

Henson Journal Volume 68

1 October 1936 – 31 January 1937

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

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[1]

Thursday, October 1st, 1936.

Leng and I left the Palace at Lichfield at 9.30 a.m., and motored back to the Castle, where we arrived at 3 p.m. We lunched sumptuously at 'The Three Arrows' Boroughbridge on the way.

Among the letters awaiting my arrival there was one from the European Director of the Columbia Broadcasting System, thanking me for "the splendid talk on 'Universities & Freedom'["], and telling me that "according to cable [sic] from our New York Office" it "was excellently received by the listeners".

An Ordination candidate name Burnip, who persistently fails to pass examinations, came to see me. He is an attractive lad of 21, with an excellent record from school and parson. I told him that he must take his degree before he could be ordained, & I bade him see Archdeacon [Leslie] Owen,* & ask his advice as to the best means of doing this.

Stephens, the vicar of S^t John's, Darlington, came to see me about his curate, Dixon, whom he has asked me to license, but has accompanied his request with an account of the said curate which makes it impossible for me to license him.

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[2]

Friday, October 2nd, 1936.

[symbol]

Charles [Pattinson]* and I motored to Durham in order to attend the meeting of the Board of Training. We rejected the deaf candidate. I was really sorry for the lad, who had an excellent record, & made a good impression, but his deafness was too manifest.

The Bishop of Jarrow's [James Gordon*] "client" Martin Ellingsen* came to see me at the Castle in order to discuss with me the question of his fitness to succeed Charles as chaplain. Both the Archdeacons assure me that, in their belief, his health is being satisfactorily re-established, and that he would suit me very well. I liked him, & finally decided that, as soon as his examination for the Priesthood has been passed, he should come to Auckland and learn from Charles the manner & measure of the work. Then, if he felt prepared to make the attempt, I would take him on for an experimental period.

At 4 p.m. I instituted Braley* and [Arthur] Dolphin* to their hon: canonaries, gave a preacher's license to [Charles] Nye,* the new Director of Religious Studies, & licensed 6 curates. Then I gave them tea in my room. Finally, Charles and I motored to South Shields where I admitted the Rev^d C.R. Ninham to the perpetual curacy of All Saints, West Harton.

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[3]

Saturday, October 2nd [sic] [3rd], 1936.

[symbol]

The Rev. C.W. Alington and his wife stayed last night. They have come up to attend the wedding of their niece. He is Vicar of Great Waltham in Essex, and says that he remembers meeting me at Pusey House, when I stayed there as Anson's guest. He has in his parish a man, Barnett, who was a church officer in Barking when I was Vicar! I remember him. He must be as old as, or older than I.

Dennis, the Vicar of Howden-le-Wear, writes to tell me that he has refused to accept a pious Methodist as godmother, & to ask whether he did rightly! I told him to talk kindly to the lady, to show her the pledges in the baptismal service, & if she felt that, in spite of her Methodism, she could honestly fulfil them, to accept here as a sponsor.

I wrote to Lord Joicey,* and to Sir George Middleton* on the matter of the projected appeal for Durham Castle.

Dick went away after breakfast.

Then I wrote cheques for the month's household acc^{ts}, and went through my Bank-book. We had an early lunch, and then motored to Durham to attend the wedding of the Dean's daughter, Elizabeth, to Lord Dunglass, [Alec Douglas-Home]* the Earl of Home [Charles Douglas-Home*]'s son.

[4]

The Cathedral was thronged, but everything had been excellently arranged, and there was no confusion. The service was at once simple and stately. The Dean [Cyril A. Alington*] married his daughter, taking both parts of the service. Then the Archbishop of York pronounced the second Benediction, and gave a very good address. Then followed a hymn, and from the Throne followed a final Benediction which I pronounced. The usual crush in the Deanery followed. In the multitude were most of the Durham people, whom I knew, and a strong contingent from Scotland. The Earl of Home introduced himself to me, and M^{rs} Braley introduced the gentleman who lives by the Tweed, opposite Ladykirk. I can't remember his name, but he was most cordial & pressed me to stay with him (!) Geoffrey [Dawson*]'s wife, the Hon: Mrs Dawson, introduced herself to me, & was very affable.

Professor W. de Burgh, Prof. of Philosophy in Reading University, writes a review of the Giffords in the Hibbert Journal. It is friendly in tone, & though it includes some criticisms, is on the whole favourable. I had rather expected that something severe would appear in this journal.

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[5]

17th Sunday after Trinity, October 4th, 1936.

[symbol]

Another calm and brilliant morning, with a white frost and its keen witness in the air. There will be a swift end of the dahlias and persistently lingering roses. Before getting up I finished reading John Newsom's* 'Out of the Pit'. It is powerful when depicting the existing situation, but strangely helpless when seeking to indicate a way of escape. It belongs, therefore, to the literature of revolution, though its author, not indeed very heartily, disclaims a revolutionary purpose. I am carried back to the controversy which first brough Rashdall* and myself into conflict, and finally into friendship, though not agreement.

I left the Castle at 8 a.m., and motored by way of Stockton, Guisborough, and Whitby to Scarborough, where I arrived in very good time for the service at 10.30 a.m. The benefice is vacant, & there was a prayer that good vicar might be appointed. There was a good attendance at the Chamber of Trade. I read the lessons and preached the Sermon. After the service we all proceeded to the War Memorial, an obelisk erected on a conspicuous hill overlooking the town. The President placed a wreath on the monument, & I gave a short address. [6] Then I shook hands with the Guard of Honour, which consisted of ex-service men. Before leaving the monument, I admired the view over the town and bay. There was a faint haze which, in the bright sunshine, gave a Turneresque suggestion to what in any circumstances is a noble prospect. Then we drove to the Grand Hotel and had lunch very pleasantly. The President and six guests including myself formed the party. I was **interested to learn the President had bought the Giffords, & was reading them with interest.** We returned home after lunch, arriving about 4 p.m. having travelled 148 miles. The distance to Scarborough is 70 miles, the pilgrimage to the War Memorial, in the course of which we lost our way, accounts for the odd 8 miles.

Was it worth while to spend time & thought on a sermon for the business men? Was it worth while to incur the physical strain of motoring nearly 150 miles to deliver it? A man of 73 has but a small reserve of energy: is it reasonable to squander it on purposes which are only indirectly connected with his proper & considerable duties?

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[7]

Monday, October 5th, 1936.

The fine weather continues, but the weather is certainly colder. There was frost last night and the leaves are assuming the colours of autumn.

Prince is reported to have hustled, and caused the death of two hens. This outrage, following upon his savage attack on Fox, argues no common depravity, and arouses the gravest apprehension in my mind.

The Yorkshire Post contained a brief report of my sermon at Scarborough, but the Times ignored it altogether.

I wrote at some length to the groupist parson in Ottawa, and to the Archdeacon of Singapore, and sent to each of them a copy of 'Abyssinia'.

Gerald Rainbow* came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me in the Park for nearly two hours. He was placed in the 3rd class for Classical Mods, and is now reading for the final school of Theology. He is only 21, so that it is unlikely that I shall ordain him myself.

Harold Anson,* the Master of the Temple, writes very kindly repeating his invitation to preach. He speaks with some freedom about Jack Clayton,* whose oddities seem to be embarrassing his ministry as Reader.

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[8]

Tuesday, October 6th, 1936.

The glorious weather continues. There was a white frost on the ground. Lady Keane, (the eldest daughter of "Black Michael", and looks it,) came here last night. She is inspecting Girls Clubs. A letter from Spencer Wade* states that somebody had presented him with a copy of the Giffords, which he is reading with much appreciation.

John Newsom came to lunch, & afterwards walked with me in the policies. **He brought his copy of the Giffords in order that I might write my name in it, as he professed to admire its style, & approve its argument.** He is seeking a house, & I suggested that he should look [sic] at that which Charles will shortly vacate. He did so, & wondered whether it would be large enough.

Cyprian Marr* came to beg me to withdraw my rejection of the candidate, Wealands Bell, to whom he had offered a title. But, of course, I refused. Having him before me, I took occasion to inquire into his proceedings in S. Francis: and learned, as I expected, that he has devotions before the Reserved Sacrament. He expressed himself very dutifully. [9] I told him that I should hesitate about entrusting the guidance of a deacon to an incumbent who deliberately disregarded the rubrics of the Revised Prayer Book. He said that if I ordered him to abandon his service of devotion, he would obey me. Thus we parted. He is I think a sincere, silly soul, who knows extraordinarily little, & is extremely devout!

The Rev. Leslie Forster, now curate of St Luke's, West Hartlepool, came to tea. He said that he was busy and contented in his present parish.

The papers state that the Bishop of Jarrow attended a service in Christ Church, Jarrow, arranged to "start" the pilgrimage of unemployed men to London, & that he pronounced the Blessing. Yet he assured me last week that he had decided to have nothing to do with what he considered an unwise & certainly futile demonstration, and he showed me the letter which he intended to send to the Mayor of Jarrow declining his invitation. What has happened to alter his mind I cannot tell, but I greatly fear that he has not had the courage to "stand up" to a spate of local sentiment. My excellent colleague has many virtues, but hardly those which induce men to suffer for their convictions.

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[10]

Wednesday, October 7th, 1936.

[symbol]

Lang writes to me from Leeds in his own (greatly improved) hand a rather elaborate letter about the Giffords, which he had read "in my own house of peace in the West Highlands:-

*"Let me congratulate you on your achievement. I admired the ingenuity with which you brought your apologia for Christian morality within the Terms of the Trust – and indeed converted that ingenuity into a valuable argument. **I admired, and envied, the range of your thought, and of your studies. I admired, perhaps, most of all the unfailing dignity, force, and resonance of your style.** Indeed, I am disposed to say that these qualities were almost too unfailing – the that excellence becomes almost monotonous, & its effect would have been greater if there had been more light & shade. But that is only to say that every virtue has its defects. I am very thankful that there is a Bishop among us who can think so clearly and write so well. I think you must have enjoyed writing the Lectures [11] [symbol] as much as I enjoyed reading them. I hope you have now fully recovered from that tiresome accident: and that you may now be able not only to write about Christian morality but to practice it by more frequent association with your less brilliant brother Bishops.*

The Rev. Jesse Horne, (the Vicarage, Porthill, Stoke-on-Trent) writes as follows:

Apropos of your sermon at Stoke-on-Trent last week, I thought that your Lordship would be interested and amused at the following comment by a servant girl: "I could not understand it, except he seemed to tell the parsons to blow the Lord's trumpet and not their own.

The girl seems to have got at the core of the discourse. I should be well content if I could feel confident that the parsons understood me as well.

I wrote a sermon for use at Leadgate, next Sunday morning, when I have promised to preach to Freemasons in the interest of the fund for preserving Holy Trinity Church, Hartlepool.

[12] In these coastings our English shyppes doe use to carys Christian slaves for the Turkes from port to port. These are a very commune merchandize amongst the Turkes [sic], to sell bothe [sic] men, women, & children, whyche they take out of theyre beds in maritime villadges[sic] of Christendomme, & conveye them to Algiere, & from thens to Constantinople. There are noe Christian shyppes that trade with the Turke that wyll carye any of these, but onelye the Englishe, all the others utterlye refusing to doe the Turkes soe uncharitable a servis.

Discourse of the Turkes by St Thomas Sherley. p. 11 [Camden Miscellany. vol. xvi.

This account was written after the author's return to England from his imprisonment in Constantinople i.e. between October 1606 and April 1607. It gives an unpleasant impression of the English. The relations between Elizabeth and the Sultan, based on their common monotheism and hatred of the papal idolaters, had been intimate: and, as the European traders were mostly Papists, it seemed natural enough that the English Protestants should be ready to oblige the Turks!

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[13]

Thursday, October 8th, 1936.

[symbol]

|| The Bible stands to-day, a book of supreme spiritual value, written with human hands, handed down to us by human means, and showing in its fortunes of survival no trace of divine guidance or protection.

P.S. Allen. "Erasmus". P. 74.

Is this statement viz. that there is 'no trace of divine guidance or protection' in the fortunes of the Bible's 'survival' really true? When we consider the literary taste and spiritual level of the post-apostolic age, as these are illustrated by its literature, must we not acknowledge that the survival of the canonical gospels was very astonishing? When, moreover, we reflect on the completeness of the canonical literature, so that after protracted & prodigious research, practically nothing has been discovered to add to the apostolical tradition which that literature contains, must we not perceive a very remarkable suggestion of Providential Activity in the composition & transmission of so much, & no more of the Dominical History? Moreover, in view of the violent efforts of the pagan persecutor to destroy the canonical literature, is not its survival very fairly held to be attributable to Divine action?

[14]

I wrote to my too-complaisant Suffragan in answer to his self-exculpatory letter, telling him plainly that I thought he had erred in blessing the Jarrow pilgrimage, since, however successfully he might justify his action to himself, he could not alter the impression which it would make on the general mind. Assuredly, & quite reasonably, his blessing would be taken to imply his approbation. So gravely do I estimate the potential mischiefs of these fatuous demonstrations, which are mainly designed in the interest, not of the Unemployed, but of the Labour party, which is "fishing in troubled waters", that I must needs regret this public association of my colleagues with the demonstration.

I started to go through the incumbents' returns. Eales, the curate of Holy Trinity, Hartlepool, came to see me. I told him that, in view of the favourable reports on his conduct during the last two years, I would license him to the curacy.

Leslie Thompson, age 27½, who had been provisionally accepted for Ordination three years ago, came to report that he had again failed in his examination, & to aske for advice. I told him that I could not ordain him in my diocese. He might approach other bishops.

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[15]

Friday, October 9th, 1936.

Archdeacons & Rural Deans

A brilliant morning, with a bite in the air, and strange little episodes of rain. Like the European outlook, of doubtful promise.

Sir Henry McGowan sends a donation of £500 towards the special effort for the castle. Sir Henry McGowan, as chairman of Imperial Chemical Industries L^d. sends a cheque for £500 in response to my appeal, and accompanies it with a very friendly letter. This is far more than I expected.

I wrote to Cantuar, thanking him for his letter, and saying that I hope to attend the Bishops' Meeting. Then I resumed reading the Visitation Returns.

Lomax* who, with all his oddities, which are sometimes very provoking, is certainly an honest man, replies to the inquiry as to the effect of clerical motor cars on pastoral work:

Sometimes it (i.e. motor) helps. Having a motor-car has in my case taken me to some visits, but has come in the way of more.

