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15 June 1936 – 30 Sept. 1936

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

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[1]

Monday, June 15th, 1936.

The wet, dark weather continues, though we are nearing midsummer.

I went to Newcastle, and had another hour with Miss Nicholson. She professes to think that I am making progress, but I am doubtful.

The Archbishop of Dublin [John Gregg]* writes to say that he has been reading the "Yellow Spot":

"I was, in that connection, much interested in your letter in the Times anent the British Universities & the Heidelberg Commemorations. I congratulate you on the results of your intervention."

M^{rs} Hamilton Thompson* arrived during the afternoon. After tea I walked with her in the garden. She has recently visited Spain and has much to say about the situation there.

Canon Haworth* came to see me with respect to the school at Esh, which the managers desire with good reason to abandon ~~the~~ to the County Council. I authorized him to convey to them my approval of such action. He also reported that funds for the school at Tynedock were being provided by the Ecclesiastical Insurance S^{ty}.

[2]

[Gilbert Keith] Chesterton's* death is announced in the papers. He was 62. I remember meeting him on two occasions, one in London and the other in Glasgow. He did not appeal to me, as apparently he appealed to most people. He had all the usual zeal of the convert for Papistry but I find it difficult to avoid a certain contempt for converts to Papistry.

I wrote to M^{rs} Nankivell to ask for information about her husband who is stated to have been "lost" and found again. It is suggested that loss of memory resulting from a recent motoring accident may be the explanation of this alarming behaviour. James Nankivell* was rather a strange man. He introduced himself to me, and visited me here. Then he married (for the 2nd time) and suddenly ceased to have any dealings with me; but indirectly I heard that he spoke of me with respect. He was librarian to Ripon Hall, & in that institution the Bishop of Durham is little likely to be favourably regarded!

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[3]

Tuesday, June 16th, 1936.

The post brought cheques for the Holy Trinity, Hartlepool Fund, from 8 parishes to the value of £27:13:3. At this pace and rate my "brief" will not do much to save the Church from falling down. The financial problem is becoming insoluble.

There came to lunch Professor Hamilton Thompson* with his wife, and M^r Hendry, the Curator of the Leeds Art Gallery. The latter wanted to borrow one of the Zurbarans for an exhibition of Pictures which is being organized in Leeds. I was obliging enough to consent. He expressed his opinion that an unregarded painting of S. John was an early work of Rubens.

D^r M^cCullagh came to see me, & we walked in the garden together.

Two Ordination candidates of rather unusual merit came to be interviewed. Robert Leaden (Rugby & Christ's, Cambridge) who is now at the Lincoln Bishop's Hostel, and John Jeans (King's College, London). The last deserves to be ordained in September, and offers a tithe from Bott's parish. The first will not present himself for Ordination until Advent 1927. Both pleased me.

[4]

"Not Enough"

It is reported in semi-official quarters here that the lifting of Sanctions will not be enough to allow Italy again to collaborate in European affairs. It is hinted that only a reversal of the League verdict that Italy was the aggressor in Abyssinia would really meet the case.

Rome telegram to a daily paper

*Let us be realist and face the facts,
For peace at any price, is more than pacts.
The house is broke; the burglar keeps the crust.
Why not be wise, & say he didn't do it?
It may be awkward to condone a crime,
But not if it was lawful at the time.
If humble pie be what the nations wish,
Let them have plenty, we then lick the dish.
Singing "The meek Italian left his home
To drive the Abyssinian brute from Rome".
Maybe that mustard on the mountain-tops
Was loosed by Englishmen disguised as Wops"?*

A.P. H.

[From the front page of the Times for June, 17th 1936].

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[5]

Wednesday, June 17th, 1936.

A fine day, but uncertain. Charles went with me to Newcastle, when I again visited the Hospital. The road was cumbered with vast caravans proceeding to Newcastle for "Race Week" which is the great annual holiday of Tynemouth.

Three Ordination candidates came to see me. Two, - Lacey Jones and Walker - have completed their academic courses in Durham, and desire to be ordained in September, the one on a tithe to Bishop Auckland, the other on a tithe to Consett.

The third – Thomas Donald Bell – a pitman's son is seeking to get admission to Mirfield. He is only 20 ½ years old, and has a refined manner. I could not but accept him as a candidate, though it is not easy to see how he is to be financed. The problem of these humbly born candidates for Ordination is extraordinarily hard to solve. In principle nothing can be imagined more repugnant to the spirit of Christianity than to condition admission to the Ministry by social status & the possession of "private means". In practice, the poor clergy are very rarely efficient. They have dependence burned into them from the cradle and shrink from responsibility as by an inner necessity.

[6]

I read through a little book, which may be important because of its subject and because of its author:- "Marriage and Divorce, The English point of View by Lord Merrivale P.C. [Henry Duke*]"

On p. 45 he makes mention of my name:-

'The now Bishop of Durham, D^r Hensley Henson, gave evidence which in its general tenor agreed with the main recommendations ultimately made in the Majority Report of the Commission.'

And again on p. 46.:-

In the main he (sc. Lord Gorell, Chairman of the Commission) based himself on two propositions which D^r Hensley Henson had advanced: "Whatever can be shewn to render impossible the primary objects of marriage is prima facie a sufficient ground for divorce; if so it follows that the conditions of divorce are properly to be determined by the State in the light of Christian principle with reference to the actual necessities and circumstances of men."

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[7]

Thursday, June 18th, 1936.

M^r Hendry writes about the pictures which he desires to borrow for the Exhibition in Leeds:-

I am pretty confident that your four Evangelists are by Rubens, especially after looking this morning at reproductions of the set of Twelve Apostles which were painted by him in Spain in 1603 and are now in the Prada.

He suggests that the said Evangelists should be insured for £750 apiece.

The secretary of the Clarendon Press writes to ask for "a short description, about 100 words long" of the Gifford lectures 'for inclusion in our Autumn List'. I wrote out something, and sent it.

The notion that, if published at all, my Abyssinian Article ought to be published immediately led me to Hugh Rees L^d asking whether they could undertake it. The papers announced definitely that the Government have decided to cancel 'sanctions'. It is a bitter pill to swallow.

[8]

I finished a careful and apparently honest study of Adolf Hitler – “Hitler the Pawn by Rudolf Olden, formerly political editor of the Berliner Tageblatt”. His final summary runs thus:

He is a man who has remained at the child-stage, in the barbaric state of the nursery – a child whom an evil spirit has given the form & intellect of an adult, and the force of a powerful temperament as well. The word “temperament” is deliberate. It is not a case of will or energy, as Hitler himself, after June 30th, 1934, called the impulse that spurred him to the massacre.....

Therefore the feature that characterises him most strongly is volatility, a lack of balance. He, like his Reich, is only an executive agent. And apart from this? We may take the expression literally: “There is nothing behind it”.

Konrad Heiden in “Hitler, A Biography’ describes the German dictator as a man who is “as irresponsible as a wild beast.”

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[9]

Friday, June 19th, 1936.

The government collapse had a hostile reception in the House of Commons, & will have a still more hostile reception in the Country. For, indeed, what defence is possible? The prompt acceptance by the government of the country's emphatic repudiation of the Hoare-Laval arrangement might fairly have been understood to mean that for the future there would be no turning back on the path which had been entered on. I begin to suspect that the criticisms of Baldwin* as essentially a dilettantist and an opportunist have a justification in fact. Lloyd-George* had his opportunity, and took full advantage of it. It is long since so fierce and so effective a Philippic has been heard in the House of Commons. Geneva is astounded: Rome is in ecstasy: Paris is relieved: London hangs its head. The only adequate reason for the Government's humiliating volte-face that I can imagine is the knowledge, which they could hardly make public, that the armed forces of Great Britain are really insufficient for a War with Italy. With Egypt and Palestine in a disturbed condition, the situation may be more serious than it is pleased to realize.

[10]

[Archdall Beaumont] Wynne Willson* with his wife and Nancy came to tea. They all look very well. Then M^{rs} [Mary] Darwin* arrived accompanied by an ancient deaconess, who formerly presided over the community in Durham.

The Rev. G. E. Mitchell, curate of Christ Church, Gateshead, came to see me. He is a ????? mulatto, and looks it. Originally he came to Durham to get a degree, having been already ordained by the Bishop of Jamaica. It was understood that he would return to Jamaica when he had secured the degree, but, on one pretext or another, he stayed on, and finally was informed by the Jamaican bishop that there was no prospect of employment for him in that diocese. He was admitted to a curacy in Lyons, and then, in 1931, he was licensed to Christ Church, Gateshead. Philps*, his Vicar now desires to get rid of him, partly on financial grounds. I sanctioned his being given the statutory six month's notice for the termination of his curacy. I wrote to Philps accordingly.

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[11]

Saturday, June 20th, 1936.

A hot sultry morning, very unpromising.

Hugh Rees L^d write to say that they will undertake 'Abyssinia', so I sent off the MS. Of course everybody is now beginning to pretend to think that the surrender to Mussolini is what is obviously "the right thing"! But everybody is none the less conscious that Great Britain has lost its moral prestige, & has now taken its place on the low level of "realism" which Mussolini himself occupies. The Emperor of Abyssinia is a tiresome figure, & must by some means or other be silenced and removed from sight! It only remains for the Pope to crown the King of Italy, and for one of our Princes to attend the function! Lord [Robert] Cecil* is reported to be urging the League of Nations Union to agitate for a reversal of the government policy, but this is not 'practical politics'. Every timorous and selfish element in the nation is enormously relieved, and I foresee that, when the debate is renewed in the House of Commons, the Government will be able to defeat the Vote of Censure by a triumphant majority.

'My people love to have it so.'

[12]

I went to Newcastle, and was dealt with in the Hospital. Miss Nicholson returned with me to Auckland in order to spend the week-end as our guest. After lunch Ella carried her to Brancepeth Castle to see the Folk-dancing, and then brought her back for tea. The Bishop of Jarrow [James Gordon]* brought his friends M^r and M^{rs} Haldane to see the Castle. I myself shewed them the chapel, and then handed them over to Ella to see the State Room etc.

The Bishop of Jarrow brought me a copy of the Sermon which he means to preach tomorrow in the cathedral. Its subject is 'The duty of hope'; and its text, Lamentations III. 24-26. I read it with sympathy and interest, but not with entire agreement. I cannot build on my belief in God the assurance that "in time" His Will shall prevail in the affairs of men. That Will, which expresses itself in the Moral Law, will be ultimately supreme, but not necessarily or probably on this planet. 'We look for new heavens & a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.'

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[13]

2nd Sunday after Trinity, June 21st, 1936.

Another brilliant hot day worthy of midsummer. I celebrated in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m.

Charles read both the Epistle and Gospel and administered both paten and chalice. Miss Nicholson and Christina were among the Communicants.

Hawthorne, the Vicar of S. Gabriel's, Sunderland, asks me to permit a lady to conduct a lantern-service in his church. I refused on the ground that I could not sanction addresses in parish churches by women to general congregations. They may speak to their own sex, and to children, but not men. Not principle but expediency requires this limitation. This decision will not please the waxing crowd of would-be priestesses!

Miss Nicholson generously volunteered to give my ankle professional attention: and then we walked together in the garden.

Charles and Christina came to lunch. Ella motored our two guests into Durham in order that they might attend the Cathedral service.

I wrote to the Bishop of Jarrow giving my verdict on his sermon.

[14]

For the second time I read the book which gives a first-hand and terrible account of the Fascist Revolution – “Enter Mussolini, Observations and Adventures of an Anti-Fascist” by Emilio Susso. In his Preface, Wickham Steed describes Mussolini's government as “a worse than Austrian or Bourbon tyranny.” Certainly, the facts affirmed as coming within the Author's personal knowledge are almost incredible. It is interesting to note his suggestion, frequently renewed, that Mussolini is himself a coward.

He never moves from his position of command behind the lines, and has never taken part in any risky enterprise. He merely gives his orders. The condottiere of modern times can stay at the telephone: bloodshed is left to the lower ranks of his army. (p. 15)

He states that the King's strange surrender to the Fascisti was determined by the influence of his cousin the Duke of Aosta, who threatened him with a military coup d'état.

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[15]

Monday June 22nd, 1936.

Miss Nicholson gave me half an hour's treatment before taking her departure. She went away in the car to the accompaniment of thunder!

The Ecclesiastical News in The Times included the announcement that "an exchange of livings had been arranged" between two clergymen. I wrote a short letter to the Editor questioning the legality of exchanges since the passing of the last Patronage measure.

I wrote to Lady Florence Cecil* inquiring about the health of the Bishop of Exeter [William Cecil]*, of which ill accounts had been appearing in the newspapers.

I spent the morning in writing the address for the ~~Church Assembly~~ & ^Diocesan Conference^. It will be very short.

The Yorkshire Post has a markedly cool article on Baldwin's apology for the Government's volte face: & it gives great prominence to a long communication from Jebali, which not only assents that organized opposition to the Italians is being maintained, but quotes the Italian Governor as certifying that the Italians losses are heavy.

[16]

Lord Hugh Cecil* has an excellent letter in the Times criticising the Government's policy, and he quotes a prescient utterance of his Father as long ago as 1907.

I set myself to the painful business of 'working' my heel, so as to 'break down the adhesions' which make normal movement impossible. [Ernest] Alexander* and Charles by turns hold down my heel while I tried to heal my knee.

Mrs Nankivell writes in reply to my enquiry about her husband. He seems to be still in a bad way for she has not yet been able to convey to him a message from me.

Major Cheeseman's book – Lake Java and The Blue Nile, an Abyssinian Quest – is unconcerned with politics, & makes rather dull reading, though doubtless valuable to the scientific experts. It is worth noting that (p. 185) he testifies to the effectiveness of the measures which the Abyssinian Government had taken again the slave-raids:

"It is doubtful whether at the present time the routes are used for any but legitimate trade".

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[17]

Tuesday, June 23rd, 1936.

Old Colonel Thomlinson's* name appears in the list of Birthday Honours. He has received a knighthood. I sent him a few lines of congratulation.

The Yorkshire Post has another unflattering article in which it criticizes with severity the Chancellor's "butting in" on Foreign Policy. Neville Chamberlain's* phrase "midsummer madness" is specially censored.¹ However, there seems no reason for doubting that the Government will command a great majority on the Motion of Censure.

D^r David Russell sends me the latest of the Walker Lectures. "Bruce" by D^r Charles L. Wass. I read it through, and was surprized at the slap-dash and inferior quality. The casuistry by which the ^Lecturer^ extenuates the reiterated treachery of his hero is only equalled by the prejudice which leads him to blacken his hero's master. The climax of patriotic absurdity is reached when he describes Bruce as "the harbinger of the Scottish Reformation". The narrow nationalism of Scottish presbyterians is capable of anything.

[18]

Carter came to see Charles about diocesan business, and walked with me in the garden. He tells me that Brian, the Vicar of Winlton, had sent an important letter to the Bishop of Jarrow in which he said that he was "fed up with the financial and spiritual incapacity of the diocese"! The man is certainly an authority on every kind of clerical incapacity. Indeed, charity suggests that he "has a screw loose". Nevertheless, he has a life tenure of a parish which combines more than 16,000 souls. It is stated in the calendar that 960 of them are ✕ parochial electors.

I finished Cheeseman's book, which in spite of its lack of literacy form, & tiresome record of uninteresting details, is worth reading. The picture of the Abyssinians which is incidentally given is entirely creditable to them.

The evening papers report the death of the Bishop of Exeter. He was born, as I was, in 1863. I first encountered him at the Oxford House, and we have been friends throughout my whole clerical career. That unhappy Prayer Book business cut us adrift, but did not destroy our mutual regard.

[19]

¹ In a speech at the 1900 Club on 10 June 1936 intended to put pressure on the foreign secretary, Anthony Eden, to withdraw sanctions on Italy, Chamberlain had referred to their maintenance in the wake of Italy's defeat of Abyssinia and Germany's remilitarization of the Rhineland as 'the vey midsummer of madness'.

"Fish" Cecil as he was called at the Oxford House was the strangest of men, but extraordinary generous and candid. The great Marquis his father had been a Fellow of All Souls, & was an Hon. Fellow when I was elected to a Fellowship in 1884. He came into personal contact with me in connexion with the "Laymen's League for Church Defence", which I founded in 1885, and which he approved. William Cecil and I were ordained in the same year, 1887. When he became Rector of Hatfield, and I exchanged the Headship of the Oxford House for the College living of Barking, he established a connexion between the parishes. I used to preach at Hatfield, & garner shekels for my poor parish. Arthur Stride, the managing director of the railway at Barking, was the Vicar's churchwarden at Hatfield, & became much attached to me. I became God-father to Eve Cecil, and was fairly intimate with the family. He was rigidly orthodox; I was generally regarded as a heretick. The discord went deeper than I thought, & when Cecil, then Bishop of Exeter, joined in the opposition to my appointment to Hereford in 1918, I was surprized as well as wounded.

[20]

But Cecil came to regret his share in that discreditable episode, and wrote to ask my forgiveness. The Prayer Book Revision business divided us again. He manifested an intractable Protestantism, more conservative than religious, and I, not without hesitation decided to support the Revision. He often urged me to place myself at the head of the opposition, and assured me, probably with truth, that if I did so, the Revision would have been defeated in the Assembly. When the Measure had passed the Church body, he did not think it right to oppose it in Parliament. He was a curious combination of wisdom and folly. Sometimes he spoke with impressive & luminous intelligence: more often he poured out an endless stream of disconnected & largely irrelevant speech. He was at his worst as a public speaker, but he had considerable fluency, and liked speaking! He felt the death of his three sons in the War very deeply, but he was genuinely patriotic, and bore his bereavement with great dignity.

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[21]

Wednesday, June 24th, 1936.

The debate in the House of Commons last night seems to have been rather a tenuous affair, and, of course, the Government secured a large majority. Contrary to expectation neither Winston Churchill* nor Austen Chamberlain* were among the speakers. The Yorkshire Post has another sub-acid leader, and the Times is not very kind. There can be no doubt about the loss of prestige which the Government has suffered.

I received a pamphlet from the Rev. Arthur G.B. Weston on "Painbridge, Vancouver Island". In the course of a description of attempts to find suitable children for Emigration in Tyneside, there is the following;-

Not one of the families visited knew their Church of England clergyman. The Roman children were all in contact with their priest.

I have no doubt that this is true & representative. The clergy limit themselves to their tiny congregations and have no personal contact with the mass of their parishioners, save for "surplice duties". Church schools have generally disappeared, and there is no love lost between the elementary school teachers and the parochial clergy. It is a bad look-out.

[22]

The closeness of the atmosphere, heavily charged with electricity through the thunder-storm which threatened, never actually broke, but with the effect of disinclining & indeed incapacitating me for work. What a nuisance it is to be so temperature-bound!

Anthony Eden was given a D.Litt. at Oxford today. The Public Orator (Cyril Bailey) introduced him very flatterously. Nevertheless, I must needs think that he would have served the public interest and his own honour, if he had resigned. It is both astonishing and humiliating that party discipline should be so strong. Already there is an altered note. The Government supporters are "coming to heel".

I read enough of Laski's* "The State in Theory and Practice" to discover that he is a formidable enemy to the existing social order. His doctrine of class-conflict as inevitable is both plausible and dangerous. His criticism of the Fascist system is acute, powerful, and eloquently phrased.

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[23]

Tuesday, June 25th, 1936.

Surely of all the Bishop's duties, the most perplexing and, perhaps, the most important is that of deciding whether he will approve or reject applications to be accepted as Ordination candidates. This week has brought me two such applications from poor men, uneducated and more than 20 years old, who affirm with apparent assurance that they have been called to the Ministry. I have rejected both on the ground that they ^men^ lack the requisite academic qualifications, and that I can perceive no such extraordinary circumstances in their cases as would justify me in dispensing with the diocesan rules. Yet I am not wholly comfortable in my mind, for certainly their deficiency in education was not attributable to their fault, and it cannot seriously be maintained that the Divine Call is universally or even generally conditioned by the possession of academic qualifications. Yet, when I contemplate the woeful inadequacy of the non-academic clergy, I cannot bring myself to increase their numbers. Moreover, in the present lack of secular employment, the motives which lead men to seek Ordination are more than commonly mixed.

[24]

My letter approving the illegality of Exchangers of Benefices appeared in the Times. It is given a good place on the front page. The subject is worth raising.

I finished reading Laski's book. The concluding chapter on "The Outlook for our Generation" is a vivid and alas! just account of the actual situation, & ends on a note of unrelieved pessimism. There was once a time even we discussed the future as if what would happen in it lay wholly outside the range of our own experience, but now, with the fearful illustration provided by Russia, Italy, Germany and Spain, we must reckon with the most violent transformation taking place almost immediately. At 73 a man is inevitably timorous, & in any case he has but a short time, but old age is ill fitted to encounter revolutions.

[Charles] Peers* arrived about 5.p.m.

Lord Londonderry* wrote to me with reference to the appointment to the Wardenship of the University. I replied at once urging that it should be nobody connected with the University.

[25]

I believe, therefore, that we must anticipate an epoch in which the attitude to liberty characteristic of western Civilization in general, and of Great Britain in particular, during the nineteenth century, will be at a discount....**All over the world, a new barbarism has become our habit** which men enforce, as it appears, in the name of principles to which they hold with passion. The suppression by the dictatorships, whether in Russia or Germany or elsewhere, of parties which cannot accept the ideology of those in power; the reduction of the Jews in Germany to the status of an enslaved race; the extent to which political difference involves the infliction of tortures no sensitive person can ever think of without horror; **the ease with which these things can be done without arousing**

even informed opinion from its apathy; the fact that every state can compete with its rivals in the exploitation of methods of warfare which it knows to be incompatible with the decencies of human life; all this suggests [25] **the coming of an iron age in which the moral restraints placed by security upon the exercise of power can no longer hope to exert that influence we had come to believe was part of the settled habit of mankind....**

Methods of government, in a word, which we have historically regarded as typical of either an Oriental despot or a medieval Italian tyrant are deliberately organised by the rulers of Western states of the twentieth century with no obvious feelings of compunction. Terrorism is justified as the high-road to power; & power is held to be so supreme a good that the ways of its attainment evoke little protest from the spectators of their barbarities.

Laski. "The State in Theory and Practice. p. 322-324

Lord Bryce spoke darkly of the probability that an ice-age of the human spirit might be impending.

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[27]

Friday, June 26th, 1936.

The morning post brought a rather distressed letter from [Henry] Stephenson* who is in camp with his boys at Pulborough in Sussex. "Two of my boys have been criminally assaulted by their employer. They ran back – several miles – to tell me, & I at once informed the police. Their case, they tell me, is a very serious one, & sure to be committed to the Assizes. I remember your Lordship once saying to me, 'Two things can never be cured – drink & boys.' I am still sceptical but now only about the former. As I am legally in loco parentis I must go to the Assizes at Lewes." This is a bad business. The scandal tells disastrously on the work with boys, for it envelopes the workers in a cloud of undeserved suspicion, & it deters men who would otherwise take up the work, from being associated with anything to do with boys. Yet the work is as necessary as it is difficult, & in a true sense, risky. For the men who do it best are generally those who are temperamentally homosexual; and in too many cases, "they are betrayed by what is false within." We depend on volunteers for our workers, & it may be that the volunteering may itself be a symptom of danger, which we ought not to ignore.

[28]

I motored to ~~D~~ Newcastle, dropping Peers at Newcastle on the way. Mr Gordon Irwin had returned from his holiday in Norway where he had distinguished himself by hooking up a 56lb salmon. He inspected my ankle, and expressed himself as well satisfied with the progress that had been made ~~since its~~ during his absence. He thought that I must continue being treated at the Hospital for yet another month, & that even then I could not expect my damaged leg to be as good as the other! This was rather disappointing.

In the afternoon we all motored to Durham. Charles and the Ladies attended the Prize distribution by Lord Londonderry at Durham School, while I joined Peers at a meeting of the Durham Castle Preservation Committee. Peers and I undertook to draft an appeal for a final sum of £20,000; and I promised that I would 'sound' Geoffrey Dawson* as to the issue of a public appeal by way of a letter to the Times. We all returned to Auckland afterwards.

[29]

The evening paper announces the death of Lady [Edith] Davidson,* the late Archbishop's widow. She was 77 years old. Nobody could have met this lady without receiving the impression of an unusually sweet and gracious woman. It is a very great thing to say of an episcopal wife that she did not seek to interfere with appointments etc; but in Lady Davidson's case I never heard a suggestion that she had thrust herself into ecclesiastical affairs. She was everything to her husband, but she never came between him and the Church. She was beautiful to look at, curiously like her father, Archbishop Tait.

After dinner, Peers and I concocted an appeal for £20,000, the amount which it is now stated is requisite to enable the work to be completed. He provided a statement describing the work: and I supplied an appealing letter. This is to be supplemented by a personal letter written to such local magnates as we have any right to address personally.

The Duke of Gloucester is to visit Durham on July 30th, to inspect Boys' Clubs. I have promised to give him lunch at the Castle.

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[30]

Saturday, June 29th, 1936.

Peers went off after prayers.

I received from the Clarendon Press formal notice that the Gifford Lectures are to appear on July 9th, and to cost 12/6!

Also, the proof of "Abyssinia" arrived. I don't like it at all! Nevertheless, I think it was right for me to formulate the indictment, and indicate the disaster which Abyssinia suggests.

M^r Collier, the chaplain from York, lunched here. He was on his way to Ravensworth. He impressed me well.

I attended the meeting of the Diocesan Conference, and delivered a short Presidential Address. The Dean interposed a welcome to me, which seemed to be well received. John Newsom* introduced the subject of "Unemployment and Personality." The debate was signalled by a rather reckless speech from [Arthur] Dolphin;* which provoked the Bishop of Jarrow to contradict him. I wound up the discussion by speaking rather more largely than is usual, but the Conference applauded loudly.

[31]

The afternoon post brought me an 'advance copy' of my Gifford Lectures. I looked with apprehension being fully assured that it will bring me no credit!

Geoffrey Fitzall Gill, aged 19, a son of the Vicar of Croxdale, came to see me with the object of being accepted as an Ordination candidate in order that he might apply for a grant. He is a stolid, rather beefy youth, who did not give the impression of intellectual or aesthetic gifts, but a good, useful type, none the less.

I have found extraordinary difficulty in preparing a little address for delivery to the soldiers in Ravensworth Park tomorrow. It is certain that the busy agitation of the Pacificists has had a considerable effect in disturbing people's minds, and rendering them sceptical of all the conventional arguments for military service. In this county the dominance of "Labour" has created a considerable hostility to everything connected with the Army: and Nonconformity, which is very strong in these parts, had troubled the consciences of many otherwise well-disposed and reasonable persons.

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[32]

3rd Sunday after Trinity, June 28th, 1936.

A fine, warm morning. At 9.10 a.m. Charles and I left the Castle, and motored to Ravensworth. We were met by an orderly at the entrance of the Park, and he led the way on his bicycle to the scene of the Parade Service, where I was warmly welcomed by the Brigadier. There were about half a dozen chaplains present. I motored up to the preaching place, and remained seated (save for the Creed) until it was time for me to preach. The troops were drawn up in a ~~hol~~^{hollow} square, and I faced the Grand Stand, (seating 6000) which was two thirds filled by the mixed multitude from Gateshead. There were besides a large number who stood throughout. I was assured that there were at least 10,000. I think that there may have been half that number besides the troops, who were said to number nearly 3000. I took for my text the words on Westcott's grave, "I came that they may have life", and applied it to the case of the soldier, who had reached his best under Christian influences. The loud-speakers appear to have [33] acted very efficiently, for I was assured that everybody could hear easily. The service seemed to me very impressive, and many of the officers expressed themselves flatterously. They appreciated the advertising value of my presence! After visiting the mess, & talking with the officers, we returned to Auckland. This was my first sermon after compulsory abstinence from preaching for 3 months.

After tea Ella and I walked in the garden; but we could get no intimate conversation, because this young Non-Aryan German, Liselotte Lang, thrust herself uninvited on us, and remained quite unaware of the disabling nuisance until we came again into the house. Now if moral turpitude were measured by actual exasperation, she erred grossly; but if conscious purpose be the measure of ethical quality, she was innocent enough. Nevertheless, I was vastly provoked! If but this wonderful weather would continue throughout the week, the Tattoo could not but be a triumphant success; & this is specially desirable in view of the hostility of the Socialists and Sectaries.

