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[1]

**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 19<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

After the blizzard of last night, there was a fine day, with sunshine and warmth.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 10 communicants, including Temple\* & the Ellands.

*After breakfast Temple and I walked in the policies for more than an hour, and had much pleasant intercourse. We discussed many matters, respecting which I desired to learn his mind. He told me some interesting things about his Father. When, nearer 80 than 70, he was sent to Canterbury, he kept Davidson somewhat at arm's length, associating him with Abp. Tait, whom he regarded with suspicion on account of his behaviour during the Essays & Reviews case. The forthcoming publication of Davidson's Life made it not improbable that these strained relations should be disclosed to the public, which would serve no good purpose, and might wound some persons needlessly.*

I told him all the relevant facts in Bailey's case, so that if he had to consider an appeal, he would not be taken unawares.

[2]

*Temple and I walked round the Park together. The weather was brilliant, and everything looked alluring. We talked with much frankness, and I was surprized and gratified to find how considerable was the extent of our agreement.*

Ella accompanied Temple and me when we motored to Jarrow for the evening service. There was, of course, a crowded church, and the service was most impressive. Booth has certainly succeeded in making his people enthusiastic over the Venerable One, and it is easy to understand his feelings, half resentment and half distress, that the Papists should drag the slime of their hateful polemics over the proceedings by organizing a gigantic demonstration in honour of their Popish version of Bede which, he says, is to take place in an adjoining field. But, of course, from the Popish point of view the more successful Booth's efforts have been, the more provocative & challenging they are. "Our unhappy divisions" spoil everything.

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[3]

Monday, May 20<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

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Temple went away after breakfast. Before he went, I was able to consult him about two matters, which have emerged, & which involve controversial issues, viz. (1) the form for the consecration of the new altar which past & present members of Bede College have presented to the cathedral [sic]. Braley\* brought me a suggested form, whose author, he said, was Moulsdale,\* but I found it doubly unsatisfactory since not only did it include an indefensible mishandling of the Communion Order in the Prayer Book, which I hold to be the only legal form; but it proposed prayers for the hallowing of the Table, which seemed to me irrational, superstitious, and silly. I disallowed the suggested form, & made a simpler and legal alternative. Temple professed substantial agreement with me.

(2) the marriage of an innocent divorcé in his parish church. Kendle, the Vicar of Sacriston, writes to ask for "permission" to celebrate such a marriage. I told him that such "permission" was superfluous since he was legally bound to officiate, & I advised him to do so, unless he had reason to think that the divorcé in question was a bad-living man, & that his marriage would cause the congregation to be "offended".

[4]

*In this matter also Temple professed to approve my decision.*

Charles [Pattinson]\* appeared, but is still woefully sorry for himself. He is going to Sunderland to consult the doctor there. I told him that he might have nomination to the vacant living of Preston, if the doctor thought a change of air would be desirable. The prospect of his retirement fills me with consternation, but I cannot accept either the responsibility or the inconvenience of having him here in a chronically ailing condition.

In the afternoon I walked in the Park, and talked with six unemployed men, who were lying on the grass. They are certainly "bored stark" by having nothing to do.

Day after day, day after day,  
Without or breath or motion:  
As idle as a painted ship,  
Upon a painted ocean.

There is an endless spate of talk about Unemployment, but nobody has any practicable scheme for dealing with it.

[5]

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Temple related at breakfast the circumstances in which Mackenzie, at one time Headmaster of Durham, and then of Uppingham came to resign the Headmastership of Lancing. He had

occasion to punish or expel a boy, who protested that, as he had already confessed the fault, & performed the penance prescribed by his ~~pro~~confessor [corrected in red], he ought not to be punished. The offence had been purged & done with. When the Headmaster naturally disallowed this plea, the aggrieved boy betook himself to his confessor, the school-chaplain, who thereupon took up the cudgels on his behalf with the Headmaster. The matter was referred to the School-Governors, who supported the chaplain. Thereupon, Mackenzie went to Archbishop Temple, and asked for his advice. "Resign at once: & unconditionally" said the Primate. The Headmaster followed this advice. The Governors were two years before they could discover another, and then they had to accept him on the distinct understanding that school discipline was to be completely severed from confession. This episode is doubly interesting. It throws light on the position actually taken up by the Anglo-Catholics, and on the view which Abp. Temple took of it.

[6]

I wrote to the Bishop of Manchester in reply to his invitation to become a Vice-President of the Council for celebrating the 4<sup>th</sup> centenary of the Reformation. I confessed the divided sentiments with which the suggestion of such a celebration filled my mind, & said that I should in any case take no active part in the proceedings. If, in these circumstances, the Committee liked to include such a "doubting Thomas" in their list of V.P.s, they were free to do so.

Also, I wrote to Canon Macdonald,\* hinting, but not plainly saying, that I should be pleased if he would resign his hon: canonry as well as his benefice.

Charles reported the result of his consultation with the doctor. It was not unfavourable to his continuance here, and proposed to inject some 'vaccine' into him. The little man himself seems to be distinctly averse from going; and, if he can recover his health, there is no reason why he should.

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[7]

Tuesday, May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.

A bright sun and a cold easterly wind all day. I expended the whole day in writing a sermon for use in the Cathedral next Sunday morning when the Venerable One is being commemorated.

I received a letter from M<sup>r</sup> Selwyn Smith informing me that he had decided to accept the offer of nomination to the Vicarage of Barnard Castle. I sent him a civil reply.

M<sup>r</sup> Ellis, the gardener, came to tell me that his kitchen range was wholly worn out, so that he must have a new one, which he thought cost about £20. I bade him get it.

I am not happy with about Dick's plan of "hiking" in Germany. When first he told me of it, he had arranged with Hunter to go with him, and that (though I didn't altogether like it) was not unreasonable, but for him to go alone is quite another matter. He is ignorant of the language; not over-careful in his speech; & not very robust in the "lower waste" [*corrected in pencil to waist*]. What would his mother say to me if I sanctioned this expedition, & then things went awry? Probably it is my duty – a very unpleasant one – to impose a Veto.

[8]

***A Renunciation of the Pope was taken of the Bishops in Feb: 1535.*** Among other things they promised henceforth never to call the Bishop of Rome by the name of Pope, or Most High Bishop, or Universal Bishop, or Most Holy Lord, but to call him only Bishop of Rome, or Brother. "This engagement is, I think, the first document which may be construed to deny the pre-eminence of the See of Rome in Christendom, not less than the jurisdiction and authority of Rome in England. And it was the first document derived evidently from Lutheranism. The pontifical titles therein denied were those which had been denied by Luther" (v. Dixon. i. 254.)

It is proposed to commemorate the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Reformation by taking the authorisation of the English Bible as the key to the whole movement: but I am disposed to think that the repudiation of the Pope was even more decisive. For the Bible has to be interpreted, & there the Pope can get his own back!

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[9]

Wednesday, May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.

The Muslim missionary in W. Africa or India makes more converts than the Christian missionary, **because he really receives his converts into his own group, treats them as social equals, and gives them his daughters in marriage,** while the European missionary is divided by the colour-bar from Christian natives just as acutely as from pagan, & **can only organize his converts into a 'native church', which is still outside the pale of the European community.**

It is noteworthy, however, that the Muslim populations which have approached nearest to the standards of European civilization are also losing their pan-Islamic sense of brotherhood and acquiring a sense of linguistic nationality of the European kind.

A.J. Toynbee. Art: on 'Race'. H.D.B.E.<sup>1</sup>

But if experience has shown that inter-marriage is physically and socially undesirable: & if inter-marriage will certainly follow from freedom of social intercourse, what procedure is open to the Christian or Muslim missionary but to maintain a policy of isolation in the interest of society itself?

[10]

I spent the morning in preliminary "exploration" for the 9<sup>th</sup> Gifford Lecture which must deal with the thorny subject of Racialism. I read a most interesting and provocative article on "Race" by A. J. Toynbee in Hastings' Encyclopaedia, and looked again at Oldham's\* excellent volume on "Christianity and the Race Problem". I am not quite clear as to the line which my main argument requires. The teachings of Science so far as they can be regarded as final on the subject of heredity, must be frankly accepted by Christianity on the governing principle that Christ's Religion must needs welcome all truth, since He Himself is the truth Incarnate. But what is really the verdict of Science on this question of Race? The economic issue cannot be evaded or ignored. What is the Christian view of the rights of the natives in Kenya, and Australia? How far are we morally free to seize the land, and commandeer the labour of uncivilized peoples?

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<sup>1</sup> *Hastings Encyclopaedia of Religion and Ethics.*

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[11]

Thursday, May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

Dashwood\* writes to me about my Income-tax and adds the following:

I hope all will be well at Truro. Bp. Frere\* himself has appointed the whole Chapter, the result being that Hunkin has only been elected by a majority. An almost unique position!

But that also was my own case at Hereford.

*The Times "Literary Supplement" has a long, learned, & highly appreciative article on the Venerable One, in the course of which the letter which I wrote to Geoffrey Dawson\* is quoted twice. I suppose it was written by the gentleman named Graves who telegraphed a request for permission to quote from my letter to G. D.*

[symbol] I walked in the Park. Lawson told me that an old man, who frequents the Park, brought him a magpie, bleeding copiously, which he had rescued from five rooks, who were pressing it sore. Probably they had caught it in the act of robbing their nests. D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh thinks that the snipe's nest was probably robbed and destroyed by a magpie. Those beautiful burglars are too numerous.

[12]

A cowley father named Downton has sent me a substantial pamphlet which he has written on "Clerical Celibacy". It has a brief preface by Bishop Chandler, who since his return from Bloemfontein, is an asset of the extreme "Anglo-Catholics". The pamphlet is written from the Tractarian, rather than the Roman, point of view, and, given the writer's assumptions, is effective enough. But mainly the article is nonsensical. On practical grounds there is much to be said for the clergy as least postponing marriage, but on the so-called "Catholic" principles. I am sure, celibacy will draw in its train all the old mischiefs. I wrote a letter acknowledging the pamphlet, & expressing on grounds of practical expediency agreement with the view that unmarried clergymen are greatly needed in the Church of England now, a view which he had reached on the lines of ecclesiastical precedent and high ascetical devotion. Father Downton evidently belongs to the inner circle of 100 per cent "Catholics".

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[13]

Friday, May 24<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

*If the present social situation is to be controlled by Christian principles, **thoughts will be necessary which have not yet been thought**, and which will correspond to this new situation as the older forms met the need of the social situation in earlier ages. These ideas will have to be evolved out of the inner impulse of Christian thought, and out of its vital expression at the present time, **and not exclusively out of the New Testament**, in precisely the same way as both those great main types of Christian-Social philosophy were evolved out of the Christian thought of their own day, & not solely from the New Testament. And when they have been created & expressed, they will meet the fate which always awaits every fresh creation of religious & ethical thought: they will render indispensable services and they will develop profound energies, **but they will never fully realize their actual ideal intention within the sphere of our earthly struggle & conflict.***

*Troeltsch.\* ii. 1012*

[14]

I received from Lazenby the sentence of deprivation which I must read in the Consistory Court next Tuesday. Also, I received a rather pathetically worded letter from a clergyman, who had been with Bailey at Kelham. He encloses some letters written from B. from prison.

My Lord, these are not the letters of a guilty man. Those who know him most intimately are aware of his unswerving devotion to lofty moral ideals. In the tragic event of his accusers being correct in their assertion as to his conduct on one particular occasion, then all I can say is that prison followed by ostracism is a cruel and callous punishment for one who rather would need the understanding treatment of a mental specialist, for his mind and conscience are patently unsullied.

The letters are written in a high strain of religious emotion, & disclose not the faintest consciousness of guilt: and yet I cannot but think that he was rightly convicted.

[15]

I wish more of us read Lucian now. **He was the greatest man by far outside the Christian Church in the 2<sup>nd</sup> century.** He had human blood in him. The celestial ichor which ran in the veins of Marcus Aurelius and Epictetus belongs to ghosts rather than to living sons of Adam, & you will learn full well as much from Lucian's Dialogues of what men & women were like in the Roman Empire when the Christian faith was taking root as you will learn from Justin Martyr or Irenaeus or Tertullian.

J. A. Froude. Erasmus, p. 87.



Miss McCullagh (whom I strongly suspect of being what the school inspectors describe in their official reports as sub-normal) returns to the charge with another verbose & unintelligible letter accompanied by a gingerbread cake! She had once heard me say when having tea with her parents in Sunderland, that I liked gingerbread, & this profound observation had been treasured in her capacious memory! Now the question is, how can I give the lady a quietus?

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[16]

**Saturday, May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

I wasted the whole morning in writing a sermon for use at the Consecration of Bishopwearmouth parish church on June 5<sup>th</sup>. It is evident that for the next fortnight I shall be cut off from any effective work on the Giffords.

I walked in the Park, & was fortunate enough to see a kingfisher feeding its brood. It had them well tucked away in a hole in the Gaunless Bank. The elderly man, whom Lawson calls his deputy, was also watching the performance. I got into talk with him on international politics, & was amazed at the strength of his understanding, and the extent of his information.

The Chancellor arrived at tea-time. I discussed with him the procedure in the Consistory Court on Tuesday morning when the miserable Bailey must be deprived. I showed him Bailey's letters, which were sent to me yesterday, & he was impressed by them: but agreed that they could not outweigh the evidence of guilt.

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Sir James Irvine, \* Lady Irvine, & Veronica arrived about 6 p.m. I walked for an hour with him before dressing for dinner.

M<sup>rs</sup> [Evelyn] Murray\* arrived in her car shortly after Charles and Christina came in to dinner, thus raising the number of the party to ten persons.

I wrote Veronica's name in the Loeb edition of Bede's Ecclesiastical History as a memento of her Confirmation. It would serve as a certificate in case any episcopalian fanatic should challenge her right to receive the Holy Communion.

Sir James Irvine and Graham Harrison\* came to my study, and talked for an hour before going to bed. They both were most interesting, especially the former. He spoke of his life as a student in Germany, & his experience of duelling.

*Karl Barth had been a fellow student with him. He knew him, & liked him well. "He was a type you will hardly find out of Germany: a keen duellist (though now he hides his scars under a mighty wave of hair), & a beer-swiller; but genuinely religious and a hard worker none the less." This is rather a new light on the Protestant Hero.*

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[18]

5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 26<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

A dull morning and warm. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 12 communicants, including Charles & Christina, and all our guests. I used the Collect in the Revised Prayer Book "for a Doctor", inserting the name of the Venerable One. It seemed to me advisable that Veronica should communicate with her parents, for although I am going to confirm her this afternoon at her father's request, I do not wish her to bring discord into a delightfully united family, by adopting the exclusiveness of Scottish Episcopalianism. I must needs regard with mingled feelings these transitions from one Church to another.

Graham Harrison fell indisposed, & did not adventure the drive to Durham. All the rest of us motored in two cars (Mrs Murray's and ours) to attend the morning service in the Cathedral, when I preached the sermon linking together the newly canonized Fisher and the Venerable One. The congregation was rather disappointing both in quantity and in quality. I suppose everybody is waiting for the [19] [symbol] opportunity of hearing, not a mere bishop, but the Primate of All England!

*Rawlinson\* told me that he had read my first four Giffords, and liked them. He spoke with some appearance of sincerity, so I allow myself to think that he meant what he said and, if so, seeing that he is a genuine scholar, I am not a little comforted.*

After lunch Sir James and I walked round the Park together: and on returning to the castle for tea, were joined by Colonel Chapman & his wife with their American guests, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Bacon. The name of the last before her marriage was Miss Toland. I showed them the Castle, and they were so keen to see everything that it was just on 6 p.m. before they departed.

***Then I confirmed Veronica in the Chapel in the presence of her parents, Ella, Fearn, and some others. For this service, since she had had no godparents, I thought it wise to use the form in the Revised Prayer Book. Afterwards I gave her the two little red volumes of Bede's history.***

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Irvine was most interesting after dinner, when he spoke of his experiences during the War, in which he played a part of great, indeed critical, importance. He said that Page, the ambassador's son, possessed the letters which President Wilson had sent to his father. These, some of which Irvine had been allowed to read, **threw light on the reasons why Wilson finally came into the War.** *It was not love of Great Britain, nor a desire "to make the world safe for Democracy", but the pressure of American financial groups, which simply could not afford to let the Allies fail. Irvine told us a most curious story of the way in which the decision was finally brought about **by the agency of an American who for a year had been at S. Andrews.***

He had read the "Bishoprick" which I sent him, and had evidently been most interested by my observations on the Age of Confirmation Candidates. No doubt this was the result of his interest in Veronica's Confirmation. His devotion to Presbyterianism does not impress me as very deep rooted.

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[21]

Monday, May 27<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

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### Bede Commemoration

Always at the eleventh hour some difficulties emerge. The Dean writes to tell me that the Bede Cross on the new altar is a crucifix. He had gone to America leaving all the details to Peers,\* and had not anticipated any ritual question arising:

Can you, as ex-Dean, or as Bishop of the Diocese, whichever capacity you prefer – tell me what you think? I don't want a controversy, nor do I want to hurt feelings – but, if anything is to be done or said, it clearly should be before you consecrate the altar & its appurtenances on Saturday.

The Dean is Ordinary of the Cathedral; and I see no reason why as Visitor I should intervene proprio motu, if he sanctions the Crucifix. If my intervention were invoked, the case might be different, and it may be that the Dean has reason to expect some appeal. I thought Lillingston\* was ominously gloomy yesterday.

[22]

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The Chancellor, Charles & I went on in advance as we had to meet the Archbishop at Durham Station. The rest of the party followed in two cars, M<sup>rs</sup> Murray's and Professor Hamilton Thompson's. (The Professor and his Wife had arrived a lunch-time.)

The Bede Play was favoured with the weather. There was a large audience. On the whole I think the performance was successful. The first scene displeased me because not only did it seem to justify or rather to assume to be justifiable, one of the very worst abuses of the "Dark Ages" viz. the devotion of little children to the monastic life, but also because it bordered on profanity to use on the stage the hallowed forms of Christian prayer. But the rest of the scenes were inoffensive, interesting and well acted. After this we all went our way to the Castle, where I entertained at a brief dinner the whole company of my guests together with the Master & Mrs How. We numbered fifteen persons.

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The Cathedral was thronged for the Convocation service, & everything went through in a stifling atmosphere (for more than 2000 children had been shown around the great church in the course of the day) without any outward incident. The Archbishop preceded by his cross-bearer, Don,\* and having his train carried by two of the choir-boys, closed the procession, & took his place within the sanctuary. I occupied my throne, from which I descended in order to proceed to the lectern & read the lesson. The Archbishop's sermon was a fine performance, admirably delivered, & excellently heard. He went out of his way to refer to the Bishop, & to express approval of his cathedral professorship project. (N.B. This

emphatic ecclesiastical endorsement may confirm the secularists in their suspicion that the said project is a subtle move of the enemy to “capture” the University for “clericalism”).

After the service we all returned to Bishop Auckland.

Before going to bed, I had some talk with the Archbishop about divers matters of urgency, e.g. the case of the miserable Bailey, the question of expediting whether I had better write to the Times about Germany or not.

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[24]

Tuesday, May 28<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

A brilliant warm day. The Chancellor Don, ~~an~~ Charles and I motored to Durham where we deposited Don & the Archiepiscopal impedimenta with the [James] Gordons,\* & went to the Chapter House where we were joined by the Dean & Canons & went with legal folk – the Chancellor, Cecil Ferens, and Lazenby – to the Gallilee for the Consistory Court. The miserable Bayley, accompanied by a warden, was present, and after the briefest formal trial, was sentenced to deprivation. I read the sections which the Chancellor had prepared. Then we returned to Auckland, & arrived just in time to bid farewell to the Archbishop, who was going to Lumley to lunch ~~with~~ there on his way to Edinburgh, where he was to attend the session of the General Assembly, over which his own brother is presiding as Moderator.

Surely such a coincidence of ~~both~~ brothers in the chief places of the two national churches is quite unprecedented. Before his departure *his Grace expressed his desire that I should agree to Oldham's suggestion about writing to the [25] Times respecting the situation of the German church.*

The Swedish pastor, D<sup>r</sup> Bergen Forell, respecting whom the Dean of York wrote to me, writes to explain that he cannot accept our invitation to visit us, & to inform me about the state of affairs in Germany. *He mentions the fact that D<sup>r</sup> Göbbel's had succeeded "in a diabolic clever way" in using Frank Buchman\* of the Oxford Group Movement for propaganda purposes.*

We all made an expedition to Fountains Abbey and Ripon, Leaving the Castle at 2.30 p.m. and returning at 8.15 p.m. Everything went off well save for a tiresome puncture which so delayed me that I could not act as guide to the ruins. We had tea in "The Unicorn" at Ripon, of which the host is a Freemason.

The R<sup>ev</sup> John Henry Shellabear Cooke, who has been nominated by the Crown to the Vicarage of S. Oswin, South Shields, came here to see me, & spend the night. He is colonially ordained, and has been for the last 3 years, been curate in charge of S. Augustine's, Margate.

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[26]

Wednesday, May 29<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

At 8.15 a.m. M<sup>r</sup> Cooke came to my room and discussed his position in connexion with S. Oswin, South Shields, which he has accepted from the Crown. He seems to be rather nebulous as to his churchmanship for "though he would call himself evangelical yet in his Margate church "he is accustomed to use the vestments." I don't ^think^ it matters what he does in that parish, for there is practically no congregation to be considered if only he will be a Christian man, and work!

M<sup>rs</sup> Murray went away after prayers and Veronica after breakfast.

The Chancellor took his departure about noon; and the Irvines after an early lunch. Thus we are returning to normality.

I motored to Stockton, & visited the district in Batt's parish where a large number of neat houses has been erected. Then I went on the Parish Vestry, and made a speech in favour of Batt's appeal for a new Hall. The mayor presided, but there was a pitifully small attendance. I promised to contribute £20.

[27]

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After having tea with Batt, I returned to the Castle, where I found Rawlinson awaiting me. He had a series of complicated suggestions as to the method by which the difficulty about the Crucifix on the Bede Altar could be surmounted. He posed as peacemaker, but I suspect that really he and his wife have been fanning the coals. Then when he had departed, Braley came & discussed the situation. *I proposed that the crucifix should be removed, and replaced by a (borrowed) Cross and candles. I would consecrate the Altar as had been arranged, and the question of the ornaments could stand over until agreement had been reached, & then the Dean & Chapter might decide whether or not to accept them. Braley jumped at this solution of the problem, but others may not be so reasonable. He said that what I suspected is the fact viz. **that the "Catholick" women in Durham were the main difficulty.** I took occasion to warn him against encouraging anything which might be fairly objected against has having a controversial character unsuitable to the character & unfavourable to the interest of Bede College.*

[28]

*It would not surprise me if this episode of the Crucifix on the Bede Altar developed into a considerable affair. That there has been a vast amount of manipulation by the Anglo-Catholick faction of which Moulsdale is the head in the University, Rawlinson in the Chapter, & PetitPierre in Bede College, is to me apparent. They have attempted, with the lack of candour characteristic of their party, to trick me into authorizing their illegality, & thus compromising my independence, and giving authority to their own procedures. But they have mistaken my indifference to the trifles, which fill their silly minds, for weakness, & have*



*underrated my intelligence by assuming that I should not see through their behaviour. There may be some foundation for Rawlinson's complaint that Alington\* ignores his Chapter and acts as if he had an uncontrolled authority over the Cathedral. Meanwhile, the changes multiply, and there grows in the public mind a suspicion that the dénouement to which innovation will arrive is not right or wise.*

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[29]

Ascension Day, May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

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*The plot thickens. This morning I received a "strong protest" from the designer of the Crucifix, M<sup>r</sup> Dakers Bower, who is none other than the Cathedral organist's brother. I return a conciliatory answer, disclaiming responsibility. Then I betook myself to the difficult task of writing a letter to the Times on the Religious Crisis in Germany in deference to the request of D<sup>r</sup> Oldham endorsed by the Archbishop of Y. My own judgment is not favourable to such letters expressing sentiments of moral censure in approval, which all the world knows can never mature in effective action. But Oldham has but just returned from Germany, and he says that there is a real value in public expression of English opinion. The rulers of Germany are not wholly unconscious of the ignominy of being condemned by the civilized conscience, and their victims are helped by the knowledge that their efforts & sufferings are neither unheeded nor misunderstood. So I expended the whole morning to the task, and expressed myself in the large terms of exasperated morality!*

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants including Charles & William.

I walked round the Park æ in the afternoon with D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh.

Walter Buchanan Smith, who has been "taking the waters" of Harrogate, came to tea.

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*Old D<sup>r</sup> Scott Lidgett\* arrived a ta-time. I think he was rather perturbed at the proposal of having no "square meal" before the service at Jarrow, &, indeed, I blame myself for not ascertaining beforehand what his preference as to "stoking" might be. However we gave him two boiled eggs, & hoped for the best. But you ought not to play tricks with a man of 81!*

*We motored to Jarrow, & there D<sup>r</sup> Scott Lidgett preached at immense length to a huge congregation which included a number of clerical-looking gentleman, whom I supposed to be the Dissenting divines of some sort or another. It was 9 p.m. before we got away from the church.*

*Sir Charles and Lady Peers has arrived during our absence.*

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[31]

Friday May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1935.

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*In conversation with Scott-Lidgett, the subject of clerical morality was raised, & I asked him whether among Methodist ministers they had occasion to deal with cases of paederasty, and he replied that, in the course of his long ministry, he could not recall a single instance. He said that Archbishop Davidson had told him how frequently this offence emerged in the disciplinary cases registered at Lambeth. What can be the explanation of this difference between Anglican clergymen and Nonconformist ministers? I incline to think that two facts may go some way towards providing the answer. First celibacy is rare among the Dissenters; not infrequent among Anglicans. Next, the Dissenters are commonly educated at day schools, the Anglicans very largely at boarding or public schools. Paederasty is the shadow on public schools and the suggestion of classical education. The one provides the practice which the other commands as relatively respectable. The aesthetic emphasis in Anglican worship, and the notable development of boys' associations in parochial work are favouring circumstances, and, of course, the general decline of every kind of discipline tells badly on clerical as on lay morality.*

[32]

*Scott-Lidgett went away by the early train. I gave him £5 for his railway expenses.*

*Then I fell to reading [Robert] Lightfoot's\* Bampton Lecture on "History & Interpretation of the Gospels". He has surrendered without reserve to the new critical method (Form criticism), and argues for it with evident enthusiasm. To me it seems arbitrary & irrational beyond the standard of German criticism.*

*After lunch we all motored to Brancepeth where we first visited the Castle, & looked at the Exhibition of Women's Work & then looked at the parish church. I was astonished to see such a various, extensive, and artistically excellent output from the Women of the Diocese. Then we went on to Bede College, & attended the Garden Party given by the Principal and M<sup>rs</sup> Braley. The weather was brilliant though there was a cold East wind, & the wonderful situation of the College was used to *full advantage*. *The Dean assured me that a "modus vivendi" in the matter of the Crucifix has been discovered.**

[33]

We gave a dinner party. The company numbered 16 persons viz:

1. General Herbert
2. Lady Roche
3. M<sup>r</sup> Waldy
4. M<sup>rs</sup> -"-
5. Peter Richardson
6. Enis - " -
7. Lord Thurlow
8. Lady - " -

9. Rowaleyn Cumming-Bruce
10. M<sup>rs</sup> Jennings
11. Sir Charles Peers
12. Lady – “ –
13. Fearne
14. Ella
15. The Bishop of Durham
16. Kathleen Alington

**The news that Quetta had been overwhelmed by an earthquake**, in which a great number had perished arrived as we went to dinner. The first news of a disaster commonly exaggerate it, but this disaster can hardly have been other than considerable.

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[34]

**Saturday, June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1935.**

[symbol]

Sir Charles Peers, Charles and I left the Castle at 7.45 a. m. and motored to Durham, ***where I dedicated the Altar of S. Cuthbert and Bede in the Nine Altars***, which has been presented to the Cathedral by past & present members of Bede College. The ornaments on the Altar were the Cross & 2 candlesticks. The Dean informed me that Braley had withdrawn the offer of the Crucifix, and the Dean & Chapter had undertaken to provide a Cross. The aggrieved designer of the illegal ornament had been placated by being asked to design the Cross. So some kind of a pacification has been effected, but we have yet to discuss how far the chattering of the Catholick women has worked mischief. I attended the Bede Commemoration service in the Cathedral at 11 a.m., which was preceded by the customary function of placing a wreath on Bede's tomb in the Gallilee. The Dean preached an admirable sermon, & then we all went to the College for lunch, where I proposed the main toast.

