirsopp Lake**,* **had divorced his wife**. I remember Lord Reay calling on me in Deans Yard in 1912, & begging me to use my influence in order to persuade Asquith to nominate him as my successor at S^t Margaret's. He had in recent years quite abandoned Christianity, and become a kind of nondescript "free lance", who mostly frequented the Unitarian Churches. His critical work was rather continental than English, that is, it was arbitrary and destructive rather than reasoned & constructive, but he appears to have been liked as a preacher by the English congregation, to which he ministered at the Hague as chaplain. I never met his wife so that I cannot appraise the extent of excuse which he may plead for a proceeding which cannot but be described as scandalous. He does but provide one more illustration of the familiar sequence – first a repudiation of Christian doctrine, and, then, a break away from Christian morality. Perhaps, this is to speak unjustly, for, of course, there may be reasons for divorcing a wife which no Christian could rightly resist. But, however justifiable, the divorce of a clergyman is repugnant, incongruous, and necessarily scandalous.

[116]

A man who stated that he was "totally blind", but that, in spite of this formidable handicap, he has succeeded in equipping himself with quite respectable academic qualifications, wrote to me asking that he might be accepted as a candidate for Holy Orders. I could but refuse his request on the ground that in my judgement total blindness incapacitated a man for the work of the Ministry.

After lunch, I walked into Whitby, and visited the local Museum, which is placed in a pretty little park. It contains some astonishing fossils, especially a very fine ichthyosaurus. Then I walked along the West Cliff, which was curiously empty, as were also the sands. After tea in the Hotel Metropole, I returned to Ruswarp. The air continues to be close & thunderous, making one feel very fatigued and stupid. There was some rain in the morning, and no sunshine all day.

Dear old [Lancelot] Phelps* send [sic] me a charmingly characteristic letter in acknowledgement of a copy of the Bishopruck. I received a similar acknowledgement from the Archbishop of Dublin.

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[117]

13th Sunday after Trinity, August 21st, 1932.

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A stormy night led in a chilly & cheerless day. **We went to church, and received the Holy Communion.** The Revised Prayer Book was used for the first part of the service; but the tiresome & unedifying epistle, where S. Paul is at his most Rabbinic & least Christian form, was read, though the R.P.B. has provided an excellent alternative. The Gospel was the Parable of the Good Samaritan. It is, perhaps, a fair picture of Scott's religion – undogmatic, unecclesiastical, but practically benevolent. He belonged to the pre-Tractarian epoch, when insistence on doctrines was associated in the minds of educated Englishmen with the frenzies of Protestant sectarianism, and devotion to the Church was recognized as the very hall mark of Rome. The Deists had, indeed, been vanquished by Butler & lesser champions of orthodoxy, but their temper continued to prevail among educated men. Robertson in Scotland and Paley in England were temperamentally Deists: and Scott would have found himself most at home with them. They would have shared his dislike of “enthusiasm”, and approved his simplification of the Christian claim into practical benevolence. The 2nd commandment took precedence of the first.

[118]

In spite of the heavy rain **we attended the Morning service in S^t Hilda's, Whitby.** This is the first new church which old Chancellor Austen caused to be builded, and on which he bestowed much thought. He erected a sumptuous episcopal throne for the Vicar of Whitby, for he held himself to be in such sense the successor of the mitred Abbot as to be entitled to this measure of prelatric pomp! There was a large congregation, & a service, both reverent and hearty. The officiating clergyman was a big hefty fellow, with a suitable & nowise unpleasant voice, and a bluff manner. He intoned the prayers, & read the lessons admirably, but his sermon was a very poor performance. However, it had the merit of brevity. The congregation took a very long time in leaving the church, a circumstance which was not wholly explicable by the reluctance of the people to face the elements. I think there ought to be larger provision for ingress and egress. The service was morning prayer, & save for an unauthorized psalm, and the omission of the State prayers, appeared to follow the order of the Prayer Book. I conjecture that the organist & choir were “on holiday”, for the organ was obviously played by a nervous neophyte, & the choir contained only 4 men & 11 boys.

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The resignation of D^r Hough,* the Bishop of Woolwich, was announced last week. He was consecrated with me in Westminster Abbey, on February 2nd, 1918. I well remember the quite apparent disgust with which he regarded me, no doubt sharing to the full the orthodox horror, & possibly feeling some apprehension lest the offence of my consecration should carry some subtle disadvantage to his own! He is said to be a man of apostolic zeal, and saintly manners, who is commended to his parishioners by his Socialistic opinions which are pronounced and freely expressed.

I wrote to my brother, Gilbert, & to William. **After lunch, I walked to the pier head in Whitby** by way of the harbour, & returned by way of the West Cliff. I left at 2.40 p.m., and returned at 4.20 p.m. I did not walk fast, & judge the distance covered in 1 hour 4 minutes as not much more than 5 miles, The rain fell heavily all the time, & penetrated my mackintosh. I was so wet that when I got in, I essayed to have a hot bath. There was abundance of hot, very hot, water, but no more than a tenuous trickle of cold. The process of bringing a bath half-full of scalding water to a temperature possible for bathing was extremely protracted!

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[120]

Monday, August 22nd, 1932.

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“My dear, as I am good for nothing else now, I think it is as well to be good natured.”
Sir Walter Scott, April 15th, 1932.

A Russian lady had asked Scott to write some lines for her album; but he shook his head sadly, saying that his writing days were over. However, on the following day he sat down at his writing table, and wrote for a few minutes, presently handing the verse to his daughter, remarking, “Here, Anne, are some verses for your Russian friend.” His daughter protested, “Why did you trouble about that old bore? To which Scott replied as above (c. Times, August 18th, 1932.)

Scott was pre-eminently “good-natured” in the richest sense of the word. He was generously interested in “all sorts and conditions of men”; devoted to his children, his servants, his neighbours, his visitors, his dogs; eager to please & oblige them; patiently enduring their often inconvenient intrusions; and going out of his way to do them kindness. He enjoyed the popularity which his good natured evoked, and felt acutely any alienation of feeling. The brutal cry, “Burke, Sir Walter!” clouded his last hours.

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I think much about this Groups Movement. It belongs to a type of Christianity which has ever existed alongside the prevailing mode, &, when this has been more than commonly depraved and disordered, has taken a critical & even hostile attitude. It has no real use for the Church with its ministry, Sacraments, and formal disciplines, &, though it may tolerate these, it can readily dispense with them. Thus it is always tending towards Sectarianism.

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My letter on “The Universal Parishioner” appears on the front page of the Times, and reads amusingly, as, what I designed it to be, a satirical commentary on Kensit’s performances. Probably, the concluding reference to Disestablishment, though to my mind, quite unavoidable if the true significance of the S^t Hilary’s episode is to be appreciated, will have the effect of waking the panic dread of Disendowment which seems to paralyze both mind and conscience in those whom it affects. To hustle the episode out of the way, and to forget it, appear to our fanatical Churchmen the Alpha and Omega of ecclesiastical statesmanship. “Give peace in our time, O Lord” is the sum of episcopal petition at present!

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We drove to Ravenscar, and spent more than an hour in descending the cliff, contemplating the fine prospect of the Bay, and returning to the car. Then, by a considerable detour which

carried us nearly as far as Scarborough, we motored to Robin Hood's Bay, and had tea at the Manor House. The Vicars of Ruswarp & Robin Hood's Bay with their wives were there, the former said that he was a relation of Caröe. He said that the parish church was a fine modern building designed by Street.

In what sense is the law which Kensit seeks to enforce justly described as obsolete? *It is part of an obsolete system, namely, the ecclesiastical system of the 16th and 17th centuries which identified Church and Nation, tolerated no Dissent from the established system, assured the possibility and rightfulness of enforcing religious uniformity, and regarded 'Papacy' as criminal. The mentality of the generation which witnessed the fashioning of the Establishment was quite different from that of our own time.*

Religious toleration, democracy, popular education, freedom of movement, science – all these did not exist then, and dominate us now.

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[123]

Tuesday, August 23rd, 1932.

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He understood what history meant: this was his chief intellectual merit. As a thinker not feeble – rather strong and healthy, yet limited, almost mean and Kleinstädtisch. I never spoke with Scott . . . have a hundred times seen him from of old, writing in the Courts, or hobbling with slow speed along the streets of Edinburgh, **a large man: pale, shaggy face, fine, deep-browed, grey eyes; an expression of strong, homely intelligence, of humour & good humour, and perhaps (in later years) among the wrinkles, of sadness and weariness.** A solid, well-built, effectual mind; the master of which after all this delirious exaggeration is done, & the reaction thereof is also done, will not be forgotten. **He has played his part, and left none like or second to him.**

Carlyle on Scott.

Profession Grierson's address to the Edinburgh Sir Walter Scott Club, Dec. 3rd 1929, includes an acute & informing discussion of Carlyle's attitude towards Scott. It was not consistent, and never either just or generous; but it was not altogether unfair.

[124]

[symbol]

Rather to my surprise Frank Pember writes to say that he has read my paper on 'Education for Leisure' in the Bishoprick 'with entire agreement'. It says what he has himself been saying for some while past & is naturally pleased to find his opinions thus confirmed. "I found, as I read it, that in it you urge point by point, tho' in far more eloquent & impressive language than I have ever had at command a number of things which I have said on two or three occasions'.

We had an extremely interesting afternoon. First, we revisited Pickering, & looked again at the frescoes. The light was more favourable, and we were able to interpret ^them^ with the assistance of some excellent photographs in the Church. We observed with more interest than approval the prominence of memorials commemorating the alliance of England & America in the late war. From Pickering we went on to Lastingham, where a fascinating early Norman Church is sat in the midst of a beautiful village. The crypt which dates from 1080 is a second church & has many Anglo-Saxon stones. Then we ^went^ on to [blank space] and had tea very comfortably in a quaint 17th century inn, the Black Swan. After [125] [symbol] this we motored to Kirkdale, & found there a wonderful little church. Over the door in the porch is placed a stone slab "which possibly once served as a coffin lid, and then on the reverse side, as a sundial". This stone bears the following inscription:

"Orm Gamal's son bought S. Gregory's Minster when it was all broken down and fallen, and he let it be made anew from the ground to Christ and S. Gregory in Edward's days the King in Tosti's day the Eorl".

The central panel has on the dial –

“This is day’s Sun marker at every time.”

And at the foot –

“And Haworth me wrought to Brand priests”.

In the church are two grave-stones of extraordinary interest, the one of Ethelwald, who King of Devia in 642; the other of Bishop Cedd, who died in 664. The west end is adorned with a fine Saxon or early Norman arch, which is strangely reminiscent of the chancel arch of Escomb. Some carved crosses of a very early date have been built into the walls of the Church.

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[126]

Wednesday, August 24th, 1932.

[symbol]

Gerald Linnell has written to me at length of his experience at the Darlington House Party. He does not seem to have been greatly impressed, though he does not condemn it. There were about 150 people present.

“The psychological effect [of the first informal meeting, and the Bible Study] was by most very apparent, I mean the continued repetition of much the same thing & throughout I think it exercised a great force, which in its way was all for the good. In the mixed meetings there had, of course, been no mention of failings which c^d not properly be named in a mixed community, but there had been an insistence on a previous utterly mistaken view of life, of powerless Christianity when a religious profession had been made &c &c. The cure was whole-hearted consecration to God, and a transparent life before man, though it involved the admission of much weakness which pride w^d seek to hide.”

The men’s meeting was more explicit, and one confession had the effect of evoking others.

Personally I did not go to the place expecting to be converted over again, nor was I. But I [127] [symbol] must admit that I only found them working very much along the lines on what I have been going for some time. They have not chosen the Biblical words Holiness, Righteousness, Truth, Justice etc to express their ideals, but the four words Honesty, Purity, Unselfishness and Love. These, for them, sum up the meaning of consecration, & consecration means the salvation of the world.

(I remind myself that Gerald was brought up in the strictest sect of Evangelicalism, & that, though not unintelligent & really anxious to learn, he has had a very inadequate education, & little experience of life.)

There were a few, though not many, who were rather asinine, but on the whole they seemed to me to be out for the right thing, & in fairly much the right way.

He thought that many had been spiritually helped

“When, after two days, I came home, I felt I had not learned very much. I can’t help thinking that there is next to nothing in their whole method which is not [128] [symbol] exactly what we want in many churches.

He seems to contemplate the evolution of a new sect.

“The enthusiasm of the Groups is so great that they either have to have new ‘skins’ or they will burst out. I think no one, whatever he may think of them can deny that, and while I was there, I met one person who had that day joined a Baptist

community because its pastor was eager, as others were not, to claim something of the fullness of the Blessings of Christ.

These people of the Groups are nearer to the ideal of Micah 6, in its Godward, social & personal application than most one can meet; disciplined by sound church teaching (and I did not see anything incompatible between membership of both, especially as the Groups are not a sect) I think they will be able to do more for the advance of genuine religion, where that is lacking, than anything else. I have no reason to have anything more to do with them myself, & I will follow whatever policy with regard to them that you may recommend in the future."

[129]

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Philip Baker Wilbraham* writes to me about the S^t Hilary case, having read my letter in the Times.

"Your description of the Universal Parishioner is an inspiration, & it will stick'.

But, as the chancellor whose ruling the incumbent has ignored, he feels strongly the said incumbent has acted very badly indeed.

"The natural indignation which we feel against the Protestant fanatic has altogether obscured the enormities of Father Walks, & he (like the Rector of Stiffkey in another connection) is becoming a popular hero."

He is not less perturbed by the behaviour of the Bishop who has encouraged the incumbent in his disobedience.

"If one cannot count upon some support from one's bishop in performing this sometimes very unpleasant duty, the position is really intolerable. With almost any other Bishop of Truro these things need not have happened."

I wrote to him at some length, counselling him to tender his resignation of the Chancellorship to the Bishop. It might open his eyes, and could not but educate public opinion.

[130]

After lunch, the weather being brilliant, we motored to Runswick, an extremely pretty little watering place, set on a lovely bay. There we spent an hour, & had tea very comfortably in a garden overlooking the beach. Then we went on to Staithes, where we enjoyed a noble prospect of sea & headland, and then returned to Ruswarp, stopping on the way to visit the church of Lythe which has been practically rebuilt by the Marquis of Normandy, & contains many monuments of his family.

We attended Evensong in S. Bartholomew's Church which was keeping its Patronal Festival. The congregation was very meagre, about 30 persons, but the harvest is in progress, & the evening even too fine for churchgoing! The preacher was Canon Sykes. His sermon, delivered extemporaneously, was rather well-ordered and well-expressed. It dealt with the subject of praise, & maundered badly about the angels! After service the preacher dined with us. He is a large, kindly man, with real power as a preacher where he takes pains, & strong Anglo-Catholick proclivities which he takes little pains to conceal. He returned to Whitby by the omnibus.

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[131]

Thursday, August 25th, 1932.

[symbol]

The Bishop of Oxford writes:

Dear Bishop,

I was immensely delighted to read your letter in the Times yesterday. The reply from one A. J. Wilson today is of no use. These people cannot see that they are forcing disestablishment – which they probably hate – upon the Church.

I had a letter from my sister this morning, in which she says 'Words fail me to say how much I enjoyed Bishop Henson's letter'. So you have given some real pleasure by writing. I hope you are having a pleasant time.

Yours affectionately,
Thomas Oxon.

I always value approval from Strong,* for whom I have ever had a great regard.

Dick writes cheerfully. He is evidently working steadily, & thinking for himself. "Russia of all countries interests me the most, as indeed it ought, for it lost me my father". He will have to be well-rooted in his personal religion if he is to hold to his present purpose of being ordained in the teeth of the mental & spiritual strain of the next four years.

[132]

After lunch we motored where we parted, I going again to the hair-dresser, Ella & Fearn going to Sandsend to return a call. We rejoined at the Hotel Metropole where we had tea, after which they returned to Ruswarp by the omnibus, & I walked there.

Ella and I dined with Sir Edward & Lady Brooksbank. The Bishop of Whitby & M^{rs} Woolcombe and a tall young lady, Miss Yoke, who had turned up unexpectedly from the York races, together with ourselves & our hosts made up a pleasant party. I cannot say that our conversation, though at the time agreeable enough, deposited anything in my memory deserving of record.

Shall I answer Sir A. J. Wilson, or not? His letter is, of course, extremely vulnerable in itself, but is it not so vulnerable as to make it superfluous for me to indicate the fact & extent of its vulnerability? He would ignore the Church altogether, & offer in its place a version of the Elizabethan Establishment, humanized, indeed, for the milder manners of our day do not (pace M^r Kensit) permit of the brutalities of "Reformation Times" but also de-Christianized and unsupported by the State's strong hand.

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[133]

Friday, August 26th, 1932.

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I began the day by an act of folly viz. writing and posting another letter to the Times. Probably it had been wiser to leave Sir A. J. Wilson's letter unnoticed: but the only real value of writing to the newspapers is the opportunity it provides for forming and directing public opinion, and as, largely against my own will, I have been forced into the position of advocating disestablishment. I could hardly be right in neglecting to seize the present occasion.

We motored to Guisborough, and had tea with the Family at the Hall. On the way we visited the tiny church of Uplyde, reputed to be the smallest church in the country. It is a 17th century building, but has some carved corbels from the earlier Norman church, and some tomb-covers of the early medieval period. Before we were given tea, Lady Gisborough, a loquacious old lady obsessed by family pedigrees & nearly blind, and her daughter, the hon. Bruce Challoner[sic], a blue-stocking, showed us the ruins of the Augustinian Priory and the parish church of St Nicholas. The latter contains an elaborately carved monument of the Bruce family, many members of which are buried in the Priory. At tea we were joined by Lrd Gisborough.

[134]

[symbol]

I was interested to see this eccentric nobleman, who has made himself notorious by his ardent advocacy of Anglo-Israelitism & his ferocious Protestantism. He has rather a Jewish appearance being dark in his complexion & having a hooked nose. His manner is abrupt, and his speech brusque. He suggests an irritable and unreasonable person, who would be trying to live with. Happily he made no reference to Anglo-Israelitism, & though he emitted some fierce sentiments with respect to Papists and Germans, which I judged it prudent to ignore, he was amiable enough. He showed me some of his treasures, e.g. a beautifully written volume on vellum presented by the Bishop of Oxford to Henry, Prince of Wales, James Ist eldest son, who was the "rising hope" of the Puritans. It came to him by inheritance from Sir Thomas Chaloner, who was the Prince's Chamberlain: a charter of Philip & Mary granting their property to his forbears: a roll, said to be 800 years old, of the estates of Gisborough Priory: a die of the Imperial (Hapsburg) arms, & divers other "odds & ends" of antiquarian or curious interest. He said that "Gis" in his title stood for "Jesus", I suppose it = Ihs.

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[135]

Saturday, August 27th, 1932.

I wrote at some length to Gerald Linnell in reply to his communication about his experiences at the Darlington "House Party" of the "Groups" movement.

After lunch Fearne went to play tennis, & Ella and I motored to Newton, a hamlet about six miles beyond Pickering trying to find the Roman camps at Cawthorne. Leaving the car at Newton, as the road over the fields was said to be rough, we walked literally miles, & then returned to the car having failed to find the camps, & incidentally lost our afternoon tea. We returned to Ruswarp, arriving a few minutes before 7 p.m. On our way home we gathered some heather. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the moors, as seen with the heather in full bloom under a brilliant sun.

[George Kennedy] Wilkinson,* the Vicar of Whitton-Le-Wear, had the impudence to ask me to appoint him to S. John's, Hebburn, a living which he formerly held, & from which he went to the little parish which he now holds on the plea that he was tired out. The only reason which he advances is his desire for a larger income! How can such clergymen carry any weight with the people, or gain any spiritual influence over them. I replied curtly that I should appoint a younger man.

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[136]

14th Sunday after Trinity, August 28th, 1932.

[symbol]

Stretch your definition of the visible Church as far as charity can desire and reason tolerate, and still you will not be able to make it include the English electorate as identical with its membership. Whether, with all Catholic Christians, Eastern and Western alike, you give decisive importance to the Dominical Sacraments, & exclude from your definition all who are not baptised and communicant; or whether with all Protestants, you make the essence of membership consist in the belief & moral obedience of the individual, shutting out all who do not confess the Lordship of Jesus, & own themselves bound by His law, the same consequence follows, viz: that qualification for the parliamentary franchise does not itself imply membership of the visible Church. The identification of the Nation with the National church, which was distinctive of the Elizabethan Settlement, was made religiously tolerable by the legal requirement that all of suitable age should be communicants, & no departure from orthodoxy, as officially defined, ~~was~~ be tolerated. With the franchise separated altogether from religious qualifications, the Elizabethan Settlement becomes impossible.

[137]

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There was no service in the Church at 8 a.m., as the Vicar was celebrating in his other church, and we did not care to be present at the Choral Celebration at 9.30 a.m. without communicating, or to communicate after breakfast, lest we should offend the consciences of the devout. So we again attended Morning Prayer in the old church of Whitby. We were placed in a commodious square pew, lined with green baize, from which we enjoyed an uninterrupted view of the three-decker from the rear, & had no sight of the altar. The preacher was a "deputation" from the Missions to Seamen, for which he preached. He was a small, dingy man, with a hooked nose, a mysterious manner, a perfervid speech, and a voice like a fog-horn. His utterance was too thick, and his intonation too defective for comfortable audience. He described the sailor's lot in terms of exaggeration which tended to weaken a strong case, and he ended with an outbreak of "sob-stuff", which offended at least one of his hearers. However, the congregation appeared to be impressed, and sang "Eternal Father, strong to save" after the sermon with much vigour and feeling.

[138]

I wrote to Dick. Bobbie & Eleanor Armstrong motored from York, and lunched with us. I sate with him in the garden, and talked for an hour.

After tea, I wrote to Arthur Rawle in response to a letter, in which he gave me much excellent advice about holiday-making. Such advice, however kindly meant, is rarely effective. For holiday-making is an art, which, like other arts, must be learned in youth if any measure of efficiency is to be gained. It was certainly one of the greater misfortunes of my life, that, in boyhood, I never learned to play games, with the result that one, and probably the best, instrument for holiday-making has been withdrawn. As a means of intercourse

with one's contemporaries, and especially with the young, a knowledge of games, and an interest in them., are invaluable.

We all went to Evensong in the parish church. There were not more than 40 persons present including the choir, though the Dedication on Patronal Festival is being celebrated. The parish is said to contain ~~only 400~~ 1100 people, & of these some are Papists and some Sectaries: but the Easter communicants number ~~210~~ 160, & just now the population is swollen by visitors.

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[139]

Monday, August 29th, 1932.

My letter appeared in the Times, separated from another letter, from the Vicar of S^t Hilary's, with which it might have seemed properly connected. The latter was given prominence on the front page, a position which its authorship warranted. It was clear, concise, categorical. The principal offender takes his stand on the "Erastian" character of the Establishment, which vitiates, in his view, the ecclesiastical Courts. He refers to the open collision between the Bishop of Truro and his Chancellor in the Cathedral case, & draws the obvious inference. This letter confirms my interpretation of the episode, & emphasizes the moral I would indicate.

In spite of falling rain, we motored to Hamborough Head, & were rewarded for our courage by such an improvement in the weather as enabled us to enjoy the very remarkable scenery there presented. The crumbling chalk cliffs are cast into fantastic shapes by the aggressive and victorious sea, which carves caverns, detaches fragments, & continually varies the coast-line. After tea in a rather vulgar establishment overlooking the little bay, we walked along the edge of the cliff to the Light-house, distant perhaps nearly two miles. The old lighthouse discarded when the present one was builded [sic], presents [140] an interesting appearance, suggesting an Irish round tower. Leng met us with the car at the lighthouse, and we proceeded to the parish church of Flamborough S. Oswald's, which we visited. Its principal feature is its Rood Loft, an imposing structure which has been restored. It almost conceals a fine Norman chancel arch, & indeed, looks too large for the church. We noticed also a fine Norman font, and a narrow "squint", which must once have been in the church's outer wall. We now started on our journey homewards, but turned aside at Filey to see the parish church, a large ancient, and most interesting building dedicated to [empty space]. Here in the southern wall of the nave was a "Boy-Bishop" in stone, & a window of interest, known as the "Fishermen's Window". A curious feature of the church was the arrangement by which the chancel was on a lower level than the nave. The height and narrowness of the nave, which had no central gangway, were noticeable. I was pleased with the well-kept appearance of the church-yard. We resumed our journey, & reached Ruswarp shortly before 8 p.m., having travelled 83 miles.

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[141]

Tuesday, August 30th, 1932.

There was a thunderstorm, and heavy rain during the night. I thought sadly of the crops spoiling in the fields. The Times publishes letters from Sir A. J. Wilson and Bezzant in reply to me, but neither of them says anything which requires notice from me. The post brought me some letters of protest and rudeness. One letter amused me. It ran thus:-

My Lord,

After reading your Lordship's letter on the Universal Parishioner in the Times newspaper a few days ago, may I have leave to express what I know that a vast number of the English Clergy must feel – namely, that if we had the power to elect a Universal Bishop with complete security, we should infallibly choose your Lordship, as being endowed with intellect to think clearly, & to express the truth as well fearlessly as gracefully. We do not take pride in our dungeon & fetters, as the conventional maintainers of mistakes still do: but we look forward to the time when you shall have persuaded those who are your Lordship's equals in authority but not equals in understanding.

I have the honour to be tc.

P. R. Barrington Brown.

[142]

The Vicar lunched here, and afterwards accompanied me to the Old Church of Whitby, where we attended a service arranged in connexion with the funeral of the old Marquis of Normandy, who was buried at Lyde. Canon Sykes officiated, and gave an address, which, of course was an eulogy of the deceased Peer. It was not offensive, which is much to say for that kind of speech. The service consisted of the Burial Service as in the Prayer book, save for different Psalms, & several hymns. There was a considerable congregation.

After tea, as the evening as fine, we motored to Hinderwell, and visited S. Hilda's Well, which is in the ill-kept churchyard, on the northern side of the mean little modern parish church. Then we went on to Staithe, & descended to the harbour. Many seagulls were perched on the boats or 'sate brooding over the charmèd wave'. I inquired of an old salt, who was lounging on the quay, whether the grey-plumaged birds were a different species from the white herring-gulls, & he told me they were this year's birds, & would not gain their adult plumage under two years. We returned in the level lights of the declining sun, which shewed the fair country to admiration.

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[143]

Wednesday, August 31st, 1932.

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What most I fear about Disestablishment is, not its consequences to the Church, which would, I think, be ultimately good, but the impetus it would probably give to revolutionary movements in the nation, which might wreck the State. This danger grows greater with delay. If Anglicans would meet the crisis with goodwill, as a medicine, bitter, indeed, but wholesome, they would rob it of its revolutionary aspect: but if, as will most probably be the case, they continue to resent and resist it, they will inevitably invest it with the most sinister & destructive character. Especially calamitous must be the result of stamping the policy of Disestablishment with the appearance of an attack on Religion, whereas candour & prudence agree in requiring Churchmen to separate it as far as possible from any anti-religious suggestion. It is here that the Nonconformists might, if they would, render service of the utmost value. If they could so far surmount their natural, but none the less disastrous, prejudices, and would join hands with all those within the Church who desire Disestablishment as the only method of gaining the indispensable boon of spiritual freedom, & would seek to facilitate the process by minimizing the inevitable accompaniment of Disestablishment, they might avert a [144] ruinous conflict, and transform the policy into a friendly process, conceived not in the interest of irreligion, but in that of the Church itself. The much exaggerated, and, as I believe, misunderstood ecclesiastical settlement in Scotland is undoubtedly misleading many English Churchmen. I think the Church of Scotland is not really free, for, if I read its new constitution correctly, it could not, even if it would, accept any other polity than the presbyterian; and it is not effectively established, for it has no organic connexion with the national government. But Scottish vanity imagines that the ancient problem of "Church & State" has at last found solution, and everybody north of the Tweed is glad to get a difficult issue removed from public debate in an orgy of mutual compliment. The only effect of 'the Scottish precedent' on English Churchmen is to strengthen their natural desire to avoid the shock and loss of Disestablishment, and, at the same time, to vindicate the Church's inherent right to genuine self-government. They allow themselves to imagine that Establishment & Autonomy can be combined, because they think mistakenly that they are so combined in the case of the Scottish Church.

[145]

There certainly are tides in the affairs of institutions, as of individuals, when all things seem to be carried to ruin. The Church of England is in that pass at present. Everything is going wrong. Enormous clerical scandals (e.g. Stiffkey & a horrible case in today's papers) make the very name & aspect of clergymen odious to decent folk, intractable undiscipline (e.g. S. Hilary's & the standing dish at Birmingham) kindling the obdurate Protestant sentiment which is latent in normal Englishmen, and sustained fatuity on the part of the Bishops, who take precisely such a time of irritation & alienation for floating some dubious appeal, or venting some silly opinion – there is the situation today.

We determined to renew our attempt to find the Roman Camps, and this time we succeeded. We motored to Pickering, & from thence went on to Colton and Cawthorpe. The

camps were so overgrown with bracken that they were not easily traced: but we managed to make out the lines of three of them, and incidentally were rewarded by one of the most magnificent prospects I have ever looked on. The hills, robed in purple heather, & girdling a fair & varied valley, and all illumined by a brilliant sun, baffled description.

[146]

We next motored to Kirbymoorside, and had tea very comfortably in "The Black Swan". It was market day, & therefore, there was much coming and going of farmers, but we were well looked after. Then, on Ella's suggestion, we determined to visit Rosedale Abbey, and proceeded thither by way of Lastringham. We re-visited that most fascinating Church of S. Cadd, and were provided with an electric torch, by the good lady, Archdeacon Lindsay's niece, who was staying in his rather fascinating cottage, which adjoins the churchyard. We continued our journey to Rosedale, about 6 miles distant. The road lay through Hutton le - Hole, a beautiful village traversed by a clear stream. At Rosedale there are scarcely any ruins of the Abbey, but it is very evident that they have provided materials for the building of the village. Above the door of the mean little modern church, an ancient stone is built into the wall. It carries the sad, but in that situation most suitable inscription, 'Omnia vanitas'. We then set our faces homeward, marvelling as we traversed the high ground between Pickering and Ruswarp at the sumptuous splendour of the heather.

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[147]

Thursday, ~~August~~ September 1st, 1932.

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An old exponent of applied mechanics may be forgiven if he expresses something of the disillusion with which, now standing aside, he watches the sweeping pageant of discovery and invention in which he used to take an unbounded delight. It is impossible not to ask, Whither does this tremendous procession lead? What, after all is its goal? What its probable influence upon the future of the human race?... Beyond question many of these gifts are benefits to man, making life fuller, wider, healthier, richer in comforts & interests, and in such happiness as material things can promote. But we are acutely aware that the engineer's gifts have been & may be grievously abused. In some there is potential tragedy as well as present burden. Man was ethically unprepared for so great a bounty. In the slow evolution of morals he is still unfit for the tremendous responsibility it entails. The command of nature has been put into his hands before he knows how to command himself.

Sir Alfred Ewing. Presidential Address to B.A. at York. August 31st, 1932.

[148]

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Was Sir Alfred Ewing referring to my Address to the London School of Economics when, at the close of his Presidential Address to the B.A. he referred to the ill effects of the 'machinery of mass production':-

Almost automatically the machine delivers a stream of articles in the creation of which the workman has had little part. He has lost the joy of craftsmanship, the old satisfaction in something accomplished through the conscientious exercise of care and skill. In many cases unemployment is thrust upon him, an unemployment that is more saddening than any drudgery...Where shall we look for remedy? I cannot tell. Some may envisage a distant Utopia in which there will be perfect adjustment of labour, a fair spreading of employment and of wages and of all the commodities that machines produce. Even so, the question will remain, How is man to spend the leisure he has won by handing over nearly all his burden to an untiring mechanical slave? Dare he hope for such [149] [symbol] spiritual betterment as will qualify him to use it well? God grant he may strive for that and attain it. It is only by seeking he will find. I cannot think that man is destined to atrophy & cease through cultivating what after all is one of his most Godlike faculties- the creative ingenuity of the engineer."