[34]

I wrote to the Secretary of the Clarendon Press, requesting him to send my free copies to the following:—

1. The Archbishop of Canterbury
2. " " " York
3. The Athenaeum
4. The Earl of Scarbrough K.G.
5. The Bishop of Jarrow
6. The Dean of Durham
7. Lord Hugh Cecil M.P.
8. Canon Cunningham
9. The Dean of S^t Paul's
10. The Dean of Westminster
11. D^r Phelps

[The above are marked with a tick in red pencil.]

Lord Londonderry is reported to have disclaimed any intention of making an attack on the Prime minister in a recent speech. But he did certainly contradict flatly a categorical assertion which the P.M. made in the House of Commons. I fear that his resentment at being excluded from office has got the better of his discretion. He will damage his own political position, and will not strengthen M^r Baldwin's.

<!290636>

[35]

Monday, June 29th, 1936.

Alexander called me in due course, having travelled back from London last night, after the shows and services of "Toc H"'s 'coming of age'. He seems to have been duly impressed. I was amused, but not surprised, to hear that the Members of Toc H., while duly impressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, 'wondered when he would stop'! Neville Talbot's* mitre seems to have arrested attention.

The Times reports the passage of my speech to the Diocesan Conference in which I condemn the opposition to recruitment, & suggest an explanation of the anti-Army attitude of "Labour". I shall become more than ever odious to the Socialists.

Charles and I motored to Durham, where I presided at the Board of Training. Moulsdale* made his last appearance before leaving Durham for his living in Suffolk. I made some appropriate valedictory remarks before he got to business. Then I went on to Newcastle, where I attended the Hospital. Both the surgeons, Gordon Irwin and Stanger had speech with me. Miss Nicholson showed me the local papers which gave great prominence to my [36] Conference Address, and to my sermon to the Troops in Ravensworth Park. The Lord Mayor of Newcastle, a Labour man, denounced me as "a prating Bishop"! Dick Sheppard* preached in Newcastle Cathedral yesterday. Miss Nicholson had heard him, & thought that, though he was impressive, he really said nothing. She said other members of the congregation made the same observation.

Old D^r M^cCullagh came to see me. He said that he was at the Diocesan Conference, sitting near the back of the Chapter House, and that he could hear perfectly everything that I said, but nothing else. I think that faulty enunciation is the cause of most people's failure to make themselves heard. The quality and volume of the voice make little difference.

Lord Scarbrough* writes:

All sent well on S^t John's Day. The Duke of Connaught asked me to send you his sympathy & to say how right you were to identify yourself with the Territorials. Bishop Palmer* took [37] your place at our service, though, as he afterwards told me, he could not hope to fill it, as he regarded you as the great master of the English tongue... I wish Londonderry would not try to score off the Prime Minister.

Braley* and his wife came to tea. He is much perturbed, and with good reason, at the ill conduct of 4 Bede College students who were responsible for inserting a Bolshevist paper in the copies of the Undergraduate's race-week journal. Three of them had been got rid of, but one would return to the college. All were shamelessly impenitent.

The archbishop of Canterbury acknowledging my letter of self-excuse for absenteeism from the Bishops' Meeting, says:

I must not enter into a diposition (?discussion) about the policy of the Government except to say that I cannot share your wholesale condemnation of it. But the perplexities at the present time are great and growing.

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[38]

Tuesday, June 30th, 1936.

A clouded rather chilly day threatening rain.

Reilly, the chaplain at York, wrote a letter of thanks for my address to the troops. He said that he had never seen soldiers so attentive at a parade service.

I worked at a sermon for the Mothers' Union, taking for my text the words "Bless the Lads"² which was suggested to me by their use in the Dedication of the volume, "Asking them questions".³

If I may infer the quality of Pacifists by that of the letters which I am receiving, it must be very poor indeed. These people have ceased to think, & are carried away by their emotions. The horrors of modern scientific warfare, on which they concentrate their attention, have shocked them into a state which is hardly consistent with sanity.

There was a thunderstorm about 6 p.m.: but it did not relieve the sultriness of the atmosphere. I made a frenzied effort to clear up my table, which had become unworkable, but my success was woefully unworthy of my efforts. Why was I never taught how to keep books & papers in some intelligible order?

[39]

The Prime Minister's speech at the Leys school Speech Day in Cambridge (reported in the Times on Saturday June 27th 1936) was in his best soliloquizing vein:

When my time comes to an end in public life, for whatever years may then be spared me, I hope my epitaph may be written in a slight paraphrase of some well-known work of Tennyson's. "He made no speeches – no, nor listened to them." We are giving it up...

You will never know what we are suffering from today – the losses of the generations of the War. I was 47 when the War began, & I saw that slaughter of our men. I have seen from my experience as Prime Minister, looking at the Church of England, where I have great responsibilities of patronage, looking at the legal profession, looking at all the great professions, looking all around the country, that short shortage of the men of 40 or 48 who now ought to be coming forward.

² Genesis 48:16.

³ *Asking them questions* [a symposium on religion, ed. R.S. Wright] (London, 1936).

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[40]

Wednesday, July 1st, 1936.

I motored to Newcastle, & attended the Hospital. M^r Gordon Irwin examined my ankle, and expressed himself well-satisfied with the progress, but added disconcertingly that it would take some months before it was healed, & then would never be as good as the other leg!

The iron of pacifist denunciation must have entered deeply into the military soul, for the amount of gratitude evoked by so petty a performance as preaching to a parade is altogether excessive.

Sir A.C. Wardrop, the C. in C. writes from York.

My thanks can be of little value. Still I must write to offer you the thanks of every soldier, Yeomanry, Territorial, and Regulars in Northern Command for all you do, & have done for the Army.

Collier saw me yesterday morning & told me of the effect produced on all by your wonderful preaching at the Parade Service.

Well, well! I think probably the importance of my preaching was enhanced by its coincidence with Dick Sheppard's in Newcastle Cathedral.

[41]

Surely, since John Huss confronted the Council of Constance, there has been no such profoundly significant spectacle as that presented yesterday at Geneva, when the Negus of Abyssinia made his appeal to the League of Nations. The last voice of African liberty, before it too was for ever silenced by European greed, thundered an indictment of Europe. It is apparent that the Negus can effect nothing for his own people, but he may have done much for its oppressors. Not even the most hardened heart could have been wholly unmoved, nor the least sensitive conscience wholly unstirred by an appeal so passionate in its sincerity, so powerful in its justice, so tragically futile in its effect.

Captain Radcliffe and M^r Thornton came to see me about the arrangements for the lunch which I have undertaken to give to the Duke of Gloucester when he makes a visitation of the Boys' Clubs in this County on July 28th. We arranged that the total number of the lunching party should not exceed 20. It strikes me as rather a muddled business, but I could hardly refuse to entertain H.R.H. when the Committee invited me to do so.

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[42]

Thursday, July 2nd, 1936.

A century or so ago religion could offer to the multitude the comfort of consolation in the hereafter for the inadequacies of this life; **in our time, scientific discovery has extinguished the lights of heaven**, and it is in the conditions of immediate relevance that release must be found.

v. Laski. 'Democracy in Crisis' p. 19.

I wonder whether 'the comfort of consolation in the hereafter' counts for much with a genuinely religious man, or, saving the case of fanatical & morbid individuals, it ever has counted for much. Remorse for wrong-doing drives men to religion, not because the wrong-doer fears hell as because he wants to be at peace with himself. "The forgiveness of sins" bringing "the peace of God which passeth all understanding" is far more potent as a magnet drawing men to Christianity than the assurance of happiness in the hereafter. Then the active benevolence required by the Christian Religion accords with the quickened sense of social duty which marks civilized society: & the Example of Jesus is ever alluring to the highest type of manhood.

[43]

Philps came to see me, & to pour out his pent-up grievances against his parti-coloured (half-caste) curate, Mitchell, whom with much parade of loving-kindness, he maligned copiously! I judge him to be what the vigorous XVIth century Englishman would have called a "corner-creeping clawback"!

The Bishop of Jarrow came to see me. He brought a sheaf of diocesan questions which I answered so far as they were answerable. He told me with that Archdeacon [Leslie] Hunter* had been attacking me with some heat, but he is far gone in the hallucinations of pacifism.

On the other hand, I received a letter of hearty approval from old Sir Thomas Oliver.*

General and Lady Kirke, Colonel Pollock Morris and Olive,* and M^r Ball, a quondam Fellow of All Souls, arrive, and stayed the night.

I had some conversation with the General. He gave me a curious account of D. Martin, whom he had known in India. He was an Abyssinian boy brought to this country, & adopted by somebody. He became a doctor, and is now notorious as the Emperor of Abyssinia's Ambassador in London.

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[44]

Friday, July 3rd, 1936.

The day was fine save for some spittings of rain in the course of the afternoon. Our guests disposed of themselves before lunch, & I worked in my study. At 3.30 p.m. the guests began to arrive for the garden-party, and I went down and did my duty until 5 p.m. when I retired. Moulsdale came to say Goodbye. He was, to my surprize & in some measure embarrassment, almost sentimental, expressing his regret at parting from me, for whom he professed affection. Then he asked for my Blessing, which I gave him, & so we parted. It has not rarely been my lot to discover that persons have formed a strong attachment to me, for whom yet I myself feel no answering sentiment. Moulsdale is a strong, subtle, even crafty man, of considerable ability, & no small ambition. He has carried S^t Chad's College to a position of prominence and influence; but I am not satisfied that the tone & temper of the College have been altogether wholesome. He has always been willing and helpful in his relations with me, but we have avoided occasions of discord, & I have acquiesced in much that I have disliked.

[45]

After an early dinner we left the Castle about 7.30 p.m., and motored to Ravensworth Park. I, Pollock-Morris, and Charles went with the General in the official car: the five ladies followed in the Austin. The weather was calm and warm, entirely favourable to the Tatroo. Save for the length of the performance – it began at 9.30 p.m., and went on until midnight – everything was entirely successful. Indeed the spectacles were beautiful, interesting, and sometimes brilliant. A certain pathos attached to the horses of the artillery, for these are now everywhere giving place to machines. The concluding scene represented the conversion of Edwin by Paulinus, and the destruction of the idols. This was rather crude, and introduced a religious procession singing a psalm which displeased me. But it was no worse than the sacred play-acting which is now common, and has even forced itself into the churches. The singing of "Lead kindly light" failed because few persons knew the words. Moreover that intensely individualistic composition is ill-suited for "community" use. On the whole, the Tatroo was very successful, & entirely creditable to the promoters & performers.

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[46]

Saturday, July 4th, 1936.

Alexander being busy with the departing guests, Charles went with me to Newcastle. Instead of going to the Hospital, I went to 91 Osborne Road, Jesmond, & submitted myself to the treatment of Miss Kaplin, the French lady with the bright eyes. She is certainly a competent and masterful masseuse, and handled my leg with decision. The ankle was swollen, and the leg painful. I was warned against excessive standing, and dismissed in a chastened temper! Canon Scoll, the Vicar of Bray (in Ireland) with his wife and daughter came to see the Castle, and joined us at tea. He is a limp, dilapidated man, who, in mind & manner, seemed to belong to a past age. He played the organ at Bishop Lightfoot's funeral.

General and Lady Kirke left for London after tea. Pleasant people good to know.

The methodist minister at Stanley, Percy Carden,* who attacked me so vehemently when I spoke of the dole-fed unemployed as likely to become a generation of British Lazzaroni attacks me [47] again in an "Open Letter" to the Bishop of Durham on the subject of recruiting. He concludes a rather violent diatribe with the following:

Do you remember a young clergyman in London, young Hensley Henson, who 30 years ago won the hearts of all freedom-loving men by his courage & chivalry? The young clergyman who 30 years ago did as much for London as Dick Sheppard is doing today? Some of us remember him well! The best thing that could happen, sir, would for the Bishop of Durham to call up for fellowship that young clergyman - & let them talk this matter out together. It is because I remember the Hensley Henson of the past that I have hopes for the D' Henson of the future.

Now did you ever? I have certainly no recollection of ever having met this gentleman, but, of course, I have forgotten him. But what was there in the conduct of the Canon-Rector of S^t Margaret's which could provide any kind of foundation for this picture of a "Dick Sheppard" before the time?

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[48]

4th Sunday after Trinity, July 5th, 1936.

A glorious morning. To my great regret I abandoned my purpose of celebrating the Holy Communion in the Chapel, but my woeful ankle was swollen last night, and I must preach in S^t Peter's tonight. Miss Kaplin's warnings determined me to take the line of least resistance. I spent the morning in my study, completing my sermon, and reading the Sunday papers. The last are a standing witness of the Great War, for it was only then that Sunday papers were allowed to come into my house. They came to stay.

The congregation in S. Peter's at Evensong was certainly not large. The church was, perhaps, five-sixths filled. No doubt the fineness of the evening militated against church-going: & a large proportion of the better-to-do townsfolk, who provide the majority of church-goers, are dissenters. It has been observed that in the neighbourhood of episcopal residences, Dissent is generally very strong. Why is this? Is it an illustration of the Apostle's aphorism, "Where grace aboundeth, iniquity doth more abound"?

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[49]

Monday, July 6th, 1936.

Reunion of my Ordinati.

A beautiful morning. I celebrated the Holy communion at 8 a.m. in the Chapel. The Bishop of Jarrow read the Gospel, and assisted Charles in administering the Sacrament. Of the invited clergy, 42 communicated. Then followed breakfast. Leslie Morrison,* who had travelled by motor-bus from Sussex during the night, gave me an account of the expedition of South Shields unemployed lads to Hurstpierpoint School, where they established 'contact' with the boys. The Times gave a good account of the function, & printed in full the letter, which I sent to Leslie some days ago. After breakfast both the archdeacons discussed diocesan matters with me for an hour, & then we joined the men in the garden. Everybody seemed to be well-pleased with everybody else. Philip Strong* proposed the usual thanks to me in a speech which was "felicitous" and well-delivered, and I replied. Then we went to the Chapel for Evensong, and I gave a short address on the clergyman's Holiday. After this everybody departed.

[50]

I sent to the publisher of "Seven" the following letter, which explains itself:-

My dear Sir,

I have to thank you for sending me an early copy of W. Rom Landau's new book "Seven", which I have read with keen and deepening interest from cover to cover. The auto-biographical framework of the philosophical-religious "adventure" gives the latter a brightness & actuality which are not commonly associated with serious thinking. The pages of "Seven" are thickly scattered over with acute observations and profound thoughts. It is a notable and suggestive book which will command, I cannot doubt, a large circulation. I am glad to have read it.

Believe me,
Sincerely & obliged,
Herbert Dunelm.

Ivor Nicolson Esq.
7, Paternoster Row,
London, E.C.4.

[51]

Ella and the two younger ladies betook themselves to Durham, where the first of the two annual services of the Mothers' Union was to be held in the Cathedral. This was not only pious but considerate, for ladies are much in the way when such clerical gatherings as that of today are taking place in the Castle. They returned to Durham again after dinner in order to attend the Castle Ball, which has been arranged in the interest of the Preservation Fund.

Arthur Loft, a budding solicitor but, notwithstanding, an ingenuous youth, dined, and went with them. I never feel easy in mind when these Balls with benevolent justifications are in question. There is always a certain dubiety as to their financial success. Will they finally show a surplus? The amount of money which ultimately reaches the Object, for which the Ball was organized, is always disappointingly small. Not seldom it is nothing at all. But this uncertainty of profit is not the only, nor yet the principal, reason why my conscience is troubled over these mingled functions, half benevolent, half "social". They add to the sum of the world's hypocrisy,

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[52]

Tuesday, July 7th, 1936.

No doubt, after a time, even the wounds of civil strife are healed. No doubt also a new edifice of beauty arises upon the blackened ruins of the old. There is an eternal aspiration in the human spirit which not even a dark age can destroy. But there is no tragedy more stark in the history of mankind than the compulsion to begin anew a search for what already we can define the goal.

Laski, 'Democracy in Crisis' p. 267

Alexander and I motored to Newcastle, and for an hour I was dealt with by Miss Kaplin. She expressed herself pleased with the appearance of my ankle, and allowed herself in some professional severities!

Ella went with me to Durham when I preached to a great congregation of women, members of the Mothers' Union. This was the 2nd day in succession that the Cathedral was filled with them. I did not walk in the procession, but went directly to my stall.

[53]

L.G [Goldsmid-Montefiore]* sends me a little pamphlet – 'Jewish Opposition & the Secondary Schools – A translation from the German'

"The author, D. Walter Scharres, advocates the complete exclusion of Jewish pupils on the ground that their presence handicaps the free development of anti-Semitic teaching which, in his opinion, should colour instruction in all subjects included in the school curriculum.["]

It is a horrible disclosure of almost insane racialism, and makes one despair of ever fitting Germany into a civilized order. Yet we seem to be driven by the coercion of a cruel situation to seek alliance with Germany. It is a humiliation, almost in excess of what even Great Britain can endure, to ignore the multiplying insults of Nazi government. The latest was the behaviour of Herr Greiser, the Nazi leader from Danzig, at Geneva, whereto he had been invited. Not content with using language of extreme rudeness, he made a gesture of coarse insult as he left the Assembly. The German government gives him emphatic approbation!

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[54]

Wednesday, July 8th, 1936.

The newspapers announce that Lord Hugh Cecil is the Provost of Eton. It is a surprising appointment, but none the less excellent. He is an ex-fellow of Hertford [College], and variously eminent as a churchman, an orator, and a writer. As a member of the great House of Cecil, he must need be acceptable to the Etonians. I wrote to congratulate him.

Charles and I attended the meeting of the Board of Finance. Carter reported that the amount raised in the parishes had in four years fallen by about £8,000. Thus, since the assessment for the diocesan quota is based on that amount, we are seeking to raise an unlesened income from a lessening fund. Priestman's* death will reduce the income by his annual subscription of £300. The financial outlook is certainly uncomfortable.

I went to the Castle, and licensed Fyffe, the Vicar of Cornforth, to be chaplain of the Sedgefield Lunatic Asylum. The license was to hold good for one year, and then the arrangement was to be reconsidered.

[55]

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Gadd joined us at tea in my room: and afterwards had a private interview with me. He said that he wished to consult me on the point whether he ought to resign his benefice, seeing that he found the work unduly burdensome since his illness. He was 67 years of age, and had no private income. If he resigned he would have to take a pension from the living. I asked what his income from the benefice was: and he said that the endowment was only £400, but an additional £100 had been given to him from the offertories, which had largely increased since his arrival in the parish. He gave an unpleasant description of the change for the worse which had passed over the parish since the accession, or rather the since marriage, of the present Earl of Durham. A new agent had been appointed, and he was definitely hostile to the parish, and made things uncomfortable for the Rector. I advised him not to be hasty in reaching a decision, but to continue until he had fairly tested his ability to continue in office. He departed in a melancholy mood!

[56]

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A parcel of the Abyssinian pamphlets arrived from Hugh Rees. I may assume that copies have been sent with my compliments to the members of the H. of Commons. Copies have also been sent to the newspapers. It remains to be seen what repercussions there will be. Tomorrow the Gifford lectures are to be published. I received a letter from the Oxford Press asking me to 'help in preparing a scheme for publicity'! But, beyond suggesting that the Yorkshire Post should be included in the list of newspapers to whom the book should be sent, I could suggest nothing. I must own to feeling extremely apprehensive as to the reception which the book will receive. It is bound to share the unpopularity of its author, and I cannot but see that it is appallingly vulnerable. Then the circumstance that, like S. Paul, I am "a man born out of due time", that is, that I do not belong to the normal type of Gifford Lectures

cannot but prejudice my Lectures in the eyes of all who reckon them as properly belonging to academicks!

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[57]

Thursday, July 9th, 1936.

I directed the publisher to send copies of **Abyssinia** to the following:

1. Prof. Gilbert Murray
2. Viscount Cecil of Chelwood
3. Lord Bernard
4. Marquis of Londonderry
5. Viscount of Halifax
6. [symbol] Abp. Of Dublin
7. [symbol] Sir John Harris
8. Lord Gainford
9. Lord Daryngton
10. [symbol] Earl of Selborne
11. Sir C. Grant Robertson
12. Prof. G. M. Trevelyan
13. Sir Amherst Selby-Bigge
14. F. W. Pember
15. Abp. Of Canterbury
16. [symbol] –“- York

The “Yorkshire Post” states that there are some members of Parliament who are determined to hinder the prompt dismissal of Abyssinia from further attention by the British government. But it is too late.

[58]

Copies of “**Abyssinia**” were sent to the following: -

1. Bishop King
2. [symbol] Rev. Spencer Wade
3. – “ – H. Bernard Tower
4. [symbol] Lady Tallents
5. [symbol] Robert Chapman Esq.
6. [symbol] D^r Boden-Worsley
7. Dean of Westminster
8. Sir James Irvine
9. [symbol] Lynetta
10. [symbol] Rev. J. F. Clayton
11. [symbol] Bishop Eden
12. M^{rs} Fanning (Helen Beeching)
13. [symbol] Arthur E. Henson
14. [symbol] Rev. Ernest F. Henson
15. [symbol] Miss Haldane
16. [symbol] Bishop Lawrence
17. [symbol] H. F. Macdonald

18. [symbol] Sir Thomas Oliver
19. Arthur Rawle
20. [symbol] dr Mary Radford
21. D^l David Russell
22. Bishop of Eau Claire
23. [symbol] Rev. Donald Nicholson
24. [symbol] Blyth Webster
25. [symbol] Archdeacon Owen
26. Gilbert A. Henson

[59]

[symbol]

A heavy thunderous day, hostile to work. **In the afternoon we motored to Escombe** [sic] **where I preached at a service in the old church**. We started outside, but went inside when thunder began to grumble, portending a storm. The light was so poor that I could not read my notes, but by recollection and improvisation I got through. My text was "Seeing they see not", and my subject, spiritual blindness. The congregation was mainly female, and disconcertingly small. Party this may be explicable by the fact that Thursday is market day in Bishop Auckland, and even devotion may not hope to hold its own against the weekly shopping. After service we had tea with the Vicar, & then returned home.

I receive the impression that Hitchcock* and his wife are both happy and serviceable at Escomb. It is an immense relief that Hodgson* is no longer there, for his aspect, manner, and temper were desecrating.

That is a dreadful word to apply to a clergyman but I can think of no other which carries the meaning I wish to convey.

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[60]

Friday, July 10th, 1936.

The seat at Derby, vacated by the resignation of the rashly loquacious J. ['Jimmie'] H. Thomas,* has been captured by Labour. This is certainly a heavy blow to the Government. It certainly expresses the disgust and resentment created in the general mind by the Government's handling of the Abyssinian problem.

I received 3 acknowledgements of "Abyssinia" from members of the H. of C. The Speaker and Major Astor contented themselves with formal notes: but Lord Hartington expressed agreement.

Additional estimates of about £20,000,000 for armaments, and a rise in the price of bread will not increase the Government's popularity.

Ella accompanied me as far as Durham, when I motored to Newcastle in order again to submit myself to Miss Kaplin's discipline.

M^r Gordon Irwin came, & inspected the ankle. He expressed himself as well satisfied with the progress made. He thinks that three more visitations will suffice for the present, & then, after my return from holiday, I must come to him to be "vetted"!!

[61]

The weather, which had been unpleasant all the morning, cleared up about midday, and was fine enough to make Ella's garden party proceed easily. About 150 persons, mostly parsons and their wives, attended. Among them was Col. Burdon,* with whom I had some conversation, in the course of which I raised the question of the Castle, and extracted from him a promise to contribute £100. Sybil, Lady Eden,* looking more weirdly skeletal than usual, cornered me, and wanted to know what the law was about the private chapel at Windlestone in the event of that property being sold.

The Bishop of Edinburgh (D^r Reid) arrived to spend the night here, before preaching in the Cathedral to the Sunday School Association tomorrow. He is a little commonplace man, with an alert manner and an assured aspect, mentally quite conventional. He asked me whether in my earlier years I had not been an advanced Anglo-Catholic, & said that there was a general belief to that effect. I replied that there was no scintilla of truth in the statement: that I had never worn vestments in my life: & that the real gravamen against me was my inability to change.

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[62]

Saturday, July 11th, 1936.

[symbol]

Liselotte Lang came to my room to say Goodbye before going to London by the motor-bus. To my surprise she asked for my blessing, and knelt down "as to the manner born". She is a strange girl, very Jewish in appearance.

This is the 400th anniversary of the death of Erasmus on July 11th, 1536. The Times publishes a racy article by D^r J. R. Glover entitled "Erasmus at Cambridge. A picture of 1511". I made the anniversary the peg on which to hang some observations & exhortations when I addressed the Sunday school Teachers in the Town Hall.

There was a large gathering of Sunday School Teachers in the Cathedral, when the Bishop of Edinburgh preached. Unfortunately, he spoke very rapidly, & was not comfortable with the microphone. Accordingly, he was tremendously audible but almost completely unintelligible! It was a case of vox et praeterea nihil [voice and nothing more]. Though I was quite near the pulpit, I found it difficult to disentangle a sentence. It is apparent that we are a long way yet from fitting the microphone into the preacher's use.

[63]

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Professor and M^{rs} Blyth Webster* arrived by car during the afternoon. They desire to be confirmed tomorrow. Having become discontented with the Presbyterianism in which they were brought up, they have, for some while past, been attending the services of the Episcopalian Church in S. Andrews. They now desire to become completely members of the same. In the circumstances, I thought it right to invite them to communicate under the rubrick which names as suitable communicants, not only those who are confirmed, but also those who are ready and willing to be confirmed.

The rain descended during the afternoon with some vehemence, and the Tatroo must have carried through its final performance under difficult conditions. The first and the last days have been marked by bad weather, but the intervening days were favourable. In the present circumstances of the nation, a considerable importance attaches to every attempt to bring home to the apathetic and disaffected public the necessity of maintaining the armed forces of the nation. In season & out of season the Sectaries & Socialists are active enough.

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[64]

5th Sunday after Trinity, July 12th, 1936.

[symbol]

The Confirmation

After yesterday's rain there was a bright morning, and the Chapel smiled in the sun light. I celebrated at 8.15 a.m. Charles assisted. Kneeling is still very difficult for me, and I was compelled to adopt the Anglo-Catholic custom, which I dislike, of communicating myself standing. We numbered 11 communicants, including our two guests & Christina with her cousin.

Everybody except myself went in to Durham, and attended service in the cathedral. There were about 80 candidates to be confirmed. Among them were Professor Blyth Webster & his wife, and the Headmaster of Barnard Castle (Birkbeck). I counted about 16 incumbents. Charles had taken the precaution of issuing tickets, & thus saving us from the incursion of unexpected candidates. The chapel was comfortably filled, but not crowded. Perry-Evans brought what he is pleased to call a choir, & read the preface &c. The volume of sound from a large number of men & boys was infinitesimal!

[65]

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In the current issue of the Hibbert Journal Inge* has an article entitled "Gleanings from a notebook". He heads it with the following statement:-

For some thirty years of my life – about 1890-1920- I filled notebooks with "Pensées" in the French fashion, often suggested by my reading. A few gleanings, on philosophy and religion, are here collected.

The dicta are eminently characteristic, all of them are incisive, some of them are also illuminating. His prejudice against the Catholic Church leads him astray.

Here is a sardonic mot:-

Prudent advice! Don't be a pioneer. It is the early Christian that is got by the lion. The safest mountain paths are those trodden by mules and asses. Follow them.

Blyth Webster tells me that he is informed that Bernard Shaw's popularity is waning. There is no longer an eager demand for his writings; & his plays are not acceptable in London. Yet it is stated that Mussolini, when excluding English authors from circulation in Italy, has made an exception in favour of Shakespeare and – Shaw!!

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[66]

Monday, July 13th, 1936.

Professor and M^{rs} Blyth Webster left the Castle after breakfast.

The post brought me one more acknowledgement of "Abyssinia" from an M.P. It would appear that the Parliamentary w. p. c. [?], will be fed fat with my pamphlet! Grant Robertson writes approvingly, and some papist female indignantly!

What can I say about Christian Unity to the Methodist Conference which shall be sincere, serviceable, and withal acceptable to my audience? Nine-tenths of the talk about Unity is no better than the merest cant. Nobody means to alter their accustomed procedure, however divisive it may be, but fraternal language costs nothing, & never fails to draw "loud cheers" from the gallery!