Several of the clergy seek to justify their possession of cars by the assumed parallel of the doctor, who goes his professional rounds with a car: but of course there is no parallel at all.

[16]

The Rural Deans appeared without any absentees: but [Herbert] Gouldsmith* had to run away for a Harvest Thanksgiving and the Dean had to return to Durham. At 5 p.m. we had our Conference until 7 p.m: and then, at 8 p.m. came dinner. Charles, unfortunately, had a sore throat, and retired to bed. However, [Frank] Jackson,* the Rural Dean of Wearmouth, played the organ at Compline, so we managed well enough. Everybody seemed to be fraternally minded, and, if it cannot truly be said that our discussions were important, or led to any definite conclusion, yet it must be conceded that they served to make us better known to one another, and uncovered some of the difficulties which shadow our work.

Ledgard, whose son is now an undergraduate at Cambridge, & one of my accepted candidates for Holy Orders, told me that the youth had not, as was first reported, suffered from sunstroke as the result of his presence at the gathering of Ordinands on Sept. 23rd, but, having had two teeth extracted that very day, had been knocked over by the anaesthetic. His father had known nothing of this dental experience, & had been much perturbed by his son's collapse.

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[17]

Saturday, October 10th, 1936.

[symbol]

A brilliant morning. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. The bishop of Jarrow assisted, and the communicants included the other archdeacon and all the Rural Deans. There was (if I do not deceive myself) a sense of fraternity and unity in worship, which made the service very consolatory.

Our conference was certainly interesting. I myself introduced the subject of Exchanges, and was pleased to find that the view of the rural deans accorded with my own viz: **that they are probably illegal, undoubtedly wrong in principle, and almost always unfortunate in practice.** Archdeacon Owen* brought forward the question of the duty of the incumbent in the matter of encouraging or discouraging, alleged 'vocationis'. The general feeling was the the Bishops had in recent years ordained many men who were really not adequate, & were becoming a considerable embarrassment. Myers* proposed some questions as the laws of marriage and burial, & disclosed a temper more militant than Christian. On the interpretation of the said laws his opinion was directly challenged by [George] Froggatt,* who is himself very richly endowed with a sanctified pugnacity!

[18]

I was impressed by the evident discontent with the exercise of the official patronage which was expressed rather bluntly by Squance.* I pointed out the considerable difficulties which confronted the Bishop in this most important part of his duty, but I do not think he was satisfied. The brutal fact is that (apart from a lethal chamber for incompetent incumbents) the practical problem is really insoluble.

In the middle of the conference I received a letter from Pickles, the curate of Benfieldside, stating that the vicar, Rev. H.A. Mackenzie, had died. The parish is in the patronage of the Bishop. There are 14705 parishioners, and an endowment of £431. Mackenzie had been in Orders for 32 years, and had held the benefice for 22. I understood that he leaves a widow & some young children wholly without provision.

There are now seven vacant parishes, of which one, S. Oswald's, Hebburn, is in the gift of the Crown: and two, Haverton Hill and Horton, are in the gift of the Dean & Chapter. The remaining four are in the Bishop's patronage.

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[19]

18th Sunday after Trinity, October 11th, 1936.

A cold morning, clouded with bright episodes. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Among the ten communicants were William, William Bryden, and his sister.

Leng and I left the Castle at 9.45 a.m. and motored to Leadgate, where I preached at Mattins to a considerable congregation, largely composed of Freemasons. My text was 1. Peter ii-16. "As free, and not using your freedom for a cloke [sic] of wickedness, but as bondservants of God". In my sermon I illustrated the argument by references both to the recent Fascist disturbances in London, and to the horrible outrages in Spain. The congregation listened with close attention, and was, I think, really impressed. The collection was for the Fund which I am raising in the interest of Holy Trinity, West Hartlepool. After the service we returned to Auckland, & arrived in 35 minutes, from which I infer that the distance was about 20 miles. The curate, Rev. L.C. Fisher, who was ordained to the diaconate in Advent 1935, sang the service quite fairly well, and expressed himself, in answer to my inquiry, as happy in his work, and comfortable in his lodgings. The Vicar also spoke well of him.

[20]

[symbol]

Ella and I motored to Wynyard in order to enquire after the condition of the Castlereagh babies, who were injured in a motor-accident last week. One of them, Jane, aged 2 years, had her thigh broken. No blame appears to have attached to the chauffeur. We found Robin [Vane-Tempest-Stuart*] and Romaine at home, and had tea with them. They would like to live at Wynyard, but [Charles Vane-Tempest Stuart*] Londonderry does not wish to give up his residence yet. Robin told me that he had met Göring in Berlin, and regarded him as a poseur. He had said that his brother-in-law was a Jew, and had evoked from the lady sitting beside him at dinner evident signs of repugnance! Rather to my surprize, he assured [me?] that his other brother-in-law, Muntz, was not a Jew. He expressed his preference for Baldwin,* and, though he admitted that Neville Chamberlain* must be Baldwin's successor, he doubted his ability to hold the party together. "I cannot imagine his moving us to enthusiasm, so that [we?] jump up from our seats, cheering & waving our papers." The trees in Wynyard Park were very autumnal in their colouring, and very beautiful with autumnal sadness.

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[21]

Monday, October 12th, 1936.

[symbol]

The "Times" announces that Archdeacon Rodgers,* the Vicar of Havant, who showed us much kindness during our stay at Emsworth, has been appointed Suffragan Bishop of Sherborne. Thus he will return to the comradeship of his former chief. I wrote to congratulate him.

*Then I settled down to the tiresome business of **reading the Visitation Returns**. They are monotonous enough, but the monotony was unpleasantly broken, by the insolence of the Vicar of S^t Cuthbert's, Bensham, who took advantage of the invitation to make suggestions to insult his Diocesan! It casts an ugly side-light on the man's character. For the rest, the impression made on my mind is distinctly depressing. The returns disclose the picture of a lethargic, declining church, which has neither vision nor energy. Of course, the situation has become extraordinarily difficult, & it is hard to allot the blame of the apparent failure equitably, how much is properly due to misfortune, & how much to fault.*

I walked round the Park for the first time since my accident. It was extremely beautiful in its first autumnal taints.

Di Darling [Charles Darling] arrived in her car to pay us a short visit on her way southwards from Scotland.*

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[22]

Tuesday, October 13th, 1936.

[symbol]

I worked at the Visitation returns. The returns for Coundon, Hunwick, Witton Park, and Eldon are truly edifying. These 4 incumbents are themselves the worst problems in their parishes. I am particularly interested to observe the strongly divided opinions as the parson's car. There is evidently much searching of heart among the clergy on the point. Canon [Frank] Jackson* expresses an unusual opinion when he writes:

My own opinion is that the car takes away from the leisurely attitude one ought to have in testimony to the souls, and makes for hasty superficial visitation.

Several incumbents dwell on the ill impression made on the parishioners by the spectacle of their parson visibly associated with what they regard as the evidences of wealth & pride. There is certainly something in this. Many emphasize the convenience of the motor for extra-parochial purposes, & insist on its practical value in large areas, where the people are scattered. None of them mentions the domestic effects of the parson's car.

[23]

M^r Thompson from Binchester, and another man, whose name I didn't know came to lunch; as well as Philip Strong,* who, indeed, came to bid me farewell. I took the last for a walk in the policies, & we had much talk together. He says it will cost him about £100 to get out to his diocese, so that he may not look to return often to England. He is endeavouring to learn the native dialect. His diocesan clergy will include 20 priests, of whom a dozen will be white men. He is to have a stipend of £550, but what additional allowances will be made he doesn't yet know.

The chosen vessel, [Robert] Jardine,* the vicar of S. Paul's, Darlington, informs me that his preparation for confirmation consists of "eight clear and definite talks, always with a preparation service before the actual Confirmation service". I suppose he grounds the children thoroughly in his arid & persecuting Protestantism!

The incumbents generally refrain from availing themselves of the opportunity given to them for offering me suggestions. Mostly they say nothing, but a few urge more frequent movement of the clergy, and one would have me lower the age of Confirmation. The first is impracticable; and the last absurd.

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[24]

Wednesday, October 14th, 1936.

[symbol]

I received from Sam Storey,* a categorical refusal to make any further contribution to the Castle Preservation Fund. This is very disappointing, and, following upon a similar refusal to contribute from Lord [Christopher] Barnard,* has an ill promise. The fact is that everybody is "fed up" with the Castle, and that hardly anybody thinks its preservation a matter of any real importance! I looks as if our "final appeal" is going to be what the vulgar call "a wash-out".

My two archdeacons came here, and spent the *morning in discussing diocesan business, especially the appointments to the nine vacant benefices. The absence of suitable men for the more important parishes is painfully apparent. A re-arrangement of the patronage-areas is urgently requisite. Small, homogeneous areas like Durham are extremely inadequate. The local clergy resent the appointment of extra-diocesan clergy, but they themselves are far too poor in quality to satisfy the requirement of spiritual efficiency. They remain too long in their parishes, but quite long enough to make it very difficult to remove them to any other!*

[25]

*I presided at a meeting of the diocesan Board of Finance. There was a numerous attendance both of clergy and laity. **The multiplication of motor-cars among the incumbents facilitates their attendance at every kind of extra-parochial gathering:** & thereby gives them a relatively respectable pleas for neglecting their primary but abhorred pastoral duty of visiting their parishioners. I took occasion of a rather menacing Treasurer's Report to speak gravely to the Board about the methods of raising money in the parishes, & to urge again the necessity of building the financial arrangements on the parochial electors.*

*Then Charles and I went to Belmont, where I consecrated a burial ground, **& gave a short address reviling glass-globes & incongruous monuments.** After tea with the Vicar & his wife, we went on to Sunderland where I "admitted" the new vicar to the perpetual curacy of S. Hilda's.*

He (Dew) has been Chaplain of Bede College. Braley attended to support him, & there was a good muster of the local clergy, headed by the Rural Dean. I had not prepared an address, & perforce spake "from the surface of my mind", - a degrading performance. After the service, we returned to Auckland.

The weather has been strangely mild.

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[26]

Thursday, October 15th, 1936.

[symbol]

Di Darling went away in her motor after breakfast leaving the impression of a rarely kind & pleasing personality. She is engaged on her third novel. ***I continued my reading of the Visitation returns.*** The replies relating to motor-cars disclose great variety of opinion, and considerable perturbation of conscience. I think it is roughly true to say that the best parish priests are the most sceptical about the value of the motor-car as an instrument for pastoral work.

I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Board of Training & Maintenance. There was a large attendance of the members. After the meeting I had some talk with Richardson, the Vicar of Hewarth, and with Harvie Clark, the Rector of Jarrow. The latter was rather perturbed at the prominence given in the Times to the assumed approval of the Jarrow march by the local clergy, and the Bishop of Jarrow. He said that the reasonable people in Jarrow itself, including the clergy as well Nonconformist as Anglican were opposed to it. I told Jarrow to read the statements in the [27] Times, and consider whether it did not require from him some kind of disclaimer.

I received from America a bundle of substantial pamphlets entitled 'Talks, a quarterly digest of addresses of diversified interest broadcast over the Columbia Network'. It included a rather curiously mishandled report of my address on "Universities & Freedom". A gentleman named James Wallace Hopkins, writing from Pittsburgh, says he had heard my address which "impressed him as a most forceful and eloquent statement of the situation."

‘Your discourse was notable for its truth, simplicity, beauty of language, and very pleasing delivery. I congratulate you upon an outstanding contribution to clear thinking.’

He "lays it on with a trowel". It is legitimate to infer that the address "came through" successfully.

I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury about the Jarrow Pilgrimage: and also to Dick.

Charles and I motored to Stockton, where I commissioned the Missioner in S. John's Church before a disappointingly small congregation.

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[28]

Friday, October 16th, 1936.

My morning's work was interrupted by a visit from M^cManners, the vicar of West Pelton. He came to make clear to me the situation in his parish, & to show how void of real significance was the petition against the substitution of the Choral Celebration for Mattins actually was. I gathered the root of the alleged grievance was a single cranky Protestant, currently believed, & not without cause, to be 'subnormal'.

I finished reading though the Visitation returns.

Kenneth Hodgson came to see me. He was in high spirits, having received two letters which seemed to promise him employment, the one from the County Education Authority, and the other from B.B.C. both summoning him to interview. We walked together in the policies, and I was impressed by the modesty and determination with which he spoke about himself. We inevitably drifted into talking about religion, & I learned with relief that he had not abandoned church-going and attendance at Holy Communion, though he had become irregular with respect to both. We parted on terms of friendship.

[29]

The Times reported that Roger Dennistoun Poore, the undergraduate of King's College, Cambridge, who had been so unfortunate as to kill a girl in a motor collision, had been acquitted at the Assizes both on the charge of manslaughter, and on that of furious driving. The jury gave their verdict without quitting the box. I wrote to congratulate him.

The Rev Roger Sharpley and his wife came to see *me with reference to the situation created by his failure to memory. I had arranged that the Archdeacon of Auckland should be present at the interview. After pointing out the gravity of giving over the whole charge of the parish to a lay reader for so long a period without reference to the Bishop, I said that he must be examined by a competent expert nominated by me, and that his report would determine my decision. I also said that, if any complaint were made to me from the parish, I should certainly have to take some practical course. Sharpley promised to attend on the specialist, & I promised to pay the costs.*

Ella and Fearne went off to see some show in Durham, and I remained to dine by myself, and to read in peace.

[30]

The evening paper has a very alarming account of Lord Joicey's illness. It suggests that the old man is nearing his end. This will destroy all hope of any contribution to the Castle from him.

A certain M^r George Townsend, writing from Stoke-on-Trent, criticizes my Giffords at some length. But he begins flatterously enough:

“I have just read your book ‘Christian Morality’ with deep interest and pleasure. I came to it with great expectations, and have not been disappointed”. He describes himself as “one of your eager and grateful readers”, and then proceeds to set forth a thorough-going dissent from my argument.

“I ought, perhaps, to say that I am not a Churchman, have little respect for Institutional Christianity, and cannot think that the office of Bishop is consistent with the genius of the religion of genius.

He would appear to be a Fundamentalist Quaker, entirely indifferent to the lessons of Christian History. However he concluded civilly by again thanking me for my book which he “thoroughly enjoyed”, and regretting my views!