We had arranged (D.V. and W.P.) to meet M^{rs} Murray and the Armstrongs at Kirkham ~~Abbey~~ Priory for a picnic, and, though the weather was most unpropitious we kept our troth, and duly appeared at the Ruins, which even under a leaden sky & driving rain had a picturesque and interesting appearance. We hastily inspected the Priory, lunched in the car, and returned home, stopping to visit Old Moulton church, an impressive fragment of what must once have been a stately pile.

Kirkham Priory was a house of the Augustinian or Black Canons. There is very little left, but an unusually fine Gatehouse, a fragment of the east End of the Church, and a beautiful late 13th century lavatory. Peers has been at work with his usual success, and has provided a short sufficient "Official Guide".

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[150]

Friday, September 2nd, 1932.

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This clerical mansion was large & commodious, for the living was an excellent one, & the advowson belonged to a very wealthy family in the neighbourhood, who had usually bred up a son or nephew to the Church, for the sake of inducting him, as opportunity offered, into this very comfortable provision. In this manner the rectory of Willingham had always been considered as a direct and immediate appanage of Willingham Hall: and as the rich ~~landlords~~ baronets to whom the latter belonged had usually a son, or brother, or nephew, settled in the living, the utmost care had been taken to render their habitation not merely respectable and commodious, but even dignified and imposing.

(v. 'The Heart of Midlothian'. c. XXXii)

The introduction to 'The Heart of Midlothian' is dated 1818. This picture of the Rector of Willingham is a contemporary description of the pro-Tractarian incumbent of the best type – decorous, tolerant, benevolent, dignified, an inseparable part of the dominant landed aristocracy. Regarded from [151] [symbol] the standpoint of the Christian religion, & judged by the principles of humility, service, & sacrifice which are laid down in the Gospel, the implied conception of the ordained ministry is almost a precise contradiction of Christ's known intention.

Scott probably regarded this type & system with complete approval. It was non-dogmatic, destitute of any spark of enthusiasm, kindly, & well-bred, and withal entirely comfortable & complaisant. It may stand as the Anglican counterpart of W. Morton, the courteous & benevolent Presbyterian minister who befriended Waverley, when brought before the just but severe & suspicious, Major Melville.

From such a picture of clerical life to that with which the English Bishop is familiar today the distance is great. Willingham Hall is closed, for the family is bankrupt. The rector is not a member of the family for there was but one son, & he was killed in the War. The Rectory has been sold to a rich vulgarian from Birmingham, & the present rector, a penniless & ill-educated man inhabits a small, modern house which has designed[sic] by the diocesan architect. Most of the income has been alienated to adjacent parishes.

[152]

[symbol]

The "Times" published two letters on the Establishment question, the one by D^r Murray, the Warden of Selwyn College, Cambridge, the other, by a gentleman named Walker, and both seemed to require answer from me. So I "girded up the loins of my mind", and wrote yet another letter to the "Times", rather reluctantly, for I had hoped that an end of correspondence had been reached. Of course, as a means of educating public opinion, the longer the correspondence continues, the better, but the consumption of time & energy in this kind of composition is very wasteful.

I received from the Archbishop of Wales the following telegram:-

Will you preach the sermon at the Governing Body of the Church in Wales on Thursday morning 29th September at Llandrindod Wells. Your presence would be an honour to Wales. Earnestly hoping you can come.

A pre-paid reply-from was also sent: but I did not find it easy to decide on the nature of my reply: for if, on the one hand, I could not but be impressed by the coincidence of my advocacy of [153] [symbol] Disestablishment in the columns of the Times, and this opportunity of addressing the Disestablished church, yet, on the other hand, I could not but suppose that this coincidence itself had suggested the telegram, & then I must needs speculate on the reasons which caused the Archbishop to send it. I reflected that his Grace's decision must have been sudden, for he would hardly have left the choice of the Preacher unmade until within less than 4 weeks of the occasion, and calculated, for he would hardly have invited the Bishop of Durham in that way without an ulterior object, and that object might be one which I could not wholly approve. I remembered that the Welsh Archbishop was a close friend & ally of Lloyd-George: that that discredited & unscrupulous politician may see his advantage in raising, as a plank in his programme, the grave question of Disestablishment; that, if he did so, I might well find myself in an extremely difficult position, for I could hardly without loss of influence and ultimate discredit, become the associate of Lloyd-George. Accordingly I declined the invitation.

[154] [symbol] The weather being resolutely wet, we abandoned the idea of an expedition, and contented ourselves with going into Whitby, where we separated, my women folk visiting shops, and I going to the hairdresser & being shampooed. At 4 p.m. we met at the Hotel Metropole, and had tea. While we ^ ^[sic]there ~~Eric~~ ^Ted^ Dawson Walker came in. He had just arrived on a short visit.

I read two small books, lent me by Miss Bruce Chaloner, and written by a friend of hers, Gwen John, the one purported to be an honest history of Elizabeth, and the other was a play treating of the same subject, both sought to present the picture of the Virgin Queen as a deeply religious mystic devoted to England, tolerant and spiritual, almost too pure & single-minded for such a world as she succeeding in handling with remarkable success. Various devotional compositions attributed to Elizabeth are quoted at length as if they gave the key to her true character. I imagine that such things are of all testimonies the least trustworthy. I told Miss Chaloner that this bowdlerized, semi-beatified version of Elizabeth could not be accepted as really historical.

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[155]

Saturday, September 3rd, 1932.

After two days of rain we have a brilliant morning but distinctly colder. There is an autumnal feeling in the air.

A letter from Clark, the curate of Gateshead, brings me ill-tidings that his Rector, Canon [Henry] Stephenson,* has been knocked down in a Gloucestershire village, and is lying in the local hospital, suffering from "some concussion". This must raise the gravest fears for Stephenson is more than sixty years. He is as nearly indispensable as any man can be.

It is well that Gamble died before he learned the full measure of his daughter's failure. Anthea figures in the newspapers this morning as a self-confessed "drug addict" condemned in the police court for "supplying" cocaine to another victim of this lamentable but spreading fashion of drug-taking. The suspicion that this might be the case crossed my mind when I met her in her mother's house at Easter.

We motored to Hornsea & had tea. We visited the church, a plain perpendicular building. It contained a memorable [sic] tablet to Canon [Charles] Little,* who had been Vicar for 16 years, before coming to the diocese of Durham as Rector of Wyckham [sic].

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[156]

15th Sunday after Trinity, September 4th, 1932.

A bright autumnal morning with a monitory nip in the air. We went to church, and received the Blessed Sacrament. Collect, Epistle & Gospel were all congruous with my feelings, and without rebukeful of my worst faults. "Be not therefore anxious for the morrow, the morrow shall be anxious for the things of itself; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." The whole credit of Christ is staked on the trust of the Heavenly Father's individualizing concern for the children.

Stephenson in the hospital: I, his Bishop writing in this desk are alike in the circumstance that His Hand is upon us, & His Purpose is directing our lives. It is our duty and our wisdom to realize the strength and the solemnity of this trust. "Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom" – that on the one hand. "Ye cannot serve God and Mammon" – that on the other. The collect just expresses our need: "Keep, we beseech thee, O Lord, the Church with thy perpetual mercy; and, because the frailty of man, without thee cannot but fail, keep us ever by thy help from all things hurtful, and lead us to all things profitable to our salvation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen." And so, to the world again & our problems!

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We attended the morning service in the old church of Whitby. Canon Sykes read the prayers & preached the sermon. His text was S. John xvi. 23. "Verily, verily I say unto you, if you shall ask anything of the Father, He will give it you in My name". He preached from notes, and allowed himself to use many slang expressions which, in my judgment, disfigured a discourse, which had many excellences. He has a pleasant voice, a good presence, great facility of speech, a rather perilous sense of humour, and unusual agility, if little depth, of mind. If he would take the necessary pains, he might well become an unusually important preacher; but he is probably too old to learn, even if he wanted to do so, and, if so, he is settled in manner of preaching which can only deteriorate, & the more quickly since it will almost certainly please the public.

Ted Dawson-Walker, who also was in the church, joined us after service. We first visited the ruins of the Abbey, and then returned to Ruswarp, taking him with us to lunch. After this, he walked back to Whitby with letters to post there, since there is no Sunday post in Ruswarp. Leng took the maids in the car to see the heather.

[158]

Ella and I walked on the hill behind the house. The view was pleasant, though cold, and the aspect of the country most attractive. The view of Whitby which descends to the sea, & crowned by the venerable ruins of the monastery is arresting.

We attended Evensong. There was a very sparse congregation though the choir had grown to five men and five boys and three girls. Some of those present were certainly visitors, & all

including the children and the vicar did not exceed 40 persons. Even if the other church in the parish were as well attended, there were no more than 80 persons out of a population of 1100, which had in addition a number of visitors. But there were the earlier services, at which we may affirm that the congregation was composed of different persons. This would make the total attendance amount to 160, about one in ten of the population. It is depressing. The Vicar preached, if a disconnected, ill-expressed and ill-delivered harangue can fitly be called 'preaching'. Has he no competence for anything better? Or, has he lost heart, and ceased to exert such abilities as God has given him?

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[159]

Monday, September 5th, 1932.

Personal changes multiply at Durham. Culley writes to say that Lord Boyne has offered him the living of Burwarton in Shropshire. Ought he to take it? As he is now past sixty years old, & has never held a cure of souls, he ought not to delay longer before putting his hand to the plough. From the point of view of the Cathedral also I think it is high time that he moved. His work in the Precentorship has been done, & the musical efficiency of the Cathedral has latterly declined. The combination in the same person of the office of Precentor and Organist may have been convenient & economical, but it is not probably sound, & it may be hoped, will not be renewed after Culley's retirement.

*We motored to Ravenscar, and visited the **Silver Fox Farm**. There were 40 of these beautiful (and strong-smelling) creatures in their prime, and by what might seem a refinement of cruelty, a hen race seemed to be arranged around the cages. Neither the fowls nor the foxes seemed to be at all embarrassed. We walked round the cliffs, and had tea in the Raven Hall Hotel. This is nobly placed, & possessed unusually fine gardens.*

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The Vicar came to say Goodbye, and stayed talking for nearly an hour. He said that he had known Hugh Walpole well in his earlier days before he took to writing fiction, and that A. J. Benson did his best to dissuade him from embarking on a literary career. Few things are most difficult to discern than genius, few things more regrettable than to have discouraged it. I have always sympathized with Lord Chesterfield in the famous case of D^r Johnson, and with Horace Walpole in that of Chatterton. Probably, I should have acted precisely as they did. Moreover, there is now so vast an amount of mediocre literary capacity that one may well be pardoned for discouraging any increase of the exorbitant output of essentially worthless books.

We have come to the end of our holiday. I have done nothing that I intended to do, and I have written three letters to the 'Times', which certainly I had not intended to do. We have seen much fine country, and visited some very interesting churches. Whether I have increased my efficiency is not so certain: I have certainly wasted much time.

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[161]

Tuesday, September 6th, 1932.

[symbol]

A wet comfortless morning. We packed our belongings, & packing as much as possible of them into the car, motored to Auckland, which we reached shortly after 1 p.m. There was a big accumulation of letters awaiting my arrival, and I spent the whole afternoon in dealing with it.

Lord Gainford* wrote to ask me to attend a luncheon at the Morrill Arms, Rokeby, on the 16th September, & to propose the toast of "The immortal memory of Sir Walter Scott", and I rashly consented to do so. Mess^{rs} Pigg & Son, the Auctioneers, who "hang out" in the market-place sent me a cheque for £75:9:10 "being the balance of all the rents collected up to June 30th this year from the cottage on Dial Stob Hill, Bishop Auckland". This is a curious windfall. It appears that the late M^r Pigg had collected the rent regularly which was due to the Bishop, and never accounted for it to the Bishop himself. On his death this procedure was disclosed, and the belated account has been rectified.

M^r & M^{rs} Schreiber, a young couple, whom Ella knows, arrived to spend the night. They are motoring to Scotland.

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[symbol]

The publishers send me, in order that I may send them some serviceable "puff", a fat volume of 916 closely printed pages, "An outline for boys & Girls and their Parents". It is in 3 parts. (1) Science. (2) Civilization. (3) Values. The whole is edited by an unpleasant but omniscient looking female called Naomi Mitchison.* I looked up the references to Religion, Christianity, etc., and I could find barely anything at all. Christ is not so much as mentioned even where it might have seemed impossible to avoid His Name. Socratis [sic] and Buddha are named as those who helped to clear men's minds of error, but He is ignored. Less than half a page is given to Morality, and then only to refer its explanation to psychology. The whole section headed "Problems and Solutions" reads unpleasantly. It is written by one called "Olaf Stapledon", who looks an unpleasant person. He has plainly a strong bias in favour of Bolshevism, & refers with marked politeness to everything Russian. He is a pacifist, and an atheist: his vision of the future includes no satisfaction for the highest faculties of human nature, & he would gain his millennium by methods which could not but degrade human nature.

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[163]

Wednesday, September 7th, 1932.

[symbol]

M^r & M^{rs} Schreiber left the Castle about 10 a.m.

Richards, the curate-in-charge of Bellasis, lunched here. He had asked for an interview, and had a tale of grievances to outpour. The truth is that the work has become infinitely distressing by reason of the continuing unemployment & migration of the people from the parish, & he has lost heart. I told him to prepare a careful memorandum setting out all the facts, and to send it to me. Then, after consideration, I would tell him the conclusion to which I came.

D^r McCulloch and [sic] walked round the Park together and had much & varied talk. The weather was fine: the air fresh & everything beautiful.

The Rev^d A. Dunn, Vicar of S. Oswald's, Durham, came to see me respecting the date at which I could open his new Infant School.

M^{rs} Kürsteiner, Ella's Swiss friend arrived on a visit. The more I read of Naomi Mitchison's "Outline", the more offended I am. Its treatment of marriage is hateful, and it affects to think that some substitute for marriage is probable, and, since marriage implies the subordination of women, desirable. Its anti-religious, & especially anti-Christian, bias is everywhere apparent.

[164]

I think those hymns which do not immediately recall the warm and exalted language of the Bible are apt to be, however elegant, rather cold and flat for the purposes of devotion. You will readily believe that I do not approve of the vague and indiscriminate Scripture language which the fanatics of old, and the modern Methodists, have adapted, but merely that solemnity and peculiarity of diction, which at once puts the reader & hearer upon his guard as to the purpose of the poetry. To my Gothic ear, indeed, the Stabat Mater, the Dies Irae, & some of the other hymns of the Catholic Church, are more solemn and affecting than the fine classical poetry of Buchanan; the one has the gloomy dignity of a Gothic Church, & reminds us instantly of the worship to which it is dedicated: the other is more like a Pagan temple, recalling to our memory the classical and fabulous deities.

Scott to Crabbe (v. Lockhart's Life, vol ii, p. 240).

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[165]

Thursday, September 8th, 1932.

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The day was woefully wet, but notwithstanding we motored to Highford, Mitford, near Morpeth, and lunched with Prof. Grey Turner & his family. The design was to show us the garden, but we had to be content with a hasty view from the bedroom windows, for the rain fell pitilessly. The Bishop of Newcastle was also a guest. He looked well, as, indeed, he might well do since he had just returned from a month's fishing in Scotland. He can talk of little else than sport gossip – an amiable man, & doubtless good, but as conventional as a Dutch saucepan!" I told Grey Turner of my rash undertaking to lecture on "Ethical conditions of scientific method", and he not only expressed himself as interested, but volunteered to assist me with some illustrations. We had carried my type-writer into Newcastle, & left it with Remington's Agent for some slight repair. When on our return journey, we retrieved the repaired type-writer, I rashly bought another, with larger type for £26:2:0. Then we had tea in the Station Hotel, and returned to Auckland. The weather had somewhat improved, and our journey homewards was relieved by excellent views of Lumley Castle and Durham Cathedral.

[166]

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It is only a matter of time before bio-chemists discover what the chemical changes are that happen in people's bodies and make them grow old. When this is discovered people might be made to live for ever.....It is also only a matter of time before bio-chemists discover enough about the chemical conditions under which babies grow inside their mothers' bodies before they are born, to make it possible to bring them up artificially from the egg stage in a laboratory, rather like chicks can be hatched from eggs in an incubator. When this can be done, mothers will no longer have to put up with all the trouble & danger of bearing children.

v. An Outline for Boys & Girls & their Parents. p. 300. Article "Chemistry" by John Pitley.

This is strange provender for children. On the whole I prefer the Church Catechism, which could not be more unintelligible, & is certainly far more wholesome. The more I examine Naomi Mitchison's volume, the more I dislike it.

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[167]

Friday, September 9th, 1932.

[symbol]

A most beautiful morning after yesterday's rain.

I received a letter from Dick. "Home life becomes increasingly perplexing and unsettled". I suppose it must needs be so. It is one illustration of the truth that "a man's foes are they of his own household". The long vacation presents a formidable problem to a man who desires to read, & perforce must go on holiday in a small house. I think next year, if the question must again be faced, I shall urge him to take a holiday-tutorship.

Leslie Morrison came to borrow books. He has been "hiking" in the Lake district, & gives a pleasing account of the hostels which have been provided for the service of "hikers" by an association over which that most excellent fellow, George Trevelyan, * presides. He says that the variety of social class is astonishing. Undergraduates & professional men are found alongside unemployed miners. The spirit of comradeship was astonishing. A miner cleaned the boots & otherwise helped a sickly artist – an act of benevolence which seems to have impressed Leslie greatly. Out of the 10 men in their dormitory, three said their prayers. Surely all this is to the good.

Mary Mackintosh & her son John, an Etonian of 16, came to stay the night.

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Mr Olmstead has a story of some deputation to the Indians, at which the American orator harangued the barbarian audience about the "great spirit", and "the land of their fathers", in the style of Mr Cooper's novels; during a moment's pause in the great stream, an old Indian asked the deputation, "Why does your chief speak thus to us? We did not wish great instruction or fine words: we desire brandy & tobacco."

v. Walter Bagehot. Literary Studies ii, 148.

Rokeby

"If subject & scenery could have influenced the fate of a poem, that of "Rokeby" should have been eminently distinguished; for the grounds belonged to a dear friend, with whom I had lived in habits of intimacy for many years, and the place itself united the romantic beauties of the wilds of Scotland with the rich & smiling aspect of the southern portion of the island. But the Cavaliers & Roundheads, whom I attempted to summon up to tenant this beautiful region, had for the public neither the novelty nor the peculiar interest of the primitive Highlanders".

Scott's Preface to Rokeby. April 1830.

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[169]

Saturday, September 10th, 1932.

[symbol]

I hardened my heart & wrote to M^r Gollancz the publisher of "An Outline for Boys & Girls & their Parents", telling him with brutal frankness that in my opinion the book was poisonous, & that, if I did make any public reference to it, that reference would be hostile.

Later, I finished reading Newsom's* book "The New Morality", and wrote to the publishers, "Ivor Nicholson & Watson Ltd", a most flattering letter, which, if he will, he may publish as a "puff". I made an end of the Scott Address for Melrose. It doesn't please me, but it must serve. In the afternoon, I walked round the Park. There was a pleasant coldness in the air, and a bright sun.

That disgusting Rector of Stiffkey is becoming a public nuisance. In order to raise money for his "defence" he has been exhibiting himself in a barrel at Blackpool, attracting such crowds that the police have intervened. He seems to be popular with women, who press forward to shake his hand. Their husbands show a disposition to cast him into the sea, with his barrel!

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[170]

16th Sunday after Trinity, September 11th, 1932.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. we numbered 10 communicants, including William, whose departure cannot now be long delayed. "Here we have no continuing city". Our contacts, even our friendships, can be but transient: for Time marches and we are as exhausted soldiers who fall out of the ranks in its advance. He is now 18, and ought to go to some situation, where he can "better himself". But in these evil days employment is not easy to find. Every avenue to work is besieged by crowds of applicants.

After lunch I walked round the Park, reflecting on the Dublin sermon. I chose the text 1. Corinthians i.25 "The weakness of God is stronger than men". I shall compare the world in 432 and in 1932, & suggest that a far-seeing observer at the earlier date would never have anticipated such an outcome of the prevailing confusion as Christendom, nor have imagined that from such a trivial episode as Patrick's arrival in Ireland there would grow Irish Christianity with its expansion to Iona, and Lindisfarne, the Christianising of England, & the missions of Columbanus & his compeers on the continent. The moral must be Lightfoot's - "History is a cordial for [171] [symbol] drooping spirits". We need not be too much depressed by the ill promise of these evil days.

Lord Bledisloe, the Governor-General of New Zealand, sends me the following statement:-

"Over one third of the first-born children of New Zealand parents are, according to Government statistics, conceived out of wedlock, & the proportion is steadily increasing. This fact is deemed to be largely due to the sex emphasis of the cinema films".

I wrote a number of letters, including one to Newsom, and one to Bezzant, the first expressed my approval of his book, the last replied to criticisms of my present advocacy of Disestablishment. Also, I wrote to Grey Turner asking him to give me any advice which might seem suitable as to my treatment of the subject for that luckless lecture, "Ethical conditions of scientific method". I am growingly suspicious of my ability to achieve what in a moment of extreme rashness I voluntarily undertook. How greatly I lament the defects of my education, and especially my ignorance of any science! Now, when I have the ear of the people, I have nothing to say to them.

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[172]

Monday, September 12th, 1932.

A glorious morning, calm, mild, brilliant.

I walked in the Park, & there picked up a young man named Kenneth Simpson, who told me that he taught music in a "Prep" school in Sussex. His aspiration (poor youth!) was to become the organist in a London church. He said that B. B. C. had injured the local musical societies by reducing the number of their supporters. Many people had substituted their payment for wireless for their subscription to the local musical club. I think also that there is no longer any disposition to join such clubs, or to organise local performances. All this is a heavy counter-weight to the advantages which wireless brings.

Later, who should come to see me but another Kenneth - Kenneth Hodgson! He would have my advice as to his course. Should he, or should he not, accept the opportunity of going to Hatfield College, and preparing for service as an elementary teacher? I refused to advise him, but told him that, if he thought that entirely compatible employment was to be gained for the asking, he woefully deceived himself. Every avenue to work was choked with the unemployed.

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Scott's sympathetic reproduction of the national characteristics was of course combined with the power, which distinguished his novels from all previous works, of giving life to history & to the picturesque & vanishing forms of society. His 'feudalism' & toryism were other aspects of his intense interest in the old order broken down by the revolution. He was also pouring out the stores of anecdote & legend & the vivid impressions of the scenery which he had been imbibing in his early childhood while rambling through the country in close & friendly intercourse with all classes. Scott's personal charm, his combination of masculine sense with wide & generous sympathy, enabled him to attract an unprecedently numerous circle of readers to these almost impromptu utterances of a teeming imagination.

Sir Leslie Stephen on 'Scott' in D. N. B.

It is a curious speculation whether, if he had not been club-footed, Scott would have become an author, and whether if he had not been in like fashion afflicted Byron would ever have been a misanthrope. But one's own career may suffice to suggest similar speculations. So much turns upon so little in human life.

<!130932>

[174]

Tuesday, September 13th, 1932.

I finished notes for the Rokeby speech. Bayley lunched here. I talked over the case of Morley Wells, and he agreed that some amicable settlement was probably advisable.

Bridget Tallents* and her daughter Miranda arrived: and so did M^{rs} Darwin.

I took Bridget for a walk around the Park. She told me that Naomi Michison & Julian Huxley were friends of hers, but both of disreputable manner of living. The revolt against Christian morality would appear to have developed more rapidly and more grossly than I had supposed. These Huxleys are rather intolerable people, combining as they do the pontifical omniscience of professors and the swinish morals of the brothel.

I had a brief acknowledgment of my letter from M^r Victor Gollancz

My Lord,

Many thanks for your letter. Of course I entirely understand your point of view.

Yours faithfully

V. Gollancz.

[175]

[symbol]

That woeful Welshman, the Rev^d Beynon James, came to see me. He appears to have been rather badly handled by his Vicar, who evidently "took against" him, & then left him to himself. I told him that he might sit for the Advent Ordination, but that he would not be ordained then unless (a) he had passed his examination well, and (b) had a good report from his Vicar. I also required him to report progress to the Rural Dean monthly. Then I wrote to his Vicar, urging him to order the man's work more reasonably, & to show some human interest in him. One of our most intractable problems is how to secure titles for the newly Ordained from parishes where they will be given some necessary training.

D^r: McCullagh came to dinner. After we had gone to the State Room, Bridget sang wonderfully. She has an amazing voice, & admirably trained. She sings much in churches. I was interested to hear her declaim against B.B.C., which has destroyed the living of many musicians, & given the coup de grace to excellent local musical societies. M^{rs} Darwin played admirably: & so we went to bed.

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[176]

Wednesday, September 14th, 1932.

|| Nowhere more conspicuously than in Ireland have secular institutions determined the manner in which the Christian religion spread & increased.

The introduction of that religion effected no social revolution: it introduced new ideas, & a new profession, but society steadily remained in the primitive stage of tribal organisation for more than a thousand years after the island had become part of Christendom.

Bury.* Life of S^t. Patrick. p. 67.

Gordon and his wife came to lunch. They seem to be looking forward cheerfully to their life in Durham. Rawlinson has an excellent letter in the Times rebuking with gentle severity Major's* strange lack of charity.

After chapel we stood in the porch, and watched the obscuring of the moon in total eclipse. There is something uncanny, even sinister, about these celestial aberrations. Who can wonder that barbarous peoples, ignorant of astronomy, regard them as indications of approaching disaster? The weather today was most unseasonably warm.

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[177]

Thursday, September 15th, 1932.

[symbol]

The Commissioners inform me that the remainder of the Binchester trees are fit for felling, that they are actually negotiating with a firm which desires to fell them, & that they would like to have my observations on the matter! Will some layman present make an appropriate remark? I could but reply that I should greatly lament the disappearance of the trees, that it would deface a noble prospect, indeed the noblest which the Castle windows command, that the conflict between the business point of view & the aesthetic were probably incapable of being harmonized, & that since they had the power they must make their choice. I suppose the Commissioners are in duty bound to make the most financially out of the ecclesiastical properties they control. Private owners are everywhere defacing the country by felling the marketable timber on their estates. Can you ask more of Trustees than they should exhibit a proprietor's concern in their action? So I suppose I must acquiesce in this abominable ruination of the country: but my soul loathes both the outrage itself, & the humiliation. In legal fiction these properties belong to the Bishop of Durham: in cold fact, he has no more capacity for influencing their treatment than the meanest pitman who steals coal from Auckland Park!

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If we take the essence of his (sc. D^r Ardill's) thesis to be that the 'Confession' and the 'Letter to Coroticus' must be documents much earlier than the fifth century, & therefore place the mission of Patrick about A.D. 250, then I do think we get something very much more probable than what is now generally believed.

[F.C. Burkitt* in Journal of Th: Studies July. 1932. Reviewing 'St. Patrick – A.D. 180', by the Rev. J. R. Ardill LL.D.]

Burkitt is a brilliant but paradoxical scholar, &, perhaps, his patronage of a historical or critical theory tends to make it the more suspicious & suspected.

I walked round the Park, which was more than usually occupied by unemployed men and lads. The great heat made the grassy slopes & umbrageous trees very acceptable. I talked with some of the men. They are pathetically dejected, & so weary of an idleness which promises to be permanent.

Bridget and Miranda left after breakfast. They returned to Kent.

[179]

We gave a dinner party. The company consisted of

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|------------------------------------|
| 1. Colonel M ^c Cullagh | 2. M ^{rs} Darwin |
| 3. Colonel Marsh | 4. M ^{rs} Marsh |
| 5. M ^r Hustler Hustler | 6. M ^{rs} Hustler Hustler |
| 7. Colonel Headlam | 8. M ^{rs} Lubbock |

9. Rev. J. Simpkinson
11. Bishop of Durham

10. Miss Brookes
12. M^{rs} Hensley Henson

Colonel [John] Headlam* attacked the League of Nations with acrimonious vigour, & I conceived myself in honour bound to champion the poor thing. As he is a member of a Government which professes to believe in the League, I was not a little surprized by his attitude. But the normal angularity of his behaviour was tonight more than commonly apparent. M^r Hustler Hustler said that his father has affirmed that I had been his tutor at Oriel. The element of truth in this statement appears to be the fact, which I cannot myself vouch, though I certainly cannot deny its truth, that he attended my history lectures at Oriel. Simpkinson said that the unemployment in his parish was worse than ever. He had known the county for more than 40 years, & could not recall any parallel to the present distress.

<!160932>

[180]

Friday, September 16th, 1932.

Another brilliant, and very hot day. Harvesting proceeded everywhere. I motored to Barnard Castle, and attended the "opening" of the little exhibition of Scott's relics etc in the Bowes Museum. It was a quaint function enough. After we had inspected the exhibits, we proceeded to the Morritt Arms Hotel at Rokeby. There Lord Gainford, as Chairman of the Bowes Trustees, presided over a small company at luncheon. We had an abundance of well-chosen & well-cooked victuals, perhaps too much for oratory! I said between the Gainfords [and she prattled endlessly after her manner.] She said that Asquith drank nothing until his dinner, & then had a good thirst which he slaked by any liquid which was available. He drank soda-water as willingly as champagne, but, whatever the liquid, he drank largely. My speech in proposing "The Immortal Memory of Sir Walter Scott" was well-received, & did not exceed half an hour: I was followed by rather a prosy local antiquary, who discoursed on the company which met at Rokeby in Scott's time. Then I bade farewell to everybody, & motored back to Auckland Castle.

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[symbol]

I asked Major Morritt how he himself pronounced the name of his mansion: & he replied "Rookby". He told me that the considerable collection of Scott's letters which was once preserved had disappeared, having been stolen how and by whom none knows.

Shebbeare,* the Rector of Stanhope, came to tea with his wife. He has been motoring in the Pyrenees, but complains that his health continues to be far from satisfactory. He speaks mysteriously about his ailment, which I take to be some abominable variety of that abominable disease, exczema.

Miss Maud Bull arrived on a visit. She has been ill and looks it: but her energy is undiminished, & the flow of her talk unceasing. She has been attending the sessions of the British Association at York: & is contemplating a journey to the Arctic regions!

Major has a letter in the Times, defending himself against Rawlinson's criticism. By ignoring the specific matter of his own intolerable uncharity, and raising the general question of "modernism", he succeeds in making a fair show. But even if anything that he claims for "The Modern Churchman" were conceded, it would yet remain true that their violent attacks on others, more orthodox, but not necessarily less intelligent, than themselves, do much harm.

<!170932>

[182]

Saturday, September 17th, 1932.

“Nowhere have secular institutions had such a determining effect upon the church as in Ireland

When S. Patrick, in the course of his missionary journeys, passed from tribe to tribe, he set himself always first of all to convert the tribal chief: & when he had won him over to the Christian Faith, he required from him a give of land beside the royal dwelling upon which he built a church: & in every church he placed a bishop As there were many tribes, so there came to be many bishops In Ireland, where there was no national unity and no centralized government – only a number of disintegrated tribes – the Church had no civil structure to build upon: & so it became itself tribal, founded upon the tribal system which prevailed around it.

Duke. ‘The Columban church’ p48

The newspapers give very meagre reports of the Scott luncheon at Rokeby, and only the flimsiest & least important parts of my speech appear.

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A young man named Steer, nephew of Dennett, the Vicar of Shincliffe, lunched here. He aspires to be ordained, & as he has taken a degree at Cambridge, there is reason for treating his application seriously. Happily he does not share his kinsman’s Anglo-Catholicism.