Richardson of Pelton came to discuss with me the question whether he could wisely continue to have a curate in view of the financial condition of his parish. He said that the population of Pelton was steadily growing less, as the bad houses were being demolished, & new ones built [sic] in the adjacent parish of Chester-Le-Street. Of the school-teachers in Pelton, numbering more than 40, [67] only 4 lived in Pelton itself. He said that there was a steady emigration of younger people from the parish, & that the emigrants were the better specimens. Certainly, pastoral work must be extremely difficult & disappointing in these circumstances. Fifty per cent of the men were unemployed in his parish. I approved the departure of Robson, the curate: and write to him accordingly. Also I wrote to Fedden, the Rector of Ryton, suggesting that he should take Robson for a colleague.

I motored to Newcastle, & attended a meeting of Methodists in the City Hall. The large building was about 3/5th filled. I noticed a great predominance of heads that were bald & grey. Young men were conspicuous by their absence. On the plea of my ankle I came away after my speech, and when I arrived at the Castle, Alexander informed me that I had taken some sectary's coat, leaving my own behind. Charles telephoned at once, and arranged for the returning of the one garment, and recovering of the other. I thought the meeting appallingly dull.

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[68]

Tuesday, July 14th, 1936.

I motored to Newcastle, recovered my coat, and was "treated" by Miss Kaplin. D^r M^cCullagh came to see me. We walked in the garden together, & I lent him Cecil Roth's History of the Jews.

Then as Ordination candidate named Lee came to see me. He is a very poor specimen indeed: son of a miner; ~~who~~ has worked 8 years as a butcher! & by herculean efforts (which reduced him to nervous collapse) succeeded in getting a 4th class in Theology in Durham!!! Surely the very nadir of academic achievement. What is to be done with the poor creature? His character is blameless: his industry & pertinacity, beyond praise: his belief in his own "vocation" unshakable.

I worked at a Sermon for G. F. S. taking for my text the familiar words of Ecclesiastes XII. I "Remember also the Creator in the days of thy youth". I allowed myself to work in to my discourse some observations about domestic service, which is now being belittled & scorned in "Labour" circles with very unfortunate results. Girls will no more go into the work which suits them best.

<!150736>

[69]

Wednesday, July 15th, 1936.

I wrote to Ninham solving, or attempting to solve, his problem about a scandalous woman, who desires to combine adultery & church fellowship! The question, how excommunication operates in a secularist community, has been raised by the Bishop of Chichester [George Bell],* who has “warned off” communion a man whom a coroner had stigmatised as guilty of gravely neglecting his parents. The Bishop of Birmingham has, after his accustomed manner, animadverted severely on Chichester’s conduct. This is unseemly, & adds to my regret that Chichester’s action seems to have been rather right in purpose, than sound in procedure. It hardly seems to be covered by the rubrick, and raises against itself the objection which condemnation without opportunity for defence suggests in ordinary minds. I cannot think that Bell had taken counsel with his Chancellor. A curious fatality attaches to every essay in Anglican discipline!

I write to Lionel Trotman, declining, on the score of my advanced age, his request that I should be Godfather to his infant son, and sending him a copy of the Gifford Lectures. Also, I sent him the pamphlet “Abyssinia”.

[70]

[symbol]

Also I sent to Bolt, the vicar of S^t John’s, Stockton, a letter commending the forthcoming “mission” in his parish.

I received from W. Alfred Lambart, stating himself to be a Roman Catholic, an interesting letter, indicating some disappointment at the character of my pamphlet on Abyssinia, & disclosing a picture of the lay Papist’s mind:

“Many Catholics like myself were disappointed at the negative attitude adopted by the Pope, but on reflection the conclusion has been come to that any denunciation of il Duce would have led to unpleasant demonstrations in the Vatican City owing to the hysterics into which Mussolini had succeeded in working the Roman people.
Also, the Pope is an Italian first & Pope after – had he not worn a white frock, he would quite possibly have liked to join the throng in the Piazza Venezia in shouting Evviva il Duce!

A Protestant need say no more!

[71]

[symbol]

The newspapers announce the sale of the Windlestone estate. Thus another of the older families breaks off connexion with this unhappy county. Lord Boyne,* Lord Ravensworth,⁴

⁴ See note on Ravensworth Castle under ‘places’ on main website.

and now Sir Timothy Eden* have within the last few years “cut and run”. The private chapel with the family graves are exempted, and the man Gibbins has seven years of his house to run. Sybil, Lady Eden, is more than ever woebegotten. It is all very sad.

I motored to Durham in order to preach to the G.F.S. [Girls Friendly Society]. In spite of the unfavourable weather, the Cathedral was nearly filled with the girls.

[William] Caroë* arrived to stay the night. He looks rather white and old, which, perhaps, is not to be wondered at. He is rather tiresomely obsessed by a dispute with Peers which has broken out over some work at Canterbury. The truth is that Peers is displacing Caroë in one cathedral after another, & this circumstance does not assist matters, when any difference of professional opinion happens. Both men have many admirable qualities, and both are eminent in their spheres. Caroë is, perhaps, the most brilliant of the two: and Peers certainly the easiest to get on with.

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[72]

Thursday, July 16th, 1936.

Ella and I accompanied Caroë to Darlington. He returned to London: & I had my hair cut.

I received a long letter from Malcolm Ross, who is leaving the Grammar School, Haverfordwest, in order to go to a school in Bromley, Kent, where he hopes to have less 'cramming', & more teaching. He looks forward with "great satisfaction" to teaching Scripture. What does this mean? His immediate concern is to get married!

Charles & I motored to Durham, where I presided over a meeting of the Board of Training & Maintenance. Then I went to the Cathedral, & looked at the Tapestries (beautiful and mundane) which have been lent, & are suspended in the Galilee. The Dean called my attention to the painting of the shields on the Neville tombs. The effect is curiously patchy, for the coloured shields stand out against a background of crumbling stone. No doubt originally the latter was appropriately coloured. Charles & I went on to Newbottle, where I instituted Richards from Witton-le-Wear to the benefice. There was a large congregation, & an impressive service.

[73]

A modern Erasmus, if such a one can be imagined, would find his writings banned in at least half the countries of Europe, & if he travelled & lectured & talked with the freedom of [sic] that the 16th century Erasmus did, he would be fortunate if no worse fate befel [sic] him than to be deported...

A modern Erasmus, working in the political sphere as he did in the ecclesiastical, & bringing to bear on it the same incomparable gifts of wit and irony, would be of inestimable value in these days, but to drown his voice and blot him out would be the instant resolve of at least half Europe today.

J.A. Spender* in "The Northern Star". 14 July 1936

Caroë and Peers are both excellent good friends of mine, & both are likely to assume that I endorse their contentions; whereas not only am I altogether disinclined to side with the one against the other, but also I know too little of the matters, respecting which they are in conflict, to make it reasonable, or indeed possible for me to express an opinion.

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[74]

Friday, July 17th, 1936.

The Archbishop of York, thanking me for Abyssinia, calls it “most impressive”, and the Guardian actually devotes two paragraphs to it on its front page:-

In these confused & hurried days the writing of English in the grand manner has become a thing almost unknown. Those who find on in the language of Burke & Bright & Gladstone a stimulus that nothing else can give should immediately buy Abyssinia by the Bishop of Durham. Dr. Henson has here a theme that suits his sombre pen. It is a diatribe that impresses by its depth of moral indignation not less than by the choice of phrases.

Now this seems to me almost ludicrously excessive. The pamphlet is written in simple, straightforward English, but that is all. However, one must be thankful for what one gets!

A gentleman named A.L. Artus send[s] me an interesting letter inspired by his having read “some extracts from your pamphlet”.

[75]

“In 1913 I was in Rome – I had a talk of several hours with a well-known Italian Diocesan Bishop.

He was not sympathetic with Fascism, & talked very freely of the Duce, whom he knew personally.

I said inter alia, ‘Surely the Holy Father has the moral right and therefore the moral duty to censure what he believes to be harmful’. The reply was pregnant. ‘If His Holiness were to censure the Duce, the Church in Italy would lose its influences over the women.

The Pope is undoubtedly in a difficult position, but I doubt if he ever gives a thought to the moral aspect of his conduct. He thinks only in terms of ecclesiastical politics. Probably, the chance of bringing the Abyssinian Church under his authority excludes every other aspect of Mussolini’s crime. Then Pius XI is not fourscore years old, and it is not probably that he can impose his will on the busy, intriguing, cynically selfish diplomatists who constitute his council.

[76]

The weather was very threatening, but no rain fell during the afternoon, and Ella’s garden party proceeded without difficulty.

There were more than 150 guests, & these included some rare visitants e.g. Lady Barnard, old West from Easington, Mayor* from Whittburn, & Canon Sykes from Ripon. I walked and

talked for two hours. The exertion did not affect me as much as might have been expected, for my ankle was not excessively swollen.

[symbol] Sir Walter Buchanan Smith* arrived for a short visit. He has soon wearied of house-keeping mainly because he found himself unable to appease the feuds of his domestics! Accordingly, he has let his house, & is now again "at a loose end". I asked him whether the natives in Nigeria had been moved by the happenings in Abyssinia, & he replied that he thought they understood that we had done all that we could to restrain the Italian aggression. He shared my feelings of disgust and humiliation at the course of British diplomacy, which had ended in complete failure.

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[77]

Saturday, July 18th, 1936.

Some Protestant Association sends me a cutting from the Catholic Times continuing a long "Open Letter to the Bishop of Durham" from the Editor. It is a laboured effort to show that the case against Italy was sufficiently doubtful to justify the Pope in being 'neutral'.

I sent a cheque for £40 to the Vicar of Emsworth, Hants, in payment for 4 weeks use of the Vicarage.

I offered the living of St John's Chapel-in-Weardale to the Rev. Robert Wilson, V. of All SS. Monkwearmouth. It occurred to me that, as he was tuberculously disposed, the air of Weardale might be helpful.

After lunch, Charles and I motored to Durham, where I signed commissions and testaments for a number of lay readers, and then went to the Cathedral for the formal service of "admission", which followed shortened Evensong. I gave an address from the chancel step. After the service we 'processed' back to Cosin's library where I handed over licenses to those who had been "admitted" to the Cathedral. I excused myself from the Tea & Conference, which the Bishop of Jarrow attended in my stead.

[78]

I am afraid that my condemnation of the Pope in "Abyssinia" will immerse [sic] in the humiliation of Protestant approval!

[Christopher] Chavasse, * the Principal of St Peter's Hall, Oxford, writes to me about the unfortunate Nankivell, whom the Bishop of Oxford has expelled from his benefice for (so I am told) a solitary act of adultery.

“Would it be possible for you to help him find a post in a library at Leeds, Durham, & Newcastle? He could then be under your eye, and receive your help. He w^d not want more than £200 a year. He has real ability, &, under God, & with help, will yet make good.

But really this is beyond my power. In any case I should be practically powerless in the choice of a librarian: and in this case, I could certainly do nothing. Nankivell's name is so unusual that it sticks in the memory: and considerable publicity has been given to his disgrace. It is most woeful.

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[79]

6th Sunday after Trinity, July 19th, 1936.

A glorious morning, most welcome after the gloom and rain of last week.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. We numbered nine communicants, among whom were Walter & Mr & Mrs Elland. I found kneeling rather difficult, and am by no means secure on my legs!

I worked at a sermon for Evensong at Craghead where the incumbent aspires to 'raise the wind' by celebrating a 'Silver Jubilee' of the consecration of the Church.

I walked in the garden with Walter [Buchanan-Smith] for an hour, and tried to draw him on the treasure of his experience, but he is curiously reticent, &, though he gives one the impression of having much to say which is worth saying, he cannot bring himself to say it. I asked whether he intended to write anything, and he replied that circumstances in Africa changed so rapidly that what was right today might be wrong tomorrow, & moreover, if said by him, might embarrass his successor. This was a point of view which could not but command respect.

[80]

Charles went with me to Craghead, where I preached to a congregation which nearly filled the little church. The congregation was very attentive, and the service was reverent. I was told that about one third of the workmen in the parish was unemployed, but that there was some small improvement. I was surprised at the rural aspect of this mining district. It is certainly true, as Archbishop Söderblom* observed, that there is no "black country" in Durham comparable to the Midlands, but that the mines are "cheek-by-jowl" with the open country. They are prominent enough to spoil but not to obliterate or even disguise the natural beauty. The church fabricks are architecturally most miserable. Even the chapels of the sectaries, though indescribably vulgar and hideous, are not so mean and shabby as the churches, and they have the advantage of longer existence. I do not think they count for much spiritually, for they have been captured by the Labour Party, & are generally substituting Socialism of one sort or another for the Gospel.

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[81]

Monday, July 20th, 1936.

Walter went away in his motor after breakfast. I wrote to Chavasse telling him that his suggestion that I should secure Nankivell's appointment to a Librarianship was quite impracticable. His rather unusual name makes oblivion of his fault extremely improbable. Jones or Smith might be forgotten, but not Nankivell.

I read through the typescript of the sermon on Erasmus, which Jack Clayton* preached recently in the Temple. It is careful, well-arranged, and sufficiently informed, but neither suggestive nor moving. He is a college lecturer, but not a preacher.

A widow-lady named Helen Egerton writes to me on the subject of exchanges. She had presented the patronage of a valuable country living to her husband's "old college" on "the express condition that the sole consideration in future appointments should be the best interest of the parish":-

"However, quite secretly up to the last moment an Exchange has been effected. The P.P.C. was only informed of the matter by the Rector in person, as being virtually a 'fait accompli', their right to 30 days notice being completely ignored'. [82] [symbol] In the present instance the personal advantage of the two incumbents has manifestly taken precedence of every other consideration, & they have been allowed to take upon themselves a responsibility for which our own Rector at any rate – whose interests have been largely outside the Parish – was clearly unfitted.

I cannot doubt that, if the principle and method of exchanges were frankly considered, their illegality would become apparent: but their convenience as providing an escape from embarrassing situations is so great, that the Bishops are reluctant to have them disallowed.

I walked as far as the little bridge leading to the Outer Park. Lawson had a sad tale to relate. Last night he had with some difficulty rescued Fox, the Labrador, from Prince, the Aberdeen. It appears that the latter has for some while manifested a dislike for the former, & last night found an opportunity for indulging it. Prince had succeeded in pinning [83] Fox into bed of the little streamlet not far from the 'Wishing Temple', and would certainly have succeeded in drowning him, had not Lawson intervened, & with some difficulty effected a rescue. He was limping through a wound in his leg, and was mightily crestfallen. Prince, by way of punishment was confined to his kennel. It is astonishing that the smaller dog should have prevailed against the larger. But Aberdeens are 'bonny fechtors', and Fox is certainly afraid of Prince.

I received a pleasant and informing letter from Harry Cumming Bruce, who is now in Palestine: He writes from Nablus. He describes a situation which is both difficult and dangerous. His sympathies are evidently with the Arabs, though he admits that "in actual fact they have benefitted on the whole by the entry of the Jews":-

'We find life here extremely boring. For seven weeks I have hardly stirred from the barbed wire entanglement round the camp except for the occasional wholly unsuccessful operations.

[84]

The unskilled manual labourer produces on the average a family of about 5½ children as compared with 4 produced by the skilled artisan & rather less than 3 by the non-manual worker. **But death takes a higher toll from the unskilled workers**, so that the average number of living children in his family is reduced to about 4, as compared with about 2½ in the family of the non-manual worker.

The more children there are born in families of the unskilled class, the greater is the chance that they will be in some respect sub-normal or born with a predisposition to subnormality.

If we continue to people this island increasingly with the offspring of unskilled labourers, it will be exceptional, not according to rule, if they turn out to be much above the average of their class either at birth or afterwards.

Eugenics Review. July 1936.

'Eugenic aspects of the Merseyside survey'

By D. Caradag Jones. M.A.

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[85]

Tuesday, July 21st, 1936.

Charles and Alexander accompanied me to Newcastle, when I went there in order to surrender myself by Miss Kaplan's tender mercies. M^r Gordon Irwin inspected my ankle, & ordered 3 more "treatments" before my leaving home. I asked him to tell me the extent of my obligation to him and the masseuses in order that I may discharge it before my holiday. He said that it was his rule never to charge a clergyman, & could not depart from it even in the case of the Bishop of Durham. I expressed my approval of his generosity, & said that I would send a donation to the hospital of fifty guineas. He thought Miss Nicholson and Miss Kaplan would not care to receive any remuneration; but this I could not tolerate, & begged him to make them understand that their professional charges must certainly be paid.

[symbol] I received an interesting letter from a Roman Catholic peer, Lord Rankeillour, expressed very civilly, protesting against my criticism of the Pope's conduct in the matter of Abyssinia. I replied in very mild terms, repeating the criticism, and sent him a copy of 'Abyssinia'.

[86]

The Canadian Bishop of Algoma wrote to me about Cyril Clarke who, after being rejected in Durham, was admitted to Holy Orders in Canada. The young man is now inclining to the Papists, & his bishop invokes my assistance. I wrote to say that I could do nothing. I advised him not to attempt dissuasion, for these secessions to Papistry were determined, not by reason, but by temperament.

My landlord for August, the Rector of Emsworth, writes:-

I think our nearest approach heretofore has been 'Oxford House. B.G. [Bethnal Green], and, if I remember right (it is a long time ago) your work & influence there were frequently referred to. My main recollection of Oxford House was a Bombing Raid which nearly dispersed me over several parishes, a fate which would have been fatal to concentration in one.

My landlord appears to be a wag.

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[87]

Wednesday, July 22nd, 1936.

To my surprize and consternation I received a letter from Canon Blackburn announcing that he was leaving Wolsingham having already accepted another living. Incidentally he “cries off” his undertaking to give the addresses to the candidates at the September Ordination, & to preach the sermon.

I wrote to Harry Cumming Bruce, and sent him a copy of “Abyssinia”.

Somebody sends me a booklet, “Charles Simeon and his Trust’, by J. Tait D.D. I gather that there is to be the Centenary Celebration on Sunday, Nov 15, and that, among the preachers, is to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. It is extremely unfortunate that Simeon* should be remembered only in connexion with his ‘Trust’. I said what I think about the Patronage Trusts in “Sibbes & Simeon”, and that forfeited me the goodwill of Sir Thomas Inskip.* The booklet states that no less than 150 livings are possessed by the Simeon Trust. It is, indeed, with the similar Trusts, the very back-bone of the Evangelical Party in the Church of England.

[88]

Oliver Quick* brought a Swedish Professor named B [sic] to lunch. He was a rather insignificant person to look at, and whether he was a parson or a layman was not known. He looked like the last. I showed them the house, & gave him a copy of ‘Abyssinia’. Oliver told me that the Cathedral Organist, Dykes Bower, was about to resign his position, having been appointed Organist of St Paul’s. This is a grave misfortune for the diocese, for under his control, the music of the Cathedral has been vastly improved.

Jack Carr came to lunch, & to stay until Friday. I gave him a copy of the Gifford Lectures, as I promised. We walked together for an hour. He is remarkably unchanged by his experiences in Nigeria – as simple and candid as when he was ordained. Perhaps the most convincing evidence of the truth of Christianity is its power to capture and sustain the devotion of young men in the teeth of so many repugnant and unkindly influences as those which enter into a missionary’s experience.

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[89]

Thursday, July 23rd, 1936.

I wrote to Dykes Brown, congratulating him on his appointment to S. Paul's, and lamenting his departure from Durham.

I wrote to the Bishop of Chester, in whose patronage Wolsingham is, suggesting that he should offer the appointment to Dolphin, the Rural Dean. He is personally well suited for the post, & Wolsingham is a better centre for the Rural Deanery than his present parish.

I sent a cheque for fifty guineas to the Treasurer of the Royal Victoria Infirmary (Orthopaedic Department) in recognition of the "skill & kindness of M^r Gordon Irwin & his lady assistants'. I wrote to that old chatterbox, W.S. Slack, and sent him a copy of 'Abyssinia'.

I motored to Durham, and attended a meeting of the Castle Preservation Committee. Sir T. Oliver presided. We agreed on the draft of an appeal to be issued after the holiday. The weather, which had been raining all day, culminated in a thunderstorm accompanied by a deluge of rain about 7 p.m. The weather prospect for the burial ground consecration and for Ella's garden party tomorrow are gloomy.

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[90]

Friday, July 24th, 1936.

The rain of yesterday is followed this morning by wind and more rain. Fears for the harvest are becoming vocal. Reports from Spain grow worse and worse. Everywhere the mob which has been armed by the Republican government is getting out of hand, and making a dead set at the churches and convents.

Then I tried to prepare a sermon for use next Sunday, but I made very small progress. I fear that my preaching days are ended.

Charles and I motored to South Shields, where I consecrated a large addition (7½ acres) to the cemetery. There was a considerable muster of the clergy headed by the Rural Dean (Shaddick). * The Mayor and Corporation attended, & there was a surpliced choir. I abstained from walking round the ground, and gave no address. Afterwards, we had tea with the Mayor. I sate beside the Medical Officer, who told me that I had confirmed him in the chapel on July 12th. He thanked me for what I had done for him. Shaddick tells me that he was greatly impressed by the Confirmation service. He was formerly an elder in the Church of Scotland.

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[91]

Saturday, July 25th, 1936.

I motored to Newcastle, & was "treated" by Miss Kaplan. She ascribed the continuance of my ankle's rigidity to rheumatism, and on that assumption applied some heating electrical device.

Fearne walked out with me after lunch. Two young men in Khaki shorts, & armed with a camera, poked their noses inside the gate. I was benevolently minded enough to invite them to take photographs. The one was a post-office employé starting his annual holiday: the other was out of work. We had some conversation together, & I gave each of them a copy of 'Abyssinia'. It could do them no harm!

An ordination candidate, George Robert Renwick, came to see me. He is an A.K.C., and has a rather exceptionally good report from his teachers. He is 28½ years old, and is the son of a 'baker & confectioner' in New Herrington. He has worked for 3 years as a lay missionary in Sunderland Parish, living at the Rectory. He is a big, rather uncouth person, but has a pleasant expression, & speaks agreeably with intelligence. He said that he had been to confession regularly since he was 14 years old, & found the practice spiritually helpful.

[92]

In South Africa and the United States of America there is in practice a rigid colour bar in many churches...

The Parliament of South Africa that passed the Colour Bar Act inserted in the Constitution of the Union a new clause: "The people of South Africa acknowledge the sovereignty and guidance of Almighty God". Both lands, however, that accept as authoritative the Fatherhood of God write the colour bar into legislation and make it paramount in the practice of social life. It is practised by the state, the city, the trade union, the school, and the Church. Two claimants for the soul of the African, the old faith of Islam and the new secular religion of Bolshevism, both succeed in abolishing the colour bar.

"The Clash of Colour, a study in the Problem of Race, by Basil Matthews.
Revised Edition. p. 74, 75.

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[93]

7th Sunday after Trinity, July 26th, 1936.

A doubtful morning: gleams of sunshine from a clouded sky, very mild and calm.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 3 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants including Mrs Low. The process of kneeling is still rather difficult, and on marble steps I find myself compelled to walk, like Agag, 'delicately'.

I worked at a sermon for tonight, completing what I began on Friday. What the Guardian calls my 'sombre pen' justified the adjective, for, almost in spite of myself, my discourse became melancholy and even minatory. How can one pretend not to see that the Christian church is not moving quickly into a 'great tribulation'? And we go on prating of pageants and bazaars, and complimenting ourselves mightily on adding to our enormous accumulation of empty churches!

Charles and I motored to Chilton Moor, and, having tea at the vicarage, attended Evensong in the parish church. I preached the sermon, as the occasion was "special", the celebration of the "Diamond Jubilee" of the said parish church. There was a large, and very attentive congregation. We returned to Bishop Auckland after the service.

[94]

There is a medieval tale which has some foundation in fact, that a certain Pope was once accused before a General Council on the charge of heresy. He was condemned to be burned: but it was found that the sentence c^d not be legally carried into execution but with the consent of the Pope himself. The assembled Fathers went to the Pope – venerant ad Papam - & presented their humble petition – et discerant, O Papa, judica te cremari: & the Pope was moved to pity for the inextricable dilemma in which the Fathers were placed. He consented to their prayer. He pronounced judgment on himself – et dixit, Judico me cremari; and his sentence was carried into effect – et crematus est - & then in reverential gratitude for so heroic an act of self-denial he was canonised – et postea venerates pro sancto. Such, although with a more cheerful issue, might be the solution of the entanglement of the church by some future Pope.

In Stanley, "Christian Institutions", cha xi. P. 224

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[95]

Monday, July 27th, 1936.

The XVIIth YEAR OF OUR TRANSLATION

A beautiful morning. Miss Kaplan was up betimes, and massaged my ankle before breakfast, after which she returned to Newcastle, leaving everybody a very pleasant impression.

I received from the Dean the first opinion about my Giffords, which he had read through:-

I need not say that I have read them with the greatest pleasure, both for the argument they present & for the lucidity with which it is presented.

This is heartening, but must be discounted by my partiality and his position!

Canon Cunningham* of Westcott House acknowledges my gift of a copy of the Giffords:-

I purposely delayed to write until I had been able to read at any rate part of the work. I am enjoying it greatly. The book should do much good in exercising a steadying influence on the younger generation, both as regards their tendency to swallow the "new thing" in Form Criticism & the sentimental thing [96] [symbol] in matters of peace and war. Thank you very much. I particularly appreciate your friendly interest in what we try to do here.

Civility requires to speak kindly of a gift!

Mr John Llewellyn Rowlands, an Ordination candidate, came to be interviewed, and to stay the night. He is the son of the Vicar of St Paul's, Crewe, is 23 years old, and has a Durham pass degree. A tall, rather ungainly youth, not framed on the model of Adonis, indeed unquestionably plain, but not altogether unpleasing, though neither impressive nor attractive. He told me that he was confirmed at the age of 12, but thought a later age would have been better. He said that he had learned much from Quick's lectures in Durham. However, I do not think that intellectual difficulties will be the problem.

I visited Spedding, and received his help. The Bishop of Jarrow brought two friends to see the Castle. He desires to get them established in the diocese, and it would not be a bad arrangement.

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[97]

Tuesday, July 28th, 1936.

[symbol]

Dick [Elliott]* writes to thank me for his copy of the Giffords, and to give me his impartial opinion:-

I await the reviews with confidence, for the lectures are to my thinking, and to BKS's thinking (and he is not uncritical) magnificent. As an answer to modern humanism & to the modern attempts to revise the established code of morality, they are invaluable to people like myself who will have to grapple with these modern movements. I can't thank you enough for what I have learned from them. Incidentally, does not S. Paul embody in himself the three constituents of Christian morality in a manner that is quite unique – the Jewish background, the teaching of Christ, and the reaction from the Gentile world?

My dear Dick's enthusiasm does not strengthen his critical faculty!

I motored to Newcastle, and submitted myself to Miss Kaplin. She was not wholly pleased with me, & insisted on yet two more visitations before my departure.

[98]

[symbol] Dolphin came to see me with reference to the impending vacancy at Wolsingham. If the Bishop of Chester offers him appointment, he will accept the offer.

Eddon, the curate of Holy Trinity, Darlington, *came to see me about the funeral of his vicar, Canon [William] Cosgrave,* who died yesterday in the Hospital in Darlington as the result of an operation. His death creates a considerable void in the ranks of the working clergy of my diocese. He was nearing eighty years of age, and, save for 10 years in India, had worked all his ministry in Durham. He has been 17 years in his present parish. He was an Irishman, hasty and quick-tempered, but hard-working and warm-hearted. In his church views he was a rather rigid High Churchman, inclining latterly to the newer type of Anglo-Catholicism. He was, I think, rather respected than beloved in Darlington, where his type of churchmanship was not approved by a population, largely Nonconformist, & deeply tinged with Quakerism.*

[99]

[symbol] Ella and I motored to Lumley Castle, where a numerous company had been invited to meet the Duke and Duchess of York, who are staying there during their public functions in the County. Everybody whom we know seemed to be there. I had speech with both Royal Persons. The Duchess, having affirmed that she had never been inside the church of Chester-le-Street, & supported her statement by a bet of half-a-crown, I was appealed to, & had to give the case against her. Not only had she and Duke attended service in the Church, but they had listened to a sermon from me. I told her that I was humbled, and indeed mortified, to learn that she had totally forgotten the last. The Duke spoke of the recent attempt on the

King's life. "I was there, & saw everything. When the pistol clashed on the ground, the King turned & said to me, "Now for the explosion!" I told him that there would be none, as it was a pistol, and not a bomb."