[35]

[symbol]

We attended the Bede Play in the Cloisters. I thought the performance had improved by repetition: & as the sun shone, the scene was very effective. Then we had tea in the Deanery, and afterwards I presided at a meeting of the Bede Governors. A resolution asking me to direct that the name of the College should for the future be, not simply Bede College, but more elaborately, "The College of the Venerable Bede". I insisted on conditioning my doing so on the assurance of our lawyers that it would lead to no complications. Then we returned to Auckland.

My dear "Buff", i. e. M<sup>rs</sup> Elizabeth Galbraith, was at the Bede Play with her sister & Major Lake. She is recovering something of her old aspect, but has a woefully melancholy expression. That marriage, which her parents disliked, and which I regarded with anxiety, was a sad failure: and Buff's life, which seemed destined for mundane felicity, has been dreadfully clouded. This kind of failure is the more distressing since it lies altogether beyond one's power to help or to heal.

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[36]

Sunday after Ascension, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.

[symbol]

Live by old ethics and the classical rules of honesty. Put no new names or notions upon authentic virtues & vices. **Think not that morality is ambulatory**: that vices in one age are not vices in another, or that virtues, which are under the everlasting seal of right reason, may be stamped by opinion. And therefore, though vicious times invent the opinions of things, and set up new ethics against virtue, yet hold thou unto old morality: & rather than follow a multitude to do evil, stand like Pompey's pillar conspicuous by thyself, & single in integrity.

Sir Thomas Browne (v. Anglicanism 641)

This is the plea for Cato's brutal indifference to the higher standards of humanity which were commanding the acceptance of his contemporaries: and all the host of "laudatores [sic] temporis acti", justify themselves by pleading their unshakable fidelity to unalterable virtue, & yet Morality develops in spite of them.

[37]

Ella seems to have contracted a chill at the play yesterday. I noticed with apprehension that she was wearing what looked like summer garments, though the summer still tarries, & there was an East wind. She kept her room, & Fearne, on the plea that she had a noisy cough, abstained from attending the Celebration in the Chapel. We numbered 8 comm<sup>ts</sup> including 3 guests and William.

The annual service of Freemasons was held in the Chapel at 3 p.m. There was an average attendance, perhaps a little less. Lord Thurloe [sic] read the prayers: and I preached from 1 Corinthians iii.ii "For other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid, which is Jesus Christ". The Brethren were, I suspect, more puzzled than edified. Peter Richardson was there, & came in to tea after the service. As also did Potts and Lord Thurloe [sic]. This annual service probably suffers from my absenteeism from the meetings of the Lodges and the frequent dinners, which play so large a part in the system of Freemasonry, and, indeed, the Brethren cannot reasonably be said not to have some ground for suspecting such indifference to Masonic obligations!

[38]

[symbol]

*We all (except Ella who was hors de combat) motored to Pitlington where I re-dedicated The Old Font, which replaces The Cosin Font now in the Cathedral. I was unpleasantly surprised by the smallness of the congregation. It was explained as the result of a boycott organised by the parishioners, who resented the surrender of The Cosin Font,*

*and attributed it to me!* <sup>2</sup>However such congregation as there was – the church was about half-filled – seemed attentive & reverent. I preached about Baptism, taking as my text 1 Cor. vi.ii “And such were some of you, but ye were washed, but ye were sanctified, but ye were justified in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, & in the Spirit of our God”. After the service we all dined with M<sup>rs</sup> Baker Bakers. The Vicar & M<sup>rs</sup> Bolland with their daughter were of the party. The Baker Bakers appear to be descended from Bishop Cosin through a daughter. I was particularly interested in Conyers, the son of M<sup>rs</sup> Baker Baker. He is an officer in the Black Watch.

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<sup>2</sup> See Journal entry 22 November 1914.

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[39]

Monday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

[symbol]

I received a short ecstatic [sic] letter from Cecil Fortescue informing me that he had become a Groupist, and was now "uplifted" as never before.

"I cannot tell you what it has done to me. It is too wonderful. There is no doubt that Jesus Christ came to me & healed me of my sins. I feel a new creature. There is no "sharing" as so many people seem to think openly. No emotionalism is allowed. The Church must keep this movement within her fold".

Now what am I to make of this? Fortescue himself could hardly add strength to any movement. He is not a strong man in any sense, & I was unfavourably impressed by his self-confidence & dogmatism when last he came here, none the less for his being then strongly, even vehemently opposed to the Group Movement. I suspect that Religion has never yet gone very deep with him, and he may well have been jumped & jockeyed into a new view of himself, which will do him no great harm. Experience will disclose the character of his later enthusiasm, nothing else can.

[40]

[symbol]

Sir Charles and Lady Peers left the Castle after breakfast.

Then I worked on Gifford II until about noon when Wynne-Willson\* with his wife and Nancy arrived. N. has grown into a very lumpy rustic young woman, terribly plain but good-hearted, and competent to act as a chauffeur to her parents. W-W looked cheerful, but is said to be no better in his health. *He spoke of Groups, & said that he became less favourable to them, & that his estimate of Buchman was worsening. He said what I have heard from other sources that Grensted\* and Allen have "come away" from the movement.*

I motored into Durham, & presided at a meeting of the Board for Church Building, and (forgetting altogether the Castle Preservation C<sup>tee</sup>) returned to Auckland.

I wrote to Dick, who goes into The School on Thursday, & is ^in^ that tumult of doubts and fears which the prospect must needs cause. He has certainly worked hard, but every examination is a gamble.



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[41]

Tuesday, June 4<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

[symbol]

Bishop Andrewes when appointed Bishop of Chichester caused to be engraven about the seal of his Bishopric those words of S<sup>t</sup> Paul, Et ad haec quis idoneus? And who is sufficient for these things?

(v. Anglicanism p. 729)

*It occurred to me in my bath that I might utilise in my Giffords the episode in the Park when I asked a young soldier if he knew what W. D. on the little bridge in the Park meant, and he replied immediately & with assurance "War Department", disclosing thus the military habit of his thinking. The initials of Bishop Van Mildert (Willelmus Dunelmensis) carried inevitably to his mind the familiar notion "War Department". So the early believer, with his mind filled with the conviction of Christ's Divinity, read the words and acts ascribed to Him by tradition in the light of that conviction, and with perfect honesty ascribed to Him much that He neither said nor meant. The "Form-critics" are only asking to realize a little more completely the measure of personal discount which we must make in the case of the Evangelists.*

[42]

An aspirant to Ordination, Edward Ashby Dixon, aged 21, & hailing from Birmingham came to see me. He has been at King Edward VI<sup>th</sup> School in that city, & may, therefore, be presumed to have had the rudiments of a liberal education, and he has passed the London matriculation. I was favourably impressed by the lad, who has an open face and a candid manner. So I said he might apply to the Board of Training.

Cyprian Marr\* came to seek my advice, but, as usual, he rather wanted confirmation of his own preferences than any council. In effect, he is in communication with Lord Halifax,\* who is seeking a successor to "Bill" Wright, since the latter's illness promises an early vacancy of the parish in Leeds, whereof the said Lord H. is patron. I told him that I might offer him appointment to S. Francis, South Shields, but would not do so if there was the prospect of his leaving that parish immediately.

Carter came to see me, and stayed to tea. He had a sheaf of petty diocesan questions which needed answering & which I answered.

[43]

[symbol]

It is impossible to look upon the awful beauty of a Greek statue, or to read a page of Plutarch, without perceiving how completely the idea of excellence was blended with that of pride. It is equally impossible to examine the life of a Christian saint, or the painting of an early Christian artist, without perceiving that the dominant conception was self-abnegation and self-distrust.

[symbol]

*My letter about the Persecution of Christians in Germany appeared on the front page of the Times where it was immediately followed by a short letter from the Archbishop of York on the same side. A combination in protest of Bishopthorpe and Auckland is portentous”!*

Miss Rait and Fearne went with Charles and me to Wolsingham where I instituted Canon C. E. Blackburn to the Rectory in succession to Arnold. In spite of a deluge there was a crowded church which included a considerable contingent from Corbridge & several Northumbrian clergy Among the latter was Holmes.

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[44]

Wednesday, June 5<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I received an interesting letter, marked "Private and Confidential" and with a p.s. asking me to burn it when read. Its writer stated that he was a Roman catholic.

Although a stranger to you, I cannot refrain from writing to let you know how glad I am to read your letter today in the Times.

Speaking the language & having occasion to visit Germany from time to time, I can assure you that you have not exaggerated the deplorable state of affairs in that country...

I am not only in touch with business people in Germany, who are being interfered with by the Nazis, but am also in close touch with my co-religionists, the Roman Catholics there, so I can claim to be more behind the scenes than the average Englishman or tourist.

The German "Cardinal Mercier" at present is Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich, who is making a bold stand indeed. He [45] has been shot at once, & I should not be surprised if something drastic happened to him some day.

**This persecution is bringing the Catholics & Protestants together I am glad to say.**

In order not to expose my friends in Germany, I am obliged to be cautious & say nothing over here, as I am assured this country has Nazi spies. Also ~~who~~, some of them I am told, being German Refugee Jews! I cannot vouch for the latter statement. Germany reminds me of what Russia must be ~~becoming~~ nowadays – no freedom, & one German spying & informing on another. The Roman Catholic Church is certainly having its share of persecution in these days. I don't know if your Lordship has interested himself in the conditions in that barbarous country Mexico, I am only an "unmitigated layman" but I venture to express a hope that these trials may tend to humble good men of every Communion & bring [46] [symbol] out what is real and good in their members.

*The Times has an excellent letter from Edwyn Bevan,\* and another from the Nonconformist Moderator, Berry.*

Charles and I motored to Durham where I confirmed 23 boys, 18 from the School, & 5 choristers, in the Cathedral.

A considerable thunderstorm broke over Bishop Auckland about 1 p.m., and much rain fell in a short time.

[symbol] The Chancellor arrived, and I had some opportunity of discussing with him the faculty-case from Trimdon Grange, respecting which I received a rather solemnly worded protest this morning. The parson, Spiller, is me iudice a very poor creature who "carries no

guns”, and he is said to have a “grey mare” of a tactless wife. He has set his heart on having a crucifix in the pulpit, and a considerable section of the people are resolved to defeat his heart’s desire! It is precisely this type of clergyman, at once obstinate & unlettered – that causes serious trouble.

[47]

Therefore, if you desire to become in very truth immortal, act as I advise: &, furthermore, do you not only yourself worship the Divine Power (το θειον) everywhere and in every way in accordance with the traditions of our fathers, but compel all others to honour it. **Those who attempt to distort our religion with strange rites you should abhor and punish**, not merely for the sake of the gods (since if a man despises these he will not pay honour to any other being), but because such men, by bringing in new divinities in place of the old, persuade many to adopt foreign practices, from which spring up conspiracies, factions, & cabals, which are far from profitable to a monarchy. **Do not, therefore, permit anybody to be an atheist or a sorcerer.** Soothsaying, to be sure, is a necessary art, & you should by all means appoint some men to be diviners & augurs etc.

The advice of Maecenas to Augustus v. Dio’s Roman History bk. LII. (vi.174)

[48]

[symbol]

*Ella, the Chancellor, Charles, and I motored to Sunderland, where I consecrated the new parish church of Bishopwearmouth. Caröe has succeeded in substituting a stately building for one that, though commodious, was exceedingly mean. The new organ not being yet complete, its place was taken by an orchestra. There was a numerous attendance of clergy and lay-workers, with whom was associated a small & rather dingy-looking group of the local sectaries. The Mayor and Corporation attended, & there was a congregation which filled the church. The service had been prepared by Rawlinson, and was not lacking in dignity, though, perhaps, a little too rhetorical. I preached a “topical” sermon, in the course of which I named Sir John Priestman,\* whose gift of £35,000 had made the building of the church possible, and the late Rector, Prebendary Wynne-Willson,\* who had inaugurated the rebuilding, & was present at the service. The acoustics of the church seemed to me to be very good, a fact which relieved my mind of no small anxiety.*

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[49]

Thursday, June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

[symbol]

The Dean and I left the Castle at 8 a.m., & motored to York: where we arrived in good time for the meeting of Convocation at 10 a.m. There was very little business in the Upper House, but we dismissed the Reporters, & talked about the Report on Marriage until lunch-time. The discussion revealed more freedom from prejudice in their Lordships' minds than I had anticipated. I indicated my own views very frankly, & though I think they were unshared by some, they were denounced by none. Indeed, I think there are signs that the impracticability of the rigourists is becoming apparent. After lunch with the Archbishop in his room, the Dean and I returned to Auckland Castle, where he was met by his own car, & went back to Durham.

[symbol in margin] D<sup>r</sup> Oldham writes to thank me for my letter to the Times, which he approves, & thinks may have some effect as part of the general protest:

“The Abp. of Canterbury had an interview with the German ambassador on Saturday and this, supported by the correspondence in the Times, seems to be not without its effect in Germany.”

[50]

Lady Milner sends me the National Review directing my attention to an Article on “The Two Germanies” by Professor Foerster, whom she describes as “a very distinguished refugee who has sacrificed everything for his principles.”

“With his exception the German refugees are only victims. He is capable of martyrdom. If the outspoken Nazis wake up the British to a realization of Germany's aims – they have not differed in my life-time – they will have performed a great international service. A leading pacifist said to me the other day, “What is going on in Germany is worse than war.” It is something that he should know this.

General Pope-Hennessey writes to me in very friendly terms, although he is a Pacifist, offering help “as a Catholic layman”.

Can you suggest any line which I can follow up to help you in getting our two branches of the Christian Church here to help together our brethren in Germany?

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[51]

**Friday, June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

The weather was damp and depressing. About 2 p.m. it developed into a considerable thunderstorm. I devoted the morning to the "talk" on Freedom which I promised to the B.B.C. but I found the task more difficult than I had supposed.

Charles and I motored to Durham, where I licensed 3 curates, & gave them tea. Then I went with Lenge to look at my rooms in order to form a judgment on the question how best to arrange a new entrance into the lavatory, since the old one will have been destroyed by the work of the builders who are making that part of the Castle secure.

I interviewed an Ordination candidate who hailed from Sunderland. He was not yet confirmed though 24 years old, but he had been a Methodist, and from the age of 15 had frequented Anglican services. I was not unfavourably impressed by the young man, though his knowledge of Anglicanism was pitifully small, having been mainly derived from "Dean Inge's books"! That brilliant and cultured divine is better calculated to raise questions in young men's minds than to answer any that they may already have generated for themselves!

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[52]

**Saturday, June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

I received a copy of the Tablet which contains some rather startling accounts of the anti-Christian rage of the Nazis. It appears that they are prohibiting money being sent abroad for the maintenance of Christian missions.

I succeeded in finishing the "Talk" for B.B.C., but it will have to be revised in order to include some references to the next preceding talk by [Gilbert Keith] Chesterton,\* which has not yet reached me.

Leslie Morrison walked round the Park with me, & afterwards borrowed Chamberlain's "Russia's Iron Age". The good youth is filled with the thought of his approaching Ordination, and is quite eager to get to work.

The publishers send me a book which gives a horrifying description of German brutality, 'Rubber Truncheon, being an account of thirteen months spent in a concentration camp.' by Wolfgang Langhoff. In a short 'foreword' Feuchtwanger commends the book as 'a successful effort to tell down to the last detail nothing but the naked truth.' I find it difficult to understand the reason of these atrocities.

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[53]

**Whitsunday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

A beautiful summer morning, the sun shining brilliantly on a country verdant & blossoming in the freshness & vigour born of the recent rain. The amazing beauty of the world moves me increasingly as I fall into old age, and realize that my time on earth is nearing its end. Te Deum laudamus.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 15 communicants, including 3 Lawsons, William Bryden & his wife, his two sisters, and Christina. The Offertory was 6/11, which I note here because the Offertory Book has been mislaid.

Before starting for Norton, I added a reference to Marriage-problems to my sermon which is concerned with the method of the Holy Spirit's guidance of the Church viz. the interpretation of experience in the light of principles. The new & difficult factors which now complicate the practical questions which, both in the Church and in the State must be answered, are not to be ignored, but frankly considered. And when this is done, I do not think that the rigorous attitude towards divorce, which now prevails in the Anglican communion, will be able to hold its ground.

[54]

Ella and I motored to Norton, where I preached from Acts x. 46, 47 on the Spirit's guidance of the Church. Wynne-Willson celebrated the Holy Communion after Mattins, and I pronounced the Absolution & the Benediction, as the rubrick orders. After the service we dined in the Vicarage with a combined family party of Wynne-Willsons and Sturts. Scott, the Vicar of Seaton Carew & his daughter were also present, a party of thirteen! Nobody seemed to notice the ill-omened number.

After lunch we motored to Durham, and attended Evensong in the Cathedral. I occupied the Throne, & pronounced the Benediction. The singing of Wesley's 'Wilderness' was exquisite. We had tea in the Deanery, where we found John Wrightson, & an Eton master, Whitworth, and his wife. The Dean showed me some rather striking photographs of the frescoes which he has discovered in the Gallilee [*sic*]. They seem to pourtray [*sic*] the Passion and Resurrection of the Redeemer.

We returned to Auckland.



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[55]

**Whit-Monday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

Ella developed a temperature, and remained in bed. I squandered yet another morning on the B.B.C. "symposium".

M<sup>rs</sup> Alington with her guests, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Whitworth came to lunch, and were afterwards shown the Castle. I had no choice but to talk, and incessant talking is the bane of my life. After these visitors had departed, I walked in the Park where a Fête was proceeding under the auspices of the British Legion. There was a large attendance to witness a display by members of the Durham Light Infantry, who had been fetched from York, as I was informed, at an expenditure of £75. As the price for admission was no more than sixpence, I doubt whether the British Legion will gather much advantage from their effort. Later, rain descended with vehemence, and compelled a cessation of the performance. There were many motors & bicycles brought into the Park. This is an innovation of some gravity, for the damage done to road and turf is certain to be considerable. But the problem of 'parking' cars grows more pressing & insoluble every day.

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[56]

**Whit-Tuesday, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

| The known rocks and shelves do as well guide the seamen as the pole-star.

Robert Boyle.

(v. Anglicanism. p. 115)

I wasted the day in typing out a copy of this blessed "Symposium" address for B.B.C.

Then I looked out an old "charge" for use on Saturday. It is disconcerting to discover how difficult it is to recover the mood in which such compositions were composed. The language which glowed with sincerity and purpose when it was first used, has somehow become unreal and futile. Why is this?

I listened with particular attention to Chesterton's broadcast on Liberty, because Sir John Reith had expressed the hope that I would find space to make some reference to the Roman Catholic point of view from which he would speak. But, indeed, he simply indulged in some fire works of Chestertonian paradox, which, if noticed at all, could only be fitly noticed in the same frivolous vein of impudent paradox. And that is beyond me!

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[57]

Wednesday, June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Nothing brings home to me more vividly and painfully the decay of Christian feeling than the letters which are now appearing in the Times from prominent men e.g. Sir John Marriott\* and M<sup>r</sup> John Murray,\* pleading for patience towards Germany and deprecating any expressions of sympathy for the victims of Nazi brutality and paganism. We are asked to sit back, and study the interesting spectacle of Germany's evolution from medievalism to modern democracy, while our fellow Christians are incidentally sent to Concentration Camps, and the most shocking perversions of Christianity are officially encouraged! "Is it nothing to you, all ye who pass by?" There was far more display of moral indignation in England over the ill treatment of the Jews by Hitler's stalwarts than there is now over the hideous persecution of the Church in Russia, and the barbarous oppression of Lutherans and Papists in Germany. Nobody seems really to care, and as to acknowledging any personal responsibility for the situation of fellow Christians on the continent, men almost laugh at the suggestion.

[58]

One of my Buchmanite Incumbents, Thompson, the Vicar of S. Paul's, West Hartlepool, writes to tell me that he has accepted a benefice in the South, & will therefore leave the diocese. I am not sorry, for since he became a Groupist, his position with respect to his Bishop has been consciously strained on both sides.

William, the butler's boy, went with Charles and me to Escombe, where he has his home. There was an open-air service at the Old Church, very well arranged, and attended by about 200-300 people. Both the Vicars from Bishop Auckland were there, & the Vicars of Eldon and Whitworth. A reporter asked for my notes which were very meagre, & as I stood in the improvised pulpit, an impudent photographer plied his trade. The weather which had been threatening became fine, though the wind was not helpful. After the service we had tea with the Vicar and M<sup>rs</sup> Hitchcock.\* They seem to be cheerful & happy. It is certainly a welcome change from the situation under the late Vicar. Then one hated going to Escombe.

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[59]

Thursday, June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Ella and Fearne went off to Scotland after breakfast. The two Archdeacons arrived for a monthly conference at 11.15 a.m., and stayed to lunch. Then the Bishop of Jarrow [James Gordon\*] returned to Durham, and Rawlinson walked with me in the Park.

A horrible scare that Charles was menaced by appendicitis caused me much anxiety; and, by way of caution, I asked Rawlinson to come in for the Holy Communion tomorrow morning; & wrote to Shaddick\* asking him to act as chaplain at the Ordination. Charles has become so indispensable that the mere prospect of his being placed hors de combat fills me with consternation.

I wrote the names of the 22 candidates in the New Testaments (8) and Bibles (14). Lady Thurlow and Harry called to see me. He has just returned from Palestine, and will spend three months before going back to his duty.

All the candidates arrived in good time for dinner. They are not prepossessing to look at, but one indulges the hope that the graces of the spirit more than compensate for the crudities of its carnal casket!

[60]

**The Anglican interpretation of the faith bequeathed to us by our predecessors appears to be uniquely adapted to meet the religious needs of the present age.**  
For the genius of the Anglican inheritance is experiment working upon tradition.... in the bankruptcy of secular leadership, our people are willing, and even eager, to accept a strong lead from their church. **It need give but a few generous gestures, & the people of England will be with it. But if Anglicanism fails the world now, it is no other form of Christianity which will win its allegiance, but paganism.**

(Russell Barry.\* The relevance of the Church. XIV, XVI.)

Such language appears to me nothing better than meaningless bombast. What is this precious and indispensable "Anglicanism" which alone stands between the world & paganism? In the welter of incoherent verbiage, which forms the staple of this pretentious book, there is never a scintilla of definition.

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[61]

Friday, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. All the candidates communicated. Charles having been forbidden to appear before breakfast, Rawlinson came from Durham, and assisted me. Breakfast went through without incident. Charles & Rawlinson divided the reading which was taken from the late Prof. Biggs' "Beginnings of Christianity", the volume, posthumously published, which was edited by Strong,\* the present Bishop of Oxford.

Froggatt writes to me at length, asking advice as to his acceptance or rejection of nomination to Northallerton. I could not but counsel him to go, if he could see his way to do so, though I shall be really sorry to lose him. He was a good colleague, and also a personal friend.

At 10.30 a.m. we read Mattins in the chapel, and listened to an excellent homily from Rawlinson. Before he went back to Durham, I had some talk with him about Lightfoot's Bampton Lectures, of which reviews entirely non-committal, if not also favourable have just appeared in the Times 'Literary Supplement', and the 'Church Times'. I grow the more hostile to "Form-criticism" the more I think over, & think out, what its advocates say.

[62]

[symbol]

*The Durham University Journal for June, 1935, has an interesting article on "The King's Evil", by one J. H. Blades. It states that "when the court was resident at Durham Castle in 1633, Charles touched many persons for the "King's Evil," and that "as late as 1838, crowns and half-crowns bearing the effigy of Charles I were still used in the Shetlands as remedies for the evil, as such they had been passed down from generation to generation."*

A note from the lay missionary, Ferguson, informed me that Bell, the Vicar of Tudhoe, died in hospital this morning. I did not know that he was ill.

Then came a long telegram from the church wardens of Roker appealing against the Vicar's direction that the mission church, S. Aidan's, should be closed next Sunday morning on account of children's festival in the parish church. I replied that the Vicar's direction must be obeyed, & that there was no case for my intervention. It is evident that S. Aidan's is again a cause of dissention.

[63]

Mouldsdales, Quick,\* Mayne, & the Bishop of Jarrow came to tea, and stayed (save Mayne) to Compline.

Oliver Quick's address at Evensong was very interesting and spiritual. He is certainly a rare spirit. He is little disposed to cast in his lot with "Form-criticism", but he has not studied it.

He describes the Bampton Lecturer as a melancholy man, who falls easily under the say of whatever person or theory arouses his fears.

I had interviews with all the candidates. They all appear to be sincere and intellectually satisfied, though truly I doubt whether most, if any of them have had at any time any intellectual difficulties. Yet the world in which they minister is filled with doubts and disputations. How can they bring help where they cannot perceive or understand the need?

Before going to bed, I had some talk with Oliver Quick. He is certainly a very candid and attractive man, with a keen & rather whimsical mind, large sympathy, and an unusual mastery of dignified & expressive language.

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[64]

Saturday, June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

A glorious morning. The Chapel looked its best, and the world without was at its fairest. I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8.15 a.m. Quick assisted, and all the candidates communicated. Before the service I wrote to Ella, telling her about Charles's approaches to appendicitis.

We have made a "new departure" by getting candidates to take part in the reading at meals. They read badly, but well enough: and, with Charles in a dilapidated condition, I could [not?] put the whole burden on him.

Quick's second address was, perhaps, rather too remote from Ordination to be wholly suitable, but in itself it was suggestive & attractive. He has fine [sic] mind, subtle and imaginative, but essentially sane and devout.

I wrote a letter of condolence to M<sup>rs</sup> Bell. The lay reader from Tudhoe came to tell me about the Vicar's funeral.

After lunch, at which freedom of conversation was resumed, the candidates wrote their names in Ella's book, and went off to Durham where the Ordination is to take place tomorrow.

[65]

**- Ordination Candidates -**

For the Diaconate

1. **Bickwick . G. B.A. (Oxford)**
2. Maddison N. B.A. (Durham)
3. **Morrison. A.L. B.A. (Oxford)**
4. Pockington E.C.
5. Portsmouth W. B.A. (Durham)
6. Strutt R.J.H B.A. (Durham)
7. **Thornton. H. B.A. (Oxford)**
8. Tretheway. W.R.

For the Priesthood

- (6. Oxford
- (2. Cambridge
- (9. Durham
- (2. A.K.C.
- (3. Literalis

9. **Bell. C.C. B.A. (Cambridge)**
10. **Bretherton. R.D. B.A. (Cambridge)**
11. Bardon. C.A. B.A. (Durham)
12. Burt. R.
13. Hancock. J.C. B.A. (Durham)
14. Houghton. R.L. B.A. (Durham)
15. Lee. J.E. B.A. (Durham)
16. **May. E.W.L. B.A. (Oxford)**
17. **Sandey. W.G. B.A. (Oxford)**
18. Shepherd. M.A. B.A. (Durham)
19. **Smith. B.R.L. B.A. (Oxford)**
20. Whitchurch. W. A.K.C. (London)

21. Ellis. C.R.W. A.K.C. (London)
22. Surtees. G. B.A. (Durham)

[66]

*I and Pangua Bán my cat  
'Tis a light task we are at:  
Hunting mice is his delight,  
Hunting owls I sit all night.*

*'Tis a merry thing to see  
At one task how glad are we,  
When at home we sit and find  
Entertainment to our mind.*

*'Gainst the wall he sets his eye,  
Full & fierce & sharp & sly:  
'Gainst the wall of knowledge I  
All my little wisdom try.*

*So in peace one task we ply,  
Pangua Bán my cat and I;  
In one xact we find our bliss,  
I have mine & he has his.*

(v. "The Wandering Scholars" p. 31)

*Translated from the common place book of a scholar of Reichenau, & included in Miss Waddell's specimens of medieval wit & humour.*



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[67]

Trinity Sunday, June 16<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

### ORDINATION.

**Forty-eight years have passed since I knelt before Bishop MacKarnass in Cuddeston Parish Church to receive the laying on of hands in Ordination to the diaconate.** I was then living in All Souls, and the title on which I was ordained was a fellowship. The same year I became Head of the Oxford House, and took up my residence in Bethnal Green. I thought, and spoke, as if my life was ear-marked for the East End; but little more than a year had passed before I accepted nomination to the college living at Barking, urged thereto by the Bishop of S. Alban's & (his suffragan) Colchester, and inclined by the growing sense of discord between myself and the ecclesiastical tone of the Oxford House Committee of which Bishop Talbot of Southwark (afterwards Winchester)\* was the choragus. At Barking I continued for seven years, & then, when my health seemed to be breaking down, I accepted from Lord Salisbury the incumbency of S. Mary's Hospital, Ilford, which was something of a sinecure. I had been re-elected to a Fellowship at All Souls, and [68] resided in the College during the week. I was attending a College meeting when I received from Lord Salisbury the offer of **the Canonry of West<sup>m</sup> Abbey to which the Rectory of S. Margaret's was attached.** For 12 years I lived in Dean's Yard and then W. Asquith offered me the **Deanery of Durham.** His offer was cabled to me in America & reached me at Philadelphia. For five years I lived at the Deanery. Most of the time was filled with the distractions of the Great War. Then at the end of 1917, M<sup>r</sup> Lloyd George nominated me to the **Bishoprick of Hereford,** and I suddenly become the centre of a fierce controversy, which threatened to develop into a law-suit. However, the storm subsided and I was consecrated in West<sup>m</sup> Abbey on the 2<sup>nd</sup>, Feb. 1918. For 2½ years I lived in the Palace, Hereford, and governed the most entirely rural diocese in England. In the summer of 1920 I was translated to **Durham,** where I still combine, in a deepening perplexity, and with a sense of futility & failure, which is perhaps, deepened by the continuing economic distress.

