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**8 May 1933 – 7 October 1933**

N.B. Persons marked with an asterisk are included – or will be included – in the Henson website repository.

The asterisk appears beside their first citation in each volume uploaded as a PDF.

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[1]

**Monday, May 8<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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Professor Sorley returned the M.S. of my ~~Sor~~ Fison Lecture with a friendly note:-

I have been greatly interested in your lecture. You pose problems in a way to call for reflexion, and I don't know that I have anything to say that can be said shortly, or, if said, would not repeat what you have said.

The poor thing has now been read, & so to say, 'passed', by two philosophers, Sorley & Strong and by two scientifically trained men, M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh, a general practitioner, and Grey Turner,\* a very distinguished surgeon. They all agree in finding it interesting, coherent, and suggestive, & none of them confesses disagreement.

Charles and I motored to South Hetton where I consecrated an extension of the Churchyard. Canon Haworth\* had taken pains about the service. There was a surpliced choir, and half a dozen of the neighbouring incumbents. I gave a short address. We returned to Durham, where I attended a meeting of the Boys Clubs Association in my room at the Castle. About 17 members attended, and [2] Sir Arthur Wood was in the chair. We decided to appoint an adviser as a temporary arrangement in order to survey the county & prepare an appeal for Funds. We ~~decided~~ agreed to raise the amount of the said adviser's expenses among ourselves. I promised £10. Then we returned to Auckland, where I had an interview with an Ordination candidate, Arthur Brian Canning, aged 20 years 5 months, who seeks assistance from the Board of Training. I sanctioned his application. He impressed me as a simple, sincere lad, who, if he succeeds in taking his degree, might make a good clergyman.

The "North Mail" contains a report of the Protest Meeting in Sunderland. It did not notice any speech but mine, and of that it gave a small, but not ill-selected portion. This will not tend to induce more kindly sentiments towards the Bishop of Durham in the minds of the numerous orators, sectarian and socialist, whose effusions were ignored.

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[3]

Tuesday, May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

A beautiful morning. I walked round the Bowling Green before motoring with Charles to Darlington. My compartment was visited by M<sup>rs</sup> Storey shortly after the train had started. She is just as pretty and irresponsible as ever. At York the compartment was invaded by Sir Edward Brooksbank, Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy and her recently married daughter. We talked most of the way, & I lost the opportunity of reading on which I had counted. On reaching King's Cross, I proceeded to the Athenaeum, & there deposited my impedimenta. Then I went to the hair-cutter, & was shampooed. A thunder storm was in progress as I was about to leave the salon, & as I waited for a shower to cease I was addressed by a young man, who had also been attended by the hair-dresser. He said that he was a friend of Aubrey Pike, and was engaged at the Royalty Theatre, in a play about the Brontes. I returned to the Club, & there encountered Sir John Reith. \* He said that he had been receiving an LLD. degree at Aberdeen, & that the principal had given him my Charge to read.

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*"I expect you wish you could have spoken more strongly in both parts of your Charge", he said. He added that the Bishop of Chichester and the Moderator of the Church of Scotland had been staying with him, & discussing the Groups Movement. They agreed in approving my Charge.*

*Leslie Morrison writes from Oxford: "Quite by chance last week, I came into contact with one of the leading Groupists in Oxford, one Prescott of Worcester. When he learned I was to be ordained in Durham, he began to discuss your book. He kept on saying that there was wrong in all of us, and it was only by criticism that it could be discovered and eradicated. But he assented that your thesis was damned because you had not attended a House Party. If you had, the Charge would never have been written, because you would have been changed yourself!"*

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*I arrived at the Deanery shortly before 6 p.m., and was kindly received by M<sup>rs</sup> Foxley Norris. \* I called on Costley White, \* the Headmaster of Westminster. **He told me that the King & the Queen had spoken to him in very kind terms about the Bishop of Durham, from which I infer the "Collins" which that gentleman had the temerity to send to H.M was not resented.***

*There was a pleasant dinner party viz, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Lazlo: Lord Darling and Di: M<sup>r</sup> Norris & two ladies staying here, & myself. Lazlo was most entertaining after the ladies had withdrawn. He gave us a graphic account of Leo xiii, whom he painted, & who described his portrait as more Voltaire's than his own likeness! Di sang songs after dinner. **We had some talk, & discovered that we were both born on November 8<sup>th</sup>.** I was told that Lazlo inquired how old I was, and guessed that I was about 54!*

*The papers announce the death of Dean Armitage Robinson. \* He was in his 76<sup>th</sup> year, and had for some time been hors de combat.*

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Armitage Robinson and I first met in November 1900, when I succeeded him as Rector of S. Margaret's and Canon of Westminster. We did not take to one another', and, perhaps, this is not surprizing. He had failed at S. Margaret's, where, indeed, he was 'a fish out of water'; for he was cautious & timid by temperament, slow in his movements, apt to form suspicions & cherish resentments. His great knowledge, precise & accurate scholarship, and notable gifts of impressive utterance were not appreciated by the heterogeneous congregations which gathered both in the Abbey & in the parish church beside it. Occasional sermons on themes which stirred him, were, indeed, remarkably successful. His fine presence, at once quaint and awe-inspiring, arrested attention: his slow oracular utterances, and his austere dignity of his language, combined not rarely with unexpected ebullitions of intellectual courage – all combined to make these occasional pronouncements weighty and memorable.

[7]

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He had a small spirit though a large intellect. Petty, reserved, self-centred, and opinionated, he was a man more feared than loved. He was attached to adoring inferiors and those who admitted to a rather servile familiarity, but he could not work with his inferiors and he shrank from acknowledging superiority. His personal habits were ill-regulated and unwholesome, & his meanness, elaborately polite to the Great, could be offensive & even insolent to the Small. He disliked me as embodying probably nearly everything that he ~~disliked~~ condemned, yet he was not wholly unconscious of the fact that his dislike was neither generous nor justified. We came into sharp collision on the constitutional issues which his arbitrary egotism raised in the conduct of the Abbey; and the fact that he could count on no support from the canons, having alienated even the bland tolerance of Duckworth and the mild peacefulness of Beeching not less than the ebullient self-assertiveness of Welldon,\* and the intractable pride of Henson argues great deficiencies of temper and tact!

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[8]

Wednesday, May 10<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

The Times reports a speech by D<sup>r</sup> Frick, the Nazi Minister of the Interior, in opening a conference of State Ministers for Education. It gives "a vivid picture of the principles on which German youth is to be educated in the Hitlerist state."

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I made my way to S. Paul's, & preached my sermon (which took exactly half an hour to deliver by the clock in the pulpit) in the course of the choral celebration of Holy Communion. **It being the annual Festival of S.P.G. & this being designedly associated with the Centenary of the Abolition of Slavery in the British Empire**, there was considerable gathering of the Bishops & Clergy, his Grace of Canterbury being the Celebrant. Then disasters befell me. On arriving at the Athenaeum, I discovered that I had lost both my umbrella and my spectacles. The one was replaced by buying another umbrella; the other I recovered from the Cathedral by means of the Club messenger. General Seeley [Seely]\* joined me at lunch, & was very friendly and communicative. He told me the secret history of the formation of the National Government.

[9]

I walked to the House of Lords and listened to the debates for nearly 3 hours. There were about 50 present, & none of the orators spoke. Lord Ilchester held forth for a whole hour on the damage done to sea-birds and fish by oil discharged from steamers, and he was followed by others. Then Lord Jessell introduced a Bill to prohibit spurious degrees, & when that had been disposed of, Lord Banbury secured the 2<sup>nd</sup> reading for a little Bill disqualifying for a dog-licence any one who had been convicted of cruelty to a dog. I chatted with several friendly peers, but, though urged to do so by several, I did not feel moved to make a speech. I arrived at Grillions. There were present – 1. Lord Trenchard. 2. Geoffrey Dawson. 3. Major Elliott. 4. Lord Hugh Cecil.\* 5. Ormsby-Gore. 6. Lord Crawford & Balcarres.\* 7. Lord Middleton [Midleton]. 8. Lord Irwin. 9. Lord Bridgeman. 10. Sir George Munsey. 11. Lord Lloyd. 12. Lord Fitzalan. 13. Sir Clive Wigram. 14. L<sup>d</sup> Hartington. 15. Bishop of Durham. We elected 3 more members, of whom one was Sir Thomas Inskip.\* Apart from his Protestant fanaticism, the man appears to be popular. Sir Clive Wigram spoke almost affectionately of him.

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Lord Hugh Cecil\* spoke to me about Orchard's book 'From Faith to Faith', which has evidently impressed him. He is painfully conscious of the weakness which accrues to Anglicanism from the absence of any recognized first authority, and desires to have some apology published which would remove this disadvantage. He approached me – 'you would do it admirably' – he said. But I admitted that I laboured under the disadvantage of being myself unable to discover which authority there was which might service the Anglican's turn! Lord Crawford said that the Roman Church was in a very bad way both in France and in

Italy. In France there were 15,000 parishes in which the priest daren't show his face in public. L<sup>d</sup> Hugh challenged this, but Lord Crawford stuck to his guns. In Italy, he said, the anti-clericals were never stronger or more aggressive. He has some right to be accepted as trustworthy when he speaks of Italy, for he knows the country well, and has connexions there. So we parted having the situation of the Church of England nowise bettered by our concern!

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[11]

Tuesday, May 11<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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There was no report whatsoever of the service in S. Paul, yesterday, and this surprized me the more since a reporter, representing the Press Association, had borrowed my M.S., and returned it to the Deanery. The fact is that, apart from its occasional scandals, Religion has no 'news-value' now. Few people condescend to hear sermons, & fewer still to read them. One whose main concern in life has been preaching, can hardly avoid a consciousness of the futility as he reflects on the almost total neglect which has now come to the pulpit Am I right in leading young men to embrace a career which will isolate them so effectively from the general life as the clergyman's? Religion, even if its postulates be admitted, has come to be so generally divorced from religious observance, that it is hard to vindicate a role for the religious minister in the modern world. The decline of ecclesiastical influence in ~~the modern world~~ ^English Society^ has proceeded so rapidly during the last decade that the question begins to force itself on the considering mind. Que tendimus? What career am I urging Dick to accept, when I encourage & assist him to be ordained in the Church of England?

[12]

I walked to the Athenaeum after breakfast and settled down to an attempt to prepare notes for tomorrow's speech, but I had no success and remained as puzzled as ever. I suppose that the vague & more declamatory the better, for the audience is pretty sure to be mainly of 'the onward & upward' type!

Peers\* joined me at lunch & introduced ^me^ to a large man, Sir Reginald Blomfield, the nephew of the erstwhile Vicar of Barking.

I visited Hugh Rees. Copies of the truncated Charge were on show, & I asked him whether he had sold any, & he replied that he had got rid of a good many.

Then I went to the Academy, & whilst I was looking at the pictures, I was accosted by Lord Ilchester, who was still full of the birds & fish slain by oil from steamers. His Lordship is a fine big man, but his voice is curiously inadequate. I told him that in my opinion he had made out an overwhelming case for prompt action; but, of course, the Government will do nothing.

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*M<sup>rs</sup> Rolt came to the Deanery. She said that my 'Charge' was being everywhere discussed, and imagined that it must be selling 'like hot cakes'. I suspect that most people's knowledge of the poor thing does not extend beyond the leaders in the 'Guardian' and 'Church Times'. If it had sold to any extent, I should have been informed.*

*The Dean, who had been attending the funeral of Armitage Robinson in Wells Cathedral returned in time for dinner. He observed on the small attendance of the county & district. But Robinson lived as a recluse, & was hardly known to most of his neighbours. The Dean told a story which he had from the lips of the Officer concerned as illustrating the humour of the London 'Tommie', when, on Nov. 11<sup>th</sup> 1918, the order 'Stop firing' came through, the Officer thought well to inform the men that this order meant that the war was over at last. A 'Tommie' stepped forward, saluted, and inquired: 'Please Sir, Who has won?' Many people are still asking that question, which it still seems premature to answer.*



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[14]

Friday, May 12<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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Lord Middleton [Midleton] told me that, when the Kaiser, William II, came to England to attend the funeral of Queen Victoria, he had some private conversation with him, of which he had made a note at the time in his Journal:

‘Look at my position. I have 70 millions of Germans, vigorously educated and & ambitious, & they have no opportunity of expansion. France develops to the South, Russia to the East, England is everywhere: but Germany is shut in on all sides. Why don’t you let me take Mexico; & I will guarantee you against Russia’.

He was certainly a grotesquely megalomaniacal person; & in his political ethics he was Frederick ‘the Great’ redivivus.

I ~~arrived~~ went to the room placed at my disposal by mine hostess, & prepared notes for my speech; & then called on Dashwood\* with whom I had some talk. He reports the Archbishop to be in rude health. Then I walked to the Athenaeum, where I was soon joined by Ernest [Henson].\* We lunched together, and then discussed his situation, which is certainly [15] an uncomfortable one. I drafted a letter for him to write to the Bishop of Southwark, & undertook to write to the Bishop myself. But I don’t like the look of things, & suspect that more as happened than I know.

After Ernest had gone off, I spent an hour in the National Gallery.

Then I returned to the Club, & had an interview with an Ordination candidate, named Hayward, to whom I gave permission to apply to the Board of Training for a grant. He is an ‘Anglo’Catholick’ Fund candidate, and makes his confession every fortnight. In spite of this, he expressed himself in a simple & manly way so that I was not unfavourably impressed. Lord Crawford & Balcarres was in the Club, & I had some talk with him about the state of Religion in Italy. He said that the present pope was arbitrary and extravagant, that he had spent great sums in building in the Vatican garden which he had spoiled, and on his other palaces, which he intended to occupy. The ‘Sacred Year’ was dictated by financial policy.

[16]

I dined with Di and Lord Darling before going to the Albert Hall for the S. P. G. meeting. There was a great assembly, but the proceedings cannot fairly be described as other than dull. Partly, this may have been caused by the circumstance that the meeting brought to an end a whole series of meetings. The audience was blasé. Alington\* presided, & was not inspiring. A young clergyman from the diocese of Accra spoke next, & then I spoke. My speech barely occupied the 25 minutes assigned to me, & it was mortally dull. I think that the loud speakers have a depressing effect on speakers. There was an unpleasing echo all the time that one was speaking. I drove to the Deanery where I arrived about 10 p.m. The Dean & M<sup>rs</sup> Foxley Norris were in the drawing room, and, after some talk with them, I went

to bed. How can I justify the expenditure of practically an entire week in a sermon and a speech – both failures?

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[17]

Saturday, May 13<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*Honours accumulate upon the Successful: neglect the comrade of failure. Laszlo has painted a portrait of Lang, and presented it to Balliol College: the Benchers have made him an hon: Bencher of one of the Temples. His restored health has been met by favouring fortunes. He stands on the pinnacle of the highest measure of secular prosperity which an ecclesiastic may attain. The grand secret of success is to believe in yourself, and to persuade yourself that you believe in your cause. It is, precisely, this grand secret which I lack, and that circumstance gives the key to my failure. How can I believe in myself after a self-study extended through 70 years? Have I any cause in which I could honestly say that I believe?*

*To me faith means perpetual unbelief.  
Kept quiet like the snake 'neath Michael's foot.*

*I wonder whether Lang – suave, oracular, persuasive - ever really felt the shame of self, distrust and the enfeebling agony of doubt? He can, of course, talk about both quite finely, but has he ever known them as his own? Frankly, I doubt it. I have known nothing else.*

[18]

I left the Deanery after breakfast, and went to the Athænaeum where I picked up my robe-bag, & then proceeded to King's Cross, where I took the Pullman Express to Darlington. There were very few passengers, & I had the compartment to myself. The tedium of the journey was relieved by reading a new novel by D' Cronin, Grand Canary. Charles met me at Darlington with his little car, and brought me to the Castle. After tea, we set to work on an accumulation of letters, which were of small interest.

I received the following from the Oxford Union:

“Thank you warmly for the book on “The Group Movement” which I have just bought and read. It is splendid. At a Conference held recently at Sarum to discuss the Groups that ass the Bp. of Croydon pooh poohed every reference to your book and as good as said. “Can any good come from Auckland Castle!” He isn't fit to clean your boots!!!

A House-man.

This is intriguing!

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[19]

**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 14<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

A most glorious morning. The garden is an orgy of flower & blossom in a framework of brilliant green.

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

I copied into my Letter-book the letter to the Bishop of Southwark, which I composed last night. It can hardly do good: & may do harm!

After preparing notes for my address to the Freemasons, I walked for an hour in the policies. Lord Thurlow\* came to lunch, and afterwards read the prayers at the Freemasons' service in the Chapel. There was a better attendance than I had expected. I spoke to them on "Oppression" taking for my text Ecclesiastes v.8. "If though seest the oppression of the poor, & the violent taking away of judgement & justice in a province, marvel not at the matter: for one higher than the high regardeth; & there be higher than they."

Col. Thompson came in to tea. The poor man cannot away with<sup>1</sup> his parson, the Rector of Whickham, and is religiously at a loose end. I suggested that he should join Usher's congregation at Dunston.

[20]

I motored to Tudhoe, and preached at Evensong to a congregation which filled but did not crowd the exceedingly mean parish church. The Vicar intoned the prayers, following the Prayer Book of 1662 up to the 3<sup>rd</sup> collect, and then making a selection from the occasional prayers in the Book of 1928. The Rev. Matthew Bell is a well-built man, who would be handsome, if it were not for a rather sinister expression of countenance. After holding assistant-curacies in Jarrow, Gateshead, Burnopfield, and Winlaton, he was appointed Vicar of Tudhoe in 1920. He has been 29 years in Orders. The population is declining, & is now little more than 5000. Many of the people are unemployed, He is one of those incumbents whom assistant curates cannot endure, & who are disliked by their clerical neighbours. He is said to be a pugnacious Tory, whose open advocacy is regarded by the party as probably calamitous.

General Pope Hennessey brought two Americans to see the Castle, but I had no time to do more than shake hands with them before going to Tudhoe.

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<sup>1</sup> *OED* - to away with: 'to tolerate, bear, endure (something); to get on or along with, to put up with (someone or something).' Obsolete.

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[21]

Monday, May 15<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

He was a scientist, bound to no banal moral code, admitting no virtue but truth – that truth which he had always sought – impervious to the stupid, the obvious, and the orthodox, demanding the freedom to arrange his destiny according to his will.

A. J. Cronin “Grand Canary” 14

Thus the hero of the story, a brilliant young doctor, Harvey Leith, pictures himself in soliloquy. Probably this is the popular notion of a “scientist”. No man but a fool would be “impervious to the obvious” for, however trite & tiresome, the obvious is always unchallengeably true, & may be vitally important; and as to being “impervious to the orthodox” that can only be an attitude tolerable to a reasonable man on the grotesque assumption (the root-spring of quackery in every sphere) that heresy is the synonym of truth. If “to be bound to no banal moral code” implies for the “scientist” this “imperviousness” to what is obvious & orthodox, it would appear that “scientist” is only another name for the ignorant and the demented!

[22]

The Bishop of Jarrow [James Gordon\*] & Archdeacon Rawlinson\* came here at 11 a.m., and discussed diocesan business until 12.30 p.m., when we strolled in the garden until lunch. After that, they took themselves off, and I walked round the Park with D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh.

Charles and I motored to Trimdon Grange, where I admitted to the perpetual curacy as successor to the Rev. Robert Rudd, the assistant curate of Barnard Castle, the Rev. George King Spiller. The little church was densely crowded, many standing throughout the service, & many being unable to gain admittance. There was a good attendance of the neighbouring incumbents. Rudd read the prayers, & Bolland, the Rural Dean, read the lesson. The local pit which was started as long ago as 1837 is now closed, so that most of the men in the parish are unemployed.

Dick tells me that his brother has arranged to go to Oxford, and read for a degree. A small legacy from his grandmother, and some assistance from an uncle will suffice to provide the necessary funds.

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[23]

**Tuesday, May 16<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

I motored to Durham, and licensed three assistant curates in the Chapel of Durham Castle. I entertained them to lunch in my room. Charles and I motored to Gateshead where I consecrated an extension of the Burial ground. The Mayor and Corporation attended in their robes, and Ellwood of S. Chad's brought his choir. But the rain descended pitilessly, so that I limited the outdoor ceremony to the mere consecration, & took the service with the address in the cemetery Chapel. Then we had tea at the Rectory with Stephenson and his young men. We motored to Witton-le-Wear where I admitted the Rev. Robert William Bruce Richards to the perpetual curacy in succession to that dreary old grumbler Wilkinson. In spite of the rain there was a considerable congregation, and several of the neighbouring incumbents attended. I gave an address which was listened to with close attention. After the service we returned to Auckland. Sir Charles Peers had arrived during my absence, and I had a good deal of talk with him after dinner. He will reach the fatal age, 65, this year and must therefore retire from his public work. He evidently dislikes the prospect, and naturally.

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[24]

Wednesday, May 17<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I took Peers to see the churches at Hartlepool and Sedgefield. He was well impressed by both, especially by Hartlepool. We found Salter in the church, obese, oracular, & condescending. Peers obviously contended with a strong desire to condemn Caroe's work, but he was too honest not to admit that in the main it was excellent. We lunched at home. Cowans, the newly appointed Vicar of Annfield Plain, was at lunch, a squat, rather unattractive man with a suspiciously obsequious manner, & ample professions of everything that was appropriate to his situation. However his record is fairly good, & he has had experience of miners.

Peers & I motored to Durham, and, after inspecting the work at the Castle, attended a meeting of the Preservation Committee in the Senate Room. D<sup>r</sup> Faber attended & presented a Report. We decided to go forward with the work on the Norman Gallery in spite of the fact that we have no money! On returning to Auckland I wrote to Sir Charles Trevelyan,\* asking him to be one of the Presidents of the Fund.

[25]

There came to dine Lord Barnard's land-agent Hall with his wife, who was a daughter of Lady Vane-Tempest. He was intelligent & talkative, she was shy and silent. I sampled both. Also, Major Rudgard & his wife. Here the qualities were reversed. He was marked by a surly taciturnity accentuated by incipient deafness. She was affably loquacious. The new Head-mistress of the High School, over which the enormous lady presided, also came, & was pleasant enough. Peers & ourselves made up the party.

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*Inge's "Things New & Old" is extraordinarily brilliant and sophisticated, full of biting antithesis and curiously inconsequent. His hatred of the Church gives colour to his language everywhere:*

*Believe me, if Christianity is ever rejected as obsolete, it will be because the conscience of humanity has advanced, while Christian teachers have refused to move an inch, & prefer the tradition of the elders to the living voice of the Holy Spirit of truth.*

*What is this but practically to identify the Zeitgeist with the Holy Spirit?*

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[26]

Thursday, May 18<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Peers went off by the early train: & I settled down to prepare a sermon on the Oxford Movement, but made little progress. The subject is distasteful, & its treatment difficult. I could far more easily show cause for refusing to take part in the Commemoration, though I like The anti-Tractarians as little as the Tractarians. The one were stupid and brutal, the other, superstitious & sly!

M<sup>r</sup> Guildford, the B. B. C. manager from Newcastle came to see me about the arrangements for my being broad-cast on July 30<sup>th</sup>. He said that he came from Nottingham, & was well-acquainted with the Bishop of Jarrow.

I walked in the Park, & talked with unemployed lads, & with a very intelligent ship's engineer who assists at the Centre.

After dinner I went to the Edgar Hall, and talked about "The Abolition of the Slave Trade" to about 40 members of Toc H., mostly young men. They were attentive & friendly, and, I hope, they were not bored.

[27]

The Rev. Frank Fitt: minister of a Presbyterian Church in Michigan, U.S.A. writes to me about "Groups", and marks his letter "confidential". It is an interesting first-hand account of Buchman & his followers, and it is extremely unfavourable.

"I met all the chief figures, tried to discuss matters with D<sup>r</sup> Buchman himself (it cannot be done, for he turns you off like a skilful sales man), listened to Canon Grensted,\* whose conversion to Buchmanism I cannot understand, conversed with D<sup>r</sup> McMillan, of So-Africa, & did everything a minister could do to get at the root of the matter. While for a time a number of people in my parish were deeply interested, the excitement has died down completely now. A few, not more than four or six people, were genuinely touched spiritually, and a few more thought they were.....

In this country the Buchman movement seemed to go most among the Episcopalians & the Presbyterians, more the former than the latter".



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[28]

Friday, May 19<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I wasted my whole morning in reading again, & making notes upon Inge's little book. It pleases me the less, the more I consider it. He seems to have so effectually merged Christianity in the whole process of religious development, as to strip it of uniqueness, and so to bind it into the mingled civilization, which the past has bequeathed to the present, as to destroy the very notion of its Divine authority, He is to some extent the victim of his own literary brilliance: & is led into perilous over-statement by the requirements of his glittering epigrams. His inconsistency is apparent and extreme, for he is dominated by his moods, & easily forgets his argument. He is at his best when he leaves history alone, and addresses himself to the individual. On personal religion he writes with an unchallengeable authority, and is both impressive & edifying. His hatred – the word is not too strong – of the Catholic church would be ludicrous, if it did not lead to such ill consequences.

[29]

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Braley\* came to see me. He wants to start a secondary school at Bede College in connexion with it to serve as a "model school", and replace the junior school which is all that there is at present. I said that a small committee might well be appointed to go into the matter, & prepare a scheme. I showed him some of the letters about "Groups" which have come to me. He says that some of the students who are Dissenters have been attracted by the movement, but that the majority are quite unaffected. I asked him to read the M.S. of my Fison Lecture, and to let me have his comments.

I wrote to the Rev. Frank Fitt thanking him for his illuminating letter on "Groups": and also to the Rev. C. Goodall, thanking him for his: and I sent them both copies of the Bishoprick. Certainly the information which has come to me about Buchman and his movement since my Charge appeared has tended to confirm me in my unfavourable opinion. The personal influence of Buchman himself seems to be definitely unwholesome. He gives the impression of an extremely unsatisfactory type of American Evangelist.

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[30]

Saturday, May 20<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

We cannot go on letting the world think that we acquiesce in the idea that we are merely an "Act of Parliament" Church.

Dean Church in 1880. [Life. p. 284]

So, one of these days, I expect that we shall find ourselves put into the position of having to choose between making the Church co-extensive with what can be called the religion of the whole nation, or giving up our present position.

Dean Church in 1870. [Life. p. 187]

Before he (i.e. R. H. Froude\*) and his friends undertook the process of reconstruction, **the Church was perhaps in the healthiest condition which it has ever known.**

J. A. Froude in 1881. Short Studies in Great Subjects iv. 167

[31]

The original mould of Christianity was the mould of the universal society.

Ernest Barker. Church, State & Study. p. 54

In the case of Christianity, the earliest of these moulds was apocalyptic Messianism.

Inge. Things New & Old. p. 54.

Clearly, these distinguished men make "the original mould" suit their argument.

I wasted yet another morning, in scraping together material for the E.C.U. Sermon, but I can't yet see my way to begin.

The Rev. H. P. Pestle came to lunch, & to talk to me about his brother, the Vicar of Tanfield, who is causing no small perplexity to his relations. He has taken into the Vicarage a married woman with two children, who is living apart from her husband. His father also lives at the Vicarage: & his presence may do something towards "regularising" what has an untoward appearance. He is an impracticable visionary, equally obstinate & unworldly, and cannot be made to see that his conduct is highly imprudent. I had to say that I could do nothing.

[32]

Ella and I had tea with the Fenwicks, who live on the high ground (840 feet) behind Wolsingham, hard by the reservoir. The situation is superb, & the rock-garden beautiful. We saw everything to advantage. Mrs Fenwick is evidently far gone in 'Groupism', & had attended the Groupist meeting which was held last night in Bishop Auckland. Her tastes are sufficiently disclosed by the admiration which she expressed for the Keswick Convention,

the China Inland Mission, & the like. Several ladies of a sombre-saintly aspect were also at tea: & generally I felt like "a lion in a den of Daniels"!

Captain Greig of the Church Army came to see me. His caravan has broken down, & he wants to collect money for a new one. May he do so? I said, Yes, with the incumbent's consent: and promised him a guinea. As he is now stationed at Witton Park, I took the opportunity of "pumping" him about the situation in that parish. He says the parson is a nervous wreck, and cannot be trusted to control himself.

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Greig gave a distressing account of Witton Park, where the cheapness of the infamous houses attracts all the "bad hats" of the district. There is no work in the place; nearly the entire population is "on the dole". The morals are very depraved: adultery is common: & a number of prostitutes, who ply their trade in Bishop Auckland & the district have their residence in Witton Park. I catechised him closely about the work in the parish, & he gave a far better account of it than I had anticipated. There was a large Sunday-school: a Mothers' Union: & many communicants. Had he heard the Vicar preach? He said that he had, & that his preaching was "very familiar". The Vicar had "no tact", and was "all nerves". He thought that there was no probability of Farnell's succeeding in Witton Park. The place was too isolated, & he did not know how to deal with the people. But how can any honest Bishop recommend such a clergyman to any patron? This is a very black-patch in the diocese, and there is no visible method of improving matters. Escombe, Witton Park, Eldon, Tudhoe, Etherley – 'the hungry sheep look up, and are not fed.'

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**5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 21<sup>st</sup>, 1933.**

A calm, bright summer morning. The aspect of the world is sumptuous & secure: yet the bloom & blossom pass quickly, & there are storms coming. "Let us eat & drink: for tomorrow we die"! Or, rather more fittingly – 'The earth is the Lord's, & the fullness thereof'. Sursum corda!

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. William the gardener was there, & the other William.

I prepared notes for the evening's sermon, and wrote to William in Johannesburg.

I motored to South Shields, picking up Charles on the way, and preached in Holy Trinity, after dedicating an oak pulpit, & clergy-stalls to the memory of the late Vicar, Steggall. There was a very large congregation, in which I think the masculine element predominated. M<sup>rs</sup> Steggall was there, & other relatives of the late Vicar, including a weedy youth of 16 who, I was informed, aspired to be ordained. One of the churchwardens told me that he remembered the Mission of 1898!

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**Monday, May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.**

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*I received from the 'Groupist' fanatic, Brigadier General Forster, a long letter urging me to "hear some of the happenings of the last few months & weeks" during which, apparently 'Groupism' has marched from victory to victory. They would like me to "share something of their vision for the future ('Co. Durham aflame for God within the year' was one statement of it yesterday) and to hear something of their plans." He ends his ecstatic epistle with a reference to the Canadian campaign, respecting which I have received such unfavourable reports. These people live in a 'fool's paradise' of their own manufacture. They rush from 'house-party' to 'house-party', & from one "Group-meeting" to another, drinking themselves drunk with phrases, & all the hysterical cant of revivalist meetings; and bring themselves to believe that they are swaying the world, because, forsooth, they carry away some neurotic fools with their excitement. It is all so drearily familiar. Thus the sectaries are always talking: & if their claims to success were conceded, England would long ago have been in sober literalism of perfected goodness a "Regnum Dei". "But – is the thing we see, Salvation?"*

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Luce,\* the Headmaster of ~~Westminster~~ Durham School, came to see me about a number of small matters. He is, I suspect, dogmatic, "viewy", & obstinate: but, none the less, attractive, courageous, & able. He will make some bad blunders, but he may succeed in becoming quite a "great" pedagogue. I asked him what was, in his judgment, the best age for Confirmation, & he replied – "Seventeen or eighteen: but I wish we could arrange that boys sh<sup>d</sup> be admitted to Holy Communion at 12 or 13, & then confirmed later." I said that, if such an arrangement were adopted, Confirmation would soon fall out of general use. He spoke rather bitterly of the difficulty which he had latterly experienced with Welldon. He had not spoken to him for many months, & had actually advised parents not to send their boys to Durham School so long as he (Luce) was Headmaster! Welldon did not seem able to overcome any repugnance against an individual, when once it had established itself in his mind. His treatment of Bishop Knight, & of the present Master of the Choir School are cases in point.

[37]

I went into the Park after lunch, but found the weather too warm for walking, so I stayed to watch a cricket match, & talked to the teacher in charge of the unemployed lads from the Centre. The same man, who interested me last week (v. p.26) told me much about himself, & his plans. The good impression which I received before was deepened. I talked to a group of young miners, all very friendly, very frank, & very hopeless.

Beck, the Labrador retriever, whom I received from Willy Murray,\* and who had endeared herself to everyone, was by sentence of the Vet: “put down”, to my exceeding regret. The poor old beast limped round the Park with me within the last fortnight.

Charles & I motored to Hartlepool, where I collated the Rev. A. C. Hague, assistant curate to Bishop Auckland, to the Vicarage of Holy Trinity, in succession to that hapless creature with the Popish wife, Cobb, who died to everybody’s relief & probably to his own! The congregation was swollen by substantial contingents from the three parishes in which Hague had previously worked – Shadforth, Low Fell, & Bishop Auckland.

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Tuesday, May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.

The ideal of the national church has been challenged among us during the last three centuries from two different sides. In the first place – in order of time, & perhaps also in order of importance – there was the challenge of Nonconformity. To the Nonconformist the radical principle of the Reformation was not a national church, which would only be a new body of death in place of the old, but liberty of conscience.....In the second place, **there was the challenge offered to the national Church by the old universalism & the Catholic tradition – a challenge which sprang to new life in the Oxford Movement, and lives today among those who are still inspired by its principles.** To the convinced Catholic, if we may use that word in a broad & general sense, the Reformation left intact the continuity & the universality of the Catholic tradition: & to him the proper organization of Christian life [39] is the historic & universal Church of Christ, transcending the nation, as it transcends the sect or confession, & uniting the whole round world in a single society.

Ernest Barker, Church State & Study, p. 139.

*This is a strangely bird-less spring. I have seen no swallows yet, nor heard the cuckoo. There is hardly a thrush to be seen about the castle, and very few chaffinches.*

I worked at the E.C.U. sermon, and wrote a good deal, but I fear that most of it will have to be cast aside.

I walked in the Park, but found the sultriness of the weather very oppressive. There was a violent thunderstorm about 7 p.m.

The Rev<sup>d</sup> Vincent Daviss came to see me. I ordained him myself in 1923, and held assistant curacies in S. Cuthbert's, Bensham (1923-25), and in Coundon (1925-26). I had totally forgotten him. He came to consult me about his domestic affairs, but I could offer him no counsel, nor speak otherwise than depressingly of his prospects.

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I received from Sampson a cutting from the Christian World of May 11<sup>th</sup>, 1933, containing a leading article headed. "At the Cross-roads", which dealt with "Groups", and referred to my Charge:

"Recently in England it has been made the subject of careful examination by that cool and competent critic of anything that arouses popular enthusiasm, the Bishop of Durham. D<sup>r</sup> Hensley Henson's examination is close & judicial..... In effect the Bishop of Durham pronounces an open verdict upon the Group Movement, but his judicial summing up embodies a measure of criticism which the leaders of the movement would be unwise to ignore."

The article proceeds to quote the hostile account of the Mission in Totonto published in an American quarterly by the Presbyterian Minister, D<sup>r</sup> McNab, who wrote to me some days ago. It is an ugly picture.



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Wednesday, May 24<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I finished the E.C.U. sermon. It amounts to a categorical demand for Disestablishment, as the indispensable condition of that spiritual liberty, which (this was the core of their demand) the Tractarians claimed for the Church of England. I quote and endorse the statements of Bishop Talbot in 1907, which do at least make it clear that to claim independence for the Church, is not equivalent to "clericalism". But I greatly doubt whether the E.C.U. understands the distinction.

After lunch, M<sup>r</sup> Robinson fetched me & Charles, and took us to the drill hall, where a number of unemployed men above the age of 18, & mostly under 25, were doing various exercises under an instructor. I was surprised & pleased at their appearance. They were mostly well grown, & gave the impression of being adequately fed. They showed an alacrity & vigour which could not consist with semi-starvation. Yet they are all "on the dole". The Government pay the Instructor, & provide vests & shorts, with the necessary equipment, & they have the use of the Hall free. Then we visited the Social Centre, where we found M<sup>rs</sup> Bull very busy. The problem of disposing of [42] [symbol] *the articles which the men make is not easy to solve. The domestic requirements of the men themselves are soon satisfied, & then the goods begin to accumulate. Any attempt to organize a sale, has the affect of arousing the jealousy of the Trade Unionists, who scent an enemy in anything that deals with the workmen otherwise than one of themselves. The unspeakable Batey denounced the Social Centres as mischievous in the House of Commons!*

The two churchwardens from Shildon, Robson a furniture-man & Davidson a builder, came to see me about the appointment of an incumbent to their parish. After tea, we talked amiably for an hour when they departed, leaving me as wise as before! They evidently resented Watts's "Labour" enthusiasm, & were not heart-broken at his departure! Gerald Linnell\* came to ask my advice about "Groups". He expected a pious lady in his parish who has "gone Groupy" to be about to organize a meeting in Hamsterley; ought he to allow her the use of his schoolroom? I said that this was a matter [43] [symbol] of expediency, with respect to which he must weigh both sides, & decide accordingly. What would be the effect of refusing the use of the room? Would the villagers understand that he condemned "Groups"? or was it more likely that they would simply conclude that he was a narrow bigot? If he thought that the last would be the most probable, then I thought that he might properly lend the room. I am not at all sure that I gave him good advice: yet I cannot think that it would be wise for him to set the little parish agog with polemical gossip. The harm which the meeting might do to their faith would be more than outweighed by the harm which would certainly be done to their morals. "Doctor, doctor: charity is above rubrics!" said Tillotson to the orthodox Beveridge.

I wrote to Shebbeare\* in answer to his letter indicating an intention to economize by dismissing his curate, & working the parish without assistance. I told him that I should find it difficult to approve of this course, but that, if he would state his case & allow me unofficially

to set it before the Archbishop of York, I should be ready to accept his Grace's decision. This also was a shirking of my duty.

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Thursday, May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1933, Ascension Day.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. The sparrow which had built her house on the corbel which sustains the roof, and "laid her young", provided the requisite choral accompaniment. The little birds are out of the egg, & I shall give them a "squatter's title", but when they have taken themselves off, the window must be closed.

I prepared a sermon for South Church. Linge, the Clerk of the Works at Durham Castle, and his wife came to lunch. I like them both. I gave him a copy of Coulton's "Art and the Reformation", and her one of Haswell's photographs of myself. They returned with me to Durham. After seeing Carter in his office, I went on to Newcastle, and ordered a silver mug of the All Souls kind for my Godson. Also, I gave the attendant the inscription that I desired to have placed on the mug. He undertook that it should be sent to me in good time for the christening on June 11<sup>th</sup>. Then I visited the hair-dresser, & when he had finished with me, I went to the Optician, & ordered a pince-nez.

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After tea at the hotel, I returned to Auckland. Lawson reported that the out-crop mine in the Park had been successfully "blown in" last night. When the coal-stealers from the Batts discover that "the hope of their gains is lost", what form will their reprisals take? Defending any form of property is perilous work in these days & in the County of Durham.

[symbol] Lord Snowden\* *made a violent & vitriolic attack on the Prime Minister last night in the House of Lords. I suppose he finds exile from the Labour Party insupportable, and takes this method of securing his re-admission. The savage resentment which "Labour" exhibits when ever any sign of independence is disclosed in any of its members is very astonishing. Macdonald, whose services to "Labour" have been so great that one might well have thought that no political differences could wholly alienate his "Labour" supporters, is now regarded with bitterness and loathing, and referred to always in terms of execration. The same temper is displayed in the case of humbler individuals. The cement of the Labour Party is terrorism.*

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Friday, May 26<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems & spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus:  
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice, v. 83-88.

Yet Henry VIII was musical, & Dean Stanley was not. I think none of the arts is securely linked with virtue. The cruel & licentious men of the Renaissance had the most wonderful aesthetic capacity. Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester (ob. 1470) "is famous for his scholarship and his interest in learning", yet his cruelty was notorious, & he was known as "the butcher of England".

Symonds insists that Christianity and the Arts are inevitably opposed: "I am bound to affirm my conviction that the spiritual purists of all ages – the Jews, the iconoclasts of Byzantium, Savonarola, and our Puritan ancestors – were justified in their mistrust of plastic art." He holds that "Christianity in its origin, and as understood by its chief champions, was and is ascetic". ([?] Renaissance in Italy, "The Fine Arts", vol. iii, p. 17.)

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For the first time this year, I saw a swallow. It flew out from the Chapel porch as I was going out after service for a turn round the bowling-green. I spent the morning in preparing my Sunday sermons. How ought I to regard these incessant "preachments"? As interruptions of my work? or as the work itself?

Charles and I motored to Sunderland, where I admitted the Rev. S. Landreth to the perpetual curacy of the Venerable Bede, in succession to the Rev. O. M. Burrows, who has left the diocese to become Rector of Epworth. There was a considerable gathering of the Anglo-Catholic clergy, for Landreth was for 7 years one of Macmunn's curates. As it was the eve of the Festival of the Venerable Bede, according to the Calendar in the Revised Prayer Book, I took occasion to make some references to that admirable man, & as there were so many law-breakers present, I thought it advisable to say something about the obligation to keep one's promises! There was not a large congregation, but the night was unfavourable, the rain falling heavily at the time of the service. I do not think the Church has prospered under Burrows and "the times are evil".

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**Saturday, May 27<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

Charles and I motored to Durham, where I attended the Biennial Festival Service of Bede College. About 400 students, past and present, attended. The preliminary function in the Galilee, when the Principal placed a wreath on the tomb of the Venerable Bede, and the Canon in Residence (Dawson Walker\*) read some prayers, the students sang a short anthem, & then moved into the Cathedral singing "For all the Saints". I went at once to the Throne, where I heard without difficulty the Bishop of Bradford's sermon, which was excellent. After the service I visited Lillingston,\* & found him cheerful & advancing towards recovery. Then, accompanied by the two archdeacons, I went on to Bede College, and lunched with the students in their large drill hall. I presided, & proposed the toast of the College, in a speech which was too long and too serious for the occasion. Rawlinson, in proposing "the Visitors" was happy & humorous; & the Bishop of Jarrow, proposing the Preacher, acquitted himself well.

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After lunch I presided at a meeting of the Bede College Committee, at which Braley brought forward the proposal that the Model School, which now consists only of younger children, should be closed, & replaced by a private secondary school. He said that there were plenty of boys in Durham & the district, who were unable to get into any such school, & would be glad to attend a school at Bede College, & pay for the privilege. If but 50 fee paying pupils were secured, this school would pay its way. We appointed a committee to investigate and report. Then I had tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Braley, and returned to Auckland.

Braley made some rather disconcerting statements about the shortage of places for trained teachers. On one occasion, 2000 applicants offered themselves for 8 vacancies: on another 800 offered themselves for 2. Evidently we have on our hands a large & rapidly increasing number of unplaced teachers, who are seething with discontent. They are, of course to a man members of the Labour Party, & tend to drift into the Extremist section.

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**Sunday after Ascension Day, May 28<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 7 communicants. The collect for this Sunday is a favourite of mine. The beginning is such that all the critical objections to the historicity of the Ascension are avoided, and one's mind is fastened to the spiritual fact that Christ has 'triumphed gloriously', and now reigns as King in the realm of Spirit. There, 'the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before' is the realm of Spirit. 'Our citizenship is in Heaven'. The collect comes 'from an unique source viz. the Saxon Antiphon for the Vespers on Ascension day, which was, however, addressed directly to Christ'. The original runs thus:

O rex gloriae, Domine virtutum, qui triumphator hodie super omnes caelos ascendiste: ne derelinquas nos orphanos sed mitte promissum Patre in nos spiritum veritatis.