The Duke said that he was a member of the Coronation Committee, and that everything had been held up by the indisposition of the Lord Chancellor, whose presence was indispensable.

<!290736>

[100]

Wednesday, July 29th, 1936.

Lord Wolmer [Roundell Palmer]* sends me a belated acknowledgment of the pamphlet: he calls it "most brilliant, one of your masterpieces". On the other hand, Roger Lumley* told me that he had begun to read it, and had put it aside. 'Found it too dull?' I said! Rather, I think, he disliked its drift. He is an under-study of Anthony Eden.*

My reading was interrupted by the entrance of the Rev. Richard Adams, a young Irish clergyman, now working as a curate in Belfast, who wished to transfer himself from the Church of Ireland to the Church of England, because he thought the latter offered a larger sphere of ministry. He was a fine figure of a man, tall, square-shouldered, with a look of determination that bid defiance of difficulty. I was favourably impressed with him, and liked him the more, the longer we talked. In the end I took from him the names of references, and wrote forthwith to his bishop and his incumbent. He had an unusually good academic record.

[101]

[symbol]

Spencer Wade came to lunch, and afterwards we walked and talked in the garden. He has composed a thesis for a doctorate of the Universe [sic] of Manchester, and had sent it to be typed in London. The bill, to his horror was no less than £31, which, he maintained, was greatly in excess of the advertised charge. What should he do? I advised him to tender the proper amount, and abide the consequences. He has been staying in town with Lord Stamfordham's daughters, and, I fear, that his "social" ambitions have been re-kindled! This is very unfortunate on many counts. He spoke with much freedom of the Newcastle diocese, where he holds Bishop and Provost in slight esteem! He is "spoiling" for appointment to something more important than his present sphere. I bade him "wait the Lord's leisure, and "do out the duty" of his office without bothering himself about preferment. Such counsels are more easily given than received: but nothing is more certain than that discontent & ambition are enfeebling factors in a clergyman's life.*

[102]

[symbol]

While I was talking to Wade in the garden, a youngish lady came to me, and presented a letter of introduction from that garrulous American, the Rev. W. S. Slack. She had left her bags at the station, but in deference to Ella's hospitable insistence, she went back & fetched them in order to be our guest for the night. I found her intelligent and interesting. She is Dean of some kind of university in Durham, North Carolina. Thus she is on the edge of the "black belt". She spoke of the negro-problem, & was not very optimistic as to the success of the policy of assimilation which the more ardent philo-negroes advocate. The practical difficulty of treating negroes and whites equally was very great, perhaps even insurmountable. Her University was endowed by a Methodist, who had become a millionaire by trading in tobacco. Thus his normal employment conflicted with the Methodist

condemnation of smoking. Like most Southerners she was a Democrat, but her zeal for President Roosevelt was Laodicean.

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[103]

Thursday, July 30th, 1936.

[symbol]

M^{rs} Slack Smith accompanied Charles and me when we went to Darlington in order to attend the service in Holy trinity Church in connexion with the funeral of Canon Cosgrave. She went on to the railway station for her journey to York: we got out at the Church. I celebrated the Holy Communion. About 200 persons communicated. Two unfortunate incidents marred the service, both of which were happily unperceived by the congregation. Some of the consecrated wine was spilled on the altar, & two wafers fell to the ground. The one accident was due to the fullness of the chalice, and some irregularity on the surface of the altar: the other was caused by the smallness of the patens, & the lightness of the wafers. I directed the curate to see that the linen cloth was washed. The matter disturbed me, not because there was anything specifically important in it, but because I know the morbid horror with which it would be looked upon by the Anglo-Catholics. As I came away from the church two clergymen accosted me, explaining that they were cousins of the late Canon, & desired to thank me for coming to his funeral. Charles and I returned to the Castle, only to leave it again in order to go to Durham.

[104]

[symbol]

I entertained at lunch in Durham castle a party of 22 persons to meet H.R.H. the Duke of Gloucester. Thus we made up a party of 24. Everything seemed to go off very well. The Duke talked freely, and seemed to enjoy himself. Incidentally, he told me that the King's speech at Vimy, which has been generally and deservedly admired, was written for him by Winston Churchill.* He said that when the pistol was flung at H.M. the King turned to the officer next him, and said, "Now we have four seconds to live". He spoke of his tour of Australia – "Mercifully I had a cold, and was able to spend a day in bed. That carried me through". He said that he felt very strongly against the Italians, and liked the Negus of Abyssinia. "I have never met Mussolini, but I dislike him. He is one of those men whom, if I were with him for any time, I know I should be rude to." This was candid, if not charitable.*

Martin Kiddle came to see me. He is not yet converted to "Groups".

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[105]

Friday, July 31st, 1936.

[symbol]

Old Sir Frederick Pollock* acknowledges my gift of "Abyssinia" in a short letter written evidently with his own hand; though he is 91 years old.

The practical trouble has been that the League of Nations might be able to keep one refractory member in order – but cannot – even if all other members were equally willing – when another no less impatient and reckless dictator is outside the door.

Pius XI, for whom I have much respect as scholar and mountaineer also has had no fair chance.

Dante was a wise man when he denounced the temporal power as a disaster to Christendom.

The Bishop of Oxford (Strong) sends me a long type-written letter about my Gifford Lectures (which he has read "with very great interest") or, rather about the Gifford Trust. "I think you have been rather hampered by the regulations of the Gifford Trust." This is certainly true. Throughout, I was afflicted by the disabling dubiety as to the legitimacy of my argument within the terms of the Trust!*

[106]

I went to Newcastle, and we had another interview with Miss Kaplin. Before taking leave of her, I requested that she would send me the note of her professional charges in order that I might discharge my financial debt before going away for my holiday. Of course, she professed horror at making any charge. But equally, of course, I insisted.

Old Miss Noble, Lady Rundle, M^{rs} Gordon & the Bishop of Jarrow lunched here.

I attended Ella's garden party, which was on the whole favoured by the weather. There was a numerous company. I made myself as agreeable as I could.

M^r Peter Rigby Burgess, an Ordination candidate, came to see me, & to stay the night. He was educated at Wellington and Magdalen. He is a well-built young fellow, of rather an unconventional type. Cunningham speaks well of him, while indicating a certain oddness.

M^r Alan Evison Bean, an Ordination Candidate, came, was seen, & was approved. He was at Christ's Cambridge, & Ely.

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[107]

Saturday, August 1st, 1936.

Dolphin writes to say that he has accepted appointment to Wolsingham. I wrote to say that I was pleased at his decision, and to offer him the hon: Canonry vacated by Canon Cosgrave's death. The Dean & Chapter have indicated their intention to appoint Charles to Edmundbyers: so I must look forward to the loss of **the best chaplain I have ever had.** I take refuge in the thought that nobody in this world is indispensable: and I am really glad that his future should be so satisfactorily arranged.

I wrote to M^l Gordon Irwin asking him to tell me what the professional charges of these excellent ladies who have massaged me actually are, and sending him a copy of the Gifford Lectures as a token of gratitude for his generous & effective help.

The Times publishes a heart-rending report of the Communist excesses in Spain. It appears that the worst precedents of the French Revolution, emphasized by the more recent proceedings in Russia, are being followed and improved upon. Priests and nuns are the objects of special barbarity.

[108]

Shaddick writes to me introducing a Presbyterian minister working in Sunderland, who desires to be ordained in the Church of England. Am I justified in accepting him for Ordination, provided, of course, that in character, ability, and education he is satisfactory? The Ordinal assumes that candidates are laymen, and I hardly think that properly ordained ministers of the Kirk can rightly be so described. If he is satisfied so to regard himself, does it matter greatly that I take a different view? Ought I not to send him to some bishop, who has no conscientious qualms on the subject? In the case of Nonconformists, I have no difficulty about regarding them as laymen, but Presbyterians and Lutherans are in another category. I certainly am not prepared to stigmatise their ordinations as "invalid". Can I find a locus standi in the pronouncements of the Lambeth Conference? When a presbyterian minister is ordained in the C. of E. he exchanges a limited, for an universal or Catholic ministry.

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[109]

8th Sunday after Trinity, August 2nd, 1936.

[symbol]

The rain was coming down in torrents when Alexander called me at 7 a.m. At Raby the thousands of Scouts gathered there for the "Jamboree" will be enjoying the weather.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. We numbered 12 communicants, including Charles & Christina, our guest, and William.

I tried to prepare an address for the Scouts, but alas! I have no notion of the right way to address boys. My disordered & rather unfortunate Boyhood has disqualified me for that task, and not for that task only. Then the habit of reading my sermons makes it uncommonly difficult for me to accommodate myself to the unfamiliar situation of speaking in the open air without manuscript.

We all went to Raby for the Scouts' service. The Bishop of Jarrow and a Sectary read the prayers. Lord Barnard declared the obligations of Scoutdom, and I preached. My prepared address had perforce to be abandoned, & I spoke ex tempore – nowise effectively. Lord Barnard took me round the camp, & then we returned to Auckland.

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[110]

Monday, August 3rd, 1936.

[symbol]

I received from Lord Selborne a letter of much kindness and considerable personal interest. After referring to "Abyssinia" which he calls "magnificent", he goes on to refer to Bell's Life of Davidson.**

I am very sorry now to read what I said to Archbishop Davidson at the time you were first proposed as Bishop: but I don't think that the fault was only mine. You, who are a master of the most lucid English had somehow written as to perplex many, not wholly half-wits as to your real position. Now my verdict is that you and the Archbishop came splendidly out of the story: and I thank God that you are the Bishop of Durham.

This is perhaps, in view of all the circumstances, a generous amende. At the time I was deeply hurt by what was said and written about me: but Time softens all resentments, & brings its own rectifications.

[111]

The Bishop of Down & Connor, and Canon Moore reply to my inquiries about Richard Adams in most favourable terms. They express much regret at the prospect of losing him from Ireland. I wrote to the young man, saying that, if he were resolved to seek service in the Church of England, he would be welcomed in the diocese of Durham.

I wrote to the Rev^d W. H. Dew, chaplain of Bede College, offering him nomination to S. Hilda's, Sunderland.

Miss Kaplan sends a very modest demand for her services as masseuse, and with it a characteristic letter. She is certainly a very unusual person, curiously charming in an odd foreign way of her own, and remarkably efficient.

Canon Jackson* came to see me with respect to the lamentable situation at Cleadon Park, where Barnlett is in a financial mess, from which his extrication appears to be extremely difficult. I promised to contribute £30 out of my own pocket, if the P.C.C. would increase his stipend by £20, and the remainder were contributed by the clergy in the Deanery. I fear that this young parson is impossible.

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[112]

Tuesday, August 4th, 1936.

John Hutton, the son of the Vicar of S. James's Rectory, Gateshead, writes to tell me that he has decided not to be ordained.

During my two years abroad a variety of doctrinal doubts have passed through my mind, and, while I should hesitate to say that they had crystallized into unbelief, they are at least of such a nature as to make it impossible for me honestly to enter Holy Orders.

I am afraid that his father, though a pious and devoted priest, is not at all equipped for discussing usefully the questions which are stirring in the young man's mind, for his education was only that of a lay-reader, and, though he started his ministry as an Evangelical, he is now an ardent "Anglo-Catholick."

I motored to Newcastle for a final treatment by Miss Kaplan. Miss Nicholson came in, having returned from Norway this morning. On my way home, I stopped at Lumley castle, and lunched with Roger Lumley & his wife. Elizabeth Alington & her fiancé were there.

[113]

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I dined with General Herbert at Whorlton Hall. The party, except myself, consisted of officers. Sir Cyril Deverell*, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was the 'pièce de résistance'. He was a large man, with a flat countenance at once placid and wary. I had some talk with him after dinner. He did not think there would be a war as Germany was not yet prepared to fight: and the Russian Army was immobilised by lack of transport. He thought meanly of the Italian army. Malta was too vulnerable from the air to be easily defensible. Cyprus was too near Turkey to be a satisfactory alternative to Malta. With regard to Palestine he shared the view of the Governor, Wauchope that we ought to have set up a representative legislature as we promised the Arabs we would. He spoke highly of the Jews, whose work in Palestine he had visited, and held the Arabs in low estimate as workers. As, however, they number 850,000 against 350,000 Jews, they could not be ignored. I got back to the Castle shortly before 11 p.m.

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[114]

Wednesday, August 5th, 1936.

[symbol]

The dull, thunderous, rainy weather continues. Ellis paid his half-year's rent for the Castle Garden, deducting the income tax.

The Times announces the ^eat [^] Costley-White,* the Headmaster of Westminster School, has been appointed to the Canonry of the Abbey vacated by Dearmer's* death. I wrote to congratulate him. It is nearly 37 years since I received from the late Lord Salisbury the offer of the canonry which was annexed to S. Margaret's.

The Bishop of Oxford writes:-

I agree with your view of Buchman.* The 'movement' seems to me to have largely disappeared in Oxford. Three years ago, I used to hear a good deal of it, & the men to the College used to talk to me about it. Now I never hear it named. Things of this sort last about 3 years in Oxford, and then disappear.

This is interesting, &, perhaps, surprising.

[115]

[symbol]

I finished reading again Sinclair Lewis's most repulsive novel, "Elmer Gantry." It is certainly a horrible caricature of American religion, but I cannot doubt that, as certainly, it has that amount of fidelity to the facts which makes a caricature successful. The intermixture of commercialism and evangelistic effort has opened the door to an almost incredible amount of hypocrisy and immorality. Institutionalism has distinctive & formidable evils of its own, but it does at least provide some restraints on naked individualism: and in America evangelism is marked by the scandals of individualism run mad. Advertisement, which plays a part in American commerce which is exorbitant, has been adopted universally and unreservedly by the professional evangelists with deplorable consequences. Their success like that of ordinary business men is measured by the money they amass. "Billy Sunday" did not lose spiritual prestige by becoming wealthy on his preaching. In this respect, he was thoroughly representative. Buchman, who was an "under-study" of this notorious evangelist, has carried sensational advertisement to great lengths in the "Group" movement.

[116]

[symbol]

The Rev. Tho^s J. Martin came to lunch, and afterwards discussed with me the question of his exchanging the Presbyterian for the Anglican ministry. (v. p. 108) He is a tall, well-built man, fresh coloured, with a reserved, but not deterrent, manner. I received a favourable impression from his appearance, which was deepened by his conversation. I pointed out that

it was highly undesirable that his Ordination should provoke resentment and, perhaps, ~~provoke~~ occasion controversy; and I suggested that it might be desirable that he should seek Ordination in another diocese, where he was not personally known. I offered to write on his behalf to some of the Bishops. He acquiesced, though, perhaps, with some disappointment. I told him that he ought to inform his congregation of his intention, and resign his office at such a time as was most convenient to its interest. When he had departed, I wrote about him to the Bishop of Rochester, and I sent to him the usual form of application for acceptance as an Ordination candidate.

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[117]

Thursday, August 7th, 1936.

[Symbol 1]

We left the castle about 9 a.m. in pouring rain, which continued all day. We arrived at Ripon Cathedral in good time for the marriage of the Bishop's daughter to Harvey Clarke, the new Rector of Jarrow. There was a very large congregation, which behaved admirably. The Bishop "tied the knot", and after the first Benediction there was a choral celebration of the Holy communion, at which none but a few friends and the newly-married couple communicated. I was the celebrant, and, at the Bishop's request, I introduced the prayers from the Marriage Service which had been omitted. Also, I used the collect from the Festival of the Transfiguration instead of the collect for the day. These illegalities I acquiesced in as properly attributable to the Diocesan. In the reception tent Sir John & Lady Barron spake with me; and a good looking young man introduced himself as Richardson, who is Dick's "chamber-fellow" at Westcott House. We continued our journey under pouring ~~rain~~ ^{rain}, only stopping to have tea, at Worksop, and arrived at Bradsall Manor shortly after 6 p.m.

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[118]

Friday, August 7th, 1936.

[Symbol 2]

We left Breadsall Manor ~~about~~ ^after^ breakfast. Before our departure we were shown the garden. On the whole the house & grounds seemed well suited for the residence of the bishop.

We motored to Huntercombe Manor, by way of Kenilworth, where we lunched and visited the ruins of the castle, and Oxford where we ~~?????~~ had tea with Mary Radford* & her husband. Ruth Spooner* came in, looking thinner than formerly. We were particularly pleased to see her again. We arrived at Huntercombe Manor shortly before 7 p.m., & were warmly welcomed by Professor Grey-Turner* & his family. All three children were at home. Elston is now at Cambridge, & looks a fine young man. The house is ancient & interesting: we dined in a panelled medieval hall; and the drawing room was adorned by a beautiful mantelpiece carved by Grinling Gibbons. The house belonged in the XVIIth century to the Evelyns, of whom the diarist is famous, & he was a patron of the wood-carver.

[119]

Grey-Turner interests me. He is certainly a man of great intelligence and many interests. His fame as a surgeon has spread far beyond this country. He shewed me his scrap books in which he had collected all the Punch cartoons bearing on particular subjects e.g. Abyssinia. He is evidently a man who makes friends easily. His patients like to preserve his acquaintance on other than professional grounds. I noticed that my pamphlet on "Abyssinia" was on his table, and neatly bound into it the letter with which I had accompanied it. He and his wife seem to have come from cultivated stocks, of which memorials are distributed over the house. Incidentally I gathered that he was born in 1877, so that he is 14 years younger than myself. His practice of treasuring and binding together everything, however trivial, which has connected him with great or interesting contemporaries will present his biographer with a vast mass of material of extraordinary variety & value. His pride in his possessions is, perhaps, a little amusing, but, of course, natural enough.

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[120]

Saturday, August 8th, 1936.

[symbol 3]

After breakfast mine host showed me the house, which is remarkably interesting, and provides an admirable home for the furniture which he and his wife had accumulated. Then we were taken to Dropmore, a famous house builded[sic] by Lord Grenville, Pitt's brother-in-law, now held by M^{rs} Fortescue. The gardens are magnificent. We met M^{rs} F and Lady Gosford, and were shown some of the house. The portraits of the younger Pitt and the Duke of Buckingham interested me particularly. The last by Gainsborough presented a countenance of aristocratic insolence, which could not but ~~preclude~~ [^]portend[^] disaster. We were shown the facsimile of the famous Pitt diamond, which was sold to the regent in France for £125,000; & is now in the Louvre. Also, a lion's head from the throne of Tippoo Sahib.

Lady Gosford was reading a Groupist publication and asked me what I thought of the movement. With rash sincerity I expressed my disapproval and thereby evidently startled the old lady, who expressed her support of the Groups with decision!

[121]

Then we went on to Burnham Beeches. The curiously twisted trees reminded me of the pictures of arthritic limbs in Bath! After lunch, I rested for two hours, and then the Professor and Elston took me to see Stoke Poge's church. A young and intelligent verger explained the building. We visited Gray's tomb and monument; and ended by seeing the Garden of Remembrance. This is really most beautiful. The care-taker, a rather impressive looking man in early old age, expressed great delight at meeting the Bishop of Durham, whom he had admired for years!!

There was a pleasant dinner party.

The High Sheriff, Clifton Brown and his wife struck me as very agreeable persons. M^r Noble and Sir Austin and Lady Low also dined. The latter were friends of Ernest Pearce.* We had a good deal of conversation, but little of it survived in my memory. After the guests had departed, Elston entertained us with a display of conjuring tricks with cards. These performances always perplex me, & leave me with a sense of total imbecillity!

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[122]

Sunday after Trinity, August 9th, 1936.

[symbol 4]

After breakfast the Professor & Elston walked with me in the garden. Then we all went to the parish church at 11 a.m. The service was Mattins, and the sermon was preached by the Vicar. It was preceded by a very shortened form of the Bidding Prayer, and a verse of the National Anthem. The text was from Philippians iii "One think I do forgetting the things that are behind me." The sermon was a very poor performance delivered without manuscript or notes.

Various neighbours came to tea. Among them was the doctor. Fielden whose son is the King's pilot. He was once practising in Shildon, & is a close friend of old D^r M^cCullagh. Colonel and M^{rs} Palmer from Dawnay interested me. He is a descendant of the Roger Palmer who married Charles II's mistress, ~~the duchess of Ca~~ Castlemaine. When they had departed we visited again the Garden of Remembrance, & were shown the contents of the little museum. I wrote my name in the custodian's book.

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[123]

Monday, August 10th, 1936.

[symbol 5]

We postponed our departure until after lunch, and filled the morning by visiting the most interesting house of the Palmers. It is largely medieval, & has been added to in excellent taste. The furniture is admirably congruous. We were charmed with the courtesy of Col. & M^{rs} Palmer. Then we visited the Jesus Alms-houses a fascinating foundation of 1627. It was the original picture of Walker's well-known picture "Youth and Age".

We left Huntercombe Manor about 3 p.m. and arrived at Elmsworth Rectory about 6 p.m. On the way we stopped for tea.

When the luggage was unloaded we found to our extreme annoyance that we had carried away with us the bag of a young Lithuanian who had arrived to spend the night! This argues great stupidity on the part of the Butler, and, perhaps, some carelessness on my part. I ought to have superintended the packing.

[124]

Among the letters awaiting my arrival at Emsworth Rectory, there was a kindly-expressed one from M^r Gordon Irwin; he says.

[“]We all enjoyed having you as a patient, and I am quite certain that if all my clerical patients were as patient, regular, and co-operative as you have been, my life w^d be happier! Most of them I found difficult and possessing very little philosophy when it comes down to personal disability!

I hope you will have a very good holiday, & for many years continue to express your decided views on present day problems, & breed in others the clear-cut courage of their convictions.[”]

The excellent Miss Nicholson positively refuses to accept any remuneration for her labour on my ankle, emphasizing the circumstance that she worked at the Hospital within her normal hours of work. Gordon Irwin supports her contention, so I suppose it is necessary for me to acquiesce in it. But I don't quite like doing so.

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[125]

Tuesday, August 11th, 1936.

[symbol 6]

A wet morning. Is this to be representative of our holiday weather?

The Times contains a review of the Giffords. It is rather disappointing, being little more than a rather unintelligent account of their contents! However it is not hostile!

A short letter from old Bishop [William] Lawrence* of Massachusetts reached me. He thanks me for the gift of "Abyssinia" but demurs to my observations on the attributes of U.S.A. and he encloses a report of a speech by Archbishop Temple* explaining it on grounds of policy. This is only an ex post facto apology for a plainly indefensible position.

Sir John Harris* wrote to ask for a few copies of "Abyssinia" for the use of friends. Charles sent him three. I fear that my pamphlet has missed fire, & that its only effect will be the bill for the printing! Everybody praises it, but nobody buys it. Like "Sibbes and Simeon" I wrote it to please myself, that is, to release my soul. Both of these compositions, if the circumstances had been favourable, might have been greatly successful. As it fell out, both were total failures.

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[126]

Wednesday, August 12th, 1936.

[symbol 7]

I received a long and characteristic letter from dear old Phelps,* to whom I had caused the publishers to send a copy of the Giffords:

It is no compliment to acknowledge a book until one has read it. This I have done closely & carefully, with unbroken interest & pleasure. It fairly held me.

The first chapter re. Judaism less than some others: for why[?]. I am old enough to have felt (& still retain) a loyal love for good old Carlyle. His “ole elo” & “exodus from Houndsditch” were constantly before my mental eye. We have still much too much of Judaism in our conventional morality. Do good & you will have your reward in another world, if not, as Judaism held, in this. Against this we have Carlyle, Kant, and duty. I am not saying that you think otherwise, but for me this popular survival of [127] Judaism is repulsive.

But, if I may say so, the interest of your book grows – grows as one reads. It is so definite & so convincing on all those horrible moral problems – naturalism, industrial development and pacifism – that I should hope for a cheaper edition to spread its teaching widely. Add to that, the vivid & picturesque style gives it a charm of its own. I am so glad lastly to see the quotation from J.S. Mill, who “rules the roost” when Plancus was consul.

Is it an indication that my book represents a completely obsolete point of view that it has the approbation of octogenarians?

Ramsay, the Minister of Magdalene [chapel, Edinburgh], writes:

I have read “Abyssinia” in a spirit of mingled anger & admiration. Thank you for sending it.

Does he mean that he is indignant at the suggestion that Great Britain was morally bound to champion Abyssinia?

[128]

Richard Craig writes from Birmingham to ask me to write (as I promised to do, & forgot) to the Bishop [William Barnes]* on his behalf. It appears that his new diocese is not very welcoming to a young clergyman for he demands very brusquely a written undertaking that he will obey his (the Bishop’s) regulations, & abjure Reservation.

[“]Of course there is no question of having Reservation in a Toc H. Chapel. I told him this, but the assurance was not enough! I must give the promise he demands. What do you advise me to do about it?["]

I told him to yield to the Bishop's demand but I did not tell him that I think the said demand is properly unwarrantable, & obviously impolitic. How can he hope to win the personal loyalty of young men, if he treats them thus suspiciously? Probably the Bishop is prejudiced against S. Mary Tynedock by reason of the kind of parson which has already come into his diocese from that parish in the person of Simmonds.*

[129]

In the afternoon we motored to Chichester distant about 7 miles, and visited the cathedral. It is a Norman building, rather commonplace. In the cloisters we noted the memorial tablet of William Chillingworth.* "Ecclesiæ Anglicanæ adversus Romanenses popingnator invictissimus." He died in Chichester in 1643. Then we went on to Bognor Regis, and had tea very comfortably in the Royal Hotel, after which we returned to Emsworth Rectory.

Canon Tupper Carey* with his ^daughter^ ~~sister~~ and his son called. I have not seen him since 1891, when I visited him at Lowestoft, and preached in his church there. His son is a magistrate in Northern Nigeria, and impressed as a competent rather than cultured person. Tupper Carey is now the English Chaplain at Monte Carlo, where he says there is a resident colony of 1200 English. He has 2 months of annual holiday. I gave him "Abyssinia", and the last "Bishoprick". He told me that he had ordered a copy of the Gifford Lectures to be sent to him.

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[130]

Thursday, August 13th, 1936.

[symbol 8]

The Bishop of Ripon writes:

I have immensely appreciated your brochure on Abyssinia, and am asking (through my diocesan Gazette) all my people, clerical & lay, to get and read it.

I shall be interested to know how far the said people give heed to his Lordship's counsel.

Having heard nothing more about the Rev. Roger Sharpley, whose failure to return from his holiday has caused much anxiety, & been much the occasion of alarmist reports in the newspapers, I wrote to his wife asking for information. The poor man had, I believe, been shell-shocked, and never appeared to me to be quite normal.

In fulfilment of my promise to Lazenby* I wrote to Graham Harrison* calling his attention to the discontent and inconvenience caused by his ill-habit of procrastination in the matter of returning documents. What appears trivial in his eyes may yet loom very large indeed in the eyes of those who pay the fee!

[131]

The ancient world had little pity for the fallen; and it had little for Cleopatra. The hatred which Romans felt for her can be read at large in their literature: but through that literature there runs too another feeling, publicly recorded in the Fasti, and if Octavian's propoganda directed the hate, it did not create the fear. Grant all her crimes and her faults: grant that she sometimes fought her warfare with weapons other than those used by men: nevertheless **it was the victors themselves who, against their will, raised the monument which still witnesses to the greatness in her.** For Rome, who had never condescended to fear any nation or people, did in her time fear two human beings: one was Hannibal, and the other was a woman.

v. The Cambridge Ancient History

vol. X The Augustan Empire 44 B. C. – A. D. 70 Chapter III "The War of the East against the West" by W. W. Tarn & M. P. Charlesworth p. III

[132]

In the afternoon we motored to Arundel, and I remained in the car while Ella and Fearne saw the Castle. Leng also did so. The great building has a most imposing aspect. We visited the parish church, a commodious 15th century ~~church of~~ fabric of no special importance. The Norfolk chapel is shut off from the rest of the church with offensive abruptness. We had tea comfortably in the Norfolk Hotel, and then returned to Emsworth by way of Petworth. The road lay through a beautiful & well wooded country, which we saw to advantage as weather was brilliantly fine.

The Roman Catholic cathedral, a large & somewhat pretentious modern building in the Gothic style, is associated in my memory with the controversy which attended its consecration. The papists made a mighty fuss about translating the relics of S. Edmund the Martyr from France, but the Protestant antiquaries demonstrated that the said relics could not possibly be S^t Edmunds!

<!140836>

[133]

Friday, August 14th, 1936.