[69]

From the first, I raised against myself considerable opposition. My preferment to Westminster aroused some jealousy among the disappointed, & my manner of ministry enlarged the area of conflict. For I went my own way, interposing by speech & sermon, & by letters to the press in many controversial affairs, & always commanding a measure of attention which my numerous critics resented. But they could not sweep me aside, as a mere crank, for I carried on a preaching ministry in the Abbey & S Margaret's which commended itself to many people, & was perhaps rather markedly distinguished by its archaic concern for reverence and the King's English. In Convocation, where I sat in the Lower House as Proctor for the Dean & Chapter of Westminster, I soon took rank as an independent & rather formidable debater. I was reckoned an advanced Modernist, less on account of my own opinions than by reason of my championship of Beeby and Thompson, the victims of the intolerance of Bishops Gore and Talbot. I had become prominently associated with the cause of Home Reunion, for the course of Abbey sermons on "Godly Union & Concord" had attracted much attention.

[70]

Charles and Christina breakfasted with me at 8.30 a.m. and afterwards we all motored to Durham for the Ordination. There was a very large congregation, composed evidently of communicants from the parishes in which the 14 deacons, who were to be ordained to the Priesthood, had been working. This general & audible response of the congregation throughout the service was equally impressive and unusual, adding much to the solemnity of the very solemn service. ^The Dean and^ all the canons were present except Rawlinson, who was preaching at the Chapel Royal. Leslie Manners read the Gospel very well. Bill May was among those who were made priests. Shaddock carried the pastoral staff, and deputized for Charles who acted as an extra chaplain. Oliver Quick preached an excellent sermon from the text, "The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister." The number of communicants was so great that I had to re-consecrate. I do not think that the service could have been more reverent and edifying.

[71]

After the Ordination, most of the candidates lunched with me in the Castle. The Bishop of Jarrow, Quick, Christina and Charles were also of the party. After lunch we returned to Auckland.

The Sunday newspapers which were being sold outside the Cathedral, announced an appalling railway accident at Welwyn, in which many people from the Sanderstead area were stated to be among the victims. This disaster cast a shadow of melancholy on everything.

I wrote to Quick thanking him for his help in the Chapel and in the Cathedral, and sending him my customary honorarium of five guineas.

Also, I wrote to Ella, giving her a faithful account of the Ordination.

Also, I wrote to Martin Kiddle, thanking him for his article in the Journal of Theological Studies on "The admission of the Gentiles in S. Luke's Gospel and Acts," and repeating my inability to accept the critical method, which, following his master, Lightfoot he adopts. I copied my letter into my Letter-book in case it should become a root of controversial discussion.

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[72]

Monday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The Bishop of Gloucester writes to me suggestion that I should become Chairman of a Committee "which will raise funds & supervise the matter of issuing a critical edition of Bede's Works". I told him civilly that "the quest was not for me". As if I could be such a fool as to take on any kind of financial obligation for that kind of thing! Though I think it would be most fitting for the Oxford Press to undertake it at their own cost.

D<sup>r</sup> Ferguson came to see me about Charles. He thinks, as I think, that he had best be operated upon without delay. Christina came to see me, & she begged me to exert my authority in order to make the obstinate little man submit himself to the unpleasing necessity. So I went to his room & ~~harang~~ alternately harangued and cajoled until at last he yielded. But I shall ^not^ be sure of my victory until he is actually in the Nursing Home. Then I betook myself to Giffordizing, but with woefully small result.

In the afternoon I motored to Darlington, and had my hair cut; and on my return to the Castle, Giffordized until dinner.

[73]

[“]God the Creator may be unknown and unknowable. God the Incarnate Son may be a myth and an illusion: but God the Indwelling Spirit remains to us. He is ours & we are His. This suffices.[”]

So writes Major\* in "The Modern Churchman" (June 1935). He does not accept Form criticism: but he holds that even it made its case good, nothing would really have been lost. "It may be that these critics have completed the work of the Liberation of that Religion (i.e. the Christian religion) from the limitations & swathing bands of the past." But, it may fairly be asked, if the ~~the~~ First and the Second Persons of the Blessed Trinity are found to have no reality, what ground have we for believing in the Third? How can one adventure to credit our own intuitions with the august character of Divine [word unclear] if we cannot affirm that God is, & that Christ is His true exponent? How can there be a Spirit of God without God? As so often, Major is equally windy, canting, and absurd.

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[74]

Tuesday, June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

A wet gloomy morning, deeply depressing. I Giffordised all the morning, & after an early lunch motored to Tudhoe, & attended the funeral of the Vicar (Bell). That parish is one of the least attractive in the diocese, nothing but dirty, monotonous slums; and the parish church is worthy of the parish! On returning to the Castle, I found Moulsdale waiting for me. He looks more sombrelly Jesuitical every day! He wants me to write to Lord Halifax, & suggest whether it would not be possible to get an additional Commissioner appointed for the better protection of the Durham side of the University.

I wrote to Yates Moore, appointing July 29<sup>th</sup> for his institution to Preston, and sending him £25:0:0 from the Barrington Fund towards the expense of a holiday during August. Then Charles went off to meet his fate in Newcastle, rather dejected, more, I think, on my account than on his own. May Heaven be merciful to him! Leng motored him and Christina to Newcastle.

[75]

**I believe that our great danger from the State nowadays is Erastian usurpation of all the functions of the Church.....**

The history of National Churches seems to me to divide itself into three phases.

1<sup>st</sup> That of conversion of the State by the Church.

2<sup>nd</sup> That of adoption of the Church by the State.

3<sup>rd</sup> that of contest between Church & State for supremacy: in which the Church in the end is always worsted, & must separate to save her life, generally with the loss of her goods.

1. Courtship; 2. Marriage; 3. Divorce without alimony, sum up all the Church & State relations. In the first stage, the State is heathen & hostile. In the second, Christian & friendly, often subservient & lavish, like an uxorious bridegroom. **In the third stage, the State is non-Christian, latitudinarian, stingy, & tyrannical:** like the same bridegroom old & hard, cutting down the pin-money, quibbling about the settlements, & impatient for a release: unfaithful, too, now & then, & generally disposed to set up a harem of all sorts.

[76]

**Now I believe we have come to this third stage in our history: and our wisdom will be to look out for an amicable separation, and try to secure as much of the dowry as possible.**

Magee, Letter, July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1867. [v. Life, vol. I. p. 157.]

Magee wrote thus on the eve of the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, against which he contended so manfully. Was he quite sincere in his opposition? Of course, he was an English Bishop when the Disestablishment debate called forth his most renowned oratorical effort in the House of Lords, and he probably looked on the fate of the Irish establishment as drawing in its train that of the English. My own view of policy for the Church of England is exactly stated in these words: "Our wisdom will be to look out for an amicable separation, & try to secure as much of the dowry as possible." I differ from him in thinking that Disestablishment has become morally requisite, so that, whether we keep much or little of the property, we ought to seek it.

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[77]

Wednesday, June 19<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Dean Magee was followed at the Congress by a speaker who had evidently a very tender regard for the Church of Rome, & who said in the course of his remarks that though he had a deep love for his mother the Church of England, he had also a great regard for his grandmother the Church of Rome. "Tell him", whispered Magee to me, as I was to speak afterward, "that it is not lawful for a man to marry his grandmother."

(v. Life of Magee, vol. I, p. 105.)

Christina came to "report progress". She is very naturally distressed, and wept before me. I did my best to comfort her, but there is not much to say. The tension will be brief, if painful. I dealt with the letters as well as I could, but Charles's absence was a nuisance!

Then I Giffordized until lunch, after which I motored to Durham, and presided over a special meeting of the Bede College Governors. [Robert] Poole\* was there, & after the meeting, I had some talk with him about Durham School. He was not very cheerful about the situation, & says that the old leaven of "Die-Hard" resentment is still working.

[78]

[symbol]

[James] Thompson of Magdalen,\* who was once a Dean of Divinity at Magdalen, where he caused a flutter by playing the heretick, & aroused the ire of the Bishop of Winchester (Talbot), is now a layman, and a history teacher. He has been talking nonsense about the History School. Dick sent me a newspaper-cutting headed thus:

Red-haired people poor at History. Oxford Examiner says he has not known one of Them to get a First.

Thompson is reported to have spoken at a conference of Oxford University Labour Club members on the History & Modern Greats Schools. He "revealed that he had kept some statistics and had found that no one with red hair could get a first in history". This is surely great nonsense, & could not have been seriously meant. Bury, the Cambridge Professor had red hair, & Harry Davis's hair might have been so described. I fear that Thompson is an incurable crank. He said that there are 281 people in the History School this year, as compared with about 145 in the Greats School.

[79] [Henson has misnumbered this page as 78]

I know of no country where the love of money has taken stronger hold on the affections of men, and where the profounder contempt is expressed for the theory of the permanent equality of property.

De Tocqueville,\* Dem. In Am: I. 43.

|| American legislators are more apt to give men credit for intelligence than for honesty: & they rely not a little on personal cupidity for the execution of the laws.

Ibid. I. 76.

De Tocquille [sic] visited America in 1831. His keen eye already perceived the beginning of that monstrous development of Mammon-worship, which now shocks the world.

I sent five of the senior servants into Durham that they might see the final performance of the Bede Play. Unfortunately, the weather, after being doubtful all day, became definitely wet at nightfall. The play had to be transferred into the cathedral, where necessarily it was less impressive. However the servants said that they enjoyed themselves, & it was well enough.

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[80]

Thursday, June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

A letter from Christina gives a re-assuring account of Charles.

Carter came to offer his help during the lamentable absence of Charles. I appreciate his kindness, but I doubt whether he can be of use, for it is the well-arranged office of Charles's head-piece that I lack. The Bishop of Jarrow also writes to offer help, but here too, save for taking my place sometimes, the good man can hardly do much.

I Giffordized all the morning, & brought the 9<sup>th</sup> Lecture on "Race" to some kind of an end. But Lord!, it is poor stuff!

I motored to Newcastle after lunch, and called at the Nursing Home at Jesmond where Charles was staying. I saw him for a few minutes, looking rather wild & unusual, which, perhaps, was what was to be expected. Then I went to the station, & met the train which brought Ella and Fearnie from Scotland. And so we returned to the Castle.

The air became sultry as the day wore towards evening, & there was a threatening of more thunder.

[81]

It cannot be denied that democratic institutions have a very strong tendency to **promote the feeling of envy in the human heart**: not so much because they afford to every one the means of rising to the level of any of his fellow-citizens, as because those means perpetually disappoint the persons who employ them. Democratic institutions awaken & foster a passion for equality which they can never entirely satisfy.

De Tocqueville. D. in A. I. 230

The manners of democrat are so intolerably vulgar, and they proclaim their feelings with such utter lack of restraint, that they give a worse impression of themselves than, perhaps, is really consistent with a just comparison. I doubt whether they are really more envious than aristocrats, who are better bred and know how to conceal their sentiments. It is difficult to imagine greater extremes of cynical self-seeking than marked English politics when the politicians were aristocratic.



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[82]

Friday, June 21<sup>st</sup>, 1935.

Nothing is more embarrassing in the ordinary intercourse of life, than this irritable patriotism of the Americans. A stranger may be very well inclined to praise many of the institutions of their country, but he begs permission to blame some of the peculiarities which he observes – a permission which is however inexorably refused. America is therefore a free country, in which, lest anybody should be hurt by your remarks, you are not allowed to speak freely of private individuals or of the State; of the citizens or of the authorities; of public or of private undertakings, or, in short, **of anything at all, except it be of the climate & the soil: and even then Americans will be found ready to defend either the one or the other as if they had been contrived by the inhabitants of the country.**

De Tocqueville. D. in A. i. p.285

My own experiences in America in 1908 & 1912 entirely confirm De Tocqueville's impression in 1831.

[83]

Fearne got up half an hour earlier than usual to volunteer as deputy for Charles. This was handsome! I received back my proposed "Talk" from B.B.C. but I preferred my own abbreviation, & so informed the "Director of Talks". Then I fell again to Giffordizing, and made a start on the 10<sup>th</sup> Lecture, which is to treat of Christian Morality as it affects civic obligation.

Ella's receptions on Friday afternoons made a beginning. The weather, though thunderously warm, was indisputably fine. About 40-50 people came, so there was elbow room.

*Dean Brilioth\* arrived about 6 p.m. I had a good deal of talk with him, and was rather surprised to find that he was far more favourably disposed to Buchmanism than I had expected. He has evidently been much impressed by the success of the Groups in Norway and Denmark. He expects them to visit Sweden, & evidently means to give them a friendly welcome. We discussed the new Form-criticism, which he seemed to regard rather as another exploded critical ^mare's^ nest, than as a serious problem!*

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[84]

**Saturday, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.**

A very hot night was followed by a very hot day, but brilliant and all the world beautiful. I left my guest to himself all the morning, and myself "Giffordized".

In the afternoon, Fearne, Brilioth, and I attended a garden party at Hurworth Hall, which was numerously attended. My total inability to remember names or faces places me at a great disadvantage at these gatherings. After 15 years of episcopate I ought to know more people than I do.

At 6 p.m. M<sup>r</sup> Reuben F. Dunn, the Churchwarden & Choirmaster of Coundon came to see me, and I did my best to discover from him what really is the state of the Church in Coundon. But I learned nothing, for he assured me that everything in that parish was as nearly perfect as our fallen nature permits! The Vicar and (this did astonish me) his wife were beyond praise, and the curate (Hall) was loveable & beloved! Coundon, with a population of less than 7000, sustains 3 Non-conformist chapels, a Roman Catholick Church, a Spiritualist meeting & the Church!

[85]

None the less, the grumbling about the Vicar's idleness has been persistent, and the general impression made on me as I pass frequently to and fro in Coundon is that the population is spiritually neglected. Yet M<sup>r</sup> Dunn assures me that all the 6 "places of worship" are well-attended, and that few people are outside their membership. What am I to believe?

The Bishop of Jarrow [James Gordon\*] & Canon Quick with their wives dined here in order that they might meet Brilioth. Ella kept her room by the doctor's advice as she still had a temperature. After dinner Brilioth with the aid of the Atlas expounded to the Gordons what they should [do?] in Sweden & where they should go during the holiday in that country which they have projected. It is, however, not improbable that Lord Danesfort's\* death may arrest & even defeat their plans. He is now in a nursing home, & reported to be very ill. M<sup>rs</sup> Ferguson, the doctor's wife, came to report on Charles's progress. He had a disturbed day on Friday, but today he is much easier, & seems to be shaping better.

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[86]

1<sup>st</sup> Sunday After Trinity, June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

**When I compare the Greek & Roman Republics with these American States:**  
the manuscript libraries of the former, & their rude population, with the  
innumerable journals & the enlightened people of the latter; when I  
remember all the attempts which are made to judge the modern republics by  
the assistance of those of antiquity, and to infer what will happen in our time  
from what took place 2000 years ago, **I am tempted to burn my books, in  
order to apply none but novel ideas to so novel a condition of society.**

De Tocqueville in 1831 (D. in A. i. 374)

The first people who ever worked popular government, working it by  
machinery more complicated than ours, had no printed page to learn from.  
Athenian voters who sat all through a scorching summer day listening to the  
tragedies of Euripides, & Syracusan voters who gave good treatment to those  
of their captives who c<sup>d</sup> recite passages from those [87] tragedies, whereof  
Syracuse possessed no copies, **were better fitted for civic functions than  
most of the voters in modern democracies.** These Greek voters learnt their  
politics not from the printed, and few even from any written page, but by  
listening to accomplished orators, and by talking to one another. Talking has  
this advantage over reading, that in it the mind is less passive. It is thinking  
that matters, not reading, and by Thinking I mean the power of getting at  
Facts & arguing consecutively from them ..... But in these days of ours  
reading has become a substitute for thinking.

Bryce in 1920. Modern Dem: I. 81

I doubt whether 'talking' is preferable to 'reading' as a method for developing the will and  
the power to think. 'A man full of words shall not prosper on the earth', perhaps, because  
the self-created necessity of always listening to himself, makes him mightily in love with his  
own notions and phrases, and little able to hear any other.

[88]

Another brilliant but very hot day. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m.  
Brilioth and John Martin were among the communicants.

Fearne and Brilioth went to Durham, and attended the morning service in the Cathedral. I  
remained in my study, & prepare[d] a sermon for use in the evening.

Brilioth tried to persuade me that there are many trustworthy signs of a revival in religious  
interest, and, among these, he evidently gives an important place to Buchman's Group  
Movement: but he does not convince me. These theurgic "stunts" indicate, not the revival,  
but the dissolution of Religion.

*I walked with Brilioth in the Park for an hour during the afternoon, but the heat was almost overpowering. **He said inter alia that he inclined to think that deafness was more common in England than on the continent, for he had met so many deaf persons among his English acquaintances, and knew hardly any among others.** Assuming the fact, what can be the explanation?*

[89]

Brilioth went with me to Low Fell, where I preached in S. John's Church, it being the Sunday School Festival. The fineness of the weather may have explained the almost complete absence of young men. There were a few middle-aged & old men in the congregation, which was mainly composed of young women. Young Carol Walters read the lessons, and read them surprisingly well. He begins his academic career in Jesus College, Cambridge, in October. My sermon was concerned largely with the nasty and difficult subject of the moral legitimacy of limiting families by the use of contraceptives. It was listened to very closely, and was no doubt very interesting to the young women, who have probably given much thought to the subject, & whose thought may in some cases have led to some practical testing. The Vicar thanked me for the sermon, & said that it was just what he wished for, but I was not myself quite satisfied. I had hoped that my Swedish guest might have expressed some opinion, but he maintained a sombre silence. We returned to Auckland Castle after the service, & were back by 8.30 p.m.

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[90]

**Monday, June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

The brilliant hot weather continues. Brilioth left the Castle after breakfast. He promised to write to me an account of the development of the Buchmanite Groups in Sweden. I suspect that [*he*] is himself nearly a Groupist!

I Giffordized all the morning. In the afternoon, the Bishop of Jarrow came to see me. I received a cheerful letter from Charles. His poor little wife has now to face an operation on her nose. They certainly have their share of physical trouble.

I motored to Eggescliffe, and instituted the Rev<sup>d</sup> Fenning [name added later in space?] to the Rectory in succession to Dingle. There was a good muster of the local clergy, and a well-filled church. I addressed the congregation from the three-decker pulpit. The service seemed to me both impressive and edifying, but who can tell?

Ella got up in the afternoon, & stayed up until after dinner. I hope she is really better, but she seems unduly feeble.

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[91]

Tuesday, June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I received a cheerful letter from Charles, who is evidently beginning to be conscious of recovery.

I wrote grateful letters to the two ladies, M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon and the Hon. M<sup>rs</sup> Stopford, who (as I am assured by the Bishop of Jarrow) bore the main burden of getting up the Bede Play. Then I Giffordized for the rest of the morning: but of all the incoherent, disconnected verbiage that was dished up in the form of lectures for the bewilderment of academics commend me to my latest output!

I walked round the Park, and fell into discourse with an old miner. He told me that in Bishop Westcott's time, **the Park was full of squirrels and rabbits. Now the first are never seen, the last rarely.** Bryden and William were engaged in sawing up a huge branch which fell yesterday off one of the large beech trees which border the road to the woodman's cottage. There was no storm: the branch seems to have been carried down by its own weight. Bryden said that the mere weight of the leaves might explain it.

[92]

If I were called upon to predict what will probably occur at some future time, I should say, that the abolition of slavery in the South will, in the common course of things, increase the repugnance of the white population for the men of colour.

De Tocqueville in 1831. (D. in A. i. 417)

It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast than my "Talk" on Freedom will present to the immediately preceding talks by Bernard Shaw and Chesterton. I am dull and pedestrian, they are sparkling and paradoxical. It is certain that if they represent what the public expect & enjoy, the public will be fearfully disappointed & bored tonight!

***I motored to Newcastle, and uttered my "Talk" into the receptive "ear" of a broadcasting box in the B.B.C. offices.*** *The night was horribly electric, and "atmospherics" went far to make my words unintelligible. When I got home I was assured that my voice was unrecognizable, my "talk" so much interrupted by "crackling" as to be nearly meaningless, and the pace of my utterance disconcerting!*

There was a good deal of fog.

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[93]

Wednesday, June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

If the absolute power of a majority were to be substituted by democratic nations for all the different powers which checked or retarded overmuch the energy of individual minds, the evil would only have changed its symptoms. Men w<sup>d</sup> not have found the means of independent life: they w<sup>d</sup> simply have invented (no easy task) a new dress for servitude. There is - & I cannot repeat it too often - there is in this matter for profound reflection for those who look on freedom as a holy thing, & who hate not only the despot, but despotism. **For myself, when I feel the hand of power lie heavy on my brow, I care but little to know who oppresses me: and I am not the more disposed to pass beneath the yoke, because it is held out to me by the arms of a million of men.**

v. De Tocqueville. D. in A. ii. 12.

There is something about this Frenchman that attracts me vastly. He seems to express exactly what I myself think and feel: & underneath his careful courtesies I am sure that I detect a loathing for the Americans not inferior to my own.

[94]

The sky was overcast, and the temperature lower, but it remained depressingly sultry. I Giffordized helplessly all the morning, bringing the 10<sup>th</sup> lecture to some sort of a futile inconsequent conclusion. The problem of correlating all the separate instalments of irrelevance into a coherent totality remains!

*We motored into Durham, and had tea in the Deanery. M<sup>rs</sup> Ford was there, and rather oppressively adhesive. There is no concealing the fact that I am fed up with Talbots! However, she meant to be friendly though she was effusive!*

Then we went into the Cathedral & listened to the exquisite violin-playing of Miss Jelly d'Artagn, a Hungarian lady who has been at Oxford, & is the niece of the famous Joachim. I went to her after the performance, & expressed both my admiration for her skill, & my appreciation of her readiness to use it in the interest of good causes [The collection was devoted to Lady Headlam's work for the Unemployed]. I had some talk with Archdeacon Hunter,\* who has been rather indignant with me because of my action in the matter of the Liverpool Unitarians!

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[95]

Thursday, June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I Giffordized helplessly until I was interrupted by Leslie Morrison\* looking very smart & good in his new clerical attire. He seems keen and happy.

I motored to Durham, and lunched at the Castle with the Vice-Chancellor, & the honorary graduands. I sate between M<sup>rs</sup> Faber and Lady Bairstow, the first was the wife of our Castle Engineer, to whom we gave a D.C.L., and the last was the wife of the organist of York Cathedral. I attended the Convocation in the Chapter House, which was densely crowded. Among those who received honorary doctorates was Grey Turner,\* who was loudly cheered. Then followed a service in the Cathedral. I went to my Throne, and took no part in the service beyond pronouncing the Benediction at the end. Rawlinson preached an excellent sermon. I had tea in the Castle, and there prepared notes for the address which I delivered at South Shields, when I instituted Gerald Munro Neil to the Vicarage of S. Stephen's in succession to Lister. There was a considerable congregation, and a good muster of the clergy. Drury, the Vicar of S. Luke's, Pallion, carried the pastoral staff. I returned to Auckland after the service.



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[96]

Friday, June 29<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

[symbol]

*None of the Church papers make the slightest reference to my broadcast "Talk". This at first surprized and even chagrined me, but on reflection I concluded that it was only one more indication of the utter abhorrence in which the notion of Disestablishment is generally held.*

The Editors do but follow the law of their calling when they conform their journals to the general taste. It is humiliating but indisputable that the clergy, in spite of their brave attitude in 1928, are quite ready to "take it lying down" in 1935. The Anglo-Catholics are exulting at the enlarged license of anarchy which the defeat of the Prayer Book Revision has brought about: and they don't really mind the enslavement of the Church so long as it makes it easier for them to Romanize! The Protestants have no notion of any other spiritual society than that formed by the small group of conceited and embittered partisans which organizes "No Popery" agitates, & prosecutes "Ritualists". To a considering English Churchman the situation is truly humiliating, but there is nothing gained by concealing its real character.

[97]

I motored to Durham, and officiated at the wedding in the Cathedral of Miss Fyffe and a professor named Christie. The nave of the Cathedral was filled with friends & the parishioners of Cornforth. After the service I went to Cosin's Library, and presided at a meeting of the Religious Education Board. We decided to postpone the appointment of Deaconess Emmet's successor until next week, in order that the two selected candidates, Deaconess Chapman and Miss Murray, might attend a special meeting of the Board. Also, we voted £1000 towards the new school which Bott aspires to build in S. John's Stockton. After the meeting I returned to Auckland, where a garden party was proceeding.

Olive Pollok Morris\* and her husband arrived in the evening, & [a large gap here]. Guests are inevitably a hindrance to work, and what is more serious when a considerable intellectual effort is proceeding a distraction to thought. It is the incessant interruption which will wreck my Giffords, for it prevents me from being able to make the most of my tenuous resources.

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[98]

**Saturday, June 29<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

[symbol]

A brilliant summer morning. My guests say that the “atmospherics” were so violent when they tried to hear me on the wireless that they could make out hardly anything that I said. *The fates have not been friendly to me, and I must perforce admit that my contribution to the B. B. C. symposium was a complete failure! It brought me some interesting letters e.g.*

*Dear Sir,*

*There was nothing in your speech on the wireless tonight that gave me any indication that you were a Christian, that you were a disciple of the Lord Jesus Christ, that you had accepted the guidance of the scriptures, or that you were led by the spirit of God. I gathered that you occupy a well paid & highly honoured position among men & that you are aged & therefore near to that moment when the honour & pay of men will not avail you.*

*I pray that the Lord will humble you & save you.*

*Yours faithfully*

[99]

Shamelessly bidding my guests to look after themselves, I betook myself to my study, and there occupied myself in writing material for the Bishoprick, and making sermon notes.

At 4 p.m. Carter came over from Durham in order to attend a meeting which I had arranged with Champion and his Churchwarden from S. Paul's Stockton. But, for some reason unknown, they failed to appear.

At 6 p.m. Howe, the Vicar of S. Hilda's, Darlington with 3 of his church officers came to see me about the woeful state of the parochial finances. They desire to get rid of the curate in order to reduce expenses. I fear that the church in that parish counts for little. There is a population of about 12,000 and a parochial church roll of under 400! However, I exhorted them to make an effort to increase their normal income by getting a “temple shekel” from the parochial electors, say 10/- per annum, collected quarterly. They went away promising to attempt to carry out my advice, I on my part undertaking to write a letter to the Vicar which he might show to his church council.

I wrote to Charles.

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[100]

Sunday after Trinity, June 30<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The Americans not only follow their religion from interest, but they often place in this world the interest which makes them follow it. In the middle ages the clergy spoke of nothing but a future state: they hardly cared to prove that a sincere Christian may be a happy man here below. But the American preachers are constantly referring to the earth: & it is only with great difficulty that they can divert their attention from it. To touch their congregations, they always show them how favourable religious opinions are to freedom & public tranquillity: and it is often difficult to ascertain from their discourse whether the principal object of religion is to procure eternal felicity in the other world, or prosperity in this.