This is the more terse, & it is very good. Nevertheless, I prefer the ampler & more moving Cranmerian collect.

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The rain stopped in good time to enable the different processions to move through the streets without discomfort. The congregation was mainly composed of men – the Chairman and members of the urban District Council, the Territorials, British Legion, Police, Church Lads Brigade – and filled most parts of the Church at the Civic Service. Charles read the lesson, & said it went well. I preached from the words, 'Whatever ye do, work heartily as to the Lord, & not to men' (Colossians iii.23.), and took occasion to speak plainly about the 3 besetting sins of our municipal rulers – slackness, unworthy complaisance, and partisanship. Nobody could doubt that I had in mind the recent revelations of all these vices in the case of Durham County Council. It is extraordinarily difficult to strike a reasonable mean between acquiescence in the mere conventionalism which evacuates the sermon of all practical value, and such direct preaching as shall be effective without sinking into vulgar topicality, or ~~xxxxxx~~^disclosing^ opinions which albeit reasonable enough, have yet become inseparably partisan. In any case, the ordinary congregations are of little importance.

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I went into the garden, & was surprized to find a company of 8 persons standing before the locked chapel. In reply to my inquiring, they said that they had supposed the chapel to be open. I was sufficiently complaisant to shew them the chapel, though nowise graciously. One of the men offered to shake hands with me, saying 'Thank you for that sermon this morning.!'

I wrote to the Archbishop of Dublin. I motored to Easington Colliery, and, after having tea with Herbert & his mother, attended Evensong in the partly-built parish church. The church, which is not large, was by no means full and the congregation, such as it was, consisted

largely of women & children. *The choir-boys were attired in laced collars, & the Cross-bearer was attended by two children, so young that his attention was divided between steering them, & carrying his Cross. Herbert told us sanctimoniously that these little boys were already dedicated to the priesthood by their parents! The service was hearty & congregational.*

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Monday, May 29<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*The Times* had an excellent leading article headed 'The church's Real Work', which moved me to do what I had meditated doing, but yet hesitated to do viz. write to the *Times*, and disclose my discontent with the Archbishops' 'suggestion' that they should devote a Sunday to preaching on the Housing question.

Pettit from S. Chad's came to say, Goodbye, before leaving the diocese in order to start work as an assistant Curate in S. Wilfrid's, Harrogate.

I walked round the Park, & then had an interview with Thompson, the Vicar of S. Aidan's, West Hartlepool, whose nerves are breaking down under the humiliations brought him by his step-brethren who are unemployed, & seem to look upon their clerical relative as a gold-mine, from which they can at will supplement the 'dole'. I could not but compassionate the poor man in so cruel a situation for which he was in no degree himself responsible. I wrote to the Bishop of Chelmsford asking him whether he could arrange some kind of exchange with me. But it is not very likely that he can.

[54]

The 'Yorkshire Post' reports some of my speech as the Bede College luncheon last Saturday – enough to infuriate the Zealots of the School Emergency League.

That American paper, 'The Chronicle', has a short notice of my Charge, very ill-done indeed.

'In a little book of less than 100 pages the Bishop of Durham offers a devastating analysis of Buchmanism'.

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Somebody ^one^ sends me the Glasgow Herald with a full report of the debate in the Scottish General Assembly on Church Unity. Fleming carried by a narrow majority an addendum to the official resolution 'that to prevent any misunderstanding the Committee (for conference on Reunion with the Church of England) should inform the Anglican representatives with whom they conferred that any agreement with regard to Orders & Sacraments of the conferring Churches could only be based on the recognition of the equal validity of these & of the equal standing of the accepted communicants & ordained Ministers i.e. each Church'. This was carried by 382 vote to 369 for the Committee's deliverance.



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**Tuesday, May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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*The Auckland Brotherhood sent me an invitation to their meeting in Fulham on June 29<sup>th</sup>, 1933. With it they send a card which has a picture of Auckland Castle with portraits of the 4 last bishops. Would it be possible to imagine a greater variety of ability, achievement, temperament, and influence? Lightfoot, Westcott, Moule, Henson – learning, vision, and sanctity; and then what? Certainly not learning, nor vision, nor sanctity!*

*The more prominent figures of the later Victorian epoch are quickly passing. Today, the death of Preb. Rudolph [Rudolf] is announced. He ranks with Baden-Powell as having founded something that seems to be both valuable and permanent. Boy Scouts and the Waifs & Strays Society are, perhaps, the least unsatisfactory of the mighty crop of benevolent organizations which private zeal has created. It is not inconsiderable that both are concerned with children, & predominantly with boys.*

M<sup>r</sup> Dykes Bower, the new cathedral organist, came to lunch, an agreeable, well-mannered man, who seems to be fairly satisfied with his position, as indeed he may well be. He was evidently pleased with the 'Father Smith' organ in the Chapel.

[56]

Ella accompanied me to Sunderland, where I dedicated a monument to 365 Sunderland sailors who had lost their lives during the Great War.

Cutts had taken great pains with arranging the service, & all his arrangements seemed to go through successfully. The Mayor read the first lesson, and the Rural Dean, the second. M<sup>rs</sup> Cutts unveiled an illuminated Book of Remembrance. I gave a dull address on the War, in which, perhaps, I said some things which may be useful. After service we returned to Auckland.

Cutts will leave Sunderland in 3 weeks to take up his work in London. On the whole, I regret his departure, as he would have made a good parish priest. He told me that he would like to return to the diocese, but it is not very likely that I shall be here to receive him, if he does. For, when one nears the three score lives and ten, one may not wisely count on anything. I asked the Mayor whether he sees any signs of improvement in the business-outlook of Sunderland and he replied that he could see none. It is the same story everywhere.

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Wednesday, May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

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My letter on 'The church's real work' appears on the front page of the Times. It reads less savagely than I feared, but of course cannot but give fresh offence to all the suragés and enragées of Copec!

I read Clement Webb's Olaus Petri Lecture on "A Study of Religious Thought in England from 1850". It is an excellent and creditably impartial summary.

*The Rev. J. C. Hawthorne, Vice-Principal of S. John's Durham, came to lunch. He has been offered the appointment to S. ~~John's~~ Gabriel's, Bishopwearmouth, but is afflicted with deafness, and desired to know whether I would approve his acceptance. I talked with him, & found his infirmity, though apparent, to be not intolerable, and as, in all other respects, he appeared to be rather specially suitable for that parish, I advised him to go, and do his best. Deafness is so common that to make it a bar to preferment might be unwise, & yet it is hard to see how a deaf clergyman can fulfil all his duty. The case of a sick penitent, desiring to make confession to his parish priest, & quite unable to make him hear, suggests itself. And there are many situations in which an incumbent's deafness [58] might occasion much inconvenience.*

Webb's final lecture contains some interesting reflections on the present state of Religion in England.

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"The true enemy of religion in the modern world is not philosophy or science; **it is the purely secular habit of mind engendered in the hurrying life of great cities,** where the heavens are veiled from view by the blaze of electric light, & a display of many-coloured signs intended to advertise all manner of commercial enterprizes is substituted for the solemn spectacle which Kant placed side by side with the moral law as an object of reverent awe, where the news of all the world is continually proclaimed by night & day, and emphasized in proportion not to its true importance but to its journalistic effectiveness: & **whence there is rapidly spread all over the globe, through the improvement of the means of communication, an external similarity of life among peoples of utterly different traditions, who are thus torn from their spiritual roots in the religious experience of their forefathers**". p. 185.

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Thursday, June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

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Thirteen years ago I received the offer of appointment to the Bishoprick of Durham. Did I act wisely in accepting it? Increasingly I doubt it.

I spent the morning in making notes for the Carlisle sermon. What can I say that is worth saying on such an occasion as the 800<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the founding of the see by Henry I?

*I walked in the Park, & there fell in with a rather **sad-looking young man, who was out of work**. We entered into conversation, & he expressed opinions, both anti-religious and revolutionary. I continued to walk with him until we reached the Castle, where I invited him in (Ella & Fearne being conveniently absent) and we had tea together. I lent him (shall I ever see the book again?) the book on Russia, "Under Czar & Soviet", by Hird. I could not but feel attracted to this young man, who, though bitterly prejudiced, had evidently thought and felt. He said that his father had been a "thorough scoundrel", and yet had been buried as if he were a saint! I cannot doubt that the indiscriminate use of the Burial Service is a real stumbling-block to many. And, indeed, such use is not really defensible.*

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I received a long letter from Malcolm Ross. As might have been expected, he persists in his determination to marry the divorced lady. He writes with bitter resentment against the "Groups", with whom, I gather, the lady also had been associated, & from which she also has broken away. He mentions another refugee from Groupism "an ex-Groupist leader - one of the innermost team of all, three years ago:

"His name is Baxter. I lent him your book, by the way, & he was so delighted with it that he wished me to convey to you his entire story, well-documented as it is, & authenticated by various reputable witnesses".

I wrote to Martin Kiddle inviting him to take counsel with me about this extraordinary situation. It is rather disconcerting to find how slight is the holding power of what appeared to be a very clearly-apprehended "vocation", when once "Sex" comes on the scene, "The plausible casuistry of the passions" works miracles.

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Friday, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.

*The Editor of the English Review writes to ask me to send him an Article on “The Church’s real work”, but I declined, partly, on the inevitable ground of being already fully employed, and, partly, on the more considerable pretext, that the subject was too large and complicated for treatment in a short article. Such treatment it ought to receive, and it might be worth my while to attempt it. But to do it as I think it ought to be done will involve much thought, much reading, and much labour: and I am not sure that I can provide any of the three.*

*The Church Times denounces, the Guardian and the Record ignores my letter in the Times.*

*My friend “Fish” Cecil has a letter in the Times expressing agreement with me, but, apart from that circumstance, for which I am properly grateful, he writes rather foolishly. The Bishop of Liverpool took the other side, as might be expected.*

*The Secretary of the C. O. S. [Charity Organisation Society], the Rev. J. C. Pringle, sends me from “the members of this society” an assurance of “their very hearty appreciation of and concurrence with your letter in The Times of yesterday”. Who could hope to survive that?*

[62]

As a rule it is not a genuine odium theologicum, but some hidden sociological conflict which infuses bitterness into religious questions. This was recognised by Roger Bacon in the thirteenth century, when he pointed out that the real obstacle to the conversion of the heathen Prussians and Lithuanians was not their devotion to paganism but their fear of losing their land and their freedom, and if theologians had realised the importance of the sociological factors in religious dissent, it is probable that the history of Christendom would have been a very different one.

v. Christopher Dawson, Enquiries p. IX

Messrs Sheed & Ward are obliging enough to send me Dawson’s volume. It is, of course, composed of essays which have already appeared in print, but they certainly merited collection and re-issuing. I agree with Ralph in holding this Roman Catholic scholar in great regard. He is honest, learned, & highly suggestive.

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[63]

**Saturday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.**

[symbol]

On April 3<sup>rd</sup> last I picked up in the Park a young man named Richard Oliver Craggs, whom I myself confirmed some years ago, & who had just returned from the East, where he had been serving in the Army. This morning I received a long & interesting letter from him. He is stationed at Perth, & attends the Episcopal Cathedral there.

Somebody sends me "The New Outlook" (Toronto, December 21<sup>st</sup>, 1932) which appears to be the official journal of The United Church of Canada. It has an Editorial on "The Oxford Group", and two signed articles on the same. All, especially the first, are unfavourable. The much vaunted Mission had come & gone, & now the Editor lets himself go:-

"But now it has come, we have exposed ourselves to every phase of its work, attended all its meetings as far as that was possible, & attempted in every way open to us to understand & appreciate its methods & its significance. And if it was impossible to ^ [sic] much in its favour before we saw it work, it is doubly and trebly impossible now..... A meeting for ministers at which matters of sex were discussed will abide as one of the hideous memories of a lifetime".

[64]

[symbol]

A communication over the signature of Barbara E. Gwyer, S. Hugh's College, Oxford, draws attention to the mystery which attaches to the finance of the Movement:-

"Another questionable feature, to which I have not yet seen attention drawn, is the colossal amount of money which is being raised & spent every year in the interests of the movement, and – in the absence of "organization" – without published accounts of any kind. "Teams" of propagandists, many without any visible means of subsistence other than group funds, are being transported across oceans & continents, moving on from one well-appointed hotel to another, or occupying on similar conditions permanent quarters in furnished houses & hotels placed at their disposal; the most luxurious of stationary is constantly in evidence: "house parties", luncheons, and At Homes seem to be almost unlimited in number".

"Sex" and "shekals" are the worst shadows of "Groupism".

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[65]

Whit-Sunday, June 4<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

A hot night, hostile to sleep followed by a brilliant morning, joyful to holiday-makers.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered only 13 communicants. The Brydens and Leng were absent.

*"He shall teach you all things, & bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you" – Assuming that these words are not in the strict sense Dominical, but that they express the Apostle's view of what had actually happened, do they lose value? Surely not. They declare the Church's consciousness of the miracle which was happening before its eyes viz: that the Apostles so recalled their Master and His Witness that they had formulated a life-going Gospel, and founded a Catholic Church. **The Church and the New Testament are the two standing achievements of the Holy Spirit.** These criticks always ignore the Holy Spirit, and they ask us to accept their painful & precarious theories as substitutes for the Fact which gave and gives the key to the New Testament.*

*"I believe in the Holy Ghost, the Holy Catholic Church" – the two articles are complementary. The first explains the ~~second~~ last: the last demonstrates the first.*

[66]

I wrote a series of letters viz. 1. To Bolt inviting him to come here & discuss the problem of Malcolm Ross. 2. To Ernest, suggesting that he sh<sup>d</sup> get his name on to the lists of the Lord Chancellor & the Prime Minister. 3. To Charlie Lillingston, approving of his refusal to be ordained in circumstances which w<sup>d</sup> in any measure subject him to the Fundamentalist fanaticks, whose mouthpiece is Warrington. 4. to Arthur Rawle.\* 5. To [P<sup>te</sup> R. O. Craggs].

There are plenty of swifts, but hardly any swallows. Why?

Lionel Trotman came to lunch. He looks much bronzed & seems both happy & healthy. His account of the religious condition of the English troops in India was rather melancholy.

We all went in to Durham, & attended Evensong in the Cathedral. There are changes e.g. The English Hymnal has been introduced, the Canon in Residence reads the prayers from the Revised Prayer book after the 3<sup>rd</sup> collect, and the School has been transferred from the North Transept to the Chancel.

[67]

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After Evensong went to the County Hotel, & picked up an American Clergyman introduced by Anson Phelps Stokes junior – the Rev. W. S. Slack of Alexandria, Louisiana. He is Recorder of Ordinations to the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and, like most

Americans, is a great talker. He told me that he was the son and the grandson of slaveholders, & his views on the negro question reflected the prejudices of his pedigree. We discussed many questions, and he told me much about the ecclesiastical situation in U. S. A. which was new to me. In Louisiana the negroes have "no use" for the episcopal church, because the slave-owners belonged to that communion. He gave a startling account of the morals of the R. C. clergy, which would appear to be crudely medieval. He shewed me a book which he had picked up in Edinburgh, and which had surprised him by the extremely unfavourable account of the negro which the Author, himself of negro extraction, gave. "The American Negro, What he was, What he is, and What he may become. A critical & practical Discussion." by William Hannibal Thomas. The Macmillan C°. 1901.

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[68]

Whit-Monday, June 5<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

“I have been a student of political history & participated in civic functions for more than three decades, having cast my first vote for Abraham Lincoln, in 1864. During that time I have beheld the transition of the negro from chattelism to freedom, to enfranchisement, to legislative power, to dominating insolence, to riotous infamy: & through it all I have beheld his accredited leaders impervious to every thought or care for race, government, civilisation, or posterity. From my youth I have had an intimate knowledge of negro religionists, and have learned to know by personal experience the shallowness of their pretensions, the depravity of their morals, the ignorance of their ministers, the bigotry of their leaders, & the levity of their faith. The social side of negro life has been to me an open page of execrable weakness, of unblushing shame, of inconceivable mendacity, of indurated folly, & ephemeral contrition. In my analysis & comparison of facts, whether of negro depravity or negro aspiration [69] I have seen everywhere the same fixed traces of an enviroing heredity cropping out through selfishness, insincerity, & servility as the bare [?] sinister of negroology. I have found the unlearned bigoted; the learned of the race pompous; & all, of every sort, pitifully indifferent to the welfare & uplifting of men & women sitting in darkness & in the shadow of death”. (v. Thomas p. xxi).

This is too rhetorical and too indiscriminating to carry conviction. Booker Washington sings another tune. The chapters on “moral lapses” and “criminal instincts” make sad reading, but much that they contain is clearly exaggerated, & much might be capable of a better interpretation than is given. And the book is far too vague. Such strong statements ought to be exactly and well supported by evidence; but there is an impressible absence of proofs throughout. Moreover, the writer is very inconsistent. A critic would be able to find in his pages the materials for the answer to his denunciations. Still, when all allowances are made, the book is considerable.

[70]

The brilliance of the day, and a desire to escape the dishevelled excitements of the British Legion’s Gala, combined with hospitable intention to induce me to propose an expedition to the Wall. My American guest appeared to welcome the proposal. Accordingly at 10.30 a.m. he and I left the Castle, & motored to Borcovicus, where we inspected the camp, and then lunched comfortably of the contents of a well-filled basket, with which M<sup>rs</sup> Berry had equipped us. We then returned to Chesters, & visited the camp and museum. I was recognized and addressed by a M<sup>r</sup> Tristram who, with his wife & daughter, was also viewing the excavated camp. Here my guest stumbled, & cut his nose against a stone. Blood flowed freely, & he presented the aspect of a defeated pugilist! We went on to Hexham, and visited the church. Then we had tea, in the Abbey Hotel, where my damaged guest was able to bathe & iodinize his nose. After this we returned to Auckland. My guest talked without intermission, save when he stopped his mouth with his luncheon, from the time when we left the Castle to the time when we returned there.



[71]

M<sup>r</sup> Slack's account of religion in America is profoundly disturbing. The obsession of "the churches" with money is appalling. It is universal, but most 'naked and shameless' among the Protestant sects. If the Roman church were not handicapped by the debased character of its clergy, it might make rapid way in America. Evangelism as a method of making money appears to be established as normal & reputable. The successful mission-preacher (e.g. "Gypsy Smith"\*) can command his price. And the morality of these venal apostles is widely suspected. That horrible novel "Elmer Gantry" is substantially true. The debasement of American women was as indisputable as it was disastrously influential. An Episcopalian clergyman had shamed his congregation by holding up to them the cloth with which he had wiped the Chalice after the ablution, & shown it deeply stained with 'lip-stick'! Numbers of Roman priests were seeking admission to the Anglican ministry, but were refused because of their low habits. Drunkenness and immorality were notorious among them. The economic crisis was intensifying every sinister element in Church life, and enfeebling very sound one.

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[72]

**Whit Tuesday, June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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The great heat continues. M<sup>r</sup> Slack went away after breakfast. He kept on talking up to the very moment of departure!

Then I wrote at some length to Dick: and when that letter had been finished, & the silver cup sent to my latest godson, Andrew Clive Herbert, I settled down to writing the "Charge" for the Ordination candidates. This ought surely to become an easier task as my experience of the Ministry lengthens. In point of fact, it grows ever more difficult. The world has changed so completely that my experience seems quite valueless, & I really don't know how to advise these young men, or in what manner to address them. I suppose frankly conventional bishops, who go on repeating in good faith the familiar phrases, & are quite unconscious of their vacuity, are happy enough.

D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh and I walked round the Park together in spite of the heat. The débris of the 'Gala' was still being removed. It is said that no less than £125 was taken at the Gala, & that many succeeded in gaining entrance without payment.

[73]

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One of the very feeblest of my incumbents writes to thank me for my Charge:

"It has helped me very much indeed and given me fresh points of view, which cannot fail to improve my work and influence among the miners."

I wonder what precisely he means. Ella received a letter from Sir Godfrey Thomas, the Secretary of the Prince of Wales, in which he sent a message to me saying that he had been helped by the Charge. This is more intelligible, for I can easily imagine that an intelligent man might be puzzled by 'Groups', and assisted by a clear statement about it: but how a parson could be helped in his work among miners I don't understand. It is, I think, quite evident that whatever its merits, the Charge has not found many purchasers. I should certainly have heard from Milford if it had. Its failure is, perhaps, in part explicable by its uninviting association with an episcopal charge, but, of course, mainly to the lack of interest in that section of the religious public which finds "Groups" attractive, & resents any criticism of "Frank"!

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[74]

**Wednesday, June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

[*symbol*]

Lillingston writes to beg to be excused attendance at the Oxford Movement Commemoration in the Cathedral on July 11<sup>th</sup>, and asks that the Sacrist also shall be excused. In both cases the plea is convenience for holidays. Ought I to take this lying down? Lillingston's absence will be the more regrettable since he is the solitary representative of Evangelicalism on the Cathedral Foundation. Wall, the Sacrist, ought certainly to be on duty when a service of that magnitude & importance is to be arranged: but his incompetence will minimize the ill effects (if any) of his absence. If the Dean does not appear, & his appearance can only be secured at the cost of a night-journey, the public significance of the occasion will be jeopardised. It is a very lamentable thing, but indisputable, that the sense of duty has so declined in men's minds that no other consideration save that of their private convenience seems to occur to them. In this case, the main purpose of the service will have been defeated if the attendance be limited or defective in representative character: and of this limitation there is considerable danger.

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The Bishop of Jarrow writes to me a very pleasant letter reminding me that yesterday was the anniversary of his acceptance of my offer of the Suffragan Bishoprick. He expresses himself with ardour & assurance:

I feel I must write to thank you for what is proving to me an intensely happy experience. The work is to me wholly delightful, & my chief regret is that there are not more hours in the day. But most of all, I think, my joy in the work comes from the fact that you have done me the great honour to trust me to do it, & that I have the privilege of working with & for you.

It was a very kind thought that led him to write in this way, and I doubt not that the best evidence of efficiency in his work is that he can so express himself. He is certainly making himself well liked in the diocese. My American visitor heard him preach in the Cathedral on Sunday morning, & told me that the sermon was the best that he had heard in England. I hear also from many sources that his Confirmation addresses are much appreciated both by candidates and congregations.

[76]

Charles and I motored to Durham for the School Confirmation. I confirmed 29 boys from the Durham School, and 6 from the Choir-school. My address was based on the words of S. Paul, "The times are evil", and the boys were very attentive. After the service, I lunched at the School with the Boys, & then watched a cricket match for about an hour, after which I returned to Auckland.

The Rev<sup>d</sup>. Harold Garner, Vicar of S. Barnabas, Hendon, came to see me. He informed me that he had accepted appointment as Secretary to the Irish Church Mission, & wished to leave his parish in July. I told him that he must resign his benefice, & bade him get into touch with Cecil for that purpose. He had a mass of complaints to make against his parishioners, & especially against the people's churchwarden. It is, indeed, evident that the state of affairs in that parish is most unsatisfactory. The long illness of the late incumbent followed by a long sequestration had created a confused situation which Garner was quite incompetent to handle.

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The Rev<sup>d</sup>. Arthur John Bott, Vicar of S. John Baptist, Stockton came to see me about Malcolm Ross, who had been one of his parishioners, & whom he knew intimately. He showed me (with her permission) the letters which Malcolm's mother had received from him and from M<sup>rs</sup> Ruth Buchanan, the divorcée with whom he is infatuated. It is apparently the case that his foolish parents are urging him to marry this woman, 14 years his senior, & already divorced. I was particularly distressed by the flippant worldly tone in which Malcolm referred to the question of his Ordination. M<sup>r</sup> Bott shewed me the lady's photograph. It is that of a pretty, obstinate, rather sensual woman.

Hardly had M<sup>r</sup> Bott departed before Martin Keddle appeared, & told me in detail what he knew of this disastrous business. He talked freely about his own experience in the American campaign. It would seem to be the practice of these young men & women to receive the confessions of anybody who desired to make them. These confessions were so largely concerned with sexual aberrations that a perilous situation was created. Malcolm Ross had picked up this divorcée in this way, & slipped easily downwards.

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Martin described the luxury, ostentations, and expensiveness of the 'Groupist' campaign. "I've always longed for luxury, riding in a car & having good food etc. but I've only come to have what I wanted since I gave myself to God" was the surprising and illuminating observation of one of Buchman's 'team'. Malcolm Ross, an artisan's son, with his head turned by the prominence into which the 'Groups' had pushed him, and spoiled by the flattery poured out on him, evidently enjoyed this unaccustomed indulgence. Buchman had made much of him, and set him on to speak: but, when this unhappy infatuation for M<sup>rs</sup> R.B. manifested itself, he tried to avert what was probably an inevitable catastrophe by keeping them apart. And, of course, he failed. The only effect of his efforts was to destroy his influence, & hasten their severance from his movement. M<sup>rs</sup> R.B., wealthy, fashionable, and depraved, was precisely the type ^of converts^ which Buchman most desired. They financed his movement, advertized it, & seemed to demonstrate its power. But he hadn't allowed for the sexual factor, which he so constantly talks about – the habitual self-indulgence of a wilful woman, and the precipitate passion of an adolescent youth.

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**Thursday, June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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Martin described to me the final scene as the train, which was carrying Malcolm to his port of embarkation for England, was on the point of starting. The enamoured divorcée, pursued by Buchman, just succeeded in boarding the train. "Don't give that woman a ticket", he shouted, as she slipped on to the platform. "D<sup>r</sup> Buchman your authority over me is at an end" replied the victorious female. She had a double sleeper, and shared it with Malcolm. The whole story was told by her to Martin the next day, and she ~~insisted~~ declared that Malcolm was insistent. I asked if M. was aware that she had done this, and he said that he could not doubt that he was. In the light of all this, it seems impossible to give any meaning but the worst to Malcolm's own statement written in pencil ~~by~~ on a sheet of paper, & apparently left lying about in his home, where it was picked up by M<sup>rs</sup> Ross, & handed to M<sup>e</sup> Bott, to be shown to me. It ran thus: "Our present relationship is that of husband and wife, even if not blessed by the Church. That is the fact which cannot be got behind. (Go on in Trust)." My answer to M's letter must take account of all this.

[80]

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I spent the morning in preparing a sermon for S. Hild's Reunion on Saturday.

Miss Christopher & M<sup>rs</sup> Cruikshank went away after lunch. Martin & I walked round the Park. We watched the sheep-shearing which was proceeding hard by the railway bridge in the Outer Park. The shearers said that the coolness of the day rendered their work more difficult. I was impressed by the patience of the sheep. "As a sheep before her shearers is dumb; so he opened not His mouth." Martin talked freely about his experiences with the Groups in America, & previously in Oxford. The unfortunate impression of Buchman and his movement, which I have received, steadily deepens. I told Martin that he should write to Malcolm, and tell him that he had seen me, & told me everything, and that I would myself write shortly.

The Bishop of Jarrow, Thurlow, and 11 candidates arrived before dinner. The silence rule does not come into operation before tomorrow so that our relations were as normally humane as the bashfulness of the candidates & my anxiety not to shock them made possible!

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[81]

Friday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. We numbered 15 communicants.

Thurlow's addresses at Mattins and Evensong were excellent, and, as they were professedly based on his own experiences, they were far less open to the common charge of unreality. He spoke with apparent sincerity, and disclosed the portrait of an admirable parish priest. Rawlinson arrived in time to conduct the service of intercession, and, after lunch, he walked round the Park with me. I discussed Malcolm's case with him, and he was in complete agreement with the view that Ordination was out of the question. It is very difficult to say what course could best be recommended to him. So long as he is entirely dependent on the Divorcée's shekals, he can hardly be regarded as a free agent.

[Archdall Beaumont] Wynne-Willson, \* Moulsdale, \* & Richards came to tea, & talked with the candidates. I had my usual interview with them severally.

We read at meals Sir John Harris's new book on the Abolition of Slavery, of which the Centenary is being celebrated this year.

[82]

#### Ordination Candidates

Deacons:-      Lionel William Rupert Bacon 27  
                    Thomas Elliott 25  
                    Reuben Henthorne 25  
                    Stanley William Price 25  
                    John William Holmes Redfearn 25

Priests:-        Harold Clarke.  
                    Frank Cottam.  
                    Frederick Newby Kent.  
                    Cuthbert John Parry-Evans.  
                    Reginald Robson.  
                    Archdall Alexander Wynne-Willson.

Five deacons & six priests, in all eleven, of whom eight have degrees. One, Robson, is an Oxonian. Three, Elliott, Wynne-Willson, & Parry-Evans, are Cantab. The Gospeller is a Kelham student, Reuben Henthorne.

In social type they are a very mixed lot. One, Parry-Evans, is the grandson of a peer: another, Henthorne, is the son of an artisan. Robson and Wynne-Willson are "sons of the

manse". The others might, I suppose, be fairly described as belonging to the lower middle class.

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[83]

**Saturday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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*I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel. My post included another American newspaper containing yet another very hostile account of "Groups". It would appear that America is discovering with a spasm of resentment that it has been tricked into accepting, under the name & claim of an Oxford Movement, nothing more reputable than the Buchmanism, which it cast out scornfully a few years ago! Also, a review of my Charge was sent to me. It was friendly, but evidently discerned that I was not really in agreement with the "interdenominational" complaisance which in America is thought to be Christian charity! I showed Rawlinson my Fison Lecture, which he read through rapidly, and expressed emphatic approval. The hostility, of course, which it may arouse, will come from the side of "Science". If the right persons are present, it ought to provide the material for a vivacious discussion.*

*Ella motored with me to Durham, where we attended the Reunion of the students of S. Hild's in the Cathedral, and I preached. There were about 600 communicants. Lillingston celebrated. I pronounced the Absolution & the Benediction from the Throne.*

[84]

The retirement of Miss [Eleanor] Christopher\* after a tenure of the Principalship for no less than 23 years, & the arrival of her successor, Miss Lawrence, made this Reunion of exceptional interest.

I lunched at S. Hild's, & then retired to my room in the Castle.

I had tea with the Bishop of Jarrow & M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon, who had the candidates with them. Then we all went down to the river bank, & I watched the racing. Charles and I dined in my room at the Castle, after which I went to the Chapter Office, and witnessed the taking the oaths etc. by the candidates. Finally, I went to the Chapel in the Castle, and delivered my Charge. The new organist of the cathedral voluntarily came over, & played the organ, an action on his part which pleased me. I hope the men were edified. The atmosphere of the Chapel seemed to be very solemn & filled with earnest and humble purpose. Leng with the car was ready for me, & I returned to Auckland in falling rain. Tomorrow I shall complete 46 years of ministry in the Church of England. It is too late now to alter its character.



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[85]

Trinity Sunday, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*My brethren, if any among you do err from the truth, and one convert him; let him know, that he which converted a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins.*

*These words formed part of the passage which I read in the course of my private devotion, and they struck home as bearing on my duty with respect to this unhappy Malcolm, whose letter I must answer this afternoon. **That he must be removed from the list of Ordination candidates is obvious: and that circumstance must be clearly stated.** Even if he married this woman, I could not ordain a man who had married a divorcée. Apart from any other question, he could not command acceptance & respect. If the fact of her divorce were concealed, there w<sup>d</sup> always be the chance, nay the probability, of it being found out with ruinous consequences to his career. Even if it were successfully hidden, the woman is quite obviously incompetent for the position of a clergyman's wife, and, in view of her type and record, it would be surprising if she did not again cause scandal. But, if he does not marry her, what is his situation? He is living with her in a sinful relationship, wholly dependent [86] [symbol] on her money. 3000 miles from home, in a foreign country, where he has no friends. He is only 22 years old, an artisan's son, with no real knowledge of the world, but in reaction from a thoroughly unwholesome Environment where he has been flattered & pushed into prominence. What suggestion can I make to him? How can he get out of his present Entanglement? Clearly, his fate is wholly in the hands of his paramour. She is 14 years older than he, accustomed to the license and luxury of American city life, wealthy, pampered, self-willed, & self-indulgent. How could so incongruous a pair live happily together? Perhaps, the best hope is that she will already be getting tired of him, and might be willing to pay something to get him off her hands! Possibly, something might be done through her brother, who is a clergyman of the Episcopal Church. If Malcolm could get into touch with him, and, by his agency, be separated from his inamorata, and sent back to England, something might be done: but here his parents, who are evidently captivated by the prospect of Malcom's marrying a wealthy American, have to be reckoned with.*

[87]

Ella accompanied me to Durham when I went thither for the Ordination at 10 a.m. The Litany had been previously read, & thus the service was both shortened & relieved from a feature which hardly seems appropriate. Thurlow preached an excellent sermon. He has more capacity than I had supposed. Everything went through without any hitch, except that there was considerably more Bread and Wine consecrated than was requisite. After the service, I had lunch in the castle with candidates & their friends, and then we returned to Auckland.

*I wrote a long letter to Malcolm Ross, telling him that I felt constrained to remove his name from the list of Ordination candidates, and adding such advice as his miserable situation seemed to require. A most woeful business.*

I wrote to the Archbishop of York, enclosing 9's statement of the grounds on which he desires to dismiss his colleague, Collier, and to work the parish alone, and begging for his Grace's unofficial opinion, which, I had informed Shebbeare I should be prepared to accept. It is a poor device for shirking my obvious duty.

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[88]

Monday, June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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Ella, Fearne and I motored to Darlington. There Fearne went to Bristol on the way to join her mother at Torquay, and Ella & I went to London. Our carriage was filled, & one of our fellow-travellers was Dame Una Pope-Hennessy, who sought diligently to have the window closed, but with partial success! On arriving at King's Cross, we drove to Lambeth, I getting out at the Athenaeum, & Ella going on with the luggage. I visited the hair-dresser, & then walked to ~~the Athenaeum~~ ^Westminster^ where the Church Assembly began its session at 3 p.m.

*The Archbishop began with a bombshell, when he announced the sudden death of Sir Stanford Downing.\* He had dropped dead this morning on his way to the Ecclesiastical Commission. This is, indeed, an untoward event for the whole Church of England and, I suspect, for the Durham diocese in particular. The little man was so courteous, so accurate, so intelligent, and so painstaking that his death creates a vacancy which It seems impossible to fill. The Archbishop led the Assembly in prayer for 'our dear Brother, here departed', & eulogised him in felicitous language.*

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*Leslie Morrison, who is now through his schools, sent me the announcement of the **'International House Party at Oxford'** which the Groupists have organized during the days June 30 to July 17. They will be housed in Oriel, Queen's, Hertford, Lincoln, and the two lady colleges, S<sup>t</sup> Hugh's & Lady Margaret Hall. It begins with a series of 'puffs' from Karl Marx, Georges Clemenceau, the Prime Minister of Canada, and the Bishop of Ripon. Then follows some bold and stagey statements e.g.*

*Rhodes Scholars carried the news to South Africa, where a national movement resulted. This year in Canada & the United States a team of a hundred life-changers has already stirred a continent.*

*The instant need is for men & women who whole-heartedly accept the dictatorship of the Holy Spirit, and mobilize under His orders into an Army for World Revolution.*

*With the report of Martin Keddle and the lamentable history of Malcolm Ross fresh in my mind, such oracular statements read oddly enough. They would be ludicrous if they were not also profane.*

[90]

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*'During recent years in many lands thousands of people have found at these house-parties that quality of life which*

turns the interesting sinner into ~~the~~ a compelling saint;  
transforms the conventional Christian into a life-changer;  
re-unites families;  
solves social problems through the dynamic power of changed lives;  
supplies a God-confident leadership adequate to the tasks of Industry,  
Politics, & International Affairs.

*This House Party at Oxford is planned under the guidance of God, in the belief that it is part of His programme for a new society.*

*Its special purpose is to train life-changers in the genius of team-work, & fit them for united action in world-changing.*

*This is, indeed, worthy of 'Elmer Gantry', and might well-suffice for the condemnation of the whole movement. The odd thing is that religious and educated people can tolerate it.*

[91]

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*The Archbishop appeared at dinner in a purple silk cassock and cape, which set off his large pectoral cross very effectively, and gave him the suave majestic appearance of a French ecclesiastic of the Ancient regime. There can be no doubt that, to use the memorable words ^attributed to^ of Pope Leo X, he 'enjoys the Papacy'! I had some talk with him on the subject of 'Groups', and gave him the melancholy history of Malcom Ross. He thought that I ought to have Malcolm's name set down on the list of unsatisfactory candidates for Ordination, who ought not to be accepted by any Bishop; but I said that I would not do this, because I cherished the hope (a faint one) that, if the miserable infatuation in which he is now held could be broken, he might return in genuine penitence, and, after a sensible interval, be again accepted for Ordination. Also I saw the Archbishop of York, and explained to him the situation in Stanhope as it appeared to me, telling him that he would receive the Rector's account of it as it appeared to him. He undertook to consider the matter, and, in due course, to let me have his opinion, which I have promised Shebbeare to accept.*

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[92]

Tuesday, June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

*I attended Mattins, & received the Holy Communion in the Chapel. The Archbishop was the Celebrant, & the service much curtailed. He carries himself after the 'Catholick' faction. Then I drove to the Athenaeum, & there left my small bag. I went to Dean's Yard, and continued there all the morning. Finance was the subject under discussion. The amounts contributed to the Central Fund by the dioceses was dwelt upon by Earl Grey,\* &, of course, my poor Durham was at the bottom of the list. Sir John Birchall\* enlarged on this fact, with his usual tub-thumping vehemence, & allowed himself to use language about the dioceses which did not pay their assessments which seemed to me offensive. He had satisfied himself, he said, that not poverty but 'lack of intelligence and inspiration' was the cause of their failure, and indeed, was carried away by his own ardour to say many uncharitable and unreasonable things. **Accordingly, I rose, and rent him. The Assembly was visibly affected by what I said, and gave me a more sympathetic hearing than I expected.***

[93]

[symbol]

*When the vote for the 'Press & Publications Board' was moved, I made a second speech. I moved the reduction of the vote, and criticized the Board's operations with some severity, dwelling especially on the 'Church Assembly Gazette' which formed in my belief the beginning in the Church of England of the official press which, in the Church of Rome, was so notorious & effective an instrument for the suppression of freedom. **My speech commanded a larger measure of approval than I had anticipated;** the Dean of Winchester, & two other speakers expressed agreement, & though, of course, my amendment was rejected, it received a good number of votes. Several persons e.g. the Bishops of Exeter, Hereford, and Chelmsford assured me afterwards of their agreement. I think what I said made an impression, and will do good. I lunched in the Jerusalem Chamber, and then returned to the Assembly, where it continued until 4 p.m. when I could stand it no longer. I walked to the Athenaeum, and wrote to Dick. Also I wrote up my journal & gave some finishing touches to the Fison lecture.*

[94]

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I dined with 'The Club' at the Café Royal. There were 10 members present viz.

1. Sir Charles Oman.
2. The Lord Chancellor.
3. Sir Maurice Hankey.
4. The Earl of Crawford & Balcarras.
5. The President of Magdalen.
6. Sir William Bragg.
7. John Buchan.

8. Sir Frederick Kenyon.
9. Georg Macaulay Trevelyan.
10. Bishop of Durham.

**I sate between Buchan & Kenyon, & talked most with the first. He is obviously very pleased at being the High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland.** He expressed regret at Fleming's action in 'torpedoing' the Union negotiations with the Church of England, though he thought (as I do) that no result c<sup>d</sup> come of them as long as the reform of ecclesiastical polity was treated as the essential condition of union between the churches. Hankey\* came over to talk with me. He has played an important part in these international conferences from those at Versailles in 1918 onwards. He [95] [symbol] *was present when the King addressed the members of the Conference now sitting in London, and spoke with emphasis of the admirable manner in which His Majesty carried through his task. He said that in his belief Lloyd George had done more than any other individual to secure the victory of the Allies but admitted that, in common with all the other prominent figures during the Great War, L.G.'s reputation had steadily declined. I asked him whether the naval base at Singapore was so far completed as to be serviceable in case of trouble with Japan. He said that there was a floating dock and a graving dock capable of receiving the largest vessels afloat, but that the defences of the base were only ~~£~~ now being carried out. Those frequent Conferences for Disarmament had held up the work. He was not at all sanguine as to any effective result from these Conferences.*

[symbol]

*[A Scot approached the golden gates of Heaven, & solicited admission. What have you done? asked S. Peter. This man replied that he had killed 365 Englishmen, nearly captured the Bp. of Durham, & burnt Durham Castle. It is well, said the Apostle & departed to verify the facts. When he returned the Scot ~~had~~ had vanished, & so had the golden gates!]*

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[96]

Wednesday, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*I sate in the Church Assembly from 10.30 a.m. to 3 p.m., going to the Deanery for lunch. I made a foolish unnecessary speech on the measure which w<sup>d</sup> authorize the transference of No. 17 Dean's Yard to Westminster School, & thus strained my relations with the Dean. [symbol] I walked to the Athenaeum & had tea. While I was so employed, a heavily built man, with the aspect of one who had lived long in the tropics came to me, & introduced himself as Sir Arnold Wilson. He expressed himself as in entire agreement with my recent letter to the Times. He was about to take his seat in the House as an 'independent' supporter of the Government. He was hostile to the Government policy in India, & had suppressed Baldwin's letter to him during his election! He spoke rather disrespectfully of Baldwin as a sentimentalist.*

*A mean-looking little man came up to me in the Club, & seemed rather lost that I didn't know who he was. He turned out to be the brother of Sir Stanford Downing, & proceeded to sing the praises of that excellent, & much to be regretted official. I could but give a cordial consent to his eulogy.*

[97]

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*Several members of the Assembly came to me, & expressed their agreement with my speeches yesterday. The newspapers emphasize the one ^speech^ & ignore the other. Ella and I dined at the Mansion House where the Lord Mayor entertained the Archbishops and Bishops. I sate between Ella & the Bishop of Winchester. The speeches were fewer & briefer than on previous occasions. The Archbishop made a very successful speech in the course of which he made affectionate reference to Lady Davidson. This was loudly cheered by the company. Inge told me that he himself approved my recent letter to the Times. We came away with the Archbishop, & were back in Lambeth before 11 p.m. **I cannot honestly say that I enjoy this annual function.** There is too sharply concentrated a discord between the Christian Religion & this parade of pomp & good feeling. The speeches tend naturally perhaps inevitably, to the most lavish compliment, & there is something almost intolerable in the spectacle of a great assembly of Christian Ministers being assured of their spirituality & success by the gross exponents of civic pride & indulgence.*

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[98]

Thursday, June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*I received the Holy Communion in the Chapel. After breakfast I walked to the Athenaeum, visiting the hair-dresser on the way.*

*I spent the morning drearily & uselessly in the Assembly, & lunched with Canon & M<sup>rs</sup> Carnegie. Then I walked to S. Margaret's, & attended a service in memory of Sir Stamford Downing. Most of the members of the Church Assembly attended. I fell in with Lord Sankey,\* & took occasion to speak to him about Ernest. He promised to do his best. I visited Dashwood & then ~~walked~~ drove to the Athenaeum, where I continued until the Dean of Norwich fetched me **in order to go to Guy's Hospital for the Fison lecture**. The audience consisted mostly of nurses & students. :Lord Hugh Cecil & Sir Charles Balance\* were there, & the Bishop of Southwark. I think everybody was interested.*

*There was a dinner party at Lambeth – Marquess of Bath, Earl & Countess Grey, Lord & Lady Stanhope & the house party. After dinner the Archbishop showed us the Library, & then we dispersed.*

[99]

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*Lang is very bland and kind, and yet I am conscious that I don't really like him, & that the dislike is reciprocated. I am playing the part of Mordecai to Haman, at least to this extent, that I embody much that Lang would fain forget! I think that old Lady Scarbrough was probably right when she said with her usual recklessness that he "was no friend of mine", a declaration which was the more weighty since he was often staying with her. She discerned that, **in a queer, instinctive, inevitable way, that Lang and I were rivals**. He had all the cards in his hand, & beat me easily, and yet I remained considerable enough to be troublesome. **Then our course was continually bringing us into conflict**. He did not like my brief but notable emergence in the House of Lords as a speaker far inferior to himself in all the recognised attributes of the orator, who yet impressed his hearers more deeply. He feels uncomfortable in presence of my rather Voltairean contempt for the pomp & parade in which he revels. He belittles me even while he affects to compliment, &, in short, we meet with reluctance, and part with alacrity. He "enjoys the papacy" more thoroughly in my absence.*



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[100]

Friday, June 16<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I made my farewell to the Archbishop, and came away from Lambeth after breakfast. I went to the Athenaeum, and had an interview with the Bishop of Southwark about Ernest. He said that the arrangement, under which Ernest was working, had broken down, partly because the population of Tadworth had not grown as had been contemplated, &, partly, because there had been personal friction between Ernest & the Incumbent. He spoke with restraint but succeeded in conveying the impression that Ernest had "got on the nerves" of the incumbent. This I can well believe. The Bishop assured me that he w<sup>d</sup> offer Ernest the first suitable living that fell vacant. There the matter must, for the present, be left. I drove to Kings Cross, & took the 11.20 a.m. Pullman express, which brought me to Darlington at 3.55 p.m. There Charles met me with the car, & brought me to Auckland. After tea we went through the correspondence.