[symbol 9]

Dick writes an almost excited letter on the subject of Christianity. He has been reading Ramsey's* "The Gospel and the Catholic Church", and has almost been swept into Barthism! I was so far interested, as forthwith to send him what was rather a theological essay than a letter!

Mayor, the Rector of Whitburn, asks leave to resign on the ground that he is 75 years old. As he was ordained in 1884, he may fairly claim, so far as length of service goes, to have "done his bit". Of course, he will take a pension. The benefice is well-endowed – more than £1500 p. a. – but the house is large.

Dashwood* tells me incidentally that Inge received my Giffords in last week's "Church of England newspaper". This review is bound to be racy, and, perhaps, is hardly likely to be favourable. Moreover, there is at least one passage in which I allow myself to express dissent from Inge's published opinion, and he is not the kind of man to tolerate dissent. In any case, whether favourable or hostile Inge's verdict will count for more than most.

[134]

We motored to Portsmouth, where I had my head washed (very unsatisfactorily by a bald-headed man who whistled & sang as he worked!). The town had a tousled & rather squalid appearance, but the esplanade was pretentious if not imposing: & the whole place was be-decked and be-crowded for "children's Day". We returned in time for lunch, where we entertained a stolid-looking cousin of Ella's, who is, I imagine, named Smith.

Richard Craig writes:

I shall certainly follow your advice about making the promise, but I shall go to see him first, & ascertain a little more of what it means e. g. whether he will forbid me to help Simmonds, as I have provisionally arranged to do. If he does, I shall have to obey, although Simmonds is without an assistant curate until December, & needs help.

Barnes makes a great plunder in meeting young clergymen with suspicion & veiled menace.

<!150836>

[135]

Saturday, August 15th, 1936.

[symbol 10]

Somebody sends me a booklet entitles – “Anglican Conventional Christianity Challenged” by Leslie Laurence. Privately printed by the Author. It appears to be the silliest trash conceivable, the worst elements in the Church Times worked up into a mingle-mangle of humourless abuse. That any one should be at the pains of writing such twaddle is astonishing enough, but that, having written it, the writer should be fool enough to have it printed is truly amazing. Mutatis Mutandis, and with the “Anglo-Catholic” point of view instead of the Protestant, it is Martin Marprelate redivivus! And yet I suspect that drivel of this kind will be welcomed by a considerable section of the clergy. Illiterate, embittered, and bursting with conceit they don’t know enough to distinguish between shoddy nonsense and serious writing. Their entire reading is the “Church Times” and the “Daily Herald”. For the most part they are extreme Anglo-Catholics, save where their zeal for “Labour” has displaced even their religious partisanship. At every election they distinguish themselves by the violence of their language, and the crudity of their contentions.

[136]

The weather was so brilliant that we felt morally bound to utilize it by an expedition to Christ Church. We were nearly 2 hours in reaching it, and save for Havant and Fareham, & some suburbs of Southampton we moved through lovely country. Between Portsmouth & Southampton the road commanded wide views over the estuaries, and the passage through the New Forest was altogether enjoyable. We lunched comfortably at the King’s Head Hotel, & then visited the Priory Church. It is really magnificent, and for me, as Ranulf Flambard’s successor in the See of Durham, it has a special interest, since Ranulph, when Dean of Christ Church built the nave. It is an earlier essay in the architectural effort which created the Nave of Durham. The 14th century screen behind the High Altar depicting the Rod of Jesse, is particularly notable, and so are the carved stalls in the choir.

Altogether, Christ Church is justified in its claim to be the finest parish church in England.

[1367]

We motored to Lymington, and walked by the water-side where bathing was in progress. One eccentrically obese boy arrested our notice. He looked about 14 and had an alderman’s paunch! Then we went on to Beaulieu, and had tea very comfortably in the Montagu Arms. The rose-garden in the rear of the Hotel was most beautiful. We viewed the ruins of the monastery which are admirably kept. The refectory of the Cistercian House now forms the parish church. It is an early English building, very graceful and dignified. One notable feature is the fine stone pulpit cutting out from the southern wall, and approached by a passage adorned with purbeck-marble shafts. From this pulpit to the feeding monks the lector-read words of piety & counsel. I noticed on the wall memorial tablets to the son and the wife of Lord Darling.* We had an enjoyable ride home though the views, which had enchanted us in

the morning, were partly veiled by the evening mist. Everywhere the country swarms with holiday-makers, & the problem of parking their cars is far from solution.

[138]

My excellent Charles sent me a cutting from the Yorkshire Post, containing a review of my Giffords by Canon Mozley* of S. Paul's. It is kind, but not indiscriminating in its kindness. At least it is a review, and not as was the notice in the Times a mere, & not very intelligent summary. Mozley also praises the style; though he allows that "of the merely brilliant advocate there is not a trace in the book".

The lectures and the book would not be D^r Henson's were there not arresting descriptions & penetrating judgements expressed with a lucidity & fine choice of language which reveal the opaciousness & nobility of English prose at its best. But still more admirable are the restraint of the argument, & the clear-sighted recognition of all that has been amiss in Christian history.

The reviewer evidently means to be kind, and here he is even flatterous. I wish I could accept his description of my style!

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[139]

10th Sunday after Trinity, August 16th, 1936.

[symbol 11]

Another brilliant day and very warm.

We attended service in the parish church at 11 a.m. The curate officiated, and preached a sermon, which had more stuff in it than is now usual, but was not assisted by his delivery, which was flat and depressing. We stayed to the celebration of Holy Communion, which, save for the use of the “Dominical summary” in place of the Ten Commandments, and truncation of the formula of administration was legal.

In the afternoon the Ven. Archdean Rodgers, vicar of Havant, called. He is well-built, good-looking, and intelligent. We had some pleasant talk, and, on parting, I gave him copies of “Abyssinia” and “Continuity”. He gave me the impression of being neither enthusiastic about the creation of the See of Portsmouth, nor pleased with the new Bishop [Partridge]*. He volunteered to show us the pro-Cathedral, and arranged to do so next Tuesday.

We had tea with M^{rs} Willink and her daughter, Lady Starmer – the one an anatomy of anile decrepitude, the other a clamorous talker!

[140]

Roman religion was made up of traditional practice, and animated by patriotic spirit: it was not a matter of belief. Scepticism might lead to carelessness if men suspected that neither the performance nor the neglect of ritual had any effect on the course of events. Yet the strongest spirits favoured conservatism, and acted in a way which suggests that religious things retained a certain prestige.

v. Cambridge Ancient history X 469

Substitute “English” for “Roman”, and would this statement be any the less true? Of Rome in the first century B.C. and of Britain in the twentieth century A.D. the same description of religious decadence holds good. There is this difference that, while Roman Religion contained no element of vital truth which could renew its life, Christian Religion has always the Founder, of whose Life and Teaching the New Testament preserves the tradition.

<!170836>

[141]

Monday, August 17th, 1936.

[symbol 12]

My Brother of Newcastle [Harold Bilbrough]* writes to explain his irregularity in accepting for Ordination one of my candidates (Lee) whom I had judged unfit for Ordination in September, & for whom I had made special arrangements for continuing his training for another year. His Lordship's explanation is no more than a confession of carelessness and confusion.

Dick writes:-

“I am anxious to know what you think of the reviews of your Giffords. I have seen the reviews in the Times, in the Times Literary Supplement & in the Church of England Newspaper (W. R. Inge), and am disappointed with them. Inge's review irritates. He says some awfully good things, but also some things which I don't understand at all.”

I have not seen any of the reviews that he mentions, except the first.

I wrote to Wilkinson, the Vicar of Chilton, offering him nomination to the parish of S. John's Chapel-in-Weardale.

[142]

We left the Rectory at 11.30 a.m, and motored by way of Wickham and Romsey to the house which General & Lady Oldfield* have bought for their old age. It is quite pleasant and commodious, & has 9 acres of ground. He only paid £1850 for the lot. He has a chauffeur-gardener, oddly named Sleightholme, a pleasant-looking young fellow, who hails from the north. He had lived in Christ Church, Gateshead, and Wickham. He said that I had confirmed him, and that he “still stuck to it”. He was only 22, and managed both the car & the garden for a wage of 35/- a week. After tea we returned home, stopping to see the noble church of Romsey. The Vicar (Corban) recognised me, and was most obliging in showing us the Church. The Anglo-Saxon Crucifix in the South Aisle chapel, and the Norman Rood built into the South Transept wall on the outside are most interesting and pathetic. We arrived back at the Rectory shortly before 7 p.m.

<!180836>

[143]

Tuesday, August 18th, 1936.

[symbol 13]

The Times reports the death of Edward Watson,* late the Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Oxford. He and I first became acquainted in 1883, when he "coached" me for two terms before my "Finals" in June 1884. Then when I tutored young Rathbone for six months in Birkenhead, he was curate at Holy Trinity in that town, and we saw much of one another. Then our ways lay apart, and our intercourse was confined to correspondence. When Bigg's* death vacated the chair of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford, Asquith,* then Prime Minister, offered me appointment, but after a fortnight's consideration, & against the advice of Sir W^m Anson,* I declined his offer, and urged him to appoint Watson. No doubt other and weightier recommendations were made to him on Watson's behalf, but these had failed. Watson was appointed, and shortly afterwards married. We met and corresponded, but wives are ever destructive of male friendships. In the current issue of the Church Quarterly, there is a review of Bell's Life of Abp Davidson from Watson's pen. In it he alludes not unkindly to me.

[144]

Watson was 4 years older than I am. The warnings multiply that my time is short. Yet how difficult it is to realize the fact. "Lord, teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom".

Watson was not wholly successful in his professorship, for his lectures, though full of learning & brilliantly expressed, were so ill delivered, that his hearers were alienated & soon ceased to attend. He was, I think, constitutionally indolent, and intensely shy. His awkward manner & hesitating utterance exasperated his friends who knew & admired his quality. He was not only very learned, but he was the master of an English style, incisive and distinguished, which made his compositions eminently readable. It was very regrettable that he did not write more, but he resembled the Rabbinic notion of a scholar as "a well-plastered ~~citizen~~ cistern which lost no drop of water". He was very contemptuous of shoddy work, and when this was also popular, he could express his scorn vigorously.

[145]

I received from the Cathedral Commissioners the final draft of the Durham Statutes, and wrote to indicate my approval of the same. They include my suggestion that the Bishop's permission must be secured before either Dean and Canon can desert his official house.

Archdeacon Rodgers called in his car at 11 a.m. and motored us to Portsmouth. We visited the parish chunk of Portsea, fine but commonplace. The last occasion on which I visited it was more than 40 years ago, when Archbishop Lang was Vicar, and I came to preach on some special occasion. We visited the "Cathedral" which, though mean in appearance, has some admirable medieval work at the East end. I saw with interest the monument of the Duke of Buckingham, whom Charles I loved, and whom Felton murdered. The cathedral is

being enlarged by aisles and a new nave, and when these have been added to it, its general aspect will be more accordant with the normal standard of cathedrals. The new Bishop, Partridge, may be trusted to raise the money.

[146]

In the afternoon we motored 65 miles through the most beautiful country, well-wooded with a rich variety of trees, and illumined gloriously by the sun. We had tea very comfortably at 'The Swan' in New Alresford, and then we returned through a series of villages. We visited the parish churches, which, though in no case specially noteworthy, had in every case some feature worth seeing – here an old font, there a quaint tower, & there again a fine late Norman doorway. There is much chalk in the district, & as a consequent flint is extensively used in the fabric of the churches. We were impressed with the rustic charm of the thatched cottages. Being well away from the main roads there was comparatively little traffic, a great relief from the ceaseless & plethoric movement on the road in front of the Rectory.

To our great annoyance a house is being built on the plot of ground adjoining the Rectory grounds: & the work seems to have reached its noisiest stage, for the hammering is almost incessant.

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[147]

Wednesday, August 19th, 1936.

[symbol 14]

I wrote to Robert Henry Stephens,* a former choirboy of S^t. Margaret's, Westminster, who had appealed to me for assistance on the ground of that early acquaintance with me, & had supported his appeal by enclosing the letter which I had written to him from Cornwall in 1903. He had just been confirmed, & left the choir, and my letter was designed to prevent his ceasing to attend church etc. after the usual fashion. But "my dear Bob" in 1903, may have become something very alarming by 1936. Indeed I cannot recall his face and form. Yet I must needs be impressed by the fact that he should have treasured my letter through all these years: and, though I cannot see how I can give him any effective assistance, I feel base in telling him so. To mitigate the inevitable brutality, I suggested that he should give me some 'references', to whom I could write, and learn from some informed source what ~~was~~ are his character & position. Society is filled with men of 50 & upwards who are physically & economically broken.

[148]

The assemblage of qualities & capacities that made up his personality are not such as to strike the imagination of the world. In the sense that Alexander, Caesar or Napoleon surpassed other men in intellectual equipment, Augustus cannot be counted a man of genius. That he was not: he was the man that the world needed, and may claim to have been one of the greatest servants of the human race. The highest praise that he coveted was justly given by the sailors of a ship off Puteoli as the Princeps passed them on his way to die – per illum se vivere, per illum navigare, libertate atque fortunis per illum frui.

v. Cambridge Ancient History. X. 596.

We motored to Chichester, and while the ladies busied themselves in "shopping", I went to the Cathedral. We returned to Emsworth by a circuitous route.

[149]

I signed the petition to the Court of Claims begging that I might be suffered to support the King at the Coronation as my predecessors have done, and returned it to Cecil Ferens.* I would gladly "get out" of that duty if I decently could: but I fear there is no escaping it.

Some ass from Durban in Natal writes to exhort me to take steps to secure a fitting celebration of the centenary of the birth of the late Frances Ridley Havergal. I understand that she was a writer of rather mawkish hymns. Centenaries are multiplying beyond endurance.

M^{rs} [Ethel] Cruikshank* and Miss [Eleanor] Christopher* came to tea. These excellent ladies, having left Durham, are now living in Winchester, and, (as might have been expected from their masculine characters and active habits,) are fully employed in all manner of good

works. The country is filled with such active and able women, and, if their practical competence were more often combined with capacity for working with others, their services to the community would be very great. The evening was wet.

<!200836>

[150]

Thursday, August 20th, 1936.

[symbol 15]

Sir Wyndham Deedes* writes to me to ask me to join others in signing a letter to the Times on the subject of the Arab attacks on the Jews in Palestine. I said that he might add my signature. The letter can hardly do any good, but it is not likely to do harm. Yet I hate signing these letters.

I received a numerously signed "protest" against the "dismissal" of the half-caste Mitchell from his curacy in Christ Church, Gateshead. I doubt not that dislike of the Vicar is a more potent factor than ~~his~~ of the curate's merits. But I returned a civilly expressed snub to the protestants.

In the afternoon we motored to Selsey, seeing several churches on the way. Of these, one – Bosham – was of unusual interest. In it I observed with interest a memorial tablet to Herbert de Bosham, one of the loyal clerks who supported S. Thomas of Canterbury in his long conflict with Henry ii. We had tea in the Hotel at Selsey, & walked on the fine open beach for half-an-hour. On our way home, [151] we turned aside to visit Church Norton. Of the Church there only survives the Chancel, which serves as a chapel for the large graveyard. An elderly man who disclosed his name to be Wingfield the former proprietor of Norton Priory, which adjoins the churchyard [incomplete sentence?]. He was profusely civil, but he smelt of drink, & he had the aspect of a man who consoled himself with the bottle. Both Leng and I formed this impression. However he was extremely obliging, and called my attention to the monument which he had caused to be erected to the memory of his wife. It was a terrible female figure in a suitable attitude!

A gentleman named Leslie Watson writes to inform me that he intends to send in a thesis for the Master's degree. The subject is "Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity: the philosophic basis of the Elizabethan Church Settlement, with the relations between Church & State".

“I w^d be deeply grateful if your Lordship w^d. indicate the most relevant books around the subject.” !

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[152]

Friday, August 21st, 1936.

[symbol 16]

Spencer Wade* writes:-

I have just read the Times Literary Supplement Review of your Gifford Lectures. I am somewhat disappointed with it as it expresses neither approval nor disapproval. It merely gives a summary of contents.

This has an unpromising sound.

The post brought a request that I should preach to the members of the National Chamber of Trade on October 4th at Scarborough. I consented to do this, and wrote to Cyprian Marr* cancelling my provisional undertaking to preach in S. Francis Church, South Shields on that Sunday.

I wasted an hour in replying to M^r Leslie Watson. (v. p. 151.)

I started this day in an unusually pacific frame of mind, but instigante diabolo this was at once destroyed when Ella announced that she had arranged for me to have tea with some unknown female who, she said, had been one of her bridesmaids, 34 years ago, but whom neither she nor I had since even seen! [153] Of all forms of social intercourse I hate most these conventional meetings when the conversation must of necessity be wholly artificial, since nobody knows, or really cares anything about, anybody, & boredom is scarcely screened by politeness. I refused to go, thereby spoiling Ella's (unmerited) satisfaction, and destroying my own peace of mind. What is, in such a situation, the duty of "a real Christian"?

I finished reading through the 10th volume of 'The Cambridge Ancient History'. It deals with 'The Augustan Empire', and is extremely well-written, as well as astonishingly learned. I was interested to note how considerable has been the amount of knowledge gained from papyri, inscriptions, & coins. These non-literary sources are drawn upon with much confidence, & utilized with amazing skill. Two famous individuals are almost transformed viz. Cleopatra and the Emperor Claudius. The one is actually placed in one category with Hannibal, and the other is shown to be a strong and sagacious ruler. If only I could remember what I read!

[154]

Finally, I decided to accompany Ella, but my motive was not adequately Christian, for it was rather the fear of having to entertain strange visitors here than a noble sacrifice of personal preference to my wife's wish, that led to my decision!

The "Modern Churchmen" at Cambridge continue their efforts to make the flesh of the orthodox creep. Beyond providing ammunition for the enemies of religion in general, & Christianity in particular, it is hard to see that they can effect anything. It is not so much what

they say, that is offensive & dishonouring, as the total absence of reverence which marks their utterances, and their habitual attitude of sneering contempt for whatever is believed & practised by Christians. It is difficult to imagine how a serious pastoral ministry can be carried on year in and year out in a parish by men who can really for themselves accept such a version of Christ's Religion as these modernist orators disclose, yet some of the most extravagant of them are parish priests.

[155]

Our visit to Ella's bridesmaid, M^{rs} Poore, was pleasant enough. Her house, Ferniehurst, is a ~~pleasant~~ large mansion, set in a beautiful county, & she herself was amiable. Her son, a Cambridge undergraduate, Roger Dennistoun Poore, interested me. He has had the misfortune to cause the death of a young woman, who ran into him on her cycle from a side-road, when he was motoring at a smart pace on the main road. The local magistrates have committed him for trial on a charge of manslaughter. This prospect has cast him into a mood of natural melancholy, for he dreads what he imagines is a bias against undergraduates, as normally reckless drivers. I have no doubt that he was proceeding at a tremendous pace, but I do not see how accidents can be avoided when cyclists (the worst offenders) and motorists dash out from side roads. On arriving home we found Archdeacon Rodgers who had called to inform us of his success in arranging that we should visit the battleship, Nelson, which is now in Portsmouth harbour.

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[156]

Saturday, August 22nd, 1936.

[symbol 17]

M^{rs} Watson writes: -

Mercifully his illness was very short and he did not suffer. On the 5th August he did not seem inclined to wake up, and after a time I realized that he had had a paralytic stroke, and he never spoke again. Sometimes he knew us, and we thought for the first few days that he would recover, but then he gradually got worse till he passed peacefully away at 2.30 a.m. on the 16th August. He would never have regained his full ~~happiness~~ powers, & it would have been misery to him, but I shall sadly miss his wise, loving advice.

This is an enviable departure. How much is such a speedy death to be desired rather than such a long-drawn-out period of half-witted existence, miserable to oneself and all but unendurable to one's family and friends such as old Canon McCullagh's*!

[157]

[Ernest] Dawson,* the Vicar of S^t Paul's, Gateshead writes: -

As for the poor Spanish church I fear it is odious by reason of features which it has in common with ourselves, not in those respects in which R.C. differs from E.C. It is regarded as on the side of the privileged classes, as opposed to change in the economic order. I was in Malaga just before I came to Gateshead. The town was full of smouldering churches, but the Cathedral was packed with relays of men at Mass all Sunday morning.

Dawson is an advanced "Anglo-Catholick", and like many clergymen of that description, himself inclined to Communism. But he is probably right in thinking that it is rather economic than spiritual offence which the Spanish Church has given: for the general multitude is keen to seek economic change, while those who are interested in religion are extremely few. "Ye seek Me, not because ye saw signs, but because ye ate of the loaves, and were filled."

[158]

The weather today is brilliant, and (,when Ella and Fearne had gone off to Southampton to join in bidding farewell there to a batch of connexions who were leaving for America in the Empress of Britain,) I sate in the garden, and read Carr-Saunders'* disconcerting book, "World Population, Past Growth and Present Trends", which has just been published by the Clarendon Press. The noise of the traffic in the street was most annoying, and even more the incessant hammering of the workmen who are building a house next door. I "stuck it out" until they kindled bonfire, and smothered me in its smoke.

[symbol] M^{rs} Berry writes to say that Lord Londonderry has wired ~~to say~~ that he was coming to see me, & that she had replied that we were on holiday in this place. I must write to him. I wrote a long letter to old D^r M^cCullagh. He feels his bondage to his old wife, whose survival power in spite of age and illness is amazing, though he is devoted to her, and is held a prisoner by his own affection.

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[159]

11th Sunday After Trinity, August 23rd, 1936.

[symbol 18]

Another brilliant day. The view from my window is extremely beautiful, and under the sun, shining from a cloudless sky, looks its best. A Sabbath stillness reigns, which is the more welcome since it interrupts the varied uproar of the week. The house building next door has ceased, and the Sabbath-breaking noise of the motorists has not begun. So, for a merciful interval, there is peace. If only the people could realize the spiritual damage and moral degradation of the noise in which they now habitually live! But a second nature is being created in them, and this leads them to love noise for its own sake. Silence and solitude – the guardian angels of the human spirit – are abhorrent to this generation. Noise & crowding are essential elements in a really popular holiday. Is it any cause for wonder that Religion should be failing among us? How can the “still small voice” of the Divine Spirit gain audience in the babel of secular voices? Religion itself surrenders to the prevailing Evil, and becomes itself vulgar, strident, and aggressive: & “my people love to have it so”!

[160]

We attended Mattins at 11 a.m., and heard a sermon on behalf of the National Society preached by a young-looking clergyman, who told us that he was the vicar of a large parish in South London, & a manager of 4 Council schools. He wore some theological college’s hood, and spoke with an uncultivated accent. He had no text, but discoursed on education and wound up with a conventional plea for the maintenance of Church schools. Had his delivery been better, his address would not have been ineffective. As it was, the congregation was attentive until he came to his appointed appeal, & then interest failed. The congregation consisted of 50 or 60 females and perhaps a dozen males, of whom 3 were young. It is the pose of the National Society that, in some effective sense, it justifies its name: but, in point of fact, it is no more than an embarrassing vested interest, which has become a weapon of the Anglo-Catholic party. Its abolition is the first requisite for the solution of the problem of “Religion in the Schools”.

[161]

The Revised Lectionary is used in this parish. It appoints for this Sunday a lesson from the Apocrypha – Ecclesiasticus xviii. 1-14. It contains what can hardly have been other than a deliberate correction of Psalm XC.10. “The days of our years are threescore years & ten, or even by reason of strength four score years.” The Son of Sirach tells us that “the number of men’s days at the most are a hundred years”. Probably he had known nonagenarians, if not even centenarians. It is not without interest that his words hold good today, in spite of all the achievements of medical science.

The “Sunday Times” reports the extremely foolish speech of the Bishop of Chelmsford at the Modern Churchmen’s Conference in Cambridge. His Lordship objects to the frequent use of certain hymns, & would have them excluded from use for a year. His objection is, not to their inferior quality as poetry, nor yet to their unsatisfactory theology, but solely to their

familiarity. This has an odd sound from the lips of a Bishop of a Church which worships with fixed forms. Would he ostracise the Creed, the Psalms, the Te Deum, and even [162] the Lord's Prayer? Surely the essential matter, not for the hymns only, but for all religious forms, is their adequacy for their proper purpose. Praise, Thanksgiving, Petition, Penitence – the forms which have been tested by frequent use, and have acquired a certain symbolic efficient character, which itself enhances their spiritual value, are greatly preferable, because greatly more efficient for their proper purpose than novel and unfamiliar compositions, which may arouse curiosity, but can hardly express faith or praise or penitence. Unknown tunes are destructive of edification. The objection to the repetition of hymns is no more reasonable than the objection to the Liturgy, which the sectaries urge as an excuse for their extemporaneous effusions. The Preacher's counsel is both sound & relevant: "Be not rash with thy mouth, & let not thine heart be hasty to utter anything before God: for God is in heaven, & thou upon earth: therefore let thy words be few".

[163]

M^{rs} Willink and her daughter, M^{rs} Parsons Horton, came to tea. The latter's husband commands a battleship, which has been engaged in rescuing foreigners from Spain. He tells his wife that the Spaniards are very devils. I gave her a copy of "Abyssinia", as she gave expression to some congruous sentiments on that subject.

Then, I wrote at some length to Veronica Irvine, whose letter to me was too good to be ignored; and I sent her a copy of the last issue of the "Bishoprick".

I wrote to Alexander, & then accompanied Ella to the post box in order therein to deposit our "Sunday letters". On our way, we were stopped by two ladies, who recognized us, they were the daughters of the former Warden of New College, M^{rs} Hallam Murray,⁵ and Miss Rosemary Spooner.* The former had but just returned China, where her husband, a naval officer,* is now stationed. She did not give a reassuring account of the situation in China.

⁵ Both here and on p. 163, Henson confused Mrs Hallam Murray with Mrs John Layard

Murray, wife of Admiral Arthur Layard Murray, eldest son of the artist and sometime partner in the Murray publishing firm, Alexander Henry Hallam Murray. The Layard Murray family lived at Horndean, close to Emsworth where Henson was staying.

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[164]

Monday, August 24th, 1936.

[symbol 19]

It is an almost invariable rule that the Jewish birth-rate is lower than the surrounding birth-rate. Ruppin has collected statistics for 16 different countries & five large cities: in every case, with the exception of New York, the birth-rate of the Jews is lower, and in most cases much lower, than that of the non-Jews. Thus Ruppin gives the birth-rate for Jews in Poland in 1929 as 20.0 per 1000, & for non-Jews as 31.1 per 1000. Since we have found that the small size of the family constitutes a very serious problem in many European countries, it is clear the size of the family is a matter of the utmost gravity for the Jews: for it is hardly too much to say that, if Ruppin's figures are correct, the extinction of the Jews is in sight.

Carr-Saunders, "World Population" p. 308

[165]

Before getting up, I finished reading this new book of Carr-Saunders, "World Population". It surveys the planet, and can find nothing in any direction which can justify a cheerful view of human destiny. The discovery of contraceptive methods has revolutionized civilized views of the family, and restored to human acceptance the savage fashion of limiting families, for now the same result can be reached without resort to the shocking & dangerous methods of abortion and infanticide. **The small family has come to stay, but it fails to maintain the population, & is equivalent to race suicide**. Can a compromise be effected whereby the size of the family shall only be so far restricted as will secure the survival of the community? Can sexual intercourse be deliberately conditioned by public requirements? Unless these questions can receive affirmative answers, nothing can arrest the march of the civilized peoples to extinction. Will not the process be interrupted by the successful revolt of the relatively uncivilized peoples against their European teachers and tyrants?

[166]

Dick sends me the cutting from the C. of E. newspaper which contains Inge's review, which I read with interest. He was evidently nettled by my omission of any reference to his book, & to my dissent from his opinion that "early Christian ethics were mainly stoical", and the review as a whole can hardly be described as favourable, but it is not wholly hostile.

The later chapters of these Lectures, which deal with sex, Race, the State, and Industrialism, are so good that we should have been glad to see them expanded..... All that the Bishop says on these subjects is excellent, but we should have welcomed rather more. For instance, the difficult question of euthanasia, which has been much discussed lately, is one on which we should have valued his opinion. On another vexed question, birth-control, he speaks with courage & moderation, realising that it is the beginning of [167] a movement which must vitally affect the whole future of the human race. In saying that the morality of the practice depends on its motive, he

seems to me to have taken the right line: the motives, of course should not be self-regarding.