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[31]

Saturday, October 17th, 1936.

As the going up a sandy way is to the feet of the aged,
So is a wife full of words to a quiet man.

Ecclesiasticus XXV.20.

The Dean having asked me to suggest a suitable text for working into an epitaph to be placed under the memorial window which M^{rs} de Vere is placing in the chapter House to her husband's memory, I suggested this text, which seems to be a literary photograph of his ménage.

Miss Vere Bertie, Lord Joicey's secretary, writes to tell me that, if the old man so far recovers as to be able to attend to business, she will bring my letter about the Castle Preservation Fund before him.

The Bishop of Jarrow's letter appears in the Times. He expresses his hearty agreement with the views of the Government; quotes his letter to the Mayor of Jarrow refusing to take part in the 'March'; repudiates the competence of the clergy to offer opinions on industrial projects: and seeks to distinguish between blessing the Marchers and condemning their march. The last seemed to me unsuccessful, but the letter as a whole was well-written, effective, and sufficient for its purpose.

[32]

John Redfearn came about 3 p.m, and walked with me for an hour in the policies. He is a good youth, but gauche and shy, adding the pedagogue's angularity to the student's reserve. Nevertheless, a good youth, with the root of the matter in him.

The organist from Kirk Merrington, Graham, came to see me. He was a pleasant-looking young man, 33 years old, married, with one child, now unemployed, but hoping to get work of some kind of a mine official. He maintained, rather to my surprise, that the Vicar, Simpkinson, was well-liked, that the church was well-attended, & that all things w^d be comfortable were it not for a people's warden, who made the situation impossible! I told him to go to the Archdeacon, but what he can do I cannot imagine!

There came to dinner D^r McCullagh & his daughter, M^{rs} Favell, Miss Scott Thompson [Thomson]*, and one of the curates. With ourselves and John Redfearn we made up a party of eight. Miss Scott Thompson is about to publish her book, which will disclose her gleanings from labour in the Duke of Bedford's archives. It is to appear almost immediately.

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[33]

19th Sunday after Trinity, October 18th, 1936.

A brilliant morning. The autumnal colouring of the trees seen though the sun-light was most beautiful. "The breath of all things perishing, the soul of all regret" is as fair to look upon as it is sad to contemplate. On the whole, I prefer the more restrained loveliness of our English autumn to the opulent fragranciness of America. But both carry the menace of imminent winter, & terrify even while they delight.

I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. in the Chapel. The communicants included Miss Scott Thompson, Christine, and William.

After breakfast I finished the notes for my sermon, and then walked in the policies for an hour with Miss S.T. Her position as the Duke of Bedford's librarian, her acquaintance with the leading persons in Society so far as they frequent the Ducal world, her ability, and interest in affairs make her an entertaining companion. She has so many anecdotes about important people that one's ears are entertained with much curious gossip. Her fidelity to Bishop Welldon* is more creditable to her character than to her intelligence. Yet I think she is probably right when she maintains that Welldon is not consciously as false as he is.

[34]

She spoke of the unwholesome influence of living at Court, or in noblemen's houses, illustrating the argument by the instances of the late Archbishop of Canterbury & his successor. She said that she was herself conscious of the difficulty of resisting the sycophantic effect of Woburn. She told me that the wedding of the Dean's daughter had already been commented on in the south of England, where so elaborate a display was thought to be inconsistent with the Dean's much emphasized "poverty", and to be almost insolently paraded before the "distressed area" of Durham. I do myself regret the latter, & wonder that it had not occurred to the Dean to do something to mitigate the inevitable resentment of his poorer neighbours. For it would certainly be unjust to credit him and his wife with any indifference towards the local troubles, though I suspect neither of them has emerged from the social atmosphere of Eton sufficiently to understand the point of view of the Unemployed.

I motored to Gateshead and preached at Evensong in S^t Helen's, Low Fell, where the "Diamond Jubilee" of the consecration was being celebrated. The parson, Wood, is the sole Groupist among the incumbents – an angular person who is his own worst enemy. But the service was better than I expected.

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[35]

Monday, October 19th, 1936.

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Mr William Henry Blyth-Martin (who is familiarly called Hilary) came to see me with a view to being ordained at Advent, on a title from S. Mary's, Tynedock. He has done well at Oxford, 1st Class Classical Mods: 1st Class Lit. Hum, Liddon Studentship. A slight dark youth (aged 26 & looking younger) who rather "grew on" one as he talked. He had been a Groupist, and had known Malcolm Ross: but he had left the Groups. He had read my Charge, & also my Gifford Lectures. He said that a good many who had joined the Groups had now left them, some had "gone to pieces", and other, like himself, had perhaps gained something from them. He had known Dick at Keble.

I wrote to the late Canon Cosgrave's sister – Mrs H. Hedley, 17, Brockhill Road, Saltwood, Hythe, Kent – communicating to her the message about her brother agreed upon by the Archdeacons & Rural Deans.

Also, I wrote to the Rural Deans on the subject of the provision made for the pastorate of parishes during the holidays of the incumbents. There is but too good reason for thinking that the clergy in many cases act with grave & culpable irregularity.

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The three ladies went with me as far as Durham when I motored to Gateshead in order to "commission" the "conductors" of the annual "convention". There was a very small attendance of the public in S. Mary's but a score of clergy, of whom seven were "conductors". I gave a short address in which, after pointing out the extraordinary difficulties which now attach to the Christian witness, I spoke of "the requisites of efficient teaching", and, of these, I instanced three:-

- ① The teaching must be interesting. The attention of the hearers has to be arrested & held.
- ② It must be intelligently planned, keeping the doctrine in true perspective.
- ③ It must be sincere, marked by genuine conviction. "Dull, confused, & impersonal sermons will never 'go home' to the consciences & hearts of men".

One of the "conductors", an incumbent from Yorkshire, told me that the last time he heard me preach was on the famous occasion when I preached in the Digbeth Institute, Birmingham, in the teeth of Gore's Inhibition; and that my sermon then was the principal influence which led him to leave Nonconformity, and join the Church of England. One never knows what one is doing.

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[37]

Tuesday, October 20th, 1936.

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Thirty years four ago on this day Ella and I joined hands as husband and wife in Westminster Abbey. We have passed through many experiences since then, and that we should still be "on speaking terms" is, in these cruel & faithless times, something for which to give thanks to God.

I went to London by the new express, and travelled very comfortably. My first task after arrival was to go to the Hairdresser, & receive his professional attentions. Then I had tea in the Athenaeum, where I had secured a bedroom, and afterwards went to Westminster & called at the Deanery. [William] Carnegie's* sudden death is felt by the Dean as somewhat relieving the situation created by the coming Coronation. For as the Sub-dean Carnegie would have had to do things, which his intractable individualism might have made him unwilling to do! He does seem to have become very "difficult" lately. I suppose that his disappointment in not having been appointed to the Deanery did make friction between him & Foxley-Norris [William Foxley Norris*] almost unavoidable. Be that as it may the friction has certainly been considerable. The new Canon, Costley-White,* is hopelessly an invalid, & is now abroad. The the appointment of Carnegie's successor is specially important.

[38]

I visited Hugh Rees's book-shop: where Wheatley told me that they had sold some hundreds of "Abyssinia", and "a good many copies" of the Giffords. I ordered a book for Ella in honour of our anniversary, and wrote to her thereupon.

I dined in the Club, and, after dinner, [Arthur] Headlam* introduced me to M^r Alfred Buxton,* who has just returned from Abyssinia, where he has been carrying on work as some kind of Protestant missionary. He said that we in England had, perhaps, tended to idealize the Abyssinians unduly. Yet he gave them a good character, and said that they were superior to the other African races, with whom he had come into contact. Of the Emperor he spoke in the highest term, &, of course, regarded the whole action of the Italians with abhorrence. He disclosed a rather fanatical point of view when he said that the present state of the world seemed to him the fulfilment of prophecy, & to prelude the return of Christ. I avoided that discussion as civilly as I could, & thereby, I think, caused him some disappointment. But I liked him, and thought that (apart from his Adventism) he expressed himself with good feeling and good sense.

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[39]

Wednesday, October 21st, 1936.

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I went to my oculist at 11 a.m., and received from him an extremely good report. He said that my eyes were not appreciably worse than they were four years ago. To confirm his words, he produced his record for 1932, which was almost identical with that of 1936. Then I went to S. Margaret's, and attended the funeral service of Canon Carnegie, who, 23 years ago, succeeded me in the Rectory and Canonry. I sat in the Speaker's seat. There was a considerable congregation, but as Parliament was not sitting, the attendance of members was not large. Before the service, I went into the Abbey, and looked at the grave of Rudyard Kipling in Poets' Corner. It is next to the graves of Charles Dickens and Thomas Hardy.

After lunching in the Athenaeum, I went to Lambeth, and spent the afternoon at the Bishops' Meeting. The proceedings were unspeakably dreary, and exhibited the worst faults of the English episcopate – its inability to take large views, its false perspective, its complete inability to understand the plain man's point of view, its timorousness in face of the clergy, its fondness for the bombastic cant of "Catholicism".

[40]

The Bishop of Carlisle [Henry Williams*], who was sitting beside me, shared my impatience – "These meetings", he whispered, "bring home to me how remote I am from my episcopal brethren". The Bishop of Coventry, Mervyn Haig[h]*, made a good speech. He shared tables with me at breakfast in the Club. In the course of conversation he said that his diocese was far too small: that he found the administration of patronage extremely difficult: & was disposed to agree with me in the matter of Disestablishment.

I asked the Bishop of S.E. & I. [St Edmundsbury and Ipswich] how Hodgson* was getting on in his parish. He shook his head. "He frequents public houses, is said to get drunk, fills his house with queer folk, said to be Communists who ostentatiously disregard religious observances to the scandal of the parishioners." He allowed that no fault attached to me, since I had given him a faithful & candid account of Hodgson.

The Bishop of S^t Alban's carried me to the Club in his motor, & on the way expressed warm approval of my Giffords. London and Southwark also approved them. At dinner, Headlam and I joined tables: his deafness impedes conversation.*

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[41]

Thursday, October 22nd, 1936.

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After breakfast, I wrote a letter to the Times about the Jarrow march. I am doubtful of my wisdom, yet I am troubled at the persistent way in which an apology is being pressed on the public for a proceeding which is neither reasonable nor wholly sincere. My good colleague's easy-going kindness betrayed him into a considerable blunder.

*I drove to Lambeth, & spent the morning with my episcopal brethren. We decided to repudiate the 'Guild of musicians', which appeared to possess all the known characteristic of a bogus society. **The Archbishop of C. spoke at considerable length about the arrangements for the Coronation.** He said that the Sectaries had discussed with him the suggestion that they should take part in the ceremony, and that he had definitely decided to reject it. He said that there was to be no 'colour-scheme', &, therefore, that any suitable cope might be worn. It is evident that Lang intends to exploit to the full the opportunity which the Coronation will present for exhibiting himself as the Supreme Embodiment of the National Church, & the Exponent of the National Christianity.*

[42]

There will be an orgy of sentimental Erastianism, and the pulpits will exude streams of superannuated idealism! Lent is to be devoted to preparing the people for the Coronation, & transforming it into something like a national act of self-dedication to God and the King. All this seems to me morally repulsive. But my people love to have it so.

I returned to Auckland by train which left King's Cross at 5.45 p.m., and arrived at Darlington 10 minutes after the scheduled time 10.4 p.m. I was met by Charles with the car.

In the dining car I shared a table with an intelligent & well-spoken man, who said he was the medical officer for South Shields. He said that my recent speech at the opening of the new Secondary School had made a great impression. One of the Labour Councillors observed when I sat down – "I could go on listening to him all night!" Between York and Darlington I got into conversation with a grave-looking grizzled man, who said that he was a director of Pease & Partners; that he had been in Russia thro' the early phases of the Revolution, & could vouch for its horror.

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[43]

Friday, October 23rd, 1936.

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The newspapers report the death of Lord Hanworth [Ernest Pollock]* at the age of 75. He was an elder brother of the Bishop of Norwich [Bertram Pollock*], to whom I addressed a letter of condolence. He was an able, certainly not a brilliant man. He took the Protestant ^{^side^} in the Prayer Book Controversy, and “crossed swords” with me in the House of Lords. He had a heavy, almost a stupid appearance, & was not “quick at the uptake”: but I rather liked him.

I went to Spedding,* & was assisted by him. Clarence Stock* wrote to me an odd, embarrassed letter, **stating that he had divorced his wife, who had married again**, & was the happy mother of two children. He sent me “as a parting gift” two pencil sketches by his cousin “the well-known etcher Dorothy Woollard”.

“We took a good deal of trouble to have them done from the points most familiar to your Lordship, during your famous ministry at S^t Margaret’s – from the Pulpit & the seal behind the Lectern”.

I could not but write to him in terms of affection, and I accompanied my letter with a copy of the Gifford Lectures.

[44]

Newsom came to see me, and we agreed that he should occupy the Chaplain’s House at a rent of £25 yearly including rates and repairs. I added in writing to him that the tenancy should be terminable by 3 months notice on either side; that I assumed his acceptance of the house without substantial alteration: and that he would arrange with the responsible authorities for a separate measuring of his consumption of gas and electric light. I hope this arrangement will work well. I like Newsom, & think that he will be an asset from a social point of view, but I don’t know his wife, who, however, is reported to be “nice”. So we must hope for the best.

Some kind of a missionary meeting was held in the state-room this afternoon. [Cuthbert] Parry-Evans* presided over half a century of females, who listened to an address from a lady-missionary from China named Miss Vincent. She told us that Buchman’s Groups were popular with the Chinese students, and enjoyed the patronage of American missionary Bishops. Indeed Bishop Root has been one of the most persistent of Buchman’s advocates.

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[45]

Saturday, October 24th, 1936.

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The Oxford Dictionary defines an Alb thus, “a tunic or vestment of white cloth reaching to the feet, & enveloping the entire person, a variety of the surplice, but with close sleeves: worn by priests in religious ceremonies & by some consecrated kings.” It would appear to be understood by some persons as identical with pastoral staves, or a species of banner. Thus in a novel about the French Revolution, (“The Mountain of the Plain” by Herbert Gorman) I find the following:

There they passed, the lords of the Church in their silk soutanes & violet robes & doctors’ hats with their albs lifted before them (p. 80).