Cecil Ferens wrote to tell me that his father had died this morning. This is an untoward event.

Lionel Trotman arrived. D<sup>r</sup> Budden,\* our speaker tomorrow, arrived late.

[101]

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Among my letters I received the following:-

S. Andrew's Vicarage.  
Hoyland, Barnsley.  
June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

My Lord Bishop,

*Please do not think me impertinent in thanking you for your book on the Group Movement. My own people in this village are untouched, & incapable of understanding your book, but I find that the few who have gone forth to training colleges get caught in their early days, & I have seen to it that your book reaches them. It has done its work, & I am very grateful for it. I am the more glad to express my gratitude because I have always been a bit prejudiced against your Lordship.*

*I have the honour to remain  
Your obedient servant  
H. A. Crowther-Alwyn*

*One of the lay members of the Assembly thanked me warmly for the Charge, & said that it had done much good in some school which he named. But I hear nothing from the publishers.*

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[102

Saturday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I sent D<sup>r</sup> Budden in to Durham with Lionel to see the great buildings, while I myself prepared a brief address for the Diocesan Conference which met in the Chapter-House. The subject of "Sunday Cinemas" was introduced by D<sup>r</sup> Budden in a remarkably able, and varied speech. He described the Croydon Scheme in detail: and certainly impressed the Conference. Silva-White moved & Rumney seconded a semi-Librarian motion. I drafted a non-committal motion, & got Rawlinson to move & Myers to second it. These motions were united in one & this was carried with, I think, one dissident: after which I pronounced the Benediction, and the Conference dispersed. We returned to Auckland for tea.

On the whole I was satisfied that the right course was taken. The Sabbatarians cannot pretend to have scored a victory, & their opponents have nothing to boast of. I think the afternoon was not wholly wasted. D<sup>r</sup> Budden said many true things, & said them so effectively that his speech can hardly fail to have had a salutary educational influence on his hearers.

[103]

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*Dick sends me a long type-written account of the Group campaign in Canada. He says that it is "being parcelled out to undergraduates by the Buchmanites". It is written in an ecstatic tone, & describes a continuing series of dramatic successes. "All the big cities have had to send for new supplies of Bibles to cope with their waiting lists. In Torontó the first Moderator of the United Church, D<sup>r</sup> George Pidgeon, said "This is the greatest spiritual movement that ever struck Canada. I don't know anything that ever approaches it. I have seen results I would never have believed possible, & they are going on every day". At Quebec, "the Cardinal gave the Roman Catholic permission to come, & the Anglicans were led by their Dean, who, most courageously in front of his Bishop & many of his congregation apologized for his former exclusiveness & told of the struggle he had been having that week.*

*"And so back to Liverpool, in whose great cathedral the Bishop 8 months ago bade us God-speed, and the fellowship of prayer of those at home has remained with us throughout. We knew it, & are grateful." And Malcolm Ross?*

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[104]

1<sup>st</sup> Sunday after trinity. June 19<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

D<sup>r</sup> Budden is certainly an unusually interesting clergyman. He was, so he told me, originally a Presbyterian, and, for 25 years, practiced as a doctor. **The Bishop of Liverpool ordained him without any of the normal securities for orthodoxy, knowledge, or pastoral competence.** Within 3 months of his Ordination to the diaconate, he was ordained to the priesthood. As he had acquired some experience as a journalist, he was appointed Editor of the Diocesan journal, which, in Liverpool, is a somewhat ambitious publication. Then he was preferred by the Archbishop of Canterbury to his present benefice, where, according to his own account, he is working wonders. He is evidently one of the up-to-date clergymen who affect lay habits, & hold ecclesiastical theories & practices in high disdain. But he is clearly a man of considerable power, large & varied experience, great intellectual alertness, & much miscellaneous information. He has collaborated with Hastings in publishing works of the familiar Hastings type, and speaks with the oracular assurance of an inferior scholar on matters of Biblical study. He holds Dwelly, the present Dean of Liverpool, in dislike: & thinks meanly of the Dean of Chester!

[107]

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D<sup>r</sup> Budden was eloquent on the degradation of the Greek priesthood **which he had witnessed during the 3 years which he spent at Salonika.** He said that he had himself seen two priests vested in full canonicals fighting one another in church over a fee, and cheered on by the people. Many of them were unable to read. They committed the formulæ [sic] to memory, & repeated them. Nothing could exceed the filth & nastiness of the churches. The prisons were filled with criminous priests, and their reputation was infamous. What could be the value of uniting with such scum? I observed that much the same was said of the Latin priesthood in the middle-ages, & is still said of the priesthood in Spain and South America.

He spoke of Sydney Dark,\* the Editor of the Church Times, whom he described as demoralized and insincere. It was only the inadequacy of the remuneration that had hindered him from taking office as Editor of the Tablet. Much the same account of Sydney Dark was given me by the late Arthur Hird, and I have heard the same from other sources. I think there can be no doubt that he is a very unsatisfactory editor of a religious journal.

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[108]

**Monday, June 19<sup>th</sup>, 1933. Reunion of the Ordained.**

*A most threatening start for the day. Heavy rain fell while I was dressing, and there was no break in the heavy clouds which mantled the sky. However, the sun was shining when the clergy began to gather about 11 a.m., though there were still menacing clouds in the sky.*

*Dr Budden left the Castle after breakfast. He had been reading the "Charge", & was **embarrassingly complimentary on its style**. I wish I could myself endorse his compliments, but when I read the masters of English prose, I feel like that sculptor, when first he saw the work of Michael Angelo, that his own figures looked like tobacco pipe-stems, & who promptly smashed the lot! The Modern Churchman, commenting on the recent discussion of Anointing the Sick in the Convocation of Canterbury, makes many complimentary allusions to my "Notes on Spiritual Healing", but that admirable but quite unsuccessful work is now out of print. I must needs think that it deserved a fetter fate. But men, especially religious men, will only read what they like & agree with.*

[109]

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*I received the fee (£21) for my Fison Lecture. It was accompanied by a civil letter, from the Secretary, in which he describes my lecture as "most interesting" and adds "It was much appreciated & greatly enjoyed by everybody. I have written to Mess<sup>rs</sup> Macmillan on the subject of publication".*

*I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Only 29 of the clergy communicated with the result that much more bread & wine were consecrated than were required. This was displeasing, but, apart from this, the service was, I think, devout & helpful. The singing of the hymns etc. in unison by 80 young clergymen was movingly impressive : & I could not without emotion remember that all of them had received through my hands the great Communion. Alexander had the assistance of Leslie & 2 waitresses, and managed the lunch with fair expedition. Then the men spent the afternoon in playing games, talking together & lounging about. After tea Landreth expressed their thanks to me. Everything concluded with Evensong in the Chapel, at which I addressed them on the words of S. Paul "Take thought for things honourable in the sight of all men".*

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[110]

Tuesday, June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Charles & I motored to Durham, where I presided at a meeting of the Training and Maintenance Board. We voted grants to two new candidates – Gray & Renwick – and rejected three applicants, of whom one, a candid-looking lad from Knutsford, I was really sorry to disappoint. Then the two Archdeacons lunched with me at the Castle, and we discussed diocesan business. After this we returned to Auckland.

I walked in the garden, with 3 unemployed lads, aged 20 to 22, named Thomas Etherington, Augustus Craggs and Ronald Sunter. The two first had been confirmed, none of them went to Church. We sate on the chairs in the bowling green & talked. Two had been just struck off the dole because their fathers had got work, the 3<sup>rd</sup>, a cripple, received 8/- weekly. Civil & honest lads enough, but very dejected.

I received a farewell letter from Harry Watts, who leaves Shildon tomorrow. He evidently thinks himself a misunderstood & injured man, whereas, the whole root of his troubles has been his own morbidly self-conscious temperament. I doubt his happiness anywhere.

[111]

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*I wrote to the Principle of Cuddesdon telling him shortly that I had found myself under the unhappy necessity of crossing Malcolm Ross's name off my list of Ordination Candidates. Rawlinson told me that at the Cuddesdon Festival last week, which he attended, the Principal, who is far gone in 'Groupism', allowed himself to refer to me, and to my Charge rather rudely!*

*I doubt if Malcolm at all realizes the magnitude of the difficulties into which he has brought himself. His raison d'être at Oxford was his Ordination: on the sole assumption that he was in due course to be ordained, the money for his Oxford course was provided: he has been prepared for no other career than that of a clergyman. He has made himself at a stroke isolated and disreputable. His present position is most ignominious, for he is entirely dependent on the woman who has ship-wrecked his career. It is impossible to suppose that so ill-matched a pair could possibly be happy. There is almost a probability that, if they married, their marriage would be followed by a divorce.*

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[112]

Wednesday, June 21st, 1933.

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*The Warden of Keble writes with respect to M.R.*

*"I do not think that the College would accept him, if he applies for permission to return here. Nor can I see what he could do – or read – in the way of study if, as he suggests, he were to return here. He got his degree in 1931, with a second class in English Literature: & then followed it up with the Diploma in Theology in 1932. If he applies, I shall have to ask your permission to let my colleagues know the substance of your letter: & I think that I ought now, if you will permit it, to let Miss Bevan know. She was most interested in his career: shewed much personal kindness to him: & supplied him with £80. p.a. through the Sponsors' scheme all the time he was here. She is sister to Edwardyn Bevan: & a great scholar herself. She will feel it a bad blow."*

*So the circle of discredit goes on widening. Surely the way of transgressors is hard, never so hard as when transgression seems to disappoint & even betray many persons.*

[113]

[symbol]

*Lionel left the Castle after breakfast in his hired motor. I started preparing material for the Carlisle Sermon. After lunch I walked round the Park, & there had some conversation with two unemployed miners, who had been without work for six and eight years respectively.*

*Popham came to see me with a sheaf of papers about the Church School at S. Peter's, Jarrow, where the parson (Chapman) is a hare-brained crank, & the School-master is a perfervid Fundamentalist. Popham's valorous efforts to introduce Modernist opinions about the Bible have exasperated the pedagogue beyond measure!*

*I finished preaching 'Peter Abelard, a Novel' by Helen Waddell. It certainly held me in spite of the disadvantage of having a woman for its author. I looked her up in 'Who's Who', and found that she was born in Tokio [sic], & that her father is the Rev. Hugh Waddell of Manchuria and Japan. She has taught & lectured in the Ladies' Colleges at Oxford, and received a D.Litt. at Durham in 1931. She has written books which disclose learning in Medieval Latin, and must evidently be a notable person. It is a humbling reflection that, until I read this book, I had not even heard her name.*

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[114]

Thursday, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.

The Assessments for Auckland Castle are:

Castle, Garden & Inner Park	£260
House occupied by Elland	16
.. .. Ellis	22
.. .. Alexander	21
.. .. Lawson	21
.. .. Pattinson	28
.. .. Bryden	6
.. .. Leng	10
Dial Slole [?] Hill	<u>10</u>
	<u>£394</u>

With infinite difficulty I supplied Dashwood with the items which he asked for in order to fill up my Income tax return. This yearly task grows the more repulsive the more often it is performed. Having got rid of this business, I settled down to the Carlisle sermon, but the weather had become sultry & thunderous with the usual result of making my wits incapable of exercise! This twofold bondage of temperature and temperament has the effect of gravely reducing my working power.

[115]

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|| Alexander Llewelyn, the cross-bearer of the martyr, used to say of the three Archbishops whom he had known that when they came to town the first place S. Thomas visited was the court; Richard, the grange; Baldwin, the Church.

Stubbs. Historical Introductions. p. 380

Might not something not very dissimilar be said of Tait, Benson, & Temple? The interest of the first was political, of the second ecclesiastical, of the third educational. All three had been Headmasters.

Charles and I motored to Seaton Carew, where first, I called on Colonel Thomlinson, whom I found among the Buddhas, Eikons, & other Oriental curiosities, nursing a broken wrist. In spite of this, he joined me in inspecting the C.L.B., and came to the service. I "admitted" the Rev<sup>d</sup>. Frank Oswald Scott to the 'perpetual curacy' of Seaton Carew. There was a full church, & an impressive service, but the atmosphere! The weather was thunderous, & my head ached abominably. We went to Darlington, and met Ella, who came from London by the 9.45 p.m. train, & so we came to Auckland.

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[116]

Friday, June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.

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A most beautiful morning, but very warm, and again degenerating into thunder. My head-ache continued, & handicapped me woefully. I worked at the Carlisle sermon, and, after lunch, went in to Durham, & presided at a meeting of the Board of Education. Miss Lawrence, the new Principal of St. Hild's, was there, and made her presence felt. I pity the Inspectors & other Officials who have to do business with that lady! I returned to Auckland, & joined in entertaining the guests at the first of Ella's garden parties.

[symbol in margin] *The Buchmanites have issued a publication called 'Groups', in which I find my 'Charge' referred to very respectfully, though, of course, with hostility. One writer speaks of "Dr Henson's acute & searching statement on the subject". Another says, "The Bishop of Durham's book is both wise & informed, & every group leader should ponder its thoughtful pages." Nevertheless, the review is definitely unfavourable. Evidently the mot d'ordre in the Groupist camp is to be very humble & teachable.*



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[117]

**Saturday, June 24th, 1933.**

[symbol]

*The wind is in the East; the weather is still thunderous, and life is a burden, work impossible. I struggled hard to prepare notes for a sermon to the Rotarians in S. Helen's tomorrow, but to very little purpose. After lunch, Ella went to Hamsteels to open a sale of work, and I walked round the Park. [symbol in margin] Lawson, the Park-keeper, reports that the coal-robbers have opened a new shaft to take the place of the shaft that was blown in. I wrote to the Superintendent of Police invoking his assistance, but since public opinion condones the stealing of coal from the Bishop's Park, and the local Bench is corrupt and timorous, nothing effectual will be done. Leslie Morrison fell in with me as I neared the Castle, so I asked him to have tea with me. He has now left Oxford with a very good record. If he gets a good class, as I think he will, his parents may well be proud of him. His 22<sup>nd</sup> birthday is next Tuesday. I promised to give him Newman's\* Apologia as a present, & wrote forthwith to the bookseller ordering the volume. Why should I interest myself in these youths?*

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[118]

2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Trinity, June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

*A bright morning but the wind still in the East! I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m.*

*Charles and I motored to S. Helen's, where I preached in the little old church to a congregation largely composed of Rotarians. The doors on either side were open so that a good current of air made the church fairly comfortable. I preached on the duty and difficulty of truthfulness, taking occasion from the collect for S. John Baptist's Festival. It was one of those sermons which provide opportunity for saying a good many offensive things with a minimum of offence! The congregation was very attentive, and, I think, also interested. S. Helen's is a typical English country church, and, though the population is large, the conditions, in spite of the mine, are largely rural. I enjoyed the service, though my mind was troubled by the painfully starved face of a small choirboy, who was full in my view. I called the Vicar's attention to him afterwards. Davison is an able & eloquent man, who talks plausibly enough on social & economic problems, but when it comes to doing anything, I haec ma doots.*

[119]

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*Archbishop Whately used to say, "Throw dirt enough, and some will stick:" well, will stick, but not, will stain. I think he used to mean "stain", and I do not agree with him. Some dirt sticks longer than other dirt: **but no dirt is immortal.** According to the old saying, Praevalebit Veritas.*

Newman. Pref. to Apologia

[symbol] *This sermon about the Oxford Movement to be preached in the Cathedral on July 11<sup>th</sup> is no easy task. I must be as far as possible conciliatory as I have emphasized the non-partisan nature of the commemoration, and have urged the attendance of those who are anything rather than Anglo-Catholics. They would naturally feel themselves "let down" if their Bishop played the partisan! Yet, it is extraordinarily difficult to justify the commemoration on other than partisan grounds. Perhaps, something might be done by emphasizing the aspect of moral witness in a dead time. It argues no agreement with Savonarola's distinctive opinions that one should thank God for his testimony to righteousness. And, something may, perhaps, be said about the actual contribution to the Anglican heritage e.g. the Christian Year.*

[120]

I wrote to William: to Brooke-Westcott: and to Ernest. To the last I sent the Lord Chancellor's Secretary's letter informing me that he was writing to inquire about Ernest's churchmanship. I thought it well to remind him that Lord Sankey was himself a strong Anglo-Catholic, and that, though there was no reason for thinking that his personal opinions affected his administration of public patronage, still he might fairly resent any gratuitous

criticisms of a type of Anglicanism which he favoured. Ernest is quite capable of “letting himself go” in a diatribe against “Ritualism”, which would be equally irrelevant and offensive.

Also, I sent an acknowledgement to the parson in the Norwich diocese who wrote to thank me for what I said about finance in the Church Assembly, & I sent him a copy of my pamphlet on “Church & State in England”. When he discovers that I favour Disestablishment, his sentiments towards me will probably undergo a change for the worse. He will be in equal measures surprized, scandalized and alarmed!

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[121]

**Monday, June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

[symbol]

*I worked at the Carlisle sermon all the morning. After lunch I went to Durham and presided at a meeting of the Church Building Board, and then had tea in the Castle. After tea we (i.e. Charles & I) motored to Fatfield, and there I consecrated an addition to the churchyard. Jackson, the Rector of Chester-le-Street, & Rural Dean, attended the function. He is acting as Chaplain to Mr. Justice Hawke, who is staying at the Castle for the Assizes. When he asked permission to absent himself in order to fulfil his duty by attending the Bishop, the Judge replied severely, : "Certainly not: I belong to the Protestant underworld." Then, observing the appalled countenance of his chaplain, he added blandly – "Of course you may: & carry my compliments to the Bishop." The interest of this trivial episode lies in the fact that it indicates how widely the expression has wandered. "The Protestant Underworld" has already outlived its occasion: it will probably outlive its author! It seems to have wounded every variety of Protestant most deeply. They resent it mortally!*

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[122]

Tuesday, June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

A letter from Arthur told me that our elder brother, Frank, who has long been an invalid, had "had a stroke which made him helpless, and affected his speech." He has survived but "the doctor is very much afraid his mind will be affected." He has never been much to me, for he was away from home, first at school, and next at business, when I was a boy: and I have hardly seen him since. We met at my Father's funeral, and he attended my marriage in Westminster Abbey. He became eccentric, and took up with Christian Science; but he had good wits, and had read largely. Of late years we have exchanged letters four times in the year. Thus it would be unreal to pretend that his death would afflict me at all deeply, and yet there is an inevitable sadness in the passing of those who share one's name and blood. So many circumstances combine to press on me the unpalatable fact that I have "shot my bolt"; that my life cannot now be shaped to greatness or rescued from what it has actually become. "Teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

[123]

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Ella and I motored to Durham, and attended the function at Hatfield College, where the new gates were "opened" by Lady Reed, and the new buildings by Lord Irwin. \* The weather was fine: the aspect of everything pleasing: and the assemblage numerous. Pemberton presided having L<sup>d</sup> Irwin on his right hand, and me on his left. Thus three quondams of All Souls sate together. Londonderry attended as Chancellor, and there were present many students. Lord Irwin spoke excellently, and I proposed a vote of thanks to him. Londonderry, whose voice is almost perished (he said that he was ordered total abstinence from public speaking for six months) made a pleasant speech in which he quoted the definition of an American University as a place in which "sham pearls are cast before real swine", which greatly pleased the undergraduates. Then we lunched with Lord Londonderry in the castle Hall. He spoke of his experiences during the War, and told of a British Tommie who gave evidence against a Portuguese Colonel. 'Did you see the accused running away?' 'Well, Sir, I saw him running towards me; & a hare jumped up in front of him; and [124] [symbol] he called out, "Get out of the way you brute, and let those run who can."' Temperley, \* the Cambridge professor, who received a degree, had some talk with me. He said that his wife had been impressed by "Groups". After lunch we went to the Chapter House, and witnessed the giving of degrees. The place was crowded. Sir William Morris introduced Lord Irwin, and Sir Robert Bolam, Lord Horden; both performed their duty admirably. I sate beside Lord Horden, and had some talk with him. He expressed himself strongly against co-education. I quoted the American University President's observation about his own "co-ed institution" viz "We have little scandal; but there is a vast deal of suppressed flirtation." 'Precisely,' said Lord H, 'and they don't perceive that this is very harmful physically. The sexual organs are constantly being excited and never satisfied.' He said that they would not have Indian students. The patients couldn't endure them. They had no female students at Barts. He thought them undesirable. He agreed that the quality of the female medical students was markedly declining.

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Lord Londonderry and Irwin returned to London by air. The rest of the Convocation went to the Cathedral, where a short service was held. The Bishop of Jarrow preached, but in the Throne I could hear a great sound and understand nothing. The loud speaking apparatus badly needs readjustment. Then, the service ended, I interviewed an Ordination candidate at the Bishop suffragan's house, and then had tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon. The Dean's wife was there, and I suggested that she should engage William as footman. She rather "jumped at" the suggestion, & I promised to send him over to see her tomorrow morning. Then we returned to Auckland.

*Dick arrived about 7.30 p.m. He has been on a cricket tour, for the last week or so; and now he is on his way home. He breaks his journey at Auckland Castle in order to pick up such books as my library can provide towards completing the formidable list with which his tutor has equipped him. He has a bronzed, healthy appearance, and seems to be happy. But who knows what is proceeding behind the fair masque of adolescence?*

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[126]

Wednesday, June 28<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

*The plot thickens. I received a letter from Martin enclosing a communication which he had received from "Frank", disclosing perturbation on account of unfavourable rumours as to the incidents connected with the Malcolm Ross affair, and suggesting ill faith on Martin's part in divulging the facts. I told Martin in effect to stick to his guns, & assert his own liberty to discuss with his friends his own experiences with 'Groups', and their obvious liberty to form and express their own opinions thereupon. I cannot doubt that when the facts respecting Malcolm Ross come to be known, as it cannot but be the case that they will become known, many persons who have hitherto regarded the Movement with sympathy will draw away from it, and I interpret Buchman's letter to Martin as indicating on the part of the "Groups" leader, a consciousness that his authority in Oxford has been seriously menaced. These religious "stunts" collapse as rapidly as they succeed: for there being nothing genuine in them, but everything being presumptive, when the public confidence has been shaken, there is nothing else that they can fall back upon for support. "I went by, and lo, he was gone."*

[127]

For their time and opportunities, the men of the movement, with all their imperfect equipment and their mistakes, still seem to me the salt of their generation.

Dean Church to Lord Acton in 1888.

William went to Durham & saw M<sup>rs</sup> Alington & the Dean's Butler. He thought he had been appointed at a stipend of £40 per annum: but was told that he was too advanced for the position!

I finished the Carlisle sermon, and (after lunch) walked in the park with D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh. He asked me why Ewelme was notable in the ecclesiastical history of the XIX<sup>th</sup> century, & I was unable to tell him. It appeared that Ewelme was annexed to the Regius Professorship of Divinity when Hampden held the Chair. When in 1847 the Prof. was nominated to the Bpk of Hereford Pusey & Keble sought to institute against him in the Ecclesiastical Courts. But this c<sup>d</sup> only be done with the consent of Bp Wilberforce, the Diocesan to whom H. as Vicar of Ewelme was responsible for his public language. The Bp at first consented, and then withdrew his consent.

[128]

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*I am not disturbed, because **I never attached any weight to the Bishops.** It was perhaps the difference between Newman and me: he threw himself upon the Bishops and they failed him; I threw myself on the English church & the Fathers as, under God, her support.*

*Pusey\* to Marriott. Jan. 2. 1848 (Life iii. 163)*

*This is a famous pronouncement continually on the lips of our Anglo-Catholics, and yet it does not amount to much when closely examined. What could Pusey mean by 'throwing himself on the English Church and the Fathers' which he contrasted with Newman's practice of 'throwing himself on the Bishops'? He could have meant that while Newman accepted the pronouncements of the Bishops as declaring the verdict of the Church, he professed his own reading of the Fathers as interpreting the Church's mind. In fact he rested on his own private judgment, while Newman rested on the private judgment of the Bishops, which he repudiated as soon as it ceased to accord with his own. Neither position seems very satisfying.*



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[129]

Thursday, June 29<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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The newspapers give much prominence to the accounts of the life & character of Sir Charles Starmer, the Liberal newspaper proprietor, now mayor of Darlington, whose sudden death was reported last night. I wrote a letter of condolence to Lady Starmer.

*I despatched Dick & Leslie on an expedition to the Roman Wall, and sent William also to complete the quartet. [sic]*

The whole morning was frittered away in writing letters. After lunch I walked with Ella to call on Birkill, and enquire how he fared. We were informed that he is on the ways towards convalescence, but is not yet allowed to see anybody.

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D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh sent me a newspaper containing an article 'Why I left Groups?' by the Rev<sup>d</sup> W. J. Scott, Chaplain of S<sup>t</sup> Peter's Hall, Oxford. He seems to have been for 16 years a naval chaplain, & is evidently a strong Evangelical. His objection to Groups is its neglect of the Atonement, and general ignoring of the Theological back-bone of Christianity, There is unquestionably much reason in this complaint, though the current Evangelical theology may justly be accused of raising more difficulties than it meets.

[130]

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[“] Formerly ‘heresy’ was the alternative; now, it is ‘absolute unbelief’. But Cardinal Newman wrote to me. ‘I had rather have to do with the open unbelief of the nineteenth century than with the hidden unbelief of the Middle Ages. [”]

Pusey. 1881 (a Spiritual Letter p. 121)

Coulton\* says that ‘the failure of the Crusades was followed by a general outburst of infidelity.’

‘Salambane tells us how men would refuse charity to the friars, and give instead to some common tramp, crying : ‘Take this, in Mahomet’s name, for he is mightier than Christ now-a-days.’

(v. Ten Medieval Studies p. 78) This is, of course, dramatically unlike the stained-glass window version of ‘the Age of Faith’.

*Fearne returned from London by the late train having apparently distinguished herself by oratorical achievements in the G. & S. gatherings. A certain Prebendary Rich appears to have made reference to the Bishop of Durham and his Charge, and been promptly taken to task by Fearne who waved the said Charge above her head!*

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Friday, June 30<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[131]

[“]His (ve. R. H. Froude’s) judgment on the Reformers, startling as they were at the time are not very different, as to the facts of the case, from what most people on all sides would agree on; and as to their temper and theology from what most people on all sides now agree on. Whatever allowances may be made for the difficulties of their time, and these allowances ought to be very great, and however well they may have done parts of their work, such as the translations and adaptations of the Prayer **Book, it is safe to say that the divines of the Reformation never can be again, with their confessed Calvinism, with their shifting opinions, their extravagant deference to the foreign oracles of Geneva and Zurich, their subservience to bad men in power, the heroes and saints of churchmen.** But when all this is said, it still remains true that Froude was often intemperate and unjust.[”]

Church ‘The Oxford Movement’ p. 39.

[132]

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I made a beginning with the Cathedral Sermon on the Oxford movement. It is, perhaps, easy for ‘Anglo-Catholics’ to preach on this theme: but for me it is extraordinarily difficult.

Morris Young came with much parade of importance to see me, & all the business he had was to ask me to preach! Or did his heart fail him when he was face to face with his Bishop, so that he never did what he meant to do?

I left the Castle at 3 p.m. & motored by way of Barnard Castle and Penrith to Rose Castle, where I had an early dinner with the Bishop & M<sup>rs</sup> Williams, & then went with them to Carlisle, where I preached in S. Cuthbert’s church in connexion with the elaborate commemoration of the 300<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the founding of the Bishoprick by Henry I. The pulpit, a cumbrous structure, was wheeled out into the centre for my occupation & when I had vacated it, was wheeled back into the darkness from which it had emerged. There was a large congregation which was as attentive as the incessant coughing of a fat man under the pulpit permitted! After the sermon I motored back to Auckland. It took 1 hour 55 min. to achieve the 75 miles.

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[133]

Saturday, July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

Dick went away after breakfast. I had some serious talk with him about religion before his departure, and I trust that his unsettlement is but temporary, But the atmosphere and habit of modern Oxford are not spiritually helpful.

I had so bad a headache, was feeling so very dilapidated that perforce I had to give up the attempt at work. John Wrightson came to lunch. He is visibly hardening into a 'business man'. When he came away from Eton three years ago, he was full of interests and enthusiasm. Now his talk is all of tariffs & markets!

Ella and I motored to Darlington, and attended the Memorial Service for the late Sir Charles Starmer in the parish church. There was a great gathering of the townsfolk, with whom the late Mayor was deservedly popular. A well-known sectary, the Rev<sup>d</sup> Sidney Berry, delivered an éloge from the pulpit on the deceased. A brother of Lady Starmer, who I think is a master at Cheltenham, sang 'Crossing the Bar', and generally the service was a thoroughly typical example of the bad taste which middle class English people never fail to exhibit when funerals are in question. I pronounced the Benediction, & then returned to Auckland.

[134]

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**D<sup>r</sup> Berry\* reminded me that we had met in Carr's Lane Chapel, when I preached there years ago.** It was in 1909 that I preached in the Digbeth Institute connected to that Church, and was vainly 'inhibited' by Gore.

M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Baddeley, whom we met in Painswick two years ago, arrived on a visit. They look rather shattered by the death of their son, who perished in a flying accident. They are returning from S. Andrews, where M<sup>r</sup> B. has received a degree. Sir James Irvine\* sent me kind messages by them, but he ought to have answered my letter.

We gave a dinner party. The company were the following

M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Baddeley.

Bishop of Jarrow & M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon.

M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Bayley.

Charles & Christina

D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullough and ourselves ---- 12 in all.

Dean Brilioth\* and his wife were detained, and did not arrive until after dinner. He looks curiously angular, foreign, & unecclesiastical. Indeed, I doubt if I should have recognized him, had I met him without introduction.

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[135]

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.**

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*Guests may be an agreeable distraction, but they are always a perilous irrelevance. The perspectives of duty are disturbed by their presence. Everything else must give way to their comfort and convenience, and if, as may well be the case, their hospitable complaisance cuts right across the requirements of official duty, so much the worse for official duty. When, moreover, one's duty is bound up with thought, with conscience, with religion, the rivalry of hospitality and obligation may have grave consequences. The mere necessity, under which the presence of guests cannot but place their host, of attending to them, adapting his conversation to their brains, or lack of brains, arranging for their amusement & so forth, must needs distract his mind, scatter his ideas, and secularize his spirit.*

*"Week-ending" is the fashion of society, and it is then that guests most gladly accept hospitality: but it is precisely then that the clergyman, and a fortiori the bishop, is most required by his duty to have his whole mind set on his spiritual task. I do not see how this discord is to be removed except by accepting for the Christian Ministry that acknowledged exclusion from normal social and secular interests which the Roman rule of celibacy properly implies.*

[136]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m.; there were 9 communicants including William, and the Swedish Dean, Brilioth.

Then, by a wonderful effusion of semi-mendacious apologies, I succeeded in getting away to my study to prepare notes for tonight's sermon.

After lunch Ella took our guests into Durham, and thus monopolized the motor car. So Charles motored me to Leadgate, where I preached at Evensong. The 70<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the formation of the parish was being celebrated. There was a very large congregation; a choir of 14 men & 18 boys: and very close attention. So, on the whole, I was well-pleased, though I did not imagine that what I saw was altogether typical. After service we returned to Auckland.

Hamilton, the Vicar of Leadgate, is growing ominously fat, though it is only 10 years since I myself ordained him. His assistant-curate is Henderson, the identifiable pit-boy, who so resolutely set himself to "achieve" ordination that he succeeded in his leisure (which was not great) in taking a degree.

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[137]

Monday, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1933. [sic]

Ella took our guests to see Escombe and South Church, while I remained at home, & worked at the Cathedral Sermon, which hangs fire woefully. After lunch we all went in to Durham, where Ella attended the Mothers' Union Service in the Cathedral, and I showed our guests both the Castle and the Deanery. Then we all went to the School where the annual prize-giving was in progress. The central figure was Sir Ernest Bennett, an Old Dunelmian, and now assistant Post Master general. He made a pleasant and racy speech, which was very well-received. I moved a vote of thanks to him. After the function we mounted the steps to the School Chapel, & feasted our eyes on the view. [symbol] *Then we returned to Auckland, where Martin Keddle and his friend, West, had already arrived. Buchman had written again to Martin more in sorrow than in anger. I told Martin to keep a stiff back, and authorized him to tell Buchman that I held him morally responsible for Malcolm Ross's fall, & that his present disclaimers could in no respect affect his personal responsibility.*

[138]

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*Our conversation turned on the Swedish doctor, Axel Munthe, whose book "The Story of San Michele" has had an immense circulation, and who is widely popular in England as a lover and patron of birds. The Baddeleys appear to have had considerable acquaintance with him, for when they were in Rome, he had attended M<sup>rs</sup> Baddeley. Their opinion of him was decidedly unfavourable. His treatment of his English wife was bad: & his self-advertisement shameless. His influence over women of high social position was extraordinary, but not wholesome. "He reminds, me of what one hears about Rasputin" observed M<sup>r</sup> Baddeley: & M<sup>rs</sup> B's opinion of him was not a whit better. He is absolutely untrustworthy, and, where he himself is concerned, romances shamelessly. His account of Charcot had been hotly resented, & publicly challenged. I inquired whether it was true that he cared for birds, and had exerted himself successfully in their behalf, and I was assured that there might be some truth in the alleged fact, the advertising value of which was apparent.*

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[139]

Tuesday, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*I continued to work on the Cathedral sermon. After lunch I motored with our guests to Jarrow and Monkwearmouth, dropping Ella in Durham on the way in order that she might again attend the service of Mothers' Union members in the Cathedral. We inspected Jarrow very thoroughly, with the unusual advantage of expert interpretations. M<sup>rs</sup>Baddeley rose to the occasion nobly, and reminded me almost ludicrously of "The Antiquary" in the ruins of S. Ruth. The Rector was absent on holiday, but the curate, Latimer, had with his mother's assistance prepared a sumptuous tea in the garden adjoining the Church. So we made a very successful expedition. Our visit to Monkwearmouth was also very interesting. We picked up Ella in Durham, and got back to Auckland a few minutes after 7 p.m. Two young ladies named Stuart, connexions of Ella's, arrived on a visit. They were burnt as dark as mahogany, but seemed ingenious maidens enough.*

*We encountered an unusual number of lads on bicycles making for Durham. Leng explained that they were going to the new swimming bath there.*

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[140]

Wednesday, July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Baddeley went away after breakfast. We parted with mutual compliments, the sincerity of which was, perhaps, rather above the average. I certainly like them both, and think them uncommonly agreeable guests.

**I finished the Cathedral Sermon about the Oxford movement, and must now find a suitable text!** After lunch, we all motored into Durham, where I presided at a meeting of the Lay Helpers Association, and then confirmed about 90 persons in the Cathedral. Ella had gone on to Houghton-Le-Spring, where she opened a sale of work in the Vicarage Garden.

We all returned to Auckland, and were alarmed to hear that William had been nearly drowned. An alarmist paragraph in the evening paper gave the news. In fact, he had been in some danger, but was pulled out in time.

Two clergymen are announced to have died suddenly – old Canon Bothamley,\* formerly Vicar of S. Nicholas, Durham, an eccentric near 7 feet in height, & known as “Steeple-jack Bill”, & Hurrell, the Vicar of S. Mark, S. Shields.

[141]

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*I gave Brilioth a copy of my Charge on Disestablishment, and had some talk on the subject. That he was opposed to the separation of Church and State did not surprize me, but I found it difficult to understand his reasons. “I do not look upon the Church as a society: but as an activity of the Holy Ghost. So long, therefore, as it can perform its spiritual task i.e. preach the Gospel, I do not feel compelled to seek release from the State”. I pointed out that Lutheranism had not been conspicuously successful in maintaining its liberty; and he admitted that this was the case in Germany, but that the political conditions under which the Lutheran experiment was worked out in that country, were not found elsewhere. I think the complaisance of the Church towards the State in Lutheran countries is excessive, & imperils its moral influence in the community. In England, perhaps, such independence as exists is rather the effect of Nonconformist protest than of Anglican principle. Evidently Brilioth shrinks from the prospect of Disestablishment.*

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[142]

Thursday, July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I wrote a short letter of condolence to M<sup>rs</sup> Bothamley, though truly I found it difficult to do so. Is it lack of sympathy? or [sic] hatred of conventional sentiment? or [sic] some still less reputable feeling that makes me so stilted and helpless when I have to write to those who are bereaved?

Then I read through again the Cathedral sermon, which I like less than ever. Almost I could wish that I had definitely refused to take any part in the centenary celebrations.

I wrote to Budworth,\* who is now reported to have been able to leave the nursing home, and go for convalescence to his brother's house.

After lunch, in spite of the great heat, I took Brilioth for a walk round the Park. We sate down at frequent intervals, & talked much. I questioned him closely about the Church of Sweden; & he questioned me about the Church of England.

Charles and I motored to Dunston, where I "collated" the Re. James Edward Talbot to the Vicarage. The little church was crowded. Stack acted as Archdeacon, & inducted the new Vicar.

[143]

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*Lund Cathedral is really the parish church of some 20,000 people. There is ~~really~~ nothing in Sweden that corresponds to our Deans and Chapters. Brilioth has a staff of 5 curates, but parochial visitation is not included in the Swedish scheme of pastoral duty, & practically their work is limited to the services of the cathedral, and preparing children for confirmation. **Little importance appears to be attached to the reception of the Sacrament, & no register of communicants is kept.** It would appear to be the case that in Sweden, as in England, the mass of the population has abandoned all religious observances. He thought that the clergy (who were largely drawn from the humbler classes) were less unpopular than they had been a generation ago. Partly this was explicable by the activity of the Communists, which provoked a reaction. There were signs of the growth of an enthusiastic nationalism, somewhat like the movement of the Nazis in Germany, but Religion eo nomine had no place in the Youth movements. The impression left on my mind was distinctly unfavourable. There can hardly be much resisting power in the Church of Sweden if a serious attack were made on its established position.*



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[144]

Friday, July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

*"I regret to say that there is little change, his speech, if anything, is more difficult to understand, his mind seems to ramble in the past, one can only hope that, if his mind is to be permanently affected, death may release him. It is most distressing to be with him. I spent most of Tuesday with him but was not at all sure that he knew who ~~he~~ I was".*

*So my nephew describes his father's condition:*

*When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,  
And the mind can only disgrace its fame.  
And a man is uncertain of his own name –  
The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.*

*When the last sigh is heaved, & the last tear shed,  
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,  
And the widow & child forsake the dead –  
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.*

*Who would not covet a sudden death, removing one without any humiliating interval from the interest and dignity of work to that bourne, where the wicked cease from troubling, & the weary are at rest?*

[145]

I prepared notes for a Sermon, cashed a cheque in the Bank, and wrote to Dick. Voila tout!

The afternoon I spent mostly in the garden doing my best to "entertain" the members of Ella's garden party. About 150 attended.

Dean Brilioth accompanied me to Firtree (or Howden-le-Wear) when I went there to collate the Rev. Gwyn Morgan Dennis to the Vicarage. Shaddick and the curates from South Westoe came to give their colleague a friendly "send off". The church was well filled: the attention was close: & the pervading spirit devotional. Rawlinson inducted the newly-instituted Vicar. We returned to Auckland after the service.

Major & M<sup>rs</sup> Christopher arrived on a visit. Oh these guests! Their presence just serves to distract my mind, and dissipate my interest, and withal brings me no compensation, for I cannot on their account annihilate my obligations, nor can I exorcize from my thought the desolating suspicion that those obligations are being ill-performed. I do not feel that I am iving my undivided attention to my duty, the while that I know full well that nothing less will make efficiency possible.

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[146]

Saturday, July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Dean Brilioth and his wife left the Castle after breakfast en route for Gloucester, to stay with the Bishop there.

I wrote to the Rev<sup>d</sup>. T.R. Browne (Earl Soham Rectory, Woodbridge, Suffolk) sending him a cheque for £42. in payment of 4 weeks rent for the Rectory during August, & asking him to send the measurements of his garage.

Ella took our guests to Lumley Castle, where the annual meeting of the Nursing Association, [sic] and I attended the service of the Sunday School Union in the Cathedral. I sate in my throne, & heard (sleepily) a sermon by the Bishop of Ripon from the words, "Like as arrows in the hand of the giant: even so are the young children." He got rather entangled in the metaphors! After tea in the castle, I went to the Town Hall, and distributed certificates to the teachers. I made a speech, though the atmosphere of the crowded hall was deadly, & then re-joined Ella and her party, & so returned to Auckland, feeling extremely fatigued. The weather had become sultry and thunderous, and the heat was tropical.