This is not much, but it is something.

We went out before lunch and visited two unusually interesting churches – Wobblington [?] and Thorney.

We went to the Yachting Club at the invitation of Admiral and M^{rs} Parsons, and then sate for an hour looking at the yachts racing.

Then we went to Havant Vicarage, and had tea with Archdeacon and M^{rs} Rodgers. There came to meet us Admiral Dudley North, the commodore of the King's yachts, Admiral Williams, M^r Graham a former Harrow master, and a M^r Lane, with their wives. After tea we sate in the garden, & talked pleasantly enough. Then, when all had departed, we went to Havant Church, & were shown it by the Archdeacon. After this we went back to Emsworth Rectory.

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[170] [sic] ^168^

Tuesday, August 25th, 1936.

[symbol 20]

The glorious weather continues. I reflected as I dressed on the subject of my sermon to the Lichfield Diocese Conference, which I have promised to deliver on the 30th September & my mind inclined towards a direct approach for positive teaching, definite (within such limits as definiteness is requisite and possible,) sincere, intelligent, and coherent. The subject is directly and confusedly suggested by the pronouncements of the Modern Churchman's Conference at Cambridge. My text might well be 2 Corinthians iv. 1-6; perhaps the whole paragraph, perhaps (since short texts are more effective) only the crucial verse: "For we preach not ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake." This Gospel of a living and active Saviour & Lord, from whom the Ministry draws its commission, and in whom it is exercised, did not rest on historical testimony contained in documents, but rather found expression in documents which, apart from it are really unintelligible.

[171]

M^r Basil Sharpley writes to inform me that his brother, the missing Vicar of Thorpe Thewles has been found in Edinburgh, and that his wife is taking him home.

"I have no details but what little information I have points to a loss of memory."

Archdeacon [Leslie] Owen* writes at some length on the same subject. He tells me that M^{rs} Sharpley has arranged that his doctor shall see him, and that he (the Archdeacon) will see him likewise:

"I had no knowledge of it until I received your letter last Friday, nor had Canon Froggett until he saw a report in the continental Daily Mail in Austria where he was on holiday. The whole affair has created much local attention, & I am sure that at present our wisdom is to wait on subsequent events."

Finally, Londonderry observes:

"for the Church for ordaining & myself for granting the living to M^r Sharpley [172] no punishment could be devised that would be adequate."

I myself am responsible for his Ordination, and I cannot escape blame, but I may plead that, when he was ordained 13 years ago, I had no reason to expect that he would break down in this way. For his appointment to a benefice I am not to be blamed. It was made without reference to me, and against my judgment. Sharpley had made it quite evident that he would not rightly be entrusted with an independent position.

The Archdeacon & M^{rs} Rodgers fetched us in their car, & carried us to the dock in Portsmouth. There we were met by a smart young naval officer, & escorted on board the Nelson. We lunched with the Admiral, Sir Roger Backhouse, & his wife. A number of the

officers also lunched. When lunch was ended, we were shown the great ship, a thrilling experience. I marvelled at the skill with which this vast and complicated vessel, carrying 1200 men, [173] and armed with 16 in. guns, had been constructed. I noted with some surprize that in the little chapel, there was a Crucifix on the altar. I could not but remark that the little chapel was a symbol of the church in the world – a small alien society in an incongruous setting. Quite close was the old Victory on which Nelson died. It is securely fixed in the dock, a second memorial of England's greatest seaman. After we had been deposited at our Rectory, we almost immediately issued forth again in order to visit Tupper & Carey and his descendants who are on holiday – meeting at a girl's[sic] school on Hayling Island. We had tea very pleasantly, sate in the garden while the small grand-children gambolled on the lawns, and, before returning, walked to the beach and watched the numerous visitors desporting themselves thereon. On our return, I found awaiting me a telegram from Archdeacon Owen:

[“]Sharpley reported home will visit tomorrow.[”]

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[174]

Wednesday, August 26th, 1936.

[symbol 21]

Charles writes to tell me that he has received from the Dean and Chapter the offer of appointment to the Rectory of Edmundbyers and has accepted it:

Of course I see you through to the end of the year. Now that this is settled, I am in a more settled state of mind. But I must confess to being very sad at leaving you especially so near the end of your episcopate. You know I would gladly have stayed with you. As it is, I can only assure you that I am always at your disposal. [175] I have learnt much, & above all I have ~~heard~~ learnt – we both have learnt – to love you. Often I am conscious that I do not show it – perhaps, because I am an undemonstrative Northerner. But we are both very much attached to you, & to leave you will be grievous up-rooting.

[175]

In the course of my episcopate I have had four chaplains –: Charles Norcock, Jack Clayton, Lionel Footman & Charles Pattison: all have parted with me on terms of affection; & have kept up a friendship. Charles has been with me longer than the others, and he has become attached to me, and I to him in richer measure. I don't like to think of the future without him, for I have come to depend on him for everything. However, it is time that he should have independent position [sic], and I am glad for his sake that we must part.

It ought to be possible for him to continue some important parts of his diocesan work e.g. the management of the business of the Board of Treasury and the Editorship of the Bishoprick, and his friendship with Ferens and Carter will make it the easier for him to be useful on diocesan boards. He will hold office as chaplain until the end of the year, and during the interval I must consider the difficult question of finding another chaplain. If there is another increase of the income tax and surtax, I shall have to manage without one!

[176]

We left the house a few minutes before 11 a.m. and motored to Reigate, where we lunched with the daughter of the Black Archdeacon, Helen* and Gwendoline Watkins. They are established in a charming house fashioned out of an old barn, and a Tudor cottage. They have also about 2 acres of garden. It would be difficult to find a pleasanter or more suitable house for two maiden ladies, who are advancing into middle age.

There we motored to visit an aunt of Fearne's M^{rs} Knowling who lives with a retired Naval Officer named Parker, who is (I think) her brother. Their house, though small, was extremely attractive. It is an old cottage, slightly enlarged, & having attached to it a very pretty flower garden and a meadow. I thought that both the lady & her brother were intelligent and pleasant people. We got back to Emsworth shortly before 7 p.m.

The weather, which at first had a rather threatening appearance, steadily improved, and the afternoon & evening were brilliant.

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[177]

Thursday, August 27th, 1936.

[symbol 22]

The Bishop of Lichfield, writing about the arrangements for his Diocesan Conference, adds

["] I am reading your Gifford Lectures with much satisfaction and profit. ["]

May I assume that he bought a copy?

The Poor Clergy Orphan Relief Corporation send me their usual enquiry with regard to an application for assistance which they have received from Hector Bamlett. I am asked whether I can recommend it on the two grounds of poverty and character. With respect to the first, there was no difficulty for the man is poor enough: but with respect to the latter? The Secretary told me that Bamlett had not included me among his "references". This is significant of an apprehensive mind, itself the token of a bad conscience. I wrote:

His poverty may explain, and even perhaps in some measure extenuate, financial irregularities which it cannot possibly excuse, and which make it impossible for me to regard his character as satisfactory.

[178]

I received from "The Hospital of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research" the following letter, signed Alfred E. Cohn:-

My Lord Bishop.

You may be interested to learn that your letter which appeared in the London Times of February 4th, 1936 is being reprinted in a pamphlet which is being published by the Viking Press in New York, under the sponsorship of M^r C.C. Burlingham, M^r James Byrns, Judge Samuel Seabury, & M^r Henry de Stimson, in order to make clear to the American public the debate about which went on in England in connection with the recent celebration at the University of Heidelberg. A copy of the pamphlet will be sent you when published.

This is interesting. The German element in the population of U.S.A. is numerous, well-organized, and intensely nationalist in feeling. I infer from this letter that it has been much perturbed by the Heidelberg business.

[179]

Some days ago, M^r Mitton, the mining Engineer sent me a pamphlet on "The British Coal Industry in 1935" by M^r W. A. Lee, Sec: of the Mining Association of Great Britain. I read it through and found it most interesting and informing. It constitutes a powerful plea for the maintenance of private ownership and management: but, of course, the popular demand for

nationalisation has its roots & sustenance, not in economic reasoning, but in class sentiment & socialist politics.

I wrote to Miller, thanking him, & sending him, “a Roland for his Oliver”, my pamphlet on “Abyssinia”.

We left the house about 1.30 p.m., and motored to Salisbury, turning aside on the way to call on Admiral Ballard, one of Ella's friends. This divagation annoyed me, & provoked a display of ill-humour which proves how slight may be the connexion between Christian demeanour and Apostolic office! We reached ~~Wex~~ Salisbury about 3.30 p.m., and in the Cathedral effected a junction with the Irvines* – all five of them, with whom we had tea, and much pleasant converse.

[180]

Irvine talked most interestingly about his experiences in India. One of his fellow-commissioners, a devout Hindhu, [sic] told him that his domestic peace had been destroyed by the conversion of his wife to Unitarian Christianity. Irvine suggested that, at least, Unitarianism w^d imply a smaller breach with Indian religion than orthodox C^{ty}: but was assured that the contrary was the case. – “We Hindhus have no use for a religion which has no philosophy. That is the case with Unitarianism; but behind Trinitarian C^{ty} there is a philosophy.”

Irvine described his visit to the great Temple of the Daughter of Shiva in S. India. He was admitted alone: the Temple was empty save for the monotonous chanting of priests, who were invisible in its gloom: Everywhere were ^carved^ the snakes which are emblems of the goddess. He was glad to be restored to the daylight. In order to enter the Temple he had on his bare feet to mount 1000 steps! The stone which he trod was painfully hot by the sun. His impressions were both vivid and painful.

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[181]

Friday, August 28th, 1936.

[symbol 23]

Philip Strong has decided that he ought to accept nomination to the missionary Bishoprick of New Guinea. He is assured by the doctors that he is physically sound, and his parents are willing that he should go. He will probably not have the parish before the end of November. He is the 4th missionary bishop to be chosen from the Durham diocese during my episcopate viz [John] Aglionby* to Accra, Lasbrey* to Southern Nigeria, Horstead* to something on the Equator, and now Strong to New Guinea. The strong interest in foreign Bishops which marked Westcott* and Moule* has not yet been extinguished by the tepidity and cynicism of their successor! It will not be easy to find a suitable incumbent for S. Ignatius, Sunderland. Bishop Lightfoot's* church ought to be well manned, & extremes must be avoided.

Fearne reminded me that another Dunelmian missionary bishop is Daly*: who was ordained by the Bishop of Jarrow in 1926, when I was myself unable to officiate, being convalescent from an operation for appendicitis.

[182]

The Bishop of Salisbury (Lovett)* writes from Pitlochry:-

I have been reading (as a "holiday task") your Gifford Lectures, & was intending to write to you, when your holiday might be over. Now a letter from Harold Rodgers tells me that you are at Emsworth Rectory, so I venture to intrude upon your comparative leisure with a line of personal thanks for a book which seems to me of great usefulness. I hardly know which to admire most, the width of your reading or the telling expression which you give to your own thoughts – but to me the "meat" of the lectures is found in the balanced and reasonable argument in which you carry your thesis to its valuable conclusion. I do hope they will be widely read and assimilated.

This is kind & flattering, but is it either justified or weighty?

[183]

We motored to Winchester, and lunched with Mrs Cruikshank with whom were her two brothers – quaint, kindly little men whose hearts are stronger than their brains. After lunch I went to the hairdresser, and was dealt with professionally, while my ladies were "on their own". From the hairdresser I walked to the Cathedral, and interested myself therein until I was joined by Ella and Fearne. We then proceeded to Miss Christopher's house, & had tea with her there. She had invited the new Master of S. Cross to meet us. He is a bland person, rather conventional in speech & manner, who, as he told me, had been the first Cambridge man to go to the Oxford House, when [Arthur Foley Winnington] Ingram* was Head. He says that the mastership is worth £500 per annum. The governors pay the rates on the house, & do the dilapidations. They also pay the wages of the two gardeners. He says that the new

Tithe Act will diminish the income of the Hospital by no less than £1200. We returned to Emsworth after tea, and reached the Rectory about 7 p.m.

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[184]

Saturday, August 29th, 1936.

[symbol 24]

I received a letter from the European Offices of the Columbia Broadcasting System asking whether I would "consent to broadcast a talk" on 'Universities and Freedom' for the benefit of 'the distinguished scholars who are attending the Harvard Tercentenary'. They are moved to approach me because (so they say) I have "taken a prominent part in various freedom enterprises"!! Can I rightly, or prudently, or competently do this?

Universities have a triple function, for they must 1) pursue research 2) teach students 3) set a standard of intellectual habit: and for all three the unquestionable condition is freedom. Withdraw that condition, & research is handicapped; teaching is perverted, and the standard set is false. Yet academic freedom has been achieved with difficulty, & is not maintained without effort. Academic society is not distinguished by moral robustness, nor does the sedentary habit of the student favour personal courage. Timorousness and vanity are at home in universities.

[185]

Rather precipitately I answered that I would do what was asked on Sunday, September 27th at the B.B.C. studios in Newcastle between 5.30 and 5.45 p.m. This may clash with the Ordination arrangements!

I wrote to Stephenson's curate, Rose, in reply to a request from him for advice as to the answer he must make to the Bishop of HongKong's [sic] offer of a position in his diocese. On the whole, I discouraged his going.

I received another long letter from the ex-choirboy of S^t Margaret's (u. p. 147) enclosing various documents which attested the excellence of his character prior to 1923, when he went into business for himself, & giving me the names of the firms with which he then did business. I wrote to the Secretary of the C.O.S. at Westminster asking for their advice: & returned the documents. There is really nothing that I can do for him, but how to make this clear to him without brutality is not easy.

W. Sharpley writes about her husband, that he has partially recovered his memory.

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[186]

12th Sunday after Trinity, August 30th, 1936.

[symbol 25]

I began the day by writing to my brother, Arthur [Henson],* and sending him a copy of the Bishoprick. Whether he reads it, or not, I cannot know, though I think he does: and, if so, he will have his thoughts turned in a direction which must be unfamiliar. For, though in an odd way of his own, he is religious, and certainly is what is called a straight-living man, his [symbol 25 in red in the margin] spiritual outlook is dreadfully narrow, and he shares to the full the "business man's" suspicion of the Church, & therein specially of the clergy. He reads the 'Morning Post', consorts with some Anglo-Indian coevals, rails ^with them^ against the 'League of Nations', despairs of the Empire, and holds M^r Baldwin in contempt! The cruel fate of Abyssinia moves him not, save that he welcomes the evidence it provides of the fatuity of the League of Nations. In his heart of hearts, he cherishes an admiration for Mussolini, & would welcome an English replica for dealing firmly with the Trade Unions &c. He is, I fear, an unhappy man, doomed to an unhappy old age.

[187]

Yet how impossible it is justly to appraise another man. The Saviour's admonition 'Judge not' is rooted in reason, for we cannot possess the materials for equitable judgment. My brother left England when he was yet in his teens, & for years was living in Assam, where he was rarely in contact with Christianity. He worked very hard, and advanced himself until he became a partner in the Firm which employed him. He did not come home to England every few years but, like Lord Roberts, he was 'Forty-one years in India'. There he found his wife: there he had his friends: there he made, & invested his money. When at length he retires to this country to 'settle down' for a peaceful & prosperous period before the end, he finds himself broken in health, without interests, and an alien in his native land. Having long dropped religious observances, he finds it difficult to resume them: & when he makes an effort to do so, he finds himself offended, even horrified, by the 'Anglo-Catholic' worship, which in his eyes is indistinguishable from sheer papistry!

[188]

I wrote at some length to Charles, giving him some good counsel about pastorate in a small parish, and pointing out that the smallness of his parochial charge would not only make it possible for him to take an active share in diocesan business, but also would give him time for serious reading.

In the afternoon M^r Ellerby, the curate, came to tea, a mild young man respectful to his superiors. He has only been two months in this parish, which is the third curacy since his Ordination.

The 'Sunday Times' contains a review of my Gifford Lectures by the present Dean of S^t Paul's [Walter Matthews].* It is kind, and even flattering. He also emphasizes the excellence of my

literary style, herein agreeing with Canon Mozley and old Phelps, not to say also the Bishop of Salisbury.

It would be unjust not to recognise the merit of this book considered merely as an exercise in English prose. Without any effort of straining or [189] mannerism he has captured the spirit of the eighteenth century, so that when we encounter the long quotations from Bishop Butler which occur in the text we are conscious of scarcely any change in the rhythm or choice of words. This is a book which gives the reader every inducement to continue with it to the end.

The review concludes thus:-

It is to be hoped that this book will be very widely read by the laity: it is certain to be read by theologians. It would be a great day for English religion if many of them could learn his secret of how to write on a difficult subject with dignity, lucidity, and vigour.

The Dean of S. Paul's can himself write good English, and I am entitled to think that, when he thus expresses himself, he has some justification. But I shall be very much surprized if the critics & theologians don't sing another tune!

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[190]

Monday, August 31st, 1936.

[symbol 26]

A letter from Carter informs me that Canon M^cCullagh has died. For six years past he has been a paralyzed pensioner. His death gives me an hon: canonry to dispose of, but otherwise affects no diocesan interest.

In the afternoon we visited Colonel and M^{rs} Rowlandson, and had tea with them. Harold Hunter came in while we were there. He looked very vigorous and cheerful. Then we visited Chalton where the Vicar, Westall, had invited us to see his church, claiming a certain acquaintance with me when he was vicar of Thaxted and I vicar of Barking. He has three churches in his charge, with about 500 parishioners. Chalton church is a 13th century building, graceful and dignified as medieval churches, however small, can be. The Rectory includes part of the nuns' convent which once existed in Chalton, and is a substantial house of the comfortably ample type distinctive of what we once called 'fat' livings. We motored about 3 miles to Idsworth, where we were [191] shown a fascinating little church, set out by itself in a field around which the ground rose and was well-wooded. A pleasing 18th century porch, on which was inscribed the text from the Vulgate – 'Accedite ad portas ejus cum confessione' – led into a little aisle-less church, Norman but with later insertions & changes, equipped with square pews. The gem of the church is the wonderful wall-painting on the north wall of the sanctuary, which has been preserved by a covering of whitewash, and is now fair to see. In the Portsmouth Diocesan Quarterly, which the Rector gave me, there is an excellent account of this wall-painting:-

The Idsworth wall-painting was first discovered in 1864 Prof. Tristram dates it at 1300, certainly not later than 1320, at a time when art was superior in England to any country in Europe, including Italy, where Giotto was painting at his best. The Idsworth wall-painting is unique, not only for its subject, but for its fine quality and completeness.

[192]

The wall-painting represents scenes from the life of S^t Hubert, to whom the church is dedicated, and from that of S^t John Baptist. Two items interested me. In the one, a man suffering from hydrophobia is represented as a dog with a man's head. S. Hubert heals him, & he is depicted as wholly a man adorned with a halo. In the other Salome dances before Herod. She is performing a sword dance. Prof. Tristram writes:-

It will be noted that the side of the prison, with windows, is in perspective, two hundred years before the laws of perspective known.

The Rector was accompanied by his wife, and his daughter Elizabeth, both pleasant. After dinner Admiral Parsons came in for a yarn, and talked for more than an hour, retailing incidents in his naval career, and telling us something of his own religious history. He had been bred up in the "Catholick Apostolick Church", but couldn't stand the 'speaking with tongues'.

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[193]

Tuesday, ~~August 31st~~ September 1st, 1936.

[symbol 27]

We motored to Gosport, and had tea with Captain and M^{rs} Badcock at the Naval Hospital. With them were their two sons, aged 12 and 10, very bright promising boys. After tea we visited the chapel, and walked in the extensive and beautiful garden. This Hospital was founded in George ii's reign, and still retains its original appearance. It is gradually being modernized. It can provide for 2000 patients, but has now only about 200. Captain Badcock told me that the Government had warned the Management to be ready for the outbreak of war. On our way home we called at 149 ~~Southampton~~ Devonshire [*pencil correction*] Avenue, Southsea, in order to call on Lord Scarborough's former butler, Wilson, who has established himself there with his sister. He has in his parish church, of which he is a sidesman, and in his little garden, which was really very fine, two wholesome interests which relieve his life from boredom. He said that a considerable number of Durham men had come into the Portsmouth Dockyard.

[194]

I received a letter from the Bishop of Jarrow enclosing a communication from M^{rs} Sharpley, in which she says that her unfortunate husband "is progressing steadily, and that his memory is gradually returning."

The doctor feels sure that the loss of memory was caused by a shock owing to the avoidance of an accident (probably). The car is in a garage at Watford, in perfect condition.

This is all very interesting: but where does cura animarum come into the story?

The Bishop adds:-

"I have just finished the Gifford Lectures with real pleasure and satisfaction, & am looking forward to talking with you about them, especially your emphasis upon Christianity's unique power of assimilation."

I gave him his copy myself.

<!020936>

[195]

Wednesday, September 2nd, 1936.

[symbol 28]

I wrote to Lord Scarbrough expressing sympathy on the death of his sister, Lady Bradford, and telling him about our visit to his former butler, Wilson.

Ella and Fearne went to London for the day, in order that Ella might consult an aurist. I hope rather than believe that he can help her infirmity.

My mind is exercised about the sermon which I must preach at Lichfield on the 30th. Dick approves my text:-

The text which you are taking – “We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus as Lord, & ourselves as your servants for Jesus’ sake” – seems to me to be one of the texts which militate against the Modernist ^attitude^, & which Modernist interpretation makes unintelligible. For no one could speak quite like that, if they were thinking of a prophet. Incidentally, though this is quite a different tack, this text is a searching criticism of modern preaching: how often is the [196] pulpit no more [than] the platform upon which the preacher gives his private opinions!

Partly, the modern preacher is handicapped by his reluctance to speak beyond what his personal experience can verify. Since he is not conscious of any spiritual effect which he can confidently trace to the personal action of Jesus Christ, he shrinks from using language which, if it be on his lips legitimate, must needs imply the contrary ^a congruous experience ^. And, thus, unintentionally but none the less really, his spiritual witness shrivels into the meagre version of discipleship, which is all that, for himself, he dare affirm. The reason is respectable: but the effect is mischievous. **Men are saved by faith, not by doubt, & if the preacher’s words disclose doubt rather than faith, how can they be other than spiritually baleful?**

*The situation is in some measure relieved by the circumstance that the preacher speaks, not as an individual, but as an officer of the Church. [197] Not his own personal belief is in question but the faith of the Church. He cannot reasonably reduce the last to the measure of the first. But this consideration, though in itself reasonable, and not without practical value, cannot carry very far. The preacher must at least honestly accept the Church’s faith, and be able up to the full extent of his personal experience to endorse it: but, if that extent be so restricted that his attenuated belief is not easily distinguishable from unbelief, what is to be done? And that is, unless I greatly mistake, precisely the situation which the “Modern Churchmen’s Conference” discloses. **It is difficult for the plain man to conclude from the speeches that the speakers are, in any adequate sense, Christians at all.** Certainly it would be fair inference from the substance, & still more from the tone, of their speeches that they regarded it as dishonest or unintelligent to believe that Jesus Christ was more than an ordinary man, ^they held it legitimate to think^ that He might even be wholly the creation of pious fancy, that He was not essential to the spiritual recovery of sinful men.*

[198]

I wrote a number of letters, and then walked round the Club, & watched the yacht race, and the bathing. Not alone boys and girls, but young men & women were disporting themselves in the water. I could not but marvel at the effrontery of well-developed young women, who, to all intents and purposes, were entirely naked, for the small fragments of bathing dress only emphasized what they covered. I must be a "nasty-minded Victorian", but this new passion for nudity, which seems to dominate the female mind, does not seem to me friendly to virtue.

After lunch I motored to Romsey, and visited the great conventual church. We had tea comfortably at the White Horse, and then returned to Emsworth.

Ella and Fearne returned in time for dinner, and were met at the station by Leng. The aurist does not promise any cure for the deafness, but he seems to have been not altogether discouraging.

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[199]

Thursday, September 3rd, 1936.

[symbol 29]

Charles is evidently pleased at learning that I mean to make him an “hon: chaplain” and he writes with affection: -

Time will show whether I am capable of profiting by all that the last seven years have taught me. You dislike exaggeration & personal references, but there are exceptions, and I claim the right to tell you that I am – and always shall be – inordinately proud [of] and absolutely devoted to “my” Bishop. When I go to Edmundbyers, I shall try my utmost to maintain what I can only call your tradition. I am more grateful than I can say for the honour you propose to do me.

The Poor Clergy Relief Corporation informs me that it has sent £25. to Hector Bamlett through the Rural Dean. It has learned “from another source in what a splendid manner M^r Bamlett’s difficulties were being dealt with”.

This is both intelligent and large-minded.

[200]

In the afternoon we motored to Hindhead where we had tea very pleasantly in the Beacon Hotel, stopping on the way at Haslemere, in order to visit the Museum, of which Admiral Parsons spoke to me yesterday in high commendation. I was disappointed to find it contained nothing more than the usual rubbish, disgorged from the “glory holes” of the neighbouring large houses, & eked out with monstrosities from the district, which are to be found in most rural museums. The air was thunderous and heavy, so that I had much difficulty in keeping my eyes open through the outward drive. Returning, thanks to the tea, I was more wakeful. Rain fell steadily most of the way, but, as we came within 10 miles of Emsworth, the sun came out, & the evening was fine. It was in Haslemere Church that I officiated at the marriage of Frank Pember* and Margaret Davey. The world looked differently then. We did not dream of the future which lay before us, and we were young & hopeful.

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[201]

Friday, September 4th, 1936.

[symbol 30]

A wet stormy night was followed by a very threatening day, so threatening that we were half-disposed to abandon our expedition to Tidworth, where we had arranged to lunch and view the camp, and Stonehenge. However, bolder counsels prevailed, and shortly after 10 a.m. we set out from the ~~Castle~~ Rectory, and motored to Tidworth by way of Winchester, arriving in the camp at 12. 15 p.m. Eric Dawson-Walker, who is stationed there as chaplain, showed us some of the mechanical devices for superseding horses and magnifying destructiveness, and then we went to lunch. Ella and Fearne lunched with the senior chaplain, Hogg, and his wife; I lunched in the mess with Colonel O'Moore Creagh and his officers. I found them extremely pleasant, interesting and intelligent. After lunch we motored to Stonehenge, and visited those incomparable ruins of pre-historic Britain. The military buildings, which defaced the spectacle during the War, have now been removed, & the mighty boulders stand out on the moor in all the bleakness of their sombre majesty.

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We had tea with the Hoggs, and then returned to Emsworth, stopping at Salisbury on the way, where my ladies visited shops, and I went again to the Cathedral.

Awaiting me I found a letter from old D^r M^cCullagh, in which he enclosed a cutting from the "Manchester Guardian" containing a review by "Artifex" (i.e. Canon Peter Green*) of my Giffords. It was as much concerned with me, as with my lectures! Can I honestly recognize myself in this?

D^r Henson has long seemed to me to be the possessor of one of the most independent and original minds of our time. He has been accused of having changed his opinions frequently and of having belonged in turn to every party in the Church. It would I think, be more true to say that he has never really belonged to any party. Being essentially a fighter, a controversialist, he has often stressed that side of his mental attitude which happened for [203] the moment to be unpopular & has then been gleefully claimed as a supporter of their views by those on whose side he fought. But soon after, especially if that side came to be in the ascendant, D^r Henson was found dealing lusty blows against those who the day before had counted him as their champion.

And so we need not wonder that few men have been attacked with more bitterness than he. But the explanation is to be found neither in a mind light and changeable nor in any vagueness of belief. Rather the explanation lies, I fancy, in the fact that he does actually occupy a unique position. He is like a man standing in the middle of a dozen competing factions & so, from the very centrality of his position, able to attack or to succour now one & now another of the contending parties. He seems to be in touch with all and to belong to none. [204] And this which, when he was a young

man, made him difficult to understand and impossible to classify gives him now a peculiar position among contemporary thinkers.

“Artifex” says that D^r Henson “is the master of as fine an English style as any man now writing”. His review of the lectures themselves, though certainly favourable, is by no means indiscriminating.

The chapter on the non-Christian world & of relations between it & primitive Christianity is full of really illuminating judgements, & D^r Henson manages to get more into the lecture on Christian Morality in History than one would have thought possible in three times the space....

In short, the book is a vital one.

I have long regarded Peter Green with respect as a singularly honest and lucid thinker, &, therefore, I incline to attach rather special importance to his opinions & criticisms.