De. Tocqueville. D. in A. ii. 152

[101]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Of my four guests the two females were among the communicants, the two males were not. Why do men generally avoid the Sacrament, and women commonly frequent it? Since this difference is certain, how can we avoid the growth in the public mind of the notion that to be religious is to be in some sense also effeminate? Even when this opinion is not openly stated, it is secretly admitted, and it is confirmed by the notorious fact, that a great majority of communicants are women and children. That the acceptance of the indispensable condition of membership in the Catholic Church should be apparently limited to the feminine and the immature creates an almost invincible prejudice in virile minds, against which reasoning is powerless, and emotional appeals are future [futile?]. I do not see how we can escape from this unpleasing situation, nor yet how we can self-respectively acquiesce in it. But it gives the key to our political weakness. For, in spite of female suffrage, politics remains the concern of men.

[102]

Everybody went into Durham to attend service in the Cathedral. I stayed at home, & prepared a sermon for the evening.

*Ella brought back a note from the Bishop of Jarrow telling me that Lord Danesfort had died, that he had gone to London, and that in consequence he could not assist me tomorrow as he had promised.*

The weather was sunless & sultry, with slow but persistent rain. We all kept indoors, and "rested"! This is neither an interesting nor an edifying mode of "keeping holy the Lord's Day". I avoided my guests for two sufficient reasons. First, I find that conversation "fritters away" my voice, so that preaching becomes unpleasing to my hearers, and uncomfortable to myself. Next, because I find my guests uncommonly dull, and one of them has a voice like a hyena, which "gets on my nerves"!

All our guests went with me to S. Peter's which was celebrating its 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary. Portsmouth, the newly-ordained curate carried the staff. I preached from Phlippians ii. 14-16. There was a large congregation, & a hearty service.

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[103]

Monday, July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1935.

### Reunion of the ORDAINED

The morning was clouded, and threatened rain, but it improved as the morning advanced, and by lunch-time was quite fine, and very hot.

Our guests departed after breakfasting apart with Ella and Fearne.

Portsmouth, the newly-ordained deacon at S. Peter's, assisted me at the celebration at 9 a.m. when between 40 and 50 clergy communicated. Richardson, the Vicar of S. George's, Boldon, played the organ.

Then followed breakfast, which was traversed without disaster, and then the clergy disported themselves in the policies until lunch-time.

Rawlinson arrived about 11 a.m., and made himself agreeable to the clergy. I walked about and held converse with some of my guests, but many I did not recognize! They seemed to enjoy themselves.

At 1.30 p.m. we lunched, and everybody had something (I hope enough) to eat, and drank cider. My bounty extended to cigarettes, but not to wine or coffee! Then we returned to playing & loafing in the policies.

[104]

At 4.15 p.m. we had tea, after which Richardson, as senior, expressed their thanks to me in a short speech which was marked by a note of personal affection which rather surprized me. Finally, at 5 p.m. we went to the Chapel for Evensong. McLeod, now Vicar of Fatfield, read the service: Harrison, one of the curates from S. Michael's, South Shields, played the organ: & I gave an address which had been hastily prepared. My theme was "pastoral imagination", & I said some things that greatly needed saying. I emphasized visiting as the indispensable method of conditioning imagination by knowledge. I spoke to them as men who will probably soon become incumbents, & I emphasized the dangers involved in the unique position of the beneficial clergyman in England. "We are nearing the end of Establishment, & we hardly yet perceive what the next phase of our Church life will be. Thus, to an unprecedented degree, we are without the discipline and direction of settled system." I think the men were impressed, and we parted very amicably.

[105]

I am no believer in the prosperity, any more than in the durability, of official philosophies: and as to state religions, I have always held, that if they be sometimes of momentary service to the interests of political power, they always, sooner or later, become fatal to the church.

De Tocqueville. D. in A. ii. 175

Headlam\* returns to the charge on the subject of having Bede's Works edited, but I do not feel disposed to be hustled and bullied into fresh undertakings, when I cannot easily carry my present burden. He encloses for my reading the letter addressed to him by D<sup>r</sup> Laistner in consequence of his letter to the Times. The writer refers to the forthcoming volume of essays edited by Hamilton Thompson, and states that he has contributed to it the essay on Bede's Library. If Headlam is so extremely determined to get Bede's Works edited, why doesn't he undertake himself the squalid task of raising the necessary funds? In any case I am not going to take any more money-raising burdens.

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[106]

Tuesday, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.

I devoted the morning to preparing a sermon for use in S. Ignatius, Sunderland, later. Shortly after noon Martin Kiddle arrived from Leeds. He wanted my advice as to accepting a position which had been offered to him by the Bishop of Ripon. It was rather nebulous in its functions, & rather niggardly in its income. On the whole, I thought it not likely to suit Martin's tastes, nor to be particularly favourable to his interest. Accordingly, I gave him advice which was mainly unfavourable. It is evident that he is restless & discontented at the Clergy House, Leeds. The situation in that parish does appear to be very unsatisfactory. There is no genuine pastoral ministry, but the gathering together from all parts of Leeds of a congregation by the baits of "topical" preaching and elaborate music. It is an accentuated example of that profoundly unwholesome type of religion which has its normal centre in a "down town church". The present Vicar of Leeds appears to lend himself with perilous facility to this state of affairs.

[107]

I caused Martin to read through the Gifford Lecture which deals with "Form criticism". As he is a disciple of Lightfoot, it seemed to me advisable to see whether he would resent my criticisms of that critic. I was relieved to find that he was nowise offended! We walked in the Park, had tea, and parted. **He took away with him Dom Butler's 2 volumes on the Vatican Council, and Bury's book on the same.** He is sending in some kind of a thesis for the Oxford B.D. on the Vatican Council, and, to my surprize, had not read these books.

I motored to Sunderland, and there dedicated an English Altar (whatever that may mean!) in the Lady Chapel ^to the memory of Deaconess Mary Cowens in S. Ignatius's Church, of which the 46<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the Consecration was being celebrated. I was annoyed to find myself "let in" for dedicating the Crucifix, instead of a Cross. It seemed to me the lesser of two evils to proceed with the service when I discovered the fact rather than by refusing to dedicate the ornament to cause scandal: but I was not a little surprized that Philip Strong\* should treat me in that disingenuous fashion. But where Anglo-Catholicism comes in: candour goes out.

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[108]

Wednesday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

I made a feeble start with the 11<sup>th</sup> Gifford Lecture which is concerned with Economics, & then, shortly after noon, I left the Castle in order to motor to Riccall, where Lord Danesfort's funeral was announced to take place at 3 p.m. I arrived in good time, & was given a prominent seat. The village church was filled with a congregation which seemed really grieved at Lord Danesfort's death. I have no doubt that he was much liked. Sir John Marriott,\* who succeeded him in the representation of York, writes a little notice of him in the Times in which he says that his constituents "adored" him. Roger Lumley\* was in the congregation. I had a few words with him afterwards. The prayers at the graveside were read by the Bishop of Jarrow. Leng and I had tea in York, & then returned to Auckland, arriving shortly after 6 p.m. We took exactly 1 hour & 45 minute to traverse 62 miles, which considering the new 30-mile-in-built-areas rule, is not bad going. After some vacillation, I decided to go to the Convocation at Newcastle tomorrow.

[109]

The "Listener" includes a report of my "Talk". It appears to be complete, but reads rather disappointingly. The Bishop of Winchester sends me some "Notes by the Bishop of Winchester on Christianity in the Modern State". He gives lists of Books on the subjects to be discussed at the Church Congress. I note rather to my surprize that my Charge on Disestablishment is not included in the list for "Church & State in England". Is it mere foolish vanity or a more creditable sentiment that makes me resent the omission of this book? At least it confirms me in my suspicion that the intention is to "kiss the rod" i.e. work up some enthusiasm for Establishment in spite of all that has happened.

Ella and I dined at Lumley Castle. There were only M<sup>rs</sup> Roger Lumley, Lord Scarbrough,\* Captain & M<sup>rs</sup> Austin. We had much pleasant conversation. Lord S. said that he had "listened in" to my talk, and heard without difficulty. Martin Kiddle also heard me, as he says, perfectly. It would appear that the "atmospherics" were by no means uniformly distributed. Something depended on the quality of the wireless machine.



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[110]

Thursday, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I continued work on the 11<sup>th</sup> Gifford, but in truth I am like a squirrel in a revolving case. The particular matter dealt with is Industrialism. How far is Christian morality committed to it? Ella and Fearne persisted in accompanying me to Newcastle, but they did not attend the degree giving function for they had no tickets: but they might just as well have done so for seats were reserved for them. However they went to the Royal Show covenanting to meet me afterwards at the entrance. Through some bungling, for which the responsibility lay between them & Leng, I had to wait for a full half-hour in the street while they waited nearly as long inside the gates! The Duke of Kent's function went off quite successfully, though he looked bored! Sir William Morris in presenting him made some pretty play on his name "George" which in Greek means Farmer, and referred to Agricola. But I am doubtful whether H.R.H. saw the point! The Duke of Northumberland with his mother & sisters were there. They had been entertaining the Duke at Alnwick.

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[111]

Friday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

I Giffordized all the morning, but with little satisfaction. After lunch I motored to Durham, and preside at the Board of Religious Teaching. The two candidates for the post vacated by Deaconess Emmet were present, and, after some discussion we elected the younger of the two, Deaconess Chapman. The voting was close. 11 votes for the Deaconess, 10 for Miss Murray. I explained to the latter, that only our inability to have two candidates for a single post prevented me from appointing her also! But she was the elder of the two, and rejection at 48 is a grave matter in these days. Then I returned to Auckland, and assisted Ella in entertaining her guests. Among them was the Churchwarden from Walsingham, who gave me a melancholy account of the state of affairs in Stanhope, where Shebbeare\* is really quite helpless. He is said to be ailing, so it is possible that relief may come through his retirement from a position for which he is wholly unsuited. Sir John Priestman, \* Colonel Burden, the Dean, and Miss Brown were in the company which, teste Alexander, numbered 108.

[112]

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I received the following curious letter.

Dear Sir

I sincerely hope you will excuse me for taking the liberty of writing to you but I was wondering if you could put me in touch with a quiet steady young (man) to correspond with and later on view to marriage. My reason for this strange request is that I am rather small in stature, and slightly deformed, but otherwise quite strong & healthy, and ordinary looking, and I am 28 years of age, & have earned my own living since I was 18 yrs. & have no real home except with a step-sister, also I am a bit shy of mixing with company. I am well able to wash, bake and well up in all domestic duties and fond of children, & would love to settle down in a small home of my own & make some young man as unfortunate as myself happy. I am a native of West Hartlepool, & trusting you will [113] oblige me with a reply for which I enclose a stamped envelope.

I am, yours truly,  
E.R.

Please do not disclose my name.

There is something pathetic about this letter in spite of its absurdity. The poor creature must be lonely indeed before she could be reduced to write thus. But why write to the Bishop of Durham? Possibly, she may have confused me with the late Dean, Bishop Welldon,\* who was capable of anything. Or, possibly, she may have read a newspaper report of my sermon on Children, which I preached on June 23<sup>rd</sup>.

Patrick Wild\* dined here. He is leaving the North, and going to S. John's. Westminster, where he will have Canon [Frank] Barry\* for his Vicar. I could wish that he had the guidance of a wiser man.

Wallis came to the Garden Party, and asked my advice about accepting the offer of appointment to a canonry of Gloucester, which he had received from the Lord Chancellor. I told him to make sure that the house was satisfactory, and the climate such as he could stand.

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[114]

**Saturday, July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

In spite of the fact that nothing has been prepared for speeches tomorrow, I returned to Giffordizing, and so spent the morning, but to small effect, for my wits have quite perished! Moreover I am not really quite sure what it is precisely that I want to say! A cataract of disconnected platitudes eked out with indiscretions does not strike me as the ideal type of lecture to an academic audience.

I motored to Durham, and attended the service of the Sunday School Association in the Cathedral. The Bishop of Southwell (Mosley) preached the sermon, of which I could not make out so much as a single complete sentence. It was explained to me that the acoustic machine was not working. After having tea with the Bishop of Jarrow, he & I walked to the Town Hall, where I presided out the S.S. Teachers' meeting, distributed the certificates, and gave an address. Then I returned to Auckland.

The Bishop of Jarrow told me that his step-father, Lord Danesfort, had left no less than £130,000, mostly to charities.

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[“If religion loses its hold on social life, it eventually loses its hold on life altogether. And this what has happened in the case of Modern Europe. The more secularized civilization is not content to dominate the outer world and to leave man’s inner life to religions, it claims the whole man. Once more Christianity is faced, as it was at the beginning, with the challenge of a model which will accept no appeal from its judgment, & which recognizes no ~~appeal from its judgment~~ ^higher power than its own^ will. Indeed it would almost seem as though the prospect today was even darker than it was at the beginning. Then, at least, Christianity was a new thing in the world, & its possibilities were still untried, but now that Christianity has been in the world for nineteen centuries the modern world regards it as a thing of the past – as a system that has been tried & found wanting, and that no longer as anything to offer to modern man.[”]

v. Christopher Dawson.\* “Religion & the Modern State”. p XX

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[116]

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m.; we numbered 8 communicants including M<sup>rs</sup> Lowe. After service Alexander expounded to me the order of the Toc H service which is to be held in the chapel at 10.30 a.m. I am impressed by his evident concern, and the elaborate pains that has [sic] been bestowed upon the arrangements. Why is it that the devotion which is due to the Church is poured out so freely on these odd little self-created societies which have grown up apart from the Church, while the Church itself is regarded with very tepid sentiments? I display a friendliness towards Toc H which, perhaps, is more politic than heart-felt.

“Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness” was the reason our Saviour gave for this self-surrender to a religious rite, which in His case could have no meaning. I shrink from giving these youths the impression that I, who must in their view be the most authoritative spokesman of Christianity they know, have no sympathy with their desire to unite in a fellowship of friendship and service.

[117]

Moreover, their ceremonialism, which strikes me as merely silly, can hardly with decency be ridiculed by one who holds high office in the Church which has given to symbolism and sacrament their most exalted significance. The unfamiliar is not necessarily as silly as it looks. It may mean more to those who value it than the accustomed immemorial ceremonies which have long ceased to carry any message to mind or conscience.

The service was attended by between 50 & 100 members, of whom, perhaps, half may have been under 25. It was reverent, and, at the same time, hearty. The form of service was, as is even more patently the case with the Freemasons, expressed in swollen almost bombastic language, which (apart from its form which have been unsuitable everywhere) would have been fitting on the Holy Catholick Church itself. I spoke to them from S. John xv. 14 “Ye are my friends, if ye do the things which I command you”. They were attentive, and I hope they were interested and edified. One of the company took a photograph on the lawn after the service, and then they all went off to lunch in the town before dispersing.

[118]

At 3 p.m. there was a Confirmation in the Chapel. No fewer than 115 were confirmed, and my suspicion that this service, which is designed for really exceptional cases, is in danger of being abused (i.e. used as if were an optional alternative to the ordinary confirmation in the parish church) was confirmed. Shaddick came, & acted as my chaplain. He reported that Dick arrived in his parish last Friday, & was fitting in happily. I had some speech with him about the very

unpleasant business reported to me yesterday by the Bishop of Jarrow. Hector Bamlet, having by his absurd "Anglo-Catholicism" alienated his people, has now got into an angry conflict with the local Borough authorities by reason of his refusal to pay the rent of the School in which his Sunday School meets. There may be a scandal over this: but I must send for him, & find out how the matter really stands. After the Confirmation, I admitted a lay reader named Thompson. He belongs to the parish of Staunton, & was presented by the Vicar. Old Canon Patterson attended, and afterwards discussed with me the new Regulations.

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[119]

Monday July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Envy not, little band,  
Your brothers under the Hohenzollern hoof  
Put to the splendid proof.  
Your hour is near!  
The spectre haunted time of idle Night,  
Your only fear,  
Thank God, is done,  
And Day and War. Man's work-house & delight  
Began,

(v. Christopher Dawson. "Religion & the Modern State" p.114. He quotes it as by "one of our own poets" & says that it is "curiously applicable to the present situation".)

I wrote to Johnson, the curate of Marly Hill offering him the nomination to the conventional district of Hutton Henry, in succession to the woeful Bailey.

I worked at Gifford xi but with little success. Perhaps my exertions yesterday had exhausted my wits, but mainly, I suspect, the proposition I am supposed to advance and justify is neither quite true nor apparently relevant!

[120]

I motored to South Shields, and admitted the Rev. Shellabeare Cooke to the curacy of S. Oswin's in succession to the Rev. Arthur Bowcock deceased. Shaddick, as Rural Dean, read the lesson. Garland read the prayers. Leslie Morrison carried my pastoral staff. Dick, who is spending a few days with Shaddick, was in the congregation. The church is only a fragment, the chancel and half the nave remains to be built. There was but a small congregation, and of this no small part were not parishioners. Bowcock had held the benefice for 34 years, and had been a failure. In his later years indifferent health had given a kind of excuse for habitual indolence. There is nothing to build on, & nothing to pull down. But there is said to be a population of more than 6000, and, if the new Vicar be a man of character and courage, something ought to be made of the place. We returned to Auckland after the service.

Miss Jane Bovey, one of Ella's Canadian friends, arrived from Scotland during the afternoon on a short visit.

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[121]

**Tuesday July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

I worked on the Giffords, and brought the 11<sup>th</sup> Lecture to some kind of a conclusion. There now remains but the concluding lecture, which cannot but be the most important of all: and I have but the vaguest notion of the form which it must take.

Ella and I left the castle, and motored to Howick by way of Newcastle and Morpeth, arriving at Howick about 6 p.m. In Newcastle we stopped in order that I might buy a hat which cost me 21/-. In Morpeth we had tea.

The company included beside our host & hostess the Archbishop of York, M<sup>rs</sup> Temple, the Dean of Durham & a daughter, the bishop of Newcastle, the Bishop of Argyle & the Isles, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Kuyvett[-?], and a parson & wife whose names I have forgotten.

Before dinner we strolled in the Gardens, and talked. Altogether it was a pleasant enough party. *In talking with Earl Grey [Charles Robert Grey\*], I was much surprized by the apparent dislike of the Church Assembly which he expressed, & the sympathetic hearing which he gave to my jibes against it! Lady Grey is a very charming person, with a fund of humour.*



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[122]

Wednesday, July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

We left the Castle about 9.30 a.m., and motored to Lindisfarne, crossing the strait in a char-à-banc, at what was said to be high tide, an abnormally low one. We robed at the Vicarage. Canon Osborne acted as my chaplain. *The service consisted of the Holy Communion, celebrated by the Bishop of Newcastle, at an improvised altar. Three old men communicated. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of York. He was well heard, and his discourse was admirably suited to the occasion. There was a considerable congregation, but not as large as I had expected.* The singing and responding showed that most of the people were communicants by habit. On the whole the service was devout and impressive. Save that the wind was rather troublesome to the Celebrant, the weather was favourable. After the service in the ruins, we proceeded to the Castle, and were entertained at luncheon by the owner, a benevolent Jew & his sister. The view from the battlements over the sea and island was truly magnificent. Grey seals frequent and breed on this coast.

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We returned to the ruins after lunch, & heard Sir Charles Peers\* lecture on the monastery. The Archbishop slept steadily, I slept intermittently. The wind made hearing a matter of some difficulty and cooperated effectually with my sleepiness in preventing me from gathering much advantage from Peers's knowledge and eloquence. Then we returned to Howick, making a detour in order to give the Archbishop a view of Bamburgh Castle. *There is no end to the moral paradoxes in the sphere of Religion. Earl Grey told me that Lord Sankey\* when he left the house in Dean's Yard which he had rented from the Church House, stripped from the walls and took away the oak panelling in the said house, thus deliberately (for he is a great lawyer) robbing his landlord! Yet Lord Sankey is thought to be a very religious man, and is known to be a strong "Anglo-Catholick". What can be said of this kind of conduct? It is quite evident that there is no necessary or invariable connexion between the keenest theological and ecclesiastical interest and the common honesty which makes ordinary life possible in society. The enigma is humiliating and painful.*

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[124]

Thursday July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

We left Howick after breakfast, taking away the recollection of a very agreeable, though very brief, visit. We motored to Auckland, stopping in Newcastle for me to visit the hair-dresser, and for Ella to visit "the shops".

Among my letters I was perturbed and chagrined to find an impudent communication from Bamlett excusing himself from coming here at 3 p.m. on the ground of "a private engagement of very long standing"! I sent him a sharp message requiring him to come here tomorrow at 3.30p.m. Also, I received from the Bishop of Jarrow a note stating that Bamlett had again failed to fulfil his promise to the Borough Treasurer. There is something sinister behind his behaviour.

I wrote letters during the afternoon, and after tea Fearne arrived & helped to finish the lot. A long letter of complaint comes from a parishioner of Coxhoe, where a sly & quarrelsome Welshman threads the tortuous & difficult boundary line between duplicity and fraud! There is never any cessation of the grievances in that parish, & yet the dubious Celt has always a plausible tale to tell!

[125]

I motored to Barnard Castle, and instituted the Rev. Bertie Selwyn Smith to the Vicarage in succession to the Rev Henry Bircham. There was a great congregation, and an unwholesom[sic] air of expectancy as if everybody expected me to "get my own back" by speaking of the late Vicar: but I never referred to him at all, but kept to the impersonalities of godly homiletics. The physical ~~almost~~ atmosphere became terrible as the service advanced, but the moral & spiritual climate became wholesomer, and I allow myself to think that the people were edified. The new Vicar impresses me as a godly man, honestly intending to do his duty, but he is elderly & something more than "hard of hearing", while his wife wields an ear-trumpet! There was a fair muster of the local incumbents headed by the Rural Dean. Rawlinson inducted the Vicar as Archdeacon. I took his coat by mistake. He appeared later clamouring for his property, & had dinner.

Leng complains bitterly of the discomfort in which he was placed at Howick, where indeed the arrangements for the servants seemed to be "primitive"!

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[126]

Friday, July 12<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I started on the last Gifford but soon gave over, having no clear view of what I want to say. The subject is the Finality of Christian Morality, and this really comes to mean the Fact and the Method of the Founder's Influence.

Sir Arthur Dawson came to lunch, and afterwards discussed the Report on Lay Work. He is probably too drastic in his proposals for the very poor intellectual stuff which as to be dealt with. Inefficiency is the inherent & persistent vice of all voluntary work.

*Hector Bamlett came at 3.30 p.m. in obedience to my order, and I gave him the worst quarter of an hour he has ever had in his life. His colossal conceit gave place to consternation as he realised that he had gone far to spoil his career as a clergyman. Was I too severe? I do think that the only chance for him is to be made to know that he cannot continue in his present course. He undertook to send the Borough Surveyor a cheque for the amount due from him, and to inform me that he had done so. I gave him two days in which to keep his promise.*

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Then I exerted myself to show civility to Ella's guests. 163 persons had tea according to Alexander. Among them was William Portsmouth, whom I ordained last Trinity. I chartered him to go with me to Esh, and act as my staff-bearer. He was more than willing. We motored to Esh where I instituted the new Vicar. The little church was crowded, and I hope the service was edifying. I had some interesting talk with Portsmouth. He spoke with much simplicity about his own religious life, impressing me greatly with his evident piety. He comes from Gateshead, where he came under the influence of Canon [Henry] Stephenson.\* He said that neither his Confirmation nor his first communion had meant much to him spiritually. Everything for him seemed to turn on what he called his 'private prayer life'. Certainly this kind of religion seems to me much sounder, and likely to be much morally stronger, than the glib "Anglo-Catholicism" which Talks[sic] freely of the Mass & Confession. I gave him a copy of my Charge on "Groups", rather as a prophylactic than as a remedy!

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[128]

Saturday, July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The Northern Echo sends me a set of photographs taken on the occasion of the Lindisfarne Pilgrimage.

Champerty = the illegal proceeding, whereby a party not naturally concerned in a suit engages to help the plaintiff or defendant to prosecute it, on condition that, if it be brought to a successful issue, he is to receive a share of the property in dispute. The word is derived from 'champart' i.e. a certain portion of the produce received by the feudal lord from land held in lease from him. The newspapers give prominence to an action in the courts in which a firm of genealogy hunters was convicted of champerty for inducing a lady to sign a contract undertaking to give them one third of an estate, of which they had discovered her to be the heiress.

I worked for 2 hours on the XII<sup>th</sup> lecture, and then tried to prepare notes for a speech on Nursing, but since I know nothing about the subject except how not to do it (!), I made little progress. The heat became extremely oppressive in the afternoon, and the meeting of the County Nursing Association [129] in the Town Hall was crowded and asphyxiating. I made a foolish speech, which had very slight connexion with nursing but served me with an opportunity to say some things which seemed to me worth saying. Then everyone had tea in the policies. This was arranged by the Committee with a local contractor. I hope that they were filled, and he was satisfied. The inevitable photographer was, of course, much in evidence. Everybody seemed to be in good humour. It is curious how strong a fascination private houses have for the multitude. There is a suggestion of privilege attaching to them, which subtly flatters the snobbish self-assertiveness of the vulgar.

Champion the Vicar of S. Paul's, with his churchwarden, Robinson, came as a deputation to see me about the possibility of finding a new guarantor of the Bank loan (£2,100) which is owing on their parish. At my request, Carter attended, after some discussion, the three of them agreed to make a proposal to the bank manager, which ought to satisfy him.

Charles writes to say that he intends to return to his duty on Monday, but he will certainly be fit for nothing if he does.

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[130]

4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The great heat continues unabated: the lawns are beginning to look brown.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but 7 comm<sup>ts</sup>, including William. I am sorry Alexander thinks that he will never make good in private service, for he is a good lad, and, I think, really does his best. How I do hate parting with servants, who have become my friends, & been bound to one by many sacred links! Happily, perhaps, servants themselves do not appear to mind changing employers!

I spent most of the morning in preparing notes for the sermon which I have promised to preach to the Girls Friendly Society in the Cathedral next Wednesday, when they celebrate what they call their "Diamond Jubilee". It is this endless succession of "side-shows" that "holds up" my poor Giffords, and will finally spoil them.

About noon remain [sic] began to fall, and continued not violently but persistently most of the afternoon.

[131]

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When Phillips Brooks came to Boston in 1869 he found that the New England Transcendentalists had left their influence on the public mind. This brilliant group of scholars and thinkers were asking the question, What is truth, and what are the canons for determining its authority? The answer uniformly given was that the authority was within the soul, and faith was the direct vision of the truth. This was positive teaching, but it was accompanied by large negations. No special unique authority was accorded to the books of Scripture or to the person of Christ. Christ was spoken of with respect and even reverence as a great teacher, but it was one of the conventionalities of transcendental speech to associate Him with others, more particularly with Socrates or Plato. It became a sort of commonplace among them to speak of "Socrates and Jesus and Mohammed ". It is said of one of those eminent among this brilliant school of thinkers & talkers that on a certain occasion, speaking before [132] [symbol] a small audience, **he ventured to place himself in the same category, - "Socrates, Jesus and myself". He even declared that he was willing to make the words of Jesus His own, & to proclaim, "I am the resurrection and the life". When one of his audience demurred, querying whether he would be believed if he made such a proclamation, his reply was that such a demurrer would only come from an unregenerate Calvinist.**

v. Life of Phillips Brooks. vol. I. p. 214

We may place alongside this fine exhibition of "high-browed" conceit, the incident related in the life of Talleyrand, who, when La Revellière read a long paper explaining his new system of worship, Theophilanthropy, & was congratulated by the other ministers, remarked "For

my part I have only one observation to make. Jesus Christ, in order to found his religion, was crucified & rose again – you should have tried to do as much.” (v. Duff Cooper’s Talleyrand. p. 95.)

[133]

I wrote to my Godson, Gilbert Simpson, and to my brother Arthur.

After the fashion of Archbishop Laud, who was careful to record all untoward happenings and ill omens, from the bleeding of his nose upwards, I here note that, for some unknown reason, no one being in the room at the time, the mirror in my dressing room fell on to the floor, & was shattered to atoms! Now what does this portend?