[147]

Far more than Newman he (sc. Pusey) knew what sorrow and responsibility could be. He had experienced the essential human passions. He was, in fact, what Newman never was – a man. **Let Newman, with his escort of hermaphrodites, succumb to these alien, imperious fascinations.** He would not believe it, until it had actually happened. He was broken-hearted when the incredible became accomplished fact. But it made no manner of difference to his own views. Everything became much more difficult than it had been. But all the feelings, all the arguments, which he and Newman had shared, were just as real, just as true, as they had ever been. The Via Media was not shattered, though its inventor had lost faith in his own invention. Pusey took over the patent, and made it work. It must be admitted that, after a fashion, it is working still.

v. Oxford Apostles. by Geoffrey Faber. (Faber & Faber)

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[148]

4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. We numbered 11 communicants, including our guests, and William, who came specially to thank God for his escape from death by drowning last Wednesday. He seems to have been in considerable danger, and is much solemnized by the experience. Then the poor lad is worrying over his failure to find a new situation. It is very hard, & one seems to be helpless.*

[symbol in margin] *Before getting up, I read through the little volume, 'Autobiographica', which the author, Percy Gardner,\* sent me last week. It is extremely interesting, especially the concluding pages in which he explains and describes his religious activity. "When I read the pronouncements of Archbishop Temple, especially, I find very little with which I do not fully agree" – this is rather surprising in view of the fact that he professes himself anti-feminist, anti-socialist, and anti-Catholic, and au fond Temple is feminist, socialist, & catholic. But he has probably known Temple at Oxford, and this personal knowledge, which no doubt took the form of personal liking, suffices to drive from mind all the contrariant factors.*

[149]

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*There is coming out more & more clearly, in all countries nominally Christian, a broad line of division between those who take a fundamentally religious view of life and the world and those who definitely reject such a view. The latter class have admirable spokesmen, none more able than Bertrand Russell. But one has to say to them with all the energy of which one is capable, 'Stand thou on that side, for on this am I.'*

*The concluding paragraph of Gardner's 'Autobiographica'. p. 96.*

*I wrote to Percy Gardner thanking him for his little book, sending him the 'Charge', & inviting him to tell me his opinion of 'Groups'.*

*I wrote to the Master of University College, Durham, offering him the honorary Canonry, which is vacated by the death of Canon Bothamley.*

*I motored to Eighton Banks, & had tea with Leonard Wilson and his wife. Philip Strong\* was also there. I preached at Evensong, & was pleased with the service, but rather disappointed in the size of the congregation.*

[150]

[symbol]

*Leonard Wilson gave me an account of the great "House Party" of the 'Groupists' in Oxford. He had been staying with Geoffrey Allen, a personal friend, and had evidently been more*

*favourably impressed by the 'sharing' than might have been expected. But he found the 'guidance' intolerable, and was ill impressed by the bumptious young leaders. On the whole, he was glad to get away. It is evident that evangelically trained persons, predisposed to expect sincere religion to find expression in conscious & decisive emotional experiences, are easily captured by a movement which gives the utmost prominence to the public acknowledgment of such experiences. Respectable old clergymen are moved to "re-surrender" of themselves. The very formula implies that there had been originally a deliberate 'surrender'. Pert young undergraduates and undergraduettes slap them on the back, bidding them 'take heart' & 'buck up'. It is a horrifying mélange of bathos and profanity: but it neither offends the good taste nor insults the good sense of these Evangelicals. They seek "signs and wonders", and these are provided lavishly by Buchman and his satellites.*

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[151]

Monday, July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*Captain & M<sup>rs</sup> Seton Christopher left the Castle. Jack Carr arrived. He is back from Nigeria on his first leave, and looks rather anaemic. He is, however, cheerful, and declares that he loves his work.*

*I received a pleasant letter from Dick. He has been re-reading 'John Inglesant', and has fallen under its spell. 'I have before me the letter which you wrote me when you made me a present of the book (in December 1930) – I should like to thank you now for that letter with more sincerity than my ignorance of its value would then allow.' He has also been reading Myers's 'Collected Poems', and has been much impressed by them. All this is to the good, and, perhaps, indicates that he is discovering a better kind of spiritual interest than the hectic fervours of 'Groupism', which he so narrowly escaped, could provide.*

*Ella accompanied me to Bishop Middleham, where I instituted the Rev. F.W.S. Moore to the Vicarage. The parish church was crowded, and no doubt the congregation included a considerable contingent from S. Stephen's, Ayres Quay, where the new Vicar had served as an assistant-curate.*

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*Tonight my address was concerned with asking & answering 3 questions viz. What are the Parson's duties? What is the Parson's authority? What are the Parson's resources? To these I added some observations on the duty of the Parishioners towards their Parson. **As usual, I ignored altogether the existence of the Papists and Sectaries**, of whom the one challenge the right of the Parson to be accounted Christ's Representative, and the other challenge the character and extent of his authority in that capacity. Am I right in doing this? To mention papists and sectaries does unquestionably introduce a jarring note into the service, and raise in people's minds a whole crowd of exasperating reflections. Yet to ignore an aspect of parochial ministry, which is so important and insistent, can hardly fail to give a certain debilitating unreality to the proceedings. The problem is not rendered easier of solution by the fact that almost always the Dissenters attend the Institution of the Incumbent, and very frequently the Dissenting ministers also. The whole question bristles with difficulties.*

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[153]

Tuesday, July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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### Centenary of the Oxford Movement

*Perhaps the imminence of the Commemoration Service in the Cathedral impelled me to write to Geoffrey Faber, thanking him for his book, 'Oxford Apostles', and criticising the parallel which he suggests between the outburst of Protestant feeling which followed the publication of Tract XC., in 1841, and that which preceded the rejection of the Revised Prayer Book by the House of Commons in 1927. Also I sent him a copy of my Charge of 1928 which dealt with 'Disestablishment'.*

I strolled in the garden before lunch with Jack Carr, & tried to get out of him some first-hand information about the Nigerian natives, but to little effect. I suspect that these admirable young missionaries are so eager to "save" the negroes, that they omit to study them: & so come away from the scenes of their apostolic labours almost as ignorant as when they entered them. He says that the older missionaries are mainly "Fundamentalists", and inclined to regard with suspicion & misgiving the younger men who come to Africa prating of "modernism" & ethnology!

[154]

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I walked in the Park, & coming upon a batch on the Unemployed lads, sate down with them, an[d] "talked large" to the damage of my voice. They were clearly interested in the account I gave them of the "Yellowstone Park", and, after the fashion of boys, accompanied me as far as the Castle, talking in a tongue which I could hardly understand. Why is it that lads, who have but just left school, and have attained to the 7<sup>th</sup> standard, drop English, and revert to the local patois, as soon as they are free from the pedagogues?

'Rufus', now 23 years old, came to see me. Since he left my service to join the Army, he has fulfilled a term of military service, & if very rashly, returned to civil life. He is now tired of being unemployed, and wishes to join the Police Force. Would I attest his character? Of course I could not but say that I would.

Miss Elizabeth Smith arrived on a visit, and went with me to Durham for the Centenary Service. D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh also accompanied us. Charles took Jack Carr with him in his car. The service was, I think, impressive, though [155] [symbol] the attendance of the general public was disappointing. But about 200 clergy attended in robes and about 100 lay helpers. They made a brave show in the procession. The music was admirable, entirely worthy of the occasion. My sermon took 40 minutes in delivery. The loud speakers, if I may believe the statements made to me, worked excellently, though I was not quite comfortable myself. However, without them, nothing could have been heard at all by most of the congregation. The Dean had come specially from Eton for the service, and was returning by the night train. His presence was certainly appreciated. Lillingston was the only absentee from the Chapter.

He wrote to excuse himself on the score of health, but I do not think the excuse was quite (genuine) ^sufficient^.

The egregious Jardine, was holding a meeting in Darlington in order to denounce the Oxford Movement while his Bishop was presiding at the Diocesan service of commemoration in the Cathedral. I do not suppose that much importance attaches to anything that he says or does: but the spectacle of disorder is humiliating.

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[156]

Wednesday, July 12<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

A fresh budget of papers from Sir John Morris reminds me that my Broadcast Speech on the Abolition of Slavery is uncomfortably near. I am already sick to death of the subject!

We went into Durham where I presided at a meeting of the Finance Board, & then had tea with the Bishop of Jarrow & M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon. Ella with Elizabeth & Fearne went on to Gateshead & picked me up at the College.

The Rev. G S.B. Mack came to see me by appointment. He is a gross-looking Irishman of the common type, and served as a curate in Brandon for two years. Then for 9 years he ceased to fulfil his ministry, & employed himself in various secular ways. Now he wants to return to clerical work. I was not very encouraging, and emphasized the gravity of his conduct. He gave me the names of four persons, of whom one was the Archbishop of Dublin, as persons who could speak with knowledge about his behaviour since he left Brandon. I didn't like the look of the man; he was cringing in manner, & casual in aspect.

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The Times published a fragment of last night's sermon, and so did the Yorkshire Post, but neither was satisfactory or adequate. Jardine's meeting is said to have been attended by about 70 persons, he himself being the only parson among them. Beyond some imprudent references to the Bishop of Durham, there was nothing notable in the performance.

*Martin Keddle sent me a copy of the Bristol Weekly filled with ecstatic & laudatory descriptions of 'Groups'.*

Jack Carr and I made our farewells in my study before going to bed, as I shall have gone off before he is down tomorrow morning. We said prayers together & I blessed him. There is a new solemnity in farewells, when once the shadows of old age has fallen across one's path. The thought inevitably raises in one's mind that it may well be the last time. Indeed everything is tinged with sadness now. There cannot be any reversal of the condemnations which my actions have gained. For good or for ill my record is closed, my place in the succession of Durham's bishops is fixed. A woeful reflection.



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[158]

Thursday, July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Charles and I motored to Darlington, where, I took the early train to King's Cross. I had the compartment to myself, & accordingly travelled with comparative comfort. I drove to the Park Lane, & left my bag, & then went to hair-dresser, after which I visited the book-seller, & then went to the Club. Lord Moynihan\* came up to me, & introduced himself. He expressed great admiration of my sermon on the Oxford Movement, of which he had seen a report in the Times, & asked if it w<sup>d</sup> be published. I said that it would appear in the Bishoprick, and that I w<sup>d</sup> cause a copy to be sent out to him. 'I do so admire your perfect mastery of the English language', he said. 'You are very flattering', I replied, & so we parted. What would have attracted him in that poor discourse?!

Sir James Irvine was in the Club, but I was not sure that it was he. However I made the venture of addressing him, & was not disconcerted. He said that he had been much abroad; that he had been seriously ill; that he was going into Herefordshire to recuperate. He definitely promised to visit us in Auckland during September, and gave me the address in Herefordshire, where he would be staying, viz. Eyton Old Hall, Leominster.

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I returned to Park Lane about 6 p.m., and found that Lord Scarbrough\* had come in. We talked together until it was time to dine.

Lord S. took me to dine at the Wellington Club, to which, as the night was fine and the distance short, we walked. We dined pleasantly together, and then returned to Park Lane, where, after an hour's talk, we went to bed.

*Lord S. told me that he was himself present at the meeting of the Conservative Association at which the question of India was discussed. It was at first supposed that Churchill's Amendment had been disposed of by the show of hands, which showed an overwhelming majority for its rejection. On this supposition a good many persons left the meeting. Lord Wolmer\* then belatedly insisted on a division, which rejected the amendment by more than two to one, a majority which w<sup>d</sup> have been still greater if the absentees had been reckoned. In this morning's papers the young Duke of Northumberland gives a categorical denial to the statements in the press which have announced his impending marriage.*

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~~Saturday~~ Friday, July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I packed my own bag, as there was no footman on duty, & breakfasted with Lord S. and Serena. \* We parted with expressions of mutual affection, & I promised that I would come to see Serena's garden. It is, she said, just now resplendent with accumulated lilies. Then I went to the Athenaeum & made some necessary arrangement for my departure, among them, the purchase of propitiatory chocolates for Ella. Then I went through my miserable sermon.

*S. Mary Abbott's, which is a large church, was filled at 11.30 a.m. There was a moderate ritual. The parson explained to me that he was not himself an Anglo-Catholic, but 'a humble follower of the Tractarians'. My sermon was listened to very closely, and, perhaps, caused some consternation.! The truth is that, though these Anglo-Catholics talk about 'Disestablishment' there is really nothing which they dread more: for they know that the comfortable anomaly of the paralyzed Establishment gives them a measure of licence which no disestablished church could tolerate for a day! I got away in time to lunch (hastily) at the Club & catch the train at King's Cross.*

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The Rev<sup>d</sup> Frederick Head of the Pusey House, acted as my chaplain. He thanked me for my Charge, which he thought, should be issued in a cheap edition. I agreed but I do not suppose that the publisher would dream of carrying the financial risk. In the article which he has contributed to the Church Quarterly, he says:

'Though it has been known in Oxford for about twelve years, its adherents in the University have never, so far as we have been able to ascertain, exceeded about 120.'

He claims 'considerable experience of Group Meetings', in circumstances which adds weight to his criticisms.

"It is not uncommon to be 'guided' to withdraw from examinations & to break engagements: the latter is a constant feature of 'Buchmanite' life in Oxford."

On the whole the article is effective and hostile. Lionel has been attending the Oxford House Party

"Except that it is called by the name of 'House Party' there is not much to distinguish it from any ordinary religious convention, There is no doubt that it presents a great challenge."

What precisely that means I don't know.

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**Saturday, July 15<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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I was engaged all the morning in writing letters, correcting proofs of the Bishoprick, and preparing notes for the afternoon's function.

Ella took our guests to see the Staindrop Church and the Bowes Museum at Barnard Castle. Charles motored me in his car to Durham, where I attended the service in the Cathedral, and 'admitted' a number of lay-readers.

Then I presided for awhile at the Conference of the Lay Helpers Association, and heard the Bishop of Jarrow introduce a discussion on 'Boys'. He has evidently thought about the subject, and as evidently he is very 'up-to-date' in his opinions.

*The 'Times' and the 'Yorkshire Post' gave prominence to my sermon of yesterday: it will, probably, evoke some abuse, & make me more than ever unpopular.*

*The Methodists are reported to have decided to admit women to the Ministry! This decision will probably encourage our feminists also.*

*M<sup>r</sup> Binnington, a brother of Gilbert's wife, Lois, arrived on a visit.*

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[163]

**5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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I have to speak this afternoon on "The Teacher's vocation" to a congregation of teachers from elementary and Sunday Schools. What does the phrase mean? Is it not precisely the same as "the Teacher's work as interpreted by the Teacher's ideal"? If the work be undertaken before the ideal has been apprehended and accepted, can we fitly speak of a Teacher's vocation? But the very word "vocation" is significant: for how shall one be called if there be none to call him? And who has any title to "call" one to the Teacher's task who does not himself frame and exact the ideal? The very phrase, "The teacher's vocation", implies, therefore, a religious conception of human life, and postulates a Divine concern with human affairs: "He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that seek after Him". It follows that none can say sincerely that he has "the Teacher's vocation", who does not take a religious view of the world, of himself, of human duty. There is One who knows me, and the measure of my powers, One who has a purpose in the world, and who has chosen me to be an instrument for its achievement. Laus Deo!

[164]

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. All my guests save one attended, and also Elland & his wife, & John – in all 14. The Gospel included S. Peter's cry of despair. "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O lord", and Christ's word of pardoning commission. "Fear not, from henceforth thou shalt catch men".

Ella went with our guests into Durham in order to attend the morning service in the Cathedral. I remained in my room and prepared notes for the afternoon. Also, I wrote to George Nimmins, congratulating him on the birth of a son, whom he and his wife have named "George Herbert", the latter name being in honour of the Bishop of Durham!

After lunch I motored to Hartlepool, and gave an address in S. Hilda's on "The Teacher's Vocation". The congregation was composed of teachers from the elementary and secondary schools. There may have been 150 present, though the Rector promised me 400. However, they were very attentive, and had to listen to some "home truths", not ordinarily welcome in gatherings of teachers. I returned to Auckland Castle after the service.

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Geoffrey Fabel sends me a pleasant letter in acknowledgment of my compliments and criticisms with respect to "Oxford Apostles".

"Writing it has taught me much – I will not say that it has radically altered my mind, but it has certainly discovered some of my own limitations to myself – which is, perhaps, the beginning of wisdom....."

I good deal of what you tell me about the opposition to the revised Prayer Book (of which I was a silent and distant supporter) is new to me. I do not think I had quite realized the amount of support which it had received in the H. of C. from the members representing English constituencies.”

I have no doubt that the very notion of making changes in the Prayer Book was extremely odious to the older Church folks, and that many of those who, in deference to the Bishops, supported the Revised Book, were relieved when it was rejected! But what sane man with any knowledge of human nature, and any acquaintance with Anglican history could have expected anything else?

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[166]

Monday, July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*The "Yorkshire Post" makes my Disestablishment Sermon the text of a leader on Disestablishment, which is certainly far less hostile than the traditions of that journal would have suggested. Indeed, it would hardly be excessive to describe this article as a "climb-down". I cannot but think that there is something behind it. The Archbishop of York, Lords Halifax and Irwin, and the E. C. U. are hardly to be regarded as thorough-going "Establishmentarians".*

*"It is the future that D<sup>r</sup> Henson is really concerned with, but how near that future may be no one can say. His courage and leadership are what the Church needs: many other leaders find it more comfortable to let the matter alone, but it is never wise to ignore possible dangers merely to secure present peace: the price of peace may be too high.*

*There are hardly any convinced supporters of Establishment nowadays.....*

*Disestablishment need not endanger the public recognition of religion".*

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I wrote to Sir Charles Balance\* thanking him for his Lister Memorial lecture, & explaining that, although I could not understand the technical language, in which he described his experiments, I could heartily appreciate and admire the enthusiasm for service and the religious self-dedication to Truth, which exhaled from every page.

The two Archdeacons arrived at noon, & with an interval for lunch, sat on until 3 p.m. We had much, & rather perplexing business.

Leslie Morrison walked round the Park. He talked frankly, and left on my mind the impression of a manly young fellow, full of high purpose, and intelligent beyond the average level. He borrowed Faber's Oxford Apostles. I had a letter from Dick in which he tells me that he is reading Newman's Apologia, which evidently impresses him. It is interesting to observe how these children of the 20<sup>th</sup> century react to the books which thrilled the 19<sup>th</sup>. I fear that Russell's "For Sinners Only" is more to the taste of this generation than the writings of Newman and Church. There is something archaic about this Centenary of the Oxford Movement.

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I wrote to Lord Scarbrough a belated Collins, taking occasion to speak of my plea for Disestablishment in the Sermon at Kensington, and emphasizing the surprising complaisance of the article in the "Yorkshire Post". I should be glad if I could extract an opinion from that

admirable nobleman, whose churchmanship is above suspicion, and whose conservatism is notorious. Certainly, I shall be much surprised if there are not letters of protest in the columns of the Yorkshire Post. The maintenance of the Establishment has been a principal plank in the Tory “platform” for generations. It cannot but be the case, that the proposal to disestablish coming from a Bishop, & that Bishop no unimportant suffragan or Colonial, but the Bishop of Durham, who takes rank immediately after the Bishop of London, should be felt as almost an outrage. A few days ago the Times in a leading Article on the Oxford Movement Centenary went out of its way to depreciate any attempt to connect the commemoration with an advocacy of Disestablishment – a circumstance which disclosed its own apprehensions, & anticipated my sermon.

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**Tuesday, July 18<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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*To my great surprize I received a cheque from Hodder & Stoughton on account of Royalty on Sales of "Sibbes & Simeon", 1155 copies, @10%. The amount was only £5:15:6. Still it is on the right side of the account.*

I went to Durham, and lunched with Principal Braleley\* and his wife. After lunch he expounded to me the project for starting a secondary school in place of the existing "model" school, which is now limited to children under eleven, & has shrunk to small proportions. He then went on to "ask my advice", a familiar and rather alarming formula. He wondered whether he ought to continue in his present work of teaching. He was 47 and did not wish to become so stereotyped in educational grooves as to be incapable of parochial work. What did I think? I replied that he could not decently retire from his present office until he had seen this new venture of the secondary school fairly floated: that I could not blame his desire to undertake pastoral work, since Ordination appeared to assume that version of Ministry: that he would have to face the fact that pastoral service [170] did not command the relatively large remuneration which attached to his present employment. So the matter was left. I am not displeased with the notion of placing Braleley in some important parish, for he is a man of energy, resource, & considerable knowledge, and his wife seems to me excellently well-suited for the position of an urban incumbent's wife.

The Governors of Bede College approved the project of a secondary school, & appointed a body of seven managers.

The Bishop of Peterborough (D<sup>r</sup> C. M. Blagden) arrived to stay here until Friday morning. (He is presiding over the meeting of the Central Readers Board). He was born in 1874, being thus my junior by nearly 11 years. He is a Classical Scholar and an Examiner in the Honour School of Theology at Oxford. He has published an Edition of the General Epistles. He has now been Bishop of Peterborough for 6 years. He is tall, alert, brisk in manner, & somewhat loquacious, and admirer of the Archbishop of York, not equally of the older Primate, becoming an indefatigable Committee and Commission man.



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[171]

Wednesday, July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I wrote to Dick expounding the difference between constitutional and political history.

The notion of Disestablishment continues to be extremely repugnant to the Anglican mind. A parson sends me a brief cutting of my Kensington sermon, and accompanies it with the following letter:-

Dear Lord Bishop,

I have always looked upon you as a statesman, but the above is the most unstatesmanlike utterance ever made by any man, The obvious answer is "men enter the ministry of their own free will". They bind themselves; therefore, they are dishonest in violating their obligations.

Yours truly

R. Ross

M<sup>r</sup> Ross was ordained just 40 years ago, and holds a valuable Trustee living. He probably represents a considerable volume of opinion. The notion of the Church as a spiritual society independent in origin from the State, and owning a higher Authority, is altogether absent from the average English Protestant's mind.

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The Bishop of Peterborough went in to Durham to preside at the meeting of the Central Readers Board, and I joined him at Bede College for dinner at 7.30 p.m. After dinner I made a speech for about 35 minutes, and then the Bishop and I went back to Auckland. The company consisted of clergy and laity: among the former was one, a City incumbent, whose name I forget, who had been attending the "House-party" in Oxford, & evidently was half-way on the road to Groupism. The chaplain of Bede College is evidently strongly opposed to Groups. Old Canon Murray was also present. He is a Groupist, & has a senile aspect. My speech was a pitiable mangle-mangle of disconnected observations, but it seemed to interest my hearers, who thanked me afterwards with a surfeiting superfluity of compliment!

There was thunder during the afternoon, and the weather became oppressively sultry. About 9.30 p.m. a violent thunderstorm with torrents of rain broke over the Castle. My voice as I read the lesson in ~~chaplain~~ chapel was almost drowned by the noise of the rain on the roof.

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[173]

Thursday, July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I went to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Training & Maintenance Board. There was little business, so that I had time to walk in the Banks with my Suffragan. Then I went to the Castle, and entertained the Committee of the Boys Clubs Association at tea in the Common Room. About 20 turned up. After tea we moved to my room, and held a meeting. In the absence of Sir Arthur Wood, we placed M<sup>r</sup> Nicholson in the Chair. We considered the Report of the "acting County organizer, M<sup>r</sup> L. S. Dowson. It was extremely, and, as I must needs think, unduly, optimistic: and did not stand criticism very well. The notion that some new organization, unconnected with Church or party, can accomplish what churches & parties have failed to achieve, is as confidently held as it is plainly irrational, and invariably disallowed by experience. However we talked for an hour & a half, and finally decided to — appoint a county organizer if we could raise the money! I came away with the feeling that I had been reverently handling a "mare's nest" & lending myself to yet another imposture!! [sic].

[174]

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We gave a small dinner-party consisting of the following persons: - Major & M<sup>rs</sup> Surtees, Captain & M<sup>rs</sup> Morley, D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh, the Bishop of Peterborough, Elizabeth Smith, and ourselves. The Bishop of Peterborough and Cap<sup>t</sup> Morley appear to have been contemporaries at Oxford, the one at Corpus, & the other at Worcester. Accordingly, they found materials for conversation. Who can over-estimate the practical value of a common experience? Who can slate too strongly the practical weakness which the absence of that common experience involves? And particularly in England where the normal experience at school & college is taken to be the indispensable guarantee of competence. The man who comes on the scene without that guarantee must needs be unintelligible & suspected: at best he will be doomed to social isolation, at worst he will be the magnet of a great volume of dislike & resentment. Perhaps, these ill effects of abnormality are most keenly felt in old age, because then the mind goes back to the past. Men live over again in reminiscence & conversation the experiences of their youth: & the alien from these is an alien indeed.

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[175]

Friday, July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

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*The Bishop of Peterborough left after breakfast. He is cheerful, pleasant, intelligent, well-educated and contentedly conventional. He has retained the manner & point of view, even the distinctive modes of speech, of the modern Oxford don: and he is quite free from the devotional affectation & attitudes of "Anglo-Catholicism". I can well believe that the clergy would judge him to be lacking in spirituality: and, indeed, I should doubt whether he had ever traversed a spiritual crisis. He gave me an odd account of his assistant Bishop Norman Lang,\* who is a younger brother of the Archbishop of Canterbury, & is Canon & Archdeacon. **He seems to be a man of sanctified habit and highly uncertain temper, an eloquent preacher & an eccentric man, who shrinks from all avoidable contact with his fellows. The death of his wife in 1918 was currently believed to have occasioned his misanthropy, but his Diocesan had known him long before, & could vouch for his natural amplitude of oddity.** The Dean, Simpson, formerly Canon of S. Paul's, appears to be a difficult person. He does not occupy the Deanery, which is now used for some institution.*

[176]

Ella's garden-party was attended (teste Alexander) by 175 persons. I was present for part of the time, and showed Sir Edward & Lady Brooksbank over the Castle. M<sup>rs</sup> Wild and her two sons were among the company.

Charles and I motored to East Boldon, where I officiated at a rather elaborately organized stone-laying of the new aisle. Sir John Priestman,\* who has provided most of the necessary money, laid the stone, & I gave an address from a platform in the open-air. Two red-cassocked youths preceded me with lanterns, and I was escorted by a brace of priestlings in copes. Save for these eccentricities, which fussed me, there was nothing objectionable in the arrangements. I was painfully impressed by the absence of grown men in the congregation. Women, scouts, girl-guides, were the main constituents of the assembly: the Anglo-Catholic clergy from the neighbourhood attended, &, no doubt, regarded the function as something of a party-demonstration. I do not believe that the average Englishman finds anything attractive in "Anglo-Catholicism". He tolerates it, but he neither appreciates nor understands it.

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[177]

**Saturday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.**

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“Judge not, that ye be not judged” said the Divine Judge who in the end shall judge us all. But how can we escape the necessity of judging when we are sat in the seat of judgment? I have begun the day by an act of judgment on a fellow-sinner, for I have definitely rejected the plea of a lapsed parson to be allowed to resume his ministry in this diocese. I simple daren't run the risk of any more scandals.

*Martin Kiddle sends me an extremely interesting account of his own experience with “Groups”. It puts together much that he told me verbally. He encloses an extremely interesting examination of the Movement which has been published in Toronto:- “The Challenge of the Oxford Group Movement. An Attempt at Appraisal, by the Committee of Thirty.” Reading between the lines one can see that the compilers are far more definitely hostile than they think it judicious to state in plain terms: but they do succeed in suggesting some severe, and, perhaps, fatal, criticisms. There is certainly little promise of stability in the hectic procedure of the Group: & Buchman's personality remains cryptic and unattractive.*

[178]

Leslie Morrison came to see me, & to report his experience in the viva voce examination at Oxford. The dons seem to have been kind & encouraging. At 4 p.m. a deputation consisting of the Secretary of the Parochial Church Council & the two churchwardens of S<sup>t</sup> Mark's, South Shields, came to lay before me their notion of the parish's requirements. They want a moderate “Anglo-Catholick”, young, married, and energetic. The income is £500, & the house not excessive in size or inconvenient in arrangement. The population is said to be over 9000, but one third of them are Irish Papists, and there are many Protestant sectaries. Probably the effective parishioners do not exceed 5000, and out of them the Easter communicants numbered no more than 120.

The Rev<sup>d</sup> George Bailey, Curate in Charge of Hutton Henry, came to see me. He has been calumniated by some ill-conditioned youth, whom he has befriended, and who has written to me withdrawing his accusation. What precisely his allegation is, Bailey asserts that he can't discover, & it has not been stated to me. However, it has been withdrawn, so we need not bother about it any further.

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[179]

**6<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.**

A glorious morning, brilliant and windless, all the earth enfolded in a Sabbatic stillness. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Charles assisted. We numbered eleven communicants, including M<sup>rs</sup> Smith, Christina, and William. The sparrow, which 'found herself a home' in the chapel, became noisy at the end of the service, a religious but disconcerting zealot, like these Groupists.

I spent the morning in preparing the sermon for use in S. Mary Magdalen's, Sunderland, where they are keeping their patronal Festival. I chose as a text, S. John iv. 27, 'They marvelled that He was speaking with a woman', and determined to say something about the proposal to admit women to the ordained Ministry on equal terms with men. It was announced last week that the Methodists had decided to do this: & I doubt not that all the Sectarian Bodies will follow suit. There is a considerable, and, I fear, increasing volume of opinion within the Church of England favourable to the ordination of women to the priesthood. Feminist sentiment unites itself with anti-Catholick prejudice.

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[*symbol*]

I wrote to William. He is now a married man of 33, and the father of a son.

Charles went with me to Sunderland, where I preached at Evensong in S. Mary Magdalene's Church. The service was of an "advanced" character. Two of the assistant clergy, Fox and Gould, arrayed in copes escorted me everywhere. There was a pompous procession with incense & lighted candles. The sermon came after the hymn which followed the 3<sup>rd</sup> collect. The choir, which sang badly, was arranged in the gallery at the west end of the church. The congregation consisted of women, mostly young, with a tenuous sprinkling of youths, & a handful of older men. Considering that the population is no more than 8000, and that there are 3 priests at work in the parish, this seems rather disappointing. The people are wretchedly poor, & mostly unemployed. I cannot but feel humiliated by such a spectacle of episcopal impotence as I must needs exhibit, when I am the central figure in ceremonial which is certainly illegal, & which I am well-known to disapprove; and yet I cannot see what I can do but acquiesce.

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[181]

Monday, July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*The Bishop of Ripon thinks it decent to denounce those who advocate Disestablishment as guilty of "spiritual treason", because, forsooth, they could be so much better employed in "preaching the Gospel". As if one were free to select the issues of the spiritual conflict. When the situation of bondage has been disclosed, it must either be repudiated, or acquiesced in. If the latter be morally inadmissible, the former must needs be requisite. But "little Artie" is three parts a Lutheran, and has no real belief in the Church as a visible society. Like Brilioth (v. p. 141) he holds the Church to be "an activity of the Holy Ghost", an activity which expresses itself in ceaseless predication. So long as he can rush about from place to place, talking, talking, he wants nothing better!*

*M<sup>r</sup> Charles James Bex, who was Editor of the Hereford Times & then of the Yorkshire Herald, writes to tell me that he has been appointed Secretary of the English Church Union in succession to the Rev. Arnold Pinchard.\* He assures me that "with many other churchmen he is in entire sympathy with my splendid fight for the spiritual freedom of the Church." Well, well!*

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[symbol]

*I walked in the Park, & fell in with the two youths, with whom I conversed on June 20<sup>th</sup> (v. p. 110). Quite forgetting that Ellie has a reception on that day, I arranged that they should have tea with me next Friday! In face of these unemployed men & youths I feel and speak as I did nearly 50 years ago in Bethnal Green & Barking: & then I wake up to the disconcerting fact that I am Bishop of Durham and 70 years old!*

*George Beckwith from Etherley came to see me. He was 21 in May, & at Hatfield College. He seems to be shaping well, & I held out hope that we might help with a grant for his year at a Theological College.*

A retired ex-Wesleyan Minister, named Wakinshaw, living in Newcastle, writes to "send you a few words of good cheer in your Disestablishment campaign." So far as I know there is nothing for which I am responsible which can be called a "campaign", only a frank expression of opinion designed to set the minds of churchmen working, to disturb their consciences, & thus to prepare the way for a 'campaign' presently.

[183]

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*Sydney Cockburn, aged 19, a miner's son from Ferryhill, who has been living in the Mirfield Hostel at Leeds, came to see me. He has failed in his intermediate examination, & wants, in spite of this, to have his diocesan grant of £40 renewed. I said that if he succeeded in*

*passing the exam<sup>n</sup> when he sits again in September, I would recommend the Board to renew his grant: but that, if he failed again, the grant would not be renewed. I observed that he was not looking well, and admonished him as to the importance of "keeping fit". With great simplicity, he explained that the change from the regular hours & wholesome food of the hostel to the chaotic conditions of a pitman's home, made it difficult for him to read and keep well. I could not but sympathize with him. The poor student is badly handicapped by his home conditions: and, since the academic year only fills 24 out of the 52 weeks, this handicap is most serious. All the facile talk about "equality of conditions" is falsified by the disadvantage of a rough, noisy, & often squalid home. If I were rich enough I would organize reading parties for these poor students.*

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[184]

Tuesday, July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh lent me a copy of 'Laudate. Quarterly Review of the Benedictines of Nashdom', which contains a paper on "The Group Movement" by the Rev<sup>d</sup> F.A.M. Spencer D.D. Chaplain of B.N.C. This is a careful and sympathetic account of 'Groupism' by a man who has evidently taken pains to understand it, and is temperamentally inclined to spiritual movements of the Groupist type. His criticisms are, perhaps, more important than his approbations, for the latter are almost automatic, the former are reluctant & deliberate. He refers to Russell's intolerable book, 'For Sinners Only', with a complaisance which is surprising. He finds 'not indeed all Group people, but generally and at large – the following weaknesses in their Christianity':

1. 'Their moral ideas seem to be both too puritanical and inadequately social.'
2. "While the Groups are right in stressing the importance of in prayer of silent listening to God, they seem somewhat to overlook the importance of silent adoration of God."
3. 'As to guidance, it may be seriously questioned [185] [symbol] whether we are meant to seek Divine instruction in the little details of our daily lives, as some of the Group people affirm or imply.'
4. The 'most crippling' of all defects in the groups is 'the supposition, explicit or latent, that a primary condition of bringing souls to richer life in God is to convict them of sin'.

"I also cannot help feeling incredulous of the prevailing assumption among the Groups that intellectual doubt is almost always a mask for moral failing, so much so that it is misdirected effort to try to answer the sceptic's objections to the faith by argument."

D<sup>r</sup> Spencer appends a note to his article in which he makes some comments on my 'Charge'. He evidently finds it pessimistic and distasteful.

"It is a pathetic situation, as D<sup>r</sup> Henson depicts it. Perhaps, however, such a predominantly historic approach, by one who has read much and seen much of the baffled efforts of men to establish the Kingdom of God, is not likely to open any very glowing prospects. But does not our Christian faith justify us in expecting a spiritual future far [186] [symbol] exceeding the spiritual past? Dare we set limits to what the Holy Spirit may do for us and in us even in this generation?"

Lionel writes to me that he had attended Buchman's "mass" meeting in the Oxford Town Hall:-

*"There is no doubt that the movement is going to make great strides during the next few months. The outcome of the Oxford House Party is the 'March on London'. I am not sure in my own mind whether the pace can continue. I have made many inquiries, & many of those who are brought under the 'compulsion' of a house party do not continue in the movement. There are many paradoxes about it, & although I know only too intimately the need of*



spiritual revival, yet I am rather revolted by the American methods. I cannot bring myself to have any confidence in Frank Buchanan. I fear I must be wrong because everybody else has. **I disliked the rather pressing appeal for money now that the movement is growing. So far as I can gather, no financial statement [187] [symbol] is issued. I plainly asked one of the leaders of the team what was being done about this, and he replied that it was not necessary to do so as the subscriptions were in the nature of a private gift to "Frank". The team are supposed not to have any fixed stipend but they don't seem short of funds & "Frank" runs about in a flashy American car, & makes rather a set at important or what he calls "key" people.** Yet at the same time it is easy to be carried away with it all."

The Rev<sup>d</sup> C.J. Stranks, who is officiating at Barnard Castle without permission, came to see me. He is attached to the Anglican Mission in Japan, & is well commended. I gave him to officiate at Barnard Castle until the end of the year. His account of the Vicar, Bircham,\* is not pleasant. He said that the Roman Catholics were making great progress in Japan; that they were led by the Jesuits, and that they were much assisted by the tradition of the earlier missions, of which some vestiges had survived. The over-crowding of the Japanese was very apparent, & must presently affect the political situation.

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Wednesday, July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Brillioth\* writes to me from Lund:-

“The question of establishment or disestablishment is certainly one that needs to be faced in all earnest, in all churches which are in a similar position to that of the Church of England. And that, of course, is the case not least with the Church of Sweden. It is certainly of great importance that we should be reminded that establishment can be maintained at too high a price. But I also feel that the idea of the Church needs to be examined & discussed more carefully. **Personally, I can't help feeling that there is a great deal in the conception which thinks of the Church less as a society with defined limits, than as an activity, the activity of the Holy Spirit in Word & sacrament;** this means that the Church has to be construed from the Centre rather than from the Circumference. This “dynamic” view implies also the fact of the Society [189] which always come into being as perpetually built up where the Spirit is at work. **But it hardly makes it possible to define the extent of the Society.** It shades off gradually, and even those who are indirectly or unconsciously influenced by the Gospel, are potentially within it. If this view is accepted, it must affect also the attitude towards Establishment, **which remains defensible, so long as the ministrations through which the Holy Spirit is active, are permitted & protected by the authority of the State.** But I am most willing to admit that this is not a solution to the problem - only a stretch of the premises from which the problem may be attacked.

This is certainly a very interesting statement. It certainly explains the Lutheran complaisance towards the State which, in Germany, has brought the Church into an Erastian subordination nowise favourable to effective spiritual witness. It would seem to be the view implied in the Bishop of Ripon's nonsense about 'spiritual treason'.

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Duncan, the Vicar of Dawdon, who is taking his holiday in Nauheim, writes:-

“Whispers in secret chambers here are proclaimed from the housetops apparently, and it is difficult to get at the minds of the people. The article in “The Times” and “The Spectator” on the situation are excellent. It seems certain there will be one Protestant Church, largely Erastian. The R.C.s will be dominated also as the State will have a veto on the Bishops. Hopes & fears prevail: none ventures to prophecy ultimate issues.”

*In such times as these Establishment is a grave addition to the perils of any Church. This is really the determining factor in the situation from my point of view. I see the conflict is drawing near, & “I would clear the decks for action”.*

I worked at the Broadcasting Address and brought it to some kind of completion. There was a most wonderful sun setting, but as minatory as brilliant.

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[191]

Thursday, July 27<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

"The Fourteenth Year of our Translation".

I wrote to Dick warning him to be careful how he allowed himself to eat "made-up" dishes in hotels and restaurants in the hot weather, when many perishable edibles begin to decay, & are marvellously offered by the skill of the cooks to the Unwary, whose appetite is eager and indiscriminating. He is now prostrate with ptomaine poisoning & may be disposed to hear counsel! Then I sat to the repulsive task of preparing for departure by destroying letters & ordering my study.

Leslie Morrison came to return books, & later took me round the Park. Then we entertained the three unemployed lads at tea, and Charles showed them over the Castle.

The weather became very hot and sultry as the afternoon drew towards nightfall, and at chapel time there was some thunder and rain. The two aging men, the brothers Smith, who are staying here, are what the collect calls "spectacles of mortality". It is to be hoped that they are enjoying their stay at Auckland, but they do not look as if they did!

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**Friday, July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

M<sup>r</sup> Charles Smith and his wife left the castle after breakfast. I gave him for reading in the train a copy of the Charge on Disestablishment as he appeared to be interested in the subject.

*A message from the B.B.C. requested me to send the m.s. of my address on Slavery Abolition for the inspection of its official. But I told them that I could not do this. The request appears to me not far removed from an insult.*

Charles and I went to Durham, where I collated Hoare to his honorary canonry, licensed Luce as a preacher, and a curate to Bishop Auckland. Also a deaf man as a preacher. Then I bought myself a new hat, & so we returned to Auckland.

The garden party was spoiled by rain, which did not appear to reduce the number thought [sic] it destroyed the success of the gathering. M<sup>r</sup> [John] Wood\* of Coxhoe told me that the three trees in front of my dressing room window are silver hornbeams.

Miss Rose Headlam came to stay the night. She also is growing old. Like me she will become a septuagenarian this year.

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Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to the following:

1. v Lord Moynihan
2. v Prof. Grey Turner
3. M<sup>r</sup> Justice Roche
4. Geoffrey Faber
5. v Dick
6. Lord Charnwood
7. v Rev. Martin Keddle
8. Sir George Adam Smith
9. Archbishop of Dublin
10. v Sir James Irvine
11. Hon. Rev. J. G. Adderley
12. v Provost of Leicester
13. Dean of Norwich
14. Canon Deane
15. v D<sup>r</sup> L.R. Phelps
16. H.T.A Dashwood
17. v Bishop Talbot
18. v Sir Charles Peers
19. v Sir Lewis Dibdin
20. Arthur Rawle
21. v Arthur
22. v Lionel Trotman

23. Archbishop Carter
24. Ruth Spooner
25. V. Of S. Cuthbert's, Carlisle
26. Canon Peter Green
27. v Leslie Morrison
28. Leslie Wilson
29. v Joseph Bainbridge
30. Lord Hugh Cecil
31. v Lord Sankey
32. Lady Dillon
33. Gilbert
34. v Flo Laurie
35. Canon Hales
36. Monty Bere
37. William Badham
38. Brooke Westcott
39. v Rev D. J. Dick
40. Verger at S. Botolph's
41. Gilbert [sic]
42. ??? Kathleen
43. Provost of Birmingham
44. v ~~Lord Mayor~~ Bishop of Eau Claire

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[194]

**Saturday, July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

The morning was occupied by a desperate and exhausting effort to get my study so far brought to order that I could leave it to the tender mercies of my house-hold with reasonable confidence! Ella produced a book-case, which I set in my dressing-room, & filled with the books which lay loose in my study.

Wright, the Vicar of S. Paul's, Hendon, came to see me with reference to the appointment of an incumbent to S. Barnabas, Hendon, of which he is the patron. I told him of Prof Henwood's relative, & advised him to make inquiries about him, but to do this privately. He should not make an appointment until after the holidays by which time the agitation in the parish caused by the tactlessness of bigotry of the late incumbent might have subsided. Wright gave me a distressing account of the meeting of the P.C.C., which is determined to make mischief, and [John Alfred] Kensit\* seems to have his hand on the parish. The recent Centenary celebrations of the Oxford Movement has of course heated the furnace sevenfold.

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*The 'Yorkshire Post' and the 'Northern Echo' reproduce my 'Things which my soul hateth' very prominently.*

Leslie Thompson, the son of a retired police constable, now living in Cockerton, came to see me with the object of being accepted as a candidate for Ordination. He is 24½ years old, has had no more than an elementary school education, & is now at the Knutsford Training School. Moreover, he has a club foot, & a rather alarming manner. Nevertheless, I accepted him because I could not resist the impression of sincere religious purpose which he made on me. But I warned him that the Training Board would probably be unable to make him a grant.

*I wrote a consolatory letter to Leslie Morrison, who had only gained a Third Class in the History School. I am sure that he did his best.*

Leslie Wilson brought a certain tramp, named Bennett, who desired to interest me in the religious state of the casual wards: & when B. had departed, L.W. talked freely about the situation in Windlestone, where evidently a situation of grave potencies is developing.

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**7<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

A glorious morning. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 10 communicants, including my guest, & 3 Brydens. The collect is always associated in my mind with family prayers, which my father was always careful to maintain. This collect was one of his favourites, and, I think, more often used than any other. It is a good resonant composition:-

Lord of all power and might, who art the author and giver of all good things, Grant in our hearts, the love of thy Name, increase in us true religion, nourish us with goodness, & of thy great mercy keep us in the same; through Jesus Christ our Lord.  
Amen.