The Seaman’s Mission chaplain brought an elderly mariner to be confirmed. I confirmed him in the Chapel at 3 pm. His wife came with him, & the Missioner’s wife & children. The whole party had tea; as did also the two churchwardens from Bishopton who desired to lay before me their notions of a good appointment to that benefice. They desired that the new Vicar should be young, and Evangelical. After tea we had an amicable conference in my study, & I think they felt better for having had their say.

I walked in the Park with Colonel Marsh. We picked up three decent-looking youths, & had much talk with them. They were old Barrington School boys, and both intelligent & well-mannered.

I received a pleasant letter from Lord Charnwood.* He seems to be less enamoured of the Churchman’s Union than heretofore. Major’s last performance evidently offended him.

<!170932> to <!220932>

[184]

17th Sunday after Trinity, Sunday, September 18th, 1932 to Thursday, September 22nd, 1932.

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*I must have contracted a severe chill last night when I walked in the Park just before dinner, for I had a miserable night, and, when morning came was quite unable to take the service in Chapel. The doctor was sent for, and I continued in bed until Thursday, the 22nd when I had to face the near advent of the Ordination candidates. **Thus I was unable to go to Melrose, and deliver my oration on Sir Walter Scott in connexion with the Centenary of his day death.** My M.S. was sent to M^r Fairbairn, the Secretary of the Commemoration C^{tee}, and read for me by the local minister, M^r Thompson.*

Ella and Fearne motored to Melrose on the morning of Wednesday, the 21st, and were thus cleared out of the way for the Ordination. The weather was superb, and I could not but reflect sadly that a petty indisposition had robbed me of an experience to which I had looked forward with some eagerness and should have recalled with pleasure. I was sorry not to have been able to dine with the Maxwell-Scotts as Abbotsford as had been arranged, but in all these things I never have any luck!

[185]

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I relieved the tedium of illness by reading through a book – S. Patrick – A.D. 180 by an Irish clergyman named Ardill. He criticizes with considerable acuteness the accepted date of S. Patrick's career, and shows cause for thinking that his genuine writings are not consistent with any later date than A.D. 180. His argument brings him into direct conflict with Bury, whom he treats with some severity.

I see that I have already noted that Burkitt appears to favour Ardill's theory. (p.178) It will, of course, be repulsive to the Papists because it really precludes the notion of S. Patrick's having received his commission from the Pope, but for this very reason it will doubtless be the more welcome to the Protestants: **that is the true Cromwell's Curse on Irish life**. It is all distorted and gangrened by religious rancour. The coincidence in such a society of the medieval mentality of the Celtic Irish, the covenanting zealotry of the Protestants, and the cunning unscrupulous fanaticism of the Jesuitised hierarchy with modern forms of civilized life and democratic institutions constitutes the insoluble problem of Ireland. It looks ominously like a return to the old miserable story of domestic violence.

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[186]

Thursday, September 22nd, 1932.

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“I do not forget that I was an Englishman before I was a Churchman.”

These words of the late Bishop Creighton in 1894 were quoted, and apparently endorsed by D^r Murray in a recent letter to the Times. They merit close examination. In one sense, of course, they are obviously true. Birth precedes Baptism in every case. The Second Birth needs to follow the First. But this sense, though true, is really pointless, for the essential issue at stake in the age-long controversy of “Church & State”, in connexion with which Bishop Creighton wrote the words, & D^r Murray quoted them, is precisely, **the significance of Baptism**. What **is** the nature & extent of the obligations which are imposed on the Baptised? Are they properly subject to the higher claims of the native country? Does the baptized Englishman enter on the responsibilities of civil life unaffected by the fact that he has been sacramentally incorporated into the Church of Christ, & publicly signed with the Cross “in token that he should not be ashamed manfully to confess Christ before men”?

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It will be objected that the term “churchman” was not intended to have so solemn & far-reaching a significance as that involved in Baptism. Bp. Creighton & D^r Murray could not have the essential obligations of the Christian discipleship in view when they “remembered that they were Englishmen before they were Churchmen”, but rather such comparatively trivial matters as those which affect the preferences, prestige, and emoluments of the clergy. These, they think, and no doubt rightly, ought never to be set before the spiritual interest of the Nation. They ought to set the religious advantage of England before the professional claims of the Established Clergy. Few, if any, will dispute the justice of this contention: but here a multitude of questions immediately clamour for answer. Why should it ever be assumed that the religious advantage of England ~~is~~ will be secured by the complete subordination of the Church to the State? Why should it ever be forgotten that the argument for the Church’s self-suppression in the spiritual interest of the nation is terribly weakened when such self-suppression is made the condition on which emoluments & dignities are held? Spiritual service is more often measured in terms of sacrifice, than guaranteed by material advantage.

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To be a Churchman cannot but mean to have been baptized, and, therefore, to be bound by the Baptismal Vows. These are clearly super-national, and if any national demand conflicted with any of them, they must needs take precedence in the Churchman’s obedience. Those supreme obligations are not likely to accord easily with the normal claims of social life. The militant, even minatory, language of the Baptismal Service would be unmeaning if they were. Use and wont have done much to empty the sombre language of the Baptismal

Office of meaning: & the indefensible carelessness & lack of discrimination with which Holy Baptism is administered in England – ~~surely~~ a direct consequences of the Church's Establishment – have gone far to destroy all respect for the Sacrament in the minds of the people. Nevertheless, albeit ignored, or forgotten, or unknown, or denied, ~~the fact~~ it remains ~~viz~~ the fact that the Baptized Englishman is not free to place his country before his Religion, and since his Religion cannot but claim & hold him through his Church, he is not free to "remember that he was an Englishman before he was a Churchman" when there is conflict between his country and his Church in which the issue of Religion is at stake.

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[189]

Friday, September 23rd, 1932.

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I was allowed to get up, & move to the study after breakfast. **The function at Melrose Abbey seems to have gone through successfully.** My address appears in the local paper, 'The Southern Reporter', in full. It doesn't read badly as a composition, but as an oration for that occasion, it was too long & too heavy. However, people are too polite to say as much to me: I cannot doubt that they do say it, & harsher things to one another. I wrote at some length to Godfrey in reply to his letter: also to Harrison, explaining that I could not attend the 'Old Dunelmian' dinner. What an amount of practical disturbance even a few days illness can occasion!

The newspapers report another scandal from Whitley Bay. A Protestant Parishioner desiring to take the chalice into his hands when receiving the Holy Communion (as, I apprehend, the Rubrick orders), was refused by the Vicar, & indicated his disgust. The Churchwarden prosecuted him before the local magistrates for "brawling", but failed to get a verdict. Can anything be more repugnant to religious, nay to all right, feeling, be imagined? What is this madness of impudent disorder which has come upon the clergy?

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[190]

Saturday, September 24th, 1932.

Parry-Evans* celebrated for me in the Chapel at 8 a.m. The doctor came for the last time: and when he had gone, I got up, & essayed a walk round the bowling green to re-assure my legs after a week in bed. A fearful stench of burning soot disclosed that my study-fire chimney was aglow. This evicted me from that indispensable chamber for most of the afternoon. I took refuge in the Chaplain's room, and wrote the candidates' names into the Greek Testaments. One of the dozen will be absent on account of illness – Hilditch.

After tea I saw the two Irish candidates, Craig and Duncan, the Gospeller (Norwood) and Davey, who, since he had been at Wycliffe, Oxford, might, I imagined, tell me something at first hand about "Groups".

Cecil Ferens arrived about 9 p.m., and administered the Oaths etc in my study. Before the men made their Subscriptions, I spoke to them for a few minutes about the seriousness of what they were about to do. Also, I gave them severally a copy of Williams' excellent sermon on "The Durham Tradition": & then I went to bed.

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Candidates to be Ordained to the Diaconate.

1. Chapman, William Henry Stanley. 24.
2. Charlton, Cecil Eskholme. 23.
3. Craig, Richard Newcome. 24.
4. Davey, Clive Herbert George. 23.
5. Duncan, Harold Osmond. 24.
6. Eddon, Ernest Ellis. 26.
7. Forster, Leslie. 24.
8. [Hilditch, Richard Lowis. 24. sick.]
9. Leigh, Edmund. 25.
10. Needham, John. 23.
11. Norwood, Jack. 26. (Gospeller)
12. Woodall, Ronald Selkirk. 23.

All, except Eddon, have taken the B.A. degree. They come from the following Universities:

Cambridge 1. (Leigh)
Leeds 1. (Hilditch)
London 1. (Norwood)
Dublin 2. (Craig & Duncan)
Durham 6.

It is not without a certain significance, that there is not a single Oxonian among them. The North is not advanced enough for Oxford!

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18th Sunday after Trinity, September 25th, 1932.

The Ordination

I breakfasted in bed maugre the fasting fanaticks, and then got up, husbanding such physical resources as I had. I felt still very uncertain (as the Yankees put it pleasantly) "in my understanding", that is, my legs felt as if they would give way, and let me down. Before getting up, I read a good bit of an interesting and informing book, which, though written by a papist, appears to be both scientific in temper and really learned – "Christianity in Celtic Lands. A History of the Churches of the Celts, their Origin, their Development, Influence, and Mutual Relations." by Dom Louis Gougand. There can be no doubt that, though the main lines of History are not likely to be changed, there is being effected in recent years a very considerable revision of historical details, a revision so meticulous & extended, that in the [a] broad effect a really considerable change of historical estimates has taken place. The revising process goes on at an ever quickening pace.

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The Ordination was at 10.30 a.m. There was a considerable congregation in the Chapel, which, as the sun shone brightly, presented an aspect both beautiful and bustling. Parry-Evans' sermon was eminently characteristic – the admonition of a respected but conventional governess, precisely expressed and as emotionless as the Sahara! The Choir from S. Andrew's did better than I had expected, but even so the singing was crude. There was a considerable number of communicants, so considerable that I had to re-consecrate. The Ordination itself was impressive, and the Gospeller did his duty very well. I certainly felt decrepit, and occasionally disposed to sit down! Certainly I felt much relieved when it was all over, and I could return to the sofa in my study. Then the youth came to say Goodbye, most of them after lunch.

*The "Observer" publishes an immense advertisement of that beastly "Outline for Boys, Girls, & their Parents", and among the distinguished people, by whose eulogies it is commended, I noted with melancholy wonder the names of Homes Dudden, * Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, Miss Maude Royden, Dick Sheppard, & Percy Dearmer! How much of it have they read?*

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I wrote to William, in Johannesburg: and, ("while I was musing the fire kindled, and at the last I spake with my tongue") I wrote to Homes Dudden, expressing frankly the consternation with which I had seen his name at the head of those who commend the "Outline" to the public.

The mischief potential in a volume of this kind is very great. It purports to express the conclusions of Science, and it is expressed with an omniscient dogmatism suitable to that assumption but hardly congruous with the cautious temper of Science. It is written with an

engaging lucidity, and freedom from conventional language. It conveys much novel and surprising information. Its authors are introduced by a pen-and-ink portrait, and a "bright and snappy" description by the Editor. The suggestion is always latent that they are a bold band of heroically honest men, who, for the first time, have had the courage to tell the truth to the people in spite of all the monitory and minatory prejudices of the senile, bigoted world! From this fresh, alluring, & complete version of "Scientific" Truth, Religion & Morality are simply excluded. They are irrelevant, superfluous, and probably mischievous. It hardly needs saying that Discipline in all its traditional forms is ridiculed, after the manner of Soviet Russia to which reference is ever made with marked respect.

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[195]

Monday, September 26th, 1932.

Popham wants some books on the English Reformation to supplement a rather meagre one issued by the Church Tutorial Association for the folk at Kendal. I sent him the following from the books on my shelves:-

1. Stubbs. Lectures on Medieval & Modern History.
2. Pollard. Henry viii. Thomas Cranmer. Wolsey. England under Protector Somerset.
3. Gairdner. History of English Church in xvith century.
4. Frere. History of E.C. under Elizabeth & James i.
5. Murray. Political Consequences of the Reformation.
6. Muller. Stephen Gardiner, & the Tudor Reaction.
7. Usher. Reconstruction of the English Church.
8. Meyer. England & the Catholic Church under Elizabeth.
9. Smith. Church & State in the Middle Ages.
10. Maitland. Canon Law in England.
11. Allen. The Age of Erasmus.
12. Dictionary of National Biography – Articles by Creighton, Gairdner, & Pollard.

If the good people of Kendal ‘read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest’ these books, they will celebrate the Centenary of the Oxford Movement with chastened joy!

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The doctor came after breakfast, and proprios mortu raised the question of my going to Dublin for the sermon on October 11th. He thought it w^d be distinctly rash. Could I not “get out of the engagement”? I undertook to set the situation before the Archbishop of Dublin, and to accept his decision, offering at the same time to send the MS. of my sermon. This undertaking I fulfilled immediately. Certainly, I should like to be relieved from the chance of a bout of mal de mer to place the “comble” on the edifice of my misfortunes. Yet it is an ill habit to fall into this habit of repudiating one’s engagements at the last minutes for reasons which may, indeed, be respectable, but which may well be something less than convincing. **Assuredly, if but I were a good sailor, I would not so easily be deterred from keeping troth; but the Irish Channel in mid-October has terrors of its own which, even if I were in normal health, which is not the case, I should shrink from!**

Old D^r McCullagh called, and escorted me for a walk round the Bowling Green, and Garden.

Ella and Fearne arrived from Scotland in a pouring rain, about 3.30 p.m.

[197]

Yon path of greensward Winds round by sparry grot & gay pavilion; There is no flint to gall thy tender foot, There’s ready shelter from each breeze, or shower, – But

Duty guides not that way: see her stand, with wand entwined with amaranth, near yon cliffs. Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy footsteps, **Oft where she leads thy head must bear the storm, And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, & hunger**: But she will guide thee up to noble heights, Which he who gains seems native of the sky, While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his feet, Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless.

Sir W. Scott. V. Woodstock. c.IV

Dick arrived about 6 p.m. looking very well. He is “filling out”, and promises to be what is called “a fine figure of a man” in due time. If but his wits develop as well as his body, he ought to do well in the Schools. So far, certainly, he has shown an excellent determination to work. With these three factors secured—physique, intelligence, and health—he should not fail.

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[198]

Tuesday, September 27th, 1932.

I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Training & Maintenance Committee. The business occupied just 2½ hours, & tired me much: but I am sure that the exertion of going was worth while. I took occasion to inform the Committee that the Bishop of Jarrow's death would involve an important change of procedure. I should now resume into my own hands the function which I had largely, perhaps too largely, delegated to him. In future, only those candidates whom I had myself approved, would come unto the Board's consideration.

I lunched at the Castle with Lazenby & Charles. It would appear that in offering Bishopton to Philps,* I have exceeded my powers, for the appointment to that living rests for this turn with the Lord Chancellor! The statement in the Calendar that Bishopton is in the Bishop's patronage misled me. It is false, and must be corrected. Bishopton is alternately in the patronage of the Bishop and of the Lord Chancellor! The situation is uncomfortable, and I must throw myself on Lord Sankey's* generosity, & ask him boldly to endorse my offer of the living to Philps. This is humiliating, if not worse.

[199]

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I wrote to Canon Poole* on his own suggestion a letter which he might, if he thought well, read to the O.D.'s at the dinner, which I shall not attend.

Also, I wrote to the Lord Chancellor re Bishopton.

An Ordination Candidate named Whitehouse came to see me. He wanted my advice as to his pledging himself to work with the Railway Mission in S. Africa, after he had done the 3 years' service in the diocese, to which he is pledged. I advised him by no means to destroy his liberty of action by a premature decision.

Brooke and Fosca Westcott* made their appearance about tea-time, motoring from Newcastle.

The Rev^d R. J. Thompson, (The Manse, Melrose) returned the MS. of my Scott address, which he read for me last Wednesday, together with a politely-expressed letter. "Everyone who heard it or read it afterwards in the newspapers was delighted with it." I hope he speaks the truth. The address was in my view too literary in form, and, perhaps, too critical in tone for the occasion, which called rather for the kind of sonorous and paradoxical generalities which French orators provide so amply. An éloge not an appreciation was required.

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[200]

Wednesday, 28th September, 1932.

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I received a generously expressed letter from the Archbishop of Dublin releasing me from my undertaking to visit Dublin on October 11th, but covenanting for the sending of my sermon. I feel rather base in “backing out” of my engagement, and yet I am really relieved to be free from the Irish Sea! The risk of being again placed “hors de combat” is, in view of my commitments here, too great to be run under any less coercion than that of necessity.

The Secretary of this preposterous “Official Celebration of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement” wrote to ask whether I had appointed a diocesan committee. I replied that I had not done so: that I did not propose to take any personal share in the celebration; that the incumbents might do what they thought best. There will be trouble over this.

I wrote two-thirds of a sermon for use next Sunday in Bishopwearmouth Parish Church, which is about to be closed for at least two years, while the re-edifying of the building under Caröe’s auspices is in process. The donor of £30,000, transparently anonymous, is to be present in the congregation, and I am expected to pay him the usual compliments!

[201]

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There are certain periods of history that tempt us to scrutinize anxiously, if we dare thus to express ourselves, the plans of God in his government of the world, & earnestly to examine the forces that are in action for the education of the human race.

L. von Ranke, *Hist. of the Popes*, I, p 26

The historian introduces with these striking words his discussion of the disintegration of Medieval Christendom. They seem to be apparently appropriate to this time, when Modern Christendom is disintegrating before our eyes. In the later middle ages, as in our own time, the process ~~was~~ is marked by the utmost misery of the populations, and a fearful decadence of morals. If one had a firm belief in Progress, and interpreted history by its light, one might indulge the comfortable notion that these recurrent epochs of disintegration were but incidental to new advances of mankind on its ascending path, but in the absence of any such belief, how can we resist the profound depression which one’s actual experiences induce? Who dare avow his belief that, on a broad view, mankind can truly be said to be progressing?

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[201] [Henson's error in page numbering – should be 202]

Thursday, September 29th, 1932.

I wrote to the Archbp. of Dublin, & to Lady Londonderry. Also to D^r R. H. Murray who sent me a rather foolish letter about Disestablishment, of which he is evidently horrified. These "intellectuals" have an uncomfortable suspicion that only an abusive "Establishment" could tolerate them as clergymen! They may be right, for, as clergymen, they are rather surprising.

Bailey, the Vicar of Herrington, came to lunch, and afterwards pored out his woes. The nurse and parish worker, Miss Marion Keep, won't let him call his soul his own. Indeed, the poor little man seems to be in a difficult situation. This prophetess has been 38 years in the parish, & belongs to the type of Semiramis, with a dash of Catherine de Medicis thrown in! But what can be done? The miners pay her stipend quâ nurse, the vicar, her stipend quâ parish worker.

Dick and I had a pleasant walk & talk together in the Park. He is certainly thinking for himself, and making a big effort with his books.

The churchwardens of Witton Park came to me by appointment. After tea, they came to my study, & set forth their grievances against their Vicar at length. These are very serious indeed, & raise [202] a doubt as to the Vicar's sanity. I think it will be impossible for me to avoid taking legal action, though what real good can be done that way is very doubtful. The churchwardens assured me that they would be prepared to give evidence before a commission. These men gave me the impression of simple, honest ~~men~~-folk, who really felt coerced in conscience to appeal to the Bishop. But see the helpless situation in which & the other parishioners stand. Even if—which is by no means certain—they succeed in making good their allegations before an episcopal commission, & on receiving a report from the commissioners to that effect, the Bishop proceed to sentence the parson, what will their position be? If the parson be suspended, who is to find the money both to pay a substitute, and to maintain the suspended man & his wife? He can hardly be deprived of his living, and even if, per impossible he is, who is going to maintain him? If, again—which, perhaps, is not improbable—he be found physically, i.e. mentally, unfit to hold the benefice, who is going to find him & his wife a sufficient income? To get a beneficed man out of his living is an all but impossible achievement.

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[203]

Friday, September 30th, 1932.

The "Church Times" publishes a letter from Arnold Lunn* calling attention to the true character of the book, "An Outline for Boys & Girls & their Parents", and expressing surprise that various well-known clergymen should commend it to the public. I thought it well to support this necessary protest, so I wrote to the C.T. and enclosed a copy of my letter to Gollancz.

Brooks and I walked in the Park. Lawson, the Park-keeper, encountered us, & the conversation turning on coal-stealing, he spoke with much vigour about the corruption or timidity of the local justices. "The cases are tried before they ever come into court," he said, giving instances from his own experience as a policeman. He said that stipendary magistrates were really indispensable, if justice were to be really administered in these districts. This was the conclusion which I reached long ago when I lived in "London-over-the-Border".

The Lord Chancellor sent me an extremely civil letter about the appointment to Bishopton. He asks me "if M^r Philips refuses" to "find someone equally good whom he could appoint". This certainly very considerate of him.

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[204]

Saturday, October 1st, 1932.

I wrote to Lord Sankey. In my letter, I said:

My legal Secretary insists on repeating the month required by the Benefices' Measure, &, therefore, you will not be called upon to make a nomination until that period has elapsed. I have in my mind an excellent man, whom I will take advantage of your kind permission to propose to you in due course.

I wasted most of the day in preparing notes for my speech, and sermon to the Freemasons. After lunch I walked for nearly an hour with Dick. *About 4.30 p.m. Nankivell arrived for the weekend. He is very hot against "Groups". He had attended a numerous gathering and was much displeased. I gather that the movement is well-organized, & extremely aggressive*

Accompanied by Dick and Charles, I motored to Newcastle, & presided at a meeting of the Indian Church Mission in the Town Hall. There were, perhaps, as many as 1300 people present. The two Indian speakers were certainly not exciting, & a quaint little Burmese lady prayed in her own tongue.

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[204]

19th Sunday after Trinity, October 2nd, 1932.

A brilliant morning. The Chapel looked most beautiful, when we gathered there for the Holy Communion at 7.30 a.m. (the clocks were altered last night so that it was equivalent to 8.30 a.m.) I celebrated, and among the communicants were James Nankivell and Dick. Charles & Christine were also there.

Charles, James & Dick accompanied me when I motored to Sunderland, & preached at Mattins in Bishopwearmouth Church. The Mayor and Corporation attended the service, & the Mayor, a Nonconformist, read the first lesson. The occasion was unique, as the church is about to be pulled down in order that it may be edified under the guidance of Caröe. The anonymous donor of £30,000 was in the congregation, & had the satisfaction of having us compliment him on his 'princely generosity', 'pious purpose' etc. etc.!

We all lunched with Wynne-Willson, & afterwards I went upstairs & rested most of the afternoon. Later I preached in S. John's, Hebburn, to a large gathering of Freemasons, & afterwards spoke to them briefly in their Hall.

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[205]

Monday, October 3rd, 1932.

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There is almost no surer sign of mental acuity than eagerness to admire 'the last thing' combined with a contempt for the thing that is last but one or two.

There is only one way really to injure a child's happiness and character, and that is to explain to it that It is the centre of the world and ought to have what it wants and think what it likes, while elders who stand in its way are mostly narrow-minded incompetents. Unfortunately, some of the writers come rather near doing the children that great wrong.

Prof. Gilbert Murray.* Observer. Oct. 2nd, 1932.

Gilbert Murray's Review of the "Outline" is polite rather than friendly. The book is said to be "extremely clever & interesting". "Its faults are not of the kind that hinders popularity". "There is no religion & a very minimizing on exhortation". The 3rd part "is partly precious & partly eccentric, partly too much devoted to the boosting or particular fashions". It is a "fascinating and irritating book".

[206]

Rawlinson sent me back my copy of the 'Outline' of which he had read a considerate part. 'I agree with your diagnosis'.

"Whenever the masters teach upon 'values' they seem to me to pervert & mishandle them. There is a ground-tone of sneering irreligion throughout large parts of the book; it is not agnostic merely, but hostile; & in dealing both with the family & with the future, ideals of society & of the same it completely reflects all those ideals & 'values' for which Christianity stands.

Dick Sheppard's is a sentimental mind, not capable of seeing what he is doing when he commends such a book; & Dearmer is capable of anything! But, I found the Christian intellectuals of Cambridge were as astonished as you were at the behaviour of the admired Vice-Chancellor of Oxford".

The 'Yorkshire Post' gives great prominence to some observations which I made at the Missionary meeting, in which I made a severe reference to this precious 'Outline'.

[207]

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The Vice-Chancellor, replying to my remonstrance, seeks to justify his recommendation of the 'Outline':

"I took the book simply as what it professes to be – a summary, or series of summaries, of modern views on a great variety of subjects which are exercising the

modern mind. I thought and still think, that these summaries were extremely able & interesting. Of course, I am far from accepting all the opinions expressed by the various writers, & I quite agree that in many points of detail the book is open to criticism. There are also important omissions. Yet, taking the book as a whole, & admitting that in some parts it needs supplementing & correcting, I still consider it a really valuable work. I, at any rate, do not know of any book which condenses such a mass of up-to-date information on all sorts of matters in so brief a compass &, at the same time, in so intelligible & interesting a form".

All this may be true, & yet it may be the case that this book is disastrously and militantly anti-Christian.

[208]

I interviewed ~~four~~ five youths who aspire in due course to be ordained, viz.

Earnest George Casey, aged 18, chorister

John James Graham, aged 24

John Phillips Inman, aged 20

Cledwyn Lacy-Jones aged 19

Joseph Nicholson, aged 18, chorister

Young Casey impresses me as the strongest personality of the five, and young Nicholson is to likeliest to turn out a saint. He is desperately poor, the son a of workless miner.

Pears writes pleasantly to say that he will admit me as a Fellow of the Antiquaries' meeting on October 20th; he adds enigmatically enough:

"I like what you say about Scott, his life expanded as yours is doing – and as so many lives don't - & that is the memory of all others that I should desire to leave".

My own judgment is very different. Not expansion, but contraction seems to me the aspect of my life. My world is emptying as death & alienation remove my friends, and my powers, physical & mental, are quite perceptibly waning.

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[209]

Tuesday, October 4th, 1932.

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I started work on the Dublin sermon, and wrote about one third of it.

Dick and I walked in the Park for an hour, & had much pleasant talk.

I motored to Heighington & consecrated an addition to the churchyard. After the service I had tea with M^{rs} Waldy, Judge Roche's daughter.

I received from Sir Henry Lunn a letter asking me to sign a protest against the 'Outline', which was to appear in the Times, & which had already received the signatures of the Archbishop of York and D^r Scott Lidgett. These excellent men sign so many letters to the Times that their signatures do not now carry much weight. As a prepaid telegram form was enclosed, I wired that my signature might be added. Whether any good is effected by public protest of this kind is, indeed, very doubtful. They undoubtedly advertise whatever they denounce. Yet it is insufferable that prominent clergymen should 'boost' this anti-Christian person without public reproof. They at least will be made extremely uncomfortable by the public attention being directed to their criminal folly.

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[210]

Wednesday, October 5th, 1932.

I decided to incorporate into the Dublin sermon a substantial part of the discourse which I preached at Guiseley. It fell into my plan to speak of the conversion of Northumbria by the Irish missionaries & this had been dealt with in connexion with S. Oswald. I judge it to [sic] rarely worthwhile to vary the phrase when the substance is the same. Besides as the Dublin sermon is only to be printed, and not delivered, there is less need to be careful of offending Protestant prejudices; for few people now read sermons.

The Rev^d. W.K. Luce, * the new Headmaster of Durham, and his wife came to lunch, and I had much talk with him. He is capable, ambitious, self-confident, and masterful. There will be a sharp change from all that Budworth stood for, and probably a considerable development of the School both in prestige and members. But there may be formidable indiscretions, and disaster! Of course Budworth, personally admirable, was appallingly obsolete in point of view, method, and temperament. His successor is thoroughly 'up-to-date', religiously 'modernist', and politically, I suspect, "Labour"!

[211]

Accompanied by Charles and Dick, I motored to Holmside, and licensed a parson named Green to the perpetual curacy vacated by Stobbs. This parish is in the patronage of the Crown, and this appointment will, I fear, do little to raise my opinion of Crown nominees. The little church was crowded, but mostly by women & girls. There was, however, a large & well-behaved choir. I spoke with emphasis about the duties of the Christian Ministry, but my hopes for this particular ministry were not exalted. After the service I went into the Schoolroom, & said a few words to the people, & so returned to the Castle. The churchwardens told me that almost the entire population was "on the dole". Their situation must needs affect their conception of the Ministry, which they see established among them in something like a monopoly of economic security & social comfort. The Vicarage is often the largest house in the parish & the Vicar occupies it rent-free. His income, generally £400 per annum, is at least 4 times as great as that of most of his parishioners when they are in work, & he alone enjoys the immense advantage of having employment which never fails. He does not appear to them either underpaid or over-worked.

<!061032>

[212]

Thursday, October 6th, 1932.

I finished the Dublin Sermon, and then prepared notes for an address on the League of Nations.

Young Surtees came to lunch. The youth has failed in Pass Mods, & is somewhat chastened in consequence.

Dick went with me to Durham, where I licensed three curates in the Castle Chapel, and afterwards gave them tea in my rooms.

We motored to Newcastle, & picked up Ella, at a Toc H. Bazaar, & then proceeded to Wallsend for the meeting of the League of Nations Union. There were, perhaps, as many as 300 people in the Memorial Hall. Sir George Hunter presided. He is old, garrulous, & wandering, but evidently respected in Wallsend. I spoke for about 20 minutes & was followed by a deputation from the parent society, M^r Whelan, who made an interesting address. Canon Osborne moved a vote of thanks, which was seconded by Alderman Mason. Then we returned to Auckland.

I was interested to see a number of young men in the audience.

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[213]

Friday, October 7th, 1932.

Dick went back to Oxford this morning, leaving a void behind him. The balance of family life really needs the element of youth for its completeness. He seems to be working steadily, and his mind is still set on Ordination.

Now I must turn my mind resolutely to the composition of my Quadrennial Charge, and, first, I must decide what shall be the subject on which to write. Newsom's book relieves me of the necessity of dealing with the questions of Marriage &c. That persistent & unpleasant issue of "sexual morality" may be ignored. There remain three subjects which, perhaps claim attention viz:

1. The (so-called) Oxford Groups Movement
2. The Oxford Movement Centenary
3. Reservation for the Sick.

The latter has been raised in the Diocese by the request that I should authorise perpetual reservation in the parish church of S. Ignatius, Sunderland. It is also included in the Visitation Questions.

There is the question of Religious Education, which might seem to have been forced into urgency by the publication of "The Outline for Boys & Girls & their Parents" which is arousing controversy.

[214]

Scott was not spiritually drawn to any Church: his sympathies were inclined to be with the large army of the unattached. While he maintained throughout life a nominal connexion with the Presbyterian Church, in which he was reared, he developed, soon after his marriage, certain affinities with the Episcopal Church, which have found strong expression in the pages of Old Mortality. . . .

It is doubtful if Scott ever experienced the consolations of religion. None the less he revered Christianity, though he had a crude notion of its purpose. His conception rose no higher than the achievement of a certain standard of goodness. In short, Scott's religious history resolves itself into outward conformity without inward conviction.

v. Hibbert Journal, October 1932. "The Religion of Sir Walter Scott" by W. Forbes Gray F. R. S. E.

This is a careful, impartial, and on the whole just treatment of the subject.

[215]

Miss Keep, the Semiramis of Herrington, came to lunch, and afterwards had an interview with me in my study. It was soon apparent that no peaceful cooperation was possible between her and the Vicar. I counselled the resignation: she preferred, with ominous

insistence, to be dismissed. Finally, she undertook, if she should be, “given notice to leave”, that she would do what she could to minimize parochial friction. I told her that I should advise the Vicar to “bell the cat” i. e. give her the necessary notice. I could not but pity the poor little man from my heart! Subsequently, I wrote to him telling him the upshot of my colloquy with Semiramis!

Somebody sends me a disgusting pamphlet by Naomi Mitchison – “Comments on Birth Control” – by way of confirming my estimate of the “Outline”.

Carter came to see me with a financial statement that portends a crisis next year.