The ignorance of lay folk about ecclesiastical persons and things is very astonishing. In an account by a local reporter of a service in Finchale Abbey at which I preached there appeared the statement that, at one point in the service “the Lord Bishop of Durham took his place in the piscina”. And the description of our illustrious Jarrow saint as “the late venerable archdeacon Bede’ is another gem of local journalism. They mean so well, and they know so little: & that little knowledge betrays them into all manner of absurdities.

[46]

Newsom and Alderman Smith, the Chairman of the Durham County Council, came to lunch before going to the function at Toft Hill, where Sir Henry Pelham was to declare open the playing field and Hall which had been fashioned out of a disused quarry by the voluntary labour of the Unemployed, assisted by external sources. The staff of the Board of Education had contributed to the course: and hence the Board’s permanent head, Sir Henry Pelham, had been asked to “open” the completed work. The Hall was a long low building with a flat roof, and no ventilation save through the windows which, until (in deference to my protests,) two were opened, were rigorously closed. There were, of course, a succession of foolish speeches, of which my own was certainly not the least foolish.

The ‘Times’ my Athenaeum letter on the front page. It doesn’t read badly. The Bishop of Jarrow has drawn down on himself a good deal of abuse from the sentimental Labourites. He told me that he had written “a regular snorter” by way of protest to the Archdeacon of Northumberland [Leslie Hunter] whose criticism in the Times he resented.*

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[47]

20th Sunday after Trinity, October 25th, 1936.

A calm, bright, mild morning, but with a menacing uncertainty in the sky, forbidding one to build much on its young promise. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Martin assisted. He read reverently and well, though, perhaps, a little too slowly. But in these hustling days, that is hardly a fault.

The Sunday Times has a little article referring with approval to my letter about the Jarrow March.

Martin and I walked for an hour in the policies. I counselled him, in the event of becoming my chaplain, to seize the opportunity of laying a stock of knowledge, which would strengthen his ministry presently. There are many books in this house, which he would be free to use: and he could seek my advice for what it is worth. I don't think that Charles read as much as he could have done, but, even so, I do not doubt that he is much better equipped for pastorate than he could have been without the reading he has done here. Probably my personal influence on him has been much greater than I know, but whether to his gain or to his loss, who can determine? I allow myself to hope that it has not been wholly to his loss.

[48]

Martin and I left the Castle at 5 p.m., and motored by way of Newcastle to Wylam, where I preached to a considerable congregation largely composed of the local Freemasons. They were very attentive, and I hope that they were edified. After the service we went to the house of M^r Wilkinson, and were kindly entertained at supper. He said that he had met me at the Oxford Society Dinner, but I had completely forgotten him! Incidentally, he mentioned that he did not agree with Archdeacon [Leslie] Hunter* in the matter of the Jarrow march. Martin read the lessons at the service. He has a pleasant voice, and a clear articulation, and he gives the impression of reverence and sincerity. I cannot easily believe that Wilkinson is the kind of man to be careless about the reasonable needs of servants: and yet Leng was left without any supper, or any suggestion that he, as well as the Bishop of Durham his employer, might need some refreshment! How is it that there is such strange indifference to the wants and feelings of servants! Explain the fact how we will, it is the fact, and it gives the key to that curious bitterness in the attitudes of the "masses" towards the 'classes' which destroys peace in society.

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[49]

Monday, October 26th, 1936.

Legations pastor Birger Forell sends me yet more papers about the situation in Germany. That which is headed 'Holy is the Blood' purports to be a translation of a publication by "The Reich Youth Section of the National Social Democratic Party", and is issued from the "Office for education in philosophy of life". It reads like the maundering of a drunkard. Its profanity is submerged by its absurdity. The prayer with which it includes [sic] runs thus:

God give us good journeying in our German homeland. We stand before God not contrite & humiliated by His eternal greatness, we look Him in the face quite freely and we know that He loves not the cowardly, He loves only the fighters, the strugglers! Why do you ask us whether we understand God, and whether we honour and revere him? God is in us and in our action there is nothing which He has not ordered us. He lives in our banner.

The German mentality must indeed be poles asunder from the British if it can find any satisfaction in rehearsing this meaningless rigmarole.

[50]

More intelligible & more important is a paper by Martin Niemoeller,* Berlin-Dahlem, which is headed 'What we mean by a confessional church'. It shows how, under the pressure of a hostile State, the Lutherans in Germany are being driven out of their individualism into some consciousness of their common responsibilities as members of the Christian Church.

Ella and her ponderous cousin together with Charles and Martin accompanied me to Durham where I presided at a meeting of the Board of Church Building, and urged such extravagance on it that practically the whole of its resources were voted away. We gave £900 to buy a site in Sunderland, and voted a loan of £1,000 to Holy Trinity Hartlepool. Also, we voted £250 to Billingham and a loan of £200 to East Boldon. I subtly meditated that, if we could stave off another appeal for Church extension for a couple of years, I could then insist that so important a matter must in fairness be left to my successor! We had tea with the Bishop of Jarrow, where we were rejoined by the ladies, & then returned to Auckland. The weather was cold and wet.

[51]

I am glad that I wrote to console with the Bishop of Norwich on his brother, Lord Hanworth's death for his letter in acknowledgment gives me the impression that he was gratified. These Pollocks are certainly strange, reserved folk, whose devotion to one another is deep & respect worthy. *He adds a postscript, "Thank you for your letter in today's Times". This morning's issue of the paper contains several rather angrily expressed protests against the Bp. of D.! Dick writes:*

|| I saw your Jarrow letter in the Times – very bold! The marchers are coming to Cambridge shortly, and are to be fed and entertained by a party of undergraduates.

I have no doubt that the recklessness & generosity of youth will draw towards the marchers, and their natural sympathy with the “under dog” will be in many cases powerfully reinforced by the communist feeling, which, if general rumours be true, dominates the “climate of opinion’ in both universities. Pacifism and communism appear to be running strongly among the Upper Class youth of both sexes. It was so in Russia before the Bolshevist Revolution.

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[52]

Tuesday, October 27th, 1936.

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The Times has its first leader devoted to the problem of Unemployment. The article is headed with a quotation from my letter on the Jarrow march – “Urgent and menacing” – and refers to that letter with courtesy:

In a letter published last Saturday the Bishop of Durham used grave words. As he sees the economic and social problems of unemployment they are “urgent and even menacing”. He entreats the Government to remember that the distressed areas propound a question which must be answered effectively if order and liberty are to be secure. Coming from one who strongly deprecates marches to London – and of marches in general there will be widespread agreement with Dr Henson’s opinion – his appeal to the goodwill and equity of the people as represented in Parliament has simple directness and force.

That may be fairly regarded as supporting the position which I have taken up. It does not repudiate Jarrow, but it condemns marches.

[53]

Martin and I walked in the Park for an hour. He spoke to me of Iceland which he had visited twice. The account of the place was not very pleasing. There are no trees, no fauna of any special interest, no cattle, but plenty of sheep and ponies. The buildings are largely constructed of corrugated iron, and the geysers have been choked with soap, thrown in by visitors. The vicar of Darlington wrote an embarrassed letter to Charles explaining that he could not receive me next Sunday, when I had undertaken to preach to men in the parish church. At least I am “let off” a sermon. Lawson, who is very sad over Fox’s departure, told me that he had received from M^{rs} Murray’s bailiff a glowing account of his behaviour. He had only one small dog, a spaniel, as a companion, & was winning golden opinions.

There was a smart but brief fall of snow in the course of the afternoon.

I visited the admirable Spedding in order to get a new plate made. My mouth was filled with plaister of Paris – a disgusting experience! He told me that Lord Thurlow* had been asked to be Provincial Grand Master, and that he meant to accept the offer. And his parish?

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[54]

Wednesday, October 28th, 1936.

How inscrutable is the female mind! After 34 years of married life I am quite unable to follow the processes of thought in the head of my admirable wife. She breaks into my study with the aspect and manner of a prophetess, armed with the morning's paper which reports the divorce of an American lady (her second divorce, by the way) and informs me that this interesting, but not unfamiliar, occurrence has been timed to admit of her coronation in the Abbey next May!!!

What seemed to me the silliest of gossip seems to her a matter of cardinal importance, something which would justify my abandoning my work, & devoting the morning to discussion!! I drove her from my study with all the vehemence permissible to a Christian husband, & with something more than the decision of an Anglican bishop!

I am reading the most powerful indictment of Italian fascism which has so far come to my knowledge — "Under the axe of Fascism" by Gaetano Salvemini, former Professor of History at the University of Florence.

[55]

Martin and I walked for an hour and a half in the Park. The weather was delightful – calm and bright, cold enough to be seasonable, mild enough to be pleasant. In spite of the recent storm which has stripped off the leaves, there was enough foliage left to make the colouring rich and various. The air was pungent with the smoke from the holocausts of dead leaves, which the forester was feeding. Altogether, a memorable afternoon.

Olive Pollock-Morris* arrived in her small car. She was on her way from Scotland to Lincolnshire.

Ellas informed me that the Lump proposed to adorn our domestic landscape until Monday next. This information was not well received, and there was a sharp passage of compliments: but the storm subsided as quickly as it arose, and only the Lump remained!

Captain Brittain, who had but just arrived in Southampton with the Queen Mary, after much buffeting by the tempest, is reported to have had a stroke and died.

The papers are filled with reports of the damage done by the storm on sea and Land. Carter's chimney-stack was blown down. It fell on his garage, and destroyed it together with his car. Will the car insurance cover this kind of damage?

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[56]

Thursday, October 29th, 1936.

My morning was interrupted by the visit of Coleman, the curate of Wolsingham, who has failed in his examination for the Priesthood. He assured me with tears in his eyes that he really had worked, and produced a pile of note-books in evidence. But, of course, I was quite unyielding, only advising him to seek counsel from Archdeacon Owen as to the manner of his working. These young men have no grounding in the elements of knowledge. They painfully collect information from prescribed text-books, and imagine that they have gained knowledge: but, all the while, their understanding is unfruitful, and, when they are carried outside the content of their recollection, their minds don't work"

I went into Durham, and presided over a meeting of the Lay-Helpers Association. Nye, our new Director of Religious Instruction, made his first appearance, and made a good impression. Sir Arthur Dawson, who has had a stroke, was reported to be better. His illness is an untoward & unexpected occurrence, which is particularly unfortunate just now when the new constitution is getting into operation.

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I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury at the request of the Council of Durham Colleges, inviting him to preach in the Cathedral on July 1st in connection with the centenary celebration of the University.

Also, I wrote to my brother Arthur, sending good wishes for his 74th Birthday, and a copy of the Giffords as a Birthday present. He is now a frail old man, filled with alarm and apprehension at the untoward aspect of affairs, which seems to threaten the investments, and extremely nervous about his health. Unfortunately, he has fallen out with the parish church which, being administered on Anglo-Catholick lines, offends his Protestant prejudices. These, as becomes his father's son, are violent, unreasoning, and intractable. He is, however, au fond a religious man, and, in spite of his cynically philistine language, he is also very generous. I am sorry that he and I have so little in common, for assuredly our mutual affection is deep and sincere: but we have been parted for so many years, our lives have been passed in such different circumstances, and our characters have developed on such divergent lines, that we are mutually unintelligible. When we meet, we are unable to sustain a conversation.*

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[58]

Friday, October 30th, 1936.

The Prime Minister, replying to Miss Wilkinson,* the Member for Jarrow, **stated that he would not receive the Jarrow marchers**. So far, so good: but I note that both the 'Church Times' and the 'Guardian' express much sympathy with the said marchers; & the parsons are eagerly welcoming them on their way. There can be no doubt as to the direction in which the wind is blowing.

M^{rs} Priestman sends me a cushion which she has made as a Birthday present. She had seen a statement in the newspaper as to the date of my 73rd Birthday.

I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Board of Religious Education. Sir William Thomlinson* and Canon Haworth,* respectively Treasurer and Secretary of the Board. We elected Hudson, the Vicar of Willington, to be Secretary, & deferred the election of Treasurer. Nye presented his statement as Director of Religious Education very effectively. I think he promises well. Then I went to the Castle Preservation Committee: we sate for an hour, but beyond much talking, nothing was done.

[59]

Speaking in the House of Commons last night the Prime Minister (M^r S. Baldwin) said:-

There had been some amazing changes in the world since the War. None of them thought that they w^d see Europe within measurable distance of breaking up. There had come into the world the modern development of Communism. The peculiar nature of it was that its devotees were as fanatical in fighting for a Creed and dogma as any man who ever fought in any of the religious wars at any time in the world's history. It w^d brook no opposition. It was a religion that had in it some of the worst features of the old religious wars.....

Communism had bred something beside itself. It had bred Fascism. You have now on either side large bodies of men who are prepared to fight and to die for an abstract creed. That is a new feature since the War, and to my mind far the most dangerous thing in the world today.

v. The Times. Sat: Oct 31st 1936.

[60]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to the following:

1. ✓M^{rs} Richardson (Linetta)
2. ✓D^l Mary Radford
3. D^l Miller
4. Arthur Rawle
5. D^l David Russell
6. ✓Arthur E. Henson
7. Prof. Blyth Webster
8. ✓Miss Ruth Spooner
9. ✓Dick
10. ✓Veronica Irvine
11. ✓Dean of Norwich
12. Canon Cunningham
13. ✓Lord Hugh Cecil
14. Lord Macmillan
15. ✓Sir Charles Peers
16. Canon Vernon Storr
17. ✓Lord Roche
18. Master of Magdalene
19. ✓Martin Kiddle
20. W.R. Inge
21. ✓Canon A. Deane
22. ✓Canon Peter Green
23. ✓Prof. Grey Turner
24. Canon Bezzant
25. Prebendary Norcock
26. ✓Principal of Cuddeston
27. Dean of Rochester
28. " " Peterboro
29. " " Salisbury
30. " " York
31. " " Wells
32. " " Exeter
33. " " Lichfield
34. " " Winchester
35. " " Hereford
36. " " Lincoln
37. " " Gloucester
38. " " Westminster
39. " " S. Paul's
40. " " S. Alban's
41. " " Armagh
42. " " Dublin
43. Master of the Temple
44. ✓J. E. Adderley
45. ✓Preb. Ellison

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[61]

Saturday, October 31st, 1936.

[symbol]

A beautiful day, bright and fresh.