The P.B.D. describes it as 'One of our most forcible collects as it stands, but a paraphrase rather than a translation'. It is taken from the Gelasian Sacramentary, attributed to the Roman Bishop Gelasius (ob. 496)

The frequent use of 'doubles' in the Prayer Book is illustrated by this collect. What is the real difference between 'power' and 'might', and, again between "author" and "giver"?

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In the afternoon, I sate awhile in the Bowling Green, and watched four swallows. These are about the only swallows I have seen this year.

I wrote to Gilbert in Canada, & sent him a copy of my Charge, the last issue of the Bishoprick and the sermon preached in S. Mary Abbot's.

I motored to Newcastle, and delivered my address on **the Abolition of Slavery** in the B.B.C station. The choir of Newcastle Cathedral attended and sang an anthem & two hymns. I read a lesson & two prayers. My address ended just one minute before the appointed time. It must have lasted just 29 minutes. The B.B.C. manager assured me that my voice was well transmitted, observing that, unlike most voices, it sounded natural. This pleased me, but when I got back to the Castle I was informed that my voice was harsh & unrecognizable!! Ella, of course, heard a great sound, but could disentangle nothing. Fearne & M<sup>r</sup> Smith affirmed that they could hear without difficulty, but evidently with some disappointment. We returned home, encountering numbers of youth on bicycles returning to their homes in Newcastle.



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**Monday, July 31<sup>st</sup>, 1933.**

The last hours before leaving for a holiday are crowded with discomfort. Packing is always a horror, & though it can ordinarily be thrust on others, in this case, when absence for a whole month is in contemplation, it cannot be thus easily transferred. What books shall you take with you? What equipment of literary material? How, in fact, do you propose to spend the time which has been deliberately emptied of its normal interests & occupations? The mere Philistine, of course, has no anxieties of this kind. His heart is at all times in this, that, or the other variety of sport: he knows what he wants, and where he can get it. He has no social or intellectual needs which are not satisfied by the comradeship and conversation of other 'sportsmen'. But for a man who thinks & reads, whose brain is tired & whose heart (if his normal employment bring that organ into exercise) is bruised, cannot have so simple a programme for his holiday. Probably foreign travel would be the most satisfying arrangement. But that has problems of its own.

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Knight of Ryhope, the most loquacious of men, came to see me. He has been to consult a London specialist about his throat, & has been informed that an operation is essential, & must not be postponed. May he have six months leave of absence? Of course I granted his request very willingly, but with the feeling that it would not benefit him much. He talks incessantly, and seems unable to realize that for him silence is for him the unum necessarium.

We left the Castle about 2 p.m., & motored to Carlton, stopping to have tea on the way. A violent wind from the west made motoring unpleasant, but we arrived at Carlton about 8.40 p.m. and were welcomed by Flo Laurie. The parson of the parish came to tea dinner, a demure little self-surrendering man, who might be (probably was) a saint, but did certainly suggest what one XVI<sup>th</sup> ancestor described unkindly as a 'corner-creeping claw-back'! *The 'Yorkshire Post' had an article on 'Things which my soul hateth', & I am told that the Morning Post reproduced the page from the Bishoprick. The silly season has begun.*

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[200]

Tuesday, August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

A bright warm day. We spent most part of the morning in Newark, where I got shampooed, & then we visited the parish church of S. Mary Magdalene. This is mostly of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, but there is a XIV<sup>th</sup> century aisle, & much perpendicular work. There is a very fine screen & rood-loft., & good stalls with miserere seats. There is some evidence of the Norman building which preceded the present structure. We visited the Museum, which was not distinguished, looked in at the modern church of S. Leonard, and then returned to Carlton Hall.

In the afternoon there was a pleasant garden party. Canon Hales, a relation of D<sup>r</sup> Jennings in Bishop Auckland, brought some astonishingly good photographs of his Labrador dogs. He had a descendent of our Beck in the list, whereon I was entered as her 'breeder'! I had much conversation with Canon Hales, whom I found to be both interesting, well-informed, and sensible. He spoke of Studdart [sic] Kennedy,\* who was under him as a chaplain during the War. He had to correct his habit of using slang in preaching: & said [201] [symbol] that the troops disliked being 'talked down' to. This accords with my own experience. He spoke of the Bishop of London's visit to the troops. His Lordship wearied the men by his undue length of speech. An aged Archdeacon named Hacking was among the guests. He expressed strong disapproval of the suggested return of the diocese of Southwell to the Province of York. Largely his view was determined by his reluctance to be transferred from the Southern to the Northern Convocation. He had come into the Lower House of Canterbury just after I had become Bishop of Durham, & he was told that he had just missed hearing the ablest debater in the House. Reputations have strangely slight relation to facts. I gathered that the Bishop of Southwell himself desires to have the question of re-uniting his diocese to the Northern Province re-opened, & would like the change to be made. But the Jubilee of the formation of the See will shortly fall to be celebrated, & it is thought inadvisable to raise an issue on which men are deeply divided until that business has been finished. It is understood that both the Primates are in favour of linking Southwell with York.

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[202]

Wednesday, August 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.

We visited Canon Hales at Gedling, and were shown his Labrador retrievers, and his beautifully kept church & church-yard. The last was a goodly sight. It is strange that the clergy generally are so apathetic with respect to their churchyards. I was told that all the labour was voluntary, that the church-yard had been divided into 30 portions for every one of which an individual caretaker was held responsible, & that this work was faithfully done. We returned to Carlton for lunch, & then motored to Lincoln, where we had tea with the Bishop [Nugent Hicks]\* & M<sup>rs</sup> Hicks, & were shown the Palace. This is a much more dignified & commodious a residence than I had been led to suppose. It consists of a Queen Anne house on to which a considerable addition has been added. This was done when Bishop King gave up Riseholme, & chose to live by his cathedral. The ruins of the medieval palace are very considerable & challenging. The chapel was designed by one of Bodley's pupils. It suggests the Lowly Father's church which Bodley builded. The palace fronts to the south, and commands a noble prospect.

[203]

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Hicks is a good enough fellow, & will make an excellent bishop of the conventional "father-in-God" type, but he will contribute little to the guidance, and nothing to the advance of the Church of England; he will however wear the correct vestments, say well what he is expected to say, and probably become very popular.

The Dean, Mitchell, is badly handicapped by his wife, a moody, neurotick female who can find rest nowhere. He is a fine preacher, but "gives himself no chance of becoming known & liked". But how can he? Are not the twain, no more twain, but one flesh?

We returned to Carlton in time for diner. There dined a local clergyman, named Mitchell, a rather effeminate type of parson to look at. He told me that he was an intimate friend of that silly ass, Hiram Craven, who was once the curate in charge of S. Francis, South Shields, & has just been appointed Vicar of Painswick. *He gave me an extremely curious account of Craven's refusal at the last minute to be admitted into the Roman Church because he objected to the godparents who were assigned to him for his re-baptism!*

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[204]

Thursday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.

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Sir John Harris\* writes appreciatively:

“I need hardly say with what interest, & indeed, enthusiasm, I listened to your sermon on Sunday night, & you will not be surprised to learn that we have received a considerable number of appreciative messages, some of them accompanied by very practical help. We do indeed feel indebted to you”.

Also Monty Bere wrote a kindly letter.

“On Sunday night I was carried back to the Missionary Meeting in 1900 at Stratford Town Hall just after your appointment to the Abbey had been announced. You then denounced the evils of a woman’s lot in India. To that speech your anti-slavery appeal seemed to be a companion, and after all these years! Thank God we have one prophet among us whose tongue is not tied. [sic]

It pleased me to hear again from Monty Bere,\* whose place in my affections is unique.

[205]

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I was touched by an affectionate letter from Canon Bannister of Hereford, who, if the reports that have reached me are trustworthy, is drawing to his end. He writes from Ledbury:-

My dear Lord Bishop,

I must send you a line to say how your address came through on the wireless, & came like a breath of fresh air. In the old days you were always an inspiration to me, & the joy of listening to you tonight has brought it all back. It came through with the same old force-full understanding – and almost with tears in our eyes, we thought of the days that are gone, & wished they were back.

I am,

in affectionate remembrance.

L. S. Bannister

Canon Macdonald writes from Purleigh Rectory, Chelmsford – “I came in last night, & listened to your most illuminating broadcast. We listened absorbed.”

[206]

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M<sup>r</sup> Edward Webster ("Roadside House" Dobbs Weir, Hoddeston, Herts) begins a long letter thus:-

"May an "old" man write a line to tell you with what anticipation, & what joy, he listened once again to the Voice he had never forgotten since the days in which he first listened to it – the far-off days of the old Oxford House Movement in Bethnal Green.

I have heard (listened to) most, if not all, the "Broadcasts" in connection with the Centenary of the Anti-slavery Movement but none, I think, have voiced the thought and feeling of the great Christian conscience & heart so completely & thoroughly as yours of tonight had done, & so I want to say a heart-felt Thank you".

I have not the least notion who M<sup>r</sup>. Webster is, but he seems to write sincerely.

[207]

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I remained in the house until lunch time, and wrote a number of letters, including one to Dick.

After lunch we motored to Elston, and had tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Darwin,\* with whom was Lady Eleanor Dennistoun. She showed us her garden, directing our particular attention to the lofty holly edge round the lawn-tennis court, which is said to be 300 years old. *She told me that at one time Braley was "far gone" in Groupism, but that he had come out of it.* From M<sup>rs</sup> Darwin we proceeded to Miss Gilstrap, and viewed her garden, in which she specially emphasized the carnations which made a noble show. The weather was close & sultry.

A tablet is to be set up in Westminster Abbey to the Australian poet, Adam Lindsay Gordon:-

Life is mostly froth & bubble,  
Two things stand like stone,  
Kindness is another's trouble,  
Courage is your own.

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[208]

Friday, August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

Wynne-Willson has sent me a memorandum stating his impressions of the great "House Party" in Oxford which he had attended. He says that Rumney, who was also present, agrees with him. It is apparent that the criticism which the movement has received has not been wholly without effect. The memorandum runs:-

I saw a good deal of the leaders in private conversation. Buchman came to talk to me immediately on my arrival. **Naturally the conversation turned on your charge. He deplored that it had done damage to the Movement, more especially in America, Canada and South Africa.** He listened to what I had to say without temper or arrogance. I urged that he should consider your responsible position, & the solemn circumstances under which the Charge was given, & take to heart the criticism in it. My impression of him is that he is sincere, but obstinate. Unless he is a man of [209] [symbol] immoral astuteness, he showed himself to me as a man who believes in his mission. He has personality, but showed himself to me neither overbearing, nor did I feel the "magnetism" of which some people have written.....

I found Upward the most difficult to deal with. He had made some harsh references to the clergy. In conversation with others I was emphatically told that this was not according to their wishes. They disclaimed any desire to form a sect, their avowed aim being to "bring men to God, so that they may strengthen the Churches".

It is evident that the criticism to which the movement has been subjected has had some effect..... I was astonished at the absence of anything hysterical, or morbidly emotional, either on the part of the leaders, or of the members of the audience who spoke. Nor was there any indecent flippancy, [210] [symbol] though some expressions, especially by trans-atlantic speakers displeased me.

Speaking generally, the impression made on me was that the movement has given a great number of people of all sorts & conditions release from unhappiness, & brought them to a point where God has become a reality in their lives: that this is due to things which are not new, i. e. spending time in thought & prayers; finding release from evil habits by confession; thereby gaining a strength for a good life, which they desire to share with others; that it [is] on these things that the good results depend. On the other hand, whether it be from fear of definition or a desire to make things easy, & not to be exclusive, it is clear that the absence of teaching with a doctrinal basis is bound to lead persons, especially the young, into extravagance & error, & this accounts [211] [symbol] for the tragedies that have ~~happened~~ occurred. Whether the leaders intend it or not, absence of definition & direction (and I felt this strongly) tends to cause people to believe that whatever comes into the mind at the quiet time is the message of the Holy Spirit, & may be treated as His "ipsissima verba". There is crying need for teaching on Inspiration and the application to Divine Guidance.....

My experience at Oxford convinced me that here lies the gravest danger of the movement, & that the group theory of guidance renders it very difficult for the adherents to listen to any advice on the need of careful teaching on the true relation of the Holy Spirit to the spirit of man.”

This seems to be equally discriminating and sympathetic, & so far as it covers the same ground it is essentially accordant with the view of the Movement set forth in my Charge, though, perhaps, more kindly in phrasing.

**[212]**

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We packed, bade affectionate farewell to our friends, & left Carlton shortly after 11 a. m. We motored to Peterborough, where we lunched with the Bishop & M<sup>rs</sup> Blagden. A tall good-looking daughter by his first wife (for his Lordship after the manner of English bishops has been the husband of more than one wife) was also present. We stayed at the Palace for two hours, and were shown over the house and garden, which are more considerable than I had supposed. My conversation with the Bishop confirmed the favourable impression I had already received, & this was further strengthened by the discovery that the Bishop of Blackburn was his friend, & the Bishop of Ripon held by him in small esteem.

We left Peterborough about 3.15 p.m., and motored by way of Whittlesea, Newmarket, Stowmarket, Bury S<sup>t</sup> Edmunds & Debenham to Earl Soham Rectory, where the maids were prepared for our coming. We had travelled just 155 miles. The Rectory is an old and irregular building, hard by the parish church, & has a good bit of ground about it.

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Saturday, August 5<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I noticed with consternation that the road from Ipswich to Framlingham runs past the house, and, though in these noisy days the number might be thought inconsiderable, it was far too great for my liking. The rattle of motors & the increasing babble of human talk become almost intolerable as advancing years bring timidity & a certain reluctance, which make silence & solitude the boons that a man covets most. Ella is deaf to the one, and, curiously enough, increasingly avid of the other. But for me, the Thebaid or the Hermitage!

I wrote letters all the morning including one to Bent, the Vicar of Eastgate, couched in severe and minatory language. It may have the effect of frightening him into a semblance of honesty, but, of course (and, perhaps, this is the more probable result) it may only exasperate him into the impudence of self-justification. The Rector, Browne, my landlord, called. He is a vigorous man with grey hair, & a bronzed aspect, as of one who has lived much in the open air. Probably about 50 years of age. He told me that he was one of the Bishop's Examining Chaplains, and had much diocesan work to do.

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The Bishop of S<sup>t</sup> Edmundsbury & Ipswich and his wife called, and stayed to tea. They are about to leave the diocese for a month's holiday. We discussed the Tithe War, which has in this diocese one of its main centres. He thought that it would probably peter out, as the more extreme cases were being met with generosity, & the general conscience disapproved the tactics of the agitators. It was unfortunate that the whole matter was in the hands of Q.A. B. [Queen Ann's Bounty], which was unpopular, and credited with immense wealth.

Over the porch of this parish church there is this brief inscription:-

~~Jesus~~ Christ Who died on the Rood  
Grant ~~that~~ us grace our end be good.

The church is a very plain building dedicated to S. Mary the Virgin. It possesses some rather finely carved pews with bench ends. These had been thrust out of the church at a recent restoration & replaced by chairs. The present Rector found them in a loft, & caused them to be repaired & replaced in the church.

We played croquet before dinner.



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[215]

**8<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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Another wonderful summer's day. We went to the church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. There was a congregation composed mainly of young girls. The service, save for the substitution of the Dominical Summary for the Ten Commandments, was that provided in the Prayer Book, and it was read, too rapidly indeed, but clearly and reverently.

The Church had a very devotional aspect – typically Anglican. There can be no doubt that the Church of England is only at home in the country, where its sobriety & simplicity accord with the stillness and graduated life of the villages, and the fabricks of the Churches, antique, massive, & inexpressibly solemn, are exactly congruous with the grave & stately yet moving language of the Liturgy. Unhappily, it is precisely the society of the country which is dissolving under the corrosive influences of our time: & the church is incongruous, unintelligible, and increasingly hostile in such a new world as is shaping in these post-war years. In the industrial districts the Church England has lost its individuality, & has become congregational, competitive, and aggressive. There is no discipline and little devotion.

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We attended Mattins at 11 a.m. The Rector had no other assistance than that of a theological student from King's College, London, who read the Lessons. M<sup>r</sup> Browne preached an extemporaneous sermon on the Sovereignty of God. I was confirmed in my dislike of that method of preaching, but I do not conceal from myself the probability that my dislike is in great part occasioned by a certain fastidiousness, which renders more than commonly resentful of loose & slipshod composition. It may well be the case that the congregation is more edified by these ragged harangues than by more carefully phrased discourses. Whateley comments somewhere on the rapidity with which even excellent extemporaneous preachers degenerate into "wind-bags". I incline to think that the Rector of Earl Soham is well advanced on that journey! It is a pity for he gives me the impression of being above the average of parochial clergymen in brains and reading. Moreover he has a good voice.

The day was increasingly hot & sultry. About 6 p.m. there was thunder, and a minatory aspect of the heavens.

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I wrote to William, and sent him a copy of the Bishoprick. Also, I wrote to Wynne-Willson at some length in acknowledgment of his memorandum on the Oxford Groups House Party. Also, I wrote to M<sup>r</sup> Edward Webster (v. p.206) and sent him the Bishoprick.

There is a very large thorn tree in the lawn before this Rectory. The Rector tells me that it is reputed to be the largest in England, and that, when the may is in blossom, large numbers of people come from far and near to see it.

Ella and I went in to the church by the small door into the chancel, which is never locked. We were late, nearly 9 p.m., and not a little surprized to find a lady with three children in the church. She said that they had motored from some distance to see the church. I doubt whether the Rector acts wisely in leaving the church always open. The building is not, indeed, of sufficient interest to attract many visitors, and there is nothing in it which could arouse the cupidity of thieves: still I should apprehend irreverence and tramps.

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Monday, August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I wrote at some length to Brooke Westcott,\* who is clearly drifting into difficulties. He is evidently eager to do something effectual to provide for the spiritual needs of the artisans who are coming into his parish: but he is paralyzed by the waxing expenditure to which an ailing wife and a growing family commit him. His finances are probably ill-managed: & his economies, though destructive of his comfort &, perhaps, perilous to his health, are practically trivial. I am really sorry, but quite helpless.

The publisher sends me a much-puffed Pacifist book – "Cry Havoc" by Beverley Nichols. It interested me sufficiently to make me read it through. I found it very readable, and up to a point persuasive. It is certainly very well written, and its description of the League of Nations, as the author saw it at work, is noteworthy. The broad effect of this book is profoundly depressing. We are marching quickly to irrecoverable ruin, we know it. Nevertheless, we can perceive no practicable plan of escape. We dare not disarm. We dare not fight: but arming involves fighting.

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**What shall I preach about on October 29<sup>th</sup> when I preach to the University in Cambridge?**

It will probably be the last occasion on which I shall have the opportunity of speaking in that pulpit, for I am growing old and becoming ever more apparently obsolete. Moreover, a younger generation is in the saddle, & it has interests and opinions more agreeable to the prevailing taste than mine. What, then, shall be the character of my valedictory discourse? *At the moment, I am associated in the public mind with two things – **opposition to 'Groups', and advocacy of Disestablishment**. Can these be serviceably linked in my sermon?*

*"Groups" ignores the Church, and assumes its "optional" character. Disestablishment is urged in the interest of the Church's spiritual independence. The man who feels in conscience bound to advocate the last would be little likely to approve the first. So far my course is clear. A sermon on the meaning and importance of that article of the Creed which declares belief in "the one, holy, Catholick and Apostolick Church", would cover the ground: but it covers so much ground that a single sermon could not [but?] be intolerably sketchy.*

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**The subject of the Church has been raised very urgently** in Italy, where the medieval modus vivendi with the State has been restored, in Spain, where the modern American device of a total separation of Church and State has been adopted by the new Republic, in Russia, where the ancient hostility between the Church & the non-Christian State has been brutally revived, and in Germany, where Protestant Erastianism would appear to have done its perfect work. Thus the suggestion of our domestic situation accords with the general aspect of Christendom. Everywhere the Church is "lapis offensionis et petra scandali". If, then, I preached directly and professedly on the Church, I could hardly lie open to the charge of avoiding the subjects, respecting which men's minds are really exercised. But how best can

*so large, complicated, inflaming, and many-sided a theme be handled by me in that pulpit?*  
**What do I myself really believe about the Church?** *How can I bring my beliefs into such coherent and rational order, as to make a serviceable statement possible, judicious, or in any measure edifying?*

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[221]

Tuesday, August 8<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

More especially after the Black Death, which depleted the ranks of the more zealous, a lethargy settled down over convent & monastery. It was not so much corruption, although that was often flagrant and notorious, as sleepy, slack routine, the comfortable exploitation of endowments which characterised the age. Fewer in numbers, often burdened with debt, aiming at the minimum necessary, the monks lost admiration, & even respect: the friars became self-indulgent catchpennies. No brilliant exceptions, no increase of supervision and goadings from above could excite any lasting flame from these dying embers or recapture the popular veneration of old time.

v. Cambridge Medieval History. vii. p. xvii.

This description of the situation in the xiv<sup>th</sup> century does not need much alteration in order to qualify it as a description, not of convents & monasteries, but of the parochial clergy of England in the xx<sup>th</sup>. In spite of the eulogistic claptrap of press & platform, we Bishops cannot mistake the resemblance.

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We did some church-seeing in the afternoon. This is a country of fine churches, mostly built in the Perpendicular style, and richly adorned with timber roofs and carved pews. There is hardly any medieval glass, & the visitor finds a certain monotony in fabricks which are all in the same style, & vary little in their features. Two of the churches which we visited were of outstanding excellence – Earl Stonham with its sumptuous timber roof, [*symbol in margin*] and Lavenham, the most magnificent building of all the series of magnificent parish churches. Nothing could be more stately & sumptuous than Lavenham. Its noble proportions, its elaborately carved walls, its delicate wood-work, the majesty of its great tower – something about Lavenham expresses a piety which was chastened by good taste, and unshackled by penury. An inscription asserted that the church had been erected as a thank-offering by two individuals, of whom the one was a prosperous merchant, and the other a famous noble, the De Vere whose changing fortunes ranged from actual indigence to the very steps of a throne.

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We had tea very comfortably in a humble-looking tea-shop hard by the church. The landlady was very anxious to impress on me her fine taste in churchmanship! Lavenham, according to her account, was peopled by sectaries: the great church was sparsely attended: & the incumbent (who had just died or resigned) was aged, inefficient, & lukewarm! Leng and I had our virtuous (& slightly Puritanical) spirits vexed by the appearance of a buxom female cyclist in shorts, & nearly naked, who did not scruple with her male companion to enter the church, profaning the sanctuary after shocking the saints!! As M<sup>r</sup> Asquith would have said, "We are getting on". After tea we walked through the

considerable village, which contains a good many old houses, & made a vain attempt to visit the Wool-staplers' Hall. There was some kind of female conclave proceeding in it, (which Ella, as an acknowledged expert on the subject, pronounced oracularly to be a gathering of the Women's Association,) and so had to content ourselves with a view of the exterior. This, however, was impressive. We got home shortly after 7 p.m. Everywhere the harvest was being gathered in.

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[224]

Wednesday, August 9<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

As in most of the German wars of the later Middle Ages, there was not much bloodshed. Numerous castles & a few towns were besieged, as a rule in vain. The open country traversed by an army was mercilessly ravaged. But a knight or man-at-arms was too costly to be lightly hazarded by a German prince: & though every now and then one side would invite the other to a pitched battle, the challenger was generally found to have previously occupied so advantageous a position that it would have been folly for his enemies to fight.

Cambridge Medieval Hist. vol. vii. p. 115.

Thus in the xiv<sup>th</sup> century as in the xx<sup>th</sup> war was far more perilous for civilians than for soldiers. One never gets a "close-up" to feudalism without being startled by its intrinsic caddishness. Nor is this surprizing when we reflect, that feudalism involved the dominance of a small privileged class, which could only justify itself, even to its own very sophisticated conscience, by a succession of self-flattering, class-preserving fictions.

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The Church was indispensable to the Religion, if that Religion was to be more than a personal luxury. Whatever influence the great Christian ideas have exercised on the development of civilisation has belonged to them because they have been incorporated in the doctrine & discipline of the Christian Society. The Church may say to individual disciples what Christ said to the Apostles – "Apart from Me ye can do nothing". It is explicable thus that Christ should apply to Church the very metaphor which He applies to Himself, "Ye are the light of the world"; "I am the light of the world". It is not only to the first disciples that He says strangely – "He that heareth you, heareth Me: he that rejected you; rejected Me". He has accepted for Himself this historic necessity of always coming to men through the agency of His Church. The disadvantages of such a procedure are obvious, and lie on the face of Christian History. "We have the treasure in earthen vessels that the exceeding greatness of the power may be of God, & not from ourselves." The advantages are not so obvious, but they are not wholly hidden. They secure the indispensable gradualness of social redemption.

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We motored to Dedham, and lunched with Canon Russell erstwhile Vicar of Chingford. There was present also, beside his family, Canon Rendal, once Headmaster of Charterhouse. It was a pleasant meal, though conversation was somewhat hindered by the deafness of both these octogenarians. After lunch we went on to Colchester, where we viewed the Castle, a stupendous Norman building composed largely of Roman materials, & containing a very complete collection of Roman remains. After getting my hair washed, while Ella & Fearne went shopping, we had tea comfortably, and then visited the ruins of S. Botolph's

Priory. These have been put into order by the Board of Works, and presented the aspect of neatness & security which Sir Charles Peers\* bestows on all the ruins he handles. This Priory is notable, being builded [sic] of Roman brick in the Norman style. It must have been a very extensive building, but the Puritans destroyed much of it at the siege of Colchester. In the hideous parish church which adjoins the ruins were modern painted windows erected as a memorial to the Laudian Abp of York, Harsnett, who was born here.



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Thursday, August 10<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

We made an expedition to Long Melford, and were rewarded by the spectacle of one of the most magnificent churches in the county. It is, of course, in the Perpendicular style which prevails in East Anglia, and it has some notable features of its own e.g. the Lady Chapel, a detached building elaborately adorned, which had for some while been used as a school. This phase of its history is perpetuated by the multiplication table written on the wall. A chapel on the north-side of the sanctuary is particularly note-worthy. There are two hagioscopes, the one directed at the other so as to give vision of the High Altar through two walls. A hole through which the rope of the sanctus bell passed is preserved. There is some fine medieval glass collected in the two western windows of the nave. I think this church exceeds even Lavenham in beauty, majesty, and interest. The town of Long Melford is itself not unworthy of the parish church. It is spacious, and contains many old houses, in one of which we were comfortably served with tea. We returned through Sudbury where we visited the Church in the market place. It was in no respect remarkable.

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*On the way we looked in to Buxford church. It is distinguished by two noble porches, the northern is of wood & dates from the 14<sup>th</sup> century, the southern is a rich specimen of Perpendicular. On the southern wall was this inscription:*

[symbol]      *In memory of Elizabeth Hyam,  
of this Parish for the fourth time  
widow, who by the Fall that brought  
on a Mortification was at last,  
hastened to her end on the 4<sup>th</sup> of  
May, 1748 in her 113<sup>th</sup> year.*

*Had this much married lady never heard of the "three-score years and ten", which the Psalmist declares to be the age of man, & surely also of woman? Is there not something stupendous about being "hastened" to one's end when well-advanced in a second century?*  
[symbol] *We noticed posters evidently connected with the "Tithe War" which rages in Suffolk. "The Germans tried it in 1914; now the Clergy are trying it." The suggestion is that the Church in exacting payment of the tithe-rent-charge is committed to a policy of "frightfulness".*

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Friday, August 11<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

We motored to Lowestoft, and lunched with Arthur [Henson]\* & Ellie in the Hatfield House Hotel, a comfortable private hotell [sic] on the Esplanade, with a fine view of the open sea. Arthur seemed better and more cheerful than usual; but he has evidently been much shocked by Ellie's illness, and by Frank's stroke. These calamities seem to have brought home to him the insecurity of his own tenure of life. Frank [Henson]\* lingers, somewhat puzzling the physician by his survival, but not really (so far as can be ascertained) weaker than he was. How lamentable is man in his undoing!

We went on to Yarmouth, and visited the great parish church. I asked the verger (a sullen and ill-mannered fellow) whether the church was well-attended, & he replied that he had never seen it filled. "I have seen as many as 1000 people in it, but it can seat 3000." Indeed, it claims to be the *largest parish church in the country*. *We had tea with Dick and his wife in Gorleston Vicarage. They seem to be comfortably placed, the house being convenient and not too large, and the garden being adequate to the house. After tea we went [230] [symbol] to the parish church, a commodious building of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, but representing a far older foundation, said to be capable of seating 1000 people, to be acoustically satisfactory, and also (an unusual circumstance) well-attended. Dick is, perhaps, a little overweighted with his parochial responsibilities, which, I can easily believe, are far more considerable than any which hitherto he has had to face. Some rain fell as we returned to our Rectory.*

[symbol] What ought to be done about this "Tithe War" which is evidently disturbing the relations between clergy & people rather gravely? The tithe-payers have no case in law, but in equity? Recent legislation has made statutablely stable a portion of the rent called colloquially "tithe", and this at a time when rent generally has become extremely unstable. Why should not the owners of the tithe rent charge have to share in the general fall of values which has compelled landowners to make large remissions of rent? But the tithe-owners are poor clergymen with nothing to live upon except the tithe-rentcharge. Hence the problem.

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**Saturday, August 12<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

Charles sends me a type-written memorandum which, as an "Old Dunelmian" he has received, suggesting "that an Association of Parents and Old Dunelmians" should be formed "to safeguard the rights and traditions of Durham School and to call attention, by a public meeting, if necessary, to any serious breaches of the same". It proceeds to enumerate four points as "the basis of enquiry".

**1. The School Statutes**, which are being violated by unorthodox teaching, & the secularisation of Sunday.

**2. School Property**, which the Head-master has illegally got rid off [sic], e.g. the Organ & the Memorial Guns.

**3. School Traditions**, which have been deliberately broken, e.g. call-over in the Crypt, Communion in Abbey &c.

**4. Removal of Old Dunelmians** from the Staff culminating in that of the Second Master.

The anonymous character of the memorandum is apologized for. "As however it expresses the views of parents of boys in the School & of Old Boys who are in close touch with the School, it is felt that anonymity, however reprehensible, is, at present, expedient." It ends with the pious hope that the 4 points will be "considered and dealt with".

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There is certainly much exasperation among the O.D.s, and it is but just to allow that they have had much provocation. Undoubtedly Budworth\* left the school in a very bad state – declining in numbers, damaged in reputation, disordered in itself. Luce came in to a difficult situation in which even drastic changes were unavoidable. If these changes had been made cautiously and courteously, there need have been no "crisis", but Luce is neither cautious nor courteous, though both sincere and good-hearted. He is (as I judge) a genuine fanatic, devoted Quixotically to the causes which he adopts, and precipitate in his advocacy of them. Unfortunately, those causes do not command the acceptance or admiration of the majority of the O.D.s, and they were abhorrent to Budworth. Pacifism, Socialism, Modernism, perhaps also Feminism – these are the objects of Luce's unreserved devotion, and all were odious and contemptible to his predecessor. Budworth has honestly tried to be loyal and considerate: but he is too simple and sincere to conceal his sentiments. So the rebels are not without respectable support.

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The Rector called just as we were about to start for Framlingham. I gave him a copy of the "Charge", and also 10/- as a contribution towards his school treat.

We motored to Framlingham, and visited the parish church. This is distinguished by a very fine roof, a fine 15<sup>th</sup> century font, and some impressive tombs of the Norfolks. Here also is the tomb of Henry Fitzroy, Henry VIII<sup>th</sup>'s natural son. It is adorned with the Royal Arms, crossed by the bar sinister. There is a 17<sup>th</sup> century organ, presumably one of "Father"

Smith's making. From the church, we went on to the Castle, which is an imposing shell, the interior buildings having been systematically destroyed in obedience to the terms of a will. The building is one of those which are in the charge of the Board of Works, and it has been well looked after. We returned to the Rectory for tea.

There called two friends of Ella's, named (if I mistake not) Mrs Kinnaird and Miss Julia Channing, and they had tea with us in the garden, as did also the wasps gathering in force to the jam-pot. These insects are numerous, insistent, and terrifying. Like the Furies of the ancients they invade our meals, and defile our victuals – the very spawn of Beelzebub.

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*I finished reading A. J. Russell's new book, "One Thing I know", which is a worthy sequel to "For Sinners Only", and will probably have a like measure of success. It is written in the same style of breezy journalism, is similarly filled with stories of miracle, generally but not always anonymous and undated, and, being cast into the form of an autobiography, & enriched with "pen-portraits" of living celebrities, is likely to be found vastly pleasing to all that section of the English-speaking public, which feeds on personal gossip and quasi-miraculous legend. No one, after reading this book, can be in any doubt as to the category to which the "Groups" movement belongs. The author is of dissenting stock, & started life as a "boy-preacher". His heroes are the mission preachers of American Protestantism e.g. Moody\* & Gipsy Smith. He is "fundamentalist", faith-healing &, I should imagine, more or less consciously spiritualistic. "Groups" has added to his original endowment an intense belief in "Guidance", and in the power of faith to provide for the believing Christian's needs, as well physical as spiritual.*

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*He describes an interview with the Jesuit, Father Woodlock, in the course of which "he (Father W.) prophesied [sic] that fifty years hence there would be just two big Churches – Catholic and Anglican", but this hardly seems a probable version of the Jesuit's belief. A long chapter is devoted to the Bishop of London, whose notion of an interview limited to half an hour was to occupy all but two minutes with an exposition of his own opinion of "Groups"! However, he conceded an extra two minutes to his visitor who fired at him the question,*

**"Have you ever had an outstanding experience of Guidance – Super-Guidance?"**

*The Bishop shook his head.*

*Though deeply spiritual and a reputed saint, he is no mystic, for mystics are scarce, even in Fulham Palace.*

*"No", said he solemnly. (p. 295)*

*However, the two parted amicably "after the Bishop had placed his hands on the writer's head and given his blessing on his work".*

*America, where this version of Christianity has had free scope for generations, hardly provides a very satisfying certificate of its moral worth.*

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[236]

9<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 13<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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The type of Christian exhibited in Russell's books differ toto coelo from that fashioned by the Catholic Church, whether Roman, Greek or English; indeed, it is impossible to see how the two can be combined in any common scheme of life and work. These corybantic Protestants live in an altogether unreal world, & disclose a temper of mind which is properly inconsistent with normal social procedure. They are on the look out for miracle, & naturally translate in terms of the miraculous whatever in their experience is abnormal and surprising. They are self-banished from ordinary secular life, and company constantly with one another in an the atmosphere of almost hysterical pietism which they have themselves generated. They have no interest in art, or science, or politics, or indeed in anything except the continuing story of supernatural happenings in which they are themselves the central figures. Their appeal is altogether emotional and ethical, and they garner in their incessant missions the harvest of excitement, morbid self-analysis, and half-terrified remorse. Everything in their religion is morbid & over-shamed.

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*It cannot, of course, be denied that they have in the Bible, and a fortiori in the New Testament, both an effective instrument and a salutary check. Reading uncritically, & without any sense of historical perspective, these antique writings, and applying them naively to themselves, they easily find sacred authority for their worst extravagances: but, inasmuch as these prophetic and apostolic compositions, express uniquely "the mind of Christ", ~~they~~ the students of them are preserved from the worst aberrations and carried on to a high, even the highest, plane of moral & spiritual living. Thus from the same fountain these enthusiasts draw their highest and their lowest characteristics, the sublime passion for the Imitatio Christi, and the grotesque absurdities of sheer fanaticism. They are mind-debasers as well as life-changers; and in many cases it is difficult to decide whether the intellectual debasement be not too high a price to pay for the moral transformation. Certainly, the evil wrought in the world by Puritan severity is a heavy counterweight to the reformation effected by Puritan righteousness. Moreover, there is always the probability – is it nor rather the certainty? – of disastrous reactions.*

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*We went to the church at 8 a.m., & received the Holy Communion. The Epistle includes S. Paul's warning against self-confidence, & also his comforting assurance of adequate help in time of need. "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall. There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear: but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able: but will with the temptation make also the way of escape, that ye may be able to endure it". Russell proposes the question, which must needs*

present itself after to a clergyman's mind – "Are there some sins which Christians are unable to conquer?"

"Two well-known preachers, each eminent in his own church, were asked this question by the writer. In each case the answer was the same, startling & disconcerting. Neither of these, in his long experience, had encountered one adult instance of addiction to homosexuality that had been cured by Christianity. The sins of the fathers seem to be inescapable by some of their children" (p. 173).

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But does not this fact, that Christianity is apparently unable to conquer homosexuality, go some way to require the transference of that moral & physical abnormality from the category of sin to that of disease? May we not class it with that morbid melancholy which leads irresistibly to suicide? Baxter & his contemporaries, confronted by a plethora of suicides, ascribed them to the extraordinary activity of Satan, but ought we not rather to refer them to the influence of physical disease? Some forms of apparently incurable drunkenness must come into the same argument. **Christianity fails to conquer them because, in fact, they are not sins but physical perversions, against which moral & spiritual influences are powerless.** It has often been noted by students of the Gospels that the Son of Man was far more severe in His language about sins of the mind (e.g. spiritual pride, exclusiveness, & superstition) than about sins of the flesh, though He spoke very terribly about the desperate difficulty of overcoming impurity. May we not conclude that He "Who knew what is in man" divined the strange complexity of our nature, & distinguished between what is really within our control and what in sober reality is not?

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K. H. Schaefer (Die Ausgaben der apostolischen Kammer unter Johann XXII, p.36\*, Paderborn 1911) has worked out exactly the percentage of each item in the expenditure of John xxii, the chief of them being:

War	63.7
Upkeep & Entertainment of the personnel of the court	12.7
Alms	7.16
Dress	3.35
Buildings	2.9
Kitchen & cellar	2.5
Purchase of land	.4
Stables	.33
Works of art and Church ornaments	.17
Library	.16

(v. Cambridge Medieval History vii. 282 note)

This is a thought-provoking statement. If we may infer the extent of the Pope's artistic and literary interests from the amount which he expended on works of art and books, we should be driven to a very unfavourable conclusion.



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[241]

Monday, August 14<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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Must we postulate that there are two types of humanity and that the two types of Christianity, (which Troeltsch distinguishes as the "church-type" and the "sect-type) are providentially provided for their several requirements? This seems rather a counsel of despair, & would seem to imply the negation of a Catholick Church, in which "all who profess & call themselves Christians" can find a spiritual home. Certainly, it is hard to imagine a man like Russell finding spiritual satisfaction in a Catholick Church. Possibly, given the possibility of his mental attitudes and outlook in a normal man modernly trained, he might be satisfied in some devotionally ecstatic monastic order: but the assumption is really extravagant. The question suggests itself, **Are not these theurgic corybantists really a "throw-back" and a survival, the first in the case of educated individuals, the last in that of the rank & file? Is not modern society filled with individuals who are perilously lop-sided in their development, their wits being unwholesomely sharpened, while their moral sense is untrained and their emotions starved? Are not such material the best provender for "Groupism" and the like?**

[242]

[symbol]

*"By their fruits ye shall know them?" The test is adequate on two assumptions viz. first, that we know what fruits we ought to demand, and, next, that we know when and how the demand may rightly be preferred. It has been scornfully said of the Methodist movement that the true measure of its effect on its converts was that they changed their vices. The drunkards and wenchers of yesterday became the hypocrites and swindlers of today. There is so much truth in the malignant gibe, that Puritanism is always making the false assumption that moral soundness can be guaranteed by sectarian shibboleths. "We instruct our agents to give no credit to Methodists" observed a big lumber magnate to me in Minneapolis and, when I inquired the reason for so strange a rule, he replied that bitter experience had taught him & his fellow-merchants to distrust the commercial probity of Methodists, who were more richly pietistic than practically honest. Benson, when Bishop of Truro, observed on the "anti-nomianism" of the Cornish sectaries: and, indeed, I think this inherent "anti-nomianism" of Corybantic Christianity underlies the debased morality of America.*

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[symbol]

*The older Puritanism was more severe in its moral demands, though always disgraced by grave scandals through its exorbitant emphasis on dogmatics. It is said that an early consequence of the Scottish Reformation was the frequency of "unnatural offences", which were (outside the monasteries where they were indigenous & persistent) practically unknown in the country before. We are becoming accustomed now, thanks to Otto and his following, to distinguish between Religion and Morality, and, indeed, **the separation of the two is characteristic of all religions, save Judaism and Christianity**, though ~~and~~ with respect*

*to the latter, experience demonstrates that there is no assured or normal connexion between devotion and morality: yet, I imagine, no considering Christian would hold that devotion apart from morality was “a reasonable service”. The Irish peasant who goes forth from Mass where he has presented an edifying spectacle of devotion, to assassinate a landlord or a hostile politician, is hardly a creditable example of Christian discipleship. Yet many casuists seem to argue, that since morality and devotion are both required, &, since they are certainly separable, one may be accepted apart from the other.*

**[244]**

[symbol]

The Times reports the death of Professor Lock,\* some time Warden of Keble, at the great age of 87. He once wrote to me a long letter of spiritual protest and counsel, and I liked him. He described me to Malcolm Ross, as I was when he first met me shortly after my election to All Souls as “a charming boy”. Both the charm and the boy have long vanished!

We had projected a visit to Saffron Walden and Thaxted; but Leng reported himself to be indisposed, and the weather degenerated as the day advanced. We abandoned our purpose, & remained at home, killing “the impracticable hours” as we best could. [symbol] The essential unreality of “holidays” is immediately disclosed when any hitch occurs in one’s plans! Then all the resources of home are lacking, & one must needs improvise some tolerable “stay-stomach”. In this case we betook ourselves to croquet, and, as the afternoon and evening were fine, the gentle exercise in the open-air was not unwelcome. Ella’s ferocity against flies contrasted oddly with her charity towards the matutinal wasps!

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[245]

Tuesday, August 15<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

Martin Keddle writes from Leeds as follows:-

Malcolm Ross has just spent a few days with me at the Leeds Clergy House, and has returned to his home. He left America for two reasons – first, because the period allowed to him as a transitory visitor has expired; secondly, **because M<sup>rs</sup> Ruth Buchanan's divorced husband has filed a petition demanding the custody of the his children, giving as one ground for his petition, Malcolm's presence with his children, as being undesirable.** Malcolm tells me, however, that he is decided in his love for the lady, & that he hopes to marry her in the future. At present he is seeking a post as a schoolmaster, and has abandoned all desire for Ordination. The whole affair is very deplorable.