I despatched the Sermon to the Archbishop of Dublin, retaining a copy for the purpose of printing the poor thing in the “Bishoprick”.

Ernest arrived on a visit.

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[216]

Saturday, October 8th, 1932.

A woefully wet day. The trees, which are changing colour rapidly, and shedding their leaves, have a woe-stricken aspect, & the whole aspect of the world is melancholy.

I frittered away the morning in writing letters, and reading. When shall I get to my Charge?

After lunch Ernest and I walked as far as the Forester's cottage, and got dreadfully wet.

Stephen Pritchard, an Ordination candidate, came to see me about his grant of £25 from the Board of Training. He has removed himself from University College, and become a non-collegiate student without seeking the Board's consent. He pleads coercion of poverty, and I suppose the plea must be allowed. There is something extremely unsatisfactory about our method of training candidates for the ministry. Why should these lads be compelled to beg & borrow in order to pay for a preparation which the Church requires, and which in equity the Church should provide? We go far to destroying their efficiency in advance of their work by stamping on them the character of mendicants. They do not carry themselves with the freedom & coverage proper to youth, & indispensable in the ministry.

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[217]

20th Sunday after Trinity, October 9th, 1932.

The day broke with a thick mist, which gave way quickly to the advancing sun, & when we came out of chapel after the service at 8 a.m., it had come to be no more than a transparent veil lending softness & mystery to the landscape.

I celebrated, and there were 9 communicants including Fosca & M^{rs} Parker Smith. Ernest also communicated. I could wish that they made the responses more audibly. Why are communicants so generally averse from ~~doing~~ taking their appointed part in the Liturgy? Is it one result of our Roman concentration on the Words of Christ as the very instrument by which the elements are consecrated that all the service save only the moment of Consecration has become unimportant &, so to say, uninteresting? The communicants do not seem to be intelligently following the Service as an articulated whole. They are listening to the priest, not co-operating with him in a great Action which culminates in Consecration & Reception of the Sacrament. How often is there no audible "Amen" even at the close of the Consecration Prayer! This silence could hardly be if there were any genuine appreciation of the meaning of the "Amen" in that place. Possibly a simple musical setting of the Liturgy which the Communicants could themselves sing might do something to correct this strange absenteeism from the service!

[218]

[symbol]

I wrote to William: and to M^r Ernest Proud, whose father the old Coroner, a man of much character and many interests, died yesterday at the age of 83.

I wrote at some length to Lionel Trotman, & made a copy of my letter, in view of possible future correspondence.

The advertisement of the "Outline" in the "Observer" is filled with fresh recommendations. Lord Buckmaster, Lord Olivier, General Smuts, Sir J. Arthur Thomson, M^r Lloyd George, Sir Richard Gregory, D^r F. Homes Dudden, & Miss Maude Royden are quoted. Very ardent language is used. Especially, perhaps, Lord Olivier's words are notable:

"It this book can really get into the hands of parents and schoolmasters a complete collapse of British civilization may possibly still be averted".

I suppose that most of these people just look for their own hobby. The Scientific Men don't read more than Part i: the Feminists (Lrd Buckmaster & Miss Royden) are satisfied with the thorough-going advocacy of women's "Rights"; the democratic politicians (Lloyd George & Lrd Olivier) are satisfied with the repudiation of "capitalistic" civilization. Even so, I find it impossible to explain how clergymen could commend a book which is cynically anti-Christian.

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[219]

Monday, October 10th, 1932.

A pleasant letter from Dick reporting his return to college.

The newspapers report the death of Jones, the architect of Durham Castle. This is a grave matter, for his knowledge of that great building was exact, and detailed, and his zeal for its preservation was beyond praise. Following so quickly on the deaths of Ellershaw and Mead-Falkner, this loss is doubly regrettable.

Ernest and I walked in the Park in spite of the rain. The trees are changing colour rapidly. George Trevelyan's* new volume – 'Ramillies & the Union with Scotland' – arrived, & having rashly begun to read it, I could not put it down. He is certainly a fascinating writer. I rejoice to see that he clears Marlborough's great name from the ignoble besmirchments which Macaulay & Thackeray popularised. There is something infinitely comforting about the vindications of History, not the white-washing of criminals, but the justification of great reputations. It is re-assuring to know that the general homage was not undeserved, the general verdict not unfounded. Mainly I think this is the case.

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[220]

Tuesday, October 11th, 1932.

I received a letter from M^{rs} Knowling asking for assistance, and describing the painful situation into which Harold and she have come. I could not but refuse the money for which she asked, but the doing so was infinitely repugnant to me. Truly "the way of transgressors is hard", but que voulez vous? I cannot but think that Harold has been throughout "more sinned against than sinning", though, when I recall the whole base story, I find it difficult to think of him with tolerance. And yet – "Judge not and ye shall not be judged". This untoward letter went far to destroy my power of work. Certainly, as I grow older, & my working faculty declines, I grow more & more dependent on moods & circumstances. It should not be so.

I attended the funeral service of the old Coroner, M^r Proud, in S^t Anne's Church. There was a considerable gathering of men.

Sylvia and Barbara Marsh arrived on a short visit.

Kenneth Bell called to see me with reference to the new Oxford Society, which is very nebulous as yet!

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[221]

Wednesday, October 12th, 1932.

George Fox and his contemporary Friends sincerely believed that they were engaged in the momentous business of reproducing in the world the New Testament type of Christianity. One of their most common phrases was, "primitive Christianity revived", and that stood in their minds as an exact equivalent for what the world called "Quakerism". They did not favour any word ending in "ism". They never remotely thought of themselves as forming, or belonging to, a "sect", or a "denomination". They were engaged, as they believed, in reviving Christianity in its original form & power, and they believed implicitly that their "truth", as they called it, would eventually sweep the world, convince, & finally include all branches of Christendom.

v. Rufus M. Jones, "The Faith and Practice of the Quakers", p. 36.

Substitute for "George Fox" and "Quakerism", Frank Buchman and the Oxford Groups Movement, and the statement needs no alteration to describe the latter.

[222]

Ernest left the Castle in his car before breakfast, and Fosca went home by the mid-day train. I worked on the Charge, & wrote to Dick.

Ella & the two girls came into Durham with me, and viewed the Cathedral, while I presided at a meeting of the Board of Finance. The business was concluded in half an hour, & then I walked & talked with Rawlinson in the Banks. We all returned to Auckland for tea.

There is rioting of the Unemployed on a grave scale reported from Belfast. That city is importing Communism from Glasgow. The old Protestant black-guardism was bad enough: this Bolshevistic rowdyism is probably worse.

Lawson, the Park-keeper, is an ex-police-sergeant. He views with professionally critical eye the "Unemployed marchers", who visited Bishop Auckland last week. Among them he recognized some individuals whom he had known as criminals in the past. It is not sufficiently remembered that we have a criminal class which finds its opportunity in the social dislocation caused by continuing Unemployment. They are to the front in every form of disorder.

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[223]

Thursday, October 13th, 1932.

The 'Times' prints my letter on its front page. It will confirm the opinion of General Surtees, as reported to me by Lazenby, that 'the Bishop has a layman's mind'! But, indeed, I do loathe the intrusion of religious "sob-stuff", of which Lansbury has an unfailing supply, into economic questions.

I wrote at some length to Canon Barry asking him to give me as much information as possible about the Groups, & especially to tell me his estimate of the man, Buchman, who plays a plusquam-papal rôle in the religious drama as therein presented.

The Rev. John Wilson, Vicar of S. Edmund, Gateshead, came to lunch. I proposed to him that I should nominate him to the Lord Chancellor for appointment to Bishopston. He undertook to consider the matter, and in due course inform me of his decision.

I walked round the Park by myself. The air is autumnal, but the colouring of the trees was magnificent.

Canon Gordon arrived at tea-time from Riccall. He seems in good form. May Heaven grant that his coming to this diocese is for help, and not for hindrance!

[224]

When Church and State became allies there were surprises on both sides. The State hoped to include the Church among its supporters, and it found itself confronted with the sovereign authority of a purely spiritual power. With the help of the State the Church hoped to come to a satisfactory conclusion on the question of unity, and in admitting the influence of the State she admitted a disturbing element, a foreign body, which, under certain circumstances, was useful, and in others disintegrating, but which in any case was always an alien influence.

Troeltsch. "The Social Teaching of the Christian Churches" vol. I.
p.211

This sums up the problem of 'Church and State' very justly and effectively. The Medieval subordination of the State to the Church is now giving place to the Erastian subordination of the Church to the State, which was friendly in the Reformation-Settlements, and is no longer so. Separation of the two is the condition of spiritual self-respect.

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[225]

Friday, October 14th, 1932.

Lord Londonderry was, as I expected, moved by my reference to Wynyard in the "Times" letter: He writes:

"I have read your letter in "The Times" and I think the rebuke which you administer to M^r Lansbury is very well deserved. **I note also what you say about the big houses in Durham and I entirely agree with you.** I am bound to say that I was considerably annoyed at a back-hander dealt me by the irrepressible Dean in the "Daily Express". My life in the country now-a-days amounts to about three weeks as I have to live here practically all the year round. **To keep Wynyard open demands the employment of an enormous staff and in these days, when I am trying to cut down expenses, it is quite impossible for me to live there, however much I should like to do so.** I was staying there the other day, living in what I call "the flat", which is the old part of the house and I am probably doing that [226] several times in connection with functions which I have to attend in the North, but it is all very depressing, & I which would **hate the idea of seeing the grass growing on the drive & the place not cared for in the way in which we used to care for it.**"

There is a real pathos in the great nobleman's regret.

I worked, but to no effect, on the Charge. After lunch I walked in the Park with Gordon & D^r. M^cCullagh; & then the Rural Deans began to arrive. Both Archdeacons and 13 Rural Deans assembled for the Conference. We discussed various matters for two hours before dinner. I raised the question of the treatment of deacons by their vicars, & suggested that the Rural Deans should accept some responsibility for these youths. Finally, I promised to write a letter to the Rural Deans which would facilitate their action. We numbered 19 at dinner. Everybody appeared to be friendly, and the service in chapel, at which we sung two hymns, was (at least I allow myself to think so) more than usually edifying.

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[227]

Saturday, October 15th, 1932.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. Everybody communicated. I think the service was both devout and fraternal.

Our conference was interesting. We discussed the proposed celebration of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement. I think that only Rawlinson and Cosgrave desired it. Wynne-Willson, Froggatt, Lillingston, & several others disliked it. The majority were acquiescent but not keen. Then we considered "Groups": I read Barry's article in the Spectator. Most were curious, but uninformed: some were doubtful, & those who knew most of it were hostile. After lunch we dispersed: the hon: canons going to Durham to witness Gordon's collation & installation in the Cathedral at Evensong. This was a short, but not unimpressive function. I collated, & then handed my mandate to the Dean who thereupon installed the new canon. The King's Scholars with the Headmaster attended as well as the hon: canons. After the service we returned to Auckland.

Barry replied to my letter about "Groups" with a very candid expression of opinion. Evidently, he grows more hostile to the movement as he sees more of it.

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[228]

21st Sunday after Trinity, October 16th, 1932.

I celebrated Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. My new Archdeacon served. We numbered 10 communicants including the Gordons, John, and William. The Epistle was S. Paul's ingenious description of the Christian soldier equipped with the whole armour of God for battle against the spiritual enemy. Nothing could have matched better the situation of my colleague as he puts hand to his new task. May God grant that we prove 'true yokefellows' in the Lord's service!

Before getting up I read a good bit of one of the Group books. Shoemaker's Twice-born Ministers. It is a record of conversions written in a style which is more journalistic than literary, and always anonymous. Anonymity is a real disadvantage in compositions of this kind, for it undoubtedly provokes scepticism. These spiritual miracles, hardly less than the physical miracles alleged to happen at Lourdes, need authentication in proportion to their abnormal and amazing character. I note the frequent references to Keswick. Evidently the Movement belongs to the same category of spiritual activity as the well-known Convention which meets there, & I suspect that it represents the weaker side.

[229]

I wrote to Lord Londonderry, to Mary Radford, ad to Leslie Wilson.

Charles went with me to Monkheselden, where the 'Jubilee' of the consecration of the mean little parish church [sic]. The Vicar (Little) had a personal interest in the occasion, as his father had been responsible for the building of the church. There was a considerable congregation, and a very hearty service which pleased me. I noticed that the Anglo-Catholick Hymnal was in use, and that the excellent, but generally unfamiliar tunes which it provides appeared to be well-known to the congregation. This reflected credit on the parson who must have taken trouble over the matter. Another unusual feature arrested my attention. There was no collection, all the requisite money being collected by means of envelopes. The Vicar made use of the introductory part of Evensong provided in the Revised Prayer Book.

Woodall, the deacon who is licensed to this parish, came to supper. He is a silent rather dour person. Gordon and I had a brisk discussion on the letter which Kirk, the Secretary of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, has sent to the Times.

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[230]

Monday, October 17th, 1932.

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This Group movement is becoming serious. I received a letter from [Harry] Watts of Shildon announcing his own absorption into it. He says that 'a number of his younger members 'have been' moved in like manner'.*

'They and I are convinced that it is the work of the Holy Spirit moving in us. The call to face up to the issues opening inasmuch as they must affect my people here, is imperative within me. So I propose doing the next Sunday evening October 23rd. Before doing this, and before proceeding further in regard to allying myself with the Oxford Group Movement, my earnest desire is to have a serious talk with you.'

But what good result can be hoped for when the man is convinced that he is being 'guided' by the Holy Spirit? How can the counsels of a Bishop be reasonably set in the scales against Divine direction? Of course, I must see him, but I know in advance that the result of our interview can but be his confirmation in his personal view.

[231]

[symbol]

By the same post came a letter from Dick which indicates that 'Groups' is more than ever active in Oxford.

'It is comforting to hear that you are at last going to speak publicly about the Group movement. The times is ripe as far as Oxford is concerned, for it is all too obvious that we are going to witness a serious struggle. The Group meetings become more regular and more widely influencing while the voices of warning and not least Verity Johnston's, are now monstrous & more urgent. Men are predicting trouble in Oxford in the near future. Malcolm arrived here on Wednesday, and on Friday left for the United States. He is very happy in his purpose, and, as I hear from those who were with him during the House Parties has helped many people. I am afraid I had nothing but admiration ~~from~~ for him. His stories of husband & wife reconciled, of men & women inspired to put right their faults, & sometimes their crimes demand respect even from those who most clearly see the faults of the Movement. If I may express an opinion, I would say [232] [symbol] that some of the critics are making an immense mistake in condemning it whole-heartedly, and in seeking to blot it out entirely. To blot it out at this stage is impossible: what seems necessary is that the church should reconcile the Movement with itself, take over the reins & restore it to the wholesome path which it has left. I think the Movement requires, not demolition, but capable guidance, such as the church can give'.

An interesting point – Malcolm tells me that he has often met M^r Buchman. At first he found him disappointing & uninspiring, but, on better knowledge of him, finds him to be a 'great spiritual leader!'

Dick is clearly torn between the attraction of the Movement and his loyalty to me, and his letter makes plain to me that I must be as restrained as possible in my condemnation of 'Groups'. I do not see that any other attitude than that of condemnation is possible.

[233]

[symbol]

I had much talk with Gordon about 'Groups'. He has seen much of it both in Edinburgh and in Nottingham. He dislikes and distrusts it, but is impressed by its apparent success. He thinks that many puzzled churchmen would welcome a pronouncement from me.

The Gordons went off to York after lunch. Charles and I motored to Gateshead, where I 'commissioned' the four clergymen – the Bishop of Glasgow, Philip Strong, Dobson, & Froggatt – who are preaching 'the Christian Life' in various churches. All the Gateshead clergy were present save two, who had adequate excuses for absence. I gave a dull, dry address, & then blessed the Missioners. After the service, I went to Newcastle & visited the hairdresser. Then we returned to Auckland.

Father Woodlock 'challenges' Bishop Barnes on the subject of his (the Bishop's) doctrinal heresies. I think it not wholly improbable that the Bishop's repeated attacks on their sacramental beliefs may so exasperate the Anglo-Catholics, that they may swallow their objection to an Erastian Court, & prosecute the Bishop for heresy. This would be highly undesirable for many reasons, but it may happen none the less.*

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[234]

Monday ^Tuesday^, October 18th, 1932.

I ran through another little book by the 'Groupist' leader, Shoemaker. 'Religion that Works'. It is a small volume of sermons & would be harmless enough if one's knowledge of the Group procedures did not compel one to read between the lines. The author is described by D^r Fitch, a Presbyterian of note in New York, as 'one who has found for himself and others, the dynamic of a personal religion'. The cloven foot emerges in such a sentence as this:

'If I had but one sermon to preach, I should want to say to you that I believe enormously in the possibility of a guided life, influenced and led at every step by the Holy Spirit'.

Of course, all serious Christians believe in the guidance of the Holy Spirit, but there is no such agreement in the 'Groupist' view that such guidance is given directly and in detail to the individual. The 'guided' life is rather to be thought as the life of a Christian who desires sincerely to do God's Will and invokes on all his decisions & actions the assistance of the Holy Spirit, but who is not so presumptuous [235] as to imagine that his own responsible exercise of his faculty of self-direction will be every time superseded by clear, commanding instruction from on high. Yet this is no excessive description of the trend of 'goodness' which is generally claimed for themselves by the 'Groupists'.

We all left the Castle at 8.30 p.m., [sic] and motored to York [symbol] for the Consecration of Canon Gordon to the Suffragan-Bishoprick of ~~Derb~~ Jarrow. The weather was magnificent and Minster windows in the brilliant sunshine disclosed amazing beauty. There was a good congregation which filled the nave. The singing was exquisite, the whole atmosphere deeply devotional, & the carriage of the two men who were consecrated quite apparently sincere. After the service, Ella and Fearne went off to lunch with the Armstrongs. Charles and I had a 'stand up lunch' in the Deanery. *I got some speech with Elliott, the Vicar of Leeds, on the 'Groups', and found him better informed and more hostile than last August.* We returned to Auckland, calling on the General as we left York, and stopping for tea at the Golden Lion in Northallerton.

[236]

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*The Vicar of Leeds said that his brother had attended a 'House Party' and was impressed by the evident sincerity of some of the 'Groupists' present. He was, however, alienated by the despotic control exercised by the leaders, and **still more by their imprudent emphasis on sex**. He came away in mid-course, more offended than attracted.*

The Vicar said that Grensted was directly challenged with the question, If the Church of England condemned the 'Groups' movement, what would he do? To this question he replied without hesitation that, with real regret but without any doubt as to the rightness of his decision, he should adhere to 'Groups'.

Watts of Shildon came to see me. He is a strange mercurial person, who is up in the heavens one day, & plunged in the abyss the next. I think the result of our conversation was to weaken his purpose of some sort of public confession in the pulpit, but he is evidently drawing towards 'Groups', and I doubt whether anything will keep him out of it. We said prayers together, and parted amicably enough. I can but await developments. I wish I were myself a more competent guide of souls.

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[237]

~~Tuesday~~ ^Wednesday^, October 19th, 1932.

[symbol]

Charles accompanied me to Darlington, where I took train for King's Cross. On arriving there, I drove to the Atheneum, where I had reserved a bedroom Then I proceeded to Lambeth, after recovering my overcoat from the Archbishop of Wales who was making off with it. (a ~~shepherd~~ wolf in sheep's clothing indeed!)

The business of the Bishops' Meeting was dull enough, but I did get from the Archbishop of C. a categorical declaration that the celebration of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement was 'not official in any special sense', and that 'no bishop was under any necessity to do anything'. This is re-assuring. There will be little enough done in the diocese of Durham.

It was stated that in the diocese of York 'assisted' candidates for Ordination had to pledge themselves to remain unmarried for 5 years. This is a rule that might be adopted with advantage in the diocese of Durham.

I went to the Club, and wrote to Ella, as tomorrow, October 20th, is the anniversary of our marriage in Westminster Abbey thirty years ago.

[238]

I dined at Grillions. The following formed the company at dinner:-

1. Lord Hartington
2. Lord Cranbourne
3. Lord Darling
4. Lord Hardinge
5. Lord Hanworth
6. Lord Selborne
7. Lord Ullswater
8. Walter Runciman
9. Ormsby-Gore
10. Austen Chamberlain
11. H[erbert]. Fisher
12. Bishop of Durham

[symbol]

Before dinner I had some talk with Fisher about "Groups". He said that Buchman had been sent away from Princeton because his influence on the undergraduates of both sexes was thought to be unwholesome. He was always emphasizing "Sex" in undesirable ways. He had come to Oxford, & lived in considerable comfort, driving about in a Rolls-Royce car, & entertaining finely. "There is a heap of American money behind him."

[239]

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I inquired whether the movement injured the intellectual work of the undergraduates affected by it, and he replied, decidedly in the affirmative, adding that most of the undergraduates affected were not of the intellectual type.

I sat between Lords Hardinge and Darling. The latter is growing into senility, and is rather trying, because he interrupts conversation irrelevantly, but, of course, much allowance must be made for a man of 82. Opposite to me were Hartington and Cranborne, with whom I had an interesting conversation about ecclesiastical matters. We got on to Disestablishment, and I was impressed by their readiness to admit its practical necessity. Hartington clung harder to establishment than Cranborne.

L^d Hardinge said that he had been unable to find in his papers any confirmation that Lloyd George had intimated to the Russians that the presence of the Czar & Czarina in England would be inconvenient, but that he distinctly remembered Lloyd George saying as much at the time, when they might have been saved by coming here.

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[240]

~~Wednesday~~ Thursday October 20th, 1932.

[symbol]

I breakfasted in the Club, having as my vis-à-vis the Bishop of Worcester (Perowne). He is becoming interested in "Groups", and is getting Thornton-Duesbury to bring a 'team' to his Diocesan Conference. I asked him to tell me what happened. The Bishops of Sheffield & Portsmouth were also breakfasting, & I had some talk with them. Both were evidently beginning *to be perturbed by this Movement. In Sheffield an incumbent had become insane under its influence!*

I walked to Lambeth, & resumed attendance at the Bishops' Meeting. Nothing of importance was done, and, as the remaining items on the agenda appeared to be unimportant, I walked off to the Athenaeum, & lunched there with Fleming. *Sir Michael Sadler was there, & came over to talk with me. I asked him what was his opinion of "Groups", and he replied that he had known many instances of men being greatly benefited, but that his secretary, a clever Girton girl, was hotly opposed to them, & Probyn, one of the City incumbents, took the same line. His testimony may be said to have neutralized itself. [symbol] Fleming is, of course, hostile: but it is precisely the hostility of comfortable clerics like himself, who so obviously make the best of both worlds, that most makes me hesitate to pronounce the condemnation, which, on so many counts, I incline to pass on the movement.*

I received an affectionate telegram from Ella, which may or may not have been evoked by my letter. Anyway, I was glad to receive it.

[symbol]

Then I walked round to the Bookseller, & was rather surprised to see the counter heaped with copies of the "Outline for Boys & Girls & their Parents". I inquired how it was selling, and was told that it "was going off fairly well". I much fear that the only result of our pointing out the poisonous character of the book has been to increase its sale. I also visited the Hair-dresser, where I was hailed by Sydney Vere Lawrie, who also was being attended to professionally. Then I returned to the Athenaeum, and had tea. [Frederick] Kenyon was there and had some talk with me. He, like everybody else, is much alarmed at the outlook for the winter, "If they do these things in the green tree, what will they do in the dry?".*

[242]

[symbol]

Peers and I dined pleasantly together in the Club, and discussed the question of appointing an architect to take the place of Jones. We decided to have a "heart-to-heart" talk with the engineer, Faber. It may be that the work on the castle is now sufficiently advanced to make an architect unnecessary, but we agreed that in a building of so great historic importance as Durham Castle, no risks should be run. *We went together to Burlington House, where the Royal Society of Antiquaries were holding a meeting. Peers presided, and admitted me to a Fellowship in the usual way. Then a certain gentleman, named Radford, read a paper on medieval Italian Art. It was illustrated with slides, & seemed very learned. There was a short*

discussion, & then we went into another room, where tea & coffee were provided. The only persons whom I recognized in the company were Eric Maclagan, Lord Crawford & Balcarres*, and Caröe.*

The weather, which had been warm & “muggy” settled down to steady rain.

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[243]

Friday, October 21st, 1932.

I breakfasted in the club with Harold Cox. Then I came away in time to catch the ~~????~~ Pullman Express which leaves King's cross at 11.20 a.m., and arrives at Darlington at 3.55p.m. On arrival I was met by Charles with the car, & so came to the Castle. Here a missionary meeting, which had been held in the State Room, was dispersing. The speaker, a lady missioner named Stapledon, who works on the north west frontier, stayed the night. Among the letters awaiting my arrival was one from Braley*, telling me that Kenneth Hodgson had been to see him saying that he wasn't comfortable at Hatfield Hall, and proposed to abandon his reading for the diploma. Braley had spoken strongly to the wretched youth, and asked me to write to him. This I did, but I begin to suspect that there may be some mental twist in Kenneth, which prevents him from settling down to anything. I wrote to Lord Sankey, sending him the name of the Rev. John Wilson, now vicar of S^t Edmunds, Gateshead, as a suitable person for nomination to Bishopton. He is well on in the sixties, but seems to be active and vigorous. He is an Evangelical, but, happily, is not a fighting Protestant.

<!221032>

[244]

Saturday, October 22nd, 1932.

[symbol]

I made a desperate attempt to clear up my study, and despatched a number of books to the vacant shelves in the Chaplain's Rooms, his own volumes having migrated with him to his house.

Leonard Wilson came to lunch, & afterwards talked with me on various matters. He tells me that Wood, the Vicar of S. Helen's, Low Fell, a "hard-shell" Anglo-Catholic, had become quite charitable under the influence of groups. On the other hand, Wilson had by no means been favourably impressed by the meeting which he himself had attended. The self-assurance, not to say arrogance of the leaders offended him, & among these leaders Malcolm Ross was prominent. He noted particularly the almost professional glibness & authoritative manner which distinguished Malcolm, a lad of 22 who but a year ago was winning golden opinions by his modesty & devoutness.

John Redfearn came to see me about his Ordination. He will not be ready for Examination until the Trinity Ordination – 1933. He is evidently thinking as well as reading. He too has had experience of "Groups", and is not well-impressed. [symbol] [245] He attended meetings in Sheffield, where Malcolm Ross was again prominent. **He thought the "Groupists" plainly swollen by spiritual pride.** One of them declared that he had "cut sin out of his life", and others spoke contemptuously of the Church. I think that Redfearn moves in the direction of Anglo-Catholicism. He prefers the worship of S. Ignatius to that of Bishopwearmouth.

Charles Clear, a poor little half-starved lad of 17, the eldest son of an unemployed miner at Ferryhill, came to see me. He would be ordained, and could enter Mirfield if he were accepted & had a grant from the Diocesan Fund. **I put strong coercion on myself, and rejected him. But how could he be ever really suitable for the career of an English clergyman?** If he scraped into Orders, what could we do with him?

[symbol]

I finished reading Harold Begbie's 'Life Changers' which appears to have a large circulation. It is written in the mood of ecstatic exaggeration which marks all the "Group" literature, and its adulatory references to "F.B." are nauseating. It may well stand with Russell's 'For Sinners Only' as a companion volume.*

<!231032>

[246]

22nd Sunday after Trinity, October 23rd, 1932.

A bright morning, but colder. There is a feeling of winter in the air. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants, including Charles and Christina.

The Gospel set before us the cheese-paring economy of our forgiveness of one another, and the limitless charity of the Almighty. S. Peter's "Until 7 times?" carries arithmetic into ethics, & gives the strength and the weakness of casuistry in a nutshell. Christ's rejoinder, "I say not unto thee, Until seven times, but until seventy times seven," for ever excludes the arithmetic of the casuists, and bases morality on the very character of God. Being what He is, and feeling as He does, God cannot but forgive the penitent. And just as we become sharers of the Divine Nature, "imitators of God, as dear children", we too become all-pardoning. The temper of habitual placability which utters itself in ready, almost inevitable, forgiveness of injuries is more than an endowment of nature. It has its Beatitude as an active principle in social conduct – "Blessed are the Peacemakers", said Christ, "for they shall be called sons of God".

[247]

I wrote to Leslie Morrison and to Jack Clayton. Then I walked in the Park with Ella for an hour. The recent gale has brought down most of a big elm tree not far from the gate. The tree, which was fine and conspicuous, now looks futile and dilapidated.

I read through the "Groupist" pamphlet "Realizing Religion" by S.M. Shoemaker Jr. Of course it contains much that is confessedly true, much that is certainly interesting, but also much that is provocative & doubtful. The thought rises inevitably in the mind, how poor a place the world would be if everybody were obsessed with this aggressive evangelism. How could Science & Art have flourished on the soil of Christendom if Christ's Religion were truly so narrow and narrowing! I prefer the large counsel of S. Paul who, although trained by the Rabbis, was a cosmopolitan. "Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honourable, just, lovely, of good report; if there be any virtue, & if there be any praise, think on these things."

I motored to Pelton, & preached at Evensong. It was the 90th anniversary of the consecration of the Church. I was particularly pleased with the good order of the choir, & the well-cared-for aspect of the Church.

[248]

Monday, October 24th, 1932.

[symbol]

A certain L. Col. E.N. Mozley writes to me very rudely from Leeds with reference to my letter in the Times. It appears that there has been an article in the "Week End Review" dealing severely with me! "The article was as needful as was Stevenson's chastisement of the Traducers of Father Damien, & will doubtless meet with similar approval." My critic proceeds:-

"Your Lordship no doubt longs for the days of the Prince-Bishops of Durham when your love of the great country houses & their owners would have had full scope. But one wonders what Lightfoot & Westcott would say about their successor's attitude to the Unemployed. If your Lordship saw your wife and children starving or in danger of a shameful life you would know why men riot. But the man who obtained the See of Hereford in exchange for a new-found 'ex animo' conviction will never be in danger of personal privation."

Well, well!

[249]

[symbol]

I worked at the Charge, that is, I spent much precious time in reading & noting more of the Group Literature. It is not insignificant that the Groupists in their exultant narratives of their experiences in South Africa **never make any reference to Hickson's Faith-healing Mission which, as recently as 1922, was said to have worked wonders there.**

I walked round the Park in the afternoon: A Canadian Archdeacon, who was preaching in the parish church yesterday, came to tea: and two very plain relations of Ella's arrived on a visit.

I motored to Sunderland, and attended the annual meeting of the Seamen's Institute. The Hall was crowded. I took occasion in my speech to speak about the Unemployed, but, though three reporters were present, I think there is little chance of my words getting beyond Sunderland, for though Sunderland is a considerable place, it is so out of the way that nothing there has more than a severely local interest. The meeting was enlivened by the singing of 'Sea-Shanties', of which the conductor, a humourous gentleman said that he had heard me preach in Westminster 25 years ago. I got home at 10.20 p.m.

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[250]

Tuesday, October 25th, 1932.

I went in to Durham, and opened the new elementary school in S. Oswald's parish. The Mayor and a good many parishioners were present. I made a speech on religious education, which, perhaps, was rather too heavy for the occasion. The architect and the contractor presented me with a handsome set of Scott's Novels in a book-case. This was a welcome substitute for the conventional and useless key or trowel.

Lilley* sent me his Paddock Lectures on "Religion and Revelation". In thanking him for his gift, I took the opportunity of asking him what he thought about the Groups Movement. That volatile youth, Philip Westcott, writes to say that he has 'by no means given up the idea of ordination', but that "he is not yet settled enough for God's service." He proposes to go up to Westcott House in about a year's time. He concludes:-

"I hope, my Lord, you will approve of my decision, and continue to pray for me that in another two or three years, I may be a strong & valiant servant worthy of the Ministry."

I trust that Cunningham will succeed in making him realize what Ordination implies.

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[251]

Wednesday, October 26th, 1932.