Martin asked for leave of absence as it was his 28th Birthday: and Charles went away to his parish for the week-end. Ella, Fearne, and the Lump went to lunch with Major Surtees. It turned out that I was expected to go with them, but that had not been understood, & I lunched by myself at home.

***I worked at a sermon for Leeds** in connexion with the centenary of the Ripon Diocese, but made little progress. Then I sent away a number of copies of the Bishoprick, though why I spend time and money in filling the w.p.b's of others, it is not easy to say! However, it serves to remind them that I am still living!*

After lunch I for 1½ hours in the Park, & looked on at the lads playing football. I fell in with old D^r McCullagh. He told me that "Father" Faber, the Tractarian, was born in the House, which was transformed into cottages. Somewhere in his writing Faber refers to the window which overlooks the Castle garden. D^r McCullagh said that he had seen a number of field fares in the Park yesterday.

This also preludes Winter.

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[62]

21st Sunday after Trinity, November 1st, 1936.

A calm bright morning lad in by a brilliant sun-rising. Sufficient foliage adheres to the trees to give a certain autumnal splendour to the landscape which yet carries something of the grim nudity of winter. The rooks are clamorous and fly about the Castle in numbers. They too would make the most of such comfort as remains before the misery of Winter sets in.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m., using the collect, epistle., & gospel for All Saints. Martin reads well, and carries himself reverently.

I worked at the Leeds Sermon, but with strangely little result. The truth is that a sermon does not give me sufficient "elbow-room" for my argument.

We all went I to Durham, and attended Evensong in the Cathedral. Martin carried the staff, & led me safely to the Throne. The Dean read one of his little parables instead of a sermon, the boys of the School being present. I did not hear very distinctly, but what I heard seemed to be excellent. After the service we went into the Deanery, & had tea with M^{rs} Alington and Kathleen.

[63]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to the following;-

46. ✓ Lord Daryngton
47. ✓ Canon Guy Rogers
48. Archdeacon Hartill
49. Mr Loasby
50. ✓ Ella.
51. Bishop Nickson.
52. John Hodgson
53. ✓ Miss Scott Thomson.
54. ✓ Rev. Donald Nicholson
55. Bishop Palmer
56. Audrey Hall.
57. ✓ Angel Thelwell.
58. Rev A. C. Hague.
59. C. H. Hunter Blair
60. Rev. A. M. Baines.
61. Rev. D. T. Dick.
62. Bishop Lasbrey.
63. Rev. Jack Carr
64. Rev. Nigel Cornwall
65. Alfred Spelling

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[64]

Monday, November 2nd, 1936.

What has happened to make the people of Birmingham desire so ardently to have me preach to them? Canon Guy Rogers writes asking me with much flattering insistence to preach there in February: and the official Secretaries of the Bishop's Appeal urge me to be the chief speaker at a "mass meeting" in April. The first I refused: the last (like a fool) I accepted.

The Rev Charles Nye, our new Director of Religious Education, came to ask my advice on his manner of performing duty, & stayed to lunch. He expressed himself with intelligence and good sense. He is up to a point a Modernist, but, I think, a good Christian. I gave him a copy of the Giffords.

In the afternoon I went in to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Committee of Bede College. Oliver Quick* was there, and I gave him a lift back to the College. He said that he had read half through the Giffords, and liked them, esp: the chapter on Biblical Criticism. He is a man whose opinion I value.

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[65]

Tuesday, November 3rd, 1936.

[symbol]

Canon Peter Green,* who has recently been described as “the best parish priest in England”, sends me a characteristic note in acknowledgement of the copy of “the Bishoprick” which I had sent him:

My Lord.

Thank you for the copy of “the Bishoprick” received this morning. I wish we c^d have your Lordship’s charge reprinted as a pamphlet for young clergy. But also, it would probably do no good. From the moment they are ordained they will have every possible thing, A.C. conferences, C.A. Conferences, & every description of social & political organization, pressed on them as of more importance than “the homely slighted shepherd’s trade”.

Your Lordship’s attached obedient servant.

Peter Green.

How lamentably true this is! What with the official claims, (diocesan & ruridecanal,) and devotional. (Quiet Days &c &c), and partisan, the clergyman, powerfully assisted by his motor car, ~~was~~ is rarely ~~absent~~ unprovided with some plausible excuse from absenting himself from his normal duty: and he is not slow to avail himself of it.

[66]

I received by Air Mail from Ceylon a long letter from Nigel Cornwall, setting forth his reasons for declining my suggestion that he should succeed Philip Strong as Vicar of S. Ignatius, Sunderland. So that brave little project of mine is knocked on the head!

Ella and I went to Durham, where I presided over a meeting of the Moral Welfare Association in the Cosin Library. Save that the Bishop of Jarrow announced that he had received £322.0.0. from divers Stock-brokers as a contribution to the funds, there was nothing to report.

Stannard* told me that his curate, Griffith-Jones had lost his father, the Rev W. Griffiths Jones, Rector of Lond Marston, Yorks. This gentleman first made my acquaintance when I was in Westminster, and he was tutor (if my memory fail not) to Sir Charles Renshaw’s son. I disliked him as rather an unpleasing type of parson, but neither then nor afterwards did I know anything to his discredit, save that he consistently begged for livings. In this connexion I snubbed him severely, but he was incurable. He married Sir Charles’s eldest daughter, an amiable & pious but weak woman, whom my step-mother & my sister were attached to. I cannot think that he had a wholesome influence on his son.

[67]

I walked in the Park, the weather being fine, & there fell into conversation with two men, who interested me. The one, a decent-looking fellow who was drawing a perambulator in which was a pretty child, told me that he worked at Ford's Works in Dagenham, & was visiting his wife's people in Bishop Auckland: the other was ^an^ unemployed ^pitman^. He was gathering the dead wood which the recent gale had blown down. He told me that he had £0.29.0. weekly from the dole viz. £0.17.0. for himself, £0.09.0. for his wife, and £0.03.0. for his child. He thought this would be reduced under the new regulations. I asked the former ~~him~~ what truth there was in the statement that had appeared in the papers to the effect that the machinery in Ford's Dagenham factory was too heavy for the foundations, & was actually sinking into the soil. He said that it had some truth, but that the mischief was being remedied by piles. I gave his baby a shilling.

Mr Edgar Harold Loasby, an Ordination candidate, came to see me. He offers a tithe from S. Paul's, Gateshead. He took a 2nd Class in Lit: Hum: & hails from B.N.C. and Cuddesdon. We had a good deal of talk together, and I was pleased by his understanding and answers.

Arthur Watts* writes to wish me "many happy returns of the day". He is kind, but previous!

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[68]

Wednesday, November 4th, 1936.

A beautiful morning, & curiously warm. I worked at the Sermon for the Sunday School Association at Stockton.

After lunch, I walked with Martin in the Park. On returning to the Castle, I had interviews with two Ordination candidates, both named Taylor. One was aged 19. – Eric William Taylor – & wanted permission to apply for a grant from ~~xxxx~~ Board of Training. He was a bright youngster and had excellent testimonials, so I approved his application. The other was a Kelham Student, born in Scotland. Pale, anxious, devout & determined, he impressed me well, & I accepted him for Ordination at Advent on a tithe from S. Mary Magdalene, Sunderland.

M^{rs} Peile and Miss Goddard called, the latter a pleasant & pretty young lady, and very modern! I gave her a copy of Abyssinia.

The evening papers report that Roosevelt is winning the Presidential election by enormous majorities. This is very interesting. The interests of the capitalists have certainly put forward their strongest efforts against him: but the labouring multitudes have evidently rallied to his support, & carried him to victory.

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[69]

Thursday November 5th, 1936.

The photographer, who arrived with his machinery last night, in order to take photographs of the Zurbarans for the Cortauld Institute, turned up dutifully to Chapel. He brought into my study two very Jewish-looking folk, a lady & a man, who apparently represented the Institute, and wished ^for^ permission to wipe over the pictures with some cleansing mixture before photographing them. They wanted to know the history of the pictures, but I could not get further back than Bishop [sic]

Inge* writes darkly of what he heard at the Meeting of the Brotherhood:

“The gossip about the King was really alarming: the people won’t stand this sort of thing in these days. I believe the Abp remonstrated with him, & only made him very angry.”

It is sufficiently apparent that there has been a change in moral tone in the Court not less decisive than that which was observable when Edward vii followed Victoria. I remember hearing Gore declaim against the ignoble necessity under which we live of oscillating perpetually between action & re-action. The swing of the pendulum is as important in ethics as in politics.

[70]

M^r. Justice Goddard* and his Marshal came to tea. There has been so short a calendar, including however one murder case, that they take their departure tomorrow. *He said that the Benchers have elected the Archbishop of Canterbury an hon. Benchers, & that he comes to dine not infrequently.*

Martin and I motored to S. John’s Chapel, where I collated the R^{ev}. J. H. B. Darling to the incumbency. In spite of Guy Fawkes and a wet night there was considerable congregation. The local clergy appeared in good number. I took the tone of my address from the All Saints Festival, but I had not prepared myself, & my words were not well-chosen. Moreover, I was perturbed by my knowledge of the new Vicar’s ill-mannered letter to his predecessor’s daughter, & felt that he had probably prejudiced himself in the eyes of the people. In these little parishes, everything, is talked about, & the parson is “fair game” for ill-natured gossip. Besides, these Northerners always regard a newcomer with suspicion. However, the congregation was very attentive, & I hope no harm was done. After the service we returned to the Castle.

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[71]

Friday, November 6th, 1936.

The Bishop of Jarrow and Archdeacon Owen arrived at 11 a.m. for the monthly Conference. We had much business to transact, and had by no means finished it when perforce we broke up our meeting.

As a result of our discussion I offered livings to five clergymen viz:

1. Castletown to Marples.
2. Tanfield to Jenkin Jones.
3. S. Ignatius, Hendon, to Craig.
4. Benfieldside to Ian Wynne Willson.
5. Whitburn to Canon Edgar Jackson.

After lunch the Bishop of Jarrow returned to Durham, & the Archdeacon of Auckland walked in the Park with me for an hour. Canon Lomax came to tea, and afterwards had an interview. He wants me to appoint a former curate of his to Chilton. The man is without any academic qualifications, but Lomas insisted on his spiritual merits. I promised to make inquires about him. Then the tiresome matter of the Retreat House at Gateshead was raised. Lomax is as persistent & impracticable as ever. I told him to write out his proposals, & send them to the Archdeacon.

[72]

That quaint young man, John Hodgson, writes at some length, explaining the reasons why he has definitely decided to abandon his intention of being ordained, and enclosing a cheque for £30, as a second instalment of his repayment of the grants made to him. He tells me that he became engaged to be married to a member of the Baptist congregation at Armagh, & had attended the Baptist services, which, however, he soon found intolerable. He went to the meetings of a mission & "witnessed the power a practical psychologist can wield over a crowd":

There were conversions, but from that time I felt unable to continue praying. In the Church of Ireland services, I began to notice the same themes as in the Baptist services. The fear of Hell and hatred for other congregations seemed to predominate in Ulster religion. One thing I held to, and still hold to – you told me that the Christian life is a life of service. I have tried throughout the year past to serve. If I can continued, I believe that my life will have been lived decently.

[73] I still attend services in church, and feel benefit from partaking in the Holy Communion. I attend Baptist services sometimes because I love my betrothed. I read the Gospels and the epistles of Saint John and Saint James with pleasure. I cannot read Saint Paul, because I have heard him too often quoted (perhaps wrongly quoted) in denunciation of those whom I consider often to be as worthy as the denounce

| I feel with certainty that I cannot seek admission to Holy Orders.

There is a ring of a virile sincerity about this letter, which makes it very regrettable that the writer has found himself unable to become a clergyman.

The Archdeacon told me about the difficult situation which has developed in connexion with Durham School. The "Old Dunelmians" are resolutely implacable against the Headmaster. Mainly I suspect the root of this hostility is political. The Toryism of the North is the more bitter and unreasoning because it is in a permanent minority, & the "Labour" sympathies of the Headmaster, emphasized by his open dislike of the O.T.C, have alienated him irreparably from the Tory feeling of the county.

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[74]

Saturday, November 7th, 1936.

Nancy Wynne-Willson sends me a charming little water-colour of the beach [sic] tree, which I planted some 15 years ago, and which has now grown into a fine tree. I had not known that she could paint; but the discovery of unsuspected capacity is one of the relieving factors in this puzzling life.

Dashwood* writes again about the demand for Income Tax on account of the Giffords' fee (£500). He wants to know what were my travelling expenses, and what I expended on books for use in preparing the said lectures. I was offered the lectureship in Dec: 1933, and paid to the Bookseller (Hugh Rees L^d) in quarterly cheques during the next two years the sum of £111:11:2. I suggested that £15 might fairly be claimed for travelling expenses, and £70 for the purchase of books.

M^{rs} Aiken Sneath, a good looking, youngish lady, came to lunch. She is some kind of relation of the former minor canon of Westminster, & is holding a temporary position as History teacher in Newcastle. She said that her brother held a teacher's post in Berlin, and desired to escape from a position which the Nazis had rendered both uncomfortable, undignified, & unsafe.

[75]

Ella accompanied me to Durham, where I went to the Deaconesses, and admitted to office as church workers in the diocese three young women, who were formally "presented" to me by the Archdeacon as Warden of the Community. I gave a short address from the words of S. Paul – "We are God's fellow-workers". Meanwhile, Ella called on M^{rs} Darwin.* We returned to Auckland for tea.

Telegrams of congratulation on my birthday came from Lionel Trotman and Spencer Wade. Archdeacon and M^{rs} Owen sent me a pot of ginger as a Birthday gift: & Mary Radford* wrote an affectionate letter.

The Archbishop of Canterbury wrote in answer to my question, very kindly inviting Ella and me to stay at Lambeth for the Coronation. He continues:

"I have felt bound to send a word of expostulation to the egregious Barnes. It is really most embarrassing to me, who have so heavy a load of responsibility about the Coronation to have a wholly irresponsible person butting in with his suggestions & securing for them a wide publicity. Of course all the arrangements have already practically been made. I have myself seen the leaders of the Free Churches, & pointed out the impossibility of their wish. [76] I was only waiting till after the next meeting of the Coronation Committee to send a short public reply to them. I thought everything had been amicably settled, when in came Barnes & his proposals.