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[205]

Saturday, September 5th, 1936.

[symbol 31]

In the course of the morning we had a smart thunder storm accompanied by vehement rain. The Dean of Westminster [William Norris]* wrote in some perturbation as to the progress of Pacifism, & the silence of the Episcopate on the subject of military service. He suggests that the Bishops, or some of them, should write a joint letter to the Times. But I replied that I thought such a letter would be loudly applauded by the bellicose Erastians, who hold the Established Church to be the ordained and enchained instrument of the State, & would supply controversial provender to Dick Shepperd & his crew of fanaticks. The day for episcopal pronouncements is past.

The Rev. C. Wardle, Rector of Haverton Hill, asks permission to resign his benefice on the score of age. He is one year senior to me in the Ministry. I gave him what he asked for. There are now vacant, or about to be vacant: -

1. S. John's Chapel in Weardale. 3426 pat. Bp. Of D.
2. Whitburn. £1570 patron Bp. Of Durham.
3. S. Ignatius, Sunderland. £400 patron Bp. Of D.
4. Haverton Hill. £527 patron Dean & Chapter.

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I have read some once-famous novels, vz. "The Crisis" and "M^r Crewe's Career" by Winston Churchill, "The History of Sir Richard Calmady" by Lucas Malet, "Roderick Hudson" by Henry James. Also I read through volume X of the Cambridge Ancient History, and "World Population" by Carr-Saunders. In addition, I went through, and made comments on the "Church & State Report". I studied the Times daily with dutiful thoroughness, and I even read several pamphlets that were sent.

We had tea with M^{rs} ^Arthur^ Hallam Murray and her family, a daughter, [Alice] Rosemary [Murray]*, who is an "undergraduate" at Oxford, and 3 sons, of whom two are at Winchester. The elder of the two looked about 18, but was said to be no more than 15 years old. While we were talking in the drawing room, Catherine Dodgson,* M^{rs} Hallam Murray's sister arrived on a visit. She is a charming & vivacious lady, but alas, childless. John Murray & his wife* are childless. Thus there are but six children for the 3 couples, and we are told that 3 children in the family is the least that will suffice to maintain the population.

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[207]

13th Sunday after Trinity, September 6th, 1936.

[symbol 32]

There is an inevitable sadness about the end of the annual holiday. How far, we cannot but ask ourselves, has it achieved the purpose for which it was arranged, and which alone could provide its justification? Am I in body and mind more adequate for the claims on both which my duty involves? Is religion more, or less, a conscious influence in my life? This holiday has been marked by the decision which makes an end of Charles's chaplaincy, and thus breaks up the order of my normal fulfilment of episcopal work. None but myself knows how difficult a situation has been created. In little more than two years I ought to resign my bishoprick, and retire into private life. Is it worth while to appoint another resident chaplain, & thus acquire with respect to him another "obligation of honour" to see him "placed" before I lose the power to "place" anybody? Charles's departure has at least solved the problem of his "placing", and solved it well. Is it prudent for me to create another? [208] Moreover, with respect to my official action, can I rightly make decisions, for which the responsibility for carrying them into effect must rest on my successor? Ought I ^{not} now, so far as is possible, to avoid all new departures, and content myself with the pedestrian policy of "carrying on"? I have in my two principal co-adjutors, Gordon and Owen, younger men, recently appointed to office, who are eager to make ventures & try experiments. How far can I rightly or prudently yield to their insistence? Ought I not henceforth to exert myself as far as possible to clear away debts, and seek to hand over to my successor the diocese in good financial & administrative condition? It is an unpleasing prospect. The preparation of the postponed Charge [sic] to the diocese is a formidable addition to my normal burdens. It will be final Quadrennial Charge, and must needs take a special importance from that circumstance. The subject which I have chosen, "Spiritual Liberty", is assuredly a very difficult one.

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For some reason or other the maids over-slept themselves, with the result that I was called late, and started the day with a somewhat ruffled temper. Then our arrangements for attending Divine service were not wholly creditable. We had covenanted to go to Chichester, and, after service in the cathedral, to lunch with the Bishop & M^{rs} [George] Bell.* But this is the holiday season, & the cathedral arrangements reflect the fact. The regular choir is absent, & its place taken by some kind of an improvised collection of volunteers. There is no choral celebration as is customary, but a "plain" celebration at 11.30 a.m. We elected to attend the latter, and with that object in view, left the Rectory at 10.50 a.m. and reached the cathedral in time to hear, but not understand, part of the prebendary's sermon. With the assistance of the microphone he made a great noise, but it was impossible to disentangle from it anything more than occasional words. After Mattins followed the Litany sung in procession by the students of the Theological College. The Dean celebrated vested in a chasuble. This vestment and copes were worn by the other officiating clergy. Incense was [210] burned, and a form of Liturgy used which seemed an amalgam of the Prayerbooks 1662 and 1928. As we left the Church, the Dean spoke to me with much civility. We lunched at the Palace – with the Bells were the Livingstones. I was particularly pleased to meet M^{rs} Bell's brother, Sir Richard Livingstone,* the President of Corpus. I took occasion to speak to

him about Nigel Irvine, who is entering at Corpus in October. The Bishop and I had much converse together. He has received a writ summoning him to answer in the King's Bench an accusation for libel & slander. He agreed that he had expressed himself with some unwisdom, but maintained that his case was irresistible, as the prosecutor was a genuinely disreputable fellow. He said that public opinion in the diocese was strongly on his side. I said that, in that event, he would probably have to pay one farthing damages to his opponent and a big bill to his lawyers! He evidently resented the conduct of the Bishop of Birmingham.

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Sir Richard Livingstone, the President of Corpus is a tall, spare man with grizzled hair, a kind expression of countenance, & a reserved manner. I appreciate, and indeed admire, his writings so much that I was more than ready to like him, and, indeed, I did like him greatly. He is chairman of the educational section of the British Association, and will attend the forthcoming meetings of the same, which are to be held in Blackpool under the presidency of Sir Joseph Stamp.*

When we were about to start on our return journey the electric pump refused to function, and we were delayed for more than half an hour while Leng wrestled with the recalcitrant member. We arrived back in the Rectory shortly before 4 p.m., and then were confronted with the unpleasant necessity of preparing for our departure tomorrow.

The Palace at Chichester is an extremely convenient and commodious residence, with about 6 acres of ground about it, of which a large portion is included in a beautiful garden possessed of very fine trees.

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[212]

Monday, September 7th. 1936.

[symbol 33]

A stormy evil night was followed by a bright but doubtful morning. The post brought letters, of which I answered such as were needing immediate answer.

Scarborough writes a pleasant letter. He is busily engaged in military preparations.

“In fact one feels one is back to August 1914. The position in Spain is awful, but then Spain has not the experience of the Great War & its horrors to make her pause.

She has it in full measure now. I remember as a boy the Carlist Rising when much the same thing happened. Well, I wonder what the historian will have to say about our 20th century civilization!

Scarborough is quietly working at the tasks which lie in the way of his duty, making no fuss, seeking no advertisement, receiving little applause, but winning for himself in quite wonderful measure, the respect and affection of those who know him by his work.

[213]

We left the Rectory about 10.30 p.m.[sic], and motored to Carleton Hall, exactly 200 miles distant, where we arrived a few minutes after 9 p.m. We stopped Carice at Walford, where we lunched in a “commercial hotel”, in which ~~where~~ rather the vigour of appetite than the delicacy of palate, determined the meal, and at Elton, where we had tea pleasantly with Lady Margaret Probie with whom was a plump, well-grown young lady, her grand-daughter. The parson of the parish a scholarly man, was present. He showed me the treasure of the library, viz. Henry viii’s prayer book in which on the margin were notes by Edward vi, Mary, and Dudley. It contained the savoury petition against the Patronage of Rome, and “all his detestable Enormities”. The Pope’s attitude throughout the miserable Abyssinia affair rather inclines me to think that even charity “which rejoices in the truth” might allow that petition. There came to dinner Hal, and his pretty but bare-backed and nail-painted wife, and that quaint childish person, Jacques, Rector of the parish.

[214]

The posters of the evening papers announced “Death of famous Surgeon”. It referred to Lord Moynihan,* whose wife died but a few days ago. He was a large genial man, who was good enough to express agreement with my attitude on ecclesiastical questions, & said that he took in the Bishoprick. He enjoyed, and, I must doubt not, deserved a great reputation in his profession. He was my junior by nearly 2 years. How quickly my stage is emptying!

Lady Margaret Probie told me that she had entertained Beverley Nichol. I suppose that he had made the most of his opportunity for advocating Buchmanism, for the old lady appealed to me to abandon my opposition to that movement! I was unable to reassure ^the good

lady^ on the point, and was privily assured by the parson that he abhorred "Groupism". It is astonishing with what ardour those neophytes seek to propagate their new religion, and how ready persons of birth and breeding welcome their sophisms. But their Gospel is not preached to the poor.

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[215]

Tuesday, September 8th, 1936.

[symbol 34]

I received a letter from W. A. Dury Mitton (78 Coleherne Court, London S.W.5.) giving me the address of "a very able man in London who has every appliance of the latest for treatment of this kind of accident, & has a very large practice".

| In case you ever found it useful his name is D^r J.D. Hindley-Smith 45 Welbeck Street, W.1.

I note the address but hope that I shall need to make use of it.[sic]

A further note from the Columbic Broadcasting System "confirms the arrangement for September 27th at 8.45. and adds:

The duration of your talk should be just fourteen minutes, one minute being allowed for announcement.

My address ought to be a model of compressed statement!

Old Wilkinson of Chilton Moor declines my offer of S. John's Chapel, & his wife writes to tell me that everybody tried, but vainly, to induce him to change his mind!

[216]

I found in my dressing room a Life of Sir Moses Montefiore,* published in connexion with the celebration of his 100th Birthday & written by Lucien Wolf. I was glad to read a fairly full account of the Mortava Incident in 1858. It was even more discreditable to the Papacy than I had supposed, for the Pope went out of his way publicly to take credit to himself for his obstinate refusal to listen to every proposal that the abducted child should be restored to his parents. Finally "the Little Mortava" was ordained to the priesthood, &, in the obstinacy of the sacerdotal caste, passed out of record. How can we wonder at the venomous hatred with which the Roman Church is pursued by its emancipated victims? Voltaire's famous formula "Erasez l'Infame" is echoed today in Spain and Mexico, and becomes as in Revolutionary France, the slogan of vicious & violent men, but it springs from the resentment of the conscience, which this Roman church has deluded, exploited, and trampled upon.

[217]

What shall I say tomorrow at [Alexander Wynne Willson] Xan's* wedding? I must make some reference to the special character of a clergyman's marriage. The right to marry is the privilege of the English clergyman alone in the Western Church. Even the Easterns draw a distinction between priest and the layman, and, while requiring marriage as a condition of Ordination,

prohibits marriage to the Ordained. Nor will they tolerate the marriage of Bishops. The C. of E. has abolished all distinction between clergy & ~~any~~ laity in the matter of marriage. And yet there is a difference, which grows from the character of the clergyman's specific work. He must make his marriage ancillary to his ministry. Accordingly, he is required at his Ordination to pledge himself "as far as in him lies" to make his wife & children as well as himself "worthy examples to the flock of Christ". A fundamental incongruity of temper and outlook between the parson and his wife is spiritually paralysing. Who can fail to see how tragic was the fate of Robertson, the great preacher, in being united to a frivolous woman who c^d neither understand ^him^ nor share his ideals?

[218]

At 3.30 p.m. I baptized Jacqueline Veronica Johnstone in the parish church. There was a gathering of the village folk, and they sang two hymns quite creditably. The infant behaved admirably, and only some occasional protests from her cousin George, (who was, however, ejected from the church) disturbed the devout dignity of the service. Four generations were gathered around the font – M^{rs} Skeffington-Craig, her daughter, M^{rs} Vere Lawrie, her grand-daughter, M^{rs} Andy Johnstone, & her great grand-daughter, whom I baptized. After the service in church we all had tea in the house. Among the company was the Dean of Lincoln [Robert Mitchell],* whom I took into the garden & conversed with for an hour. He said that he had been prepared to accept appointment to the Mastership of the Temple. He had been reading various reviews of my Gifford Lectures, and declared this intention of reading them for himself each week. I begged him, when he had done so, to send me his candid criticisms.

[219]

The Dean of Lincoln is a moody, melancholy man, manifestly ill at ease in his present position. He is certainly not in sympathy with the rather extreme "Anglo-Catholicism" which dominates the diocese of Lincoln: and the tradition of his cathedral is not wholly congruous with his own. Moreover, he has a silly, unhelpful wife, whose persistent grumbling adds emphasis to every external discouragement. Add, that he himself is becoming deaf, & there is abundant explanation for the apparent fact that he is deeply discontented with his present situation. He had a considerable reputation as a preacher, and, is no doubt chagrined at finding that, as a Dean, his opportunities for exercising his gift are relatively restricted. Yet, it might well be imagined that few men were more happily circumstanced than the Dean of Lincoln, & it is not to be doubted that he is regarded with envy by the mass of the clergy. The discontent of the clergy is a principal cause of their spiritual weakness, but how it is to be remedied, I can nowise perceive.

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[220]

Wednesday, September 9th, 1936.

[symbol 35]

I slept badly last night, and "killed" the wakeful hours by reading Lucien Wolf's "centennial biography" of Sir Moses Montefiore. The situation of the Jews in 1840 was not greatly different from that of the Jews today. Then as now the civilized world was amazed by the revival of the medieval stories of ritual murder in order to stir up the multitude. France seems to have played a discreditable rôle, blocking the path of humaneness in the interest of selfish policy.

"It will read curiously in the pages of some future historians that the age which gloried in having freed the Negro, silently acquiesced in the oppression of the people to whom the world is indebted for the Decalogue" (p. 137).

We have witnessed, and continue to witness, the same paradox in even grosser crudity. Germany, Italy, Spain, Palestine, are outdoing even semi-barbarous Russia in their persecution of the Jews, and Abyssinia is a word that sums up every kind of villainy.

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We left Carlton Hall about 9 a. m. and motored to Stockton, where we lunched with Miss Brown and her brother before going to Norton church for the marriage of Xan Wynne-Willson and Beryl Sturt. Sturt married his daughter: Wynne-Willson read the 21 part of the service, and I gave the address & final Benediction. There was of course a crowded church, and a considerable gathering of parishioners in the Church yard. Everything was very seemly, reverent, & kind. We got to the Castle about 5 p. m. thus bringing our holiday to an end. Among the letters awaiting my arrival was a brief note from Hugh Cecil thanking me for the copy of the Giffords which I had sent him:

I am reading them with much interest and great admiration: though I think there are some things about which I shall not quite agree with you.

The Bishop of Wakefield tells me that he has read the Lectures "with great satisfaction and profit" and is grateful for them. He describes the volume as a "most refreshing book". He points out that I have attributed to Bevan what belongs to Bigg!

[222]

Dick sends me two reviews which, though not hostile, have no particular importance. St John Ervine begins his article in "Time & Tide" by describing me as "one of the ablest, and certainly the wittiest of English prelates", which seems to me silly. The reviews in the "Guardian" and the "Church Times" are by no means wholly flattering, but they are not unkind, & include complimentary references to the Author. All pay tribute to the goodness of my English. Thus the "Church Times" begins:

No living Englishman but the Bishop of Durham could have written this book. As a model of style, arrangement, and expression, it is practically without a rival.

Then after a column and a half of criticism it ends:-

Nevertheless, we commend this book, and commend it warmly to our readers. Though we dissent from many of his arguments and conclusions, we come away with the conviction that Dr Henson is a great Christian idealist, with a burning enthusiasm for mercy, peace, & righteousness tc tc.

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[223]

Thursday, September 10th, 1936.

The morning was spent in writing letters, and preparing notes for my speech. At noon Ella and I left the Castle, and motored to Cleadon Park, where we lunched pleasantly with Colonel and M^{rs} Chapman. * After lunch we went to the large new High (Secondary) School, which I had undertaken to "open". There was a considerable gathering of the townsfolk and the boys of the school. I made a speech, and was presented by the Architect and Contractor with a silver salver, suitably inscribed. Among the orators was the local member [William Stewart], * who evicted Colonel Chapman at the last election. He is an odd-looking man, who holds office in the N.U.T. He spoke with facility, point, and humour. I took the opportunity of speaking civilly to him.

Charles told me that Jenkin Jones, Vicar of Blackhill, lost his wife last week. I wrote a letter of condolence.

Philip Westcott* wrote to tell me that he was about to be ordained on a title in the diocese of Peterborough. I wrote to him a kindly letter & sent him the Bishoprick.

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[224]

Friday, September 11th, 1936.

A "silly season" correspondence has been started in the Times on the subject of the correct description of my famous predecessor.

Bishop Hugh-Pudsey or Puiset. Which is the right name? In yesterday's paper a writer would settle the matter by referring to the indisputable fact that the present Bishop of Durham has a cat called Pudsey. There is nothing more to be said.

Alexander brought me "The Times Literary Supplement" for August 15th, & therein I found a Review of the Giffords under the heading - "Christian Morality in History, A Faith proved by its works". It is rather a summary of the argument than a criticism.

D^r Henson makes no claims to critical scholarship. He is, however, familiar with modern critical tendencies, & one of the charms of this book is its literary background. The Bishop knows how to make use of his time. Active ministry has not prevented wide reading, & the books in his library have evidently been well [225] thumbed, for the lectures abound in judicious quotations. Familiarity with negative criticism, to which, as he points out, our present intellectual climate is favourable, has only confirmed D^r Henson's belief in the evidential value of the Synoptic Gospels.

The "review" is not unfriendly, but essentially non-committal.

Harvie Clark and his wife sent me an umbrella as a memento (?honorarium) for going to their wedding!

There was a lady at tea whom Ella introduced to me as a friend of the Baker-Wilbrahams.* I asked whether Mary was yet married to the divorced American to whom she is engaged,⁶ and she said that the marriage had been postponed for a year. She expressed herself, as I thought, very improperly, as if it mattered nothing that the man had been divorced after the American fashion; but I "shut her up" rather sternly, & we changed the subject. Then she took up her parable against the Jews, and again I found myself to speak with much decision. [sic]

[226]

The Rev. A. M. Stephens, Vicar of Birtley, came to see me. He has been assisting a man, who turns out to be little better than a rogue; to get ordained! The man is now married, and, of course, unemployed and penniless. What is to be done to relieve the pressure on the Vicar's narrow means, and to prevent the Church from being saddled with another bad clergyman?

⁶ See Journal 26, 27, 31 Aug. 1935; Volume 64.

Canon and M^{rs} Campbell came to see me with their nephew Charlie Lillingston. He had been a student here, presumably under Bishop Moule, and is now beneficed in Colchester. After some conversation, I gave him "Abyssinia" and so sent them away. M^{rs} Campbell was the sister of the first M^{rs} Lillingston.*

Greenfield, the Vicar of Brandon, sent me a sheaf of prayers composed by himself, & asked permission to use them at the musical service next Wednesday. They were extraordinarily sentimental and silly. I refused permission for their use, & said that I might, perhaps, bring some suitable prayers myself.

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[227]

Saturday, September 12th, 1936.

While I was dressing Alexander brought me a telegram from the Rural Dean of Wearmouth informing me that Clark, the Vicar of Castletown, had died suddenly last night. This is a fifth vacant living which must be filled up. It is in my patronage, and has an income of £400.

I worked at the sermon for the Lichfield Diocesan Conference all the morning, but with very disappointing results. What I want to say is clear enough, but how wisely & effectively to say it seems to elude me strangely.

We attended the marriage of Hugh Vaux and Clare Chayton at Whitton-le-Wear. There was a considerable concourse in spite of the rain, & the little church was crowded. Hitchcock read the preface, & gave out the hymns. Dennis read the second part of the service: I "tied the knot" and gave an address. Then we went to the Castle, and attended the reception. The crowd was great, talkative, and friendly: the presents were numerous & varied: the speeches commendably brief, and in short, save for the abominable weather, everything went off admirably.

[228]

Dennis, the Vicar of Howden-le-wear, is an ex-Baptist minister, and has intellectual ambitions. He told me that he was reading "with much enjoyment" my Gifford Lectures. This is the second copy purchased in the diocese to my knowledge! It is unfortunate that Dennis is deaf, an infirmity which must needs operate as a bar to preferment. Apart from this disadvantage, he is a thoughtful preacher, a good visitor, and (so far as I can judge) a sincerely religious man.

Then, recalling my promise, I sent 3 copies of "Abyssinia" to Eric Dawson-Walker and one to Hogg, the senior chaplain.

The Rev. W. E. Sinney came to see me. He wants a living! He is 39, a widower desiring to marry again: is a moderate "Low" churchman: w^d like to work in a mining parish. I promised to make inquiry as to his character &c.

John Anderson, aged 23, an Ordination candidate, came to see me. He desires to be ordained at Advent, on a title from Beamish. I liked him, and approved the title.

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[229]

14th Sunday after Trinity, September 13th, 1936.

After the heavy rain of yesterday, the sun shines brightly over a landscape, which has hardly yet been touched by a dying pathos of autumn. The Chapel, flooded with the sunlight, looked its very best. I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a. m. We numbered 10 communicants, including Charles & Christina, and William.

Then I wrestled with a sermon for the benefit of the Chamber of Trade at Scarborough on October 4th. It is extraordinarily difficult to avoid a prophetic denunciation of modern commerce just now when "economic nationalism" is increasingly recognized as the principal root of the rivalries & fears which are driving Europe into another Great War. The main force behind "economic nationalism" is the cynical greed of the great commercial associations. "The love of money is a root of all kinds of evil" wrote S. Paul: had he been living in our modern world, he would have been at no loss for illustrations.

Charles and Christina came to lunch. They are beginning to become excited over the prospect of their new & independent life at Edmundbyers, & the prospect of "moving" has an interest of its own.

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I wrote to the Bishop of Pretoria (Parker) acknowledging his gift of a water-colour sketch of the Chapel of Auckland Castle, which his mother, who was a daughter of Bishop Longley, made in 1859.

We had tea with Charles and Christina, and were shown mats which he had made. It is strange that in the course of his seven years service as chaplain, I should never before have discovered his skill in this matter: but we are all impenetrable mysteries to one another.

Economic Nationalism has destroyed a large part of international trade, has created unemployment everywhere through tariffs, quotas, embargoes and exchange control, has caused an increasing interference by the Government in the economic life of every country, and has led to the overthrow of democracy by dictatorship throughout a large part of the world.

v. Round Table. Sept 1936, p. 660.

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[231]

Monday, September 14th, 1936.

A violent thunderstorm broke over us about 1.30 p.m. The lightning and thunder were really quite alarming!

I worked all the morning at the Conference Sermon, but it is not what I want and design!

Charles and I motored to West Boldon. When we reached Spennymoor, 4 miles from Bishop Auckland, there was no sign of rain. The storm was restricted to a very small area. I dedicated the new Church Hall, made a speech, had tea, & came home by way of Gateshead, where I carried Canon Stephenson. On our way thorough Durham, we stopped at the College in order to see how Archdeacon Owen was fairing. He was in his study, & quite cheerful. His two children – John and Faith – were introduced to me. He spoke of my Giffords which he is reading with much kindness though not with entire agreement. Especially he approved my criticism of Formgeschichte.

Coates of St-James's, West Hartlepool, in answer to my inquiry, sends me a shocking report of the man, Rowan, of whom Stephens spoke to me on Friday.

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[232]

Tuesday, September 15th, 1936.

Kenneth Hodgson came to see me. He has seen an advertisement for an “announcer” for B.B.C., and he wants me to write a letter of commendation. I rashly said that I would, adding as much discouragement as I could, in order to dash his mounting expectations!

I spent two hours in revising and completing the Conference Sermon.

Tymms came to lunch. He brought the plans which he has had prepared by an architect in Newcastle, named Charleywood, for enlarging the parish church of Billingham. I suggested that he should dine here on Tuesday next, and show the plans to Sir Charles Peers, who will be staying here then. I feel great anxiety when the clergy aspire to “restore” or enlarge an old church. The least we can do is to give the ordering of the work into the most trustworthy hands we know, & those are not often those of the local architect.

The work will hardly cost less than £10.000: towards which he has received £4000.

[233]

It cannot be too emphatically stated that there is no historical evidence for the theory which connects the new birth of Europe with the passing away of the fateful millennial year and with it of the awful dread of a coming end of all things. Yet, although there was no breach of historical continuity at the year 1000, the date will serve as well as any other that it be assigned to represent the turning-point of European history, separating an age of religious terror and theological pessimism from an age of hope and vigour and active religious enthusiasm.

Rashdall.* Hist. of Univ: I. 31

For the first time since my accident on March 30, I walked as far as Bryden’s cottage. I noted with concern that yesterday’s storm had done much damage, and with indignation that most of the work noted to be done at the beginning had not yet been put in hand. Either the Commissioners or their local agents are badly to be blamed.

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Wynne-Willson with his wife and daughter came to tea. Nancy had purchased my Giffords, and wanted me to write in it. [This is the 3rd copy I know to have been purchased!] She is a quaint damsel built on the substantial model of the Dutch, and, though of full age still curiously young in aspect and manner. She has a good heart, & sent me secretly a five pound note for my Unemployed Fund. She had saved the money out of her allowance.

I received a telegram from Mrs de Vere, Bishop Moule’s daughter saying that her husband [Stephen de Vere*] had died, & expressing the hope that the funeral might be on Friday in the Cathedral. I wrote to the Dean on the subject.

Two ordination candidates came to see me, of whom I accepted one, Albert Edward Gibson, a motor-man's son, and rejected the other, Clifford William Jefferies, a son of the late Vicar of Pelton. The latter had a feeble, nervous look, and admitted to having had a nervous 'break-down'. I remembered his father, & hardened my heart!

[235]

The Bishop of Gloucester and his sister dined here. Jack Clayton, Charles and Christina were the other guests. Save for his increasing deafness, Arthur Headlam* appears to be in vigorous health. He has evidently "found his feet" in the work of promoting Reunion, & has made himself an important factor in the negotiations, such as they are, between the churches. It is difficult to see how any practical result can come from all the conferences, but they give harmless employment to some excellent ecclesiastics, and contribute to the church papers reports which are Christian in tone & tendency. In these ill days that is something.

I asked Headlam whether he contemplated resigning his See. He replied that a few years ago, when his health was indifferent, he had done so, but now, being fit and strong, he meant to hold on until the next Lambeth Conference in 1940. His work on Reunion, he thought, required his presence in that assembly.

Before going to bed, I had an hour's talk with Jack Clayton. He grows stout, and is beginning to "value himself" as a preacher "urbi et orbi".

<!160936>

[236]

Wednesday, September 16th, 1936.

Professor Cock* of Southampton writing to me about the man Rowan says:

["I take the opportunity of saying how greatly I have enjoyed your Gifford Lectures, which I first read in Switzerland, and am now reading again with renewed profit."]

May I infer that he has bought a copy?

I worked most part of the morning on a sermon for use at Brandon.

An ordination candidate named Owles came to lunch. He desired to be ordained at Advent on a title from All Saints, Monk Wearmouth. But after conversation with him, I felt unable to think him adequately prepared for Ordination, & so told him that he w^d have to go to a Theological College for a year before he could be ordained. I sent him to see Archdeacon Owen.

Jack Clayton & I sate in the garden and talked until tea-time, when Jack Hutton came to see me. He is an ordination candidate, who thinks that he has lost his faith! We had an hour's talk together. His residence in [237] Jerusalem during the last two years has given him the impression that the missionaries are in effect more Unitarian than Christian. He urged all the familiar objections to the traditional views of Christ's Birth & Resurrection. Incidentally, he said that he had been reading the Giffords. Does this mean that he has bought a copy?

In the "Listener" there is a short notice of my book, not very useful.

Jack went with Charles and me to Brandon and carried the staff. There was a united service of the local choirs, and the singing was really very good. I preached from Ephesians v. 19. "Speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody with your heart to the Lord". In the course of my sermon I made an allusion to the recent discussion about hymns, which the Bishop of Chelmsford [Henry Wilson*] started by an article in his Diocesan Gazette, This article, reprinted in the Church Times was for the most part sensible enough, but his suggestion that certain excellent hymns should for awhile be excluded from use was intrinsically absurd.

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[238]

Thursday, September 17th, 1936.