I wrote to Streeter asking him to tell me frankly what he thought about the Groups. It would not surprise me to learn that he had thrown himself into the movement. Indeed I am surprised that he has not come forward as its apologist. But he is an enigmatic enthusiast, who can never be counted upon.

I walked round the Park in the afternoon, & was caught in a considerable down-pour of rain. I spent more than two hours in revising the proofs of Knight's Cambridge Lectures on Pastoral Theology. They contain much good stuff, but are rather heavy. My late Suffragan had many graces, but not that of a lucid and winning style. He proposes too many 'counsels of perfection', and exhibits an inadequate apprehension of the actual circumstances in which the parochial clergy now generally work. These are precisely the faults which are almost unavoidable in the case of a man who bases his opinions on his own reading & experience, and has little commerce with others. He is more deferential to the Lambeth Conference than I should have expected, but perhaps, he imagined that, in addressing those who were contemplating Ordination, he was bound to speak respectfully of ecclesiastical authorities!

<!271032>

[252]

Thursday, October 27th, 1932.

I wrote to Dick telling him that, in view of the pressure on his time, a fortnightly letter would suffice.

I made a start in writing this precious Charge, but made little progress.

After lunch I motored to Durham, & presided at the meeting of the Board of Training & Maintenance. There was a good attendance, & an animated, but not unfriendly, meeting. Then I went to my room in the Castle, & had tea. Gordon joined me there, and we proceeded to S^t Luke's, Pallion, where I collated Don Drury to the vicarage in succession to Heaver. There was a good attendance of clergy, & a crowded church in spite of the rain, which fell pitilessly.

Heaver himself was present, and read the prayers. He looks distracted, and I am sincerely sorry for him, but nothing can be done to help him. Of all forms of clerical disadvantage, an unsuitable marriage is the most incapable of remedy. Heaver was, I think, the most promising young man whom I have ordained in the course of an episcopate which covers nearly 15 years, & yet his folly in marrying a bar-girl in a mining parish has cut short his career at the start, & destroyed both his happiness and his prospects.

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[253]

Friday, October 28th, 1932.

[symbol]

I worked at Charge but still Pharaoh's chariot wheels are reluctant!

After lunch I went in to Durham, & presided at a meeting of the Religious Education Board. Both Luce, the Headmaster of Durham School, & Coombes, the Headmaster of Barnard Castle were present.

I had tea in my room at the Castle, & then motored to Sunderland where I dedicated the temporary church of S^t. Nicholas. In spite of the rain the building was filled. Wynne-Willson was there in the triple capacity of Rector of the mother parish, Rural Dean, and Bishop's Chapel [sic]. I preached from the Collect of the Festival.

The Bishop of London has been commenting on the Groups Movement. He is sceptical of its "guidance".

"Every Christian believes that he must be guided by the H.S. But we must never forget that reason & sanctified common sense were given us as organs to be used by the Spirit. To remember this w^d save what scandalized a father who was originally very keen on the Group Movement, when a member of it wrote a love-letter to his daughter on Friday but was "guided" to propose to another girl on the Monday."

<!291932>

[254]

Saturday, October 29th, 1932.

I received a long letter from Jack Carr, telling me of his experiences as a missionary in Southern Nigeria. There have been disabling scandals there also. He is beginning to realize the magnitude of his task. The crude evangelistic methods, which he finds employed by the native agents disturb him, and he is dismayed at the inadequacy of their training.

“In most cases the Christians acquire quite a lot of prestige in the town, and, I fear, often rather despise the heathen around them. One reason, perhaps, is that as they become Christians, they learn to read, and many of them – at least those who begin as boys and girls – go to school and acquire a certain amount of book knowledge, which inevitably commands respect in a country where it is the exception rather than the rule. For another thing, when they become Christian, they generally aspire to extravagance of dress which they never dreamed of before, and it is rather a sad feature of that tendency that I have come across several lapsed members whose sole reason for staying away is that they have [255] become too poor to keep up their former standard of dress, and are ashamed to come to church clad only in a loin cloth. On the other hand, I know many good Christians who are rarely seen in anything else.”

The African would appear to be much on a level with the English in the matter of clothes-cult.

I worked again at the charge. Charles attended a meeting of the Ruridecanal Chapter at which the subject of “Groups” was discussed. He was rather more favourably impressed than I had expected. The Movement appears to be making headway in the diocese. Of course the tide is still coming in, and the ebb will follow in due course.

The Bishop of Jarrow & Rawlinson came to lunch, and afterwards discussed diocesan business with me. They appear to be on good terms with one another, and disposed to be friendly & helpful. After they had departed, I wrote a “Birthday Letter” to my brother, Arthur, and then corrected some more of the proofs of Knight’s Pastoral Lectures. He certainly asks much of the clergy, far more than they can, or will, perform.

<!301032>

[256]

23rd Sunday after Trinity, October 30th, 1932.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered only seven communicants.

I wrote to William in Johannesburg.

In the afternoon I walked round the Park, & had some conversation with a police-sergeant whom I met there. He said that some very decent men whom he had known in Bishop Auckland had now sunk into mere loafers through continuous unemployment. He strongly advocated the "cat" for crimes of violence, and thought that prisons were much too comfortable.

Charles and I motored to Sunderland, where I preached at Evensong in All Saints Church. In spite of the rain, the Church was quite full, and the congregation contained a fair proportion of men, especially of young men. The Vicar, Rev. R. Wilson, told me that at least 70 per cent of his parishioners were either on the "dole", or on the rates. There was, however, a reasonable spirit in them. They realized that, bad as things are in this country, they are far worse in every other. Jimmie Dobbie, who acts as "half-time curate" in this parish, read the first lesson, & some of the prayers. His voice is pleasant, but of slight compass and volume.

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Copies of the Bishopricks were sent to:-

- | | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. William Badham. | 23. Philip Westcott. |
| 2. D ^r L. R. Philips. | 24. Canon Lilley. |
| 3. Leslie Morrison. | 25. ✓ John Redfearn. |
| 4. ✓ Dick. | 26. John Radford. |
| 5. Arthur Rawle. | 27. ✓ John McKitterick. |
| 6. Headmaster of West ^m . | 28. ✓ Geoffrey Dawson. |
| 7. Dean of West ^m . | 29. Lord Hugh Cecil. |
| 8. H. T.A. Dashwood. | 30. Prof. Grey Turner. |
| 9. Rev. J. Nankivall. | 31. ✓ Sir Thomas Oliver. |
| 10. The Librarian B.M. | 32. Lord Castlereagh. |
| 11. H.E. Morritt Esq. | 33. Archdeacon Hunter. |
| 12. Lord Gainford. | 34. Sir James Irvine. |
| 13. John Wrightson Esq. | 35. ✓ Sir Walter Raine. |
| 14. Lord Londonderry. | 36. ✓ Sir Edward Brooksbank. |
| 15. ✓ General Surtees. | 37. Canon Peter Green. |
| 16. Lord Charnwood. | 38. Canon Elliott |
| 17. ✓ Sir G. Adam Smith | 39. ✓ M ^r . Justice Roche. |
| 18. G. A. Macmillan | 40. ✓ Abp. of Dublin. |
| 19. F. W. Pember | 41. Canon Sykes. |
| 20. Sir Charles Peers | 42. Alfred Spelling |

21. The Dean of S. Paul's
22. W. D. Caröe

43. Audrey Hall.
44. M^{rs} Radford.

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[258]

Monday, October 31st, 1932.

[symbol]

I received from Streeter an interesting reply to my inquiries about "Groups". He is, as I thought he would be, more kindly disposed towards the movement than I am, though he is not blind to its faults. He is "coming to think that it has more real life than any religious movement of the hour".

"The most notable thing about the movement is that it gets hold of people who are quite unaffected by other expressions of religion; and I have also known persons who are professing Christians who nevertheless seem to have become more Christian through contact with the movement."

"On the whole, I think the important thing is that the church should not repeat the error which it made in dealing with Wesley, in its dealing with this very similar 'enthusiasm'."

This leaves me much where I was before. How far is the suggested parallel with Methodism really valid? How far is the "enthusiasm" of the earlier movement to be identified with that of the later?

[259]

[symbol]

Dick repudiates my proposal that he should write but once a fortnight, & declares his resolve to send me his weekly letter as heretofore.

There came to lunch M^r & M^{rs} Stone. He is the curate in charge of the Framwellgate Mission. I offered him the appointment to S. John's, Hebburn. He is to visit it, & let me know his decision.

I fetched D^r McCullagh for a walk. He was suffering from a bad heel, but walked with me for half an hour. When he had departed, I picked up two youths – John Blanchard, aged 24, and Wilfred Mothersdale, aged 19 – who were clerks, just dismissed from Eldon Colliery, which has closed down, probably for ever. I showed them over the Castle, and gave them each a copy of my Lecture on Tynedale. These were good lads enough, but terribly cast down by finding themselves unemployed.

I wrote to the Rev^d Geoffrey Allen of Lincoln College, asking him to tell me the title and publisher of the Book on "Groups" which he is said to be about to publish, and telling him that I designed speaking about the movement in my forthcoming Charge. I invited an expression of his opinions.

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[260]

Tuesday, November 1st, 1932.

[symbol]

Lilley replies to my inquiry about "Groups" rather ambiguously. He is not attracted by the movement, and was "put off more than ever" by Russell's book "For Sinners Only"; but he is impressed by the fact that "people whose judgement one values, Grensted for instance are attracted", and he learns that in Oxford & Cambridge the movement steadily advances.

"Knowing something of such movements in the past, I sh^d have thought the beginning of the ebb to be overdue. But that does not seem to be the case".

He evidently doubts the wisdom of my dealing with the movement in my Charge, though "wise and but not too unsympathetic exposure of its weakness may be an imperative duty imposed by the responsibilities of one's office."

"But I am afraid that the movement itself is quite impervious to criticism either of its aims or its methods, that it has the kind of faith in the infallibility of both the one and the other which opposition only strengthens."

But he has made no study of the movement, & is "only recording hearsay accounts of its character".

[261]

I spent the morning in writing a sermon for the "Armistice Day" service at Whitby next Sunday.

In the afternoon I walked round the Park. The views were superb in the fine weather. Charles and I had tea with the Bishop of Jarrow and M^{rs} Gordon. They are slowly getting the house into order. Then we motored to Seaham harbour. Here, in a district of that parish called Deneside, I dedicated a parish Hall which could be used also as a church, the Altar being separated by a movable partition. There was a crowded gathering of people, conspicuous among whom was Lord Londonderry's agent Dillon.* I preached from notes. After the service we returned to Auckland.

I received two anonymous letters from Herrington, extravagantly worded, and plainly inspired by the infuriated Semiramis, the nurse & mission worker, who bitterly resents being bidden leave the parish. The new prominence of women in the work of the Church will mean, I fear, a disastrous emphasizing of the personal aspects of parochial life. Gossip & scandal are the shadows on feminine activity.

<!02111932>

[262]

Wednesday, November 2nd, 1932.

Forty eight years ago on this day, I was elected to a Fellowship of All Souls. If, as might well have been the case, I had not been elected, where & what should I have been now? I should certainly have taken Orders, and, probably, I should have aroused some interest as a preacher. How far that would have carried me who can say? All Souls brought me under the notice of Lord Salisbury, who made me Canon of Westminster. Asquith nominated me to the Deanery of Durham; and Lloyd George sent me first to Hereford, & then to Durham as Bishop.

I finished the Armistice Sunday sermon, and completed revising the proofs of Knight's Lectures. I wrote a "Prefatory Note", & sent it to the Secretary of the Cambridge Press. Canon Boutflower sent me 2 volumes of episcopal charges dealing with the Oxford Movement, when, at and about the time of Newman's secession, its true character and tendency seemed to be disclosed. These compositions vary greatly in candour, learning, and ability, but they agree in being uniformly hostile. It is odd to compare the attitude of the Bishops now. With, perhaps, a single exception (i.e. [263] [symbol] his Lordship of Birmingham) they are uniting in *the Centenary celebration*. ***Very reluctantly I have brought myself to consent to have a service in the Cathedral whereat I myself will be the Preacher; but how I can speak both sincerely and suitably I cannot imagine. But I am in a cleft stick. To do nothing would be to sever the diocese of Durham from the rest of the Church, & that would very naturally be resented by a considerable section of the clergy; to do anything is probably to offend everybody, for I shall go too far for the Evangelicals, and not far enough for the Anglo-Catholics!***

Geoffrey Dawson sends me an amusing "skit" on All Souls called "Government by Mallardry", which he states "was written two or three years ago for his own amusement by C. W. Brodribb, a colleague on the staff of "The Times", and an Oxford man, but not otherwise connected with All Souls". He adds:

"I heard of its existence by accident, begged the manuscript from him, and have had it printed privately for the entertainment of members of the College."

It certainly is very amusing.

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[264]

Thursday, November 3rd, 1932.

[symbol]

In answer to my inquiry about groups, the Rev^d Geoffrey Allen, fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford, replies at some length. **He is evidently a thorough-going "Groupist"**, & expresses himself with ardour and positiveness. He even champions that repulsive book, "For Sinners Only". He alleges that he has seen marvellous effects wrought by it:

"I asked myself, what other book that has been written in these years would have had that effect; and I have not felt since that criticisms of its tone or style were very important."

Then he narrates the case of a grossly licentious man whom he and another Groupist had converted.

"I do not feel that a movement of the Spirit which is having such effects as these needs defense. I sh^d not myself describe my book as a defense or an apology for the Groups, but rather as **a proclamation, as militant as I can make it, of the power of Christ, when he is really allowed to reign.**"

Then he tells how he himself came to join "Groups"

[265]

"For myself, it was really ten years on the New Testament and on Christian philosophy which led me into fellowship with them. **I had to go through a moral conversion before I came into fellowship.** My mind assented to the life I saw, and said that it was extremely close to the life of the primitive Church in its first power: my practice did not accord with them, & lacked that power. I very much disliked it, but in time I was forced to acknowledge that there were defects in me if this were so; that there were tracts in my life where I had not allowed God to reign. **As a result of the challenge of the Groups I was then led through something very like a Pauline conversion, which freed me in a day from things in my life which had been inhibiting & preventing the power of the Spirit.** Now I sh^d feel far more clearly from experience, what I already held in theory, that the **Groups are just a revival in the present day of the life that was there in the first days [266] of the Church, and which from time to time in her history the Church has lost and found again.**

He then expresses his belief that this movement has come precisely at the juncture when the world is ready for it.

There is very great cause for hope, that this time the revival is following on a period of scientific enlightenment, & will baptize new learning into the service of God. There is very great cause for hope, in that **it is following on a period of frank facing of sex, in reaction against Victorianism, & that it will lead, and is leading to a**

surrender of all the sexual side of life to God the power of God. Sex has so often been suspect in the Church: the work of redemption sh^d lead to full conquest in this sphere of life, so that fallen man is restored to the freedom of man before the fall, & can face the whole of his nature naked and unashamed.

[267]

He concludes in an almost minatory strain

At present a local minister is hostile to the Groups; the Groups inevitably lead to a small group of keen people on the edge of the church, who feel themselves alienated and unwanted, & who get hardened into an independent community. **Whenever the local ministry himself repents, and himself rededicates his life, not to the Groups, but to Christ,** he draws the life that is in the Groups into his Church, & finds himself the leader of a vital team of people. A church which had lost the power & lost even the expectation of making converts & winning people for a Christlike joy & power is turned into a church where not only the minister, but his congregation have the joy in their hearts which sends them out to change the lives of others around them.

He is so sure of his ground that he does not contemplate the possibility of an honest Christian's deciding that the principles and methods of 'Groups' are both unwarranted and unsound.

<!041132>

[268]

Friday, November 4th, 1932.

I wrote to Edwards, the curate of Winlaton, who sent me news that his wife had died, & that his daughter was ill, and (though I think as ill of the man as a bishop can!) I sent him a cheque, that being (as I imagine) the form of episcopal sympathy which he most desiderates.

Also, I wrote to Geoffrey Allen, thanking him for his letters about 'Groups', and indicating as politely as possible that I was very far from sharing his opinion of that movement.

Then, Ella and I motored to Durham, where I presided at the meeting of the Diocesan Preventive & Rescue Association. Everything was demure enough. Rawlinson disclosed a meticulous opposition to some harmless resolution supporting the censoring of films &c: but we agreed to it with no more damage than the loss of time.

I had so heavy a cold, and my voice was so nearly lost, that I remained indoors after my return to Durham, and did little for my eyes are sufficiently troublesome to make reading distasteful. A man who has his 70th birthday but four days off must not complain if the 'sheath' begins to give way.

[269]

It seemed to me that, as against the Church, this prolonged persecution cannot fail to be effective. It has broken its organization, practically destroyed its personnel, and is steadily eliminating its buildings. Surely nothing less than a miracle can save a Church under such a dispensation.

Whether persecution is being equally successful in suppressing religions, or is only driving it underground, is another matter. I think there is little doubt that, by decree and by propaganda, the Bolsheviks have greatly weakened religion. A generation is now growing up which has received little or no religious instruction. Boys & girls are coming of age who were only six years old when the Revolution took place. In all the churches I visited, except in Kiev, the congregations, crowded though it often was & devout though it always was, consisted almost entirely of elderly people.

J. G. Lockhart 'The Soviet & the Church' v. Church Times, Nov. 4th 1932.

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[270]

Saturday, November 5th, 1932.

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I received a letter from Sir John Reith, inviting me to a debate with Lord Buckmaster* in B.B.C. on the subject of 'Divorce'. I declined on two grounds (1.) that I could not spare the time, and (2.) that I was not prepared to defend the law as it stands.*

I finished preparing notes for the lecture on 'The Religion of Sir Walter Scott' which, like the fool I indubitably am, I promised to give in York.

I read through a much-praised book which is designed as a kind of Prolegomenon to 'Groups'. 'Tell John, the Message of Jesus & Present Day Religion by Geoffrey Allen & Roy MccKay. It is written in the sensational prophetic style adopted by the Missionaries, and hardly lends itself to precise interpretation. The broad effect is to represent current Christianity, as beyond recovery, undone & moribund. It is as largely built on the teachings of Karl Barth.

I walked round the Park with D^r M^cCullagh. The Bishop of Carlisle [Henry Williams*] and M^{rs} Williams arrived for the week-end. *I had much conversation with him about 'Groups', and found him very definitely opposed to the Movement.*

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He thought the influence on girls was particularly bad and gave some evidence from his own knowledge. That, in these 'House-parties' of both sexes there was a large, and perilous, though unsuspected, element, of sexual excitement he could not doubt. He had no very high opinion of Grensted, who is the leading academic champion of the 'Groups', but understood that his zeal for the cause was cooling. For Loudon Hamilton, one of the most prominent Groupists, he expressed a definite dislike. He was, he thought, arrogant & irreverent. The theological basis for the movement, so far as it had any, were provided by Barth, whose doctrine was stated clearly & fairly in a little book by Father Kelly of Kelham. The Bishop objected particularly to the Groupist procedures known as 'surrender' & 'guidance'. He thought that even the much-praised 'sharing' did not really imply repentance, & was, of course, open to many objections besides.

I inquired into the progress of the 'Church and State' commission. He said that they were inevitably dependent on the Chairman, Lord Robert Cecil,* who was not much interested in the Commission, being absorbed in the League of Nations.

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24th Sunday after Trinity, November 6th, 1932.

A sharp frost, and a brilliant but misty morning. Celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. in the Chapel. We numbered 11 communicants.

I read to the Bishop of Carlisle some of the Charge, and he approved it. He thinks, as I think, that a Bishop cannot rightly stand by, leave the Groups alone, & wait developments. His clergy & people are entitled to receive counsel & direction from him.

I began reading Geoffrey Allen's new book – He that cometh, a Sequel to 'Tell John', being further Essays on the Message of Jesus and Present Day Religion. It is largely autobiographical, narrating how the author came to accept 'Groupism', & his experience since he became a 'Groupist'. It is written in an almost arrogantly dogmatic manner, & suggests a fanatical temper.

I left the Castle at 12.30 p.m., and motored to Whitby, where I preached in the Old Church to a congregation which crowded every part of it. My text was Romans xiv. 9. 'None of us liveth to himself, and none dieth to himself'. After the service I had tea with the Vicar, & then returned to Auckland, where I arrived at 6.30 p.m.

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I had much talk with the Bishop of Carlisle, whom I find very shrewd, intelligent, & independent. I told him of my presumptuous purpose of lecturing on 'Ethical conditions of Scientific Method' at Guy's Hospital. He approved the subject, and suggested psychological experiment as likely to provide illustrations. He would himself approach the subject as a philosopher, postulating what the conditions under which Truth, which is the grand objective of scientific research, must be sought.

He is the Chairman of a Commission on Women's Work, and is himself decisively opposed to the Ordination of Women to the Priesthood, but he holds himself required to hold his peace until the Commission has reported. [Richard Godfrey] Parsons,* the new Bishop of Southwark, who is a member of the Commission feels no such scruple, & has delivered himself vaguely but unmistakeably, to his Diocesan Conference. We discussed future appointments, and reached no very cheerful conclusions. The vacancy of the Durham Deanery cannot but be regarded as a probable event in the near future, & on that appointment much depends.

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Monday, November 7th, 1932.

The Bishop of Carlisle and M^{rs} Williams left the Castle after breakfast.

Ella and I motored to Bishopthorpe, where we lunched with the Archbishop and M^{rs} Temple.* There were present also the General and Lady Isabel Gashorne-Hardy, a retired General named Sandys who is direct descendant of the Elizabethan Archbishop, the Dean of York and M^{rs} Bate, & others. At 3 p.m. there was a meeting of the S.P.C.K., and after the Business of the society had been transacted, I delivered an address on 'The Religion of Sir Walter Scott'. It was a poor enough performance, but good enough for the audience of bald-headed men & dowdy women to whom it was spoken! Then we had tea with Eleanor Armstrong who had been present at the meeting, & then we returned home.

I received 'Birthday Letters' from Arthur, Dick, Angel, Canon Knight, & Sir Walter Raine. It is very kind of them & I am not ungrateful but is it worth while to commemorate Birthdays, save of course, as days of penitential observance? Anyway tomorrow I enter my 70th year.

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[276]

Tuesday, November 8th, 1932.

I received affectionate Birthdays greetings from

- | | |
|--------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. Alfred Spelling | 7. Joyce Dobbie |
| 2. Arthur Watts | 8. Nancy Wynne-Williams |
| 3. Jimmie Dobbie | 9. Kitty Wilson |
| 4. John Redfearn | 10. Fosca Westcott |
| 5. Brooke Westcott | 11. Spencer Wade |
| 6. Alfred Toomey | 12. Kenneth Hodgson |

No doubt the references in some of the newspapers increased the number of letters. I received no less than 23 letters & 4 telegrams of congratulation.

To make one's 70th year compels thinking, & that of no cheerful character. How small is the measure of time that remains to me even on the most liberal estimate! Definitely I am numbered with the "the old gang", who by that title are secured in the disregard of their younger contemporaries, politely disguised or coarsely asserted.

The "Yorkshire Post" ignored my Scott Lecture absolutely but some of the London newspapers noticed it: & the Times actually devoted a short article to Scott's Religion, and referred in the complimentary terms to my article in the Bishoprick. This was no doubt due to Geoffrey [Dawson*]'s regard for a quondam of All Souls. I had sent him a copy of the "Bishoprick".

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Sir Walter Raine, an excellent example of the sincere Wesleyan writes:-

"I read recently with great profit "For Sinners Only" – altho [sic] I did not agree with all of it – I did feel a necessity for personal reconsecration to the Master's service for myself, & I'm trying my best to be more useful".

I suppose the infamous taste of the book could not offend a man trained in Methodist vulgarities as it must needs offend an educated Anglican. And certainly one may not belittle or ignore the effect – a wholly good effect – which it is plainly capable of having.

Streeter is evidently alarmed at the prospect of a hostile pronouncement from me. He thinks that the Group Movement stands on much the same footing as the Anglo-Catholic & the Evangelical movements. It "may do as much harm as each of these has done: but it may also do as much good". But neither of those movements was original in the same sense and measure as is this "Group" movement.

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[277]

Wednesday, November 9th, 1932.

More Birthday letters. The kindness which sends them is most welcome. The toil which answers them is most repugnant! In this respect surely the Dominical precept must be reversed – “It is more blessed to receive than to give”.

I motored to Durham and attended the function in the Town Hall, by which one Mayor goes out of office, and another comes into it. This function is made the occasion of adulatory speeches, and is followed by a luncheon, at which more adulatory speeches are delivered. The Bishop walks from the Town Hall to the place of feeding beside the Mayor. On this occasion, the Mayor, M^r Wilkinson, was a Methodist preacher, & his accession to office was evidently regarded as an event by his co-sectaries, who filled the Town Hall, and were the majority of the company in the Three Tuns, where the luncheon was held. I found the speeches intolerable, and in replying to the Toast of “The Bishop &c” referred scornfully to the adulation. But “my people love to have it so”, and, of course, mutual admiration is the breath of life to these voluntaries, who only raise the means to live by the most exorbitant flattery of one another.

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That strange creature, perversely brilliant and entirely lovable, F. W. Bain,* writes to me about my lecture on “Scott’s Religion”, of which he knows no more than the snippet report in the “Times”. He approves particularly of the statement, “He did more to dignify poverty than any of the great writers”.

He writes:-

“The last four lines of the meagre report (in this morning’s Times) of your remarks on Sir Walter, strike the nail on the head. That is the greatest feature alike of his Novels and his character, & few indeed ever underline it. Some of the things recently printed about him by the “critics” qualified them for painless extinction. It is good to read something that can come only from real understanding. I “looks [sic] toward you”...

We shall differ on many things with ferocity, tempered by years – but we are at one re. the great Sir Walter. It’s the hallmark of intelligence e.g. Birkenhead, who might be forgiven much because he read the “Waverleys [sic]” once every year”.

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Thursday, November 10th, 1932.

[Ralph] Watson,* the Rural Dean, came to answer in person my letter of inquiry about the situation in Herrington. He said that anonymous letters had come to him also alleging many things against the incumbent: that there was evil gossip respecting the said incumbent's domestic life current in the neighbourhood: that the difficulty with Semiramis was of long standing, & that the former incumbent had lain down meekly under the yoke, &, in fact, had surrendered the conduct of the parish to the said Semiramis: that, in his (the Rural Dean's) judgement, there was a nucleus for scandal in the disordered life of the Vicarage, where M^{rs} B's father lived, & spoiled the two boys so effectually, that there was some likelihood of one of them being expelled from school: that, nevertheless, he thought that the Incumbent had a following, & could hardly be what the anonymous letter writers affirmed. Watson undertook (a.) to see the churchwardens, & hear what they had to say: (b.) to find out who the lady named Thompson was, & how much knowledge lay behind her letter to me. That is as far as I can go at present with one of the most sordid and puzzling affairs I have ever encountered.

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I motored to Durham, and lunched with D^r Paile, the High Sheriff, who was entertaining the Grand Jury. He had collected a pleasant party, very largely military. I proposed his health in a brief speech, which seemed to please the company but was fatuous enough.

I walked to the Castle and licensed three curates, and afterwards gave them tea in my rooms. One of them, a deacon named Hilditch who is working at S. Cuthbert's, Hebburn, rather surprised me by the eager defence of Bolshevism which he "put up" at tea. Probably he disclosed the prevailing sentiment of Misfield, where he has come.

I called on Wallis* at S. John's College, and had some talk with him about "Groups". He appears to be definitely hostile. The deacon, Davey, whom I ordained in September is desperately ill with thyroid which he is said to have contracted by drinking a glass of water at lunch in Malton. He was an unusually attractive & promising youth.

Canon [P.Y.] Knight wrote to me respecting the Vicar of Herrington, whom he considers to be altogether unsuited to the parish.

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Sir Henry Havelock-Allan, who sat beside me at the High Sheriff's lunch told me various stories about his distinguished father, who was a Baptist in religion and a Liberal in politics. He was opposed to Home Rule, of which the Baptist Minister in Darlington was a strong advocate. On one Sunday the said Minister preached a vehement political sermon advocating the Irish policy which Sir Henry, sitting in the pew below the pulpit with his two children strongly resented. At length, he could stand it no longer. "Children", he said loudly, "Right about turn. March". The three solemnly marched down the length of the Chapel.

When they reached the door, Sir Henry spoke again. "Children, right about turn". They obeyed, and saw their father shake his fist at the Minister, and say emphatically "You d...d liar!" The next Sunday we were all at S. Cuthbert's, said the present Baronet, whom I myself confirmed in that Church. This is one way of escaping from error and schism, into truth & fellowship! That great and religious warrior had evidently a will of his own, and a temper more congruous with his military profession than with his heavenly calling.

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Friday, November 11th, 1932.

A sharp frost, and a brilliant day: but, though the conditions seem most favourable for work, I was so giddy that perforce I left my study, & strolled in the Park for an hour.

Farnell,* the Vicar of Witton Park, came to see me at 3 p.m. in response to my summons. The Archdeacon of Auckland and Charles were present. I went through the allegations of the churchwardens seriatim, and, of course, he denied everything, but obviously was very uncomfortable, and did incidentally make many damaging admissions. Finally, I sent him away with a warning. I can imagine that Birney* was not an easy man to follow: that there may have been some force in his plea that the multitude of beggars made absenteeism from the Vicarage real or affected not altogether unreasonable: that the morals of many of his female parishioners made the company of his wife in parochial visitation prudent: that the churchwardens & other aggrieved parishioners were not wholly uninfluenced by personal malice. But that the Vicar himself is an idle, conceited, and grossly careless person is apparent.

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I finished reading Geoffrey Allen's "He that cometh". Its tone of arrogant infallibility revolts me. In the true spirit of fanaticism he disallows all criticism of the Groups movement as itself proof positive of moral disqualification in the critic! In fact he so completely identifies "Groupism" and Christianity as to use with respect to the first the absolute language of Divine claim which properly belongs only to the last. His references to sexual offences, which provide the main difficulty about "staring", are profoundly unsatisfactory, and his account of "guidance" confirms my worst misgivings. Besides, the Scripture is quoted in a very irrational way, so that although Allen is himself no mean scholar, and certainly knows the truth of criticism, he lays himself open to the suspicion of "Fundamentalism". I am really becoming alarmed by the gathering strength of my dislike of the "Groups" movement, as it is presented by its members: for I had hoped to find a foundation for a more benevolent attitude towards it than I fear will be possible. The Bishop of Bristol (Nickson*) replies to my inquiry in terms which, though designedly non-committal, do certainly disclose misgivings. He suggests that the Bishop of Leicester might tell me something.

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[284]

Saturday, November 12th, 1932.

The deacon Hilditch whom I licensed on Thursday writes to me at great length to explain his sentiments on Bolshevism! He writes:-

“I was in a railway train not long ago when a fairly well-informed man (an ex- M.P.) was discussing your Lordship and the Archbishop of York. He gave instances from your Lordship’s career and that of the Archbishop to prove that you were both opportunists in your political connexions. In vain did I argue that such things were inconsistent with the character of either prelate. I could feel that the rest of the compartment was converted to my opponent’s way of thinking.”

It must have been an interesting discussion: & I should like to know the lines of my champion’s defence!

I worked at the Charge, but almost in spite of myself it seems to grow ever more definitely hostile to “Groups”. How is this to be mitigated?

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Jimmie Dobbie came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me in the Park. He also had read “For Sinners Only”, and had been impressed by it! I suppose that the intolerable journalistic style is really what the younger folk like. To older men, cynics of the pre-war epoch, it is quite hateful. He told me that his doctor in Sunderland assured him that he was constantly being asked for contraceptives, and constantly supplied them. It is quite apparent that the horrified condemnation of their use which we hear from leading ecclesiastics commands no regard from Jimmie’s generation. The moral objection, so vehemently asserted, simply doesn’t count with them. ‘We can’t afford any more children at present’ is a sufficient reason for using contraceptives. And, given that such use is not necessarily wrong, why should it not be sufficient?