Two books of the last century appear to be germane to my lecture on the guarantee of finality in Christian Morality provided by the fact that in the Founder of Christianity mankind possesses the acknowledged embodiment of personal morality. These are Seeley’s Ecce Homo, and Phillips Brooks’s “The Influence of Jesus”. Happily I was able to place my hand on both of them.

“After reading a good many books on Christ, he (i.e. Seeley) felt still constrained to confess that there was no historical character whose motives, objects, & feelings remained so incomprehensible to him.”

That is an interesting & suggestive avowal.

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[134]

Monday, July 15<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Lord Mansfield's judgement in the Somerset case **set free 14,000 slaves in England by declaring that such a high act of dominion as holding a man to be sold abroad, before it could be exercised, must be recognized by the law of the country in which it is used**, for slavery is so odious that nothing can be suffered to support it but positive law. The judgement, therefore, did not affect the legality of slavery originating in Africa according to the positive customs there in force. Consequently the slave-trade was unaffected by it. Nor did it touch slavery in the colonies where it had been legalized by positive laws, nor carry with it the inference that a slave once free in England was free everywhere. He could be free in England, & at the same time a runaway slave in the West Indies & in America.

v. Wyndham. The Atlantic & Slavery. p. 239

[135]

The second volume of Fisher's History of Europe arrived this morning, and the third is stated to be "ready shortly". He must be a rapid worker. And his work is amazingly good. George Trevelyan must look to his laurels.

I occupied the morning with Giffordizing. In the afternoon, Philip Strong brought 26 men to see the Castle, and have tea. I acted as showman myself. They were woefully poor to look at, & smelt horribly: but they behaved well, & seemed pleased. These men were the members of S<sup>t</sup> Polycarp's Fellowship, and may be supposed to represent the section of the parishioners which is in touch with the parish church. I suspect that they represent the weaker, rather than the stronger types of the Unemployed.

Dick arrived about 6 p.m. He has been staying with the Shaddicks in South Shields for a week, and has evidently enjoyed himself. Leslie Morrison and Tom Elliott, the two curates, appear to be happy and active. The three young men have created an atmosphere of eagerness and hilarity, which is very stimulating. It is probably all to the good that he should see the Work in an attractive aspect.

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[136]

Tuesday, July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Hector Bamlett writes to say that the cheque has at last been sent to the Borough Treasurer. If he speaks the truth in the matter, that issue is closed: but what is to be done with that very foolish clergyman? His grotesque Anglo-Catholicism would disqualify him for appointment in most parishes, and his pig-headed conceit makes him unsuitable for all. But he has been 12 years in Orders, and is married.

The two Archdeacons arrived about 11 a.m., and were in conference with me until 1 p.m. Then we lunched, after which Rawlinson returned to Durham, and the Bishop of Jarrow walked round the Park with me.

Gerald Rainbow\* came to tea. He is now an undergraduate at S. Edmund Hall, Oxford. He has grown to be a lanky, monosyllabic youth, with no apparent ability, but possibly some latent powers which may yet surprize us.

Sir John and Lady Perceval came ~~year~~ for a short visit. They have been motoring in Scotland, and are now returning to their home in Gloucestershire.

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Christianity is no theory of the study or the cloister. It has long since passed beyond the letter of documents and the reasonings of individual minds, and has become public property. Its "sound has gone out into all lands," and its "words unto the ends of the world." It has from the first had an objective existence, and has thrown itself upon the great concourse of men. Its home is in the world; and to know what it is, we must seek it in the world, and hear the world's witness of it.

Newman. Introduction to Essay on Development p. 3.

What is this but to say that Christianity has disclosed its character in the Morality which it has inspired; and that it must finally abide by the general verdict on Christian conduct. I may apply Newman's argument to the case of Morality, to which, indeed, it is applicable no less obviously than to doctrine. The conditions of sound ethical development are found in advance of Christian history in the Life & Teaching of Christ.



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[138]

Wednesday, July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

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My civil acknowledgment of Christopher Dawson's book was civilly acknowledged thus.

Hartlington Hall,  
Skipton.  
July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Dear D<sup>r</sup> Henson,

I must thank you very sincerely for your kind letter about my book. It is very rarely that one gets such a measure of approval even from members of one's own communion; & it is all the more encouraging coming as it does from an independent source. I cannot help thinking that the grounds of essential agreement between Christians must be greater than are often supposed, when I find myself so much at one with you on the very questions that tend most to divide the world at the present moment.

Yours gratefully,  
Christopher Dawson.

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I wrote to Canon Cosgrave\* offering him the nomination to Trimdon: also to Webster, the curate of Blaydon, offering him S. Stephen's, Ayres Quay, Sunderland.

Also I wrote to Hector Bamlett a letter of good advice couched in the language of severity.

Dick and I walked round the Park after lunch.

Portsmouth went with me into Durham for the "Diamond Jubilee" service of the G.F.S. in the Cathedral, and acted as my staff-bearer. The nave of the Cathedral appeared to be filled with girls, and many were in the choir. The banner bearers in white dresses and blue veils made a brave show. The Dean & Rawlinson attended the service, but there was no choir, & the singing was disappointing. My sermon was a very poor thing, but I am homiletically (not to say also mentally and morally) played out.

This being Rawlinson's 51<sup>st</sup> birthday, I gave him as a present a rather nice copy of the 'Harmonia Confessionum' A.D. 1581, which I had on my shelves. My concern with such books is rapidly petering out.

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[140]

Thursday, July 18<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Sir John and Lady Percival left the Castle after breakfast.

I wasted the morning in preparing a short address for Durham School. (oh! These side-shows!)

In the afternoon we all motored to Durham and attended the Prize Giving at the School. The Dean presided, and, in his opening speech, made the announcement of the Dean & Chapter's plan to reduce the fees for clergymen's sons. The total charge for a boy in Durham School, whose father was a clergyman, would be no more than £85 per annum. But even that sum will be quite beyond the means of most incumbents, who have no private means. The Bishop of Southwark (D<sup>r</sup> Parsons\*) an Old Dunelmian gave away the prizes, and made the usual kind of old boy's speech. Then we went to the Chapel where I gave a very short address: & then came the 'Old Dunelmian' Dinner, at which I presided, and proposed the Toast, 'Floret Schola', to which the Headmaster replied very happily. Cecil Ferens\* proposed my health with much ardour, & I replied shortly, and so we came away. Lillingston made an ass of himself in proposing "Old Dunelmians".

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[141]

**Friday, July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

I worked on the 12<sup>th</sup> Gifford: but vainly. Ella's Garden Party was well attended, but ruined by the rain. As luck would have it, there were more lawn tennis players than usual, and, of course, they were disappointed.

Captain Greig came to see me. He has been advised by the Principal of the Theological College, into which he seeks admission, that he knows too little to be able to benefit from the training, & that his literary power is quite inadequate! He had better get coached for six months, and try again. But how is he to maintain himself during this time? He has not yet severed his connection with the Church Army, and is actually being employed in a London parish. I could do no more than promise to consider the problem, & write to him in due course. But truly I don't see my way. On the one hand, he impresses me as a genuine & able man, who believes sincerely that he has a vocation to the ministry. He has shown evidence of rather exceptional gifts. On the other hand, I shrink from creating a precedent for the Ordination of men who are confessedly unable to satisfy the examiners.

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[142]

Saturday, July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The French do not take their financial crisis as calmly as the English took theirs, four years ago. Rioting in Paris yesterday appears to have reached serious proportions.

**I sent £5 to the D<sup>r</sup> Mess Presentation Fund.**

The July issue of the Church Quarterly arrived, and to my surprize and chagrin Charles's article does not appear in it, though the Editor accepted it & promised to publish it in this issue.

My morning's work was disturbed by the incoming of an aggrieved parson – Roycroft – whom the Bishop of Newcastle will not admit into his diocese "in deference to the Bp. of D."! The man pleaded that his flight from Canada was determined by the financial crisis in the Canadian Church, and not, at least not mainly, by his personal wishes. I said that I would tell the Bp. of N. that I had no objection to his admitting him, if he wished to do so. The practice of explaining his decisions as due to deference to my wishes may indicate my good neighbour's amiable consideration for my wishes but is obviously capable of unpleasant extension!

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The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,  
Lets in new light through chinks that Time hath made:  
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become  
As they draw near to their Eternal home.  
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view  
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

Edmund Waller on 'Old Age'

We all motored to Durham, taking with us as my staff-bearer, Portsmouth, I went first to Cosin's Library, & signed the testament & Licences. Then I walked to the cathedral at the head of the procession of lay-readers. After Evensong, I gave Commissions to a number of lay readers, and preached. Then we processed back to Cosin's Library, and I gave them their certificates. I found time to visit the Deanery where M<sup>rs</sup> Alington had a garden party. After tea with the lay-readers in the Lecture Hall, I presided over a conference, at which Sir Arthur Dawson introduced the subject of the Lay-Readers' qualifications. There was an interesting discussion, & then I wound up. We all returned to Auckland.

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[144]

5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1935.

The publishers sent me last week the latest book of M<sup>r</sup> Oliver Baldwin,\* the Prime Minister's Socialist son. It is called 'The Coming of Aïssa, being the Life of Aïssa Ben Yussuf of El Naseerta, otherwise known as Jesus of Nazareth.' It is a kind of paraphrase of the Gospels, all the familiar names being twisted into odd looking quasi-Oriental variants which annoy and puzzle the reader. I ran through it in bed last night and wondered that any man could have the folly to write or the patience to read it. Yet there is a market for this sort of trash, for the Sunday School public finds it "wonderful"! And no doubt the selling value of a Prime Minister's son is worth much. But truly the book is odious, vulgarizing what is exquisite, and profaning what is sacred. Such productions make one despair.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 10 communicants including Dick, M<sup>rs</sup> Corsteiner [?], William the second gardener, and William Cowl. The last has been here on his holiday, and returns to work in Babylon tomorrow.

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I gave the copy of Sir Thomas More's English Works, which I bought from Robinson of Newcastle for £60:0:0 to the Chapter Library in Durham. From the dean I received the following acknowledgement:-

My dear Bishop,

I am desired by the Chapter to offer you our most hearty thanks for your most generous gift to the Library.

We regard it as Magnum non parvæ pinus amicitiaë, and are proportionately grateful.

Yours affectionately,  
Cyril A. Alington.

Dick left the Castle after breakfast to travel viâ London to Oxford for his Viva on Monday. Then he goes to Cambridge to begin his residence at Westcott House. He has some surprizes and many doubts in front of him, now that he embarks on his direct preparation for Holy Orders.

I wrote to Jack Carr: also to Robert Craggs: also to Spencer Wade offering him nomination to S. Paul's, West Hartlepool, in succession to the Groupist, Thompson.

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Also, I wrote to Lazenby asking him to arrange a time for the deposition of the woeful Bailey, and to provide me with the requisite formula.

Then I wrote to M<sup>rs</sup> Peile and to Haswell Peile letters of condolence on the sudden death of D<sup>r</sup> Peile, her husband and his son.

He was here on Friday, apparently in normal health, & died quite suddenly yesterday. His death is regrettable on many grounds, for not only was he a resident coal-owner and very public spirited, but also he was a good churchman and very loyal to me. He was most useful member of the Durham Castle Preservation Fund. He was 73 years old, about one year my senior.

Also I wrote to Brooke Westcott,\* from whom, after long silence, I received a letter last week. His parish, Corby, has been more than doubled in population by the introduction of industrial works: but most of the new-comers appear to be Presbyterians. In any case, I cannot think that he is temperamentally well-suited to solve the parochial problems which they imply.

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**Monday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.**

The Government's reasons for rejecting L.G's project for putting an end to Unemployment are published today. They are certainly cogent and leave the said project in a dilapidated condition!

The Germans had the indecency to ask the British Legion's deputation in ~~Berlin~~ Munich to place a wreath on the Nazi memorial, a request which was very properly declined. The new rulers of Germany are as cunning as they are brutal. The less we have to do with them the better. It is regrettable that the Prince of Wales "butted in", and urged that the deputation should be sent.

Lady Thurlow\* broke in on me in order to tell me confidentially that her husband must have a really good curate. He is not physically robust, and forgets everything! I agree, but even the most apparent need does not ensure its own satisfaction, & the law of supply and demand hardly covers the case of curates.

The evening paper reports the death of one of the best of my younger clergy, Henry Wilfrid Watson, at the early age of 28. I had just appointed him to be curate in charge of S<sup>t</sup> Cuthbert's, Monkwearmouth.

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Tuesday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

I motored to Hutton Henry, and there licensed the new curate-in-charge, and dedicated the new chancel. The little church was densely crowded, & the heat was terrible.

I began my address thus:-

The circumstances in which this curacy-in-charge became vacant were lamentably, & (Thank God) extremely unusual. They could not but have caused acute distress to the devout people of the district, and to me, the Bishop, they have brought deep sorrow. I do not propose to say anything more than this, that the Law which directed the vacating of the curacy seems to me a just and necessary law, & that its application was in my belief equally just and requisite. I advice[sic] everybody to bury the past, to forget it, never to speak of it, but to turn their undivided interest and effort to making the new ministry happy & effective.

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The new curate, the Rev. J.S. ~~Stanley~~ Johnson, is a very poor type of clergyman, ordained in Canada just 20 years ago, & for the last six years "labouring" in this diocese. His wife seemed "the better man of the two". After the service, I did my best to make myself agreeable by having tea with them, giving sixpence a piece to the choir boys, & praising everything.

Charles raked out some visitation papers of Bishop Trevor issued in ~~1658~~ 1758. He signs himself "R. Duresme", and instructs the clergy to present candidates for confirmation who are fifteen years old and upwards, & who not only can repeat the Catechism but also have an intelligent understanding of the Christian faith. I wish had [sic] seen this before preparing my last pronouncement on Confirmation.

The evening paper announces that old Lord [William] Armstrong\* – he is the same age as myself – is about to marry for the third time! There is a minimum of romance, and a maximum of almost squalid reasonableness about this fresh venture into matrimony. He simply can't stand alone.



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[150]

**Wednesday, July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1925.**

Spencer Wade has declined my offer of S. Paul's, West Hartlepool, on the ground of the insufficiency of the income. Yet it is stated to be not less than £550 net.

Kent, the curate of Consett, is reported to be in Ripon Hospital with a fractured skull, the result of a collision. He was riding a motor-bicycle.

Walter Blackett, an Ordination candidates, came to see me. He had been reported to me by his Incumbent as holding unsound views on the Virgin Birth and the Resurrection. I talked with him frankly, & questioned him. He knows little, and has no real grasp of the ~~question~~ difficult problems which he yet allows himself to discuss: but herein he does but represent his generation, and truly he would have to be deaf & blind not to know that such problems are freely discussed as well by clergymen and others. I could not *find any adequate ground for refusing to ordain him: and I wrote to his Incumbent accordingly.*

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Wilfred Edmund Cowling, aged 20, the son of <sup>^a^</sup> gardener's labourer in South Shields came to me with a view to Ordination. He has no resources save a scholarship of £30, and little education; nor does he impress me as in any respect gifted. Indeed he is rather unattractive in appearance, & slow in speech. Nevertheless, I hesitated to reject him for he impressed me as earnest, determined, and devout. So I sanctioned his making an application to the Board of Training for a grant.

The publishers, Ivor Nicholson & Watson, Ltd., sent me a book which contains a shrewd estimate of Buchman, & more effective criticism of "Groups". It is called "God is my Adventure" by Ross Landon. Whether the author disguises his name under some nom de plume, I know not. The book is brightly written, and contains much curious information about the leading Cranks of our time, some of whom, though apparently the heads of numerous companies of followers, were altogether unknown to me. The general disintegration of Christendom is painfully apparent.

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[152]

Thursday, July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The world, our local world, is becoming very tragical. Today, there is announced the death of Charles Crawley aged 29, who was thrown by a horse which he was breaking in, & died in the Hospital to which he had been carried. Like the young person, Watson, who died this week, he was but recently married, & had an infant child. The Crawleys would appear to be an ill-fated family for M<sup>rs</sup> Crawley, the young man's mother, was killed in a motor accident. I wrote a letter of condolence to Crawley's father, who is said to have been devoted to him. In the afternoon, I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Board of Training and Maintenance, and, when this was finished, I walked for half an hour in the Banks with the Bishop of Jarrow. I returned to the Castle, only to leave it again after a short interval in order to go to Satley, & there institute the new vicar. Portsmouth went with me to carry the staff. There was a fairly filled church, and a gathering of the local clergy headed by Dolphin, the Rural Dean.

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Friday, July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

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*Charles and I motored to Durham, & there, in the Chapter House, I formally “removed, deposed, and degraded” George Bailey from the ministry as deacon to which five years ago I ordained him. The Dean and five canons together with Lazenby and 3 reporters formed the entire company. I stood on the step of the abbot’s seat, & read the sentence (a horrible document) prefacing it with a brief statement. Then I read a collect; we repeated the Lord’s Prayer, and I pronounced the Benediction. May God grant that it may never be required again to fulfil this dreadful duty of my office! Bailey had been invited to attend, but failed to put in an appearance. He has four weeks within which he may appeal to the Archbishop.*

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*The Dean told me that he & the Chapter had appointed a son-in-law of John Talbot to the Vicarage of Northallerton. **Thus the nepotistic tradition still asserts itself in in the year of grace 1935.** Is there any clergyman, except the Bishop of Durham who has a conscientious scruple on the subject of nepotism so strong as to make him literally unable to give preferment to a relation?*

[154]

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**The potentiality of idleness in the clergyman’s life is probably greater than in that of any other professional career.**

Most clergymen work single-handed. They know no superior over them in their parishes, and the oversight of the diocesan officiate is occasional and limited. If they exempt themselves from the performance of their duty, there is no-one to molest them. Even the churchwardens are generally easy-going folk who “seek peace and ensure it”. Save in the case of a personal quarrel with their parson, they will not report his absenteeism from duty; and as to self-indulgence & secularity these (unless they be actually scandalous) are readily condoned. Indeed they may soon establish a debased comradeship between incumbent & parishioners, grounded in a known congruity of taste and habit. The general & increasing neglect of religion and the low standard of physical rigor which is common among the clergy are circumstances which induce a large condonation of clerical indolence. Broadly I judge the clergy to be an exceptionally idle class.

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There was a numerous company attending Ella’s garden party. I surrendered myself to the “duty” of “making myself agreeable, and was soon engaged until nearly 6.30 p.m. Harry Cumming-Bruce appeared & talked pleasantly about Egypt. He was eager that Ella and I should visit Egypt next February when he is still stationed there. And, if the Gifford Lectures have been surmounted without disaster, I might waste the proceeds by following his plan. I

gave a Labrador to [John] Wood\* of Coxhoe and offered another to M<sup>r</sup> Thompson of Whickham. ~~xxx~~ M<sup>s</sup> Murray arrived on a short visit bringing with her an old gentleman, M<sup>r</sup> Hanbury, whose conversation interested me. He told me that he was in his 85<sup>th</sup> year, that his mother (or was it his grandmother) had lived to be 108½ years old being born in 1793 and dying in 1901, thus living in three centuries; that he been a quaker until he was 19, and had been converted to Tractarianism. This old gentleman is a botanist of distinction, and has until this year been a member of the Church Assembly.

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[156]

Saturday, July 27<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

**“The Sixteenth Year of our Translation”**

I received from Dashwood a request for the balance of my taxes (£566:16:3) together with a bundle of Taxing returns to be checked and signed. Most part of the morning was expended in complying with his requests.

In the afternoon I walked round the Park in a high, warm, westerly wind.

M<sup>rs</sup> Murray gave me a pamphlet published by the “Rudolph Steiner Publishing Co. Ltd. Bloomsbury Street, W.C.1. [”] It was entitled “First instructions on making a compost heap in the Biological Dynamic Way”, and seemed to be reasonable enough. M<sup>rs</sup> Murray said that she herself followed Steiner’s method with good results, and had visited his Geotheanum in Switzerland. I wrote to [Miles] Burkitt\* asking him whether Steiner was taken seriously by our agriculturists.

Charles Clear, aged 19¾ years came to see me. He impressed me as sincere and determined. I authorized his application for a grant.

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[“] It is certain that the “Messiah” was first heard at the rehearsal in Dublin on 8 April. It was performed publicly on the 13<sup>th</sup>, for the benefit of various Dublin charities, among others for the relief of prisoners in the various gaols. The of hall in Fishamble Street was made to contain 900 persons instead of 600, the ladies having been induced to come without their hoops, and the gentlemen without their swords. . . . [”]

[“]**The custom of rising at the “Hallelujah” chorus which has continued to the present day, seems to have been begun at the first performance of the work in London, at Covent Garden, 23 March 1743, when the king set the example.** The first performance of the work in Germany took place at Hamburg under Michael Arne, 15 April 1772, the soprano music being sung by a Miss Venables. [”]

v. Dict. of Nat Biog. “Handel”

It has ever distressed me that this good custom of rising at the “Hallelujah” chorus has been abandoned in Durham Cathedral, where I vainly tried by rising myself to restore it.

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**6<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

A bright morning with many clouds in the sky, and the west wind blowing briskly. I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. in the chapel. Both my guests attended, and also Elland & his wife. William came, I suppose for the last time, as he leaves my service at the end of the month. How I hate the coming and going of servants! They are members of your family today, and tomorrow absent and alien. It is the very negation of humanity, and reduces discipleship to an empty name. But I can see no remedy. It is not in my power, even if it were in his interest, that I should order his life. He is entering on the adventure of the world, I am retiring from it. And yet I feel that there is something base about his sudden breaking of personal links.

I fear a non-preaching Sunday gives my guests an ill impression of their episcopal host, but the pressure of so many speeches during the week in addition to working on the Gifford Lectures makes the preparation of sermons for Sunday almost impossible.

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I wrote to Arthur Rawle;\* and to Tuff. The last was a pastoral letter advising him how to carry himself as a Vicar. Also, I wrote a letter of sympathy to M<sup>rs</sup> Watson, the widow of the young clergyman, whose unexpected death a four days ago startled us all.

Also I wrote to M<sup>essrs</sup> Ivor Nicholson & Co Ltd, the publishers of "God is my adventure", thanking them for sending me a proof copy of the Book.

M<sup>r</sup> Hanbury told me that he could remember a country church in Devonshire which he had in his early youth attended, where the custom obtained of changing from the surplice to the black gown for the sermon. There being no vestry, the vestment was laid on the communion rail, and the change of garments effected coram publico. But the congregation shocked at the thought of witnessing so intimate a proceeding, turned to the west that they might not gaze upon it with their naked eyes! M<sup>r</sup> H. assured me that he had himself seen this singular specimen of Protestant ceremonialism. One would like to know the circumstances which led to this practice. Was it instinctive reverence on the part of the people? or [sic], was it obedience to the order of squire or parson?

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Ella went with our guests to Durham, where they saw the buildings, attended Evensong in the Cathedral, had tea in the Deanery, &, on their way back to Auckland, turned aside at Croxdale to see M<sup>r</sup> Salvin's garden, which was today thrown open to the public.

Meanwhile, I became increasingly uncomfortable and, finally, was vehemently sick, and returned to bed in a state of collapse. This disgusting exhibition of human infirmity was occasioned, partly, by the weather which was unwholesomely warm, &, partly, (publish it

not in Gath!) by an unwise and over-hearty lunch. Anyway, I was effectively excluded from human society, and saw no more of our guests!

Mr Hanbury interests me. He is plainly a devout follower of the Tractarians, for he specifically repudiated his morning tea before the Celebration, crossed himself in the creed, & would not receive the Chalice into his hands. But he did not appear to be either Illiberal or unintelligent, but, of course, we were both on our good behaviour!

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**Monday, July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

I had a tenuous breakfast in bed, sending regrets and apologies to M<sup>rs</sup> Murray & M<sup>r</sup> Hanbury.

Things went from bad to worse with me. When the sickness eased, there followed a "looseness", which compelled to adopt the extreme course of cancelling my engagement to institute Yates Moore to Preston in the evening. Portsmouth turned up dutifully in time to act as my staff-bearer, but I had to send him home unwanted.

Reginald Brown, the son of the former lay-clerk of Durham, whom I remember for his embarrassing combination of musical inadequacy & personal attractiveness, came to see me with the object of being accepted as an Ordination candidate. He is 19 years old, tall and lanky, but with a clear honest face, a modest manner, and a good report: but, of course, he has no better educational grounding than that which a secondary school (no more good representative of its type) can provide. It becomes increasingly clear to me that the line of true-educational policy is the improvement of the secondary schools. They must ever be the principal instrument of higher education, for our boys. I accepted R. B. as a candidate.



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Tuesday, July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

A strange mental lethargy has taken hold of me, so that it is almost physically impossible for me to work, and my books have become as it were alien and repugnant.

Dick wrote proposing a rather surprising question to come from an Ordination candidate:-

“When next you write, I should be much obliged if you would explain to me why you think the separation of Christianity from Christ would be fatal to our religion.”

I wrote to him rather an ineffective, and certainly an inadequate, reply, but I thought it best not to keep him waiting. I expect that he is hearing many things at Westcott House which are disturbing & distressing: and I must needs have some anxiety when I reflect on the Vice-Principal's championship of Loisy\* in the Hibbert Journal. The Cambridge Professors – Bethune-Baker,\* Raven\* & Creed\* – are a thoroughly unorthodox set of men: & their academic license of speculation is very unwholesome for neophytes.

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Copies of Bishoprick were sent to the following:

1. [symbol] H. J. Macdonald
2. Cecil Chapman
3. D<sup>r</sup> Selbie
4. [symbol] Lady Dillon
5. [symbol] W. D. Caröe
6. [symbol] Sir Charles Peers
7. Canon Vernon Storr
8. Headmaster of Westminster
9. Principal of Lichfield
10. “ Salisbury
11. “ Lincoln
12. [symbol] Cuddesdon
13. “ Westcott House
14. Dean Winchester
15. “ Wells
16. “ S. Paul's
17. “ Lincoln
18. “ Hereford
19. “ Ch. Ch. [sic]
20. “ Chichester
21. “ Chester
22. [symbol] Dean of Norwich
23. “ Westminster
24. “ York
25. [symbol] Exeter

26. Lord Hugh Cecil
27. Martin Kiddle
28. Arthur E. Henson
29. Prof. Hamilton Tompson
30. Geoffrey Dawson
31. Sir James Irvine
32. [symbol] M<sup>rs</sup> Murray
33. [symbol] Dick
34. [symbol] Frank Pember
35. The Vicar of Odd Rode
36. [symbol] Rev. C. Norcock
37. [symbol] Rev. O. Mordaunt Burrows
38. Rev. Jack Carr
39. [symbol] Miss Hamilton Russell
40. [symbol] Bishop Nickson
41. [symbol] Grey Turner

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Portsmouth accompanied me to South Shields, and carried the pastoral staff when I admitted Cyprian Marr\* to the ecclesiastical district of S. Francis. The Rural dean (Shaddick) read the lesson, and Garland the prayers. The church, which is no more than the parish hall adapted for use as a church, was filled. I noted with some dissatisfaction that the clergy present were mainly of the extreme "Anglo-Catholick" type. They evidently regard Marr's appointment as a triumph for their faction, and perhaps they have ground for doing so. Cyprian Marr has been cradled in sacerdotalism, and his time since he was ordained has been divided between two "extreme" churches – S. Mary Magdalene and West Boldon. He carries himself like a Papist! In that slum I suppose it matters little what is taught or done in the church, so long as the parson is devout, unselfish, and hardworking. I shall be disappointed if Marr does not prove himself to be all these; &, if so, what matters the raving of [John Alfred] Kensit\* & Co?

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Wednesday, July 31<sup>st</sup>, 1935.

The wind in the east with the usual effect.

I felt woefully dilapidated, & addressed myself to the repulsive task of packing & clearing up in the worst possible mood.

At noon I instituted Yates Moore to the perpetual curacy of Preston-on-Tees, privately in the Chapel. He stayed to lunch – a peevish little grumbling man, but reputed to be a hard worker. He does not seem very eager to take up his new job, but he ought to be thankful that something so suitable has come in his way at the nick of time. But, take them all round, the clergy are not distinguished for gratitude.

Ella accompanied me to Escombe where I took part in the public opening of the Recreation ground, which has been constructed out of the abandoned slag heap by the unemployed men, funds being contributed by the staff of the Ministry of labour. Everybody was in great humour: Marsh, the representative of the Ministry of Labour staff impressed me as a good fellow. The children were given sixpence apiece, and the speeches were, perhaps, less blatantly vulgar than is usual on such occasions.