As to those other considerations to which you allude I can only say that they are in my mind night and day, and they darken all my hopes & wishes about the Coronation.

I begin to think that there must be more substance in the rather disconcerting gossip about H.M. than I had thought possible.

I wrote to the Archbishop: to Mary Radford: to Donal Nicholson: to Nancy Wynne-Willson: to Mrs Braley: and to Miss Scott Thomson.

Arthur Harrison sent me from London a telegram of birthday congratulation. He is about to undergo a formidable operation, & this is the more serious since he is entrusted with the building of the new organ in Westminster Abbey, which is fit to use at the Coronation. It is really rather touching that, in these circumstances, he should remember my birthday.

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[77]

22nd Sunday after Trinity, November 8th, 1936.

Today I complete 73 years of my life, and beyond all question, I am an old man. The time that remains to me now cannot but be very short. "The night cometh when no man can work" said the Master. It is a solemn reflection that the Hour-glass has so nearly run out. "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom".

Seen in the retrospect how short my life appears! The earliest years stand out clearest in the memory of the aged. It was but yesterday I was a small boy cunningly stealing raspberries in the garden at Vale Villa, and being "caught" by my mother, who, though she knew it not, was nearing her end. And yet every year took a lot of living through, & cut deep its notches on the staff of the life. The transition was sharp from the obscurity of the poorest of the poor students to the publicity and freedom and All Souls. I was immensely moved & impressed by the frank & affectionate intercourse with seniors and contemporaries, of whom all were able, some brilliant, & some publicly distinguished, into which I was immediately admitted, & I was young enough to be shaped more than perhaps I realized by the new environment, which All Souls gave me.

[78]

My career as a clergyman – at Bethnal Green, at Barking, at Ilford, at Westminster, at the Durham Deanery, at Hereford, finally at Auckland – carried me into various situations, & was always beyond the common experience public. *I became, very oddly (for I am neither hard nor quarrelsome) a kind of 'storm-centre', & drew upon myself the unforgiving resentments of partisans. My nomination to the Bishoprick of Hereford evoked an explosion of repugnance, which startled me by its vigour, and so I went forward to the present time, an enigma and a scandal.*

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Martin assisted.

After breakfast I wrote a sermon for use later, dealing with the too-hackneyed theme of the day which the papers describe as "armistice Sunday".

Martin and I motored to West Hartlepool, where we had tea with Canon & M^{rs} Poole, & then went on to Holy Trinity, Hartlepool, where I preached at Evensong. Martin read the lessons, and the curate, Eales, the prayers. On the whole, I was pleased with the service. Considering the weather, there was a good congregation.

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[79]

Monday, November 9th, 1936.

Boden-Worsley* writes to send me good wishes on my Birthday. He observes rather oddly, for no two persons could be more divergent in tastes & temperament. "I think we should both have been much happier in eighteenth century!" Certainly it was the century of Bishop Butler* & Edmund Burke,* who for me are "pilot stars". He sends me his "congratulations" on the Giffords, which "appear to follow an original course".

*Ella, Fearne, and I motored to Durham, & attended the municipal function in the Town Hall. Lord Londonderry was installed as Mayor for the ensuing years **amid much rather sycophantic applause**, & after a series of rather service speeches. Snobbery had unshackled expression. The Hall was crowded. Then we proceeded to the Freemasons' Hall. I walked beside the new Mayor. Mercifully, the toasts were reduced to four after the usual toast of the King. I made a foolish speech in responding along with a Popish priest and a Methodist minister to the toast of "The Clergy of all Denominations". Could the Palatine be brought lower? Cecil Ferens proposed the toast in an astonishingly vigorous oration.*

[80]

Londonderry told me that he had read the Giffords, & was greatly pleased with them. He said that he was urging everybody to get them. I hope he is: but I don't see any evidence of the book being read.

I took occasion to speak civilly with Ritson, the Labour M.P. for Durham, whose appearance rather pleased me. Of course he began immediately to talk about religion, and that might have reasonably stirred doubt of his sincerity: but I remembered that he probably emerged into public notice as a Methodist Lay preacher!

Charles is clearly perturbed about the curious financial "adjustments" to which Dolphin has more or less secured his agreement, but which, so far as I can understand them, are altogether inadmissible. It is certainly very regrettable that there should be a squalid quarrel about money at the start of Charles's ministry.

Charles and I motored to Stockton, where I preached in the parish church to a congregation of Sunday School Teachers. There was a good muster of the local clergy.

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[81]

Tuesday, November 10th, 1936.

Richard Craig refuses appointment to S. Ignatius, Sunderland, pleading what he calls "a gentleman's agreement" not to leave his 'Toc H' work at Birmingham so soon after putting hand to it. I must needs applaud his motives, which I regret his decision.

Xan Wynne Willson* came to see me with reference to my proposal that he should be nominated to the benefice of Benfieldside, now vacant by the death of the late vicar, Mackenzie. He is evidently pleased with the proposal, and he ought to do well in spite of, or perhaps by reason of, his youth. He is only 28, and is completing the 4th year in Orders, but Benfieldside needs a youngish man, for it is extensive & very hilly. There are many institutions which the Vicar is expected to serve, and the population tends to increase. It is nearly 5000 now. There is a curate, Pickles, who has a good report. Xan brought his wife with him, and they stayed to lunch.

I motored to Durham, and attended the "County Meeting" convened by Lord Londonderry, as Lord Liet^{nt}, and Alderman Smith, as Chairman of the Durham County Council. Less than 100 persons were present: the proceedings were incredibly dull: & nothing effective was done. The Appeal [82] for the King George V memorial Fund has hitherto worked small response in this county. This meeting will hardly improve matters.

I hear with grief and indignation that the trees of Windlestone Park are to be cut down, & that the destroyers are already coming on the scene. Really the noble Baronet, who has sold his property to the speculator, ought to be tarred and feathered.

I wrote letters of acknowledgment for birthday good wishes to Audrey Hall, Angel Thelwall, Jack Worsley-Boden, and Hague. Also, I wrote to Graham, the Principal of Cuddesdon "half-promising" to attend the College festival next summer: and I wrote to Bishop Palmer answering inquiries about the curate of Whitburn, who seeks appointment to a small country living in the gift of the Mercers' Company.

Ella and I dined with Charles and Christina. Their little house is very charming, & they match it perfectly. After dinner they played to us, he on the piano accompanying her on the violin. We came away in time for service in the chapel. I think that they are both beginning to get keen about their new house: and eager to get really started.

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[83]

Wednesday, November 11th, 1936.

[symbol]

*Charles and I motored to Durham **where we took part in the formal opening of a block of houses, which have been erected by the Church Army with assistance from the Dean & Chapter. In recognition of this assistance the houses have been named after the Dean.** Lady Londonderry performed the function, and the Marquis, who is the new mayor, made a speech. The Vicar, Aird,* read prayers. I gave an address, and "blessed" the houses, **which are to be occupied by slummites from Gilesgate, mostly Roman Catholics!** Twenty three families having 103 children are to occupy the houses. As I listened to the adulatory speeches, I could not but reflect that probably the Londonderry Family and the former Deans & Chapters were mostly responsible for the shocking condition of housing in the County of Durham, the one by importing Donegal labourers to develop their mines, the other by creating & tolerating the slums of the city. It is, I fear, with us, as it was with the "Scribes & Pharisees, hypocrites", to whom Christ spake. "We witness to ourselves that we are the sons of them that slew the prophets"!*

[84]

[symbol]

I finished reading the most elaborate, and in some ways the most illuminating study of Hitlerism that I have yet come across – "Hitler & the Nazi Dictatorship, a study in Social Pathology, & the Politics of Fascism, by Frederick L. Schuman. Ph.D." (Robert Hale & Company).

I received "With the compliments of Rose Macaulay, Aldous Huxley, and Canon Sheppard" a book in advocacy of pacifism. "Which way to Peace?" by Bertrand Russell. and I fell to reading it. It is, of course, lucid, incisive, remorseless, & seems to shut the reader up to a single conclusion, and yet **I feel certain that is base and perverted.***

*He draws a horrifying picture of the next war, which, he maintains (probably with truth) is very near: demonstrates that the result must be utterly ruinous to everybody, whether winner or loser: and concludes against fighting in any circumstances. Probably, he exaggerates the destructive effect of the new devices for destroying life and property: and underrates the moral resources of the community. **In any case, his counsels are base, pusillanimous, and intolerable.** If there be any meaning in the martyrdoms of history they are altogether unworthy.*

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[85]

Thursday, November 12th, 1936.

A quite horrible day, wet and windy. Luce came to see me in order to talk over his position. He is now nearly 40 year old, and naturally anxious about his position. He gave a cheerful account of the school, and thought that the ill-feeling among the ODs was dying down, although a hostile minority persisted. I advised him to "stick in his heels", and go on, but that if a suitable appointment elsewhere should present itself, he should leave Durham.

At 4.30 p.m. Dolphin came to see me to talk over his financial "adjustments" with Charles, who succeeds him in the Rectory of Edmundbyers. Archdeacon Owen was present at the interview, and shared my disgust at the meanly calculating spirit which seemed paramount in Dolphin's mind. I disallowed a substantial part of his claim, & consent to his receiving the income of Edmundbyers for the 20 days during which, thanks to his arrangement with Blackburn, he had no income from either benefice. Then he showed quite a nasty spirit in the matter of the "fixtures", which he is plainly trying to "plant" on the unwilling Charles. I was deeply displeased.

[86]

We: ... Archdeacon Owen, Martin, and I motored to Witton-le-Wear, where I admitted the new Vicar, Langridge, to the perpetual curacy. In spite of the rain, a fair congregation came together. The Archdeacon & Cecil Ferens came to dine after the service.

I have made a serious blunder in the matter of the Whitburn vacancy. I had received from the Secretary of the P.C.C. a set of 'representations' as to the needs of the parish, and had forthwith written to Canon Jackson, offering to nominate him to the benefice. But I had forgotten that in the case of the livings in the Bishop's gift, the Bishop

"shall before collating any clerk consult the churchwardens acting as the representatives of the parochial church council and also if he shall deem it expedient or if the churchwardens shall so require, the body of advisers established by the measure.["]

I wrote forthwith to Jackson "holding up" my offer of nomination: & to the Sec: of the Whitburn P.C.C. inviting the churchwardens to meet me on Saturday.

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[87]

Friday, November 13th, 1936.

[symbol]

I received a letter from the Whitburn Churchwarden reminding me of the clause in the Patronage measure, which I had ignored. I returned an abject answer!

The Bishop of Pretoria [Wilfred Parker],* thanking me for "Abyssinia", writes: –

I am afraid that here in S.A. there is amongst the Natives a growing anti-white feeling: this is specially strong in the Cape Province where the Natives are on the whole more advanced than in the other Provinces: & from whom the franchise has recently been taken away, & a very limited commitment communal franchise granted them as a sap. One can be thankful that our Church has not failed to speak out very strongly on this matter. Only a few minutes ago an Indian rang me up wishing me to speak at some meeting. He said "the only people who help us at all are the churches". A remark of this sort, coming from one who is (probably) a Hindu made me grateful.

I wonder whether his lordship of Pretoria is a wise, informed, and respected man, or just one more windbag!

[88]

Leng and I motored to Leeds, leaving the Castle at 3.30 p.m., and arriving at the Leeds club at 6.30 p.m. We stopped at the Newton House Hotel, and had tea. The Bishop of Ripon with his suffragan, the Bishop of Knaresborough, & the Vicar of Leeds gave me a pleasant small dinner in the Club, and then we went to the parish church for **the special centenary service for social workers**. There was a large choir, a considerable attendance of clergy, and a congregation which was smaller than I had expected. I preach [sic] from the words:- "Ye are the salt of the earth", and was listened to very attentively. Martin Kiddle* and another clergyman acted as my chaplains, and, at the Bishop's request, I pronounced the Benediction. That dominating "Catholick" Wright, who now has a benefice in Leeds, insisted on guiding us out of Leeds. We returned by way of Wetherby, and as there was little traffic, we traversed the distance, about 70 miles, in exactly 2 hours. The parish church in Leeds has now practically no parishioners, as the slum-clearances have transferred them elsewhere. There is but a small endowment, so that the church has become a "problem".

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[89]

Saturday, November 14th, 1936.

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[Archdall] Wynne-Willson* writes to thank me for nominating his son, Xan, to the vicarage of Benfieldside. He proceeds: –

“I have been studying “Christian Morality” and find it of the greatest value, for it serves as a foundation on which to base the solution of the modern problem for these days”.

I wish I could agree with him!

*It occurred to me that I might take as the subject of my “Charge” **that matter of clerical meddling in politics which has become a public nuisance and is for most clergymen, certainly for me, a personal problem.** “The Parson in Politics” could not but be timely, and might even be read, though I doubt whether anything will be read which comes before the public with the disadvantage of my authorship”. Moreover the subject would lend itself to an apologia for my course throughout my ministry since I crossed swords with Rashdall over “white lists” to my refusal to approve and assist the Jarrow marchers. And such an apologia would not be unfitting at the close of my ministry, nor could the final Quadrennial Visitation be regarded as an unfitting occasion.*

[90]

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Ella and Fearne went off to Scotland after breakfast and were quickly followed by Oliver and Nancy. So the Castle was relieved of ladies for a space”

Then I fell to the attempt to clear out some of the overfilled drawers of my roller-case with a view to **keeping together the notes &c relevant to the Charge**. The decision whether one ought to destroy papers which have been of great importance (e.g. those connected with disciplinary cases) but seem to have lost whatever importance they had is hard to make. It seems the office of that charity which “rejoiceth not in iniquity” to destroy the memorials of ill-conduct, which has been purged by subsequent good living: and yet, “who can tell how oft he offendeth?” Experience teaches that with respect to these forms of moral failure – dishonesty, drunkenness, and immorality (sexual) – while genuine repentance and reformation are not unknown, yet the recrudescence of ill-habit is not infrequent, and, therefore, it is difficult to feel secure, when once these types of failure have been disclosed. Indeed, there are failures which, whatever may be the measure of moral turpitude implied by them, ought to be regarded as definitely disqualifying for spiritual office.