I was much interested to hear that you think that the Group has been particularly cautious lately. If such a spirit were due to the penitence for serious blunders, we might be hopeful: but I fear that this will never be, so long as the leading [246] [symbol] *members are imbued with their old spirit of pride & intolerance of criticism. Meanwhile the general interest in the Group seems to be unabated, although almost no interest is shown by the University. The Bishop of Ripon told us in a sermon today (at the induction of a local Vicar) that wherever he goes, he is asked for his opinion of the Movement.*

Malcolm Ross is certainly a piteous phenomenon. His moral & spiritual collapse on the very threshold of his Ordination is mournfully suggestive. I have never known a young man respecting whom everybody who met him formed such high opinions. He seemed a very Samuel "called" in boyhood to be the Lord's servant. Bott, his parish priest, his Schoolmaster, his School contemporaries, the Warden of Keble, the dons & undergraduates, his "sponsor", Miss Bevan, and, finally, these disastrous Groupists, Buchman & Grensted, who have brought about his downfall – one & all agreed in thinking Malcolm exceptionally devout, pure, and enthusiastic. Now he may find it difficult, [247] [symbol] he ought to find it impossible, to produce credentials of character which would justify his appointment as an assistant-schoolmaster. His collapse raises many grave questions, & casts a sinister light on many assumptions. **How can we test these lads who seek acceptance as Ordination candidates?** Is there any conceivable test which Malcolm could not have sustained? Are we entitled to appeal for funds to defray the training of candidates, whom we are powerless to guarantee? Probably, something like £1000 has been expended on Malcolm's training, and the whole has come from diocesan & private contributions. His family could afford nothing: and he had no exhibitions or scholarships. **Had Malcolm never fallen under Buchman's influence, & been carried into the perilous activities of the Group, he would, so far as we can see, have been ordained in due course, & entered on his Ministry with every hopeful augury. Yet, this disaster shows how ill-rooted was his fair-seeming religion. Who can say of anyone, most of all of himself, how far his spiritual security is really based on his immunity from temptation?**

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We motored to a village outside Clacton, and lunched with Georgie Tennant (née Kirkpatrick) now an “innocent divorcée”. Her son, Ian, a handsome lad of 14, now at Eton, was there, and two friends of Georgie’s. **Is there any outrage on the young more cruel and more damaging than that which robs them of one parent, & makes them ashamed of their home?** We visited several churches, but none of any memorable excellence, & had tea at the White House in Ipswich. Ella and Fearne, after the ill custom of their sex, meandered for more than half an hour “shopping”, while I kicked my heels, & looked at the bicyclists, hasting from work!

[symbol in margin] Peter Richardson asks me whether I would object to having a Quaker as godfather for his child, whom I have promised to baptize next month! Happily I can shelter myself under the Canons of 1604, which require sponsors to be communicants. But how could any sincere Quaker accept the duties of a God-parent?

<!160833>

[249]

Wednesday, August 16<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

*I wrote at some length to Peter on the subject of Quaker sponsors, and copied the letter into my register. Also, I refused a request to preach at the celebration of the centenary of the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, the friend of Tennyson, who was buried at Clevedon on Jan<sup>y</sup>. 3<sup>rd</sup> 1884. The Vicar of Clevedon, Rev. J. E. Pugh, has arranged a special service "on or about Sept. 15" 'in conjunction with the Poetry Society'. What has poetry to do with societies, or either of them with the Bishop of Durham?*

This was the least successful of our expeditions hitherto, for Ella was not feeling well, and (with the chartered libertinism of the decrepit) insisted on our going to what she falsely described as a "historical pageant" at a place called Leister. She said it began at 3 p.m. In fact it did not begin until 3.40 p.m.: & turned out to be some sort of a 'religious play' illustrating the healing ministry of Christ. It began with an address by the Rural Dean. This was followed by an explanatory address by a middle-aged and strong-featured female, & then came the play. [250] Happily the Redeemer Himself was not directly presented. A demon-possessed lad was so plainly a female that illusion was impossible. A vain attempt of S<sup>t</sup> Peter to exorcize him (her) was rather laughable; and an incredulous Scribe was overdone. But the actors spoke clearly: the hymns were effectively sung: & the ruins of the monastic buildings form an admirable setting. I could not but reflect how easily the Groupists would utilize the sentiments and suggestions of this sentimental literalism. Was not the blasphemous Scribe the very model of the Bishop of Durham?

We went on to Aldburgh, and had tea in the hotel. After strolling on the beach, we visited the parish church, a spacious perpendicular building of no outstanding merit. It contains a monument to the poet Crabbe who was born in Aldburgh. On our way back to Earl Soham we visited a church of no merit whatever, which, however, contained an attractive Jacobean pulpit.

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Thursday, August 17<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

The drought continues, & anxiety about the wells etc begins to find expression. Leng reports, with a very long face, that the Rectory well is showing signs of exhaustion. The water now drawn up is ominously discoloured. I bade him see that it was boiled before being drunk. Hitherto, I have had my daily bath with a good conscience: now I must either give it up, or with a bad conscience continue to have it. There is a price to be paid for "holiday weather".

I glanced through the pamphlet on Gorleston & its Parish Church by a former Vicar, Phillips, and lighted on this specimen of "hundred-per-cent Anglicanism".

"People din into our ears that we gained our independence from the Pope (at the Reformation.) But seeing that England never was under the Pope – as our Charters of English liberty tell us – the Church of England was always free, one fails to see what there was of a 'glorious nature' about the Reformation."

The fabric of bad history that has been builded on the phrase of Magna Carta – 'Sit Ecclesia Anglicana libera' – is incredibly great. The zealots are hide-bound by anachronism and bigotry.

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I wrote to Dick and to Martin Keddle, & sent back to Dick, the Vicar of Gorleston, the pamphlet etc. which his verger had sent for me to read and return. As a Roland for his Oliver I sent him a copy of "Church & State in England".

We motored to Stoke by Nayland & lunched with Commander & M<sup>rs</sup> Vincent Cooper, with whom were his sister, M<sup>rs</sup> Story and her husband. [*symbol in margin*] I was interested to hear both these gentlemen express the belief that Hitler's treatment of the Jews was both justifiable and justified. To what lengths will partisan bigotry carry even kindly and intelligent people! We visited the parish church, a fine building of the now familiar type, distinguished by a very fine carved oak door in the southern portal.

Then we went on to Ipswich, where I got my hair shampooed while Ella & Fearne went a-shopping. We again had tea in the White House Hotel, and then visited the remarkable old house, not far away. The Jacobean panelled room, the Chapel, and the façade are very notable. Then we returned to Earl Soham Rectory, [253] [*symbol*] **getting out at Helmingham to see the parish church. This is filled with monuments of the Tollemache family. I have never seen inscriptions more vain-glorious, tasteless, and un-Christian. One of these recorded the fact that the deceased had died in a duel. By the canons of the Church that circumstance would have implied his ipso facto excommunication. I really think that the religion of the upper classes in England from 1660 to, say, 1850 – always excepting a handful of Methodistical bigots – was as nearly the negation of Christianity as human perversity passing under Christian professions has ever reached. I must not forget**

Wilberforce, but he had very few followers in his own class. The masses of the poor were immersed in a paganism which was thinly veneered with Christian custom. **Such religion as survived in the country was to be found in the middle and upper artisan classes, and these were to a considerable extent Dissenters.** At no time, however, was the Establishment more belauded, or, to the general view, more impregnable.

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When we visited Boxford Church (v. p.228) I was foolish enough to write my name in the Visitor's [sic] book. The result was a very civil letter from the Rector (Rev. Thomas Rice) addressed to Auckland Castle, & forwarded:-

*'Perhaps your Lordship may remember addressing a meeting in Manchester some twenty years ago in Houldsworth Hall, Deansgate, and how your views "clashed" with the views then generally accepted. I was but a young clergyman then, but I well remember incurring the displeasure of my associates because I agreed with you!! Anyhow the future has revealed that you were quite right, but it took D<sup>r</sup> Temple to convince them, and then but partially!!*

I remember being invited by Bishop Knox to address a meeting in Manchester, but I do not clearly recall either the precise occasion, or any of the circumstances connected with the meeting itself.

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Lord Sankey acknowledges the Bishoprick which was sent to him thus:-

*"Will you permit me just to send you a line of thanks for **and congratulations upon your sermon on the Oxford Movement, which I have read with great interest in 'The Bishoprick'** if you will allow me to say so, it is very typical of its author and very helpful. I have read many addresses, sermons, & pamphlets on the subject, but yours is one of the two or three which contains something new, both in the way of thought and criticism. I propose to keep it by me."*

Lord Sankey is an advanced 'Anglo-Catholick', and, therefore, his comments on my sermon have a certain interest. Lord Moynihan was also well impressed by it. (v. p. 158) What his religious description may be I do not know. Perhaps it was the unusual combination of approval and criticism, which arrested their attention, and, perhaps, this is what strikes the Lord Chancellor as being "typical of its author". In fact I am hopelessly a "mugwump" and (in the older sense) a "trimmer".

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Friday, August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

The supposed martyrdom of William of Norwich at the hands of the Jews (1144) was the first recorded case of the infamous Blood Accusation: & it was followed by a long series which has obtained down to the present day, notwithstanding the opinion of scholars, the authority of rulers, the declarations of the papacy, and the dictates of common sense. After the recognition of the doctrine of transubstantiation in 1215, another pretext was made available. The desecration of the Host was a libel even more ridiculous than the other, if such a thing were possible because it postulated a degree of regard for the consecrated elements which would have been self-contradictory in a Jew; yet this did not prevent countless martyrs from being put to death on the charge. **The first instance was that of Beliz, near Berlin, where the entire Jewish population was burned alive for the alleged offence (1243).** It has recently been conjectured [257] that the micrococcus prodigiosus, a scarlet microscopical organism which sometimes forms on stale food kept in a damp place, may have been responsible for the “bleeding host”, and for the wholesale massacres frequently perpetrated in consequence.

V. Cambridge Medieval History. vii. 642.

I read through in bed last night the chapter on “The Jews in the Middle Ages” in the C.M.H. It is by Cecil Roth A.A., D.Phil. Merton College, Oxford, and makes sad reading. Germany seems to have acquired an evil prominence. “It figures as the classical land of Jewish martyrdom, where banishment was employed only locally & sporadically to complete the work of massacre.” The intellectual prominence of academic Germany during the last century has concealed the failure of the German population as a whole to emerge from the ethical crudity of the Middle Ages. The miserable history of Germany since the Reformation has held the people back from every possibility of moral advance. They are still immersed in the passions and prejudices of the Middle Ages.

[258]

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*We made a considerable expedition into Essex, travelling altogether 128 miles, and visiting four churches, all exceptionally magnificent – Cavendish, Clare, Saffron Walden, & Thaxted - of which the last two can find few equals in the whole country. We had tea comfortably in Saffron Walden, & then went on to Thaxted. This church has become notorious by the vagaries of its Socialist Rector, the Rev<sup>d</sup> Conrad Noel. He has his great church in admirable order: & though, of course, his extravagant “Catholicism” is very apparent, still the general effect was so decent and devotional that I had little disposition to find fault. But I had not reckoned on my partner, whose immobile and irrational Protestantism was stirred by the spectacle of aggressive & triumphant “Romanism”.*



*Ella was at her very worst, no better and, I imagine, no worse than the British tourist of the better social type who visited the continent after the French Wars, & astounded the Catholics of Italy & France by their loud & almost profane contempt for everything that was not familiarly Protestant.*

[259]

[symbol]

*The sweet lady presents an enigmatical, almost paradoxical aspect at which I never cease to wonder. She will massacre flies, & wax sentimental over wasps. I suppose that she is temperamentally unable to understand the feelings of awe, with which the religious Catholick, Anglican not less than Roman, regards the Blessed sacrament, & how exquisitely painful to him is any behaviour which assumes that no special reverence is due thereto. In all directly personal relations, she is a model of unselfish & considerate concern: but she has no power of response to the appeal of the Sacramental and the Mysterious. Is this some natural defect? Or some ill impression of Protestant nurture? Or the hardening influence of class-consciousness? Who shall determine? A cynical imposter like her husband can hardly attempt the analyzing of the paradox. That gentleman had better turn his critical gaze still nearer home and ponder the words of Christ. 'Why beholdest thou the mote that is in thy brother's eye, & considerest not the beam that is in thine own eye? Thou hypocrite, cast out first the mote that is in thine own eye: then shalt thou see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye.'*

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Saturday, August 19<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*I received from the Oxford Press the statement of my account with my publisher in the matter of the Charge, together with a cheque for £~~36.14.0~~. It is dated March 31<sup>st</sup>, 1933, & is certainly not encouraging. There were printed 3042 copies of the mutilated edition, & ~~1020~~ ~~1605~~ 1020 copies of the complete; and of these no less than ~~1605~~ ~~200~~ 1605 of the first, and ~~701~~ 200 of the last remained unsold.*

*The truth is that the public only wants what it likes: & the only public that is really interested in "Groups" is the public that likes the movement. Russell's "For Sinners only" is in its 117<sup>th</sup> thousand! The vast circulation of such compositions as "In His Steps", and the semi-sacred romances of which "Quo Vadis" is, perhaps, the best example, indicates the extent of this credulous Protestant ~~Group~~ public, to which "Groups" appeals. It is fundamentalist, more or less consciously faith-healing & spiritualistic, and, in all political & economic concerns, it is impracticably sentimental. In morals it is vehemently Puritanical, and its most conspicuous & loudly vaunted modern achievement was American Prohibition.*

[261]

[symbol]

*We had tea with Colonel Smith and his wife in a village called Little Bealing. There was a lawn tennis party, in which Fearne played her part. An aged ecclesiastic, now retired from active duty, Canon Lawrence, talked much with me. He said that he was a school contemporary & life-long friend of the late Archbishop Davidson, of whom in spite of these descriptions he had no very high opinion, (evidently being himself that queer amalgam of the impracticable and the obsolete called a 'Liberal'.) regarding him with the resentful admiration which is evoked by a 'Lost Leader', as I have known well to my cost. Only, in my case, being always a "Trimmer" of the type of the older Lord Halifax, who ever deserted his party when it seemed doomed to success, I am a 'Lost Leader' to all the three parties, and have now no friends and no footing in any camp! On our return journey we visited great Bealing and were delighted with the quaintly carved bench ends, the finely worked door, & the Jacobean pulpit. We visited also several other churches which were without any merit sufficient to make them memorable.*

[262]

[symbol]

The 'Times' reports a tragedy in Switzerland where a party of four Eton masters perished in an Alpine climbing expedition. One of the victims, White Thompson, is a son of the bishop of Ely. I must write to ~~him~~ the Bishop, though, indeed, letters of condolence are the most futile, and sometimes also the most false, of all compositions. In this case, as I have never met the young man, my letter could only be an act of friendship for his father, whom I know and like. His is also strictly my contemporary, having been born in 1863. If my own child had lived, he also, like the young man who has lost his life in Switzerland, would have been 30

years old, or nearly so. I translate his father's feelings into what I conceive would have been my own, had my son also grown to manhood, made a promising start in an honourable career – for surely so much may be assumed in the case of an Eton master – and then been suddenly cut off in a holiday expedition. "The economy of Heaven is dark." We cannot see our way through the Egyptian night of human fates.

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[263]

**10<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

We went to Church at 8 a.m., and there received the Holy Communion. "Lord, to whom shall we go: Thou hast the words of eternal life."

I wrote a letter of condolence to the Bishop of Ely. Also, I wrote to Gilbert sending him the Charge, the Bishoprick, & two Oxford movement sermons. Also, I wrote to William in Johannesburg and to Arthur Rawle at Minehead.

We attended Matins at 11 a.m. The Rector preached on Divine Forgiveness, a subject of infinite difficulty, which, perhaps, is peculiarly unsuitable for extemporaneous treatment. Anyway, I found the sermon uncommonly trying.

The rector and his wife lunched with us. They are good conventional folk, not ~~???~~ disposed to set their light under a bushel. He has had a somewhat unusual career. First, training for the law: next serving in the war as an officer; finally entering the ministry. He said that he used to "sit under" me at Westminster when I was Rector of S. Margaret's. How far removed that time appears, and how differently the world looked then!

[264]

We had visitors at tea-time – Colonel Smith and his sister, Captain John Fraith with his wife and children, Virginia and Adrian. We said a great deal to one another for the space of two hours, but I can recall nothing worth recording.

Mrs Smith, who lives in a suburb of Cheltenham, says that the Bishop of Gloucester is bent on building a new church in that neighbourhood in spite of the proximity of other churches which are but half filled, and that the Bishop's Fund 'hangs fire' because the local people disapprove his project. I am convinced that this is no time for building churches, and that the large schemes of parochial expansions to which so many bishops have committed themselves, are regrettably unwise. In the spiritual campaign as in less sacred warfare there are times when the task of wise leadership is, not to lengthen, but to contract one's fighting front. Such a time is the present. We should devote our main efforts to improving the quality of our men & methods, and to utilizing our resources to the best advantage.

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[265]

Monday, August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

*I received a rather truculently worded letter from Malcolm Ross, written from his home in Stockton, asking me to tell him what I had reported concerning him to Miss Bevan, his 'sponsor', and stating that he was "endeavouring, at present, to obtain a permanent position in a School, as a teacher of English literature". In reply, I sent him a copy of my letter to the Master of Keble (dated June 31<sup>st</sup> 1933, & copied into my register) and added:-*

*You may find it difficult to obtain Employment as a teacher: for, apart from everything else, there is the question of personal character, which in the Educational sphere has a special character.*

*In writing this letter, I dropped the old-affectionate style, 'Dear Malcolm' and 'Yours affectionately', and adopt the coldly formal, 'Dear Mr. Ross' and 'very faithfully yours'. This comparatively trivial matter may well be more effective in bringing home to him the gravity of the situation into which he has brought himself, than any remonstrance, however careful and earned. Indeed, the poor lad has a difficult path to tread.*

[266]

We made an expedition to Norwich, which is distant about 35 miles. The weather has become colder, & shows signs of breaking. We were moving under clouded skies from which at intervals came spots of rain alternating with gleams of sunshine. On our way we visited the church at Eye, of which the great tower makes an impressive feature of the landscape. It contains a complete rood-screen, brilliantly painted, and is a noble and spacious building. *On reaching Norwich, we went first to the cathedral, which was too much infested by tourists & noisy with the vergers to be pleasant. But its stateliness and beauty could not but impress us. The war memorial which has taken the form of a chapel on the site of the ruined Lady Chapel did not please me. It has a bald aspect, and is of mean dimensions. We recalled [Henry] Beeching\* as we looked at the exterior of the Deanery. (The present Dean was absent, & the house shut up.) There was a very flattering inscription which exalted him as a rare combination of secular excellence and spiritual achievement. I liked him well, but he was neither a great man, nor a stained-glass saint.*

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[symbol]

*Beeching, as I saw him at close range, when we lived together in Westminster, had the temperament of a poet, and, in a very minor degree, a poet's genius. He was gentle ^ and lovable^, fond of his friends but not very patient of their criticism, somewhat apt to take offence, and generally more feminine than masculine in temperament. He was genuinely religious, not very clear & coherent in his beliefs, a disciple of Jowett\* who was, by choice & habit, a Laudian. He had a pretty wit, and a whimsical humour, which made his conversation delightful, but he was timid and disposed to compromise, unduly (as I thought) deferential to*

*great men, & disinclined to 'stand to his guns' in debate, when he was clearly right. He was a poor man, & had the heavy responsibility of making provision for his wife, (who was neurotic,) and his three daughters, who were charming, gifted, and (at least in their youth) delicate. He and I stood resolutely together with the rather precarious support of Duckworth (whose conscience was troubled by his sub-deanship) and Welldon,\* (who was naturally incapable of keeping faith with anybody,) in the constitutional [268] [symbol] conflict with the cryptic despotism of the Dean, Armitage Robinson.\* All are gone now, save Welldon, who has retired from office, and myself, who am beginning to meditate retirement. How foolish, fussy, & futile everything looks in retrospect though at the time it seemed real & important enough!*

We had tea comfortably, & then essayed to visit the Castle: which was, however, just closing. Then we went to S. Peter Mancroft, a truly magnificent church. We gazed with reverence on the tablet erected by his widow to the memory of Sir Thomas Browne and viewed the treasures of the church, which an unusually intelligent verger showed. The plate is said to be finest collection possessed by any church in the kingdom. I was particularly interested in the 'Thistle Cup' of 1543. The church is unusually rich in medieval glass; the wooden roof is wonderful; & the registers are complete from 1538. After a vain attempt to see the Dominican Church, now secularized & used as a public hall, we returned to Earl Soham.

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[269]

Tuesday, August 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

I wrote to Jimmie Dobbie, Alexander, and Canon Paterson.

*Inge's 'presidential address' to the 20<sup>th</sup> Modern Churchmen's Conference at Girton College, Cambridge, would seem to provoke a challenge which I might well accept when I preach in Cambridge on October 29<sup>th</sup>. His subject was 'The Church of the New Testament' and he dealt with it, (if the brief account of his sermon which appears in today's issue of the Times may be taken as a fair ~~xxx~~ version of his discourse) with sufficient authority.*

He said that the naïve supernaturalism of the

Early Church bore rather a different aspect when it was maintained in an age of science by modern ecclesiastics. **All the claims and pretensions which might be summed up in the word sacerdotalism were utterly preposterous under present conditions**, when the whole nation was fairly well-educated, and when moral & spiritual influence was open to laity as well as clergy who showed themselves fit to exercise it. When Bishops or the Church Assembly claimed to be the living voice [270] [symbol] of the Church, they were really narrowing the Church unjustifiably, **The Church, in fact, was now the nation on its religious or spiritual side, and as such it must be more loosely organized than the hierarchy of the Middle Ages**, who really did represent most of the brains, learning, and piety of their countrymen. They must dispense with those rather questionable claims to methods which made the Medieval Church so powerful.

The Dean proceeded.

"Our monopoly has gone, & with it the opportunities of gain & power which monopoly brings with it. The claim is still made by the Roman Church, but, to speak plainly, it cannot be honestly enforced. Without a [sic] control of popular education it cannot maintain itself."

**They could not (he proceeded) go back to the unorganized church of the New Testament, groups of little societies in [271] the midst of pagan society.** They must have their own group, the Church of England, the most liberal, comprehensive, & elastic of all the churches, and happily at present most free from all unholy alliances with political parties. The Church of Christ must always be one flock, one fold it would never be again. They should think of the Church as an orchestra, in which the different Churches played on different instruments while their Divine conductor called the tune.

**What does the Dean mean by 'sacerdotalism'?**

**What connexion is there between 'education' and 'moral & spiritual influence'?**

**Why should the uneducated layman of the Middle Ages *not* exercise moral & spiritual influence as effectively as the educated layman of today?**

**How can any society, or group, possess a living voice at all except through some competently authorized organ?**

Did the Bishops or Church Assembly claim to be [272] more than the competently authorized organ of the Church of England?

What other 'living voice' does the Church of England as such possess?

This theory of the Church as 'the nation on its religious or spiritual side' reduces the Church to a merely national level, and, if true at all, must be as true in France, America, or Russia as in England. There is no authority beyond the Nation to which appeal can be made against national policies & procedures which offend either the tradition of Christianity, or the conscience of the Christian. We seem to be carried back to a nakedly pagan conception of religion, though no doubt disguised by the prevailing assumptions of European society, which are still largely Christian. Who is the judge when a conflict emerges between the National Will and the apparent requirements of the Gospel? 'We must obey God rather than men' was certainly more than the protest of the private conscience, for it was made by the leaders of a society of baptized, believing, and organized Christians.

[273]

[symbol]

We lunched with the Kennards in the house which they are still engaged in recasting. Their main difficulty, perhaps, is connected with the water supply. The problem of sufficient quantity was solved by the sinking of an artesian well, 203 feet deep. But then emerged the problem of adequate quality, for the water pumped from the well was disconcertingly hard & so heavily impregnated with iron as to be almost unfit for use. An instrument for cleansing the water was being introduced, and another for softening it.

All this artificial equipment is a rather disconcerting aspect. *Evidently, the weak-point of Suffolk, as a place to live in, is its deficiency of good water.*

We visited several notable churches, and some to which the adjective would certainly be misapplied. Ufford has a fine screened, carved bench ends, and, outside the church, the stocks. I was interested to see 3 youths evidently making careful notes of the building & its contents. They told me that they were spending their three weeks of holiday in visiting systematically the churches of that part of Suffolk. One was a clerk, the second a student, the third an engineer.

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Eyke has a modest looking, but not uninteresting church. There had evidently been at one time a central Norman tower. The great arches, which must have supported it, were elaborately ornamented in the style of 12<sup>th</sup> century. The shop-keeper, opposite the church,



informed me that the carved bench ends were modern, the work of a wood-carving class organized and led by the vicar.

*We had tea with D<sup>r</sup> Rendall, the late Headmaster of Winchester, in Butley Priory. This was the gate-house of an Augustinian monastery, and is an extremely beautiful example of the 14<sup>th</sup> century architecture. I had some conversation with our host. He expressed substantial agreement with Weldon's letter in this morning's Times on the subject of Sundays in Schools, though he spoke with the usual mingling of dislike & amusement of Weldon himself. I found myself agreed with Weldon, though the archaic pontificalness of his literary style repels me. He even promulgates the opinions of the past in the tone & manner of one who is adventuring a daringly novel opinion, which may bring him to the stake!*

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*We visited the Church at Orford, where the parson made himself known to me, & I must needs tell him who I was. There were considerable remains of a late Norman choir, some interesting Crosses, & a register which went back to 1538. The earlier entries exist in a copy made by an early 17<sup>th</sup> century rector, named Mason, who had written his name at the foot of every page. These names repeated on 80 pages had led a later Rector to credit M<sup>r</sup> Mason with an incumbency of 80 years, & then the extraordinary character of the presumed fact had led him to record it on a tablet. Thus are the materials of history provided. Orford possesses a fine Norman Castle, which also we visited.*

*I am impressed by the evident care with which most of these East Anglian Churches are kept; by the excellence & similarity of the 15<sup>th</sup> century fonts, which, I should imagine, were turned out from some central factory: by the amount & conventionality of the bench ends, on which the same figures are continually recurring: and by the enormous amount of iconoclastic violence which the 17<sup>th</sup> century must have witnessed.*

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Wednesday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.

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Canon Field,\* to whom somebody must have sent a copy of the Bishoprick, writes to thank me, and as his letter contains interesting matter, I think it worth while to copy it here:-

My dear Bishop of Durham,

I have been reading the interesting sermons you were good enough to send me, particularly the one on the Oxford Movement. The abiding influence of Dean Church's personality, character, & writings makes me wonder how Shakespeare could ever have written

“The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones”.

Connected as I am with him by family ties and steeped in Tractarian tradition, I have done my best to urge that the Commemoration should not be a blatant propaganda of Anglo-Catholicism in its least defensible forms, & in Nottingham the big meeting was on very sound lines. For the true Tractarian, there was no doubt of the Catholicity of the Church of [277] [symbol] England. We have priests who openly express doubt about it, & claim to be in the Tractarian succession. I like your protest about Clergy smoking in the streets. At the “Pontifical High Mass” when the last Anglo-Catholic Congress was held at Oxford, priests in cassocks & birettas (I tell people I will wear anything they like except a biretta) came screaming out & scarcely got outside the door before they lit pipes & cigarettes. What would Dean Church have thought about that. You must be patient with notices.

Sincerely & gratefully  
T. Field

My Park-keeper, Lawson, who had read in the local paper “Things which my soul hateth”, observed to me with reference to my reference to the smoking of clergymen in the streets, that “Policemen were not allowed to smoke in uniform”, and added that the people didn't like to see the clergy smoking in the streets. I have no doubt that he expressed the opinion of most decent working folk.

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The afternoon post brought me two letters which illustrate the paradoxical character of “The Groups Movement”. One was from Malcolm Ross, incoherent, hysterical, perverse: the other, from a school-teacher, ecstatically happy & running over with spiritual assurance. Poor Malcolm is now at home, & the full consequences of his sinful folly are disclosing themselves. His letter reminded me of the enamoured Pen's rhapsodies about the divine

Emily, and I feel myself to be something harder & more cynical than Major Pendennis! I had suggested that he might find difficulty when seeking for Employment as a teacher, in the matter of personal references: & this suggestion has evidently filled him with consternation. How could I honestly recommend as a teacher of children a young man who had sinned with a divorced American woman, and defended himself for doing so with the melodramatic claptrap about "love"? He has never given a thought to the inevitable consequences of forfeiting the confidence of his friends.

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We motored to S. Edmundsbury, and visited the two great churches, & the ruins of the famous Abbey. On the way we visited several churches, of which, one, Woolpit, was notable for its truly magnificent roof: and, another, Hesselt, for its medieval glass. Most of these churches were possessed of medieval fonts & carved bench-ends.

The "cathedral" was closed, but a statement on the main door informed us of the verger's address. Leng fetched him, but only to learn that he was about to return to his duty. The rule is that the Cathedral is closed during his meal-times. These two churches are long, large & lofty, but curiously destitute of historic interest. They have no monuments of importance, no medieval glass, or woodcarving. There is, indeed, in the Cathedral a Dutch window, displaying that edifying and popular legend of Susannah & the Elders. I suppose few subjects from the Old Testaments were so often represented by medieval artists as this. The celibate clergy of that time were hardly less fascinated by sex than our latter day virgins!

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Thursday, August 24<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I wrote to Malcolm a difficult letter, designed at once to confront and to disturb, to make him feel that I did not look upon him as a castaway and that I thought his present position extremely humiliating and disadvantageous. My main difficulty is that I cannot discount his action as the mere unthinking emotionalism of youth because I know on his own testimony, which he does not repudiate, that it has been definitely immoral. But I don't want to impart this knowledge to others, & yet, apart from it, my own attitude towards him might well be unintelligible. Why should I refuse to give a "character" to a youth, whose only fault is an unwise attachment? I must needs have the appearance of a sour & merciless bigot. What the unlucky youth is to do, I cannot imagine. Every avenue of employment is blocked with applicants, whose qualifications and "claims" are, in many cases, superior to his own. Truly "the way of transgressors is hard"; and as "Shakespeare says somewhere our "pleasant vices" have a habit of turning upon us in the form of avenging ministers.

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We lunched pleasantly enough with the Storeys, who live in a small house and occupy themselves in some form of commercial gardening. Then we had tea with Vivian Lake, whose husband is still in India. Her two little girls are wilful and undisciplined. We saw several churches, one of which, Kersey, was of outstanding interest. It stands nobly on a hill from which it looks down on an extremely attractive village. We visited Hadleigh, famous as the birth-place of the Tracts. There is a noble & spacious church, which, in the sanctuary, has a tablet commemorating Rose's connexion with the Oxford movement. The Deanery is a pretentious red-brick building near the west end of the Church. *We visited also the parish churches of Hintlesham and Dedham.*

Ella, carried along by that passion for renewing personal contacts, (which is an amiable but not always a convenient or welcome trait of her admirable character,) insisted on calling on the Russells and the Rendalls. The last were absent at Cambridge, where the Canon was feeding grossly on the heresies of the Churchmen's Union Conference: but the first were at home, & we chatted for a quarter of an hour before resuming our journey.

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Friday, August 25<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*Lionel writes to tell me that his present Chief, the Metropolitan of India, D<sup>r</sup> [Foss] Westcott "has thrown in his lot with the Oxford Groups and proposes to extend his stay in England from August to November in order that he may take his place in a "team". He adds:-*

*The Bishop is just the kind of man Buchman would aim at. He (The Bishop) is so guileless & credulous that Buchman will be able to do what he likes with him.*

*Lionel is attached to his Chief, & knows him well. This account of him is, therefore, illuminating. There is certainly a streak of unreason in the whole Westcott family. It came out in the Bishop, in whom, however, it was dwarfed by his unquestionable intellectual & ethical distinctions. None of his sons was in the least equal to him. Even his grand-children disclose the same incalculable twist. It is very apparent in Brooke,\* in whom unfortunately it is not relieved by distinction of any kind. Yet Westcott's name is widely honoured and Buchman has gained much by "roping in" the guileless Metropolitan.*

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We motored to Southwold, where we visited the Church and had tea. Then we returned by way of Blythburgh, and Saxmundham, visiting the churches, of which the first is deservedly famous, and the last without any special interest.

Southwold is notable for its elaborate carved screens & pulpit, its noble roof, & general stateliness. We mounted the stone steps to the room above the porch, where was a museum containing nothing more curious than some relics of the penitent form, & the old stocks.

I noticed in nearly all the nobler churches that there are urgently-worded appeals for money in order to maintain the fabrics, or resist the ravages of that fatal insect, which is destroying all the roofs of Christendom. The endowments of most of the East Anglian parishes seem to be barely sufficient for the maintenance of the parson, and there are no fabric-funds. When disendowment happens – a contingency which cannot be postponed much longer – a resolute effort must be made to save from the general plunder enough money to keep up the fabrics.

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**Saturday, August 26<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

I wrote to old Francis Priestman, offering my congratulations on his “Golden Wedding” which he celebrates next week. He asked us to the celebration, but we cannot go. He is an odd-looking man enough – cumbrous in body, & disconcertingly heavy in countenance: but he has a good heart, a well-balanced mind, & a cheerful spirit. He is almost the only employer in my diocese, who takes what is called an “active interest” in church work; he is liked and respected. Like all mine-owners, he is perturbed and impoverished, but his optimism is indestructible, & he persistently believes in a recovery of prosperity for the country and the mining industry. I don’t.

Also, I wrote with cautious civility to the man Gibbons, who describes himself as the “Founder” of the queer enterprize for training “tramps”, which has been established at Windlestone, under the ‘presidency’ of that sound and trusted economist, Sybil, Lady Eden. One must walk ‘delicately’, like Agag, in the fraud-infested domain of philanthropy.

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We decided to visit some of the nearer churches, and to come home for tea and croquet. We visited the following:-

1. Laxfield, notable for a most magnificent font, adorned with representations of the 7 sacraments, and *horribly mutilated by the wretch, Dowsing, who is said to be buried within the Church*. The parson, who chanced to be present, volunteered to show the iconoclast’s grave: but the brass which he uncovered commemorated a William Dowsing who died in 1614, at least a generation earlier than that which witnessed the achievements of the great church-wrecker. Opposite the church was a medieval building owned by the parish, and used inter alia for the meetings of the parish council.
2. Cratfield, which possesses another of these fine carved (and Dowsingised) Fonts.
3. Fressingfield, very rich in carved pews.
4. Wingfield, a fine & finely-placed collegiate church, containing three notable pews – that of the Founder, Sir John Wingfield & his wife, and two of the De La Pole family. There is some fine medieval glass, & two curious [286] stone-stair cases, the one on the north, & the other on the south side of the church, leading doubtless to Screen-lofts. There were also some good (but not elaborately-carved) choir stalls. Generally this is an exceptionally interesting church in a county filled with interesting churches.
5. Stradbroke, a church destitute of any worthy feature except the Tower.
6. Wilby, which has a little old glass, and some carved pews.

The Modern [inserted above] Churchmen's Union has pursued its course at Cambridge during the week. Occasionally, something sound emerged from a welter of vague, & unthought-out negations. Thus an American clergyman, D<sup>r</sup> Samuel M<sup>c</sup>Comb is reported to have said:

“Briefly stated, the Church as a community organized for worship was first & foremost a witness to the reality of God.”

This view of the Church is not easily reconciled with Inge's definition of the Church as “the nation on its religious or spiritual side”.

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**11<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 27<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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I reflected that, in considering Malcolm's case, I cannot rightly leave out of view the impression made on his contemporaries in Oxford and in Stockton. He has been so unusually prominent among them as a religious advocate & leader, that his collapse cannot but be seriously disturbing. I cannot doubt that his silly parents have bragged about his engagement to a 'wealthy' American lady, and that his abandonment of his purpose to be ordained will be ascribed to my bigoted views on divorce. Even so, although I shall be the victim of some underserved misunderstanding, I must needs think that the effect on aspirants to Ordination, (if on no other,) may not be unwholesome. I suspect that among the factors which facilitated Malcolm's downfall was the miserable laxity with respect to prae-nuptial unchastity, which is so strongly rooted in the working classes of the North, to which he himself belongs. He would with fatal facility (deluded by "the plausible casuistry of the passions" as Jeremy Taylor somewhere calls it) minimize his transgression by reflecting that he could 'put it right' by subsequent marriage.

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We went to the Church at 8 a.m., & received the Holy Communion. The Celebrant was the Vicar of an adjacent parish, named Osborne, who came in to breakfast after service. He had been a medical missionary, but malaria had damaged his health, & the quinine he had taken to cure it had gone far to destroy his hearing. He was held, however, to be physically adequate to cure of souls in England, & had been ordained. He gets along pastorally with the assistance of some machine attached to his ear.

We attended Mattins at 11 a.m. The singing was indescribably bad. Certainly the service would have been more devotional as well as more congregational if the 2 men & 4 boys had been stripped of their surplices, & sent into the pews (which were largely unoccupied), & the organ, painfully manipulated by the schoolmaster's wife, had been locked. M<sup>r</sup> Osborne did his duty well, and his sermon, though extemporaneous & conventional, was not ill-calculated for the congregation, & seemed to me to secure close attention. His subject was Naaman, and his reiterated emphasis on 'BUT' brought fatally to mind a humorous story of a trial sermon.

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As I carried letters to the post, I was accosted by a clergyman, who had been in the congregation. He said that, as Bishop of Hereford, I had instituted him to a benefice in that diocese. He said that his name was Knight, and that his grandfather was a pluralist Rector of Houghton-le-Spring. I found him familiar & adhesive, & was glad to part with him. We had tea with our neighbour, Major Leathes, a distant cousin of Professor Stanley Leathes,\* whom I knew slightly thirty years ago. With him were his wife, daughter-in-law, & niece. They had knowledge of the North, for he had commanded the D. L. I. in the war-time, & M<sup>rs</sup> Leathes had been bride's maid to old M<sup>rs</sup> Spurrier & had stayed often in the



neighbourhood of Bishop Auckland. So there were materials for the idle gossip which forms the conversation of tea-tables. Major Leathes is an attenuated man, with a countenance tanned by the sun (he had served in India & Africa) and wizened by pain. He had suffered much from wounds & illness. His opinions, which he uttered with much freedom, were of that unintelligently vehement character which we commonly associate with retired officers of the fighting services.

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Monday, August 28<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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D<sup>r</sup> Rendall writes to acknowledge the copy of my 'Charge', which I sent him as a souvenir of our visit to Butley Priory:-

My Dear Bishop,

I do thank you very sincerely for sending me your fine book on the Group Movement. I have read it with profound interest, and find myself in close agreement with your position. It is splendid to have the truth so wisely and eloquently set out. Your historic imagination and knowledge has suggested no end of parallels. In my time Moody & Sankey got a great grip on Cambridge undergraduates; but they did not carry parties of them on a Missionary Crusade.

The last pages of your book are of special value. I hope they will bear fruit. But certain things e.g. confession, even of a healthy type, hardly seems to fit in with modern views.

Two days since I was lunching with the Ullswaters [James William Lowther]\* – at Campsea Ashe, [291] five miles away. They expressed a strong desire to see you: I told them your address.

With warm thanks for a book of rare distinction & merit.

Yours v. gratefully,  
M. J. Rendall.

Rendall, an ex-headmaster of Winchester, is a man of education & experience. His opinion of the Charge ought to be considerable. Anyway, I record it as an assurance to myself that I have not wholly missed the mark.

We motored to Ipswich where I visited the hairdresser, & purchased 3 copies of D<sup>r</sup> James's excellent book on the Churches of East Anglia. Then we went on to Felixstow [*sic*], where we had tea in the Grand Hotel, & spent an hour on the sea front. This impressed me as an exceptionally attractive 'watering-place'. There was a pleasing absence of the vulgarities which too commonly distinguish our popular holiday-resorts, & though there were scanty costumes in abundance, there were none which were properly censurable.

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Tuesday, August 29<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I received from Sir John Reith a friendly letter stating that B.B.C. had no objection to my sending my Address on the Abolition of Slavery to the Editor of the Gold Coast Spectator. So I sent the M.S., & with it a letter to the Editor in which I stipulated that the Address should be published without alteration or addition.

I motored to Ipswich, and met Jack Clayton who arrived from London to spend the day. After lunch, I took him to see the three interesting churches of Framlingham, Dennington, and Wingfield, which had impressed me so much on my first visit, & which I was particularly glad to see a second time. In Framlingham a clergyman recognized me, & claimed acquaintance. He said that his name was Macrae, and that he had known me 50 years ago, at Oxford. He probably said the truth, but I had not the faintest recollection of him!

In the Church at Dennington a decent-looking old woman, engaged in dusting the pews, pointed out to us several features of interest. [293] Hanging before the Altar was the medieval pyx for holding the Reserved Sacrament, and on the Altar was the medieval tabernacle. Neither of these articles was now used for its proper purpose. I should imagine that this is a very rare, if not unique spectacle.

We returned to the Rectory for tea, and afterwards played Croquet, at which Jack disclosed an unsuspected ability. Leng motored him to Ipswich to catch a train, leaving for London at 7.51 p.m.

He looks very well; is growing stouter, and more self-possessed; evidently likes his work at the Temple, and seems to be on excellent terms with the Benchers. His whimsical & illogical Erastianism finds among them a measure of sympathy and approval, which could hardly be paralleled [sic] elsewhere. I have never met in anybody else such a union of goodness, ability, knowledge, and absurdity; but, at the Temple. "his nonsense suits their nonsense", as Charles II would have said; and I think he could hardly be better placed. His power as a preacher is certainly above the average.

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Wednesday, August 30<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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We lunched with the Ullswaters, and were shown the beautiful gardens, upon which have been unstintingly lavished the personal concern, labour, & money of two highly artistic persons. Both Lord & Lady Ullswater are cultivated artists, and the effect of their personalities is very apparent. The lofty, extensive, & various yew hedges, the magnificent cedars, the great masses of colour arranged with perfect taste, the stretches of turf, the well-placed water, the well-designed and well-distributed statues, the admirably planned iron gates – all combined to make a scene of unforgettable loveliness, in which Nature & Art were happily blended.

*The Times* reports that Lord Grey of Falloden\* is gravely ill. He is 71, and one fears the worst. Lord Ullswater said that in his judgement Grey's speech on the crisis in August 1914 was the most impressive utterance he had ever heard in Parliament. "I once asked Grey whether, as he looked back, & read events in the light of their consequences he could lay his finger on any blunder of his own, which, if averted, the [295] [symbol] Great War might not have broken out. Grey thought for some minutes, & then replied, ["No; I can recall nothing, except possibly my never telling Germany plainly that if she invaded Belgium, we should certainly declare war. But, he added, I could hardly do that without the authority of the Cabinet; and the Cabinet would certainly not have agreed to give it." I asked Lord Ullswater whether he thought that President Roosevelt's policy for the economic recovery of the U.S.A. could succeed; and he replied in the negative.

"Would Lloyd George ever come again into power?" "I cannot think it possible,[" he said. We were lured by Ella into going aside on our homeward journey, and calling on old Canon Lawrence in order to return the book which he had lent us. But we lost our way, and when, at last, after wandering far, we reached the Canon's house, we were informed that he was absent; so we turned away with some ruffling of temper, and made our way to Earl Soham, when we arrived about 5.15 p.m. and fell to the hateful business of packing.

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Lefroy writes again to urge me to address a letter to the Times on behalf of the Assyrians

"I am quite certain that even a short letter from you in the Times would do a great deal of good, because you are identified in the public mind with such causes - & people will wonder why you are silent."

He adds the following postscript,

"I wonder if you happen to remember an old Barking choirboy, named Richard Hedges – whom you married about 1898? He is now a patient in our local hospital

(of which I am Chaplain), & I am glad to say, doing fairly well. He has a wonderful esteem & affection for you.”