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As I was peacefully reading Mussolini's Italy in my study, Alexander rushed in to tell me that the Park was on fire. I looked out to see columns of smoke rising alarmingly from the cliff side, and seeming to threaten the grove of beeches which is the crowning beauty of the Park. I rushed out followed by Alexander and John, carrying the Minimax cones from the Castle. They soon out-passed me as they climbed the hill where years and the heart make themselves felt. I found the excellent Lawson on the spot, assisted by a young man whose exertions had damaged his trousers. I told him to get a new pair at my expense. It seems that two youths had been trying to destroy a wasps' nest, and thus started the fire. When they saw that there was going to be a serious conflagration, they ran off without as much as giving the alarm! Beyond the defacement of the Park, and some destruction of the fencing, no serious harm will have been done: but it offends me greatly that those youths will not be punished.

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Thursday, August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1935.

Today we leave the castle on what we call a holiday, and truly if we could leave behind us the gathered burden of our anxieties, personal & public, a holiday it might be. But since we must needs carry these with us, what can it be beyond so much superfluous toil and expenditure?

I charged Charles to write to the Agents of the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, & give them a full report of the fire, & the damage it had caused. Lawson was up till 4 a. m. dealing with it, for the flames kept on bursting out suddenly in unexpected places. He had been greatly helped by the young man, whose trousers were burned yesterday, & in lesser measure by two others. I gave 10/- to the first, & 5/- apiece to the last.

About 9.20 a. m. we left the Castle, and motored by way of Catterick, Boroughbridge, and Doncaster to Sandbeck Park, which we reached at 1 p.m., after a run of about 104 miles. There came to lunch one Brand, the curator of a local museum, who seemed to have considerable knowledge about Roche Abbey, which Lord Scarbrough\* took us to see during the afternoon.

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Lord Scarbrough has become a very charming old man. At ~~80~~ 76 he is extremely good-looking, urbane, refined, gracious, yet without a trace of pretentiousness. His voice is pleasant and musical, and his manners accord with his appearance. He gives the impression of being what he is, a Christian aristocrat. I notice with interest, and without surprise, that his servants continue in his service. Certainly two of the menservants, who received us, have been known to me for years. His study table is covered with the most recent books, mostly (so far as I could judge) very well chosen. He noted down the titles of the books which I recommended to him. His two main public interests are the Order of S<sup>t</sup> John, of which he is Sub-prior, and the Army; but he attends the House of Lords with fair regularity, and takes an active concern in the Hospital with which he is connected in London. He is a good churchman, a loyal friend, & a kindly neighbour, and, I should imagine, has as few enemies as those characters permit.

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**Friday, August 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.**

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Before leaving Sandbeck, I had some talk with mine host. "Is it not strange", I said, "that men over 70 years of age, who know that they have but a short time, and that they must die very soon, do yet go on their normal way, apparently unaffected by a circumstance which might fairly be supposed to destroy their interest in everything?" He agreed, & observed that there was a general feeling that Science was on the verge of discovering how to extend the term of human life. "Well", I rejoined, "after all that is said about the lengthening of human life by science, can one truthfully say that the Psalmist's statement is obsolete – "The days of men are three-score years & ten, & though men be so strong that they come to fourscore years, get in their life but labour & sorrow, so soon passeth it away, and we are gone"? He admitted that the description w<sup>d</sup>serve well enough to match our experience. We talked of Christianity, and the gloom of its present outlook. He referred to the waxing suspicion that Science was now able so to manipulate human life as to disallow the primary postulates of religion, & quoted Bp. Lightfoot's words [170] [symbol] that he did not mind leaving a thousand questions open, so long as he was secure on one or two main lines: & I suggested that this was really the present situation. We were, perforce, becoming Agnostics with respect to many issues on which we once felt assured, but still there were some factors in the Eternal Enigma which baffled the new Scientists and gave us a sufficient foothold for faith, e.g. the human spirit itself, & its witness: the moral conflict: death, etc. He agreed and added that to his mind, Christ Himself was sufficient. You could not get past Him, & the moral ideal which He embodied. This was no unworthy Confessio Fidei for a layman: and does, I think, give the key to Scarborough's quiet unselfish dutifulness. We left Sandbeck at 10.15 a.m., and motored by way of Derby, Shifnall [sic], and Bridgenorth [sic] to Burwarton Rectory, where we arrived about 4.45 p.m. and found the maids expecting us.

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Saturday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

The Modern History Class List appears in the Times, and Dick's name appears in the 2<sup>nd</sup> class. It was what I expected, and probably expresses his intellectual quality. That he has worked steadily I am convinced: that he has been cherishing the hope that he would get a first I suspect: that he will be better able to settle to his work at Westcott House now that he knows what he has got, I am sure.

I read through the 1<sup>st</sup> Gifford Lecture, and prepared a syllabus. The argument affects me with a painful dubiety. Is it valid? Is it not rather a mare's nest? I can perceive with fatal clearness the lines of an annihilating criticism!

The motor-cycles rushing past the house at frequent intervals are a considerable nuisance. They are by far the most dangerous & the most offensive vehicles on the roads: nor do I see any course short of their total prohibition which would be an adequate remedy. It is altogether useless to attempt regulation, for the enforcement of rules is quite beyond the range of possibility. No police force, however efficient, w<sup>d</sup> suffice for the task.

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Mussolini's personal fascination is accompanied by a sense of distance between him and his followers. In Italy, I have heard this expressed in the remark that **no one ever attempted to slap Mussolini on the back as a sign of good fellowship**. He is not a "good fellow". While he is not sullen, he is withdrawn. He is not a handshaker. Hence the impulse to substitute the Roman salute with the reason that "**it is more hygienic, more tasteful, and wastes less time**." But reserve & distance have a curiously attractive power over those who are passed by, almost slighted. They crave to be noticed: and in this craving they surrender something of their own personality.

v. Mussolini's Italy by Herman Finer. p. 300

Parnell was similarly remote, but he was on a smaller scale. There have been great men who have been also very lovable.

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7<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Ψυχικός δε άνθρωπος οὐ δέχεται τὰ τοῦ Πνεύματος τοῦ Θεοῦ· μωρία γὰρ αὐτῷ ἐστὶ, καὶ οὐ δύναται γινῶναι, ὅτι πνευματικῶς ἀνακρίνεται.

The realist or Machiavellian politician is unable to attach any value to moral and spiritual considerations, for they seem to him to have no relation to the facts of life in the world. He is, indeed, quite unable to understand their value, for they presuppose that spiritual conception of human nature, which he repudiates.

I had been reading Mussolini's arrogant and cynical pronouncements, & when I turned to my devotions, I fell on the words of S<sup>t</sup> Paul, which explain everything. The conflict between the Nazis and the Fascists, and earlier than they, the Bolshevists, whom they are following, against the Christian Church is immitigable because the combatants are unintelligible to one another. They speak different languages, and guide their secular course by other stars to other destinations.

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The parson who was to have officiated in Burwarton Church was reported ill: so I came to the rescue, read mattins, preached, and celebrated the Holy Communion. I made a few notes, & so improvised a sermon on Romans vi. 23, "The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord". [Gustavus Hamilton-Russell] Lord Boyne\* and his family formed a substantial part of the congregation.

In the afternoon, a rather boorish rustic, probably some kind of a churchwarden, came to tell me that they had no clergyman for the service at Cleobury North tonight, and would I come? With churlish decision I refused, thereby giving myself a bad conscience for the rest of the day. Now what ought I to have done? I am afraid there is no getting away from the answer that I ought to have gone. There is a wide, wide gap between talking about self-denial, and practising it.

We all went to the great house, & had tea with the Boynes, with whom were several members of their family. There are a good [175] many pictures, brought from Brancepeth, which has been dismantled to save the rates. I was interested in the pictures of the Battle of the Boyne, and the Siege of Athlone. There was clearly much history locked up in the portraits. Lady Boyne is very charming, & speaks very regretfully about the abandonment of Durham. She told me that the Bridgemans [William and Caroline\*] are still hankering after

the Bishoprick of Shrewsbury,<sup>3</sup> but that, apart from them & their immediate neighbours, there is little support for the project in Shropshire. There appears to be a considerable sum of money in hand for the creation of a Shrophsire Bishoprick, and this is the main hindrance to the definite abandonment of the plan. Lord Boyne told me that his house was just under 900 feet above sea-level. He is a large, limp amiable man, who seems to have done little to justify his position. His wife is in all respects the superior partner. She seems to have a "social conscience", and is by no means unconscious of the severity of the criticisms which are provoked by her husband's absenteeism from public duty.

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<sup>3</sup> Henson is referring to the unsuccessful proposal to split the diocese of Hereford in 1924-5, which he opposed: see speeches to the Church Assembly, 10 July 1924, 18 Nov. 1924, and 8 July 1925.



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Monday, August 5<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The brilliant weather continues. Here, though we are living at a considerable height, there appears to be an abundant supply of water, but in some districts the cry of shortage is becoming insistent.

I finished reading Finer's book on Mussolini's Italy before getting up. It is a powerful, detailed, and documented indictment of Fascism. The concluding chapter is extraordinarily concentrated and deadly. He sees no likelihood of Mussolini's system being able to survive his death, & the consequent anarchy will be appalling. Nothing stable is being created, and everything sound is being weakened, or banished, or destroyed outright. The picture of Mussolini himself is not lacking in impressiveness & a measure of attractiveness. He is cast in a large mould, is genuinely devoted to Italy, and never spares himself. He is not wholly unconscious of his own deficiencies, and these he makes strenuous efforts to correct & remedy by much reading and observation of others.

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In order to achieve its objects, Fascism has been obliged to dismiss the Past, or, when it remembers it, to slander history, which remains a silent but ever mocking observer. Happily, it is not entirely possible to destroy the cultural harvest of so many generations. The arts of printing & reading have made "totalitarian" and long-enduring Dictatorships impossible. If the Dictator is a well-read man they weaken even his resolution. The denunciation of democracy, for example, to the children simply arouses their curiosity. For the sake of efficiency Fascists are compelled to honour and admit intellect: & too many of them know that they have themselves not produced enough to justify the repudiation of the past. The libraries are still the organised opposition in the Fascist State. Yet the full effect of literature and history cannot be brought to bear upon the public mind. Only the parts that support the Fascist view can seep through to form the mind of the adult population & the young. Half a brain is worse than none. (Finer. p. 540)

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I spent most of the morning in preparing a short syllabus of the 2<sup>nd</sup> Gifford Lecture on "The authority of the New Testament", somewhat re-arranging its contents with the object of improving its coherency. I suspect that this Lecture will evoke much hostile criticism. All the "modern churchmen" will be up in arms, against the assumption that the latest criticks are no more trustworthy than their predecessors. And will naturally resent the incursion of an unmitigated and confessed amateur in their preserve! And, as always, I shall not be able to count upon any hearty support, for I am not orthodox enough to please the conservatives, nor "advanced" enough to please the radicals, "ambiguous betwixt sea and land, A scaly crocodile" Nor am I in the mood to put up a defence for myself, since what I have written does assuredly not satisfy my own mind, & I have large sympathy with those who find it

unsatisfying to theirs. Nevertheless, I think that this lecture is probably the best worth writing.

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Frank Pember,\* his wife, Lady Chelmsford,\* and another lady came to tea, and gossiped for an hour. He looks amazingly well, and seems very cheerful, but then Fortune has been kind to him, and his old age is rich in friends and interests. His wife has become thin and “scraggy”, but perhaps somewhat less annihilating in her indiscretions than formerly. Lady Chelmsford is but the shadow of her old self.

After the party had gone away, we played croquet for an hour. The air had become sultry and the heat was oppressive.

I started to read a book which is attracting considerable attention - “Jesus, by C Guignebert Professor of the History of Christianity in the Sorbonne”. It is altogether destructive, dogmatic, and intellectually demoralizing, but the author is good enough to speak with fitting disdain of the preposterous view, still maintained by some pundits on the continent, that Jesus never existed. Absurdity for absurdity I prefer that of the Fundamentalists. They are less grotesque than the destructive criticks.

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Tuesday, August 8<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

On this last day when "A.E" was in Washington two or three of us talked casually on the intellectual contest then raging between property rights & personal rights or personal aspirations. He reached for a piece of paper & pencil, & said he thought he could "make a poem" about that, & he wrote the following verse, which he gave to me & which I think his English friends might like to read at this time:-

"How would they think on, with what shame  
All that fierce talk of Thine and Mine,  
If the true Master made His claim  
The world He fashioned so divine  
What could they answer did he say  
When did I give my world away?"

(v. Miss Frances Perkins (M<sup>ls</sup> Paul Wilson) Secretary of Labour in the United States Cabinet, in the Times August, 6<sup>th</sup>, 1935]

I received a packet of letters including the cheque for the income of Hutton Henry made out to me. I sent Bailey his portion.

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In the afternoon we motored to Ludlow, and visited the ruins of the great castle and the noble parish church. I had forgotten the rood screens, miserere stalls, and medieval windows, all very wonderful. The good woman who was dusting the seats, had quite forgotten me, but when I gave her half-a-crown, affected to call me back to mind. Whilst Ella and Fearn visited the shops, I brought the "Manchester Guardian". In it I read a report of a speech by Lord Passfield [Sidney Webb\*] to the Fabian Summer School at Rowledge, near Farnham, Surrey. He was speaking about Reason.

"We were witnessing the emergence of a civilization, as different from the Western civilization as that was from Islam and Buddhism. It was certainly the biggest thing that has happened to Europe since the Renaissance."

The Bolshevik rule was described as "a most extraordinary success."

"The country was relatively prosperous and there had been no unemployment for the last five years. The average Russian workman was getting a livelihood and [182] standard of comfort, education, and treatment in sickness much better than that of millions English workmen who were on the dole. The Russian working class families & a large proportion of the collective farms peasants were better off than the lowest grade of our population. People born since the revolution have grown up with no sense of supernatural. "The churches are there and are open, but we found some trouble in going because we could not find out which was Sunday." (Laughter)

The “laughter” of the Fabians is a sinister indication of their concern for Christianity. With Chamberlin’s “Russia’s Iron Age” fresh in my mind, Lord Passmore’s picture of Russia has an odd look. What could he really have learned about the state of affairs in Russia which could entitle him thus positively to assert its happiness? Was he more than yet another hood-winked tourist?

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The afternoon post brought a letter from Dick who having taken his degree, is now settled at Westcott House for his theological training. He is evidently becoming exercised in mind over “Modernism”. He writes, “How are we to get back to the Jesus of History? We can never recover the full story of his life: at best we have the record of a few years – a record, moreover, which is not left uncriticised by modern inquiry. The Apostles were obviously inspired by His personality, and convinced that He was the Son of God, is their testimony enough?” It is all very young, very just, & very perplexing. He has no coherent conception of the Church, as the confirmation of the Apostolic witness, nor of Christian History as the fresh confirmation thereof. I hope Westcott House will help him, but I don’t feel altogether comfortable when I recall the Vice-Principal’s article “In defence of M. Loisy”. He must finally work out his own situation. “No man may deliver his brother nor give account unto God for them”. Yet we may, perhaps “Deo adjuvante”, do something to help him towards the Light.

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Wednesday, August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

George Nimmons writes from Java:

[“]I must tell you what a good surprise I had the other day when I switched on my wireless to London. I recognized your voice immediately. You were just about at the end of your talk on “Freedom”. Every word was perfect. I think it must have been an electric recording of your talk as I heard it here at 8 a.m. which is of course early morning at home. This wireless is really a wonderful boon to us out here, it is a great link with home.[”]

He says that “the Italians were wanting to recruit Javanese labour for building roads etc. in E. Africa, but the Dutch Government would not allow it.” The cosmic ramifications of a modern war could not be more strikingly disclosed. Schweitzer in his book “On the verge of the Tropical Forest” has a notable presage on the dislocation & distress caused in the Congo district by the impressment of native labourers during the Great War.

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[“] It does not seem too much to believe that ^the original tradition gathered up the^ teachings which their Master had repeated to them most frequently and with the greatest emphasis, and these were undoubtedly the ones which he himself had most at heart.

. . . . Whoever will examine the texts with patience, not expecting too much of them, and not relying upon them unduly, will derive thereupon the impression of a simple unsystematic teaching, controlled by a small number of ideas, embodied in a few precepts, & based upon religious principles which were well known before Jesus; and he will feel that he is not far from the truth.[”]

v. Guignebert. “Jesus” p. 244.

The concessions of this faithful Frenchman are meagre enough, but they are not wholly negligible, & perhaps they imply more than he perceives. For, when all is said, nothing really turns on the number of ideas and precepts, which are indubitably genuine, everything that matters turns on ~~the~~ their quality and range, of

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After lunch we motored to Bridgnorth, where Ella made some household purchases. Then we went onto Boscobel where we were shown over the house in which Charles II was successfully sheltered from his pursuers. It is a rather a mean house, & the resources for concealment did not appear very adequate. Then we went on to Tong, and visited the parish church. It contains a wonderful series of tombs of the Vernon family. The alabaster figures are in perfect preservation. An early 16<sup>th</sup> century chantry with its original stone altar slab

again in place, the fan-tracery roof, its original tiles, & remains of sumptuous gilding and painting delighted us. The old verger who showed us the church was a "character". He exhibited the books in the Vestry with much pride, & considering he is 80 years old, he was a fine specimen of his order. I must certainly revisit this very notable church. Then we had tea in a road side hotel very comfortably, after which we motored back to Burwarton.

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Thursday, August 8<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Another vacant living. Harvey Dawson-Walker sends me his resignation of Holy Trinity, Gateshead. He has had a severe break-down which, I suspect, is as much mental as nervous; and, on the most favourable hypothesis will be unable to resume work of any kind for many months.

Lazenby sends me Bailey's receipt for the cheque I sent him from the Commissioners in final payment for his work at Hutton Henry. How divers [sic] are the fates of men! At least there is no shame attaching to Harvey's failure: here there is nothing else.

I have received from Cecil the formal notice that the Commission has assigned a pension of £210 per annum to the retiring vicar of Chester-le-Street, Canon Jackson. This leaves about £450 for the next incumbent, which is insufficient for that place. There is neither pathos nor shame in the circumstances which have created this vacancy, for Canon Jackson has fulfilled his ministry credibly, and will carry into his retirement a volume of respect and something not far removed from affection. His resignation carries with it that of the Rural Deanship. It is hard to find a successor to this office.

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After lunch we motored to Stottesdon and viewed the parish church. This was an interesting structure of which the northern piers were Norman, & the main body of the church decorated. The chancel with fine sedilia and piscina was very dignified, & the modern glass above the average. But the two really notable features of the church were the early doorway adorned with rude carvings, & said to be pre-Norman, which is at the West end under the tower and a truly magnificently carved late Norman font. The parson was in the church and talked affably & intelligently, when I had made myself known to him. But he had only come to the parish about six months ago.

[v. note on p. 190]

There is reported from France the case of a priest poisoned by the wine in the Chalice during the Celebration of the Mass. It is thought that the poison had been placed in the flagon before the service began. We seem to be carried back to the Middle Ages, when that method of poisoning one's enemies was not uncommon.

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[189]

Friday, August 9<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

We left the Rectory at 11.30 a. m. and motored by way of Much Wenlock and Shrewsbury to Pontesbury, where we lunched with Moulsdale in the Manor House, which has been given to S. Chad's together with the patronage of the benefice. This is a "fat" living said to be worth about £2000 per ann: [sic]. The Vicar of the parish, the Rev. G. S. Stockley, also lunched, and afterwards showed us the church, which (though the large nave was builded [sic] in 1848) was not without architectural merit. Two of Moulsdale's sisters, & two anaemic & rather crushed students completed the party. The manor-house contains a chimney piece dated 1661, and some panelled rooms. Also, some books on the Eastern church presented by a former Rector. After lunch, we motored to Wentnor, where Charlie Norcock, \* Fearne's cousin & formerly my chaplain is the vicar. This parish is beautifully situated, more than 800 feet above sea level, and commanding a noble prospect. The parish church, dedicated to S. Michael, is a modest building, much mishandled by modern restorers, yet retaining some interesting features from the Norman period. There came to tea the [190] Vicar of Stokesay, Edwards, with two ladies. These with Michael, a boy of 11, mine host's son completed the party. We returned to Burwarton by way of Ludlow. The tall tower of the parish church of Ludlow, and the ruins of the great Castle made a noble show in the level evening lights as we approached from the North. Norcock told me that there were cranes in the district, which devoured the frogs. What birds could he mean?

Burkitt replied to my inquiry about Rudolf Steiner:

"Whilst I profess to have a fair acquaintance of all British agricultural authorities, I am afraid I know little of those on the continent, and I certainly have never heard of Rudolf Steiner. However, I have written to my friend, Sir J. Russell, who is, of course, the great expert in these matters, & asked him if he w<sup>d</sup> enlighten my ignorance, & when I get the reply, I will forward it on to you.

[v. p. 188]

Later Reports showed that there was no intention of poisoning the priest, but only of securing the dismissal of the sacristan by a rival who desired to secure appointment. He placed sulphuric acid in the flagon never imagining that the priest w<sup>d</sup> fail to discover the presence of the poison. It seems a rather dubious story.

H. D.



<!100835>

[191]

Saturday, August 10<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

The Times has an article, which might fairly be called alarmist, on the population question. It describes the vast British Empire, surrounded on all sides by great land-hungry Empires communities, whose population is increasing faster than ours now, and plainly destined, unless the present tendencies cease, to outnumber us hopelessly. Yet these Birth-control zealots continue to push forward their eager propaganda. Contraceptives seem to have replaced conversion as the slogan of social reformers: even the school-children are being amazed and bewildered by "Sex-culture", and must be eyeing their own bodies, and one another's bodies, with a curiosity which can hardly be merely scientific or ethical. The new fashions of nudity and promiscuity provide them with abundant opportunities for nature-study! If we could be sure that the decline in number was more or less compensated for by the improvement in quality we should not be wholly without comfort, but nothing is more certain than the fact that the only citizens who take seriously to heart the new Gospel of Contraceptives are those who constitute the best breeding stocks in the country. The rubbish goes on in its immemorial habit of breeding with the fecundity and thoughtlessness of rodents.

[192]

"It was the funeral of Fricker, the huntsman. All the numbers of the hunt were there. Gale and another clerical rider to hounds were in the vestry robed for the ceremony. "How shall we divide the burial service?" said the Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> - . Gale replied, in metaphor Fricker himself would have enjoyed, "You bustle him about in the cover, and I'll run him to earth in the open."

From the Times, August 10<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

We decided to remain at home, & let the servants avail themselves of the motor-bus in order to visit Bridgnorth. I worked at preparing syllabuses of the Giffords - perforce becoming dismally acquainted by the process with their loose & incoherent character. I am really becoming curious in a half-cynical way as to the reception which the poor things will have from the students of S. Andrews and whether any of them will have the patience to go through with them. Their fate at the hands of the reviewers I daren't contemplate.

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[193]

**8<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 11<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

A clouded sky with some premonitory rain drops, but nothing decisive of a change in the weather. We all went to the Church at 8 a.m. and received the Holy Communion. The celebrant, M<sup>r</sup> Metcalfe Simpson, genuflected freely, and read the service in a rapid and gasping manner, which was rather disconcerting. I could not identify the Order of Service which he followed: it seemed to me a blending of 1662 and 1928. The Gospel was from the Sermon on the Mount, and contained the menacing Words of Jesus – “Not every one that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father, which is in heaven”.

I wrote a long letter to Dick answering his question about “Modernism”. It seemed to me important to direct his thoughts to the Church as the primary witness to Christianity. He has been brought up in almost complete ignorance of his religion: and neither Sedbergh nor Durham did much to enlighten him. “Groups” made a strong appeal to his emotions, but my influence held him back from actually joining them. I do not think that the Anglo-Catholicism of Keble has had any effect on him.

[194]

Among the varied accomplishments of this many-gifted scholar was that of a consummate calligrapher. Not only did he write a beautifully firm English hand, but he could imitate almost to perfection any ancient script – Greek, Latin, Syriac, Armenian, Ethiopic, and the like – I have heard a story, for the accuracy of which I cannot vouch, that as a boy at Harrow he perpetrated a “fake” of an old MS. fragment which found its way into a glass case, until the fraud was confessed. Whatever the truth of that may be, it is a fact that the graceful small “Estrangela” (Syriac) type in use at the Cambridge University Press since 1901 was designed by Burkitt: it first appears that year in his work on S. Ephraim’ Quotations from the Gospel.

Dom Connolly on F. C. Burkitt\* in Journal of Theological Studies, July 1935.

[195]

Amongst the High Churchmen I find there are sev’rall  
That stand by the merit of Henry Sacheverel.  
Among the Low Churchmen I find that as odly  
Some pin all their faith on one Benjamin Hoadly.  
But we moderate men do our judgements suspend  
For God only knows where these matters will end;  
Since Salisbury (Burnet) and Kennet (White) shew  
That Doctrines may change as Men’s principles goe,  
And twenty years hence for ought You and I know  
It may be Hoadly the High & Sacheverel the Low.

(Quoted by Prof. Claude Jenkins in his review of Sykes's Church & State in the XVIII<sup>th</sup> century in the Journal of T.S. July 1935)

The Bishop of Hereford (D<sup>r</sup> Lisle Carr) called on his way to preach in a neighbouring church. He looked in robust health. I was glad to hear him say very confidently that the scheme for breaking up the Hereford diocese was in his belief finally defeated, & that even Colonel Oldham recognized this. We attended Evensong in the church, and heard a long, rambling extemporaneous discourse, in which the only really intelligible utterance was an exhortation that we sh<sup>d</sup> pray for the avoidance of War in Abyssinia.

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[196]

Monday, August 12<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Norcock sends me the quaint inscription in his churchyard which I have copied into this journal. The three unfortunates were evidently sleeping off their carouse when the "Harrican" overwhelmed them.

Lawson informs me that he exhibited Beck at the Sedgefield Agricultural Show, and that she succeeded in getting one first class in the "Maiden" class, and another in the class of "Novices", and also "a special prize for best of sex in breed". How an ~~an~~ old bitch with 6 puppies can pose as either a "Maiden" or a "Novice" puzzles me.

We motored to Broncroft, & lunched with the Pembers. They have made their castle very charming, & planted the gardens with abundance of trees and flowers. It is rather inaccessible, a circumstance which might, or might not, be reckoned a disadvantage. On our way back to Burwarton we visited the charming little Norman chapel – S. Margaret's Chapel. It is very simple, and withal, as is the manner with these ancient buildings, very stately and solemn.

[197]

**The Hurricane Tomstone**

In Wentnor Churchyard, Stropshire

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In Memory of  
Sam<sup>l</sup> Perkins & Mary  
his Wife & Sam<sup>l</sup> his son. Died Feb<sup>ry</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> 1772.  
his age 55 yrs his wife 50 his son 15

---

One Sunday morn Bout nine a Clock as we Layyin  
our Bed  
By Harrican of wind and snow all three were  
killed dead  
The house and we were Blown a way as many well  
did know  
And for that day Could not be found all for the  
Depth of Snow  
Fourteen poor Souls were under it, out with were  
killed seven  
I hope the Lord hath Pardoned us and Received  
our Souls in Heaven

---

"The company were assembled at Asterton for a "caking", a common event in former times, when [198] a cottager would brew a barrel of ale and make a supply of cakes, and anyone by paying an entrance subscription might share in the night's carouse" - J. E. Auden

Stropshire (Methuen's Little Guides Series) p. 236, where, however, the fifth line is misquoted".

It rained for most part of the morning but cleared up after lunch, becoming warmer. We played bowls for an hour before dinner.

There arrived from the bookseller a book which I ordered on the credit of a favourable review in the Times, and because the subject is now of almost intense interest – "The Way of the Dictators" by Lewis Broad and Leonard Russell with an Introductory Letter by the R<sup>t</sup> Hon. D. Lloyd George. These attempts to appraise and determine individuals, during their life-time, when the awe of them still arrests men's speech and even perverts it, and when Time has not tested their achievements, cannot have much value: but they cannot but have considerable interest when so much turns on the actual quality of these formidable persons.