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The two churchwardens of Whitburns appeared very punctually at the time appointed – two decent middle class men, the one a builder and the other (if I make a true inference from his talk) a grocer. They had nothing important to say save that they had heard Canon Jackson preach a Harvest Sermon, & feared that his voice was too weak for the church, & that his stutter made understanding of his speech difficult. I could but say that I would draw his attention to his matter, and was confident that he would give it full weight in making up his mind whether to accept appointment. We had tea together, & parted with almost excessive geniality! When they had gone away, I wrote to Jackson, formally offering him nomination to the benefice, & calling his attention to the matter of audibility.

While we were in conference, a telegram was brought to me, announcing the death of Arthur Harrison, the organ-builder. This is indeed an untoward event, and removes a singularly loveable person. It is also unfortunate that he should be taken away just when he has in hand the rather urgent matter of the organ in Westminster Abbey.

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Last Tuesday Lord Londonderry asked me if I would dine at Wynyard, and meet the German ambassador von Ribbentrop, who is visiting him. I expressed my willingness, and he said that he would write: as I received no message from him, I naturally concluded that, on reflexion, he had reached the very sensible conclusion that it would be neither tactful nor indeed courteous to invite a Bishop who had publicly denounced the anti-Semite policy of the Nazis to meet the Nazi ambassador. About 9 p.m., however, a man from the post office came with a message from Wynyard inquiring why I had not come to dinner! I wrote out a message to be sent through to the Marquis.

Is this failure to meet the Ambassador really regrettable? or, is it rather a providential rescue from a situation which might have carried me into some humiliation, or treason? I should have been glad to see the man: more glad to have been able to convey to him some indication of the loathing with which I regard the Hitlerite regime. But I am not at all confident that I should have given any other impression than that of complaisance!

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[93]

23rd Sunday after Trinity, November 15th, 1936.

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A calm morning, but a clouded, restless sky, which was prohibitive of optimism. I finished reading Chesterton's* Autobiography last night. It is extraordinarily amusing, crowded with glittering paradoxes, until one's mind kicks against his paradoxical habit. The concluding chapter in which he expounds the reason of his conversion to Papistry is confused, almost unintelligible, and heavy.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered only five communicants besides Martin & myself viz: M^{rs} Berry, Alexander, & William. The Gospel was very relevant to all that Herr v. Ribbentrop represents: "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's: and unto God the things that are God's". If He had been no more than human, his challenge 'Shew me the tribute money', and then making it the text of his answer to their crafty question, might well be described as a brilliant stroke, but from His lips it is much more, nothing less than a pronouncement which presents the essential problem in its essentials, and points out quite clearly the direction in which its solution must be found viz: the frank & dutiful acknowledgment of a double allegiance – Caesar & God.

[94]

What I feared did happen. I received from Wynyard a telegram, asking Ella and me to dine tonight. I could not but accept for myself, and I am not pleased Alexander brought me a horrible paper, 'The Sunday Times', which appears to be wholly in the Nazi interest: for it is filled with exaltation of the Hitler régime, and with accounts in the most extravagant vein of laudation of the Londonderrys. Lady L. herself contributes an 'interview', and there is a photograph of the Wynyard shooting party.

I wrote to Bishop Lasbrey,* to Jack Carr, to Nigel Cornwall, and to Ella.

Martin and I walked to Bryden's cottage.

I have just enough religion to make me unable to enjoy "the world", just enough to make me awkward and uncomfortable in "Society", not enough to make me avoid it! Thus I am at perpetual cross-purposes with my own conscience, and employ the language of cynicism because I despise myself! 'O wretched man that I am! Who shall deliver me out of the body of this death!?' S. Paul was enchained by a legal religion which proved itself ineffectual to secure for him the self-control which he longed for: and I am really in worse case.

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My apprehension was unfounded for when I arrived at Wynyard at 8.30 p.m., I was told that the German ambassador had had to return to London during the afternoon. There was a pleasant party consisting of:

The Earl & Countess of Durham*
The Duke of Alva*
Sir Hedworth Williamson*
Roger Lumley* & his wife
Robin & Romaine
Lord & Lady Londonderry.

I had some rather interesting talk with the Duke of Alva. He was, of course, vehemently anti-Communist, and denied that the Rebels committed atrocities. They did, of course, shoot Communists, but spared women & children, whereas the Communists killed everybody.

Lady Londonderry talked much about the scandals which are multiplying about H.M.'s relations with the divorced American. He appears to be hardly on speaking terms with the Abp. of C. In short there are all the materials for a first-class crisis. I may hear more in London: but we have travelled far & fast from the high levels of King George. Probably nine tenths of the gossip is pure fiction.

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[96]

Monday, November 16th, 1936.

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That loyal little man Charles accompanied me to Darlington. It will be his last journey in his capacity as chaplain, and I feel bereaved. But that is the way of the world. 'There is no abiding'. I travelled by the Silver Jubilee Express, and talked with two elderly men, who evidently know me, & whom (probably) I ought to have known. One, who was apparently a well-equipped archaeologist, interested particularly in Roman antiquities, who knew Peers, & was executor to old Canon Greenwell.* Of the latter he told me some curious details, about his unscrupulous methods of collecting treasures. He sold his collections to great advantage, & was thus able to acquire the family estate. The problem which exercised my fellow-traveller's mind was how the Roman army in Caledonia, some 50,000 men, was victualled. On arriving at King's Cross, I drove to Park Lane, & deposited my bags at No. 21. Also, as it was Lord Scarbrough's [Aldred Lumley*] Birthday – his 79th, I gave him Filmer's Patriarcha, A.D. 1685 with a suitable letter. Then I went to the Hair-dresser, & received his professional attentions: and visited Hugh Rees, Ltd. Weebley said that he had sold 2 copies of the Giffords this day.*

[97]

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Lord Macmillan was in the Club: he thanked me for the Bishopruck, which I had sent him. I was concerned to notice that he looked uncommonly ill.

I wrote to Ella, read the papers, & then betook myself to 21 Park Lane, where I had undertaken to dine in.

The dinner party included the following: –

The late Spanish Ambassador & Senora del Val

Sir George & Lady Chetwode

Lady Ridley

Sir Ronald and Lady Lindsay (?)

The Earl of Scarbrough

The Bishop of Durham

Lady Serena James

I sat beside Lady Ridley at dinner, & on my other side was the Spanish lady, with both of whom I had pleasant converse. After the ladies had withdrawn I had a 'heart-to-heart' talk with Merry del Val. He gave me a most exciting account of the villain who threw the bomb at King Alfonso on his marriage, and of the tragic fate of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. He had himself been resident in Vienna with his father who was Ambassador there at the time. The Crown Prince, "who was a libertine", shot himself.

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[98]

Tuesday, November 17th, 1936.

Lord S. sent me to the Athenaeum in his car after breakfast. There I fell in with the Dean of Wells, who expressed himself about my Gifford Lectures in terms of strong approval. In the course of the day three of the Bishops – Manchester, Derby, & Coventry – spoke to me about the said lectures very pleasantly.

The proceedings in the Church Assembly were portentously dull, save for a speech from “trappy”[?] [Norman] Williams,* who came in as a member representing the Universities. He seized the opportunity provided by a discussion of faculties to embark on the (to him) familiar ground of the principles of ecclesiastical law &c, which was equally irrelevant and entertaining. But I did not hear the speech.

I lunched with Lord Daryngton & a member of lay workers, who are members of the Assembly. The Bishop of London was also there, & we both made speeches.

The afternoon was [as] dull & futile as the morning. Douglas & the Dean of Chichester followed in the tracks of N.P. Williams. The acoustics of the Hall are quite infamous. Most part of the Assembly was quite unable to hear what the speakers said. They did not lose anything worth hearing, but they were incensed!

[99]

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After the session closed at 5 p.m. the Archbishop requested the Bishops to meet him in the room, a cloak room, behind the platform, of which the windows were fast closed, and the atmosphere was stifling.

His Grace explained that untoward circumstances had arisen, of which he doubted not the Bishops had general knowledge, & these did, in his judgment, render it inadvisable to carry out the plan which he had outlined at the Bishops' Meeting in October. It would not be edifying to stir up the nation to a religious preparation for the King's Crowning when the King himself was making it apparent that he himself took anything but a religious view of the ceremony. It was becoming generally known that the King was behaving in an unseemly way with an American lady, whose second divorce had been given great publicity in the English papers, & who was openly described in the Press of America as Queen-designate of Great Britain! The English newspapers had exhibited the most commendable reticence, but, of course, this could not be reasonably expected to continue. The King's constitutional advisers hoped to obtain from him some assurance which might alleviate, if not altogether remove, the suspicion that he intended to marry a twice-divorced American. But in [100] [symbol] the absence of such assurances, the Archbishop thought that we could not make the arrangements which had been designed. He ended by requesting the Bishops' advice.

The Bishop of London spoke shortly in support of the Archbishop's view: & then, I spoke, explaining that I could not continue in the asphyxiating atmosphere of the room, but did not care to leave it before expressing my opinion. I said that I had been doubtful of the wisdom of the action originally outlined by the Archbishop, but was quite certain that in the circumstances indicated by his Grace, that action could not be otherwise than in the highest degree unfitting and unedifying. We could but hope that, by the goodness of God, the King would give such assurances as would make it possible for them to attend the Coronation with a good conscience.

I dined in the Athenaeum, sharing my table with old Bishop Eden. He expresses himself very sorrowfully about the selling of Windlestone. After dinner Arthur Headlam introduced me to a lean, spectacled, keen-looking man from Montenegro with whom I talked for half an hour, & then went back to Park Lane.

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[101]

Wednesday, November 18th, 1936.

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I attended the Church Assembly, where the debate on Education was resumed. The Bishop of S. Alban's led off with a characteristically vigorous speech, in which he repeated with emphasis the appeal for large funds, which Colonel Martin had made overnight. The Bishop is a "whole-hogger" for Church Schools. **Then I followed, & spoke with deliberate determination in the opposite sense. I stated with almost brutal frankness what I conceived the policy of the C. of E. ought to be – cling to and improve the Training Colleges; press for religious education as an integral part of the teaching in State Schools & leave the determination of the syllabus, the provision of the teaching, and the examination of the children to the local authorities: make an end of the dual system. My speech was listened to with attention, & loudly applauded.** Many members came to me afterwards, and expressed their agreement. I was particularly surprised to learn that many of the bishops approved my speech, e.g. Derby, Bristol, Wakefield, Chester, and Worcester. The Archbishop of C. in summing up spoke very sympathetically of my position.

[102]

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I lunched in the Jerusalem Chamber. There I had some conversation with the Archbishop of C. anent the difficult situation created by H.M.'s strange infatuation for the American divorcée. I said that, if H.M. were living "in sin", there might well be objection to admitting him to Communion. "Of course", replied his Grace, "the King maintains that everything is entirely Platonick, but everybody knows that that is false". The position is extremely embarrassing. Lord S. told me that his Hospital Matron informed him that she heard from Scotland Yard that, if H.M. persisted, the Prime Minister and the Cabinet would tender their resignation. Thus the snow-ball of untoward rumour is growing! When the King's picture was shown on the film at a West End cinema, there were cries of 'abdicate, abdicate'! A paper called 'Cavalcade' is said to have given publicity to what the American & French papers are 'running over' with. After lunch I returned to the Central Hall, and listened to a very dull debate for an hour and a half: after which I had tea, and wrote to Ella.

[103]

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I dined at Grillions, where the company were:

1. Archbishop of York
2. Lord Fitzalan
3. Lord Eustace Percy

4. Lord Ilchester
5. " Stonehaven
6. Sir Ronald Graham
7. Bishop of Durham
8. Ignotus
9. Lord Midleton

I sate between Ronald Graham and Midleton,* with both of whom I [had] much talk. The former had been ambassador in Rome at the time of the March on Rome, & **was a whole-hearted advocate of Mussolini, against whom he would hear nothing. The Abyssinians were without champion save for myself, & I was at the disadvantage of never having been in the country. The League of Nations was referred to in terms of marked contempt.** Lord Midleton, (whose deafness makes conversation difficult,) questioned me much about Jarrow, & the achievements of Sir John Jarvis: but I couldn't say anything worth saying. It was the least interesting dinner at which I have yet been present. Temple drove me home, & went on to Lambeth.

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[104]

Thursday, November 19th, 1936.

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I attended the morning session of the Assembly. It had been expected that we should have embarked on the discussion of a kind of pacifist motion, which would have given Dick Sheppard and his friends a grand opportunity for "blowing off steam": but a very sensible layman moved that the Assembly "proceed to the next business", and this motion was carried in all three houses to the consternation of the orators which had come there, as Elihu said of himself, like "the moon at the full". His grace of York, who was in the chair, was visibly chagrined. He told me last night that he intended to speak. The rest of the proceedings were commonplace and dull, so *I came away, and called on Dashwood, who was, of course, full of the scandalous rumours about H.M. Then I went to the Athenaeum, and lunched joining tables with Canon Anthony Deane.** He said that the King's infatuation with M^{rs} Simpson was beginning to cool in face of the lady's demands for money. It appears that our Sovereign, though disposed to emulate George IV in other respects, does not share that monarch's lavishness. He has made himself unpopular at Windsor by his summary dismissal of old servants, & his penurious [105] [symbol] thrift finds expression even in so petty a matter as the badges on the Royal Chaplains' scarves! Incidentally the canon **said that he had read my Giffords, and admired them greatly.** The chapel at Buckingham Palace has now been closed. The Queen attends Divine Service in the chapel at Marlborough House. *The King has just appointed a new Head gardener. There was much amusement, and some embarrassment when it was learned that the man's name was Simpson!*

I remained at the Athenaeum, save for a brief visit to the book-seller, until 9 p.m. At 4 p.m. I was joined by Lord Roche,* & discussed with him the question of raising funds for the Castle Preservation Fund. He held strongly that no public appeal should be made until the Coronation had passed. He spoke strongly about the disastrous folly of the King's present procedure, & said that when H.M. opened Parliament – M^{rs} S. being conspicuous in the Gallery – there was much severe comment among the Peers. He said that the Canadian lawyers who had come to England in connexion with various appeals to the Privy Council expressed themselves in the gravest terms on the effect which the reports of the King's intentions were having throughout Canada.