Jack Clayton went away after prayers in Chapel. He has, I think, enjoyed his visit. His oddities grow on him, and, if he is allowed to grow into old age, he will certainly be what is called a "character".

Professor Cock sends me a long letter about the man, Rowan, whom he evidently desires, in spite of his shocking record, to get ordained! His account confirms but too fully all that Stephens and Coates have told me. I wrote to him in decisive language, making no attempt to disguise the disgust I feel. It is difficult to understand either the mentality or the morality of these Anglo-Catholics. If a man will but get to confession and grovel at the Mass, nothing that he may do or be is disqualifying for Orders! I wrote to [Alan] Don,* the archbishop's chaplain, enclosing Coates's letter about Rowan, and formally reporting him as unsuitable for Ordination.

Archdeacon Owen with his wife & children came to lunch. I had some talk with him about Rowan. He was less surprised than I to find such a man offering himself for ordination.

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The Times of today contains the following:

Eighteen distinguished American philosophers have jointly sent a letter to the German Philosophical Association expressing their regret that they cannot "honourably accept" the association's invitation to attend its session in Berlin on September 21-23.

The reasons given for declining the invitation are a detailed indictment of the German Government as a dictatorship "regimenting not only the life and labour of the German people, but their mind and spirit." The letter goes on to say that the very terms in which the invitation is extended are "but an additional proof to us that no individual participating in your meeting w^d be free to discuss the present situation of philosophy inside of Germany or w^d be permitted to seek and find for himself an insight into the spiritual and material character of the German scene of 1936.

This is heartening.

[240]

Charles and I motored to South Shields, where I preached in S. Oswin's Church in connexion with the 'Silver Jubilee' of the parish. There was not a large congregation, & much of it was comprised of children, whose restless coughing greatly disturbed me during the sermon. I was not well impressed by the church. Shaddick, the Rural Dean, was present, & when I inquired of him how the new vicar, Shellabeen Cooke, was getting along, he replied "Slowly, but he is too 'High' for the people." Throughout South Shields the same story is told. Except

in S. Michael's, where a rather 'noisy' Anglican service obtains. The clergy are developing "Anglo-Catholicism", & as a result, losing hold of the people.

"If you leave, we shall become Presbyterians," said some of his congregation to Shaddick. "We simply can't stand this priest business" – or words to that effect.

Colonel Cole, a relative of the de Veres, arrived. He is attending the funeral in Durham tomorrow. I hope he will keep control of M^{rs} de Vere.

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[241]

Friday, September 18th, 1936.

Colonel Cole is handicapped in conversation by deafness, which is the more regrettable since his is evidently a man of intelligence, who has seen much of the world & garnered wisdom by the fact. He lunched here, and then went with me into Durham, in order to attend the funeral of his cousin, de Vere, who was Bishop Moule's son-in-law. There were only a few persons in the cathedral, and indeed that was nowise surprising, since hardly anybody can have known the deceased, and it is more than 16 years since his episcopal father-in-law gave up the ghost. The singing of the anthem, "Blest are the departed" by the Cathedral Choir was exquisite.

The Rev. Alaric Pearson Rose, now a curate at Gateshead parish church, came to discuss with me the suggestion that he should succeed Charles as my domestic chaplain. I like him but doubt whether he could fulfil the duties of the office adequately. He cannot write shorthand, or type, or ride a bicycle, and he declares himself to be destitute of organizing ability. These are formidable deficiencies. Charles thought them prohibitive.

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Colonel Cole, who, as the brother-in-law of Neville Chamberlain,* is perhaps likely to know, told me that the action of the Government in accepting the Hoare-Laval proposal was determined by mutiny on the French fleet. The men flatly refused to serve against Italy. Very similar reports about the undiscipline and disaffection of the French Army have been current: and the venality and factiousness of the politicians are known to the world. In these circumstances, it is singularly unfortunate that Great Britain should be so closely bound up with France, as to be scarcely free to enter into alliance with any other country. Meanwhile the practical paralysis of France through her insensate domestic conflicts must be perfectly well known to the astute and unscrupulous politicians of Berlin and Rome, to whom France is peculiarly odious as the representative albeit most unworthy of that régime of democratic liberty, which they have overthrown in their own countries, and are endeavouring to undermine and destroy in every other.

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[243]

Saturday, September 19th, 1936.

While I was engaged in putting the finishing touches to my consecration sermon, Fearné came to tell me that M^{rs} de Vere had called and desired to see me. Remembering former encounters with that lady, "my heart became as water within me", but clearly, I had no choice. The interview was mercifully brief, a circumstance doubtless due to the fact that she was accompanied by three ladies. After a few minutes I was able to return to my study. We all motored to Darlington, and lunched with Lady Starmer. The Bishop of Gloucester & Miss Headlam also came to lunch, & M^{rs} Lloyd Pease (who broke her ankle synchronously with my accident). We went to the new church of S. Matthew for the consecration. There was a large congregation, a service carefully prepared & reverently carried through, & so far as I could judge, a general feeling of goodwill. My sermon was on the text, S. Luke XII. 15. "Take heed, & keep yourselves from all covetousness: for a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he professeth". After service, we had tea [244] in the room which has hitherto served as a church, and will henceforward serve as a parish Hall. It was densely crowded with parishioners, the atmosphere was asphyxiating: but none the less good humour & (so far as I could observe) good appetite prevailed. The vicar, Beaglehole,* is a remarkable example of the triumph of spirit over flesh, for he is handicapped most seriously in physique. He has a mean appearance, an unpleasing voice, a leg tarnished horribly, and a broken hand. Nevertheless, he gets hold of the people with unusual success: he wins confidence: and gets things done. I ordained him 13 years ago, and he has "made good" in every place in which he has worked. He reads with persistence, and thinks of what he reads. His success with Bible classes for young men and boys is extraordinary. Dick arrived about 7 p.m. to stay until term begins in October. He seemed to be well and cheerful. The time of his Ordination is coming into sight.

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[245]

15th Sunday after Trinity, September 20th, 1936.

The electric light was cut off after midnight in order that repairs might be carried out with a minimum of inconvenience. Alexander had provided me with two candles, and by their inadequate light I read the final chapter of [Adolf] Keller's* "Church and State on the European Continent". There is a sombre, almost apocalyptic tone in his conclusion:

The plan of an anti-Christian world-revolution is no longer a vague idea, but a concrete programme in execution, which is combating the Christian oecumenism by a spreading oecumenism of class-war and hatred, and replacing a transcendent heavenly message by a this-worldly materialistic gospel.

.... The fate of the Church in Russia, and the anti-Christian mission which has been started in Moscow, therefore represent a world-wide Christian problem. (p. 361)

I believe this to be a true diagnosis of the present sickness of western civilization: and it is this that gives importance to the tiresome & seemingly futile controversy about Church & state in England. For here also we have lost our insularity.

[246]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. Among the communicants were Dick and William.

I occupied the morning in preparing for a sermon for use in the evening.

The two archdeacons came to lunch, and afterwards discussed diocesan matters with me. I notice with some interest that the clergy write very freely to my suffragan. They appear to think that he is more likely to give them sympathetic audience than the Diocesan. They may be right, for it has not been given me to "bear fools gladly". Perhaps it is as well that they should have some opportunity of "blowing off steam". The Bishop of Jarrow seemed to think well of the suggestion that Ellingsen* should be tried as chaplain. The main fear I have about him is that he is reported to be somewhat "nervy". If he cared to try, I might have him here "on trial" for a month.

Dick accompanied me to Darlington, where I preached at Evensong in S. Mary's, Cockerton. The little church was full, & the atmosphere!

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[247]

Monday, September 21st, 1936.

The Archbishop of York acknowledges a copy of the Giffords, which I told the Press to send him.

I have waited to do more than gratefully acknowledge your Gifford Lectures until I had read them through. I had pledged the early part of the summer holidays to some other reading, & have only now completed my reading of your book. **I am convinced that you have, in this, rendered a conspicuous service to that re-establishment of Christianity which seems to me to be proceeding in this country**, while it is increasingly discarded elsewhere – except in Scandinavia, which in this, as in so many respects moves with us.

I am specially impressed by your description of Christianity mingling with the various modes of social organization & activity & moulding them from within. This seems to be most true & profoundly important. I am glad to find you share my view that “Form Criticism” [248] is not a very serious phenomenon.

As there is sure to be a demand for a new edition or reprint, I venture to call attention to two points, though others have probably done the same. On p. 108 a passage – correctly attributed to Mical on p. 22 and (in the index) 243 – is apparently given to Balaam. And on p. 292 the last word of the line quoted from Browning’s Childe Roland is in the original ‘pain’ not ‘woe’. The word ‘woe’ ends the last line but one before this.

You are clearly to be congratulated on an almost total absence of slips or misprints.

This is a generous appreciation, and too flattering for my judgment, not for my conceit! Mr E.H. Blakeney* also calls attention to the error about Balaam: & anticipates a 2nd edition!!!

[249]

I finished after a fashion the little address which is to be broadcast to America next Sunday. Its subject is no doubt suggested by the persecution of the Jews in Germany, and more particularly by the controversy raised in connexion with the Heidelberg Commemoration. What I say is as much directed against the dull dominion of the American millionaires as against the brisker tyranny of the Nazi persecutor.

Dick and I walked in the Park. Miss Maude Bull appeared at tea, having flown from Liverpool. She has been attending the meeting of the British Association at Blackpool.

Sir Charles Peers arrived about 5 p.m. Dick, Charles & I motored to Wolsingham, where I instituted Dolphin to the Rectory in succession to Canon Blackburn whom I instituted as recently as June 1935. Necessarily, I had to say something about both the Rector who had

left, and the Rector who had arrived. Personal references are always very unpalatable to me, & I am not very happy in making them. However I think nobody could have been reasonably offended.

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[250]

Tuesday, September 22nd, 1936.

Arthur Rawle* writes very alarmingly about my brother Arthur's health. He seems to be completely in his doctor's hands, and in as melancholy a mood as a pessimistic Anglo-Indian at 74 can be. I wrote at once to ask A.R. to ascertain from the doctor how matters really stand with him, and to let me know. Incidentally my cousin refers to the Giffords 'that I hear so much good of':-

My daughter has read it, and of course I must too. She is determined to send it back to you so that she [can] get your autograph. So don't be surprized if you see it.

Presumably, this means that she bought a copy!

This being Peers's birthday – he is 68 – I gave him the Giffords as a Birthday present. He is amazingly vigourous and alert; but the five years which separate him at 68 from me at 73 are years of rapid declension into the nervousness & inertia of 'molesta senectus'.

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Lady Eden came to lunch. She looks very "[?]drawn", and her dogs have now been brought down to three in number!

Dick and I walked in the Park, & had much talk. He is developing an argumentative strain on theological and ecclesiastical subjects, which suggests both that he is becoming interested in them, and that he has been reading much about them. I think I can detect signs of the "Barthianism" which is said to be penetrating Cambridge.

Charles drove me to Durham for the meeting of the Castle Preservation Committee, (Ella having commandeered the car in order to take Miss Maud Bull to a debased entertainment called "a Sherry party"!) where I joined Peers, and brought him back with me in Charles's car. We had a tiresome and rather humiliating discussion about our contract with the re-constructed [sic] firm of Thompson & C^o, and finally requested Heywood to get in touch with the lawyers, & learn ① whether we can get out of our own present contract: ② if so, how best we can do it. Then we discussed the new Appeal which we have agreed to issue.

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[252]

Wednesday, September 23rd, 1936.

The Dean sends me a newspaper cutting with a "review" – it is really a rather poorly made summary – of the Gifford Lectures.

D^r Popham writes to make the preposterous suggestion that I am about to be requested to be the Provincial Grandmaster of the Durham Freemasons, and to add the not less preposterous request, that I shall not refuse the request. I am much decayed in my wits certainly, but not quite so far gone in corruption as to be so great a fool! He tells me that he has read various reviews of the Giffords, but not the lectures themselves. That is probably as far as most people will get!

Spencer Wade, who, in spite of some regrettable self-sufficiency, is both a student and a thinker, applauds the Giffords. He agrees with me in regretting the 'tone' of the Modern Churchmen's Conference: but he finds his own Bishop [Harold Bilbrough] very trying:

"I cannot think of him as other than just childish – no, not child-like, but he and others have not put away [3 words in Greek].

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Twenty six of the men who are now preparing for Ordination came to lunch; loafed about the garden talking together and to me; the archdeacons and the chaplains, Sturt and Wallis; had tea; attended a short service in the chapel, at which I gave a short address, and then went home. This gathering was suggested by the archdeacons, and I think that it justified itself. At worst, it could have done no harm: at best, it might have done much good. I gave the men a copy of 'Abyssinia' apiece.

Professor Pace writes to me in some perturbation because he has seen in the paper that the Bishop of Newcastle has ordained the man, Lee, whom I had decided was not fit for ordination now, but must wait until Trinity next, & for whom I had made the arrangement that he should, at our charge, live with the Vicar of Annfield Plain. This is really a very indefensible proceeding on the part of the Bishop of Newcastle.

Charles and I motored to Dunstan where I admitted the Rev. W. Usher* to the charge of the newly constituted ecclesiastical district of S. Nicholas. No windows were open, and the atmosphere!!!

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[254]

Thursday, September 24th, 1936.

This is the day on which I am to institute Charles to the Rectory of Edmundbyers, and, though he will hold the chaplaincy until the end of the year, his mind must needs be mainly directed towards his parish. I must own to being cast down at the prospect of his departure, for he has become indispensable to my work, & personally very much valued, but, of course, I am really pleased that he should be given an assured position with a sufficient income. The task of finding another chaplain is not easy: another chaplain as good as Charles I cannot hope to find.

I devoted most of the morning to writing begging letters to divers magnates in connection with the Appeal for the Castle. I wrote to the following:- Lords Joicey, Barnard, & Boyne; Sir George Middleton; Sir Harry M^cGowan, Sir Walter Raine; M^r Angus Ferens; Sam Storey M.P.; and M^r Dennis Brown. My expectations are sufficiently chastened, but one never can tell. This blessed Castle has been a weight about my neck ever since I came to this Bishoprick.

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Lord Roche* sent a brace of partridges. Lazenby sent a brace of grouse & black cock. O si sic omnes!

I received a letter from an Hotel in Geneva signed by Vice-Admiral Sidney R. Drury-Loare. He writes:-

I am attending the 17th Assembly of the League of Nations here, & the question of the eligibility of Abyssinia to be represented is very much to the fore. A friend of mine, Sir John Harris, tells me you have recently written a pamphlet on the treatment of Abyssinia, & I hope you will excuse my writing to ask if you would be so kind as to send me a copy out here to this Hotel, where I shall be staying for the next 3 weeks? We want to do all we can to support Abyssinia's claim for justice, & I am ashamed of our own Government's weakness in this matter.

I at once sent him 3 copies with a brief covering letter. There is always the chance that they may start something somewhere.

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I presided at a crowded meeting in the State Room convened in the interest of S.P.C.C. The Director, Elliott, made a speech. He is, perhaps, rather "stagey", but was certainly effective, and the petticoated audience listened with rapt attention.

The weather, which had been threatening, became definitely wet, so that Charles's institution took place under a rainy sky. We all – including the unspeakable Maud Bull – motored to Edmundbyers in good time for the service at 7 p.m. The little church was well-filled, and several of the neighbouring incumbents attended. The Vicar of Satley, Mr Orton,

carried the staff. Dolphin read the prayers. The Archdeacon read the lesson, and inducted the new Rector. I preached from the words:- "The earth is the Lord's, & the fullness thereof". In the circumstances I thought it advisable to speak about the outgoing Rector and about his successor, to make the latter's entrance as easy as possible. Charles made his answers admirably, and the whole service seemed to be well-ordered, seemly, & devout.

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[257]

Friday, September 25th, 1936.

A wet night followed by a wet day with symptoms of fog.

Miss Maud Bull went off in the omnibus to Blackpool, presumably as a rival exhibit to the notorious Rector [Harold Davidson*]! She was soon followed by Ella and Fearne, who went off in the motor to Scotland.

I finished the sermon for the Chamber of Trade – a poor thing which reads rather cantingly, but how can one preach otherwise to “business men”?

The Rev James Hutton Balderston Darling, curate of South Moor, whom I have appointed to the vicarage of S. John’s Chapel-in-Weardale, came to lunch, & to discern his position. He is a young man, good-looking with rather a nervous impulsive manner; married; rheumatic but fond of walking: childless because he can’t afford to have a family, but hopes now that he may. On the whole, I liked him, though he talked more freely than was fitting. I let him go on talking because I was anxious to form some estimate of his mind and opinions: the first is sufficient, and the last are uncertain.

[258]

Two ordination candidates, both from the diocese, the one from Sunderland, and the other from Darlington ^came to see me^. The first was definitely deaf, though (since otherwise he was an estimable youth) I permitted him to appeal to the Board of Training for a grant, I insisted on a doctor’s report on his deafness, & offered no encouragement to the notion that I would accept him. The last was a pallid youth with a pleasant expression. He is the half-brother of Bott’s* late curate Taylor, and one of Cosgrave’s* boys. Yet, though Bott & Cosgrave were strong “Anglo-Catholics”, this youth had never gone to confession, & had been taught nothing about the practice. This is a side-light on the actual meaning of Anglo-Catholicism. It is mostly a paper system. I authorized this youth to apply for a grant.

During the afternoon, Mrs Owen brought her brother to see the Castle. I showed them over it. Then Braley & his wife came to tea. Charles and Christina joined Dick & me at this meal. I wrote to Nigel Cornwall inquiring whether, if asked, he would accept appointment to S. Ignatius, Sunderland.

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[259]

Saturday, September 26th, 1936.

I received a pleasant letter from Lord Roche acknowledging a gift of 'Abyssinia':-

On this topic of Abyssinia and the Papists: of course, the latter are Italian, and not Catholic or International, & the contrary is an intolerable pretence.

He adds a P.S.

I do not acknowledge the Bishopricks but please sent it. I read it, and pass it to many, like young parsons & others.

This is interesting, One never knows where a printed paper may find readers.

The Bishop of Winchester writes to suggest that his diocese might send help to the unemployed in mind. He adds:-

I have enjoyed immensely reading your Lectures. I am glad to see that they have had such a good Press.

I assume that his Lordship has purchased a copy.

Lawson returned from his holiday. He was quite moved by the uproarious affection with which he was received by the three dogs.

[260]

The ordination candidates – thirteen in all – arrived at tea-time, as did also the two archdeacons & Stannard. At Evensong the last named gave the first of his three addresses. I thought he was incoherent, and declamatory, but the archdeacons thought he was good, though too long, and Dick thought him splendid. His manner of speaking suggested that he also was touched by this Barthian craze.

I have read through the two books by Adolphe Keller, which the Bishop of Chichester pressed on me, viz: 'Church & State on the European Continent' and 'Karl Barth and Christian Unity', and I find myself quite unable to understand what there is in Barthianism, which makes it so attractive. It seems to me to go with Buchmanism, Fundamentalism, & similar movements. All are part of a great reaction against the destructive criticism, arid rationalism, & vainglorious "humanism", which have gone far to destroy Christianity as, in any effective sense, a religion at all.

I received a letter from Ella per Leng.

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[261]

16th Sunday after Trinity, September 27th, 1936.

A dull morning menacing us with more rain. I celebrated the Holy communion at 8.15 a.m. The Bishop of Jarrow served, and the communicants included the 13 candidates together with Stannard and Dick. Charles had gone to his parish to read the 39 articles, and thus complete the acts required by Law to place him in profession of his cure and benefice. For reading aloud at meals I chose Phillips Brooks's* "Influence of Jesus". The Bishop Jarrow and Dick acted as lectores.

Mattins at 10.30 a.m. was followed by the 2nd address. This pleased me better than its predecessor, though it also was disfigured by some of the cheap colloquialism & egotistic illustrations which commonly mark mission preaching. However I imagine that these rather pleased than distressed the candidates!

Then I went to my study & wrote the men's names in the Testaments, and in the copies of 'The Book & the Vote' which I am giving them. The discussion of Church & State aroused by the appearance of the Commissioners' Report makes it desirable that the men should know something about the crisis of 1928.

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I am much impressed by the extreme plainness of the candidates. With perhaps two partial exceptions, the whole of them are extremely unattractive to look at. They belong to the lower middle class for the most part, and probably reflect conditions which are not favourable to good looks. It is well that, unlike men, the Lord 'looketh not on the outward appearance'. Certainly, neither Socrates nor S. Paul was an Adonis, & most of the ablest men, whom I have known, are rather interesting than beautiful to look at. Probably the Saints, as a body, were an ill-favoured crowd. Still it is regrettable that the Devil should not only have the good tunes, but also the good looks!

The Bishop of Jarrow and I walked for half an hour in the policies. The crab apple trees, which have an abundant crop this year, had dropped a large instalment of the fruit on the ground. I sent William to pick it up. The prophets are foretelling a winter of unprecedented severity, & one of the tokens is the plenitude of berries on the trees. But I doubt whether our knowledge of weather-conditions has advanced to the point at which such forecasts are anything better than guesses.

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After tea I interviewed six of the candidates, and chose Beddoes to be the Gospeller. I gave them severally a copy of 'The Book & the Vote', explaining that, as the question of Disestablishment had been brought to the front by the Report of the Commission on Church and State, it was desirable that they should understand how the issue had been raised. Dick and I motored to Newcastle, and there I broadcast to America an address on "Universities and Freedom". So far as could be judged by the result on the spot i.e. in an

adjacent room, my voice was excellently heard, but whether it would be as well heard in America is not certain. I had timed myself very accurately, and, indeed, had a minute to spare.

When I returned Charles met me with the disconcerting information that one of the candidates, a fat fellow named Renwick, had taken to his bed with a bad throat. D^r McCullagh had been sent for, and given him remedies: but the additional labour to the household is a serious matter when the castle is so full.

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[264]

Monday, September 28th, 1936.

A brilliant morning after some initial clouds: the chapel looked eucharistically radiant. I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8.15 a.m. All the candidates, except Renwick, who kept his room, together with the two archdeacons communicated.

In the afternoon I walked in the Park with Stannard. He gave a good account of his three curates. He seems anxious to develop the study groups of the clergy in the Deanery. I advised him to take counsel with the new Director, who has succeeded Popham.

Two Ordination candidates came to see me, the one offered a title from S. Columba, Southwick, the other offered a title from S. James, West Hartlepool. Both had done unusually well in the Schools, and impressed me as more than commonly intelligent. I agreed to ordain Young, who goes to West Hartlepool, in the parish where he is to serve on Sunday, Jan^{ry} 10th. Coates, the Vicar, undertook to prepare the people carefully, and I asked him to be the preacher. Young will not reach the canonical age of 23 until January 5th.

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I had interviews with six more of the men whom I am to ordain tomorrow. One man, Wilkinson, who has been trained at Mirfield had the impudence to ask me about the episode in Birmingham, when Gore* "inhibited" me.⁷ He had been reading the recent "Life" of Gore. I was self-restrained enough to return a mild answer, giving him the truth about that much misunderstood episode. But I was really annoyed at the man's impudence. Perhaps I ought not to be surprised. The publication of the biographies of Davidson, Gore, & [Edward] Talbot* is recalling episodes in which I figured as an antagonist, in their eyes as a kind of anarchist: & these younger men are discovering what an ill-omened man the Bishop of Durham really is!

I talked rather seriously to the candidates before the "legal business" was transacted. Too often this is looked upon as merely formal, & it is notorious that no moral obligation is recognized by the "Anglo-Catholics" in the pledge to use the Prayer Book. Immediately after followed Compline, when I delivered my "Charge".

⁷ See Journal, 21 March 1909.

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Tuesday, September 29th, 1936.

THE ORDINATION

A beautiful autumnal morning, bright sun with a touch of cold in the air prophetic of winter. I was handicapped by a persistent headache. Charles read Mattins & Litany in the chapel at 8.15 a.m. The Bishop of Jarrow read the lesson.

The Ordination service was extremely moving: only marred by the omission of the proper collect, but this I remembered in time to read it before the Blessing. There were about 60 communicants, ~~among them, to my astonishment, were Kenneth Hodgson and his mother. In order that they should not escape my notice, they had placed themselves in the clergy stalls! What does their appearance portend, that Kenneth has got the appointment in B.B.C. for which I commended him to Sir John Reith*? More probably, that he hopes to get it!~~ ^mostly relatives of the candidates, and incumbents from whose parishes they had offered their tithes. I thought that I recognized Kenneth Hodgson, but Charles assured me that it was somebody else, so I conclude that once more my defective power of recognition had played me false. But the error very nearly passed undetected into this record. ^ Stannard preached quite nicely from the words, (1 Timothy VI. II) "But though, O man of God". The cathedral choir, conducted by Dykes Bower, sang beautifully: and, indeed, I think the service could not but have been edifying to the young men who were entering on the great venture.

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Leng and I left the Castle about 2 p.m. and motored by way of Piercebridge, Boroughbridge, Doncaster, Derby, & Burton to Lichfield, a distance of more than 170 miles. We lost time in the towns, & had tea at the 'Rosery' not far south of Doncaster, arriving at the Palace, Lichfield, a few minutes before 8 p.m. Sir Thomas Inskip was staying there.

At first the good man was rather sombre and 'reserved' but I was determined to be amiable, and in the end, we became almost affectionate! He told me that a friend of his, whose name I have forgotten, who was present at the interview between Hitler and Lloyd George,* told him that the German dictator began by saying, "It is a great honour and pleasure to me to meet the man who won the Great War". After that the Welsh Wizard was willing to eat out of the despot's hand". Speaking of the Spanish atrocities he said that a sailor, who had been at Malaga, & was home on leave, described to him the spectacle of scores of the children of the rebels running about the streets without hands, which had been hacked off by the Communists. But he thought both sides were equally savage.

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Wednesday, September 30th, 1936.

M^{rs} Kempthorne shewed me the chapel which Bishop Selwyn had added to the Palace. It is an architectural monstrosity, & is said to have been designed by the chaplain. The palace, which is [a] quite fine building of Charles II's period, is now lopsided by this wen of pseudo-Gothick style. What crimes the saints have committed! and with what heavenly motives!

The diocesan Conference was held somewhere near Stoke. After the Lord Mayor had "welcomed" the Conference, and aroused much merriment by referring to me as the 'Archbishop of Durham', a mistake which was made in evident good meaning, the presiding Bishop explained that the Bishop of Carlyle, who was to have introduced the subject of the Report of the Commission of Church & State, was prevented from attending by the illness of his wife, and then proceeded himself to open the discussion. Kempthorne is prevented from being a good speaker by his facility in speaking. He fails to make his points clear, and gives the impression of superficial loquacity. Sir Thomas Inskip then made an excellent House of Commons speech [269] in defence of the Establishment. He spoke well, and was, I think, in accord with the majority of the Conference. When he sate down he was loudly applauded. Then I followed with the speech which took about 40 minutes to deliver. When I ended I was also much applauded, but rather from politeness to a "distinguished visitor" than because my arguments were welcome. The debate which occupied the afternoon was as rambling and inconclusive as debates in such assemblies are wont to be. It included an extraordinarily silly but highly characteristic oration from Sir Charles Marston, and a very effective plea for Disestablishment from Archdeacon Hartill,* Rector of Stoke-on-Trent.

After the Conference, I was taken to the Rectory at Stoke, where I rested for an hour, and then, after dinner, went to the parish church for a special service, at which the members of the Conference were supposed to be present. I was assured that my congregation included many of them. I preached from the texts 1. Cor: xiv. 8 and 2. Cor: iv. 5. The congregation was more puzzled than edified. Then the Bishop and I returned to the Palace.

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Archdeacon Hartill told me that, while the senior clergy were mostly attached to the Establishment, this was not the case with the younger men. One of the latter, the Rev. Kenneth George Symcox, who is on the staff of Stoke Parish Church, made quite an effective & well-arranged speech in the Conference. He acted as my chaplain at the service. He has been seven years in Orders, and took his degree at Birmingham. This rather disappoints me, for he looked better than that. Can any good come out of Birmingham? It crossed my mind that he might be a suitable successor to Budgen at S. Aidan's, West Hartlepool. But B.A. Birmingham?

Stoke-on-Trent is a very large parish, having about 25,000 parishioners. The Rector told me that his complete staff was 7 curates. I strongly advised him on no account to have the parish divided into smaller units. For the due training of the deacons there is no adequate

alternative to the clergy house, where the Incumbent, an unmarried man, is living with his colleagues, in what is essentially a college.