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[199]

Tuesday, August 13<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I finished reading through Guignebert's Jesus. The discussion of the Resurrection is poignantly interesting. He makes so complete a destruction of the evidence of the Synoptics, that there is little left to obstruct his theory of subjective visions as creating the belief and apologetic requirements as shaping the record. That the Evangelistic narratives are hard to reconcile with one another, nay that they are really irreconcilable can ~~hard~~ scarcely be disputed: that there has been an advancing materialisation of the earliest version is certain: that the application of prophecy to the tradition has to a considerable degree determined its form is apparent: but when all these factors have been allowed for, are we really shut up to so comfortless a conclusion as this Frenchman indicates?

“The truth is that we do not know and in all probability the disciples knew no better where the body of Jesus had been thrown after it had been removed from the cross, probably by the executioners. It is more likely to have been cast into the pit for the executed than laid in a new tomb”.

[200]

Is it really reasonable thus to assume that there is no element of historic fact in the Gospels? That Jesus had devoted followers is certain: that they were deeply concerned in His fate may be taken for granted: that they should be anxious to recover His Body is extremely probable: that His Body should have been handed over to them is certainly not improbable: that It would have been reverently buried would in that case be assured. Surely it is more reasonable to assume that the evangelists were not weaving a wholly fictitious story out of their own fancies, but were honestly setting down a tradition which was itself essentially true. When Guignebert says dogmatically that “the Gospels offer us only later expansions developed in relation to credal considerations unconnected with historical facts”, we cannot resist the suspicion that he is far too sweeping. There probably are such considerations in the Canonical Gospels, but that there is nothing else is an unproved and unprovable assertion, which is not even probable.

[201]

I received from Stannard\* a number of excellent photographs of his fine parish church: and from Jack Carr, a long and most interesting letter, from Southern Nigeria. He tells me that Dinjari, the African clergyman who dined at the Castle some short while ago, was “greatly thrilled with the Bede Celebrations, and impressed with the way that History is kept alive in England.”

He belongs to an old and famous Bonny family called Jumbo, but it was tactfully suggested to him that that name would not be very suitable for use in an English University, it being explained to him what the name signified in England. For that reason he chose another family name, but I heard an interesting theory put forward as to the reason why Jumbo comes to mean what it does in England. It is said that the Jumbo family of Bonny sent a baby

elephant to Queen Victoria, which became a popular feature at the Zoo, & that the name Jumbo has been applied to elephants ever since.

I wonder whether this is true.

[202]

We left the Rectory at noon, and motored to Hereford, stopping on the way at Leominster to visit the magnificent Priory Church. We noted with interest the famous 'ducking stool' which is preserved in the church – an admirable disciplinary device which might be restored to use with advantage. We lunched at the Deanery with the Dean & M<sup>rs</sup> Waterfield.\* The Lilleys\* were there, and a very plain young woman whose name, an odd one, has escaped me. I noted with disgust that this female and Barbara Lilley shamelessly smoked cigarettes at the luncheon table. The Dean is recovering from a carbuncle in the back – a disgusting affliction. It recalled my own similar sufferings at Hereford, & the precedent of Job. Lilley told me that he with Maud Petre, the Modernist-papist lady who championed Father Tyrrell, attended the Oxford House Party for two days. He was not unimpressed, but found the "changing" for the most part tiresome and unintelligible. He was told that Grensted and Allen had broken away from the Movement.

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In Streeter's\* case he thought the main motive was psychological interest. He wanted to study the promising material provided by "Groups". He had met Buchman, and took a strong dislike to him. The Groupists appeared to be almost universally Fundamentalists, & had no perception of the intellectual difficulties which trouble thoughtful men and women. I went to the hair-dresser, & was clipped etc. Then I attended Evensong in the Lady Chapel of the cathedral. While I was looking at the clearance of the cottages which "hugged" the West End of the Cathedral, & admiring the noble view of the church which is thus provided, a slim pale young man hailed me, & when I met his advance with the embarrassment of ignorance as to his identity, explained that he was the son of Steele, the Chapter Clerk. When I was Bishop, he was but a small boy. I had tea with the Lilleys, and some talk with the Canon about Guignebert. He did not think him formidable, & said that he had been effectively answered by Guignol. French Modernists, he said, had never had much influence in England. We returned to Burwarton in time for dinner.

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[204]

**Wednesday, August 14<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

The Bishop of Exeter replies disconcertingly to my enquiry about the parson whom Thurlow wants me to licence. Accordingly, I wrote to T. definitely refusing to licence the man. What really is the Bishop's duty with respect to black sheep which are trying to become white, and are certified to be probably grey?

The Times announces the death of the poet William Watson. It is the fashion of post-war "poets" to revile him as "Victorian": but I think he could write very beautiful verse, and some of his lines will be on the lips of cultivated Englishmen as long as the English tongue is spoken.

We motored viâ Bridgnorth to Brewood, & there visited the parish church. It is a commodious structure, but nude & unimpressive. It contains the monuments of the ancient family of Gifford, which distinguished itself by adherence to Papistry in the time of Elizabeth, and suffered greatly in its secular fortunes in consequence. The family still survives. We had tea comfortably in the Lion Hotel, & then returned to Burwarton, seeing Shifnal Church on the way.



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[205]

Thursday, August 15<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

I wrote to Norcock, who had asked me what Brilioth meant by saying in the Preface to his book on the Oxford Movement, that "the Bishop of Durham would probably not approve some of his statements." I am not clear myself.

I wrote to Xan Wynne-Willson,\* offering him the curacy-in-charge of S<sup>t</sup> Cuthbert's, Monkwearmouth.

We motored to Llandidrod Wells, a distance of about 45 miles viâ Ludlow, stopping on the way to look at Lentwardine church, a large enigmatic building with miserere stalls in the chancel. At the Wells we had tea in the Pump Hotel, a large & apparently flourishing institution. On our way home, we visited Old Radnor Church. It is off the main road, and we approached by a very bad track: but we were well rewarded. The famous screen stretches right across the church, and possesses its rood-loft in perfect condition. In the northern vestry, there is a fine piece of 15<sup>th</sup> century brass representing S. Katherine: and the Font is a huge, almost shapeless trough, in which immersion of the infants was obviously contemplated. The view from the churchyard is magnificent. We reached the Rectory at 7.50 p.m.

<!160835>

[206]

Friday, August 16<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Mordaunt Burrows, now Rector of Epworth, sends me a newspaper-cutting containing the report of a trial of two knaves for collecting money on false pretences. The collection was for "Father Hudson's Homes". Then follows:-

The Rev. Neville Hudson of Clarence Road, Windsor, was then asked to explain the use of his name by Webb, and he said he was a clerk in Holy Orders, and **founded a boys' home in Woodstock, known as Grey Friars. It was still in being.** He was now priest-in-charge of S<sup>t</sup> Agnes Church, Windsor. He had been there a fortnight.

He agreed that he had signed Webb's ordination papers in which he had "commissioned" another priest to ordain Webb as a sub-deacon, and of that church was bishop-elect.

Witness explained that he was to have been bishop over a church that was in course of formation, but never materialised. After the proposed church went flop he [207] **rejoined the Church of England.**

In reply to the Superintendent, he said that he ceased to be curate of Woodstock Parish Church when he was told that his services would be no longer required.

Burrows writes:-

Your Lordship may possibly remember that, like myself, he (sc. Neville Hudson) was once in charge of S. Catherine's Sleetburn (Brandon), and very unsavoury stories of his conduct with boys there reached me in Sunderland. I discouraged the gossip at the time, but this cutting makes me wonder, whether, after all, they were true.

That, of course, your Lordship will know best: but if they were true, he certainly ought not to be allowed to have anything to do with a Boys Home at Woodstock.

I had been told that Neville Hudson was dead: and now it appears that he is alive, and still active on his former scandalous lines.

[208]

Neville Hudson held a curacy at Brandon for a short time under Hayward, a most unsatisfactory incumbent. He went into the diocese of Derby, & there he was brought under heavy suspicion in connexion with a case in which some knave was prosecuted for selling indecent photographs. He seems to have obtained these from N.H., then at Brandon,

& that he posed & photographed naked lads of his Bible-class! This same knave was the man who sold indecent photographs to George Bailey, then a student at Kelham, & in one of his letters, which I saw, he stated that his best customers were theological students! The Bishop of Derby sent Hudson's dossier to me, & it seems quite evident that he is a depraved man. The police must needs know a good deal about him: and I should suppose that they are 'following him up', and will "run him to earth" in due course. How amazing it is that a clergyman of this worthless type, & this shameful record, should yet be able to "found a boys' home", and hold a curacy. He seems even to have strayed from the orthodox "Anglo-Catholick" faith about Orders!

### [209]

I wrote to Gerald Neill refusing to sanction his employment as curate of a Church Army Captain removed from the Army for breach of the rule prohibiting the marriage of officers. Also, I wrote to the Dean of Norwich.

Also, I wrote to Dick.

Brooke and Fosca came to tea. They were motoring from Wales to Corby, and called on the way. He describes a singular situation in his parish where the new immigrants are mostly Scotch, and Presbyterian. Their minister is an Anglian pervert, i.e. he effected the unusual change from Anglicanism to Presbyterianism. Roman Catholics, almost all Irish, are also numerous, & their priest is an Anglican pervert of the more familiar variety. The co-existence in his parish of two ex-Anglicans who for diverse reasons have repudiated Anglican orders does not assist his ministry. He says that his Groupist uncle [Foss Westcott\*], the Metropolitan of India, is as devoted to Groupism as ever. Visitors to his Palace complain that they encounter none other but Groupists there, and that these are dull and fanatical.

### [210]

The Times (August 13<sup>th</sup> 1935) has an interesting article "from a correspondent" headed Kwesi Kunsu, The Elephant Hunter. It contains the following:-

"The last years, he said, were the best. He had found the true God and had become a Christian. "And what difference has that made? I asked. "Well, I used to have five wives and misery," he said. "Now I have one wife and peace. Peace in the home and peace in my heart, for there is music there now and sometimes I sing for joy." It was a striking testimony to come from the lips of an elephant hunter, but it rang true.

It would be interesting to hear what the four discarded wives have to say. Are they also singing for joy? S. Augustine's conscientious but cold-blooded dismissal of his faithful concubine, the mother of Deodatus, weighs heavily on his reputation, and not even the peace of mind which it may have finally brought to him can outweigh the heartlessness and injustice of the proceeding.

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[211]

~~9<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity~~, Saturday, August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1935. [Henson incorrectly put the date as 18<sup>th</sup> August; it should be August 17<sup>th</sup>]

The Reverend Alfred Friend, who says that I once commended him to the Bishop of Sheffield, writes to ask me to recommend him for election as a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature, and gives me his blameless parson's record. I refuse on the general ground that I had no personal knowledge of his qualifications, and that I "couldn't put a face on him". Voila, another enemy!

I wrote to the Principal of Cuddesdon, the Bishop of Jarrow, the Rector of Bishopwearmouth, Mrs Williams, the Vicar of South Shields, and others.

I finished reading "The Way of the Dictators". Its concluding chapter, "What then of England?" is rather disconcerting, though it disclaims pessimism. Its tribute to Baldwin is noteworthy. "Mr Baldwin is democracy's reply to the dictators", but Baldwin is not immortal, & is never likely to be repeated. "Except, then, from the zealots of Socialism we have no reason to stand in awe of the menacing shadow of the dictator." It may be so, but is not the exception itself sufficiently alarming? For "the zealots of Socialism" are neither few nor inactive. Will they not capture "Labour"? And, then?

[212]

We motored to Church Stretton, stopping at Much Wenlock to visit the church. A man-servant happening to come out of the Priory Ground, I made inquiry about Lady Katherine Gaskell, & was told that she was thought to be dying. We found the house, Lis Escop, where Bishop Nickson\* has settled, and were fortunate enough to find him at home. So we had tea, and talked. Nickson is an unusually gifted man. His skill in metal work is astonishing, and he generously gives beautiful pastoral staves of his own manufacture to his friends. He said that he would make me one, but not, I think, with any serious purpose of doing so! The diocese presented him with a fine chapel, which gives a fittingly devotional character to the house. He told me that some excisions had to be made from Bell's Life of Archbishop Davidson, at the instance of the King, who objected to making certain incidents public. The Bishop had made, and presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury the silver buckles which His Grace wore at the marriage of Princess Marina. I could not but envy him such resources of recreation in retirement.

<!180835>

[213]

9<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

**One is brought nearer to God in the Bush, I think, than elsewhere – perhaps because there is no one else on whom to rely.**

Jack Carr from Southern Nigeria

July 14<sup>th</sup> 1935

Loneliness unrelieved by a consciousness of God's presence may be spiritually destructive; for man is made for society, and apart from society his character disintegrates. But, as Bacon said, "a crowd is not company", and one may be more painfully alone in a great city than in the tropical desert. Indeed, I think it is probably true of our urban-bred, urban-bound populations, that they suffer most from loneliness, all the more morally harmful because accompanied by the hustle and noise of the city. The true remedy of loneliness, whether of the wilderness or of the town is Friendship, and, where there are no human neighbours, the only Friendship accessible is that which the Christian can possess with his unseen Master. "Ye are my friends" said Jesus to the Eleven, and God in Christ can take the character, and fulfil the service of the perfect Friend.

[214]

Holidays ought to retain their original intention of "holy days", that is days set apart for religion, days ear-marked and ordered as "holy to the Lord". They are so many barricades against secularisation, so many vindications of man's Divine sonship. Resolutely breaking away from the normal ordering of life, and establishing his own personal control over the interval, however brief, which he secures for his holiday, the bond-slave of business escapes into the life-giving air of liberty, & realizes himself. This character of a holiday is not often remembered, not easily preserved. It would be easier, perhaps, if we could be banished from the familiar environment of life, and like Elijah, could "go a day's journey into the wilderness", and think out in that solitude the besieging problem of our lot. There we might also meet the kindly angel, and receive the sacramental food, and thus strengthened, "stand upon the mount before the Lord", and hear "a still, small voice".

[215]

I began the day by writing a long letter to Jack Carr. Then we went to church. The service – Mattins, Litany, and Holy Communion – were well and reverently read by a clergyman, whose name was, I think, Gardiner; the sermon was a curiously old-fashioned discourse, delivered from notes, and suggesting no reading and little preparation. It would, perhaps, be acceptable to our Evangelicals, who neither read nor think, but "know their Bibles", but it could be hardly intelligible to the younger generation, & might "cause the enemy to blaspheme". I wonder what company he keeps, and what books, if any, interest him. I wrote to the Dean, and to George Nimmins. Ella and I walked for an hour in Lord Boyne's Park, but, though we gained some fine views, we were much bothered by flies.

I finished reading Vachall's novel "Brothers" which was published as long ago as 1905. The picture of the Church of England is intermediate between Trollope and the present time. I note the assumption that the beefy athlete is the really successful clergyman!

<!190835>

[216]

Monday, August 19<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

A letter from Lionel Trotman tells me that he is married, and, of course, profusely happy. He encloses a photograph of himself (in cassock and bands!) leaving the church with his bride under a roof of swords. The troops paid this compliment to their chaplain. He thanks me for a cheque, and Ella for a photograph (no, an engraving) of Auckland Castle. He writes:-

I remember when you and I were out walking once that when we came in sight of the Castle, from the top of the Golf Course, you said to me, "Some time you will be proud to have lived there". And I am. I don't think there is any period of my life that I look back on with more satisfaction. My time with you gave me a training and equipment which have served me in good stead all along.

I should like to believe that the clergymen who as chaplains, come into continuing intimacy with me, are not spiritually injured by what I fear must needs be a dangerous experience. They themselves, perhaps, are not the best judges.

[217]

Burrows, the Rector of Epworth, sends me the sermon which he preached in the Wisley Memorial church on Samuel Wesley the father of the Schismatick. I am agreeably surprized to learn that he is on such terms with his dissenting parishioners that they should invite him to the sermon at the Bi-centenary Commemoration of Samuel Wesley's death, and that he should feel able to accept the invitation. He must have become more liberal since he left my diocese. He was a S. Chad's man. There is a change in the tone and manner of the Anglo-Catholics, which is hardly congruous with their unchanged attitude on the main question. The harshness of Tractarian manners & the acerbity of Tractarian speech have given place to an almost oleaginous affectionateness, but au fond there is no mitigation of the old exclusive doctrine. It is only an insular edition of the transition from Medieval ferocity to Jesuit suavity: but the ^men of the^ Counter-Reformation burned more hereticks than their uncouth predecessors! Indeed, it is hard to see how any genuine fraternising can take place between Catholics and Protestants: and these are descriptions under which Anglicans and Dissenters are now included.

[218]

I sent the newspaper cutting about N. H. (v. p. 206) to the Bishop of Oxford with a covering letter. It seems right to put him on his guard.

We visited some old churches in the immediate neighbourhood, and then had tea with Miss Hamilton Russell, with whom were some other ladies.

I received letters from Charles and from Dick: neither containing any startling news. Sir John Reith,\* *having heard that there were references to the B. B. C. in the Bishoprick, wrote to the Chaplain for a copy, which, however, Charles was unable to send. I sent him one. It is*

*interesting to observe the care with which B. B. C. watches any references to itself which may appear in the Press (if the "Bishoprick" may be so described).*

I heard from Hugh Rees Ltd. that they would undertake the printing of the Gifford syllabus. Accordingly, I sent them the MS of the said syllabus, and with it as a kind of model, the syllabus which the Secretary sent me, of a former course.



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Tuesday, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

But why is the culture of family feeling and family life the only one which can permanently guarantee a culture of the soul? Because sentiments and emotions are not long-range forces. Their vital space lies entirely within the circle of intimacy. **One should never believe in the words of that man who pretends to love humanity while he dislikes his fellow-men.** He may, perhaps, sincerely wish the good of mankind, that is to say, his conscious thoughts & projects may be given up to what he considers, on reflection, to be objective good. But the only certain thing is that he feels nothing at all: all the so-called lovers of mankind who have figured in history have been, without exception, hard & cold sorts of beings. On the other hand, **the greatest genius of Love our Western world has known commanded us to love our neighbours. The fact is that it is only our neighbours whom we can love.** Sentiments go no further. A more far-reaching love can only be born of a molecular cohesion which, by means of a metamorphosis by contact, spreads & widens from intimacy to intimacy.

Keyserling

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We left the Rectory a few minutes after 11 a.m., and motored by way of Ledbury and Gloucester to Painswick, and lunched with Sir John and Lady Percival. Sir John and Lady Birchall and the married daughter of our host were also at lunch. We had much pleasant but not memorable conversation, and then we went to tea with Geordie Gore in her little house, which some years ago we occupied for our holiday. A number of ladies, mainly ancient, gathered for tea. Captain and M<sup>rs</sup> Soltau Simmons\* were also there: she as skeletal as ever, he becoming very obese. We left Painswick about 5.15 p.m. and motored to Burwarton by way of Cheltenham & Tewkesbury. We arrived about 8.45 p.m. having travelled 148 miles in the course of the day. We wasted some time in finding the house of Ella's cousins, the Plain Virgins, who live hard by the parish church of Charlton Kings. Also, we wasted some time in Cheltenham, while Fearne purchased various requisites for the house-hold. The day was very hot.

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Wednesday, August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1935.

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The Archbishop of York informs me that Bailey has appealed against his deposition. In answering his Grace's letter, I took occasion to send him a memorandum on Bailey's case. I am sorry that this miserable business should enter on yet another phase of publicity, and I am not altogether confident that Temple's kind-heartedness is to be trusted in a case of discipline.

The Bishop of Oxford replies to my letter about Neville Hudson rather disconcertingly. It would appear that the Cowley Fathers have befriended this unpleasant parson, and they do not seem to have an adequate sense of the gravity of his ill-conduct. The truth is that everything is pardoned by these holy men to a sinner who will make his confession! I must needs think that the Bishops ought to be adamant in the matter of disqualifying conduct, and these moral offences do properly come under that description.

Braley writes from his Northumbrian cottage, where he is keeping holiday with his wife and girl, and preparing a volume on "Some aspects of [sic]

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He writes: -

["I asked sixty of my young men to give me their frank opinion on the subject of "modern faith and Organized Religion". I have indeed received an eye opener. There is an amazing ignorance of what religion is – and this after four years of instruction from me. I feel very humiliated to realize that I have not ~~xx~~ even convinced some of them of the existence of God.["]

Yet these young men are going out as teachers with the prestige of having been trained in a rather unusually efficient Church Training College. Religion, or at least Theology, which is its indispensable intellectual formulation, has lost interest for modern people. They cannot see that it really matters what people believe, or whether they worship. The next world, with its awful certainties of unalterable destiny, has fallen out of general concern, and this world has become so absorbingly interesting that no other interest can maintain a hold.

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We motored to Shrewsbury and visited the great Flower Show, which is evidently an event of ~~great~~ much local importance. There was a gorgeous display of all manner of flowers, arranged with astonishing skill and taste. I never saw a more wonderful variety of dahlias, roses and carnations. Indeed the abundance of beauty so overwhelmed the visitor's power of appreciation that he could not but fail to do justice to the various exhibits. Leaving Shrewsbury we motored to Cressage, and called on ~~Ella~~ Ella's relation, Captain Parker, who is recovering from an operation for appendicitis. We had tea very comfortably, and then returned to Burwarton.

*The newspapers announce that the Cabinet is immediately to meet in order to consider the grave situation which has been created by Mussolini's brutal refusal to consider any alternative to War with Abyssinia. It is difficult to see what can be done to rescue the League of Nations from a defeat so humiliating as practically to destroy it as an effective instrument for maintaining peace.*

**[224]**

The Protestant Truth Society is taking up its parable against the B.B.C. One count is a truly formidable indictment – headed – G.K. Chesterton\* and the B.B.C. – and it finds special cause for alarm in the selection of the Bishop of Durham as the spokesman of “Protestantism” –

[“]As a feint to fair play, the B.B.C. asked D<sup>r</sup> Henson, Bishop of Durham, to broadcast a talk on the Protestant conception of Freedom. A more unsuitable person to speak for Protestants could hardly have been selected, as he stigmatised the Protestant opponents of the now rejected Romanised Prayer Book as “the Protestant Underworld.[”]

But truly the circumstances that everything in Church and State is vehemently resented as implying an affront to “Protestantism”, one feels, driven to the conclusion that only in an underworld of their own can Protestants find what they want.

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Tuesday, August 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.

[“]And what shall we say of the woman capable of giving points to Falstaff in the consumption of strong drink, & above all of the woman ascetic, who has made a vow of perpetual fasting? The latter aberration is considered one of the most perverse which have ever ravaged humanity.

In all periods, men have believed in the mortification of the flesh to the advantage of the soul’s salvation, but no anchorite has ever accumulated torments in order to ensure the beauty of the body. The contrary is more likely to be the final result of a life of fasting; it is therefore probable that a particularly repellent old age lies in wait for those young women who hope to remain beautiful for ever, thanks to the practice of emaciation. All these practices are fast-growing unfashionable.[”]

Keyserling.

This is acute, sound and telling. Our cohort of fifth form Etonians may again become recognizable the girls whom their Creator designed.

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I wrote to Rawlinson and D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh. These letters belong to the diplomacy of friendship, having no special object and no apparent value, but possessing a certain influence on the normal machinery of life, towards which they may be said to fulfil the function of lubricating oil.

I am sufficiently interested in Count Keyserling to desire to understand more exactly what his[sic] driving at. So I wrote to Hugh Ross ordering “The Book of Marriage” and “America set Free”.

We left the Rectory at 11.30 a.m., & motored of [sic] Bridgnorth and Stourbridge to Harborne Vicarage near Broughton, and lunched with M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Richardson (Linetta Castelveccchio\*). The house is beautifully situated, and commands a fine view, which, however, is doomed to be destroyed by the building of many new houses. The Church has a 13<sup>th</sup> century tower, but was itself rebuilt in the middle of the last century, & is fearfull[sic] mean. However, it seems in a bad state, & the galleries show signs of collapsing.

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We sate in the garden, and talked until tea-time when after visiting the church & ~~xxxxxx~~ fishmonger, we returned to Burwarton by way of Wolverhampton and Bridgnorth arriving at 10.50 p.m.

Richardson is a meek looking little man, with a fine set of teeth, and a deferential manner. He is far gone in Modernism, and, as he has some literary powers, is coming to count for something among "Modern Churchmen". He told me that he had "come out of" acute Anglo-Catholicism, having been choir boy and server in an "advanced" church. This may explain a certain suggestion of sanctimoniousness which goes rather oddly with the modernism. He thinks that the failure of the church going habit may be arrested by modernizing the prayer-book services, but I told him the failure was but the symptom of something deeper than any changing of the service-forms can reach. He said that the Bishop of Birmingham carried weight with the laity of his dioceses, but not with the clergy. He lacked popular manners, and had provoked the Anglo-Catholics too deeply.

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Friday, August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1935.

[“]There is no superficial thing which is not capable of revealing a deep truth to him who can read the signs. In his most witty study on the history of the cinema, Rene Fuling Miller remarks that all of the American film-industry pioneers without exception began their career as clothes merchants or with ready-made tailors; these two trades rest, indeed in pure reputation & indeed on pure reputation, to the exclusion of all individual adaptation or initiative.[”]

Keyserling.

Arthur Rawle wrote to say that my brother Arthur had been ill, but was now improving. I wrote to him saying that, if he had no better news to give of himself, I should try to race down to Minehead & see him. He is an odd creature, and my coming without announcement might not please him. Long residence in India plays the devil’s tricks with a man’s health and temper.

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I received another letter about Neville Hudson from the Bishop of Oxford. He tells me that the Bishop of Derby assured him in July 1932 that “he had seen him (viz. Hudson) from time to time, & he thought him to be trusted now”. Even so, and remembering that the Bishop of Derby did not know that Hudson had an unsavoury reputation in Brandon, it seems to me very extraordinary that he should have written thus. How could any man be trusted to have control of boys who was known to have been concerned in procuring and circulating indecent photographs? I do think that there is a culpably low level of official responsibility among the bishops. They are far more concerned with the restoration of the peccant clergyman, which will hush up a scandal & terminate a difficult situation, than with “the interests of the Church” which really cannot consist with the continuance in the ministry of men who are known to be morally unsound. **Surely, these are offences which ought to be treated as professionally disqualifying**, in connexion with which professions of penitence and appearances of reformation ought not be admissible. The risk of continuation of some offences is too great.

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We left the Rectory at 11.30 a.m. and motored to Hereford, turning aside at Ludlow to visit Bromyard. The church is extremely interesting, and has suffered terribly, the chancel having been demolished in order that the grantee of the abbey property might build himself a house on its site, & largely out of its materials.

At Hereford we lunched at the Palace with the Bishop and M<sup>rs</sup> Lisle-Carr. I had talk with the Bishop, who seems a friendly person. He told me much about Moore, who was Rector of the

Town Church in my day, and rather a nuisance. He is now an Archdeacon in the Norwich diocese, & Canon of Norwich. The strange fondness of the Bishop of Norwich has pushed him into one place after another, & he garners dislike from all. I had my hair washed, and then we had tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Underwood and called on Parker at the Vicarage of Breinton. Then we returned to Burwarton in steady rain.

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The Bishop told me that I was not yet forgotten in the diocese: that a reference to my “kindness” (!) never failed to evoke cheers in public meetings; and that he was frequently assured by the clergy that what impressed the people particularly was that I “never preached down” to them. They couldn’t always understand what I said, but they appreciated the evident care & thought which marked my words. This was, of course, very agreeable to hear, the more since I honestly think it was not wholly unjust. The modern fashion of using slang in the pulpit has ever been abhorrent to me; & I did certainly take pains over my sermons even in the smallest country churches.

Lisle Carr said that he was staying at Lambeth in February 1918 when I was consecrated. He spoke with derision on the evil manner in which I was treated.

The pear trees which I planted in the garden are now beginning to bear fruit. It is surely high time after 16 years!

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Saturday, August 24<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

[“]In the domain of Spirit, significance creates the facts, as poetic inspiration creates the verses which correspond to it.[”]

Keyserling.

What precisely does this mean? Is it a deep truth? or [sic] is it rather, as I suspect, a juggling with words? Is the parallel between “facts” and “verses” either just or helpful? “Verses” are but arrangements of words, and these (albeit capable of many uses) are integral parts of a particular language, & that is not created by the poets who make it their instrument. “Spirit” can interpret facts, but cannot create them. Or, should the statement be read as a summary or label, of which the sense is only discernible by the method of paraphrase? “In the domain of man’s spiritual life, facts have their importance only as seen in their true meaning & reference, apart from which they may spiritually be no facts at all”. Could there be any significance apart from the significant facts? Am I not on the track of the fundamental error which entangles all the whole tribe, which Guignebert represents?