“The thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts.” I remember Dick Hedges well, & the anxiety he caused me. He was lucky enough to marry a sensible girl, who kept him steady. He was an affectionate but rather weak lad, who had bad home influences. [ v.p. 320]

**[297]**

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*Mrs Gow sends me a memorandum on the recent gathering of Groupists prepared by her friend Miss Plumer, the eldest daughter of the well-known General, and a devout Anglican. She had attended the meetings, and expresses herself with discrimination, good sense, & good feeling. I was gratified to learn that, on the whole her view of the Groups Movement coincides with my own.*

“Can adherence to the Group Movement be combined with loyalty to one’s Church? This question pressed insistently for an answer. It was difficult to see how the answer could be in the affirmative, in spite of what is stated in the literature of the movement...”

The majority of those most influenced by the movement seemed to find the Group adequate for all their needs. There hardly seemed a place in their spiritual lives for anything else. Their attitude towards the Sacraments makes a wide gulf between many of us and them...The group Movement, as I saw it, has little, if any, conception of the Church as the Body of Christ.”

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**Thursday, August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1933.**

The Rector with his wife & son came to say "Goodbye" before we started on our homeward journey. We motored to Riccall, stopping to lunch by the way-side, and having tea at Carlton Hall. We turned aside to see Boston Stump, & so added a few miles to our journey. We motored just over 200 miles in the course of the day.

Boston Stump is a truly magnificent spectacle, and is joined to an unusually spacious & dignified church. A young clergyman, named Hodge, recognized and accosted me. He had but recently been ordained, and was attached to the staff of the church. I inquired whether he had yet made acquaintance with his new diocesan, & he said that Bishop Hicks had visited Boston & preached in the church. "I think the Bishop has the greatest voice a man could have." It had never occurred to me that Hicks was a Boanerges.

Lord Danesfort\* received us with much kindness, and talked with his usual volubility. The house seemed very dark, possessing neither electric light nor gas. Candles seemed to involve a return to the Middle Ages.

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Friday, ~~August~~ September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

We visited the parish church which is notable for an unusually fine late-Norman portal, which reminded me of Iffley. Then Lord Danesfort took us to see a very noble Elizabethan mansion, which was shown to us by the very charming Chatelaine. Lad [sic]

In the afternoon we went into York, where we visited the Guildhall, and were shown the Municipal plate and regalia, which are unusually rich and interesting. I was particularly interested in the great two-handed sword, which is carried before the Lord Mayor on State occasions. We were told that this weapon had belonged to Emperor Sigismund. We parted company, Ella and Fearne going to the shops, and I to the Merchant Adventurers' Hall. This is described as "the most interesting relic left to show the early development of England's commerce". It was built between 1357-1368 by the York mercers, afterwards merchants, in and after the late 15<sup>th</sup> century merchant adventurers. It is in two floors, and constitutes one of the most notable timber buildings in the country. Trinity Chapel "is an excellent example of the puritanic reaction against the Roman Catholic policy of James ii & Charles ii".

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There came to dinner Brigadier General W. Sandys and his wife, and we had much pleasant conversation. Lord Danesfort,\* almost alone among my masculine acquaintances, retains in unmitigated intensity the ferocious prejudices of the War. To him the German is the Hun, in whom he will recognize no redeeming feature. His politics remain the unyielding Tory politics of two generations ago; and his ecclesiastical opinions are those of an Irish Protestant. These accumulated crudities united to a quick tongue, a taste for violent language, and a good heart invest his conversation with a character of adventure, which is not without attraction. He is now just fourscore, & remarkably active and alert. He told us some interesting personal reminiscences of various celebrated persons, whom he had known, including Lord Tennyson. The poet read his poems aloud to his guests, especially "Maud" which he read most impressively, stopping frequently to point out the beauties of his verse. He was a queer compound of greatness and pettiness.

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[301]

Saturday, September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.

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We left Riccall Hall shortly after 10 a.m. and arrived at Auckland Castle in good time for lunch. The country was perceptively greener as we neared Auckland. I found a considerable accumulation of letters, on which I set to work forthwith.

The Times announces that Streeter\* has been selected provost of Queen's.

I found appreciative observations on the Bishoprick from Lord Moynihan, Prof. Grey Turner,\* & Bishop Talbot,\* and these I was pleased to get, for, though of course, civilities of that kind mean extraordinarily little, yet from men of that standard they must needs mean something. When Lord M. describes my sermon on the Oxford Movement as "most eloquent and informative", and Prof. Grey Turner says that he has "very much enjoyed reading" my sermons, & is taking the Bishoprick to his country house that "the children may have the opportunity he has so much appreciated"; and old Bishop Talbot speaks of the "pleasure" and "profit" which he has received, I cannot think it extravagant to think that my discourses were not quite so futile and feeble as I feared. These testimonies may stand with Lord Sankey's, D<sup>r</sup> Field's, and D<sup>r</sup> Rendall's.

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A letter from Harvey Clark tells me that Stephenson is seriously ill. I cannot but fear that this illness will bring an end to his tenure of Gateshead. His extraordinary unselfishness, lack of system, and genial method of unordered comradeship, which have undoubtedly worked well in his most difficult parish, & gives him a remarkable & salutary influence in his Rural Deanery, will make the task of finding his successor extraordinarily difficult.

Sir James Irvine,\* Lady Irvine, Nigel, Veronica, and Felicity arrived about 6 p.m. to spend the week-end. They asked me whether I should object to their receiving the Holy Communion in the Chapel at the celebration tomorrow. Of course I expressed my pleasure at the prospect of such fellowship. Surely this is the right course; but, if so, how far does it carry us? Does it, as Gore would certainly have maintained, imply ultimately the negation of the very idea of a Holy Catholick Church, & substitute for it a very different idea of a federation of autonomous societies? And does not this idea in turn find itself in collision with the sectarian idea, which all the multitude of the sects embodies?



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[303]

**12<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.**

[symbol]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 15 communicants including Sir James & Lady Irvine, Veronica, Elland, William Bayden, & the other William. Then I fell to writing letters, among them was declining a proposal that I should write an article in 'Is our civilization going to crash' for a fee of £100! Prophecy 'for a consideration' is not to my taste.

We all went into Durham, and attended Evensong in the Cathedral, using both cars. Harry Leng volunteered to drive the Essex, while his father drove the Austin. After service, we had tea in the Deanery, and were shown the House, which the Alingtons have arranged & furnished very admirably. Then we went into the Chapter Library, and viewed the treasures. Both the Provost of Eton, and Bayley\* were there, so we had no lack of the best expert advice. Alington is bubbling over with new projects; and he is heartily supported in every suggestion by his canons. I must reconcile myself to the introduction of all the conventionalism, of the 'Life & Liberty' faction; and I cannot pretend to view the prospect without perturbation.

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Philip Westcott tells me that he has been licensed by the Bishop of Peterborough to serve as a lay-reader. He is to use the time for theological reading preparatory to his entrance at Wescott House. Then he is to be ordained. Surely it is hardly possible that young ones should be placed with relations; and, in this case, the relations are rather exceptionally unfitted to have the spiritual training of anybody, least of all of a youth, attractive, indeed & not without promise, but vain, giddy, & unbalanced; who before all things needs discipline & the inspiration of high example. I confess to some surprize at the complaisance of the Bishop, who cannot be ignorance (sic) of the fitness of the two Westcott incumbents, the one by his rather low-found secularity, and the other by his lack of experience & wilfulness.

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I found myself wrestling with an almost irresistible impulse ^to protest^ when I was at the Deanery yesterday. On every hand were the tokens and instruments of comfort and culture. The Alingtons exhibited with pride their arrangements for making the most of the famous house as the home of fashionable & cultural folk, and they were congratulated on their success in transforming the ancient ~~house~~ residence of the Benedictines prior into a well-equipped gentleman's mansion of today. And all this was being attempted and achieved in the heart of a county which holds the dismal primary among English counties for unemployment & all that unemployment implies! The paradox is so grave as almost to be laughable. I reflected that the Deanery of Durham was a nowise functionally different from the many other residences of the Establishment clergy. Auckland Castle – though my comparative poverty has made it impossible to equip it with his like sumptuousness – presents the same challenge to the Christian conscience. Is it reasonable to expect that the

population of Durham will believe in our sincerity, or give ear to our message? Will they not inevitably discount our claims & our teachings by what they see & hear of our lives?

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[306]

**Monday, September 4<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

I walked for two hours in the Park with my guest, and had much interesting converse with him. We talked about the Pilgrim Trust, and I said that we were going forward with the work on the Castle in the hope that a further grant would be made by the Trustees. He thought our hope was well-founded, & explained to me at length the situation into which the Trust had been brought by the economic crisis in the U.S.A. As soon as the tide turned, & it was possible to resume making grants, our turn would come.

After lunch the Irvines took their departure leaving behind them pleasant impressions. Ella and Fearne went to Washington to see some kind of a pageant arranged by the Vicar, Lomax, and I stayed in my study writing letters & reading the 'Round Table'. The last is not very cheerful e.g.

'Upon [President Rooseveltd's scheme's] success or failure may well depend the future of society as at present constituted. If it were to fail, the patience of the industrial unemployed & bankrupt primary producers might well give way to some form of reckless direct action.' Yet how can it succeed?

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Tuesday, September 5<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

*The distinctiveness of the Christian Society so that we cannot simply merge Christianity in the Christian tradition of modern civilization, as Inge appears to do – might, perhaps, be sufficiently indicated by any teaching of a text. “Wherefore I give you to understand that no man speaking in the Spirit of God saith Jesus is anathema: i.e. no man may say Jesus is Lord but in the Holy Spirit.” The Church is essentially the society of those who openly acknowledge the “Lordship” of Jesus. The modern state no longer even professes to do this, and, in Russia, has professed itself atheistic. It follows that those who can acknowledge ‘Jesus as Lord’ are a body of citizens who ~~are~~ may be out of agreement with the State, & if they have the courage to make public profession of their faith, are clearly differentiated from other citizens. These, then, form the Church, and over them the State’s control must needs be limited by the requirements of the Lordship of Jesus, the profession of which constituted their church membership, & those requirements must be everywhere the same so that to acknowledge their obligation would imply membership in a society which owned no national frontiers, a Catholic Church.*

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Bill Wright came to lunch. His health has been restored, and he carries himself with almost truculent vigour. He is as impudent and domineering as ever, but I think, somewhat less fanatical. He brags of positions which have been offered him in Australia, in India, in various parts of England, but he remains without a job, and is transparently anxious to find ~~it~~ one. I do not think it necessary to credit all he says, and I do not judge it prudent to facilitate his return to this diocese. He gives an ill-account of the church in New Zealand, and Australia, but his foot-rule of spiritual measurement might not be found to correspond with any recognisable Anglican standard. He still protests his “loyalty” to the Church of England, but I suspect that the ardour of his language confesses the disturbance of his conscience. He is not quite so “loyal” as he would like to think that he is. In any case I should find it difficult to ‘place’ an unmarried man with a well-earned reputation for extravagance.

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At 4 p.m. M<sup>r</sup> Gibbons, the “Founder” of the venture for training ‘tramps’, which has been established at Windlestone Hall, came to see me. How shall I describe him? He is short, round, with an expansive smile and a depreciatory manner, a dissenter obviously, though he said that he was a churchman, & full “as an egg is of meat” of all the conventional ‘sob stuff’, but, nevertheless, not altogether unattractive. He improved as his masterful shyness wore off, and left me at the end with the feeling that I should have to back his tramp-regenerating scheme, though truly I hate all good works!!!

The publishers, Sheed & Ward, sent me a book by a Russian, Nicholas Berdyaev\* - ‘The End of Your Time’ – which I found extraordinarily interesting. The chapter on ‘The Russian Revolution’ was really illuminating. He concludes it with these words

'Christianity is going back to the state she enjoyed before Constantine: she has to undertake the conquest of the world afresh.'

This may be set against Inge's definition of the church as 'the nation on its religious or spiritual side'. Yet what is true in England cannot be false in Russia.

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Wednesday, September 6<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Christian socialism is not true Socialism, and real socialists will have nothing to do with it. Socialism in the proper sense of the word is the movement which tries to make human society mistress of her destiny by external means & physical forces. That is certainly not Christian Socialism. The latter merely recognises the injustices of the individualistic capitalist ~~society~~ system. The trouble is that the old Christian socialism is a rather an aesthetic business, with nothing radical in its composition, and so can have very little influence. Christianity has got to take a much deeper & wider view of this matter of life in society.

“Berdyayev” The End of our Time p. 204

This states very effectively the case against Copec: and is, indeed, quite irresistible, but it avails nothing against “sob-stuff”.

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It is as clear & certain a fact of history that the coming in of Christianity was accompanied by new moral elements in society, inextinguishable, widely operative, never destroyed, though apparently at times crushed & paralyzed, as it is certain that Christian nations have made on the whole more progress in the wise ordering of human life than was made in the most advanced civilisation of times before Christianity.

v. Church “The Gifts of Civilisation” p. 155

Dean Church’s sermons & lectures on Civilisation & Christianity, published in 1880 under the title “The Gifts of Civilisation”, were delivered between 1866 and 1874. Two generations have passed since then, and a vast change has come upon the minds of men. The two deans – Church and Inge – might serve to indicate its character. The latter’s little book, “Things new & old”, which contains the sermons & addresses which Inge delivered in S. Mary’s Cambridge in 1933, may well be set beside Church’s “The Gifts of Civilisation”. The difference in tone & outlook is very remarkable, yet there is a substantial agreement.

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I wasted the entire morning in a vain assay to write the Cambridge Sermon, which becomes more and more difficult.

An Ordination candidate from Middlesborough named Neat came to see me. He is a S. Chad’s man & has taken his degree (2<sup>nd</sup> class in History). His father, if I understand rightly, is connected with the Undertaker’s business, & he is an only child. He said that his desire to be ordained was traceable to a Mission in Middlesborough which he attended when 13 years old. He had begun going to Confession then, & still continued making his confession before the great Festivals. He expressed himself with frankness and intelligence. I said that, when the Chaplain returned, the usual questionnaire should be sent to him, & that I would take

up his references & make my decision. He wishes to be ordained at Advent. In our present state of poverty it will not be wholly easy to find him a title.

Lionel arrived in time for dinner He returns to India in a few days.

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[313]

Thursday, September 7<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I took Lionel to Ripon and Fountains Abbey which he had never seen. We lunched at Ripon, and got back to the Castle shortly after 4 p.m. I had much talk with him about Groups. *His description of the Oxford House Party, which he attended, tended to confirm my dislike of the Movement. The "sharing" seems to have been dreadfully unreal, and the "quiet hour" anything but quiet. He said that the Groupists claim to have in their number as many as a dozen bishops. **Lionel was particularly offended by the cunning skill disclosed in the method of raising funds.** The immense cost of the House Party was emphasized, & the simple dependence on God for supplies. Then silent prayer for "Guidance" that they might neither give with injudicious lavishness nor refuse to give with unworthy caution. And then the collection was made. Buchman did not impress him well, nor did Loudon Hamilton, who appears to be their show man. The number of smart cars outside the Groupist assemblies was impressively suggestive of wealth and fashion: & Buchman openly toadied all the "key figures"!!*

[314]

I received a letter from D<sup>r</sup> Wilson, Bishop of Eau Claire, Wisconsin; he writes:

I have read some of your comments on the Oxford Groups – keen & discriminating as usual. It is good to have these things said, tho [sic] I am inclined to accord them a little more sympathy. Last spring I had a most interesting time conducting a week's mission out in Hollywood **soon after the Groups had been there. I met quite a number of Church people who had been deeply stirred by their appeal, not only in the way of a spiritual thrill but in vitalising their own Church life.** From what I could learn, the Groups have been tempered down considerably on their public sharing & the sex business. Indeed many of those I talked with were older people, quite beyond any sex appeal. I am hoping they will shake off their extravagances & settle down to a sane basis of personal dedication which is really the fine feature [315] [symbol] of their movement. The thing I like least about them is their pompous self-assurance, but I would like to see the Church retain their spirit of quest for personal religion.

But "pompous self-assurance" can hardly go along with a sincere or effective "quest for personal religion".

*Kensit was holding forth in the Town Hall last night on the Oxford Movement. His address, if the report in the evening paper may be trusted, consisted mostly of an attack on the Bishop of Durham. But that gentleman has never desired, and is never likely to desire the approval of M<sup>r</sup> Kensit!*

[symbol] *Lord Grey of Falloden died this morning. I judge him to have been the most respectable politician of my life-time. He was a man of scrupulous integrity, of stainless honour,*



*of high yet simple character. His eminent public life was shadowed by heavy personal troubles. Had his eyesight not failed, he must have been Prime-Minister after the War: & then the country would have escaped the morally-disintegrating domination of Lloyd George. He was born on April 25<sup>th</sup>, 1862 & was thus my senior by about 18 months.*

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Squance, the Vicar of Beamish, came to see me with respect to an Ordination Candidate, the son of a pitman in his parish, who has been acting as a lay-reader and, in that capacity, conducting services in a mission-church. He is grievously suspected of "having the bag, & taking away what is put therein", like Iscariot. The sums embezzled are petty, but the fault implied is heinous, and, in an Ordination candidate disqualifying. I told Squance that he must respect the equitable rule. Audi alteram partem: send for the Accused, & set the facts before him. Then, when he had taken full account of such explanations as could be offered, he might, if he thought the case so required, report to me. The position is extremely uncomfortable. This is the second instance of dishonesty in Ordination Candidates which has emerged in that district. The other compelled me to refuse Ordination, & probably this also will have the same effect. Then, of course, the question arises, What is the rejected Ordination candidate to do? How shall he find entrance into any reputable occupation?

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[317]

Friday, September 8<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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I frittered away yet another morning over the Cambridge sermon which “hangs fire” because (to state the unflattering truth) I have no clear knowledge of what I really want to say!

I walked in the Park, & encountered a cheerful looking lad, who greeted me with a broad smile. “I have been confirmed”, he said, “you confirmed me”. He hailed from Coundon, where his father, an unemployed workman, was living on the dole, eked out by an allotment.

[symbol] *M<sup>r</sup> Clark, the new director of the National Gallery and his wife & the two young Pope Hennessey’s came to tea. They were shown over the Castle. He decisively rejected the ascription of the “Marriage in Cana” [sic] picture to Paul Veronese, insisting that it could not have been painted earlier than 1680.*

*Leonard Wilson came to discuss the question whether he should accept an invitation to work in Hong Kong, which he had received from the Bishop. I was definitely hostile to the project, both on public grounds, and on private. He oughtn’t to leave his present work; and his wife is again about to be confined.*

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*He said that he had come across a rather alarming example of Groupist “guidance”. A member of the Groups had been “guided” to urge a married woman to defy the advice of her doctor, and, abandoning the use of a contraceptive, to have intercourse with her husband. This advice had been followed, & conception had followed. What consequences will be remains to be seen. The Groupist fanatic assures her disciple that all will be well.*

The evening papers report the death of King Feisal of Switzerland. This is truly an untoward event which may have large & disastrous effect. We have counted on his loyalty and statesmanship. Without these the problem of the Assyrian Christians becomes greatly more difficult.

M<sup>r</sup> Justice Roche sent us a brace of partridges. Lady Struther arrived on a visit. Ella’s admirable loyalty to her female friends & her inexhaustible appetite for her innumerable relations ensure an unflinching supply of middle-aged and aging ladies to engirdle my board!

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[319]

Saturday, September 9<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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**Lionel went off before breakfast. He is plainly not eager to return to India, but he feels himself pledged to the Metropolitan.** The latter's surrender to the Groupists does not please him, and opens a door of unpleasant possibilities. Lionel explains the surrender on personal grounds. Westcott is a shy solitary man, credulous & yielding by nature, and (like his distinguished father) easily disposed to eccentric courses. Add that he is deeply religious, and it needs to say no more. Receptivity is at the maximum, and the normal checks of reason and experience are absent. Such appears to me the gist of Lionel's testimony. I observe that all the missioning type of parson "go down like ninepins" at a House party. They live in an atmosphere of exaggerated emotionalism, of unwholesome excitement, of rhetorical overstatement, of boundless credulity. Their tests of truth and success are measured in terms of enthusiastic meetings & crowded penitent forms. They cannot but be attracted by a movement which seems to out-pass their largest achievements. They covet its easy victories, and are very willing to accept its more than dubious procedures.

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I was pleased to receive a long letter from Dick Hedger, to whom I had written through Lefroy:

It must be about 38 years ago, the 16<sup>th</sup> of this month, that I saw you off on Broadstairs station. It was my Birthday, & you had sent me there. Well, through that I met my dear wife, & I have had the best wife any man could have. We are both very happy: it has been a big worry for her me being so ill, but with her careful nursing & prayers, I should pull through. **We often look at your Photo in our Bedroom signed by you when you left Barking. What changes since then!** We once heard your voice on the wireless a good time back, & it came back to me when I was a choir boy in S<sup>t</sup> Margaret's. Well, I hope I shall see you sometime, if you come to London. I am near London now.

I used to talk of you to Lefroy [321] [symbol] and **how you used to tell us Boys about S. Paul. I have still got my Cross of S. Paul's Guild & wear it on my watch chain, & when I look at it, the days of my youth come back to me.**

*Ella and Lady Struthers accompanied me to Newcastle where we attended the memorial service for Lord Grey. I read the lesson – Ecclesiasticus 44. 1-14 – and gave the Benediction. Four verses of the children's Hymn "All things bright & beautiful" were sung after the Lesson, and, as it seemed to me, very suitably, for Lord Grey, in his candid affection for Nature, was a child. There was a considerable, but not a large congregation. It did not appear to me that there was much sign of popular interest. I do not suppose that Grey was ever a popular politician, and, though he had much sympathy with Socialism, he was certainly not liked by the Labour Party. Then his responsibility, beyond that of any other statesman for the*

*diplomacy which finally emerged in the War, made him suspected by all Pacifists. His rather lofty bearing and aristocratic reserve offended a generation which is egalitarian, expansive, & infinitely vulgar.*

**[322]**

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*I read Lloyd George's chapter on 'Sir Edward Grey' in his new volume, 'War Memories', which, by an unfortunate co-incidence, has just issued from the press. It is a useful & extremely malignant piece of political portraiture. He considers thus.*

*A cabinet which was compelled by political and economic exigencies to concentrate its energies on domestic problems left the whole field of foreign affairs to Sir Edmund Grey. Anyone reading with care & impartiality the record of the way in which he misused his opportunities must come to the conclusion that he lacked the knowledge of foreign countries & the vision, imagination, breadth of mind & that high courage, bordering on audacity, which his immense task demanded.*

*What L.G. omits from his description was a factor which, perhaps, he was incapable of appreciating, perhaps, even incapable of perceiving, viz. Grey's integrity of character, & complete lack of personal ambition. He always carried himself, even in diplomacy as an English gentleman.*

**[323]**

The Churchwardens of West Pelton – M<sup>r</sup> H. Rewcastle and M<sup>r</sup> R. Hardcastle – came to see me with respect to the needs of their parish, for which I must appoint an incumbent to succeed Jeffries. The one was an old man, the other an assistant teacher in a council school. Neither had much to say. They wanted a young man, married or unmarried they cared not which, moderate in his opinions and active in his efforts. I inquired whether there were many Papists and Sectaries in the parish. They replied that there were few of the first, but many of the last, mainly Wesleyans & Primitives, Theyse were not unfriendly but the Protestant agitators who followed Kensit were a nuisance. Their finances were fairly prosperous because their parochial hall was let to the Labour Exchange. Evidently the Sunday School has been neglected, & the ill-health & incompetence of the late Vicar, have stricken the whole ecclesiastical system with a kind of paralysis. I promised to do my best to find a good Vicar & so dismissed them, after taking them over the Castle. They were excellent men, but nerveless & powerless. 'Not many noble & are called.'

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13<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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Ranke tells us that he was taught this lesson (i.e. of the importance of accuracy in writing history) by observing the irreconcilable divergences between the accounts of contemporary writers, **and by the liberties Sir Walter Scott took with the the historical facts in his novels**. He was thus led to the conclusion that 'a strict representation of facts, be it ever so narrow or unpoetical, is, beyond doubt the first law' .....

He rarely rouses our enthusiasm or excites our indignation. This peculiarity is well illustrated by Ranke's answer to the divine who claimed him as a fellow-worker on the Reformation. 'You,' said Ranke, 'are in the first place a Christian. I am a historian. 'There is a great gulf between us.' And Ranke tells us himself that the 'History of the Reformation' was undertaken as a balance to the History of the Popes, because he doubted whether in his former work he had done complete justice to the Protestants.

v. Editor's Introduction to Ranke's Hist. of Regn.

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but 7 communicants including Lady Struthers. The Gospel contained that difficult and searching parable of 'The Good Samaritan'. Why did the Lord thus pillory for ever the priest and the levite? Why did he make for ever ^honourable as^ their moral superior, the alien heretick? Does he really exalt the generous helpfulness of the natural man above the doctrines & discipline of the Church? Or was He rather designing to warn the Church against false moral perspectives? 'The scribes & Pharisees, sat in Moses' seat. All ^things^ therefore that they bid you, those do and observe, but do not ye after their works: for they say, and do not.' *Certainty, in the Christian Church the normal, nay inevitable vices of sacred office have always to contend with the great & irreconcilable disadvantage that Christ exposed them in advance & that the Holy Spirit inspired the Evangelistes to perpetuate his experience in the canonical Scripture. **It is no marvel that the Christian Hierarchy has never really felt at home with the Gospel,** and that its sternest critics have ever found therein their most effective arguments.*

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I wrote to Miles Thompson asking him whether he would find a position for William. It will probably lead to nothing, but one can but try. Time passes relentlessly, and he is too old for his present work.

I prepared notes for my sermon in Gateshead but found extraordinary difficulty. My subject, the Church, was suggested by the circumstance that the church was keeping its festival, but, though I am bursting with things that ought to be said, and that I want to say, I seem to be

unable to say them! The subject is so increasingly controversial, that you can't speak about it at all without treading on somebody's toes: & I don't want controversy just now.

I motored to Gateshead, & called at Rectory. I found Stephenson cheerful, but doomed to another fortnight in bed, & then to get away for a long rest. Of course he will do nothing of the sort. I went on to the parish church, & presided at Evensong. The floor of the church was filled, but the galleries were empty. I think the congregation was interested by my discourse, but perplexed. I got home about 9.10 p.m.

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Monday September 11<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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[“]By a perverse contradiction, the term Catholic obtains definition of its contents by a perpetual expulsion of minorities, each in its turn, as it arises, driven away with the brand of anathema and the Church’s Unity is the residual product of a ceaseless consecration of antipathies expanded upon as each fresh batch of outcasts. The process, Baxter would say, is a continuous ‘robbing Christ of some portion of his flock.’ The catholicity thus formed is a cumulous of execrations, and the Church is built of ‘stones of stumbling & rocks of offence.’[”]

Martineau Essays. vis vol. II p. 550

[symbol] *I received letter from George Nimmons, addressed from Macassar, Celebes Is. D.E.I., in which he says that he & his wife had ‘listened in’ to my broadcast address on the Abolition of Slavery.*

*[“]We heard every word, & your voice was perfect, it was remarkable sitting here in Macassar, & hearing your voice from so far away. We did enjoy the address. I thought I must write to you by the mail, & let you know that we had heard you.[”]*

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I selected the following works for Stephenson.

1. The Good Earth by Pearl S Buck.
2. England by Wilhelm Dibelius.\*
3. Albert Schweitzer My Life & Thought.
4. Oxford Apostle by Geoffrey Faber.
5. Peter Abelard by Helen Waddell.
6. Under Czar & Soviet by John Wynne Hird
7. Rasputin by Rene Fulop-Miller.
8. God intoxicated Man by Kolbenheyer.

It is an act of folly to lend books to your friends for, nine times out of ten, they fail to return them. Old Dean Bradley refused brusquely to comply with my request that he would lend me a book and followed up his refusal by dilating at length the many woeful experiences which had led him to the decision never to lend books to anyone. I have lost many books through carelessness, perfidy, & dishonesty of borrowers, but I have not yet brought myself to make a rule of refusing to lend.

Arthur writes: “A real miracle has happened in the case of our brother Frank. I was astonished to get a let [sic] from him a few days ago – quite normal”. This is, indeed, astonishing.

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Another morning's self-dedication to the Cambridge sermon left me as far away from any clear view of its character & contents as ever. Rather to my surprise, for I saw no reporter in the congregation, the "Yorkshire Post" has a brief extract from my sermon n Gateshead last night. It limits itself to the reference to Disestablishment.

Ella and the rest went off to Whorlton to have tea with the Bishop of Gloucester. I started a walk in the Park & fell in with D<sup>r</sup> McCulloch. We turned back, & encountered M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Bull with some others. They wished to see the chapel: so I showed them over the Castle, & was polite beyond precedent! There was in the party a tall, rather plain, young man, M<sup>r</sup> Bull's son, who has just taken his degree at Oxford, & now "wants a job". He is, I judge, not likely to have his want satisfied. It is hard on the Youth to be superfluous from the first!

I wrote to the Bishop of Eau Claire, & copied my letter into my Register.

Some crank, named Haslam, writes to tell me that he was at the Memorial service in Newcastle Cathedral & much impressed inter alia by my "beautiful voice"!!!! [sic]



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[330]

Tuesday, September 12<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I wrote to Langdon Davies offering him nomination to the benefice of S<sup>t</sup> Mark, South Shields, which Rainbow\* has refused alleging the inadequacy of the house, and the infirm health of his wife. Oh these wives! L. D. has been hardly 3 years in Orders, but I have no one who seems more suitable.

I spent most of the morning in reading an extraordinarily interesting & illuminating little book – "The Russian Revolution: two essays on its implications in Religion & Psychology" by Nicholas Berdyaev.

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*Leslie Morrison walked with me round the Park. We put up a large covey of partridges. He goes to Westcott House next month. He told me with pride that his tutor has written to him about his Examination, giving him the consoling tidings that on his special subject he had been marked "first class". The Dean of Pembroke had also written in a very kind way, saying that for him (the Dean) he would always be a first class man. So his bruised self-respect has been restored, & he holds up his head again.*

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The Russian people are passing from one medieval period into another, after experiencing the renaissance only in its small upper class.

Berdyaev

And without experiencing the Reformation at all. It was only thus that the Western peoples were able to receive & assimilate the Renaissance. This means that the Western World was sufficiently civilized to have a middle-class capable of interesting itself in the moral & doctrinal conflict of the XVI<sup>th</sup> century. Russia had not advanced so far in the XX<sup>th</sup>.

Charles returned to my great relief. Dick arrived in time for dinner. He looked well and seemed in good spirits.

**The population of the County of Durham** was in 1931 – 1,486,175 an increase of over 1921 of 7142. **The population of the Boroughs were in 1931**

Darlington	72.086
Gateshead	122.447
South Shields	113.455
Sunderland	185.824
West Hartlepool	68.135
Durham	16.224
Hartlepool	20.537
Jarrow	32.018
Stockton	67.722

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[332]

Wednesday, September 13<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

We see in Germany the negation of Christ and the affirmation of Odin Wickham Steed.

Graham White, now Dean of Singapore, came to lunch. He is visiting his old haunts, and desired to see me before returning to the East. He brought me a kind message from Richard Harris, now head of the P. & O. in Singapore, whom I knew as a small boy at Ilford more than 30 years ago. It is pleasant to know that somebody thinks of one in kindness. White professes himself to be very hostile to Groups, of which, however, he has had no personal experience. He says that the great naval base at Singapore is in working order & effectively guarded; that there is a great aerodrome attached to it; and that the garrison is a strong one. I cannot recall anything more from a conversation which lasted for an hour and a half!

The Times has a very out-spoken and even minatory report from its American correspondent disclosing the difficulties into which the President's economic scheme has come.

[333]

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Ella and Fearne [sic] to Seaton Carew with a party of G. F. S. girls. Their enjoyment was mitigated by rain. Save for a short walk in the Park, Dick & I loafed indoors unwholesomely.

*I received a rather quaint letter from a certain M<sup>r</sup> O'Connor, who has edited some kind of a book on Parliamentary debates. & wants me to buy a copy. He refers flatterously to "a most eloquent speech which your Lordship delivered in the House of Lords on the 5<sup>th</sup> of February, 1931 in connection with labour conditions in Russia".*

*"Listening to the debate, on that occasion from my seat in the Press Gallery, I must admit that your Lordship's speech made a great impression on some of my colleagues & on myself".*

*It is a very odd thing, but it is the fact that more attention to [sic] given to that trivial & unprepared utterance than almost any other that I have made in the House. The page of the Bishoprick which contained "Things which my soul hateth" has been extensively reproduced in the newspapers, which ignore altogether the weightier utterances in matters of importance. Ehen!*

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[334]

Thursday, September 14<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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*Jackson*, the Rector of Chester-Le-Street writes to ask whether he may marry an innocent "divorcée", who repudiates energetically the suggestion that the Registry will suffice. In the circumstances, which he describes, there can be, in my judgement, no doubt as to the equity of conceding the request of the parties: but in view of the extreme gravity of the danger that we should seem to encourage the notion that registry-marriages are not marriages in as full a sense as marriages in church, there may be reason for hesitation. However, I decided to run the risk, & wrote to Jackson bidding him celebrate the marriage. **The moral of all these incidents is Disestablishment.** "If the Church were free to legislate for her own members, she could acquiesce in the State's legislation for others: but when (as is our present case) the church is bound to accept the State's law as her own: & when the State (as now happens) legislates without regard to her law, it cannot but happen that there will be conflict. Exempting the clergy as individuals, but keeping the Church in subjugation, mitigates the personal hardship, but leaves the problem unresolved.

[335]

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The Bishop is, according to all Church order, the one immediate Pastor of all the souls of all the faithful within his Diocese & jurisdiction. Nothing can be done officially in any Parish for which he is not directly or indirectly responsible..... Nor has any Metropolitan jurisdiction in the Diocese of any of his suffragans, or the right to address pastoral letters or to issue injunctions to the clergy or people of such Diocese.

Bishop John Wordsworth. Letter to the Clergy of the Diocese of Salisbury.  
1898

This seems to me to state the episcopal function too high. If it were accepted, one could hardly resist the contention of the Presbyterians that the Bishop's diocese ought not to be larger than would permit of his having pastoral contact with all his people. Nor is it reasonable to extend responsibility beyond the limits of possible knowledge & action. How could any bishop really accept responsibility for everything done officially in every parish in his diocese? How can he even know what is done officially?

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Marsh, the assistant curate of S. Mark's, Millfield, came to tell me that he was in debt! I enquired the amount, well-assured that his answer would not be truthful. He said that he owed "about £100". It was due to the inordinate cost of his house, for which in rent & rates, he paid £100, his total income being £280. His family consisted of himself, his wife, his wife's mother, & two infants. I said that I must consult his Vicar, & consider whether I could help him.

I walked round the Park with Dick & Leslie, and, on returning to the Castle, prepared notes for the Institution at Shildon.

Charles, Dick, and I motored to Shildon, where I “collated” the Rev. John Lake to the vicarage in succession to Watts. There was a large congregation, and an impressive service. The choir consisting of men, girls, & boys, is much above the average. Parry-Evans was there, & read the lesson. If only he would reflect on the difference between the choir in Shildon & his own choir in Bishop Auckland, & ask himself what the reason may be! Walter Smith arrived on a visit.

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Friday, ~~Saturday~~, September 15<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Rather to my surprise, the Yorkshire Post gives prominence to Kensit's impudent observations on the Bishop of Durham made last week in the Town Hall. He ought to be beneath the notice of so respectable a journal: & I ought to be immune from such unfriendly action on its part. But the advocacy of Disestablishment, to which I am committed, is so odious to the average Tory, whose point of view is that of the Yorkshire Post, that I can hardly hope for equitable, to say nothing of friendly, treatment.

I took Charles with me when I visited Windlestone Hall in order to see the work which is being there carried on. The "Founder" Gibbons shewed us round. In the kitchen he introduced us to the buxom female who was making jam. This was his wife. We saw a few of the "wayfarers", unpromising youths to look at. I could not but consent to preside at the annual meeting, though truly I cannot say that the project seems to me to have much promise. I saw Lady Eden for a few minutes. Her position, as a kind of lodger, can hardly be either comfortable or dignified.

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*Ella had a lawn-tennis party. Rawlinson brought over Sir Henry Lunn,\* & I had some talk with him about "Groups". He told me that he knew Buchman, & had challenged him on the subject of finance. Buchman had sent him a detailed statement of receipts & outgoings, from which it appeared that he allotted himself a stipend of £350. If we may assume that this sum is exclusive of his official expenses, & if we remember that he is himself the sole authority for the figures in the statement, we cannot but conclude that "living by faith" does not seem to involve great personal abnegation! I gave Sir Henry Lunn my Charge.*

*Grenstead had a long letter in the Times "boosting" the Groups, & announcing their impending attack on London. He says that the Bishop of London will preside at a great service in S. Paul's, and that the Archbishop of Canterbury will receive the "Groupists" at Lambeth. It is sufficiently evident that "nothing succeeds like success"!!*

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[339]

Saturday, September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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Martin Kiddle writes to tell me that he had been moved to write to the Times in comment on the letter from Grenstead which appeared in yesterday's issue. He enclosed ~~of~~ <sup>an</sup> copy, which ran thus:

Sir,

Professor Grensted has described "the intense and wide-spread interest" shown in the Oxford Group when the Team of Fifty recently visited Canada & the United States. I was a member of that Team, and unlike Professor Grensted, who was with it for only three weeks, I travelled with it for five months, from New York to Los Angeles.

There is much that I might tell to expose the deplorable insincerity & unscrupulousness of the leading members of the Team. Instead, I will give an instance of a more serious problem – the transitory nature of the "change" brought about by the Group's message.

Two years ago there was a gigantic group campaign in Louisville (Kentucky) and hundreds of "conversions" were recorded. When the Team visited this town last Spring [340] [symbol] to consolidate their previous work, we found only eleven people who had retained any interest in the Group. In Detroit I found an exact parallel, except that in this case the converts had fallen away in a much shorter time. The grave question arises, whether the last state of such disillusioned converts is not worse than the first.

Your obedient Servant,  
M. Kiddle.

I wrote to Geoffrey Dawson urging him not to reject this letter. Shall I write to the Times myself? If, on the one hand, one must needs shrink from coming before the public as an opponent of a religious effort, yet, on the other hand, one owes something to honesty, and, after having indicated my own position in the Charge, my silence might easily be misunderstood. *I cannot avoid a feeling of moral nausea at the behaviour of the Archbishop of Canterbury, for he certainly does not believe in the Movement.*

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A telegram from the Rural Dean informed me that P. Y. Knight of Ryhope had died. I am really distressed, for, in spite of his insufferable garrulity at which he himself used to laugh, he was a really good clergyman, much trusted & loved by the people. How are the places of

these older men to be filled? Knight was ordained in 1855, and was, I think, 72 years old. He had been Vicar of Ryhope for 31 years.

John Wrightson came to lunch. He tells me that his father is "frightfully excited" over the President's scheme in U.S.A., and is quite sure that it must fail. He prophesies a tremendous strike in the mining industry, & probably also in the motor industry. Ford is before his time; & Rooseveldt is only trying prematurely to organize the entire industry of U.S.A. on the same lines as those on which Ford has successfully organized his own factories. This view of the matter does not please me, though I suspect that it contains a core of truth. Ford does probably represent the dénouement of industrialism: but it is so repulsive to individual self-respect that it cannot possibly be accepted as anything more than a pis aller. It is rather Socialism than Fordism that Rooseveldt is leading to.

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Ella and Fearne accompanied me to Bishop Middleham, where I baptized in the parish church the infant daughter of Peter and Enis Richardson. The child was named Jennifer Lucile Buchanan, & its god-father was Kenneth Headlam Morley, a nephew of the Bishop of Gloucester. After the function we had tea with the Richardsons, & then returned to the Castle, where we found Geordie Gore had arrived. *I took Walter Smith\* for a walk round the Park, and had some interesting talk with him. He says that the younger Roman priests who are pouring into Nigeria are Sinn Feiners, & thoroughly disloyal to the Government. The older priests were superior in piety & loyal in temper. He thought the C.M.S. were "going too fast" in giving autonomy to the native churches. The younger officials & the younger missionaries (C.M.S.) were superior to the old. He said that there was some apprehension lest yellow fever should be carried into India from Nigeria. Japanese were unknown in Nigeria, but not Japanese manufactures which were displacing British goods.*

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14<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 17<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

The superb weather continues with the added charm of autumnal dew and mist. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8a.m. We numbered 12 communicants, including our four guests and William.

“There are not found to give glory to God, save this stranger.” Why were the others indifferent to the magnitude of their obligation, almost unconscious of their evident duty? Precisely for the reason, which it might not unreasonably have been supposed, would have rendered them particularly disposed to right action. They were so much at home in the Sanctuary that they had come to take its blessings for granted. Is it not really the same paradox as we are now seeing in the experience of “Groups”? These “beefy” undergraduates disclose a readiness to perceive and acknowledge the action of the Holy Spirits which the habitués of the churches regard with comparative indifference. “Familiarity breeds contempt.” Did not Bishop Walsham How\* explain the failures of clergymen & choristers to reach even normal levels of religious behaviour by their “deadening familiarity with sacred things?”

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I devoted the entire morning to the composition of a letter to the Times on the Groups Movement. I hesitated much before deciding to do this, but Kiddle’s letter turned the scale, that and the disgust I felt at the unworthy complaisance of Lang and Ingram.

Ernest took the 3 ladies with him, and motored to Durham in order to attend Evensong in the Cathedral. Walter, whose car had disclosed some incapacitating defect, tried vainly to get somebody from Newcastle to put it right. Dick & I strolled in the garden, & then looked at books together, & read Browning. I was pleased to notice his evident appreciation of a poet who was dominant fifty years ago, and is now rarely read.

After tea Walter and I walked round the Park, and had much interesting and intimate conversation. He said that he had noted with surprize that the governors did not often go to church in Africa, & that the effect of this example on the natives was not good. He spoke highly of Jack Carr.



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[345]

Monday, September 18<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

In the Soviet Union religion is at present put to the supreme test of its vitality. It may have resources which to us have so far remained hidden & which may now reveal themselves, but the known forces which have produced the historic religion of the Russian people have exhausted themselves, and Communism is digging in that country the grave of Orthodox religion: During the last fifteen years already half the Russian churches have been closed, destroyed, or put to other uses. This process still continues, though at a somewhat slower rate. Nevertheless it seems that in another generation religion, as organized at present, is doomed to disappear.

v. Hocker. Religion & Communism p.9.

I actually succeeded in finishing the Cambridge sermon, with which, however, I am dissatisfied. It is too ill-connected, discursive, & rhetorical. However, it ought to leave on my hearers the points which I desire to make viz. that the Church ought to be ~~estab~~ disestablished, & that a crisis is near.

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Ella went off to Catterick with everybody except Walter to see the military sports. Walter employed himself in the affairs of his damaged car; and I walked round the Park.

On returning to the Castle I had an interview with two Newcastle men, Williams & Holmes - who came to arrange the date at which I could be the guest of the "Pen and Palette Club". We agreed on Tuesday, the 10<sup>th</sup> October, at 7.30p.m. This seems to be a foolish business.