I wrote to the Abp of Dublin telling him my practice in administering confirmation. He wanted to know whether I gave more than one address.

Bishop Lasbrey* of Southern Nigeria arrived on a short visit.

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“Does the elephant feel the weight of his tusks?” – this was the reply of an idle African when reminded that he was often seen to do much more in a day on his own ground than the amount required from his by his owner.

Bishop Lasbrey told me that a traveller who had visited him declared that he had seen a troop of gorillas in the swampy land of Southern Nigeria.

I received "A Centenary Manifesto" signed by 50 clergymen. It is directed against the moderate Anglo-Catholics who pursue the policy of joining with the Eastern Churches against Rome, and against every concession to "Modernism". It declares tout court for Reunion with Rome.

"Our Lord set up but One Church, the members of which were to be in communion one with another. This One Catholic Church was constituted with S^t Peter as its Foundation & Head, & for ever has as its Centre & Guide on earth the successor of S^t Peter. This truth we confess, & hence, while striving also for reunion with the Orthodox Churches of the East, we declare that the real and essential goal is Reunion with the Apostolic See of Rome."

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25th Sunday after Trinity, November 13th, 1932.

A still, mild day, not helpful to exertion.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 9 communicants including Bishop Lasbrey and William. I read the Collect, Epistle, and Gospel for the 6th Sunday after Trinity. The Epistle provides an example of the positive gains which the Revised Version has brought us. "Behold what manner of love the Father has bestowed upon us, that we should be called children of God: and such we are." The last clause, "and such we are" is not found in the A.V. Yet it adds the affirmation of experience to the theory of religion. On the whole my preference for the R.V. is confirmed as time passes: yet I cannot conceal from myself the unpleasing and rather humiliating fact that its unpopularity tends to increase rather than to diminish. The vested interest of the publishing houses assisted by the more respectable contentions of the literary men to whom the Bible is no less and no more than an "English classic" has prevailed, and there is far less probability that the R.V. will win its way to general acceptance now than there was a generation ago. Commercial greed and professional prejudice are too strong for learning, and reason, and edification.

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I wrote to Morley Wells, who has just been appointed to a living in the Peterborough Diocese: and also to William in Johannesburg.

M^r Justice Goddard,* who is on circuit in Durham came to tea with two young men, [Chadwick – Healy *inserted above in pencil*] his Marshals. I showed him the Chapel & the Castle. He seemed to be interested. He said that the Benchers had elected the Abp. of Canterbury to be an hon: Bencher. "To him that hath it shall be given" – it is difficult to see how this can be otherwise, & yet the accumulation of privileges on the same privileged individual does unquestionably emphasize the exasperating inequalities of fortune.

Charles and I motored to Eppleton, where I dedicated a pulpit-canopy, to the memory of a gentleman named Doxford, and preached. There was a considerable congregation, and a large well-behaved choir, but the vicar, Salisbury, has a strange unintelligible utterance, & the lay-reader might be thought to model his delivery on that of his chief. Nevertheless, I was not ill-pleased with the service. In this parish the pit is working.

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Monday, November 14th, 1932.

We made our preparations for departure, & left the Castle at 10.30 a.m., leaving Bishop Lasbrey to the tender mercies of Alexander. The day was a typical example of November at its worst – drizzle, rain, mist. We lunched at the Swan Inn in Aberford comfortably enough, and **arrived at Elston Hall** shortly after 4 p.m. We were welcomed with kindness by M^{rs} Darwin,* and were soon joined by her sons, John and Gilbert.* The first is woefully thin: the last is alarmingly fat. John served in the war, was wounded, & is now recovering from an operation. He is a typical Darwin – positive and omniscient. Gilbert is the same, but less so: and as becomes a fat man, more amiable. M^{rs} Darwin evidently admires & flatters her sons, who are not lacking in self-esteem, & with her assistance tend to something like conceit. But they are intelligent & well-informed young men, whose opinions, if too strongly urged, are rarely contemptible. M^{rs} Darwin, Ella, & Fearne went to a dance at Carlton Hall: Gilbert dined out: & John retired to bed after dinner. Thus I was left to my own devices, and, after looking through the illustrated papers, I went to bed.

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[290]

Tuesday, November 15th, 1932.

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A public-school boy in an essay is said to have written as follows:

“Life is divided into three parts. The first is that in which we make our plots; this is Youth.

The second is that in which we carry those plots into effect: this is called the Prime of Life.

The third is that in which we make our souls; this is Dotage.”

Jack Clayton, to whom I owe the above, adds

“Further experience will probably lead this young man to revise his definition of the second period into ‘that in which we fail to carry these plots into effect’.”

We know so pathetically little about ourselves, and nothing at all about the world, when we are young. Matthew Arnold’s phrase – ‘the sick fatigue, the languid doubt, which much to have tried, in much to have been baffled, brings’ – seems to me an exact description of the temper which marks the decline of life, when our strength ~~his~~ is failing, & our experience is coming to a close.

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I wrote letters, and then strolled in the garden with John and Gilbert. They are evidently proud of the house, which, however, has no great antiquity, & immensely proud of their family. The Darwins were a long-lived stock, many of the 18th and early 19th century portraits stated that the originals had lived for more than 90 years.

I was taken to the parish church, a small & commodious building of the 13th century, & introduced to the Vicar, who has recently come to the parish, & is still in high esteem. The marriage of Blanche Vere Laurie and Andrew Johnson took place at 2 p.m. in Carlton Church. There was a crowded congregation. The Vicar assisted, & the Southwell Cathedral Boys sang beautifully. I tied the knot, and gave the address. Much to my chagrin, Ella planted Geordie Gore on me, & I was driven in company of that questioning lady to Grantham, where I caught the express to King’s Cross. I arrived at 7.5 p.m., & after depositing my bags at 21 Park Lane, I went to the Athenæum, and dined there with Peers. Arthur Headlam was in the Club. He grows more oracular & dictatorial, and I suppose I become more alien and enigmatical. There really is no place for H.D. [Herbert Dunelm] in the Church of England.*

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Wednesday, November 16th, 1932

The noise of the traffic in Park Lane was incessant until about 2.30 a.m., then there was quiet until about 4 p.m. when traffic was resumed. Of course sleep was out of the question.

I walked to the Athenæum, & wrote to Ella; then I went to the hair-dresser, & was professionally trimmed, singed, & cleansed. I walked to the Church House, and attended the debate in the Church Assembly. I lunched in the Jerusalem Chamber, & had some talk with Kenneth Gibbs* and the Bishop of Salisbury ([St Clair George] Donaldson*). I resumed attendance in the Church House until the Education – debate ended; & then I walked back to the Athenæum, & wrote to Ella, Arthur, M^{rs} Darwin, & Colonel [Ralph] Ritson.*

Old M^r [Utrick] Ritson*, the latter's father, had just died at Muggleswick, and I wrote to offer my condolence. The old man was a strong Wesleyan, but he showed much friendliness to me, & entertained Ella & me at Muggleswick on several occasions. I remember being with him when he celebrated his golden wedding, amid an immense gathering of his descendants.

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I dined at Grillions. The following formed a pleasant company:-

1. Sir Austen Chamberlain.
2. Owen Leawall.
3. Lord Hartington.
4. " Hardinge.
5. " Fitz Alan.
6. " Lloyd.
7. " Stonehaven.
8. Sir George Murray.
9. Bishop of Durham.
10. Lord Newton.

Lord Lloyd* said that British readers of cipher were the best in the world, & were much sought after by the Intelligence Departments of foreign Powers for that reason.

We drifted into a discussion of Disestablishment. Most of the company were opposed, but we talked with great animation until 11 p.m. I could not but reflect on the significance of the fact that here were 10 men, all important in their generation, who were interested in religion, & friendly to the Church. Could the same happen in any other country? Not, of course, [294] [symbol] that there was any significance in the number, but the variety of types represented in that small company was remarkable, and all men of real distinction.

Yet they all discussed the question of Disestablishment with the assumption that the maintenance of Christianity was of primary importance for the national welfare. All were

hotly opposed to “Anglo-Catholicism”: none, save Lord Stonehaven, who is a Presbyterian, had the faintest notion of what a spiritual society must mean. Austen Chamberlain, who is a Unitarian, said that his wife and children were confirmed and communicant members of the Church. “After Locarno, I felt that I should like to go to church; and, on inquiry finding that there was a service, I went there with my wife.” I understood him to mean that he communicated. This devout sentimentality is not to be despised, but it is far indeed from Christian devotion. I was impressed by the earnestness with which Lord Lloyd expressed himself. I don’t think that any of them was pretending to be more religious than he actually was.

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Thursday, November 17th, 1932.

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After breakfast I walked to ~~Westminster~~ the Athenæum, & wrote to Ella and to Charles. Then I drove to Church House, and afterward had the Bishop of Sheffield as my table-companion at lunch. I returned to the Church Assembly, where a Resolution expressing sympathy with the Unemployed was introduced characteristically by the Bishop of London. In spite of a hoarse throat, **I made a speech of 20 minutes, which was loudly applauded.** By a curious slip I said 'Disendowment' instead of 'Unemployment' to the huge amusement of the Assembly. However I turned the laugh with a phrase, & it did not affect the attention, which it might well have wrecked. Old Sir Lewis Dibdin said that it was the best speech he had ever heard me deliver: & several people congratulated me: but I knew it to be a very ragged, flimsy performance, which, perhaps, contained the materials of a very good speech, but was itself far other.

I went to the Club, & had tea. Then I wrote to Dick, and afterwards walked to Park Lane. All day long I was dreadfully handicapped by a most fiendish cold.

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We certainly have two very eloquent Primates. Temple's speech on Gambling & Betting this morning, and Lang's on Unemployment this afternoon were admirable in form & substance. Perhaps the last was too long – 27 minutes – at the end of a debate, & protracted 10 minutes beyond the customary hour for departure. But it was evidently appreciated by the audience.

I dined in Park Lane with Lord Scarbrough*, Lord Lamington* and Colonel [blank space]. After the two latter had departed mine host spoke about Spiritualism, respecting which he professed himself baffled but unattracted and unconvinced. He told me the following story which he could vouch for. M^{rs} Atkinson, a war-widow, was visited by Lady Nunburnholme. The latter stared at M^{rs} A. in a very pronounced and impolite fashion; an action which she subsequently explained. While waiting alone for her hostess, she had seen an Officer in khaki enter the room, look around as if seeking for someone, and disappear. At dinner he re-appeared standing behind M^{rs} A. Lady N identified him from a photograph as M^{rs} A. husband, who had been killed in France.

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Friday, November 18th, 1932.

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I consulted an oculist, recommended to me by Lord Scarbrough, M^r J. M^c Houli. (23, Hertford Street, Park Lane) After testing my eyes in divers ways for half-an-hour he said: "You are getting cataract. It may not develop for some years to the point of needing an operation, but it is present in both eyes." He gave me a prescription for something, in which, he said, he himself had great confidence, but which was not universally approved, **which would have the effect of delaying the advance of the mischief, and would in any case do no harm**. He also recommended me to use tinted glasses. On the whole, he was not discouraging, save that the very mention of cataract has a dreadful sound.

I went to Clerkenwell, and was admitted as a Sub-Prelate of the Order of S^t John of Jerusalem. The service was not without solemnity, & Lord Scarbrough, as Sub-Prior, was most impressive. Then I went to the Athenæum, and had tea with Lord Sumner: after which I proceeded to King's Cross, and took the 5.30 p.m. express to Darlington which arrived at 9.45 p.m. There I was met by Charles with the car.

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Saturday, November 19th, 1932.

Leake, the Rector of Boldon, wrote asking from me permission to absent himself from his parish for four months on account of his asthma. I hardened my heart, and conditioned my consent by the requirement that he should resign the benefice in the course of next year.

I went into Durham for the meeting of the Diocesan Conference. Canon Peter Green* arrived shortly before noon, and came to the Castle, where he talked with me until 1 p.m. when we lunched in the Common Room. Francis Priestman*, Lord Thurlow*, Cosgrave*, Shaddick*, and Froggatt also lunched. The Conference was well-attended. Canon Green introduced the subject of 'Betting & Gambling' in a vigorous [sic] speech. Wynne-Willson moved, and Professor Heawood* seconded a resolution condemning all forms of gambling as methods of raising funds for Church purposes. This was carried with two dissentions [sic]. Then I gave tea to the Canon, James of Rainton, Shore, Carter, Leslie Foster, the old chorister whom I ordained in September, & Charles. Canon Green then returned to Manchester, and I to Auckland.

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I had some talk with Peter Green about "Groups". He is opposed to the movement, while not denying that individuals had benefitted by its influence. He particularly objected to the arrogant assumption that not to accept "Groupism" is equivalent to rejecting Christianity. The public acknowledgement of private sins in their pulpits by "Groupist" parsons seemed in his judgement probably both unreal and unedifying.

The 'Record' for this week publishes an Address by [Christopher] Chavasse* delivered on November 7th, in which the "Oxford Group Movement" is criticized with severity. He finds that its leaders will not accept anything short of complete submission:

"This is especially the case at Oxford where the Groups are established as a cult, and strongly organized with a headquarters and a band of full-time workers, & where, what one is bound to term, their intolerance & exclusiveness is a strong and distressing feature The circumference of the Movement is much sounder than the centre; so that the deeper you penetrate into its system, the more unhappy you feel."

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[300]

26th Sunday after Trinity, Sunday, November 20th, 1932.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We were but 7 communicants including John, who has been 'hors de combat' with an empoisoned boil on his leg. The weather was foggy, & when I got to my study two magpies were chattering on the lawn before my window – handsome fowl but sinister and murderous.

I wrote to General Surtees declining his suggestion that I should become a Knight Templar, telling him frankly that I had no desire to multiply unreal memberships.

Also I wrote to Lord Lloyd, sending him a copy of 'Disestablishment' & reminding him of our discussion of at Grillions last Wednesday.

Also, to a Scottish correspondent who departs from my opinion that Scott 'had a discerning and sympathetic understanding of the Covenanters.

Ella and I walked in the garden, and put up a large brown owl from the bushes adjoining the east end of the chapel. We were arrested by the alarmed chirruping of the smaller birds, and when we sought to find the cause of disturbance, it disclosed itself in 'Minerva's fowl'.

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Ella accompanied me to Horden where I preached at Evensong to a considerable congregation from Colossians iii. 19. 'Whatever ye do, in word or in deed, do all in the Name of Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God, the Father through him'. In the course of my sermon, I spoke with some plainness about 'Betting & Gambling', a proceeding for which the Vicar thanked me. No doubt in Horden, as in other colliery parishes the miners are strongly addicted to gambling. I was pleased with the service, and impressed by the size of the choir which contained 24 boys, 12 girls, and 16 men – a total of 52. The Vicar, Cass, is a well-built man who would be handsome if it were not for a cast in one eye, which gives a sinister expression of to his countenance. He was ordained in in 1918, so that he has been only 14 years in Orders, & of these, he has spent 8 in his present post. The population of Horden is stated to be no less than 17,000, and Cass has no curate. The difficulty is mainly financial. We could probably find a man, if he could raise the money after his stipend. The Mining Companies which used to subscribe freely, & facilitate Church work in many ways, will now do nothing, pleading financial loss.

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Monday, November 21st, 1932.

I worked at the Charge all the morning. Don Drury came to lunch, and told me of his work at Pallion. I advised him to make no changes for a year, & to use the time to get a thorough knowledge of his parishioners. This he undertook to do. In the course of conversation I inquired whether many persons came to confession in S. Michael's, South Shields. He said that he had never ^known^ anyone make a confession. One boy, a confirmation candidate, wished to do so, but his parents objected. They thought it was 'too much after the Catholick way'! In spite of the alleged progress of Anglo-Catholicism, & the vehement emphasis laid on confession, I am convinced that the mass of the people, even in the A.C. parishes have small concern with 'the Sacrament of penance'.

Captain George Greig, a Church Army Evangelist, now in charge of a van which is travelling about the diocese, came to see me and report progress. He was a good-looking young Scot aged 25 and curiously like Lang about the time of his Ordination. I showed him the Castle, had much talk with him, and gave him a copy of my [303] 'Notes on Spiritual Healing'. He said that the Scots and the Durham people were curiously alike. I inquired whether, having worked in both countries, he has formed any judgment as to their religious condition. He replied very confidently that Scotland was by far the most religious of the two for while the Scots generally went to church to worship God, the English often did so from some non-religious y reason. But he admitted that many English clergy men worked much harder than the Scottish ministers.

Tomorrow being Kitty Cobham's Birthday, I wrote to her and sent her my photograph. I wrote to Christopher Dawson* thanking him for the booklet, 'The Modern Dilemma: the Problem of European Unity', which he had sent me through his publishers. It is interesting, admirably written, & very stimulating. The thesis is simple enough. Europe was unified by Rome, & its civilization by the Church of Rome. It is falling to pieces because it has woken up, & broken away from the Church of Rome. Let it return to 'its spiritual allegiance, & the malady which now menaces European civilization with complete disintegration, will be stayed. That is the naked skeleton of his argument.

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Tuesday November 22nd, 1932.

I worked at the Charge all the morning. After lunch I walked in the Park, and fell in with a young man, Samuel Davis, a miner unemployed who is living on 15/9 per week from the 'dole'. We walked together, & had much talk. He said that he was 23: that he had been in Canada (Saskatchewan) for 2 years, and had greatly enjoyed the life; he loved the country and took keen interest in birds & beasts; he had returned home in order to maintain his widowed mother, with whom he was living.

He gave me an interesting account of his life in Canada. He trapped musk rats, & sold their skins for a dollar a piece. He and another man could trap as many as 50 in a single day. When he returned to England, he had saved £40.

He preferred life in Canada because there was more equality between men. There were no 1st, 2nd and 3rd classes, but the same for all. This young man was confirmed & communicant. He attended S. Anne's. I offered him a shilling, but he declined it; and then I showed him the chrysanthemums in the Greenhouse.

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Then the Rev. Leslie Stanley came to see me. He has just been dismissed from office as Chaplain of the Seamen's Institute in South Shields. He has been mishandling the funds, not with any dishonest intention, but in such wise as to make his employers decide that he ought not to continue in office. He has a wife & 2 children, a 3rd is expected in a month's time! He says that his debts amount to about £120: probably, they amount to much more. What could I say to him that was both kind and wise? As he did not seem to realize the gravity of the situation into which he had brought himself, I thought it advisable to be rather severe; and firstly sent him away with the admonition to obtain as favourable a reference as he could from his employers, adding the counsel that he should consult the Bishop of Whitby who had had knowledge of him in Middlesborough. We shall be fortunate indeed if we do not have trouble with this gentleman!

M^r Wardle, a brother of the local doctor, came to ask me to allow him to use my name as a reference in seeking appointment as land-agent on the property of Low Middleton in Yorkshire.

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Almost in spite of myself the Charge seems to become ever more decisively hostile to 'Groups'. By way of finding some corrective to the tendency I wrote to the Bishop of Leicester asking him to tell me frankly about what he thinks about the Movement. He is himself an emotional Evangelist, and likely therefore to be temperamentally kindred to Groupism; and I know that he has interested himself in it.

I read a tract marked 'Not for publication' headed 'The Groups in Parochial Life'. It is put out by the Anglican Evangelical Group Movement which has its office at the Church House. I was struck by the following:

"They (i.e. the Groups) aim to shape their daily course of action on the basis of luminous thoughts which may come at any time, but come most frequently in the quiet of the Early Morning'.

'Luminous thoughts' hardly impress me as very satisfactory guides to action. I prefer a more deliberate & responsible procedure, & am content to pray for 'a right judgment in all things'.

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Wednesday, November 23rd, 1932.

I finished the first section of the Charge, that in which I consider the Groups Movement, generally showing that it is but the latest instance of a religious phenomenon recurrent in Christendom from the first, & that it is marked by the normal marks of 'sect-character'. In the next section, I must consider the 4 distinctive Sect procedures viz 1. Surrender. 2. Sharing. 3. Guidance. 4. Witness. I must examine these severally with the purpose of discovering how far they can be included in a healthy scheme of Christian living.

I walked round the Park, and, on my return, wrote a letter of condolence to Canon Parish on the death of his wife. How difficult it is, in writing such letters when one knows little and cares less about the 'dear-departed' to steer a straight course between a barbarous formality and an insincere sentimentality! These letters seem to be valued by the bereaved, & that circumstance may, perhaps, justify one's writing them. But this business of condolence and congratulation is very hollow.

Scott, in his Journal, confesses to an inability to express sympathy with the afflicted.

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Charles drove me to Newcastle, where I attended the Riddell Lecture on "Eternal Values" by the Dean of S^t Paul's. The lecture-room in Armstrong College was filled by a great audience, consisting of senior and junior members of the University, a number of clergy, and some ladies. Among the latter was Ella, who had come from Newbottle, where she had opened a sale of work. The Lecture was, of course, brilliant, wonderfully lucid in style, and punctuated with sallies of the wit, which is never lacking in "the Dean". I do not think that most of the audience understood what it was all about, but they listened closely, and enjoyed the jokes. We (i.e. Ralph, Ella, & I) returned to Auckland after the lecture. Ralph was on his best behaviour, but he grows deafer, and is not altogether easy to entertain. I asked him whether he had formed any opinion about "Groups", and I gathered that he was not inclined to think well of them, but understood that they had done good to individuals. The weather became very cold and blustering.

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Thursday, November 24th, 1932.

I wrote to Dick at some length, making some criticisms of his essay on Euripides. Term will end at the beginning of December, & he goes straight home to Paisley, where his mother seems to be in bad health.

At noon I took Ralph for a walk in the Park. He grows deafer, & conversation becomes the more difficult. Like most deaf people he doesn't realize the extent of his infirmity. The Bishop of Jarrow & Archdeacon Rawlinson came to lunch, and afterwards discussed diocesan business until tea-time, after which they departed, and I carried off Ralph to Newcastle for his 2nd lecture. Ella & Charles went also. The audience was not quite as large as yesterday, but it was considerable and interested. The lecture was really remarkable for the width of reading which it disclosed, the mastery of his varied materials which the Dean displayed, and the astonishing felicity of his language. Even those who could not understand the argument, could not fail to enjoy listening to it. After lecture we returned to Auckland, and then I entertained my distinguished guest until he retired to bed. The weather was brilliant, and rather cold.

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Friday, November 25th, 1932.

Ralph returned to London after breakfast. We parted with affection though nearly inarticulate! He told me that he was very discontented with the Churchmen's Union, and I said that it was only his chairmanship that made the Union respectable. He expressed disapproval of Major's anti-episcopal language, & said that he had no high opinion of Bezzant. He inclines evidently towards Vernon Storr's Anglican Churchmen's movement. I have no use for any of these associations. Ralph's deafness is a woeful handicap on conversation, and makes mutual understanding very difficult.*

Then I wrote to L^d Scarbrough, taking occasion to emphasize Peter Green's title to speak with authority on 'Betting & Gambling': and, finally, devoted the rest of the morning to putting together notes for a speech to the Women on "Preventive & Rescue Work", of which I know little, & for which I have a kind of unintelligent &, perhaps, unintelligible horror. The meeting in the State Room was well attended, and afterwards, in the Chapel, there was a short service at which the Women's Offering, over £700, was presented.

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"I believe enormously in the possibility of a guided life, influenced and **led at every step** by the Holy Spirit

I believe God meant each one of us to experience a fresh and personal relationship to Him which becomes creative and original. Many situations in my life are not covered by the Sermon on the Mount. **I need special guidance & illumination**. The prophets of Israel had it. The apostles had it. Where is it gone in this age? We believe in the Holy Spirit as we believe in some dead human character: he was once, but he is gone. The deepest need of our age, the cure for most of our back-door attempts to establish communication with the other world, is **a rediscovery of the Holy Spirit**."

v. Shoemaker Jⁿ "Religion that Works" p. 14

This seems to be plain speaking. The "guided life" is a 'rediscovery of the Holy Spirit'. It has its equivalent in the supernatural direction which the Prophets and Apostles are reported to have received. The whole range of Christian History appears to offer no precedents! Here is fanaticism indeed!

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Saturday, November 26th, 1932.

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I worked at the Charge, but very ineffectively. The truth is that at every turn I am pulled up by the doubt whether 'the game is worth the candle'. 'Groupism' is so far removed from everything which is either traditional or reasonable, that it had best be left to burn itself out in the flame of its own fervour. There are few signs that it appeals with success to anybody outside the pietistic sphere in which it began. Buchman was converted at Keswick, and Keswick emerges frequently in the story of the Movement. Its conception of Christianity is too limited in range and too meagre in quality to attract any outside those whose religion is merely emotional, & whose guide is the Fundamentalist's Bible. Does anyone seriously desire that genuine Christianity should involve its professor in the concentration of thought & energy on a frenzied evangelism? Button-holing one's acquaintances, & badgering them to attend 'house-parties' promises ill for the harmony of social life. Surely the 'witness' of discipleship is not to be understood in so poor a fashion. S. Paul knew better.

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I walked in the Park, but the wind was too high for comfort. On returning to the Castle, I resumed work on the Charge, but still very ineffectively. **Everybody is hypnotized by the fear of repeating the blunder which (it is assumed, without proof) was responsible for the alienation of the Methodists from the Church.** Personally, I doubt whether John Wesley could have been kept within the Church's system. His anarchic formula – 'all the world is my parish' – ran counter to the older tradition, & to develop a quasi-Franciscan movement in the Establishment of the 18th century was not within the region of possibility. Then, his theology steadily deteriorated as he fell under Moravian influence, and his masterful temperament was "the very stuff that "sectarians" are made of." **The real fault of the Georgian Church-leaders was their slothful, self-indulgent Erastianism.** They not only acquiesced in the grossest pastoral neglect but in their own persons did, with few exceptions, set an example of cynical secularity. They were morally disqualified for spiritual jurisdiction, and their attempt to assert it against these earnest Evangelists was morally nauseating.

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Advent Sunday, November 27th, 1932.

Forty four years ago, on Advent Sunday, I was instituted in Barking Church as Vicar of that parish. I was only 25 years old, and knew little of the world, and less of myself. It was surely an act of great presumption on my part to undertake so great a work with so inadequate resources. I can but plead (and the plea is worth little, for how can any man absolve himself from responsibility for his own decisions?) that both the Bishop of S^t Alban's (Cloughton) and his suffragan (Blomfield) wished me to accept the appointment to Barking, and that, had they not done so, I, albeit ignorant and presumptuous enough, should not have dared to put my hand to the plough. How little, then, did I foresee the course which lay before me, and which led me, after 42 years, to Auckland Castle, and this Journal! It is impossible, as one looks back on one's life, to doubt that there has been something stronger than one's own choice, and something greater than 'the chapter of accidents', which has ordered it. The Author of the 139th psalm gives expression to a belief which is as indestructible as it is incapable of proof.

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants. I wrote at some length to Jack Carr, and my fortnightly letter to William [Badham]* in Johannesburg. I wrote to Budworth,* who is now established as vicar of Horspath, near Oxford.

I walked for nearly $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour in the 'policies', not adventuring anything more considerable because of the weather.

Ella went with me to Etherley, where I preached at Evensong in the parish church. The centenary of the consecration was being observed. The mean little building was crowded, & the atmosphere was asphyxiating. I read the Lessons, which were listened to with very close attention, confirming my belief that, when they are carefully & audibly read, no part of the service is more appreciated than the Lessons. My text was taken from the Gospel for Advent Sunday – "And when He was come into Jerusalem, all the city was stirred, saying, Who is this?" S. Matthew xxi. 10. I inquired whether there was any unemployment in the parish, and was told that most part of the people were unemployed.

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[316]

Monday, November 28th, 1932.

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Though I am perfectly satisfied that Buchmanism is not my 'medicine' I cannot but be grateful to it for the challenge and awakener that it presents to ordinary men like me, leading ordinary lives... I feel deep down in my heart that I am not progressing, that Our Lord and his great sacrifice after all mean little to me. I am in desperate need of a greater belief in God and my thoughts turn naturally to seek help. I am thinking of Confession.

So Dick writes to me, and discloses an influence of 'Groups' which is probably widespread. He is not yet twenty. It is the most religiously sensitive age. Somebody has argued that the Apostles were relatively young men, and that the 'beloved disciple' was probably an adolescent. Can it be doubted that in the main this influence is good, though if it lead those youths who are subject to it to become 'Groupists', it may be even mischievous? Probably it would be wise for Dick to go to confession.

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I worked at the Charge, but made little progress. Shaddick came to lunch. He reports that his curate Dennis is not anxious to leave the parish, as his wife seems to have recovered her health. He spoke about offering a title to Malcom Ross, **who is now preaching 'Groups' in U.S.A.**, but wonders whether, after playing the Apostle in this wise, the said Malcolm can settle down as a junior curate. I should doubt it, for that experience might well turn the head of a youth of 22. Shaddick has been annoyed by a 'Groupist' female who was 'guided' to call on him when he was fully engaged, and insisted on seeing him. After lunch Shaddick walked round the Park with me, and, being joined by D^r McCullagh, we formed a trio, &, in spite of the proverb, found the walk agreeable enough. We put up a hen pheasant. Beaglehole came to tea, and afterwards expounded his difficulties. He is being turned out of his house, & cannot find another. I suggested his going to Sunnybrow, where the income is but £300 per annum, but there is a house, and a fairly good church. He promised to consider the matter.

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Tuesday, November 29th, 1932.

I worked at the Charge, and finished the treatment of "Sharing", which, however will probably have to be recast.

After lunch I walked round the Park in a gale. M^r Robinson, who is in charge of the Labour Exchange came to see me. He desired to enlist my support for a rather foolish-looking project for getting people to give a day's work to as many unemployed men as possible in order that they might have something in their pockets at Christmas. I wrote him a sympathetic letter, & said that he might send me two men. He said that he was much interested in books on Russia, and I showed him those which I possess.

I corrected the proofs of title page & prefaces for Knight's Pastoral Lectures, and now, I trust, the volume is off my hands. It is more filled with matter than I expected, & more stilted & awkward in expression. I wonder whether it will sell. I shall certainly be surprized if it does, for it represents an attitude of mind which is unhappily unintelligible, & presupposes a situation which no longer exists.

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Wednesday, November 30th, 1932.

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The question of the age for Confirmation is one of pastoral experience. I have had unusual opportunities of forming a judgement, and I have not the least doubt that a late age is best for the religious life.

Bishop Westcott. 30th Jan. 1899.

(v Life. ii. P. 303)

*Thompson of S. Aidan's, West Hartlepool, writes to ask whether a Roman Catholic Boy, who was confirmed in that church five years ago, & who wishes to **be confirmed in the Church of England, might be presented for confirmation.** I replied in the negative, adding that he should attend the classes, & then, if his purpose were firm, & his understanding adequately informed, he might be admitted to the Holy Communion. Bishop Westcott, if I mistake not, would have decided otherwise, for he held the Roman method of ministering Confirmation to be essentially defective, & would not recognize it as valid. Herein I think he was mistaken, & narrow-minded. D^r M^cCullagh told me that Westcott's addresses at Confirmation were very long, & so far above the understanding of the candidates as to be unedifying.*

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I walked in the Park with D^r M^cCullagh, the damp drizzle made everything woefully depressing. Charles and I motored to Durham where we had tea with the Bishop of Jarrow and M^{rs} Gordon. Then we went to East Boldon, and visited S. George's Church, where the vicar (Richardson) and his churchwardens explained the work for which they wish to issue an appeal. Sir John Priestman has promised £500 towards the cost which is something more than £1200. I assented to the issue of the Appeal. We went on to Hedworth for a confirmation. Sixty candidates were presented. I was tired; the atmosphere of the church was stifling; the candidates were apathetic; and the parson (Wilton) exasperatingly parsonic in voice and manner. Thus I found the service unedifying. We returned to Auckland.