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The European type from which the typical American – of however pure Anglo-Saxon stock – differs most psychologically is, the Englishman. The difference between these two is so marked that one may fairly call it a freak of nature that they both speak the same language..... The differences between a Norwegian and a Neapolitan certainly amount to less.

Keyserling. “America Set Free” p.92

I received from Rees another of Keyserling’s books “America Set Free”, which I found most suggestive and entertaining.

After lunch we motored to Brignorth, where Ella made some necessary purchases, & then we crossed the Severn and visited two churches – Qualton and Qualford, both of which contained features of interest. In the latter there are some fine tombs of the Wycford family. I was interested by a tablet of one of that who died in 1641. “Non but Christ: non but Christ” was an inscription which savoured of Puritanism. The date of the carved oak pulpit, 1639, suggested Laud.

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The grocer in Brignorth, from whom we have been purchasing provisions, introduced himself to me as the churchwarden of S. Leonard’s, when I was Bishop of Hereford. He expressed himself with the oleaginous servility of his tribe, but I felt inclined to tell him that his bacon was extremely bad! However, I was quite civil!



*The cautious, almost non-committal, attitude of the British Government has, I think, aroused much disappointment in some quarters, and in others a sentiment which might almost be described as disgust. It might fairly be maintained that the long delay which has enabled the Italians to complete their preparation for war, does itself carry a moral obligation on Great Britain & France to act with decision when the last leaf of the olive branch which they have so persistently offered has been cast by Mussolini on the alter-fire by Bellona. I fear that France is resolved in no circumstances to break with Italy, & that Great Britain will refuse to act alone: and, in short, that Abyssinia will be sacrificed. "It is expedient that one man should die for the people".*

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**10<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 25<sup>th</sup>, 1935.**

A calm warm morning, prefacing, I suppose, yet another hot day. The rain of Friday was but an interlude, not a definite breaking of the drought. We all went to church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. The service was reverently read, and the Order of 1662, save for some modernisations in the Prayer for the church Militant, was followed. We even had the Decalogue. Instigated by Ellie, I went into the vestry, & asked the parson, Gardiner, to tea. He accepted my invitation, but not with alacrity! Probably, he realized with sadness that he would be deprived of the substantial meal, to which he was accustomed. "High Tea" is a very different "proposition" from the tenuous conventionalism in the drawing room which does duty for tea in the late dinner section of the people.

**I spent the whole morning in composing a letter to the Times on the Abyssinian crisis, in which I expressed my agreement with the letter from Sir Charles Hobhouse, which appeared in that** journal on August 23<sup>rd</sup>, and took occasion to indicate, gently but clearly, my contempt for Lansbury's sob stuff.

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M<sup>r</sup> Gardiner duly came to tea, and remained until Evensong, monopolizing my study, & thus preventing me from writing some letters. He is beneficed in the diocese of Chichester, & has a large country parish with a small endowment. His son is a farmer in Burwarton, & hence he came to be taking Culley's duty.

We attended Evensong. He preached from Psalm 18 v. 25-26. "With the merciful thou wilt show thyself merciful &c.", which he appeared completely to misunderstand: for his sermon, so far as I could understand its drift, was concerned, not with God's treatment of men, which is clearly what the Psalmist had in mind, but this man's conception of God, which was with some violence connected with the Psalmist's words. The key is given in v. 24. "Therefore hath the Lord recompensed me according to my righteousness, according to the cleanness of my hands in His Eyesight." The Psalmist perceives in his own experience an example of the law which governs the relations between man and God. Human behaviour draws its appropriate consequence.

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Monday, August 26<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

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Alexander writes to me that Leslie Wilson is getting on well in his post at Eastgate. This is a reward for his admirable persistence in trying to help that young man, who really trembled on the verge of social perdition.

Ella received from Joyce Baker-Wilbraham a letter stating that her daughter Mary had become engaged to a divorced Harvard Professor, & that both of them would be at Rode Hall, when we came there on Friday. The cause of the Professor's divorce was rather hazily described, but seemed to be something between desertion and incompatibility of temper. I felt it would not be right, and would certainly be embarrassing for me to encounter these young people: &, therefore, I wrote to Philip [Baker-Wilbraham\*] at some length cancelling our visit, & explaining the reason why. Ella was disappointed, but accepted the necessity of my decision. How difficult the position of a Christian in this modern world is becoming! The breach between the use & wont of "Society" in Christendom is steadily widening, and a recognition of the actual breach cannot much longer be avoided.

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The Daily Mail publishes a long interview which its correspondent Ward Price has had with Mussolini. Nothing could exceed the cynical impudence of his language. He is not at the pains of observing the forms of civility, but shakes his fist in the face of Great Britain, & refers to the League of Nations, of which Italy is a member, & **for which the British Government has just declared its inflexible purpose to stand**, in terms of scornful insult. He states the case between Italy and Abyssinia in words of brutal realism. The one country is crowded and poor, the other is thinly inhabited and fertile, the one covets & is strong enough to seize: the other refuses, and is too weak to resist. Voila, tout!

We spent the afternoon in seeing three churches of extreme interest - Kilpeck, Abbey Dore, and Madley. We also looked in on Bacton, where Elizabeth's faithful lady, Parry, is buried, and the famous pre-Reformation Chalice & Paten are preserved. Of these a photograph and a careful description are hung in the church. Ella delayed us by hunting shops in Hereford, so that we did not get back to the Rectory until about 8 p. m.

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The fundamental reason of American uniformity and standardisation is the conforming to a standardized order of life on the accepted premise that externals account for everything. If the belief in them is strong enough, they do indeed. Here lies the chief reason of American suggestibility. The Americans would not be more suggestible than other people, and advertising would not be so immeasurably more successful there than anywhere else, **were it not for the behaviourist belief that man's life is nothing but "habit" and that every habit is the outcome of given**

**external influences.** In this connection, the life of the United States presents the image of one single gigantic vicious circle.

v. Keyserling. America Set Free. p. 185.

The alarming fact is that America is the model on which England is, consciously, or unconsciously, forming itself on every plane of public life.

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Tuesday, August 27<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

[Joseph] Farnell,\* the Vicar of Witton Park, writes to tell me that he is "taking a month's holiday from Aug 30<sup>th</sup>" and that he has arranged that Evans, the Vicar of Etherley shall take the Celebrations & surplice duties, and that the other services shall be taken by a layman, Tymms. I wrote pointing out that, in future, he must not take my consent for granted, but must, first, secure it, and then make his arrangements accordingly. I also wrote to Tymms and Evans, for it is nowise incredible that Farnell has not really arranged anything with them. "Freehold of the Benefice" has much to answer for!

*Lord [Charles] Hardinge\* of Penshurst has a letter in the Times belittling the moral responsibility of Great Britain, and emphasizing the risks of any attempt to impose restraints on Italy. He is an old diplomætist, and probably expresses the official mind. "Fiat Justitia, ruat cælum" is hardly the formula of modern statesman: and, perhaps, Mussolini is distinguished rather by the uncouth vehemence of his language than by the exceptional turpitude of his policy. Yet, if there be such a thing as a God that doeth righteously, it cannot be right or wise to condone his wickedness.*

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After lunch we motored in the neighbourhood, & visited some churched. Cleobury Mortimer & Butterley are notable. In the churchyard of the latter there stands a tall, slender cross, carrying in its upmost part figures of the Crucified & the Virgin and child. An imposing modern rood-screen & loft annoyed me by being apparently no more than ornamental. There was a fine medieval chest, and a Norman font.

Miss Hamilton Russell and a friend called after tea. Large, limp women, survivals from a dead past, and functionless in the unintelligible present.

Joyce Baker-Wilbraham sent a telegram to Ella acknowledging our letter cancelling our visit, and expressing regret. Philip is away in Scotland, shooting grouse. Flo. Laurie telegraphed to say that we should be welcome at Carlton on Friday. So we substituted one visit for another, & thus re-knit the broken web of our holiday-plans.

The weather is distinctly colder: there is in the air autumnal feeling which is almost a proœ-gustatio of winter. Nothing could exceed the beauty of the views from the Clee Hill, which we gained during the afternoon.

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Wednesday, August 28<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

From the Times I received the following which would seem to indicate that my letter is not immediately to appear, if indeed to appear at all.

My Lord.

The Editor has asked me to thank you for your letter. He is keeping it by him in the hope of being able to give it the prominence it deserves.

I am &c.

Streeter writes in answer to my inquiry about Guignebert.

“In reply to your question about Guignebert: I have bought his book, but have not yet had time to read it. The claim made in the Preface that the book is written with “calm detachment” is clearly misleading. I suppose nobody who wishes to think & write freely on religious subjects in a country dominated by the Roman Church can avoid being to some extent a partisan.

I gave a course of Lectures in U. S. A. (last Easter twelve months) on the [243] Historical Evidence for the Life of Christ, which I am hoping some day to expand & put out in book form. I am not prepared to go as far as Lightfoot in his following of the Formgeschichte School, but I do not want to print anything on the subject till I have pondered rather more carefully the literature and also the kind of thing which Guignebert puts out. A preliminary article by me on the subject was printed in the October (Conference) Number of the Modern Churchman last year. Have you read Major's article “The latest Phase of Gospel Criticism” in the June number of the Modern Churchman? I agree with most of what he says, but most particularly with the emphasis in his conclusion that at the present day the driving power of Christianity has to be sought no longer in the appeal to history, but rather in the Living Spirit – in spite of the risks which inevitably accompany such emphasis.

Then he maunders about Buchmanism!

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It is rather perturbing to find that Streeter seems to feel no repugnance to Major's sweeping statement which I noted on p. 73 of this Journal. Is he indemnifying himself by credulity as a Buchmanite for scepticism as a Scholar? He writes in a tone of exalted confidence:-

[“]Only if we get a moral & religious revival on an international scale, would public opinion be sufficiently modified to prevent war, & thus save civilisation. Not only that, but an aftermath of spiritual revival would lead to a clarification of the intellectual approach to theological & theologico-historical problems.  
**Personally I see such a spiritual revival in the Oxford Group Movement. No**

**doubt, like the church to which S. Paul wrote at Corinth, it has occasional & conspicuous failures, but what I have seen in Denmark has shown me that it is capable of making bad men good and good men better on a scale sufficiently large and at a rate sufficiently rapid to make [245] it possible to save the situation, if there is a respite from a world war for another four or five years.** In evidence of what has happened in Denmark I enclose a translation of an interview with the Bishop of Copenhagen, the Danish Primate (who has seen it both in Copenhagen and in Jutland), giving his opinion of its effect in Denmark, and his reasons for joining the Movement.["]

The Danish Bishop is, of course, a Lutheran, & he would appear to be also either ignorant of, or unconcerned with, the questions, scientific and critical, which exercise the minds of moderately educated men. What he says of the Groups, does not go beyond what is ever said, & no doubt with equal truth, about the more familiar kinds of Evangelical Mission. I remember the vast claims, the great popularity, and the rapid eclipse of the Welsh Mission some years ago. His account of 'guidance' indicates a considerable abatement of the claims so vehemently urged for it by Allen and Grensted, who are now said to be deserters.

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I wrote at some length to Streeter, returning the Danish Bishop's testimony, and expressing again my disapproval of Buchmanism.

*The Times publishes letters on the Abyssinian question from the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Lords Cecil and Ponsonby: I do not wonder that he had no space for the Bishop of Durham. Lang is extremely polite ~~that~~ to that old mountebank, Lansbury: extremely non-committal about the main question: and ponderously suggestive as to possible demonstrations of Christian feeling on a great scale in the near future. Primates of all England, who add a full dose of hereditary Scotch canniness to the caution proper to their official rank, do not readily "come to the help of the Lord against the mighty."*

I wrote to Dick, telling him to seek and to follow the Principal's advice as to his joining the projected mission in Peterborough. Personally I think that Ordination candidates should postpone preaching & until they have been ordained. But one must not quench the smoking flare.

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**American man's outlook, taken as a whole, is that of woman:** it is symbolic in the highest degree, that ever recurring spectacle of a husband minding the children while their spectacled highbrow mother reads some intellectual book. The American man's reverence for public opinion, his general bent to answer to, not to create demands, is a feminine characteristic: it is one expression among others of the eternally feminine wish for respectability. So is his suggestibility and the fickleness of his emotions. **The psychological emasculation of the American man is completed by the fact that he knows practically no solitude.** Man is not only the inventive part of humanity: he is the solitary part in the

sense that his best achievements are products of what he does alone & by himself. There is a deep significance in the fact that most creative men married late or did not marry at all. In America man knows practically no singleness once he has reached the age of puberty.

v. Keyserling. America set Free. p. 327.

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We motored to Stokesay, and visited the parish church, and “castle” or moated manor house, both very interesting, especially the latter. The elaborately carved Elizabethan gateway to the “Castle” is itself worth a visit. We went on to Clun, and visited the parish church, an Impressive but very dark & heavy transitional Norman church. We gave a distant look at the ruins of the castle, & then had tea at a rather humble looking inn called ‘The Buffalo Hotel’. However everything was clean and satisfactory. The weather which had been threatening, now broke in a vehement thunder-storm. We motored back to Burwarton for the greater part of the way through a heavy downfall of rain.

The afternoon post brought me a letter from Charles, and another from the Bishop of Eau Claire. He accompanies his letter with another of the little booklets in which he abounds – “An Outline of the New Testament”. He covers the whole ground in 101 small pages and includes illustrations!



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Thursday, August 29<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

Keyserling says that in many American towns the question was put to him, whether freer morals would create richer souls. His answer is not very intelligible. On the one hand, he is severe on the existing laxity of American morals:

[“]To my knowledge, there never was a generation poorer in soul-life than the youngest American generation. There being no inhibitions to the impulses, soul-life simply cannot develop....

Accordingly, the real issue is not whether freer morals are required, but whether human beings can stand more freedom. Now all facts go to prove that, the overwhelming majority of modern American youth is not in the least ready for a freer outlook. Most of them are Puritans the other way round...

This is the truth about these healthy boys and girls Judge Lindsey delights in. They may be healthy as bodies: I dare say they are. I will even go so far as to admit that the new generation seems [250] to be blessed with a better physique than that of any generation for centuries outside of savage tribes. But their souls are often almost subhuman. Here we find the least pleasant phenomenon of the convergence between America and Russia – There is very little difference between Bolshevik and neo-American soul-life. [”]

On the other hand, he argues energetically that the “great man” cannot reasonably be subject to morality.

If, owing to a life the average would call immoral, he creates eternal values, then he obviously has a right to this kind of life even from the social standpoint: for he achieves more good than millions of moral citizens taken together.

This is mere sophistry, and involves the negation of Morality, which is essentially no respecter of persons. “Doing evil that good may come” cannot be a principle of conduct even for a “great man”.

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The Times has another batch of letters on the Abyssinian crisis. Mine does not appear, and, I suspect, has now become obsolete!

I wrote some necessary letters, and paid the accounts for house-keeping.

We packed, and played croquet. Leng was supposed to be overhauling the car in order to see that all was safe and sound against tomorrow’s journey, and so we were confined to the premises.

The black cat haunted us persistently, ensuring that the antipathy which it had evoked should be nowise abated before our departure. It is ludicrously true that this creature, (an extraordinarily poor specimen of its race,) was a real annoyance to us, and even threatened a disturbance of our harmony. For Ella professed a tender regard to the beast, and encouraged its approaches: while Fearne displayed an almost savage loathing for it. I strove, with the indifferent success & the unfortunate experience of most peace-makers, to establish a modus vivendi by alternately tolerating and evicting the creature. Its influence was malefic up to the end.

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The [covered by ink blot] Social Consciousness is more highly differentiated there (sc. In U.S.A.) than anywhere on earth. But the individual is underdeveloped to a degree unheard of in civilized nations in any age. And since all spiritual values are created by the individual, and can be created only by him, there is no possibility that even the most perfect social system, incarnated in men of the highest social morality, can ever compensate for the non-existence of fully developed individualities.

v. Keyserling. I. c. 410.

The monotonous uniformity of type among Americans does certainly arrest the observant visitor to the Republic. It would seem that they, like their manufactures, are becoming standardized: and in both cases it is becoming apparent that standardization is not favourable to quality.

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Friday, August 30<sup>th</sup>, 1935.

**The present state of America suffices to show what a terrible judgement awaits those who do not understand.** Thus, if man cannot definitely transform the age in which he has conquered nature into one rung higher on the ladder that leads him up to the spiritual world, then that which appears to be progress will mean a fall – not the First fall, this time, but the last. For if the earth be materially conquered, but spirit vanquished at the same time, what other issue or solution can there be? – The more all-important and full of significance matter appears to be, the more does spirit alone really count. **A final material victory not permeated by spirit would mean death absolute. For, ultimately, man is nothing but spirit.**

v. Keyserling. l.c. 476.

These are the concluding words of Keyserling's 'America Set Free' – a whimsical, paradoxical yet searching & stimulating book.

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The close of a holiday has a sadness of its own, for one expects so much more from it than one actually receives. I suspect that those only can get genuine pleasure out of a holiday whose normal life is 'cribbed, cabined and confined' by the nature of their work, and the conditions under which it must perforce be done. For me, holiday really means little more than a change of scene: the work is inseparable from life, & responsibility ignores geography. Moreover, even the change of scene is not marked enough to make much difference. The scene on which I gaze from the windows of Auckland Castle is not inferior in beauty and interest to that which is likely to encounter me elsewhere. It must be very different with the city-dweller, who works in shop, or office, or factory, and lives in long rows of monotonously duplicated houses, going to and from his work in crowded trains and omnibuses. Ever in audience of the same voices, & never far removed from the too familiar faces.

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Undoubtedly the most refreshing holiday for a man placed as I am would be foreign travel, but as old age draws on, and one becomes increasingly dependent on the service of others, the exertion involved in travelling abroad is ever more repugnant. And for many of us the sea has terrors of its own which disincline one to face even a short voyage. Accordingly, holidays become ever more prosaic, uninteresting and unrefreshing. It is probably a really grave mishandling of any man that he should be suffered to grow up without a genuine interest in games, & sufficient skill in them to be at no loss for pleasant exercise. The happiest old men I know have been sportsmen and athletes: they are thus intelligible to the young: & not intolerable to themselves. But a gameless man must of necessity be out of his

element when all the world is playing games: and very easily he may become a bore and a kill-joy. He cannot always be reading: and nobody cares now for conversation.

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[symbol]

**My letter at the head of two others appears on the front page of the Times under the heading "Justice before Peace", and reads fairly well.** *The Times has a leading article, expressed in terms more decidedly hostile to Mussolini's impudent attitude than heretofore. It is hard to see what will happen; easy to see what ought to happen.*

A terrible tragedy is reported from Switzerland. The King of the Belgians was driving his motor, having beside him the Queen, & behind him the chauffeur, when an accident happened. The Queen was thrown against a tree with such violence that her head was fractured, & she was killed almost immediately. The King was not seriously injured, though grievously shocked: and the chauffeur got off with nothing worse than an involuntary immersion in the Lake of Lucerne. The Queen, a Swedish princess, had made herself greatly beloved in Belgium, & her death is a considerable public calamity.

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It is officially announced that the Duke of Gloucester is engaged to a daughter of the Duke of Buccleugh. They are old enough to know their own minds, for he is 36 and she is 34. It is evident that marriages with subjects is becoming normal with our Royal House.

We left Burwarton Rectory at 11.13 a.m. and motored by way of Bridgnorth, Wolverhampton, Tamworth, Nottingham & Newark to Carlton Hall, where we arrived at 4.45 p.m. and were warmly welcomed. At Tamworth we had lunch very comfortably in the Castle Hotel. We visited the fine parish church dedicated to S. Editha.

M<sup>rs</sup> [Mary] Darwin\* and Gilbert [Darwin]\* came to dinner as well as Haliburton, who is now stationed in these parts as adjutant of the Territorials. He impressed himself very gloomily on the subject of recruiting. He attributes the reluctance of the young men to join the Force to the activity of the Pacifists, and the ill-memories of the Great War.

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**Saturday, August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1935.**

Streeter was evidently “pricked in the heart” by any observations on Groups, for he writes immediately in reply. To my criticism of Major’s article on Form criticism he answers:

[“]I read Major’s article as a piece of intentional paradox. I cannot suppose that he thought possible a Christianity of which the Creed is neither theistic nor historical, his point I took to be that the philosophical and historical movements of the day are driving Christians into making more of the doctrine of the Spirit, not merely as a doctrine but as a vital power.[”]

But, if Major meant no more than this his language was indefensibly crude and misleading. Moreover, if the Spirit be a vital power, how could God the Father remain for the Christian “unknown and unknowable”? and how could God, the incarnate Son be tolerably described as no more than a “myth”?

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Then Streeter speaks about “Groups”:-

[“]As to what you say about the Group Movement, I certainly do not want to start an argument on the subject. I must, however, say that at the time of the Welsh Revival I collected as much of the literature as I could get hold of with a view to studying it as a psychological phenomenon, so that I am in a position to state that the Oxford Group Movement differs from this in a very large number of very important points.[”]

But the main resemblance was the assurance ~~that~~ which both the Welsh Revivalists and the Groupists profess, that their movement is providing a new spiritual dynamic which will win the world for Christ. This assurance in both cases appears to me ill-founded: experience has already disallowed it in the one case: I feel myself persuaded that there will not be long to wait before Experience disallows it in the other.

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Streeter proceeds:-

[“]My own information as to South Africa, Canada, or U. S. A. does not suggest that it has left no permanent results there; nor should I agree that it has spent itself in Oxford. Grensted who for a time became lukewarm, is now again a convinced supporter of it.

As to what you say about indifference to the needs of the intellect, there are plenty of other people endeavouring to meet those needs. I have endeavoured to do so myself, and do not wish to withdraw anything that I have written nor do I propose to

leave off writing on subjects connected with the intellectual or historical basis of religion. The main reason that I have thrown in my lot with this Movement is that I perceive that what our civilization needs is not more intellectual activity, but a new moral dynamic. Without this it [261] must perish through war and the class war. Whether the Oxford Group will be able to effect this on a sufficiently large scale or with sufficient rapidity, of course, remains to be seen. If a European war breaks out this month, it obviously will not do so. If the present crisis is got over, and even postponed, say, for five years, that would give time for effecting something. But where else do you detect any moral or religious force which is doing more than barely holding its ground? This Movement is at any rate recapturing some ground for Christianity, how much it will recapture and the extent to which it will hold what has been so won, will largely depend upon the extent to which the organized churches, and persons who have at command resources of theology, philosophy and history are prepared to assist.["]

As to what you say about vulgarity [262] from long ago and often I have wondered, in reading S. Paul's Epistles to the Corinthians, whether, if I had lived in Corinth then, I should have found it possible to associate myself with such a community. Probably not, but that reflection has been of assistance to me in the present juncture.

All this rather gave me the impression of a man who is "whistling to keep up his courage", seeking to confirm himself in a position, which he increasingly suspects to be untenable, by laying hold of any plan that comes to hand. Streeter is far too intelligent and well-informed ^a^ man really to believe that this much [word unclear] movement of Buchman's is really the world's one hope, nor deliberately to tie the fortunes of Christianity to those of its latest "stunt". He is not at home with these hilarious Philistines, nor can he feel any other sentiments than those of genuine repugnance when he reads the "miraculous" writings of the journalistic expat. [A.J.] Russell.

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The head gardener's daughter was married in the parish church at 2.30 p.m. and we all attended the function. There was a great gathering of the village folk, the church being crowded. The Vicar, combining business with pleasure, prefaced the service with the announcement that the Bishop of Durham would preach & celebrate the Holy Communion on the morrow! Save that an infant shrieked persistently and had to be removed, everything went off excellently. The crowd in the village hall, where the reception had been arranged was so great that we had to move away after congratulating the newly-wedded couple. I was interested in the vicar's exhortation, which was partly taken from the form in the Prayer Book, and partly composed by himself. There was a liberal distribution of confetti in the church yard. Flo Lawrie was insistent that I should appear at the function, and I did so but felt rather the ass in an assembly of strangers on an occasion in which I could not reasonably be thought to have any personal interest! The weather, which had been threatening, became brilliant & warm.

### [264]

Mary Baker Wilbraham's engagement to an American divorcé raises a host of difficult & intriguing questions. How far is marriage a matter of personal choice? How far can the civil law determine for Christians the conditions under which marriage may rightly be contracted and dissolved?

Is there a Christian law of marriage? If so, how is it to be defined? Where is it authoritatively formulated?

What authority, if any, ought Christians to acknowledge in civil law, when it conflicts with Christian principles, and ideals?

How far can the latter be fairly insisted upon in the case of non-Christians?

Are Christians marrying persons, divorced otherwise than Christianity allows, yet married according to the civil law of their country, to be regarded as living in sin? Ought the Church to bar them from communion, & insist on their repudiating their legal obligations? & what equitable claim, if any, have the children of such unions, as are legal by civil law, and disallowed by the Christian Church?

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**11<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 1<sup>st</sup>, 1935.**

I preached in the parish church, & celebrated the Holy Communion. There was a very small congregation in spite of the Vicar's announcement at the wedding. The sermon was substantially identical with that which I preached in Burwarton on August 4<sup>th</sup>, but I changed the text, and made some additions, which I hope were also improvements. Haliburton read the lessons. He has a pleasant voice, a frank boyish manner and a clear enunciation. If he would speak more slowly, and take pains he would read very well indeed.

Flo carried me off to lunch with Lady Sybil Ayles and her husband. Two young men, whose names I have forgotten, were of the party. We had a good deal of pleasant conversation, of which, however, I recall nothing worth noting. We returned through Lord Manners Park, which contains many ancient oaks.

Bridget Tallents\* and her brother, John Hale, came to tea. She is becoming matronly, and he continues in middle life the suggestion of good-natured incompetence which marked his youth.



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Monday, September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1935.

Philip writes to me an explanation of his decision to approve his daughter's marriage with a divorced American professor, but he is not very successful. Indeed, his plea is really nothing more than an elaborate and (I expect) conscious missing the point.

[']The first marriage seems to have been a sad mistake from the start. They ~~lived~~ tried for 5 or 6 years to make the best of it: but as John Buchan (who knows them both) wrote to me, she was never intended by Providence for the married state. And in the end they agree to put an end to it. ~~And~~ There was no question of any other woman, or man. Simply that she would not live with him or take any interest in his work, tho' otherwise quite friendly. The law of Massachusetts allows a divorce on grounds of "cruelty" where there really is none. But this is anyhow better than ^sham^ adultery, and a thousand times better than real [267] "immorality" or looseness of life. The step was not taken lightly: for Elliott Perkins and his family do not think lightly of divorce whatever my be the prevalent American view.[']

But all this is mere sophistry. Does the slightness of the mutual plan for divorce add strength to it? Then we are brought at once to divorce of mutual consent. Marriage shrivels into the private affair of the parties directly concerned, & neither God nor Society has any concern with it! Irrevocability is the character of human decisions, & we only cheat ourselves when we imagine that we can undo what we have done. It is rather melancholy that the Dean of the Arches should be so easily carried away by "the plausible casuistry of the passions"! If only we could establish effective guarantees against precipitate & unwise contracting of marriage, there is much to be said for absolute indissolubility of marriage. As things now stand with us, young men & women are permitted to rush into marriage without any security against the most apparent risks of failure. Such marriage is predestined to unhappy endings.

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We left Carlton Hall at 10.40 a.m. and motored to Bishop Auckland, where we arrived at 3.30 p.m. having stopped at Boroughbridge and lunched very comfortably in the Three Crowns Hotel. We were agreeably surprised by the evident aspect of the Castle grounds. The recent rains following upon the continued hot weather, had worked a transformation. I found a considerable accumulation of letters, including several which had been evoked by my letter in the Times on the Abyssinian crisis. Most of them were intellectually beneath contempt. It ever puzzles me that anybody would think it worth while to communicate such absurdities to others, even if they must needs generate them in their own "minds"!

Barbara Lilley and a female friend arrived about 9 p.m. They were motoring from Scotland to Hereford, and found it convenient to break their journey at Auckland Castle.