The Rev<sup>d</sup> F. O. Sanders, who desires to become assistant curate of Hebburn (S. Cuthbert's) came to see me, & to stay the night. He is aged 27: an Irishman with an ingratiating manner & a wonder-working smile. He is, of course, an "Anglo-Catholick", but professed himself ready to be loyal. So I said he might come, & I hope that he will behave himself. We gave a dinner party. The company were

Bishop & Miss Headlam  
Colonel & M<sup>rs</sup> Scott  
Captain Walter Smith  
Rev. Ernest & M<sup>rs</sup> Henson  
Sanders, Dick, Fearne & ourselves – 14 persons.

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**Tuesday, September 19<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

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My letter appears in the Times, but not Kiddle's. I hope that the last will yet appear, for it has the exceptional weight of direct personal experience behind its condemnation of "Groups". My own letter reads fiercely, but it hangs together & ought to compel some answer.

*I received from S. Andrews an invitation to deliver next year a lecture on 'Leadership'. The Walker Trust, which provides the lectureship, was formed "to commemorate the visit of the Duchess of York to the University of S. Andrews in the summer of 1929" by "an annual lecture on Leadership." The first lecture, on "Montrose" was given by John Buchan, the last by Lord Moynihan.*

Sanders & Charles accompanied me when I motored to Ryhope to conduct Canon Knight's funeral. The former got down in Sunderland. On my way through the town, I picked up Jack Carr and carried him as far as Ryhope, where we parted. There was a large gathering of parishioners and neighbours, and a considerable number of the clergy. Gobal, a life-long friend, read the prayers: Jackson, as Rural Dean, the lesson: and I the Committal Prayers.

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[Captain Scott, the governour[sic] of Durham prison, told me the following:-

It is customary to allow prisoners to choose a vegetarian diet instead of the normal provision: & this option is not infrequently used since it secures a change of food. On one occasion, a prisoner requested to be allowed vegetarianism. When the request was granted, the governour[sic] observed the manifest disgust of the constable in attendance. When the door had closed on the professed vegetarian, he inquired the reason. "Well, Sir: I think it mighty fine for him to pose as a vegetarian, for he came in here convicted of stealing a leg of pork!"

I had an interview with a young grocer's assistant, who is eager to become a clergyman, but, of course, lacks suitable education, & the money to obtain it! I liked him, & thought him both humble & sincere. But, though I sanctioned his application for a grant I could not hold out much hope that the Board of Training would grant one. We went to the chapel, and said prayers together, before we parted.

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Then another ordination candidate came to see me. Leslie James Garrett (16 Patterdale, W. Hartlepool). He is 21 years old, and has taken his degree: but domestic troubles compel him to maintain himself instead of going to a Theological College. But how shall he do this? I promised to write to Canon Poole on his behalf.

Sir Henry Lunn returns to the charge on the subject of his Hellenic cruise, which he wants me to make in the capacity of a traveller. He writes also about Groups:-

‘With reference to Buchman, I have read with very great interest, your Charge, & there is very much force in it. At the same time, I think there is more of good in the movement than you quite realise, though the dangers are very serious, & I am sure your warning is exceedingly timely”.

Lunn is a Wesleyan, and does not feel as acutely as I must needs do, the intolerable incongruity between the shameless advertising of Buchmanism and the Religion of Christ. Sectarians draw to one another.

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Wednesday, September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I wrote to Sir Henry Lunn declining his invitation to an Hellenic Club Cruise next April, & thanking him for a small book "The Secret of the Saints".

Also, I wrote to David Ross Esq. accepting an invitation of the Walker Trustees to deliver a lecture on Leadership to the students of S.Andrews, & suggesting as suitable dates, Feb: 14 & 15 next year.

*My post was swollen by 10 letters, which were occasioned by my letter in yesterday's Times. Of these one was valuable, & I have thought it worth transcription into this Journal.*

M<sup>rs</sup> Paget, the wife of the late Bishop of Chester, wrote at length describing her experience when visiting M<sup>rs</sup> Allen, the redoubtable Geoffrey's mother. She was offended by their laxity in the matter of divorce which marked the conversation of the Groupists, and their obvious contempt for "Church principles".

Mr R. W. Chapman, Fellow of Magdalen, wrote in terms of emphatic approval. He says that the Groups are declining among the undergraduates.

[351]

28 Lansdowne Road,  
Tunbridge Wells.  
19/9/33

My Lord Bishop,

"The Oxford Group"

*Permit me to express my gratitude for your definite letter in today's Times, with great respect may I add, so unusual among the Bishops.*

*The last four lines of your letter, in my opinion are the most important, and I regret that you did 'refrain'.*

**During my 50 years as a medical practitioner, I've met many of the 'wrecks' you speak of, especially in my position as Surgeon to a Mental Hospital.**

*The familiarity displayed by the Groupists, in their actual personal relationship with God, amounts almost to a fraud. The hysterical aftermath of the Group meetings cannot be over-estimated in the amount of permanent harm they produce. The use of the word "Oxford" has much the same [352] [symbol] indirect appeal as certain alcoholic drinks being "recommended by doctors".*

Yours very faithfully  
W. B. Cosens.

[symbol]

The afternoon brought me a long and rather hysterical letter from Canon Grensted, who evidently feels himself a much injured person. I sent him a brief but sufficient reply.

There were several other letters about Groups mostly approving my position. One was an exception. The Rev<sup>d</sup> David Railton, Vicar of Guildford, writes with extreme rudeness:-

*“The truth is that old age is making you bitter as it does so many other men who hold onto their positions too long. **Why don’t you resign** and let them have the chance to appoint a man who is at least less embittered. **Your Lordship is long past real human work**, & so you sit merely throwing stones – as it were at all and sundry.”*

Well, well! I sent him my Charge.

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To my great surprize I received a letter from my brother, Frank, written with his own hand. He has changed his address, and now lives in Surrey – 29 Onslow Road, Richmond Hill. A few weeks ago, it seemed impossible that he could live more than a few days.

I wrote to MacMunn, Vicar of S<sup>t</sup> Columba’s, Southwick, offering him the hon: Canonry vacated by the Death of Canon Knight. He is a cryptic Anglo-Catholick, who is not precisely enamoured of his Bishop, but his formal claims seem to be irresistible.

The Bishop of Norwich wrote asking me to speak on behalf of his Church-building scheme on Friday, October 29<sup>th</sup>. I like neither the man nor the cause but I thought it best to accept the invitation just to show that there is no desire on my part to perpetuate the Prayer Book Revision feud. Besides, he and I will both become Septuagenarians this year. My birthday is on November 8<sup>th</sup>, his on December 6<sup>th</sup>: we were both born in 1863. **I am three years his senior in Holy Orders.**

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[354]

Thursday, September 21<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

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Bishop Westcott has a letter in the Times declaring his faith in 'Groups' with much uncton, & warning people against "second-hand" testimony which, of course, means the Bishop of Durham's! My post contained more letters, all with one exception, friendly. Two letters fasten on my reference to "moral & intellectual wrecks", and seek specific instances. To one, Judge Clements, I narrated without naming him the story of Malcolm: to the other, R. Smith M.P. (Labour) I replied evasively. To both I sent copies of the Charge.

The afternoon post brought a long letter from Viscount Dunwich championing 'Groups'. He explained that he was 30 years old, & had met Buchman in Australia. I replied to him courteously and sent him the Charge.

There was a letter in the Times signed by F. Bussby, and dated from Wycliffe hall, Oxford, which said some not unimportant things, and supported me.

We attended an exhibition of Flying in aid of the Cottage Hospital. Ella, Lady Eden, Frances, & Dick all flew. I declined.

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[symbol]I turned out of my book-shelves, as it were by chance, a book which is curiously apposite to the discussion of the merits of the Groups Movement – 'The Welsh Religious Revival 1904-5. A retrospect & a Criticism by the Rev. J. Vyrnwy Morgan D.D. (London, 1909)' At the time the Revival carried all before it, but the results were very transitory. In 1909, this Author writes "The general condition of the churches is worse than it was in the days preceding the outbreak in 1904. There is a loss of appeal in the Gospel message, & an alarming disregard of sacred institutions. There is less peace among the members & greater dissatisfaction with the Ministry. The fall of the spiritual thermometer is very marked." (p. 256)

Probably the Welsh Revival was true to type. All these frenzied outbreaks of religious emotionalism draw in their train disastrous reactions On the morrow of their extravagant fervours men feel ashamed of themselves & *revert to something less religious than their wont. I expect that "Groups" will be no exception to the general rule. Certainly Buchman differs from his predecessors mainly in his astute business capacity, his skill in organizing advertisement, & his keen scent for "key figures"!*

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[356]

Friday, September 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

*My post continues to be dominated by "Groups". Sir Henry Lunn, rather to my surprise, writes approvingly of my Times letter. "I think it", he says, "a most excellent letter". He tells me that he had met a Plymouth Brother, who was "a prominent member of the Committee of what are called "The Young Crusaders". They are public school boys and girls who devote themselves to philanthropic work".*

*"They do excellent work, I believe. What would interest you is that he and his fellow members of the Committee made a thorough investigation into the Group Movement. They sent people to the Meetings, & did everything they could to arrive at a just conclusion. Their conclusion was absolutely condemnatory, and they warn their people against having anything to do with the Group."*

*That is certainly neither uninteresting nor unimportant.*

*I received a letter from an American Swede, which has rather a special interest:-*

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[symbol]

My Lord Bishop,

I have read with great interest your letter in yesterday's Times to the contents of which I heartily subscribe. In 1924 I was a member of a self-appointed committee of undergraduates at Princeton University which dealt effectively with M<sup>r</sup> Buchman and his fellowship there. Indeed we then had the satisfaction of telling him and his friends some home truths to their faces. Aside from the more obviously disgusting of their methods, particularly dangerous when used with adolescents, abdication of the intellect, which, I believe, is your own phrase, and a complete sense of a lack of humour seem to be necessary qualifications for entrance to the inner circle. Many Americans who feel as myself are appreciative of the courageous stand your Lordship has taken on numerous occasions and of your penetrating criticism of Buchmanism.

Respectfully yours

Nielson Abeel

[358]

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The Times publishes letters from D<sup>r</sup> Selbie and Miss Barbara Gwyer, very temperately worded, but substantially hostile to "Groups". Grensted makes no sign, which is, perhaps, surprising, though congruous with the general policy of the "Movement", and is not altogether ill-advised from its own standpoint.

A M<sup>r</sup> George Godwin writes from the Temple:

“That this movement is essentially evil I have not the slightest doubt, and from personal experience in one case I have seen what psychological damage it may result in [sic] in the case of an emotionally unbalanced individual.

At the present moment I am gathering material for a book which I hope will be an adequate examination from the critical standpoint of Buchman theory & practice. Every fact I can gather is, therefore, of value to me & I am prompted to ask whether your Lordship could assist me in any way possible for I am anxious to deal adequately with a movement I firmly [sic] to be not only fundamentally [359] [symbol] unsound but also fundamentally dishonest.”

If I knew more about M<sup>r</sup> Godwin, I might be the better able to answer this letter.

Martin Kiddle writes again. He evidently feels very strongly against Buchman. “The iron has entered into his soul”. He has (unwisely as I think) written again to the Times & sends me a copy of his letter. I should like it to be published, but I hardly think that it will be.

I received another long & rather incoherent epistle from Grensted, who is evidently not a little perturbed (as well he might be) by the miserable history of Malcolm Ross. He labours to show that Buchman did his utmost to avert the disaster, for which, none the less, Buchman must be held responsible. I do not gather from his words whether there is to be any public reply to my Times letter, or whether the Groupists intend to “take it lying down”. I can hardly imagine the latter, and yet in the case of these fanaticks anything is possible. Memories are short, & the most part of the people may be safely assumed never to have heard even gross scandals: so “Silence is golden”.



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[360]

**Saturday, September 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.**

Gilbert writes from British Columbia that the Groups Movement “seems to be creating quite a stir in this part of the world also & has made quite a few converts”, that “even Bishop Darnell before leaving the diocese for England spoke of it eulogistically which was the more surprising – he being an ardent Anglo-Catholic”.

I received a rather vehemently worded letter from a Groupist.

*Martin acted more wisely than I thought for his letter appears in the Times today. It reads effectively.*

Ella and I motored to South Shields, picked up Colonel Chapman at Westoe, and under his guidance visited the Allotments of the Unemployed. Ten and a half acres, providing 136 allotments, have been cultivated this year, and I had undertaken to open an exhibition of fruit & vegetables together with furniture &c manufactured by the Unemployed. We lunched pleasantly with Colonel & M<sup>rs</sup> Chapman & then went to the Zion Chapel, an abandoned place of Methodist worship, which has become the centre [361] of a considerable work for and by the Unemployed. Colonel Chapman presided. The Mayors of South Shields and Jarrow were present & a crowded company of the Unemployed. I made a short speech, & then we had tea & came away. On the whole, I was well-pleased with what I saw & heard. To my inquiries as to the economic situation in South Shields I was assured that there was no appreciable improvement. Even if as much coal were raised as was raised before the War, there would be at least 20,000 fewer men employed. The introduction of labour-saving machinery is beyond dispute a most important cause of Unemployment.

*Dashwood and his Wife arrived during our absence in South Shields, & were entertained by Fearne & Dick. I took him for a walk in the policies before dinner, and had much talk with him. He says that Inge only escaped by the skin of his teeth from buying a house, in itself suitable & interesting, which was about to be surrounded by a municipal sewerage farm! His candidate for the Deanery of St. Paul's is Canon Vernon Storr. I should not object.*

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**Sunday after Trinity, September 24<sup>th</sup>, 1933.**

It rained in the night, & heavily in the morning. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 9 communicants including Dashwood and John the undergardener. The gospel was from the Sermon on the Mount, infinitely challenging and yet consolatory. But ought I not to have used the Revised Version? Which phrase carries the largest measure of our Lord's Intention to simple English minds – "take no thought", or "be not anxious"? If you take thought about embarrassing & ambiguous situations e.g. unemployment, how can your thought be other than anxious? To "take no thought" and "not be anxious" mean precisely the same thing. Take the case of William, whose face grows longer as the days pass, & one effort after another to get a situation fails – How can he help being anxious? Can he reasonably be told to take no thought about his future? Of course, Russell and the literalist fanatics who claim to live on faith would have no difficulty. Let him believe & ask, and his faith will surely be justified. But I can't take that line.

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Ella took our guests into Durham for service in the Cathedral. I remained at home, & prepared a discourse for the Evening. The old parson at Hart (Rev<sup>nd</sup> C. S. Wilson) is commemorating the Jubilee of his Ordination, & he has asked me to preach in his church. So I must do what rarely can be done rightly or decently, and what I never do willingly, viz. eulogise a parson!

Dashwood and I walked for more than an hour in the Park, and I talked away my voice in advance of my preaching. This is surely the greatest folly in the world, mais que voulez vous? The Bishop cannot wholly ignore the duties of the host even in the interest of his duty.

Dashwood and Dick went with me to Hart. where I preached the sermon & read the lessons at Evensong. There was a large congregation, which listened with close attention. I think the old parson was gratified by my coming, & flattered by what I said. Dashwood and I sate in the car & Dick with the driver. On the way, Dashwood told me the strangest legend in the world about old Dean Wace.\*

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[364]

Monday, September 25<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

*Brain, the Vicar of Winlaton, sends to Charles a most insolent letter, in which he abuses the Bishop vehemently! I really think the man is losing his wits, but he is Vicar "for life" of a parish with 21,500 inhabitants! This at one end of the diocese, and Bircham at Barnard Castle at the other, ought to give pause to the hardest champions of Establishment.*

I took the Dashwoods into Durham, & showed them the Castle & Cathedral. We came back to Auckland for lunch.

The newspaper report the death of Archdeacon Campbell of Carlisle. His car, which he his wife was driving himself skidded & overturned. His wife, ~~who was with him~~ escaped unhurt. This reminder of the risks of sudden death which must needs be great in the case of one who, like myself, is constantly motoring, induced me to do what I had been for some time meditating viz make a new Will. So I wrote to Cecil Ferens giving him the requisite instructions. There is always a certain melancholy which attaches to the process of Will-making.

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We gave a dinner party: the following dined:

The Dean of Durham

The Hon: M<sup>rs</sup> Bailey

Miss Lavinia Alington

M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Ramsden

M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Dashwood

M<sup>r</sup> Dewhurst

Dick

Fearne

Ourselves

14 persons

I asked the Dean whether he intended to continue the sermons to the University which his predecessor had, with great advantage and success introduced, and he replied that he had heard nothing about them. He thought the scheme on the face of it excellent. I promised to preach one of the sermons, if he decided to resume the arrangement. We went to Chapel rather to the surprize, I think, perhaps even to the consternation of the Ramsdens, who hardly give me the impression of churchy people! But, if they dine with the Bishop, they must run the risk of some religion!

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[366]

Tuesday, September 26<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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The Times publishes more letters, mainly from the Groupist side. The Bishop of Warrington (Gresford Jones) maintains that "the Christianity of the New Testament is with us again". He seems to approve the entire Groupist programme and affirms very confidently its triumphant achievement in Lancashire. The Liverpool diocese would hardly be true to its own ideal if it did not embrace every "stunt" that comes to it "in the Name of the Lord".

Two enthusiastic females write to me at vast length, denouncing my almost inconceivable wickedness in criticizing a movement which they have found so stimulating. If I needed evidence of the fanatical character of "Groupism" such letters would provide me with all I want.

*Martin Kiddle returns Grensted's letter with some comments on its Apologia for the treatment of Malcolm Ross. It is sufficiently evident (1). that Buchman did his best to hush that matter up.*

*(2). that he thinks his safest course is to keep silence and trust that it will be hustled from memory by the new interests which emerge daily.*

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Rowallan Cumming-Bruce came from Sedgefield and carried off the Dashwoods to make a stay in the Rectory there. They seem to have enjoyed their short visit to the Castle, & certainly showed themselves to be pleasant and appreciative visitors. But there is no denying that visitors, even the best behaved, are a terrible distraction!

[symbol]

*I finished Lord Moynihan's lecture on "Leadership in Medicine". It is extremely interesting and, being plainly written, extremely informing to the plain man. He ends with some minatory reflections on Science as the potential enemy:-*

*"Its destructive possibilities are formidable, menacing, instant, and of universal application. By science civilization may in truth be utterly destroyed. Man may perish by suicide: the weapon of his destruction growing daily keener."*

*He maintains that "in science pursuing not power but knowledge shall man find leadership." But knowledge is power: & the danger to the world lies in the proved inability of science to direct or control its application.*

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Caröe came to lunch. He was [on] one of his swift visits to inspect the works for which he is responsible in this part of England. He looked wizened & white. He must be nearer 80 than 70 years of age, and, though he affects to despise physical fatigue, he is quite clearly showing evidence of his advancing years. He has purchased 40 acres in Cyprus, & has builded himself a house there, which, he alleges, is the only really sanitary dwelling in the island. He wants us to visit him, but that is not likely.

He shewed me a letter which he had just received from an American ecclesiastic on the staff of the Washington Cathedral. It was written in a mood of unbounded optimism, though it gives no real reasons for the writer's faith.

[symbol in margin] I finished reading through Sir Timothy Eden's\* account of his father, 'The tribulations of a Baronet'. It is well written, & demonstrates that the author has high literary power: but it is a painful & repulsive book which ought not to have been written. No son ought in this way to dishonour his father's memory. Sir William Eden\* was an artist, but also a brutal, blaspheming atheist. He came [369] [symbol] *into the world with every advantage. He enjoyed all the most coveted human possessions – honourable birth, assured position, ample means, a beautiful wife, intelligent & beautiful children. He was himself handsome, healthy, and accomplished. Yet his morbid, restless temperament, villainous temper, & total lack of moral & religious principle wrecked his life, alienated his family, & wasted his estate. Sir Timothy allows himself to quote his father's coarse profanity, & thus makes his book degrading as well as disgusting.*

[symbol in margin] *The Dean of Norwich, to whom I had written asking whether there would be any objection to the publication of the Fison Lecture in the Bishoprick, replies that he is writing to the Secretary on the subject, and asking him to write directly to me. He is good enough to add:-*

*Pray let me say how much I have enjoyed more than one number of the Bishoprick, even though I do not agree with the Bishop on the question of Disestablishment.*

*It really seems to be the case that for most Anglicans Establishment is not arguable.*

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[370]

Wednesday, September 27<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Brigstocke writes that he must not face another winter in Burnopfield. What can be done with him? He has no money, no health, no friends, and no discretion, only a certain indefinable charm, a frenzy of self-surrender in work, and a considerable preaching gift. The mere question of financing these 'lame ducks' is unanswerable.

The Times has evidently had enough of the Group Movement, for it has an article designed apparently to wind up the correspondence in its columns. It reports the opening of the London campaign by a reception at the Mansion House, at which Grensted bleated very characteristically. Save for a complimentary reference to the Archbishop of Canterbury & the Bishop of London, the Times leader is as nearly hostile to the Group Movement as could be reasonably expected. There are two more letters, one from Julian Huxley against, and one from C. J. May Robson for the Movement. The former is not welcome as an ally, for his personal character is no longer reputable. Of him & his life, we can but say 'Non tali auxilio nec [371] defensoribus istis.'

The Rev<sup>d</sup> Arthur Taylor, who has just come to the Barnard Castle School as Chaplain, came to lunch. He is a heavy rather cryptic person, who has been an extreme Anglo-Catholic, but professes himself to be in process of shifting his ground. He will hardly have the process hastened by a close personal contact with the type of Anglicanism which Bircham illustrates! I said that he might be licensed, & gave him Cecil's address.

Dick and I started to walk round the Park, and fell in with D<sup>r</sup> Maccullagh. He spoke much of the late Sir William Eden, whom he had known well. He agrees with me that his son ought not to have disclosed so fully his father's faults.

*The Bishop of Jarrow arrived, looking well and cheerful. He gave me a copy of a little book which he has just published, entitled 'Completeness in Christ, a study of man's needs'. It is published by S.P.C.K., & ought to have a large sale.*

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[symbol]

Sept. 25<sup>th</sup> [1933]

Dear Lord Bishop,

*May I write to say how glad I am you have brought notice in your article in the Times about the Oxford Group Movement. I have a son who became interested in it whilst at Cambridge and after – I did not know of it at the time, but we found it out when he seemed to get so worried and ill, and had to be taken away from his work in Town: & from any influences to do with it – I think it is most wrong to have such a thing, whilst they are at Cambridge, as the results are very bad; and the boy has not been himself for nearly two years, and is a great worry to his father: besides, unless he gets quite*

*fit in 6 months time, he stands to lose his very good job: he seems to have lost his self-confidence, & his mental abilities which he had, and was very clever when at Cambridge: and how is one to get him well?*

*For the sake of others I have written to [373] [symbol] you to do what you can to stop this mistaken movement. I am sure you will excuse my doing so.*

*Yours sincerely,  
Marie F. Fry.*

This letter rings true, and I cannot doubt that it describes a very frequent consequence of Groups.

Canon Michael Robert Newbolt writes to thank me for my letter on Groups. He feels most strongly on the unsatisfactoriness of the finance of the movement.

The Bishop of Jarrow, Sturt, and the six candidates arrived about tea-time. At 7 p.m. there was Evensong, and Sturt gave his first address. He spoke clearly, & said many useful things, but, when he said that at least three hours every day should be devoted to serious reading, I could not but suspect that he was more conventional than convincing. I doubt whether many clergymen in active work could, if they would, or would, if they could devote three hours to solid reading as a daily minimum.

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Thursday, September 28<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. The Bishop of Jarrow, Sturt, and the six candidates communicated.

The 'Evening News' asks me to write an article on 'Groups' – 1500 words for 25 guineas. I said that I wouldn't. The mere collocation of that rag with the Palatine even in a good cause offends me.

Two more letters, both in large type, from Vernon Bartlett, and Miss Evelyn Underhill. The former associates himself with D' Selbie, rather rudely ignores the Bishop of Durham, and then dilates at length on the defects of the Groupist doctrine of "guidance". The latter, repudiates Huxley, whose assistance to the anti-Groupists is for them less a support than an Embarrassment.

Sturt's second address was admirably practical. I was pleased to hear him insist on house to house visitation, for, in spite of its general neglect, we have not yet discovered any substitute for it. The parish magazine, which has formidable disadvantages of its own, now too often serves as a substitute for the parson.

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The candidates for Ordination number six, viz:

1. Barnett, Eric Stanistreat.
2. Britton, Frederic Henry.
3. Carter, William Douglas.
4. Pritchard, Stephen Edward.
5. Richardson, Frank Herbert.
6. Rose, Alaric Pearson. (Gospeller)

They all have degrees, save Barnett. One, Rose, has been in Ripon Hall.

The Bishop of Jarrow walked with me in the Park during the afternoon, & we had much talk.

[*symbol in margin*] I interviewed the candidates, and had some interesting talk with Rose. He disclaimed the merely humanitarian view of Christ, but was not very clear about any other. I liked his candour and courage. *He told me that he had seen a good deal of the Group Movement in Oxford, and had formed a very unfavourable view of it.*

I gave every candidate a copy of my Charge on Disestablishment, and also that portion of my last charge which dealt with Groups. Will they condescend to read either?

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Moulsdale came over from Durham, & stayed for Evensong. He tells me that somebody has offered S. Chad's a Manor House in Shropshire with five acres of land, and the possession at the donor's death of property worth £700 yearly.

I delivered my Charge to the candidates at Compline. It was a crude & rather menacing thing. One cannot but talk in terms of impossible theory. The while one knows that practice will be, cannot but be, quite woefully disparate. I gave my notes to Dick. Cecil Ferens brought the draft of my Will, which I approved, & arranged to have the document duly signed tomorrow.

Sturt's final address covered a lot of ground, and concluded with some rhetorical passages, delivered with much energy. He is evidently a preacher of a rather old-fashioned but still popular type. He has certainly taken great pains over his addresses. His delivery is not wholly pleasing, and though he warned his hearers against the "pulpit voice", they might fairly have met his admonition with the protest, 'Physician, heal thyself!'

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Friday, September 29<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

### THE ORDINATION

Langdon-Davies writes to decline my nomination to the incumbency of S. Mark's, South Shields. His long-standing purpose is to become a "religious", at Mirfield, or Cowley, or Kelham. In these circumstances, perhaps, I might complain that I had been kept waiting for a whole fortnight without any adequate reason.

The Ordination passed off without any untoward incident.

There was a considerable congregation of clergy, relations & neighbours. The Dean's sermon was excellent, but I doubt whether he was heard by many of the audience, for he never raised his voice above a conversational level. The singing of the Cathedral Choir was exquisite, and added greatly to the impressiveness of the service. Rose read the Gospel clearly & reverently. On the suggestion of the Bishop of Jarrow, the six newly-ordained deacons communicated by themselves. I gave [the] them the hallowed Bread myself, and he the hallowed Wine. Then about 50 communicants came to receive the Sacrament. Altogether this Service pleased me greatly.

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I gave a "stand-up luncheon" to the choir in the Library; & entertained about 40 persons in the dining room. Also, I gave the choir-boys a shilling a-piece.

[symbol]

*Wallis discussed with me the case of the Ordination candidate, who was delated for pilfering from a mission-room collection. I said that I certainly would not ordain him. He asked whether I would ordain him after a period of probation, & I said that he might renew his application after two years, & that it would be considered on its merits, but that I would make no promise to ordain him. Wallis has recently had to dismiss students from S<sup>t</sup> John's on the grounds of dishonesty. There is no doubt that this kind of misdemeanour is likely to become more frequent as the Ordination candidates are recruited from the "working classes".*

*Dick accompanied me to Newcastle, where we both had our hair cut. Then we had tea in the Hotel. On our way home, we called at the Gateshead Rectory to inquire after Stephenson. I found him cheerful.*

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[379]

Saturday, September 30<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

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Caröe sends me a cutting from the parish magazine of S<sup>t</sup> Hilda's, Hartlepool, for August. Here the Rector (Rev. F. T. Salter) allows himself to write an "Open Letter" to his Bishop. It is an extraordinary, and impudent composition, possibly designed as complimentary but, of course, infinitely the reverse. It is, indeed, good to "see ourselves as others see us", and yet one must needs doubt the sincerity of descriptions written for publication. Still, it may be taken to express what the writer wishes his readers to think that he thinks about the Bishop:-

*"What amazes us is your wonderful insight and your clear outlook. You have the unique gift of saying the right thing at the right moment. **Men say that you are clever and heartless.** They little know what a store of affection you have for those committed to your charge. We may find it hard to approach the depths of your intellect, but we have often observed the humility of your soul & the big heart which beats beneath a somewhat formidable exterior. It is [380] [symbol] a truism that as a man advances in position, he inevitably moves away from his fellows. Ordinary men find it very hard to perceive the human personality behind the bishop. **When you do unbend,** my Lord, you are the most lovable. As you approach the eventide of life we see, besides the church militant, a man whose character has been sweetened & mellowed by the stream of years. It is hard to believe that you have reached old age – such minds as yours never really grow old – and we hope & pray that you may be spared to guide & direct the Church in Durham for many years to come.....It surely must encourage you to know that the laity in the Hartlepoons always speak so warmly for your words & works. In the North the man who knows his mind, and speaks it, is always respected, but when speak of the Bishop of Durham, they speak with affection as well as respect."*

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Between the lines of this foolish effusion one can read that the Bishop of Durham is not popular with his clergy.

*The Times* has, at last, a letter which purports to clear up the mystery of the Buchmanite finance; but when closely examined, it leaves the position much where it was. Some statements (e.g. that the Group makes no appeal for money) are directly contrary to what both Martin Kiddle and Lionel Trotman affirm of their own knowledge. (v. p.313).

Charles and I motored to Sadberge, where I instituted the Rev. P. Belshaw to the Rectory. He is a strong-looking man with an ill-tempered expression. He has retired from a large urban parish ^in Lancashire^ to the lighter labours of a country cure [?] ^in Durham^ on account of health; and he is rather anxious to show that he has voluntarily "come down" in the hierarchical scale! He introduced me to his wife – insignificant & underbred, but probably good, and three rather commonplace children. I went to the school-room, & had a

cup of tea. On my return, Dick brought me his Essay on the Lollards. It is not without promise, but he has a long way to go before he can be said to be doing well.

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16<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, October 1<sup>st</sup>, 1933.

I read Gordon's book for an hour before getting up. It is odd that he should never refer to the famous sermons of Bishop Butler, even when he is discussing the very theme of those discourses. But he is a Cambridge man, and at Cambridge they "have no use for" Bishop Butler. Is he read any longer even at Oxford?

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 9 communicants including Dick, William, & the Ellands. Ella remained in bed with a cold.

*The Gospel contained the record of the restoration to life of the widow's son in Nain. **What do I believe it about?** The Raising of Lazarus is told in the 4<sup>th</sup> Gospel, and can hardly be regarded as historical, by anyone who holds, as I do, that the Gospel was not apostolic in authorship. The raising of the girl, 12 year's old, was hardly a restoration to life, for Christ said, "She is not dead: but sleepeth". There remains only this story of the widow's son at Nain. Some occurrence probably lies behind it, but what we can no longer determine. It is a picture-story illustrating Christ's Influence.*

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I spent the morning in preparing sermon on the Angels to be preached at Evensong. The two brothers Potts, who are staying with the Archdeacon came to lunch. The elder is an official in Tanganika, home on leave, the younger is Dick's friend, & is going to Cuddesdon.

*Harry Cumming-Bruce and a friend from Catterick came to tea. Harry is in great excitement as his Battalion has been ordered to Palestine.*

Dick and Charles accompanied me to South Shields where I preached at Evensong in S. Michael's, South Westoe. There was a large congregation, a hearty but rather noisy service, & an asphyxiating atmosphere. My sermon was listened to with attention, but I think with more alarm than satisfaction, for it contained some references to Soviet Atheism, which are not welcomed at South Shields, where trade with Russia is a local interest.

Rawlinson came to see me. He says that to his knowledge, the Groupists took up no less than £100 in a collection during the Oxford Campaign. Yet Thornhill denies categorically that they ever appeal for money!

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[384]

Monday, October 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

Charles lost his voice yesterday, & was quite speechless – a pathetic spectacle. Nevertheless, he accompanied me to Durham, where I presided at the meeting of the Board of Training, of which he is Secretary. There was little money to vote away, and only one candidate to interview; and him we rejected! Then I went to the Castle, and had lunch in my room with the two Archdeacons and Charles. We discussed appointments to the vacant benefices, and such other matters as needed attention, & then dispersed.

*That quaint little papist Albins, the Earl of Iddesleigh, sends me the October issue of “The English Review”, calling my attention to an article on “The Oxford Group” by Anne Fremantle. He says: “M<sup>rs</sup> Fremantle has studied the Group from the outside for a number of years & I think she is quite competent to describe it”. The article is well-written, and seems to be extremely well-informed. The writer would appear to be young – “Five years ago, during my first summer term, I came into touch with the ‘Oxford Group’” ... “I have just been to their ‘International House Party’ here in Oxford.”*

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*In the interval she observes a great change in the movement. Not so much the “changing” of individuals, as the solution for world problems by the extension of Groupism is now mainly emphasized. Buchman “is by no means ignorant of his physical resemblance to S<sup>t</sup> Ignatius Loyola, to whose “Exercises”, indeed, the group leaders are deeply indebted”. The immense & rapid sale of Russell’s books expresses rather the propagandist zeal of the Groupists than the interest of the public:*

*“Others have bought 5,000 copies of the British Weekly or 500 copies of “For Sinners Only” and have circularized their tradespeople or their friends.”*

*She describes their faith in the press, and in advertising which “would be touching if it were not revolting”, and dwells on their almost incredible snobbery.*

*“Indeed, one ‘Grouper’ confessed to me, ‘**not only did the Groups bring me to Jesus Christ, but they introduced me to the Queen of Roumania**’.*

*Their irreverence attains to blasphemy.*

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**Tuesday, October 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1933.**

The Vicar of Spennymoor is reported to be ill with scarlet fever. Will my chaplain do duty next Sunday? I had to reply ^that^ that gentleman was in bed without a voice, & that I would myself celebrate at 8 a.m., & preach at Evensong. The diocesan reader must read mattins and Evensong. The sickness of the single-handed incumbents is a constant terror. I receive from the Rev. H. C. L. Heywood, of Gonville & Caius College, Cambridge, a rather unusual letter. He thanks me for my Charge, tells me that he has "now through the members of that fellowship (sc. The Groups) seen how much of him was not surrendered to God", and "being in the position of one who now disagrees with my conclusions" he would like to offer me a copy of Shoemaker's books, "which expresses his disagreement". I wonder how far this gentleman is representative of Cambridge opinion. I note that Crockford describes him as an examining chaplain of the Bishop of Southwark. Clearly Groupism is still "in spate".

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Canon Bell of Chichester, whose son aspires to be ordained in this diocese on a tithe from S<sup>t</sup> Peter's, Bishopwearmouth, writes in evident perturbation to enquire whether M<sup>r</sup> Silva-White is a suitable clergyman to have the training of a deacon. He has heard unfavourable reports about the parish. I could but say that if his son had applied to me as is the usual practice, I should certainly not have counselled him to seek a tithe at S<sup>t</sup> Peter's. The finding of tithes is rapidly becoming almost an insoluble problem. We have so few incumbents, who are at all competent to train deacons, since ~~they~~ ^most of them^ never were trained themselves, and the parishes are woefully unorganized. It is difficult to discover an escape from the vicious circle into which we are bound. If the Church were disestablished and partially disendowed, it would be compelled drastically to revise its existing system with a view to economy and efficiency. One change might deal with the training of deacons. If every man on Ordination were required to work for two years at a recognised centre, we might at least ensure a minimum of sound training.

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Wednesday, October 4<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Headlam\* has addressed his Diocesan Conference on the Groups Movement. He takes a middle course, and adopts a tone of superior detachment which suggests a very obvious retort: e.g.

“He should never feel it right to suppress, though he might desire to guide, a movement which was able to create real spiritual life. The misfortune was that a movement of that sort should be necessary. If clergy & laity alike were to make their normal religious services such as would stir up the spiritual life of those who took part in them, no extravagant forms of religious life would be necessary.”

But our “normal religious services” are provided for us in the Book of Common Prayer, and no rendering of them could possibly make them competent to satisfy the kind of religious demand which finds “House parties” and Russell’s “For Sinners Only” what it needs. This “corybantic Christianity” of the Revivalists, which is expressed by Groups, breeds a type of religious folk which finds the ordered worship and discipline of the Church of England altogether undesirable. “~~claugts~~ clots o’ could parritch”!

[389]

Ella and I lunched at Redworth Hall with Major and M<sup>rs</sup> Siward Surtees. Here lunched also Colonel Sir Murrough Wilson and his daughter. We had a pleasant lunch, and conversation more than usually intelligent. We talked inter alia of Sir Timothy Eden’s account of his father – “The Tribulations of a Baronet” – and agreed that it ought not to have been published. Sir M. W. said that as a boy he used to come often to Windleston[e] to visit the Eden boys, and that Sir William terrified them by his violence of language & manner. I was glad to see the parson, McLean, at lunch, and evidently on good terms with the Surteeses. M<sup>rs</sup> S. told me that he was a considerable gardener, and had given her many plants for her new garden.

Dick and I walked in the Park for an hour. He seems to be keen on his reading, and pulls out many books from my shelves. How far he can remember what he reads, and get his facts into some intelligible [missing word], does not yet appear; but, at least, he is making a good start, & justifying a sanguine view of his prospects in the schools. He speaks well of his History tutor.



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[390]

Thursday, October 5<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[symbol]

Dr Frederick Spencer, (B. M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh's friend & the author of an article on Groups in a quaint paper called 'Laudate') writes to me from Oxford asking whether I would contribute to a composite volume on 'Buchanism' which Methuen & C<sup>o</sup> have proposed. I declined the proposal on the ground that my hands were already too full.

[symbol] The Bishop of Willesden, jackal to London's lion, has a letter hymning the virtues of Buchmanism & plainly Buchman's campaign, aided by the patronage of the Primate, is 'booming' nobly!

*Per contra*, I received from New York a letter from a certain M<sup>r</sup> Harris thanking me for my opposition to Buchman.

My Lord,

Permit me to express my admiration of your good sense in refusing to sanction D<sup>r</sup> (?) Frank Buchman & his so-called Oxford Movement. I have known the man & many of his satellites for several years, and know them to be 'spiritual exhibitionists' as you have aptly termed them.

It is a shame that the head of the [391] [symbol] Church of England should have been taken in by these shallow mouthers who travel always first-class to & fro about the world, and minister only to the neurotic and erotic needs of the well-to-do. One has only to look at Buchman to know that no real spirituality is in him. In reality, I am convinced that he does real harm to the weak-minded young women who are by him encouraged to introspective emphasis upon their otherwise natural sex emotions. Pray forgive this intrusion, and believe me.

Most respectfully yours,  
O.H.

*I wonder what manner of man this gentleman is, how far he really has knowledge of Buchman & his movement, and what motives have led him to write thus to me. M<sup>c</sup>Cready came to tea. I offered him the nomination to S. Mark's, South Shields.*

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Friday, October 6<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

Dick went off to Oxford after breakfast, carrying with him the parcel of miniatures for Professor Clark, and leaving behind him a blank.

The Hibbert Journal 'regrets to announce the recent discovery that two articles, published in its issues for April, 1931, and July, 1933 under the name of Professor S. F. Darwin Fox, & entitled respectively 'The Claim to Equality with Christ' and 'Equality of Opportunity' have been reproduced almost verbatim from chapter viii & ix of a book published by Mess<sup>rs</sup> George Unwin & Allen in 1934, & now out of print, 'Equality & Fraternity', written by the late Canon Douglas Maclean of Salisbury ... A statement signed by Professor S. J. Darwin Fox, admitting the reproduction, is in the hands of the Editor'. I cannot find the name of this purloining Professor in 'Who's Who?' nor yet in Crockford. I conclude that he is a not very distinguished layman. It is noteworthy that more than two years intervened before the first essay in plagiarism, and the last. Probably, it was the impunity which attached to the first transgression, which suggested the second.

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*D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh and I walked round the Park. He told me, on the authority of his son-in-law who lives in Oxford a strange story of a Groupist young lady who had made in the Groups the acquaintance of a young man professing to be an officer, who sought the payment of his debts from her, and on enquiry, turned out to be no officer at all. This suggests a development of Groupism which is both probable and odious. It may take its place beside the tragic story of Malcolm Ross.*

*I had an interview with John Elphick, and promised to recommend the Training Board to make him a grant of £30.*

*M<sup>rs</sup> Bate, the wife of the Dean of York, came to tea. She says that they propose shortly to vacate the Deanery, & to go into a smaller house. The official income (£2000) is, she says, totally inadequate to so large a house. It is everywhere the same story, and it always points the same moral viz. Disestablishment.*

*Goshawk,\* the Vicar of S. Mary Magdalen, Sunderland wants to know my views on the Unction of the Sick. I sent him 'Notes on Spiritual Healing'.*

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[394]

Saturday, October 7<sup>th</sup>, 1933.

[“]Newman was not like the other leaders, a born Tory and High Churchman who was committed by heredity and cultural tradition to the defence of Anglican ideals. He did not belong, like them, to the agrarian England of the squire & parson, but to the new middle class which was beginning to supplant the latter in the leadership of English culture. This class was naturally alien to the High Church tradition. It tended to be Liberal in politics and in ideas, & it was mainly responsible for the great reforming movement of which the High Church party was the sworn enemy & against which the Oxford Movement itself was a conscious reaction. Nevertheless his class was as a whole intensely religious. It possessed its own religious traditions, which were no less deeply rooted in the national tradition than that of the High Church & possessed a far stronger hold on English character..”]

Dawson ‘The Spirit of the Oxford Movement’ p. 26.

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*I wrote letters, and revised my Cambridge sermon. In the afternoon Gibbons brought about 30 of his tramps from Windlestone Hall to see the Castle, and have tea. They seemed to be quite a decent set of lads, and very well mannered. We divided them into two parties, and Ferne & Alexander showed them to Chapel & State Room. After tea they said, Thank You, and dispersed.*

*I received from Canada a letter from Professor D.J. Wilson of the University of Western Ontario, London, Canada, together with a copy of the ‘Christian Century, a journal of Religion,’ a paper published in Chicago, & stated to be undenominational. It contained two articles on Buchmanism, the one ecstatically lauding it by Samuel M. Shoemaker Jr., the other criticising it calmly but severely by Professor Wilson. In his letter, the latter thanks me for the charge which had reached him after his article had been written. He says: ‘I received letters from all over the United States & Canada mostly concurring in my opinions.’ He encloses one of those letters, from a Californian clergyman who, after three weeks of Buchanism had come out of it.*

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[symbol]

[“] *What brought me to was the realization that I had the same after effects that I had after a week-end drunk at college. **Further than that, I simply could not be honest and pretend to accept the plain fundamentalism of their Bible classes and their theology.** I agree with you that theology does matter. And when I realized how petty their whole theory of guidance makes God out to be, I simply couldn’t stomach it. **When two laymen started telling how God guided them to wear suspenders instead of a belt, or determined their decision as to whether one would eat a ‘Life Saver’ or not, it was too much for me.**.”]*

*This is certainly a canon's side-light on Groups and is obviously sincere. The intellectual degradation which must have befallen Grensted before he could accept and enjoy such profane nonsense, is melancholy indeed. Evidently he 'laps up' the gross adulation which is poured out on him by the Groupists.*