I finished reading "The Story of San Michele by Axel Munthe. It is one of the most fascinating enigmatic books I have ever read. Whether it be, as it suggests, an Autobiography, or whether it be rather to be described as a work of imagination it is profoundly interesting. Almost every page bristles with memorable obiter dicta

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Thursday, December 1st, 1932.

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Two more anonymous letters from Herrington accusing that unhappy vicar of every form of gross iniquity! It is easy to say that such communications will have no effect on your mind, but is it really possible that they should not breed suspicion, or create a mental state in which suspicion may root itself easily?

I worked at the 'Charge' all the morning and after lunch walked to the Park gates, & back by the fields. The air was fresh: there was no wind, & a bright sun. An immense gathering of rooks almost darkened the sky. I fell in with D^r M^cCullagh, & together we admired the spectacle of the new moon, a delicate silver sickle floating in an illuminated and cloudless sky.

My difficulty in discussing 'Groupism' is its enormous silliness, as presented in its literature, and its evident attractiveness in the eyes of men who are not themselves conspicuously silly. Thus 'guidance', as described by Allen, and illustrated by Russell, is ludicrous: & yet Allen is an accomplished scholar, & Russell is an acute & successful journalist. The undergraduates, who attend the group meetings, are reported to be in deadly earnest; & certainly not all of them are "toughs" and ninnies. That is the problem.

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Of course this is nothing new in the history of fanaticism. You simply cannot argue from intellectual ability to good sense, or from spiritual ardour to moral sanity.

Ella, Fearne and I dined early, and then motored to Durham to see a dramatic representation in the parish hall belonging to S^t Margaret's Church. Lawrence Houseman's "Little Plays of S^t Francis" were impressively acted by local clergy, and others. The Hall was well filled, and the audience was very appreciative. I can never quite succeed in overcoming the repugnance which I feel when I hear sacred words spoken on the stage, & sacred acts performed. How long will it be before the Crucifixion is dramatized? The Oberammergau Miracle Play has proven to be fashionable, & plays are now introduced into our cathedrals & parish churches. One was acted in East Boldon Church this week; & I received a letter of protest this morning. Leake omitted to ask for my permission. Probably he would defend himself by pointing out that the play was one that I did sanction in the church where the author was vicar.

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Friday, December 2nd, 1932.

[Ernest] Tallents,* the vicar of Brandon, came to see me, & poured out his tale of financial woe. He has no less than 16,000 parishioners, and finds the task of raising £60 per annum for the curates quite impossible! His roll of parochial church electors numbers about 1,000, but they take no interest in ecclesiastical matters. "I don't think there are more than 20 persons who attend the parish church regularly." I asked whether the people did not attend better in the evening, & he replied that they did. "We might get as many as 100"! He asked how few candidates would suffice for a Confirmation; & I said that a minimum of fifty did not seem unreasonable. Even if we assume that half the population are either Papists or Sectaries, there ought from 8000 people to be at least 100 candidates, & in the time of the late Vicar about that number were presented. Tallents doubts if he can present forty! He ascribes everything to the lack of sound pastoral tradition. This may be important, but more must be attributed to his own dull, depressing temperament. He did, I must allow, speak of himself as unable to preach.

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Charles brought me the Essays of the 17 deacons. They had to write of Hooker's doctrines of the Eucharist with the assistance of the 5th Book before them. They have evidently taken pains, and if their compositions cannot be said to disclose much activity of mind, they all indicate much industry in transcription. It is interesting to observe that their own "party colour" quite apparently determines their understanding of the judicious Elizabethan. How appallingly remote from any living interest the entire Eucharistic controversy seems! So far as I have any theory on the subject of the "Real Presence", I suppose I am a 'Receptionist'. Certainly, the theories – Roman, Lutheran, and Anglican – which locate the Presence of Christ in the Elements in such wise that it inheres in them apart from the reception of the Faithful Communicant, offend my intelligence, and seem to draw in their train consequences which must be superstitious & may be even degradingly so. But, in view of the more alternate issues which are now in debate, I have no mind to concern myself with Sacramental Controversies.

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The newspapers print in extenso the British Note to the American Government respecting the latter's refusal of a Moratorium. It is a very effective statement of the British Case, and if men were really led by reason, could not be without effect.

The Groups Movement provides no training for its converts. Hustled into "surrender" at a House party, the young man, who up to that time has given no thought to religion, and may be quite ignorant of the doctrine & discipline of

Christianity, is encouraged to regard himself as 'all out for Christ', enjoying a 'maximum experience of Jesus', a 'hundred per cent Christian'. He is urged forthwith to become a 'life-changer', and his success in the role seems to be made the test of his own sincerity: Hence the tiresome, even exasperating pertinacity of the 'Groupists'. If they are 'guided' to evangelize some individual, they hold themselves so bound to the task that nothing may hinder their prompt obedience – not politeness, nor convenience, nor the evident hopelessness of the venture. This almost frenzied evangelism cannot last, but while it lasts, it is extremely annoying.

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[326]

Saturday, December 3rd, 1932.

Bailey* – the Vicar of Herrington, came to see me, and, having him in my study, I took occasion to inquire what fragment of justification there might be in the allegations against him made in the anonymous letters. He was quite frank, and, as it seemed to me, truthful. His wife, he said, was ‘subnormal’, and this fact made her completely irresponsible, and a dangerous gossip. She was violently suspicious of every woman who came to the Vicarage, and her treatment of her two boys had been deplorable. Nothing could exceed the discomfort of his home. There was no truth whatsoever in the statement that his boy had been dismissed from the secondary school for theft, & that he had paid £5 to the Education authority in connexion with the lad’s misconduct. The boy had got into trouble for failure to prepare his lessons, a fault for which his mother was mainly responsible, and his father had withdrawn him in mid terms, and paid the penalty charge for doing so, viz. £5. The whole agitation was got up by the two ex-churchwardens with Miss Keep’s [327] unacknowledged, but very effective, assistance.

Semiramis seems to have succeeded in drawing everything under her control so that the Vicar had become a mere cipher. One of his present churchwardens had come to him to ask permission to sign the petition. The miners were extremely fearful of getting into disfavour with their superiors, with whom might lie the power to injure them; and this petition was being pressed on them (with the cryptic approbation of Semiramis) by those whom they feared. Bailey professed his belief that, when once Semiramis withdrew the light of her countenance, the disturbance would speedily subside. This depends mainly in my judgment on the provision of another nurse to replace Semiramis. The root of the present impasse is the absurd arrangement by which the two offices – nurse & parish worker – are combined, and held by the same person. Semiramis draws her commission to be in the parish from the incumbent, and the main part of her stipend from the miners, who contribute 2^d. weekly from their wages.

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The deputation from Herrington arrived at 6 p.m. and for an hour and a half we “wrestled together” in the Library. The deputation numbered 3 persons viz. two ex-churchwardens, a Council School-master named Haver, & an implacable fellow called Clark, with a mild, embarrassed youth, named, I think, Hargreaves. The pedagogue was the Mercury of the party, and he meandered over much country but said little to the point. Semiramis had clearly dominated them, & they plainly loathed the parson. There was no great difficulty in getting them to see that their demand for the summary removal of the Vicar was absurd, but the suggestion that they ~~you~~ should become reconciled to him was not easily digested, & though I think the pedagogue & the youth were impressed, M^{rs}. Clark remained obdurate. Probably the question of her future maintenance is

darkening the spirit of Semiramis. How shall she live when dethroned, and in exile? These question, perhaps, ought in equity to be answered, and the answering is not very easy. However, I will talk it over with the Head-deaconess, & see what may be done.

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[329]

2nd Sunday in Advent, December 4th, 1932.

A still cold morning. One bright star shining from a translucent sky was a ravishing spectacle. My night was much broken by thought of this miserable situation in Herrington. How can that woeful parson recover any hold of the parish? How shall the outgoing female, his victim and his oppressor, be provided for?

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Charles and Christina were there, bringing up the number of communicants to 8 a.m.[sic].

I wrote a long letter to Lionel, and sent with it a copy of the Bishoprick.

Ella walked with me to S. Peter's, where I preached at Evensong. There was a large congregation which included an unusual proportion of young men. The Vicar (Necker) sang the service very well, and the singing was creditably performed. The least successful part of their performance of duty by the choir was the anthem. On the whole, I was pleased with what I found. My sermon was an adaptation of one which I preached in Westminster Abbey on Dec. 6th 1908. How much has happened during the 24 years which have intervened!

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Monday, December 5th, 1932.

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I received a long letter from the Bishop of Leicester, (Bardsley) in reply to my inquiry about "Groups". As might be expected from his temperament and type of Churchmanship, ~~his~~ he is evidently much attracted by the Movement, but unable, as a good Christian, to be blind to its more glaring defects. He is evidently afraid that I shall be indiscriminating in my criticism, and urges a recognition of the good features of the Movement.

"If you will let me say so, do not let yourself be put off too much by the dreadful journalism of "for sinners only". I know that you must feel rather repelled by certain aspects of the movement, but yet it has been proved to be a true movement of the Spirit of God, and much depends upon the line which the leaders of the Church take with regard to it."

I fear the good man will be rather distressed at what I propose to say, though I recognize frankly enough the genuineness of the experiences which Groupists assert.

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A rather mean-looking little man named Ford came to see me. He is the organizing Secretary in these parts for S. P. C. K., and invokes my benevolent treatment! I referred him to Shaddick, and gave him tea.

Lester Morrison made his appearance. He came down from Oxford yesterday, and proposes to read hard for his Schools, which come in June. He borrowed Gardiner's History of the Protestants. I showed him some part of the Charge in order to test it on an undergraduate fresh from the scene of its greatest activity. He highly approved. I asked whether Groupism was still advancing, and he said he thought it had become "static". He spoke with enthusiasm of the sermons to the undergraduates preached by the Dean of S^t Paul's, the Master of the Temple (Carpenter), and the Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge (Raven).

He said that the Master of Pembroke was much perturbed by his own folly in recommending the 'Outline for Boys & Girls'. He had heard that the sale of that nefarious volume had not been great. I hope this is the case.

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[332]

Tuesday, December 6th, 1932.

[symbol]

Rumney, the Curate of Bishopwearmouth, writes to inform me that he is engaged to be married. When I consider the wives of the clergy in this diocese, I am almost brought to envy the Roman Church for its rule of celibacy. The utter ruin of clerical life implicit in a really unsuitable marriage is as certain as, alas, it is familiar. This fatuous protest against making the parson's wife his "unpaid curate" is responsible for a heap of mischiefs. Unless she can "stand in" frankly and fully with her husband in his work, which is for him his very life, she will be an obstacle to his efficiency, and a misery to herself. When she does this, there is hardly any limit to her parochial influence and personal happiness. Of course, she may be tactless, intrusive, and domineering, and then she is an appalling hindrance: but where she is content to be a wife, and not a despot, she may be a great force for good. It is best if she have children for reasons both of private discipline, and also of public influence.

[333]

Carter came to ask for the extra contribution of £100 to the diocesan Finance Board, which for the last few years I have given. I ruefully wrote a cheque. He says that he is finding much difficulty in collecting subscriptions and will be at least £200 short of the required amount.

The Times announces the birth of a son to Roger Lumley,* Lord Scarbrough's nephew and heir. I wrote to congratulate Lord S. though truly the chance that there will be any value in an Earldom when the baby's turn comes is not great.

A lad named Jeffrey Fulton, who aspires to be a clergyman, came to see me. He is the son of an unemployed miner living in Durham, has received his "education" in an elementary school first, & then in the Johnston Secondary School, has done well in school, & is strongly recommended by the clergy. He seemed well-grown and intelligent, and at this stage what more can be required. I approved his application for a grant from the Board of Training; though indeed experience of artisan-born clergy is not encouraging. They have no initiative, no stamina, and no governing force.

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[334]

Wednesday, December 7th, 1932.

I finished the Charge i.e. the part of it which deals with "Groups", but it is far more ragged and incoherent than I could wish. The truth is that work to be worth anythings [sic] requires far more time, time enough for much re-writing & multiplied revision. However, such as it is, it must serve! Lomax, having got wind of my intention to speak about "Groups", sends me three of its publications, all of which I possess, & have read. Does he imagine that I should discuss any movement without reading its publications?

The frost being severe, & the roads slippery, I limited my constitutional to the "policies".

I read a very interesting pamphlet by D^r Robert Hutchison, reprinted from the Edinburgh Medical Journal vol xxxix N^o 8, 1932, on "The medical History of Sir Walter Scott". The prodigious output of his pen is the more amazing when it is remembered, that he suffered often and dreadfully from a variety of illnesses, and not less from the appalling remedies prescribed by the physicians. It is not surprising that, before he was sixty, he spoke of himself as aged.

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Charles and I motored to Felling, where I instituted the Rev. James Marchant to the vicarage in succession to Belts. Lillingston attended as one of the Church Pastoral Aid Society, which has the patronage. The Rural Dean, Stephenson, performed the induction. There was a large congregation, and a good choir. The church is large & commodious, more architecturally tolerable than most of the Tyneside Churches. Most of the parishioners are on the dole, and there seems small prospect of their ever getting off it. After the service I asked to see the Vicar's wife, & she came with a fat small boy, their entire family. I gave the child half-a-crown.

I received another, very violent anonymous letter from Herrington. Stephenson told me that Bailey had been his curate: that he was a highly-strung nervous little man; and (in his behalf) thoroughly good. His wife was a "very odd woman". I can see that there is no small likelihood that the wretched little man, tossed between his disordered home and his revolting parish, may go off his head. There seems to be nothing for me to do at present.

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[336]

Thursday, December 8th, 1932.

I again fell in with Samuel Davies (v. p. 304) and, as the state of the roads made walking in the Park a comfortless & even perilous proceeding, for there was much ice on them, I suggested that we should go over the Castle, which he told me that he had never seen. So we spent an hour together, & my favourable impression of him was confirmed. He is still unemployed, but 'hopes to get a job next week'.

I received yet another letter from the Herrington petitioners. They describe the appalling consequences of Miss Keep's departure, and tabulate at length the parochial works which depend wholly on Semiramis.

That futile youth, Willson, the son of the new Vicar of Bishopton, came to beseech me to condone his failure to pass the examination for the L. Th., and to allow his ordination at Advent, but I was adamant. I think he is very stupid, very lazy, & very unconscious of the gravity of both characters. If I suffer him to be ordained, I shall be making episcopal examinations ludicrous.

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[337]

Friday, December 9th, 1932.

I composed a careful letter to the rebellious folk of New Herrington, refusing both their requests, and making some sobering reflections. The weak point in the whole bad business is the squalid anarchy of the Incumbent's home. This has destroyed his authority, and placed a formidable weapon in the hands of his numerous foes. These are organised & led from behind by Semiramis. I wrote to Watson, the Rural dean, expressing my anxiety lest the whole apple-cart should be overturned by some fatuous outburst from the Incumbent who, between the domestic friction and parochial revolt, "fightings within & fears without", & being naturally a nervy unstable creature, is but too likely to "let himself go" in conversation or even in the pulpit. I suggested that Watson might see him, & give good counsel.

The Rev. C. G. B. Turner, now working in Brandon with my permission, & very anxious to be licensed, came to lunch, and afterwards discussed the licensing question. I had 2 objectives, his vagrancy in work, his doubtfulness in health. The first he more or less removed, the last remained formidable. Nevertheless, my heart overcame my head, & I promised to license him!

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The loutish Welshman, James, came to see me: and I told him that I would ordain him to the Priesthood this Advent on the understanding that he returned to his native Wales from which he ought certainly never to have emerged. His merits may be as great as his testimonials assert (though I doubt it), but they can only be properly appreciated in Wales. Both Johnson, the Vicar under whom he has "worked", (and who has neglected him shamefully, a circumstance which is to be remembered when he is "summed up") and Wynne-Willson, who has generously helped him in his reading, think that he will never be acceptable to English congregations. His pronunciation alienates them, & his uncouth manners move their disgust. Yet he is said to have succeeded in gathering and holding a considerable Bible Class of men. This indicates that there must be some capacity in him. But, when all is said, he had better go back to Wales.

I was pleased to receive a letter from Dick who is now home again at Paisley, & bewailing the cold. He is in doubt whether to read for Lit. Hum, or for History in his finals.

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Yet it was in this age of universal ruin & destruction that the foundations of the new Europe were being laid by men like S. Gregory, who had no idea of building up a new social order but who laboured for the salvation of men in a dying world, because the time was short. **And it was just this**

indifference to temporal results which gave the Papacy the power to become a rallying-point for the forces of life in the general decadence of European civilisation. In the words of the inscription which Pope John III set up in the Church of the Most Holy Apostles:

“In a straitened age, the Pope shewed himself more generous & disdained to be cast down though the world failed”.

[Largior existens angusto in tempore praesul
Despexit mundo deficiente premi.]

Dawson. “The Making of Europe” p. 192

John III, ‘elected under pressure from Justinian’s officials’, was ‘nothing more than a humble servant of the basileus, in spite of all his struggles.’ [v. Cambridge Medieval History vol. II. p. 48] This hasn’t a very heroic sound, but all turns on the point of view, and Dawson is a Papist!

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[340]

Saturday, December 10th, 1932.

[symbol]

It occurred to me that I might fitly send to the Times a summary of the Visitation Returns on 'Unemployment'. So I wasted [a] large part of the morning in writing a letter to the Editor. I ended with a kind of an appeal from money to provide boots & shoes.

The Head deaconess came to lunch, and afterwards came to my study, and discussed the case of New Herrington. She took a very sensible view, agreed that Miss Keep must certainly leave the parish, and said that, if some new work could be found for her, she thought the back of her grievance could be broken. But a Semiramis out of work is not easy to place! She said that this Semiramis had an annuity, and probably would not accept a pension. Her opinion of Bailey was evidently not exalted: she said probably with truth that much of the mischief was due to his sister who lived at The Vicarage. What a household – a subnormal wife, the Vicar's sister, the Wife's Father, & two unmanageable boys, all quarrelling to the great edification of the parish!

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We must be prepared for the announcement any day of reliable methods of forecasting, or even of controlling sex

This highly probable eventuality would prove without exaggeration the greatest revolution in the history of mankind

What the effect will be on our social and sexual life is beyond the most unflinching imagination. Certainly the ideals of monogamy and female chastity will be among the very first to be threatened.

v. The Eugenics Review Oct. 1932. p. 174.

Ought experiments with this object viz: the determination of sex, to be made in view of the moral anarchy the result of success w^d induce? Is Morality really contingent on the chance whether Science can, or cannot, succeed in its efforts to determine sex?

Is Science really independent of all moral considerations whatever?

Are all experiments legitimate if they may increase knowledge?

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[342]

3rd Sunday in Advent, December 11th, 1932.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants, Alexander having gone to Darlington for a grand function of ToCH. of which he is now an enthusiastic member. William functioned in his stead, and very efficiently, but, perhaps, with a perilous accession to his normal stock of self-satisfaction. But he is a good lad enough.

The epistle may seem to Bailey eminently well suited to his own case. Yet can, can any of us, without a rebukeful protest from within, say of ourselves what S. Paul dared to say – “I know nothing against myself”? It is precisely here that our principal weakness must be acknowledged, “We are betrayed by what is false within.” In New Herrington the situation is rendered so peculiarly difficult by the circumstance that the unanimous opinion is that, while the evicted church worker has been entirely deserving of approval, the evicting Incumbent is nowise deserving of respect. His disorderly household has destroyed his influence, & he has to do an extremely unpopular thing without any parochial support.

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[symbol]

The Observer has a review of Bernard Shaw's latest publication – “A Black Girl's Search for God”. It is evidently very profane, & is designed, like the Anti-God demonstrations of the Bolsheviks, to make Christianity ludicrous, & thus destroy its hold on the respect of the young. His demoniacal ability makes Bernard Shaw the Lucian & the Voltaire of this age. Like the musk-rats he is undermining the river-banks, & preparing an immense disaster. It makes a large demand on one's belief in the principle of toleration to leave this dangerous scoffer unrestrained, & to think that doing so is both right and prudent.

I wrote to William in Johannesburg. Ella went with me to Darlington where I preached at Evensong in S. Mary's, Cockerton. The little church was densely crowded. There was a choir of 12 men & 18 boys, who sang creditably. The parson, the Reverend Joseph Williams, has been Vicar for 7 years. He was appointed by Canon Cosgrave. He was ordained in the colonies, & has moved about a good deal since his ordination in 1909. He is very apparently a Welshman.

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[344]

Monday, December 12th, 1932.

A letter from the Rural Dean informed me that Cook, the Vicar of Seaton Carew, was dead. He was six years my junior in the Ministry, and a big hefty fellow who seemed strong as a horse. His heart had been overstrained, and, with acute & continuing asthma, was his undoing.

The newspapers report that at the prize-giving of the Ryhope Secondary School, the National Anthem was omitted by order of the Governors. The Vicar of Ryhope, Canon P.Y. Knight, started it none the less, and the numerous audience, with few dissentients, sang it fervently. I sent him a note of congratulation.

Another long abusive anonymous leer arrived from New Herrington. I destroyed it with no more than a glance at its contents.

The Rev^d W. James, Vicar of West Rainton, lunched here, and I broached Carter's project of his making himself a kind of 'under-study' so as to be able to take on if Carter himself should be indisposed or absent: & I said that, if he did, I would make him a grant of £30 annually from the Barrington Fund. He seemed pleased [345] with the suggestion, & undertook to get into touch with Carter. He told me that, after the recent meeting of the Diocesan Conference, the police-man in his parish inquired who this "Bishop" from Manchester might be, adding "I guess he's got somebody behind him who has tipped him the wink." I must tell Canon Green of this volunteered confirmation of his vehemently-resented statement about corruption in the police force.

Leslie Morrison and D^r McCullagh walked round the Park with me: and afterwards Leslie had tea, & looked at my Charge. I wanted to see how it would impress an undergraduate fresh from the Groupist fervours of Oxford. He expressed warm approval, and evidently thought my criticisms justified by his own observations.

James had attended a Ruri-decanal Conference at which a Groupist 'team' had expounded the system. He was not very favourably impressed, and evidently thought (in spite of the disclaimers) that "Sex" played a perilously prominent part in the "sharing" within the Groups and House-parties.

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[346]

Tuesday, December 13th, 1932.

[*symbol*]

The Times prints my letter on its front page under the heading, "Unemployment in Durham. Moral & Physical Effects. The Bishop's Review". I think it reads moderately. Both the archdeacons expressed their approval.

I went in to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Board of Training; and, having thus wasted my morning, I stayed indoors during the afternoon, and finished the Charge. The evening papers announce the death of yet another incumbent – [George] Wilkinson* of Witton-le-Wear. He was a very inefficient clergyman, discontented and embittered. The patronage of the living is in the hands of Sir Edmund Chaytor and the Crown alternately. It is worth little more than £300 per annum: & there are 2000 people.

Dick, with the generosity of Youth and the lavishness of impecuniosity, proposes to send presents to Ella and me at Christmas, & desires to know what books we desiderate. I could not throw a douche of cold water on his munificence, and accordingly wrote to express my high approval of the volumes he suggested.

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[347]

Wednesday, December 14th, 1932.

My letter in yesterday's Times brought cheques:-

<u>Bishop of Ely</u>	£5 : 0 : 0
A.D. Guillemard	3
S.J. Pegg	10
P.J. Morgan	1 1 ..
C. J. Paget	2
C.M. Wills	1 1 ..
M.E. Hamilton	10 ..
<u>M^r Justice Goddard</u>	2
Herbert F. Manisty	3
<u>Harry Bottomley</u>	2 2 ..
<u>E. Lyttleton</u>	10 ..
Loftus M ^c Caffy	5
Rev. E.B. Heberden	5
F.J.G. Rawlins	1 1 ..
<u>Headmaster of Winchester</u>	5
Rev. C. E. Couchman	<u>5</u>
	£51..5 ..

I went across to the Bank, and opened "The Bishop of Durham's Boots Fund", but, as there will probably be nothing more to pay in to its credit, I acted with more precipitation than good sense!

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I wrote to Hodder-Williams with respect to the publication of the Charge, saying that I desired as little delay as possible, and promising (very rashly) that MSS. would be ready by the second week in January. I also enquired whether it was still possible for me to obtain copies of "Church and Parson in England".

Lazenby came to lunch, and afterwards joined me in consecrated [sic] a portion of the new grave-yard at S. Andrew's, Bishop Auckland. We walked together in the Park for 45 minutes before he returned to Newcastle.

Charles and I motored to Sunderland, where in Monkwearmouth Church I confirmed over 100 persons. The glare of the electric light troubled my eyes, and the heat of the coke-fed furnaces made speaking difficult. It was, so far as I was concerned an unedifying service. The clergy advise me to send such money as I can allocate to Sunderland to the Mayor's Fund for supplying boots & shoes to the workless. Ridley Barker* expressed his desire to receive clothes for his unemployed.

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The mid-day post brought the following:-

<u>J. B. Lazenby</u>	£ 1: 0: 0
Edgar A. Chance	1: 0: 0
<u>Anonymous (L^d Northbourne)</u>	50: 0: 0
Hilda D. Oakley	2: 2: 0
<u>Sir Lewis Dibdin</u>	10: 0: 0
Rev ^d Arthur Lewis	1: 0: 0
T. D. Kenion	5: 0: 0
M ^{rs} Leonard Dent	2: 0: 0
Rev ^d E. L. Browne	5: 0: 0
Mabel L. Turner	5: 0: 0
(M ^{rs} Herbert Knowles	
(Miss G. M-Bevan	10: 0: 0
J. S. Goddard	5: 0: 0
M ^{rs} Blasford	1: 0: 0
Geoffrey Bailey	3: 3: 0
<u>Bishop of J. & M^{rs} Gordon</u>	5: 0: 0
Edith D. Daubney	<u>1: 0: 0</u>
	£107: 5: 0
Carried forward	<u>51: 5: 0</u>
	£158:10: 0

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<u>Sir Henry & Lady Havelock-Allan</u>	£ 2: 2: 0
Rev G. H. Prockard	2: 0: 0
Francis T. G. M ^c Chintock	0:10: 0
W. B. Mackay	5: 0: 0
E. H. Chapman	10:10: 0

My letter to the Times on Unemployment appears to have made an impression. Old Edward Lyttelton said it was "the best thing I had ever done": and M^{rs} Justice Roche is good enough to inform me that it was "just right". The clergy do not appear ill-pleased with my description of them. Sharpe, the Vicar of S^t Cuthbert's, Bensham writes:-

"May I thank you for your most helpful & informing letter which appeared in the Times on Tuesday? The kind words which concerned the clergy are much appreciated, & will encourage many in their work which is very strenuous at present."

The Bishop of Sheffield writes to express his agreement with my view of the actual state of affairs: & many contributors accompany their cheques with some laudatory reference to the letter wh. evoked them.

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Thursday, December 15th, 1932.

A good deal more money came in during the day, raising the total of about £320: I sent £100 to the Mayor of Sunderland's Fund for providing the Unemployed with boots & shoes. Among the donors were Lord Darling, Sir Lewis Dibdin, Sir Steven Bilsland, George Macmillan, and Sir Henry Havelock-Allan. The late warden of New College's widow, M^{rs} Spooner, also sent a contributions [sic]. These and some others had to be written to by me. The rest were formally acknowledged by Fearne.

I walked in the Park with D^r M^cCullagh: and then wrote the names of the candidates in the Bibles & Greek Testaments.

Ella and Fearne having gone out, and I being left alone, I caused Charles to come to me after dinner, and we finished going through the returns to the A Visitation Inquiries. It is impressive to mark the domination of party-views. One need but know whether a clergyman is, or is not, an "Anglo-Catholick" to know what his opinion will be on the point of the effect of the diocesan rule as to the minimum age for Confirmation.

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Candidates for Deacon's Orders: 5

Davison, David Edward, B.A.	aged 23
Fox, Bernard John Gurney, B.A.	" 25
Henderson, Lancelot Oliver, B.A.	" 29
Hunt, Ernest William, B.A.	" 23
<u>White, John Oliver</u>	" 30

Candidates for Priest's Orders. 18

Adey, Albert Ernest

Carleton, Charles Reginald Guy

Cutler, Herbert

Davies, John Anderson

Dawson-Walker, Richard Harvey

Hearitt, George William Henry

Hughes, John Taylor

James Benjamin Beynon

Johnson, Ernest

Kerby, William John Frank

Knowles, Eric

Lampnell, Laurence Henry

Marsh, Charles

M^cLeod, Douglas

^Nineham, Cecil Rowland^

Suthern, William

Thornton Ronald Charlton
Watson, Henry Wilfred

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[353]

Friday, December 16th, 1932.

Nearly £60 came in by the morning's post. I am interested that the "Guardian" devotes a leading article to "Unemployment" commenting with the usual ardent approval on some recent observations of the Bishop of Chichester, but ignoring all together the letter of the Bishop of Durham. Yet while Sussex has probably the smallest, Durham has certainly the largest amount of unemployment of all the counties.

I wrote to Bailey urging him to be careful how he behaves, & particularly to avoid referring to his parochial troubles in the pulpit and not to write to the local papers. But I fear he is as unteachable as he is tactless.

Two more cheques, each for £5, arrived by the mid-day post, bring the total to about £400.

At 3 p.m. I motored to Durham in order to attend a meeting of the Castle Committee, & then to devote myself to the Ordination Candidates in the Castle. How I dislike the binding together of engagements which are essentially incongruous! The better one achieves the one, the more completely one fails in the other.

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The Castle Committee met at 4.30 p.m. and was still sitting at 6 p.m. when I came away. We decided, mainly in deference to my insistence, on appointing an architect to succeed Jones: and postponed the actual appointment until March.

I interviewed 10 of the candidates for Priest's Orders. The little Welsh Herefordian Davies, who is curate to old Knight of Ryhope, surprized me by declaring himself a pacifist. He seemed really quite fanatical. The local doctor had, not unreasonably, objected that he was teaching contrary to the 39 articles.

Ernest Johnson, a Kelham man, who is on the staff at S. Mary's, Tyne Dock, impressed me as a very earnest & sincere fellow.

Gordon's address at Evensong was neither brilliant nor profound, but it was devout and may well have been edifying.

Both Archdeacons shewed themselves to be very keen to do all in their power to help the candidates, and, I think, also to help me, which is kind to say the least.

<!171232>

[355]

Saturday, December 17th, 1932.

Private interviews with Ordination candidates are too brief to be serviceable, too solemn to be unimportant. For the Bishop they may mean so little: to the candidate they must mean so much. Probably for the first time, almost certainly for the last the Bishop meets the man whom he is about to ordain in circumstances which allow, and indeed almost compel, complete frankness. They are alone: they are united in a common venture which carries with it to the younger man consequences which are not other than decisive. Am I doing right in ordaining this man? is the question which forces itself on the Bishop's mind, as he looks anxiously, questioningly into the candidate's face. And, sometimes, he reads there what deepens his anxiety. Not always, for not rarely the evident sincerity of self-surrender to the Divine Call is apparent, and the Bishop feels that he has changed places with the candidate, and is himself under questioning as to his motives and beliefs. But, sometimes, a terrible doubt seizes the Bishop's mind, and he wonders whether, in ordaining the man before him, he be not about to commit a sacrilege.

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8.15 a.m. We numbered 27 communicants in all. There can be no question that there is religious advantage in having a number of men to be ordained together. I remember hearing D^r Chase, the late Bishop of Ely, say in the National Assembly that, although he had advocated the division of his see, he had come to regret his advocacy when, in the small see to which he had reduced his great and ancient bishoprick, he found he had sometimes not more than a single person to ordain. He thought, and rightly thought, that there was real spiritual loss in the absence of that sense of fraternity in a common venture which the presence of others brought to the ordinand. There are other, and more weighty objections to the small bishopricks which the fatuous policy of our leaders has inflicted on the Church of England, but I cannot doubt that there is a measure of validity in D^r Chase's contention. I noted with alarm that one candidate had to go out of chapel, but he was able to put in an appearance at breakfast. More alarmingly, another candidate was absent from breakfast.

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Gordon's address at Mattins was, I thought, very excellent in itself, and admirably well adapted to the situation in which it was delivered. His theme was the Holy Spirit, and, in speaking of the guidance which is given to Christians, he could not but enter on the ground of my charge. I liked what he said much better than what I have myself said. It was less detached & impersonal. Then I had interview with the candidates until Lunch time. Without exception they seem to be earnest and sincere. None is of conspicuous ability, but none is quite apparently inadequate.

The Dean, after himself suggesting that the Litany sh^d be omitted from the ordination – a suggestion which I welcomed, only stipulating that the Litany sh^d be said previously – refused to make the change. I think the case is covered by the Act of Uniformity

Amendment Act. In view of the number of men who are to be ordained to the Priesthood tomorrow, I should have been glad to shorten the service by omitting the Litany, but it only makes a difference of a quarter of an hour, & isn't worth bothering over.

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I attended Evensong in the Cathedral, and listened with a pleasure which no repetition can diminish Purcell's "Bells" anthem. After the service I witnessed the legal ceremony in the Chapter House, and, after my wont, prepared the administration of the declaration & oath by a brief admonition on the importance & binding form of those instruments. Then I went to Andrews' Book shop, and ordered some Christmas presents. I next went to Carter's office, and presided over the annual meetings of the several Barrington & Lightfoot funds. Some of the Funds are invested in Railway Stock, on which no dividends, or reduced dividends, were paid.

Leng brought the post which added about £25.0.0. to the Boots Fund.

At 9.15 p.m. I delivered my charge in the Chapel taking as my text the words from the Epistle to Titus 'Let no man despise thee'. It sounded rather grim and unfeeling, but it ended on a consolatory note, and I hope the men were neither unimpressed nor wholly unedified. The two Archdeacons & Canon Dawson-Walker attended.

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[359]

4th Sunday in Advent, December 18th, 1932. The Ordination.

The weather continues to be stormy, and unseasonably mild. Perhaps it makes everything easier, because, however exhilarating, a bitter life does not tend to comfort, but certainly one's mood is not at its best in such 'muggy' weather.

There will be the largest Ordination I have yet held. Twenty-three men are to be ordained, five to the diaconate, and eighteen to the priesthood. In 1831 the outlook for ordained men was bleak enough.

"The Prime Minister, Earl Grey, in 1831 bade the bishops in the House of Lords 'set their house in order' and was said to have declared in private that the Church was a mare's nest. A speaker in the House of Commons expressed a hope that 'these foolish ordinations would terminate', and warned young men who were being ordained that they expect no compensation when the Church was disendowed, "now that it is condemned by the country, when its charter is on the eve of being cancelled by the authority which gave it, when it is admitted on all hands [360] to be not useless only but absolutely detrimental".

(v. 'The Oxford Movement & After'. p. 30)

Public men would refer to the church now in very different language. It has become the convention that Religion should ever be treated with great respect, and, since the horrifying developments of atheism in Russia, this convention has been emphasized. Yet I think the Church of England counts for much less in the national life in 1932 than it did in 1832, and I greatly doubt whether the proportion of the people which is seriously religious now is as great as it was then. We are not nearly as outspoken and brutal: but we are far more essentially irreligious. If the world continues to move in the same direction as it has moved since I was myself ordained in 1887, what will be the situation of these men whom I shall today ordain, when they can look back, as I do now, on more than forty-five years of ministry? The hostile warnings & prophecies of the pre-Tractarian ^epoch^ preceded a century marked by a great outburst of religious, & notably of ecclesiastical, activity, but I doubt whether the steady drift toward secularisation was in any real measure arrested.

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Only a dozen out of the twenty-three candidates put in an appearance at breakfast. Ought I to rejoice in this evidence of disciplined habit? or to lament this proof of Anglo-Catholic influence? Mainly I am concerned with the humbler question. Whether their abstinence will help or hinder their experience of Ordination. My own experience as a Preacher does certainly tend to the conclusion that Fasting is helpful to spiritual activity for I never preach as badly as after a meal, and, provided they do not feel faint, it may well be so with Ordination, which must needs be emotionally severe.

The Dean was absent from the Ordination having fallen on the chancel step after the early Celebration, and damaged himself. He was under inspection by the doctors when I inquired

at the Deanery after the service, but the preliminary report was re-assuring. A good many people from the parishes where the candidates for the priesthood were serving came to the Cathedral, with the result that we had the welcome but alas! infrequent spectacle of a congregation.

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The sermon by the Bishop of Jarrow was very good, and, if not particularly congruous with the terms of the Rubrick, was not unsuitable to the occasion. Everything in the service was solemn and (I think) inspiring. The number of priests (i.e. candidates for the priesthood) was itself very impressive: the music was most helpful: and there was (if I do not deceive myself) a general sense of devotion, which carried everything forward. About 120 persons communicated, including the newly-ordained. Gurney Fox was the Gospeller: he performed his duty very successfully.

Ella and Ferne came to the service in the cathedral, and afterwards had lunch in the Castle. The Bishop of Jarrow & M^{rs} Gordon also joined us. About 14 of the candidates stayed to lunch. After distributing 'tips' to the Castle servants we returned to Auckland.

I found yet £9 more awaiting me, and £8 had been sent to Ella. Thus my Boots Fund creeps towards £450. The bulk of this I shall send to the Mayors of Sunderland, Jarrow, West Hartlepool, Gateshead, and South Shields.

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[393]

Monday, December 19th, 1932. 3rd Quadrennial Visitation.

[symbol]

The morning post brought £51, more. The Fund now amounts to £493: of which I have already disbursed £200 in cheques to the Mayors of Sunderland, Gateshead, and West Hartlepool.

The papers announce the resignation of the Bishop of Bristol (Nickson) on the ground of ill-health. He was ordained in 1888, and I myself in 1887.

Charles & I went to Durham for the Visitation at 11.15 a.m. There was a good attendance of the clergy, **the chancel being filled with surpliced parsons**. I was pleased that no less than 110 communicated. After the celebration I went to the Throne, and delivered the first part of my charge, dealing generally with the Groups movement. Then, the service ended, I went into the Deanery. He ^The Dean^ was in bed, & seemed cheerful. A muscle in his knee was broken, & he would have to be in bed for six weeks – an unwelcome prospect, & perhaps, not without dangers of its own.

[364]

The Hall of the Castle seemed to be quite full for the Luncheon at 1.30 p.m. Old M^r Reenan proposed my health, and I made rather a fatuous speech, in the course of which I answered that the Centenary of the Oxford Movement would be commemorated on July 11th by a special service in Durham Cathedral to which all the clergy would be invited, and at which I should myself be the preacher. I asked them to assist me in cleansing the centenary celebration from all taint of partisanship.

We returned to Auckland after lunch; and after tea, I wrote cheques on my Boots Funds, getting away with £450 out of the £531 sent in. Lady Struthers* sent a contribution, & with it a letter in which said that my communication to the Times had 'made a sensation'. She is a foolish cackling woman, but never wholly original. She vents what is current in her circle. Indeed, it is often the case that the most untrustworthy persons, if but due discount be made for their defects, prove the most copious & trustworthy witnesses.

[365]

Christopher Dawson replies to the letter which I addressed to him through his publishers, thanking him for the booklet he sent me. His letter runs:-

Dear Lord Bishop,

I was very much obliged to you for your kind letter on my booklet – The Modern Dilemma – which I found waiting for me here on my return from abroad this week. Your view of the hopelessness of the present situation certainly seems to me justified by facts. Nevertheless, I still believe that there is a spiritual leaven in our

civilization which will preserve it from complete corruption. In the past it was easy for Christians to despair of civilization, for they c^d always fall back on the apocalyptic belief in the approaching end of all things. But that is much more difficult for us today, & if we exclude this as an immediate solution, it seems to me that we are bound by our faith in Christianity to believe in the survival of the civilization which is the temporal vehicle of our religion. At least I trust that our civilization will last long enough to [366] transmit its higher traditions to the new cultures, whatever they may be, that are destined to take its place. I cannot believe that Europe is bound to abdicate to Moscow or Chicago.

May I say how much I value your appreciation of my work, for you stand to us as almost the only representative of the true English tradition among our seniors.

Yours very truly
Christopher Dawson

In what sense am I so to be described? What does he mean by 'the true English Tradition'? I have no use for the latter-day methods of 'corporate penitence', 'corporate thinking', 'groups', 'Copec' and all other means of merging the individual in a multitude. I still believe in 'private judgment', 'individual responsibility', liberty and all the other 'slogans' of the past, for which the post-war generation has nothing but contempt.

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[367]

Tuesday, December 20th, 1932. 3rd Quadrennial Visitation.

My boots fund was swollen by no less than £224, bringing it up to £750.

The visitation of the Archdeaconry of Auckland went off, so far as I know, without hitch. About 70 of the clergy communicated in S^t Cuthbert's. My charge was listened to very closely: and I did, I think, make an impression. We lunched in the King's Head, and I hope everybody had enough to eat & drink. I made a speech which contained several "calculated indiscretions".

The reports of yesterday's proceedings were lamentably and ludicrously confused and misleading, for the poor reporter identified the Oxford Groups Movement with the Oxford Movement, & got hopelessly mixed up! The Yorkshire Post gave most prominence to a half-serious obiter dictum about B.B.C. which was uttered at the lunch in the Castle. The Times ignored my Visitation altogether!

I wrote to Dick for his Birthday.

[368]

Pat McCormick, the Vicar of S. Martin's, Trafalgar Square, sent me £100, asking me to distribute it to some of the poor clergy. I sent the money to the following:-

1.	Rudd, Vicar of Trimdon Grange	£10.
2.	Linnell " " Hamsterley	£10.
3.	Ellison " " Lumley	£10.
4.	Hodgson " " Escombe	£10.
5.	Hitchcock " " South Hylton	£10.
6.	James " " West Rainton	£10.
7.	Davison " " Trimdon	£10.
8.	Davison " " Bishop Middleham	£10.
9.	Lake, Curate of Ch. Ch. Gateshead	£5.
10.	McCready, Vicar of Kimblesworth	£5.
11.	Davies, Curate of Ryhope	£5.
12.	Perry, Vicar of Westgate	£5.

My letter to the Times has evidently startled some people into realizing how woeful the state of this diocese really is, and, so far, it has done good: but I am always rather nervous about sending any gift to the clergy. What came as a windfall, is apt to be looked upon as a right!

<!211232>

[369]

Wednesday, December 21st, 1932.

Mess^{rs} Hodder & Stoughton are evidently reluctant to publish anything hostile to Groups. In answer to my letter Hodder-Williams writes:

“not knowing your attitude towards this Groups Movement, you will understand that it is quite possible that, as publishers of For Sinners Only, we may be placed in rather a difficult position”.

I wrote to M^r H. S. Milford, publisher to Oxford University, offering the Charge to him. Probably he will decline it as “too controversial”! but if, per miraculum, he did accept it, I should triumph over those Sectaries of Amen Court!

I wrote letters, signed & despatched cheques, and prepared notes until noon, when the two archdeacons came to discuss diocesan business tc. After lunch they departed, and I walked round the Park.

I had a very “bad press”, the reports of my Charge being beyond my worst fears, slight and distorted. I suspect the Groupists are more strongly entrenched than I thought: & the powerful B.B.C. is, of course, hostile.

[370]

Ella accompanied me to Houghton-le-Spring, where I dedicated the new organ at Evensong. There was a very large congregation. I preached on the words of S^t Thomas, “My Lord & my God”, and endeavoured to link together the Festival and the immediate occasion. After the sermon there was an organ recital by Dr Ellis, the organist of Newcastle Cathedral. I did not think that the music was particularly well-chosen, but I cannot pretend to understand the mentality of musicians. We went over to the Rectory, and “partook of light refreshments”, a disgusting performance! Harrison the organ-builder was there, lapping up compliments like a cat at a cream-jug. Malcolm Dillon and his wife were there. I gather that the latter is an admirer of Miss Keep. No doubt the women stand together! I shall be devoutly glad when that precious lady has been got out of New Herrington.

Davison, the Vicar of Bishop Middleham came to tell me that he had been offered a living in Yorkshire, & was inclined to accept it. I could only say, By all means!

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[371]

Thursday, December 22nd, 1932.

How ought the fact that one is a Christian to affect one's outlook on the world? To propose this question, and to suggest the answer might fittingly provide materials for my sermon on New Years' Day. And, perhaps, S. John XIV. I would provide a suitable text: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me". There are two roads to Christian Discipleship, the one is the historic Jewish road, which comes to Christ from Theism, finding in Him the completion of the faith in God already gained. The other is the road of the Gentiles who come to God through Christ, finding in Him the key to the mystery of the Redeemer's saving power. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto myself" said Christ prophesizing the Crucifixion, & then "He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father" is His word of Revelation. S. Paul sums up the Gospel thus, "God was in Christ reconciling the world unto Himself". It is not necessary to discuss the question of the authorship of the Fourth Gospel. It suffices that the Church has accepted that version of the Redeemer.

[372]

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I motored to Durham, and lunched with the Bishop of Jarrow in order to meet the Director of B. B. C. in these parts. Bailey and a young man named Martin Ellingson also lunched. When the meal was ended, I had a private interview with Martin, & decided to accept him as a candidate for Holy Orders, & to recommend him to the Board of Training for a grant of £50. Then I motored to Newcastle, & had my hair cut &c. After tea in the Hotel, I returned, stopping at Durham in order to buy some Christmas presents and to see the Dean, whom I found cheerful but panting to get out! I got back to Auckland Castle at 5 p.m.

Miss Burroughs, the Bishop of Ripon's sister, writes indignantly to protest against my "Charge". She professes herself a "Groupist", and to have been specially "guided" to write to me; and she is quite sure that she has written according to the mind of the Spirit – "He has kept me from saying some rather trenchant things I had in mind. (That is the comfort of an honest Q. T.- such things simply can't get through)"!!!! [sic].

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[373]

Friday, December 23rd, 1932.

The Church Times has a notice of my Visitation, but the Guardian ignores it altogether. The animus of the latter has been so clearly disclosed that I ought not to be surprised, and yet, as a mere matter of business, the quasi-official newspaper of the Church of England ought not to leave altogether unnoticed the Charge of the Bishop of Durham.

The Editor of the C. of E. Newspaper – a poor dubious rag, redeemed from total obscurity by the patronage of the Dean of S. Paul's – writes to me rather hectically. He has cast himself on to the Groupist side unreservedly, and is consequently much perturbed by discovering that at least one bishop holds Groupism in slight esteem! I write to him a courteous sub-acid letter.

Ella was much cast-down by hearing that her cousin, Mrs [Christina] Buchanan Smith,* to whom she was strongly attached, has died rather suddenly. As the lady was more than fourscore years old, her departure could not be wholly unexpected: yet bereavement when the stroke, albeit imminent, actually falls, ever brings a shock & sense of desolation. And these strokes multiply as old age draws on.

[374]

I walked round the Park in a high wind, and was stopped by a young man & a young woman. The latter accosted me, "You know my Brother, he is just back from South Africa." The youth explained that I had confirmed him when a boy at Barnard Castle School; that he was home for a short holiday, & would return to his work as an accountant in three weeks.

Sir Guy Wrightson* came to see me. He explained what he himself was doing in order to help the unemployed men of his own works, about 1000. He has started a 'Hobbies Club' for them, the firm providing workshop, warmed & lighted, tools, and materials, the men making anything they need for their homes or allotments, selling nothing but bartering with one another. He gave me a cheque for £50. to be expended for the Unemployed at my discretion. He said that "old Dorman" used to distinguish Americans from British thus:- "Americans shut down, and shoot: Britons go on until they 'bust'." He cannot see any more than I any real prospect of improvement in our commercial situation.

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[375]

Saturday, December 24th, 1932.

Even if I were firmly persuaded that the Virgin Birth was not historically true in the literal sense I should continue to repeat "born of the Virgin Mary" and I should resist all attempts to expunge this clause from the

Creed. For the truth & value of this article of the traditional faith are not to be determined by a plain answer to the question, Did it happen? The historical problem is not solved by the answer to this question.

The Dean of Exeter, D^r Matthews,* on "The Religious Value of the Virgin Birth" in the Guardian. Dec. 23rd, 1932.

Is it really possible to build one's belief on a falsehood? Can one symbolize religious truth by substituting a fiction for a fact? Can we, without wounding our self-respect, declare to be true something which we hold to be false, and compensate ourselves for the insult to reason by pleading the spiritual significance which, if but the affirmation had been well-founded, it could not but have had for us?

[376]

These Catholic Modernists, (with whom Matthews must be classed,) determine the religious values of history before ascertaining what history actually affirms. Having satisfied themselves that these values are precious, even indispensable to their conception of Christianity, they affect to believe that the verdicts of history as to the facts on which the said values are based are unimportant. This is essentially Loisy's position, which however in his case was greatly strengthened by his dependence on the authority of an infallible Church. To the critic and the historian, the Papist can always turn a deaf ear. "Roma locuta est: causa finita est." But Matthews is no Papist: he must needs base himself on his own private judgment, for his critical judgment compels such considerable modifications of the Catholic tradition that the last, standing alone, can guarantee nothing. If a critical examination of the evidence for the Virgin Birth leads to a negative conclusion, it follows that the tradition must be, at whatever cost, so recast as to be brought into harmony with the verdict of history.

[377]

Leslie Morrison came to see me. He said that he had read Bernard Shaw's disgusting booklet: he thought it would have an ill influence on the elementary school teachers, who know little but labour under the delusion that they know all.

Books given as Christmas presents:-

- | | |
|----------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. Africa View by Julian Huxley | to Alexander. |
| 2. Endurance by F.A. Worsley | .. Ella and Isaac |
| 3. Animal Ways by E.G. Boulenger | .. William Cowl. |
| 4. Nelson by Clennel Wilkinson | .. Leng, William |
| 5. Bonnie Prince Charlie by .. | .. William B. |
| 6. Robinson Crusoe .. | .. John M. |
| 7. Birds of the British Isles | .. Lawson, Dick [?] |

Wright, the Curate in Charge of the conventional district of S. Nicholas, Sunderland, came to consult me about accepting appointment to S. Paul's, Hendon, which has been offered to him by Wynne-Willson. He is engaged to be married, & wants a house: and, of course, desires to "better himself"! At least, there is no reason for thinking that he sought the appointment; and, in these ill days of preferment-hunting, that is something to set against his early desertion of S^t. Nicholas.

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[378]

Christmas Day, 1932.

A calm, mild morning. The crescent moon in a translucent sky with its attendant star was a fair spectacle. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 19 communicants, including all the male servants.

The breakfast table presented a remarkable spectacle, for beside every plate was a mountain of presents. Probably the last to perish of all our Christian traditions will be those which are connected with Christmas. Faith clings most passionately to what History regards with most suspicion. It is strange.

I went to Spennymoor, & preached & celebrated at the morning service. There must have been more than 100 communicants, among whom a number of C.L.B. boys & Girl Guides in uniform made a brave show. The service pleased me, for (though fearfully raucous) the singing was both reverent & congregational, & the attention to the sermon was admirable, a circumstance the more noteworthy since I preached a theological discourse, from the Gospel for the Festival.

As we returned to the Castle, I was delighted to observe a numerous flock of plover manoeuvring in the sunlight against a cloudless sky.

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We motored to Durham in order to attend Evensong in the Cathedral, and were, therefore, unable to 'listen in' when the King addressed a short message to his subjects by means of B.B.C. The congregation in the Cathedral was evidently reduced by the number of people who stayed away in order to hear their Sovereign. After the service I visited the Dean, who seemed to be making good progress: and then I had tea with Canon & M^{rs} Dawson-Walker. The Gordons were there with two Cambridge men, named, I think, Lea or Leigh. They seemed intelligent and interested.

M^{rs} Parry-Evans brought the news of her brother's death. A few days ago Lord Northbourne sent me a cheque for fifty pounds as a contribution to my Boots Fund, asking that his gift might be anonymous. The proofs of the extreme uncertainty of our tenure of life multiply, and yet they do not seem to impress us with any adequate sense of our own mortality. It is very wonderful that one goes on feeling & thinking as if we had a life-time in front of us, & yet knowing that on the most favourable estimate our life must end in about ten years. It may end tonight.

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[380]

Monday, December 26th, 1932.

Some weeks ago I was examining some deacons in the diocese of Coventry on Wand's "History of the Modern Church" – one candidate gave me the following account of Robertson Smith:- "R.S. was the founder of the American sect of the Mormons: he was a man of very dubious reputation, and was eventually murdered."

Rev. J.F. Clayton. Dec. 21st, 1932.

Another wonderful day, calm and bright, ideal for holiday-makers. Charles went through the letters before going off for a few days' leave. I spent the morning in writing letters, including one to William in Johannesburg, & Wynne-Willson. Sybil, Lady Eden,* came to lunch.

I walked round the Park, & then wrote more letters. There were no posts and no newspapers, but their absence creates rather discomfort than repose.

One report of my Charge gave it a ludicrous appearance by printing (let us charitably assume that it was an unintentional slip of the compositor) the word 'shaving' instead of 'sharing' as the headline for the section which dealt with the last!

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[381]

Tuesday, December 27th, 1932.

Somebody sends me a cutting from the 'Singapore Free Press'. It is an article, which I seem to remember having seen in one of the "Labour" journals here, attacking with great violence the letter which I wrote to the Times in answer to a sentimental 'appeal' to the Churches made in that newspaper by Lansbury. My anonymous correspondent writes "The attached libellous article has reached even Singapore. It might possibly merit legal attention." But it is not worth noticing: and probably both the writer and its readers know as much. The importance of this kind of composition consists in the light it casts on the mentality, and on the morality of "Labour". There is no attempt, perhaps there is no ability, to understand the purpose and spirit of what they attack. Not to support "Labour" is enough, and to be a bishop is to add insult to injury. The abuse is calculated, the misunderstanding is deliberate, but both are sufficiently justified by the Interest of "Labour" which, it is assumed, is served by misrepresenting and denouncing a Bishop who dares to criticize a Labour-leader!

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I started work on a sermon for New Year's Day, but made little progress. There seems to be a woeful necessity laid on me to speak in terms of ideal Christianity which are tragically superior to my own practice: & thus all my preaching seems to take the form of a satire on myself. The Groupists might, perhaps, be able to explain this situation!

The Bishop of Jarrow & M^{rs} Gordon came to lunch, with two Cambridge lads named Lee. *After lunch, I showed them the Castle, and then we walked in the Park until tea-time. Harry Cumming-Bruce came in while we were at tea. He looks more manly, & hopes to be stationed at Catterick for some training course. He and his three brothers are aflame with the Nimrod-passion for hunting. The moral question raised by "blood-sports" has no existence for these lads. It were quite vain to raise it, for they could not understand how anyone could be so silly as to trouble himself on such a matter. The more serious fact is that their father, Lord Thurlow,* who is a beneficed clergyman altogether shares their view: yet I think every thoughtful Christian casuist would judge such sports to be morally illegitimate.*

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[383]

Wednesday, 28th December, 1932.

There were three small cheques sent in to the Boots' Fund, and Charles brought a cheque for £100, which had been sent to him for the same. This brings the total to more than £1000.

	Population	Conf ⁿ	Communicants
Durham	1479006	7185	68558
Birmingham	1135,144	3520	38339
Blackburn	1037,933	5573	76418
Chelmsford	1474474	6615	78911
Lichfield	1396,058	8184	93279
Liverpool	1557308	7919	77113
Wakefield	970703	3824	44531
York	996,947	5843	66934
Chester	993,260	5924	73424
Sheffield	974524	3955	37572
Newcastle	749640	3945	35434

There is not much food for diocesan pride in these figures. Durham is rather below the average of industrial dioceses. Wakefield is rather worse. Liverpool is about the same. Sheffield is slightly worse. All the rest have considerable rural areas. In these the statistics are distinctly more favourable, the proportion of clergy to people is far higher.

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I finished the sermon for New Year's Day: and then went to the Bank to leave my pass-book and draw a cheque.

Old D^r M^cCullagh walked for $\frac{3}{4}$ of an hour in the Park, coughing furiously most of the time. Then I picked up 3 youths, and showed them the Castle, which they had never seen, though living in Bishop Auckland.

Somebody sent me a series of cuttings from "The Montreal Daily Herald" November 5th to 19th containing appreciations of "The Oxford Group Movement" contributed to the columns of that newspaper. It appears that a "small team of thirty persons, for the most part young people" have been in Montreal for "a little over one week" and have made "an indelible impression". The writers are clearly half hypnotized by the popular sensation which the Groupists have made, and they are rhapsodically eulogistic. But with varying degrees of lucidity, they indicate some features of the movement which have alarmed them, & moved their suspicions. The local newspaper has evidently perceived the value of the "scoop" which has come to it.

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[385]

Thursday, December 29th, 1932.

I received a letter from Milford assenting to my proposal that the Charge sh^d be published by the Oxford Press. This was a welcome surprise, and relieves me of a certain anxiety: but I wish that the Charge was ready!

The Bishop of Ripon would appear, like his sister, to incline to 'Groupism' for he writes:-

“How more than usually naughty you were over “Groupism”! I too feel anxious and critical, though also thankful for much that they have done: but I am afraid that your attack will both increase their self-righteousness with the sense of martyrdom as its seal, & also make more difficult the right relationship between the Church generally, & what is really becoming a useful stick to beat us with.”

Rawlinson brought Prof. Curtis to see me. They are the secretaries of the committee for “exploring” the possibilities of reunion between the Churches. Curtis is a persistent talker, with a holding power, which could hardly be exceeded by the completest bore that ever emptied a Club!

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I wrote to Hodder Williams saying that I would not put him to the necessity of refusing to publish my Charge, but had arranged for its publication by the Oxford Press.

Then I wrote presumptuously to Humphrey Milford promising M.S. of the Charge by the 2nd week of January, and saying that I should myself require 400 copies for presentation to the diocesan clergy.

Somebody sends me “The Churchman” for January. This is the Evangelical Quarterly, and discloses more intelligence & learning than commonly go with evangelical productions. It has an ably written article, ‘Attitude of Evangelicals to the Celebration of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement’. Its author calls himself ‘Academicus’, and I strongly suspect that he is Bishop Knox. If so the article may be interpreted as indicating a general refusal of the Evangelicals to join in the centenary celebration. I cannot blame them if they take this course, for the whole project of a national celebration of a partisan movement is irrational, provocative, and unedifying.

[387]

Friday, December 30th, 1932.

I received no less than £132 for my Fund, including £10 from that good fellow, my cousin Arthur Rawle.

I worked at the Charge, & wrote about 20 pages. Also, I walked round the Park in a drizzle, and, on my return to the castle, wrote to old Lady Limerick.*

To my annoyance and alarm I received a letter from Kenneth Hodgson, begging for yet more assistance. It is extraordinarily difficult to decide what answer I ought to make. On the one hand, I cannot afford to keep on subsidising a youth who cannot earn his own living, nor, if I could, would it be right to encourage him in such disgraceful dependency. On the other hand, he has no source of supply wherewith to pay such charges as are not covered by his college fees, and it is but too plain that, however willing to work he might be, there is small chance of any employment being accessible to him. I do not have a high estimate of Kenneth, for he has not behaved well, & is, I suspect, both a drone and a coxcomb, but I must in equity admit that he is in ill circumstances.

[388]

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I must write a Preface to the Charge, stating the manner in which I sought to acquaint myself with the principles & methods of Groupism: why I did not think it requisite to attend a House-party: and why it appeared to me important to address the clergy on the whole subject.

The Record has a paragraph expressing agreement with my Charge, of which it had only seen the poor little truncated reports in the newspapers. It would seem that the Evangelicals are divided, one part holding with Chavasse, and having the Record for its organ; & the other, going with Allen and the Oxford gang, and uttering itself in the Church of England Newspaper.

The Editor of the last sent me a comparatively mild acknowledgment of my letter, but he is obviously sharpening his pen for an attack as soon as he can gather sufficient material. Meanwhile, we know not what has become of Malcolm Ross who vanished into America on his Groupist Apostolate three months ago.

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[389]

Saturday, December 31st, 1932.

A hard frost and a heavy mist – fitting conditions for the close of a calamitous year. I received two more cheques bringing the total to the handsome amount of £1202. Already I have disbursed £750.

I walked round the Park after lunch. Colonel Cummins, who is at the head of the British Legion came to see me at my request. I asked him whether he could expend the thirty pounds which was earmarked for ex-service men; & he undertook to do so.

Miss Burroughs returns to the Charge. Evidently she is a very ardent Groupist. She is emphatic on the disastrous effect of my not attending House-parties:

Having been myself to a House Party, I know that you have missed ‘something’ which it is quite impossible for any critic, adverse or favourable, to ‘get across’ to you in words. Also – as it is the chief corporate expression of the “Movement”, don’t you think it rather weakens your position as a really fully informed critic, that you have no first-hand experience here?

[390]

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In my preface I must deal with this point. The “House-party” seems to me irrelevant to the question, whether the Movement is itself sound. All that it can disclose is the effectiveness of the Group method for attracting & mastering individuals, and that is not denied. Moreover, I have had the testimonies of those who have attended these gatherings, and they show what I do not doubt, that some men are swept away by them, and some are antagonised.

I shall point out that a “Charge” does not provide a suitable opportunity for a complete examination of such a phenomenon; but only for the achievement of its main purpose viz: to issue a pronouncement, supporting it with a sufficient statement of reasons. There is much that is indispensable to a complete examination of “Groupism” which I have barely attended to e.g. its theological foundation, its Christian duty, its treatment of the Sacraments, and its doctrine of the Church. All these must enter in the complete case against it.

[391]

1932

This has been a wearing and shadowed year, and, at its end, I am perturbed & saddened **by the trouble about my eyes**. If they fail me what can I look forward to in old age. Ella grows ever deafer and conversation becomes increasingly difficult.

The number of friends and others with whom I have been associated who have died this year is unusually large.

Gore
Leo Maxse
Arthur Hird
Bishop Woods
Bishop Mann
Bishop Knight
Dean Ford
Lord Brentford
Canon Ellershaw
Lord Ravensworth
Meade Falkner

Budworth retired from the school, & Culley from the Cathedral. I had been very intimate with both.

[392]

I published "Sibbes & Simeon: An Essay on Patronage Trusts", and sent copies to all the members of the Church Assembly. This action added to the malevolence with which the Evangelicals have never ceased to regard me since I pierced their thick hides with a phrase, "the Protestant Underworld". They do not love me the more for knowing that I am right. I preached at Horden on July 7th, at Guiseley on August 16th, and at Whitby in the Old Church, on November 6th.

Indisposition prevented me from speaking at Melrose in connexion with the centenary celebration of Scott's death on September 21st, and from preaching in Dublin on October 11th.

I wrote several letters to the Times in connexion with the disturbances at S^tHilary's, one on August 22nd, in which I dubbed Kensit "the Universal Parishioner", gave much satisfaction in some quarters, & much offence in others. On December 13th, a long letter on "Unemployment in Durham" appeared in the Times attracted much notice, & brought in about £1300 for Boots.

[393]

Knight's death was an untoward event which cannot but have considerable consequences. His successor is an excellent fellow, but full-filled with all the reigning clerical conventions. How far he will be able to accommodate himself to my eccentricities remains to be seen. He will be far more accordant with Rawlinson than his predecessor, & that will improve the domestic harmony of the College, but it will also strengthen the Anglo-Catholick influence in the diocese. In any case, I shall be compelled to undertake much that I have hitherto left to Knight, and that does not please me.

My refusal to recommend the venomous book "Outline for Boys and Girls & their Parents" and publick expression of my abhorrence of the same brought me under the frown of our de-Christianized Intelligentsia. I shall soon have no friends in any quarter! But I had no choice. The book was such that to invite my public approbation of it, was really a piece of impudence which I could not stomach.