[106]

Lord Roche thanked me warmly for sending him the 'Bishoprick', which, he assured me, he not only read himself, but sent on to his parish priest. He specially expressed approval of the address to the Ordination candidates. It surprises me to observe how widely that address is approved: Bishops, the Principals of Training Colleges, Clergy, & laity have all thanked me for it. While I was talking with Lord Roche, the footman who was bringing us tea, heard him address me as Bishop of Durham, & immediately manifested the liveliest interest. "Are you the Bishop of Durham?", he asked, & proceeded to tell me that he came from the parish of Ushaw Moor, & knew the vicar, Welby. He was one of the Durham youths who had found employment in the south, and was doing well. I dined at the Club, joining tables with Sir

Frederick Kenyon* with whom I had much pleasant conversation. An elderly clergyman who is a member of the Athenaeum came up to me in order to express his admiration of the Giffords, & to point out “a small error”, namely that I had described as a Frenchman the Spaniard S. Francis Xavier. “I took up the book intending to spend half an hour on it, & I couldn’t put it down for two hours!” Well, well!

[107]

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Martin Kiddle writes to me from Leeds, thanking me for the sermon which I preached in the parish church there last Friday, and he compares it with that which the Archbishop of C. preached last Sunday, with which he says, my pronouncement was “in strong contrast”.

His Grace so often seems to give us what we expect – a few well-chosen words, which soothe but cannot satisfy in a time of crisis like the present. We were presented to him one by one. He seems very aloof, but, perhaps, it is difficult for him to be otherwise when almost every one regards him as though he were a divine personage. I cannot think the Abp. of York will ever become like that.

Then he proceeds to speak of the Bishoprick.

The last number of the Bishoprick gave my colleagues and myself much inspiration and pleasure.

Martin Kiddle is above the average of intelligence, & his comparison of the two Primates is probably not confined to himself. Lang has a curious facial resemblance to Cardinal Manning, whose portrait hangs in the smoking room of the Athenaeum.

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[108]

Friday, November 20th, 1936.

I left 21 Park Lave after breakfast, & drove to the Athenaeum. There I found Lord Roche who told me that at a city Company's dinner last night he sate beside a K.C. named Monkton, who had been some kind of legal officer to the Prince of Wales, and was persona grata to the King. He said that there would be no crisis for H.M. had said to him "I won't let the country down". But, of course, everything turns on the pledges which he may have given to the lady, & on her power to hold him to them. We must hope for the best, and keep our mouths shut.

We left London in beautiful sunshine, but shortly before reaching Doncaster ran into a bank of fog, out of which we emerged at Harrogate, arriving at Darlington 40 minutes after time. Here I was met by Martin and the car, & so came to the Castle.

Peers, who also had been delayed by the fog, arrived about 6 p.m. I went through a pile of letters, and dictated answers to Martin.

Charles went to Edmundbyers yesterday, thus ending his stay as chaplain which had continued for more than 7 years. I shall miss him badly.

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[109]

Saturday, November 21st, 1936.

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A brilliant morning, and a hard frost. Charles writes from Edmundbyers enclosing **a very offensively worded letter from his squire, Clifton Brown**, to whom it appears that Dolphin has been pouring out his grievance. This was speedily followed up by Charles himself. **I drafted a letter as the example of what in my view he might well write to the said squire, & told him to show it to the Bishop of Jarrow, & then, if he approved, send it, or its equivalent to Clifton Brown.** This is certainly a very untoward occurrence, & I shall have hard work to restore such a measure of goodwill as will make it possible for Charles to continue in the parish. He is very sensitive, very unworldly, and very resentful of Dolphin's behaviour toward him. The behaviour of Dolphin has been inexplicably base, and I do not envy him his reflections when he learns the consequences of his whining to Clifton Brown. This gentleman would appear to be a very poor type of gentleman. He assumes that Dolphin's case is sound; gives Charles no opportunity of explanation; and then writes to him an extremely insulting letter of rebuke and counsel! I fear that in all this there is entering the manners and cruelty of class prejudice.

[110]

At 3 p.m. the woeful Sharpley appeared. I read to him the letter of D^r Moodie, and advised him to seek a curacy in the South of England. I told him that I had received grave complaints from the parish, and that I might think it necessary to appoint a Commission to inquire into his performance of duty: and I pointed out that, even if I did not find it possible to take action on the Commission's report, the effect on his credit by the sitting of the Commission could hardly be other than very unfavourable. Finally I bade him go home, & talk over the matter with his wife. The man is little better than a half-wit dominated and driven by a virago.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I saw the Bishop of Jarrow, & discussed Charles's matter. Then I went to the Castle, and attended a meeting of the Castle Preservation Committee. A representative of the Contractor, Tarring, attended, & after Peers had tactfully indicated that we didn't mean to go on paying him a commission of 12%, consented to accept no more than 6%. His acquiescence was so facile that I could not but wonder whether we might not wisely have offered him 4%!

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[111]

Sunday next before Advent, 24th after Trinity, November 22nd, 1936.

[symbol]

A crimson dawn, a cloudless sky, and a bitter frost.

My mind is much troubled by the untoward situation which has been created in Edmundbyers, and has cast a shadow of sadness and apprehension over the fair beginnings of Charles's ministry. He seems to me the innocent victim of Dolphin's greed and duplicity operating but too effectually on Clifton Brown's head-long suspicion, & (probably) class-resentment. How can I soothe the wounded spirit of a very sensitive man, & bring repentance to those who have treated him with such indefensible injustice?

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but 6 communicants, including Peers and William.

After breakfast I wrote to Charles nominating him as one of my hon. chaplains, and adding words of what, perhaps, may with tolerable justice be called spiritual counsel. Also, I wrote at length to Ruth Spooner, discussing the case of the 'masses' against the 'classes', & seeking to moderate her amiable but perfervid zeal for the multitude!

[112]

Peers and I walked in the Park for more than an hour. The frost lay on the ground, and the sun shone through a veil of mist, disclose [sic] a scene of exquisite beauty. We stopped to admire at every few yards.

I employed the afternoon most unchristianly by reading Upton Sinclair's novel "Co-op. a novel of living together". Its interest for me is the light it casts on American society. Of course, it is inspired throughout by his well-known "communist" propagandism, but the author, like Zola, has a photographic power of picturing actual situations, and, therefore, the evidential value of his works is considerable. His description of the infinite and almost grotesque overlapping of President Roosevelt's "New Deal" schemes is both entertaining and tragic; but he draws a portrait of the President himself which is not lacking in attractiveness.

The papers report the death of old Lord Joicey at the age of 90. He will be widely regretted, for at the altitude of vast wealth & the servile homage which vast wealth never fails to bring, he retained a certain dignified simplicity which was as pleasing as it was unexpected.

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[113]

Monday, November 23rd, 1936.

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The absurdities of life are infinite. Hardly had I got rid of Peers, before Charles appeared with a new version of his situation. He has discovered, in talking matters over with his Churchwarden, that he had promised Dolphin, though he had totally forgotten the fact, that he would let him have the income of Edmundbyers until October 29th, & that, therefore, there was some foundation for the allegation of dishonourable conduct, & the suspicion of covetousness. I told him to go at once to Dolphin, & make things right with him, & then to answer Clifton Brown. This is indeed a 'ridiculous mess', & save that the little man is quite evidently sincere, & abundantly penitent, I should be very angry. However — Later, having made his peace with Dolphin he came again to me, & I suggested the terms in which he should reply to Colonel Clifton Brown. I hope, rather than believe (for the Colonel's behaviour impresses me badly) that the final result of this unfortunate incident will be to inoculate Charles with a little worldly wisdom.

I read Professor Dodd's* inaugural lecture at Cambridge, where he has succeeded Burkitt as the Norris-Hulse Professor of Divinity. It is subtitled [114] "The Present Task in New Testament Studies", and is both interesting and informing. I encountered in it a word 'oecology' which I have never before seen. It is 'the study of the organism in its habitat', and is, in the Oxford Dictionary, explained rather elaborately thus:—

The science of the economy of animals and plants: that branch of biology which deals with the relations of living organisms to their surroundings, their habits, & modes of life, etc.

It seems to have been patented by Haeckel in 1873. Prof. Dodd enlarges on the importance of the Johannes problem, which now presses for solution:—

I am disposed to think that the understanding of this Gospel is not only one of the outstanding tasks of our time, but the crucial test of our success or failure in solving the problem of the New Testament as a whole.

I motored to Newcastle, and met Ella and Fearne when they arrived from Scotland at 4.9 p.m.

The frost continues, & shows no sign of ending. I suspect that the wall flowers have been destroyed.

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[115]

Tuesday, November 24th, 1936.

I did make some sort of a small beginning of my charge. But made little headway.

There came to lunch a whole crowd of ladies among whom Martin the chaplain and myself made a pathetic appearance.

Martin and I walked as far as Bryden's cottage. Lawson reports the arrival of Beck's puppies: and Alexander announces that Wicky, the yellow cat, has again kittened copiously.

I started to read a book which has deservedly attracted much public attention as being an honest and impartial account of the actual situation in Soviet Russia. It is practically a journal written up from day to day of the well-known General Secretary of the Trades Union Congress and President of the International Federation of Trade Unions, Sir Walter Citrine,* K.B.E. He entitles it rather sensationally – "I search for Truth in Russia" – and the title is not belied by the contents. He seems to have been on his guard against the deluding tricks of the Russian authorities, & to have utilized his own considerable personal knowledge of industry when he was taken to see the much vaunted achievements of the Soviet Government, & he saw through them.

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[116]

Wednesday, November 25th, 1936.

I continued to labour at the Charge but made slow going.

Jimmie Adderley writes:

'I have read your Gifford Lectures with great interest. You seem to have covered nearly all the ground.'

A Presbyterian Minister, the Rev^d C. Levi Shelby, writes to me from "The Rayland Presbyterian Church, Rayland, Ohio'

I am exceedingly anxious to obtain a copy of your book "Christian Morality". I find myself in a difficult situation as to securing any needed books. I lost in two bank failures during the American depression, and for more than four years I have continued to serve my Church without any stated salary. The church offerings (my only source of income) have not been sufficient for food & suitable clothing for my family. So I am without any funds to purchase needed books. I am sure that such a situation is difficult for a clergyman of the Church of England to understand.

[117]

He proceeds to beg for the book ("a soiled or damaged copy will be very gratefully accepted"), and requests that I would 'find it convenient to autograph any copy I may find it possible to spare', and concludes,

My ancestors were members of the Church of England before coming to America, & I love that great church.

Now what am I to do? If I were assured that Mr Shelby were a genuine man, speaking the truth, I would certainly send him the book: but the practice of getting books by pleading inability to buy them is a well-known device of professional mendicants: and I don't wish to buttress roguery. However, it is interesting to learn that the book has been heard of in Ohio.

I finished Citrine's book. As a literary composition it is poor enough, but as a "human document" it is extremely interesting. It reveals the mind of an unusually intelligent and well-informed British Trade unionist as well as describes the impression made on it by the scenes which he witnessed in Russia. He is evidently very reluctant to condemn what he calls "the greatest social and economic experiment in history", but he is revolted by its inefficiency, and still more by its brutal and pervasive tyranny.

[118]

Many of the shibboleths of the early phase of the Communist dictatorship are being discarded. More emphasis is being placed on individual effort. Family life, which at one time

was looked upon as a dangerous bourgeois institution, is being encouraged. The authority of the schoolmaster and of the parent, which used to be regarded as undesirably repressive, is gradually being restored.

Even the campaign of anti-religious propaganda is not being driven quite so hard, although the fact that something like 90 per cent. of the Moscow churches are closed, converted to museums, or have been pulled down, conveys a false impression to visitors who see churches overcrowded.

Divorce is being made more difficult than in the past, when it was enough for one of the parties to a marriage to inform the authorities that he or she desired the dissolution of the marriage. Divorce is still much easier than in other countries, but the Communist Party frowns nowadays on a system which at one time was regarded as an evidence of emancipation.

Citrine, 'I search for truth in Russia', p. 341

[119]

M^{rs} Kempthorne arrived about 8 p.m. more than two hours late on account of the fog which still continues to the great destruction of comfort and dislocation of traffic. Martin went with the car to meet her, but failed to identify, so she came on to Bishop Auckland, and was met by Leng there.

I wrote to the Bishop of Southwark [Richard Parsons*] thanking him for his Charge, entitled 'The Sacrament of Sacrifice', which had come to me 'with his compliments'. I sent it on to Dick, whose mind is much exercised just now with questions connected with the Blessed Sacrament.

Also, I wrote to the Bishop of Oxford asking him to preach in Durham Cathedral on July 1st 1937, when it has been arranged that a special service shall be held in connexion with the Centenary of the granting of the Charter to Durham University. It occurred to me that the Bishop of Oxford would be peculiarly well chosen as the preacher on that occasion since in his person he would symbolize the relation of Oxford University to the University of Durham, which at first was symbolized in the person of Bishop van Mildert. If Oxford finds himself unable or unwilling to preach, I fear it will be necessary that I should preach myself.

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[120]

Thursday, November 26th, 1936.

Charles writes to tell me that "Colonel Clifton Brown has sent him a very handsomely expressed letter' and that the matter is now closed: he adds "I believe that we shall now be on

really good terms – perhaps better than otherwise we might have been. I have carried out the arrangement with Dolphin to our mutual satisfaction.

I continued to work on the Charge until I was interrupted by old Dr McCullagh, who wanted to borrow a book. I lent him Schuman's book on Hitler and the Nazi revolution.

At 3.15 p.m. I presided at meeting [sic] of the Moral Welfare Association in the State Room. The room seemed to be well-filled. M^{rs} Kempthorne is not a good orator, but she prattled on inoffensively and looked amiable. After the meeting we all went to the chapel, where a short service was held, and the "Women's Offering" was presented. Then followed a "Black-Hole-in-Calcutta" tea, from which I absented myself in order to have tea in my room with Ramsey, the author of a book which is very well spoken of – "The Gospel and the Catholic Church".

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Ramsey is a heavy fellow with a fat face, and a cumbrous manner, not pre-possessing, but improving on acquaintance. He told me that he was leaving the Bishop's Hostel at Lincoln in order to take up his duty at Boston Parish Church ("Boston Stump".)

I received an affectionate letter from Veronica Irvine, thanking me for the Bishoprick.

From the Times I extract the following: –

Lord Reading, * speaking at a meeting in Bermondsey on Tuesday, said that much had been heard of international Jewish finance. Out of the 50 directors of the five big banks only three were Jews, and in the Bank of England there were none. The total Jewish population of this country was only 350,000, mainly centred in the East End of London, Leeds, and Manchester, while in New York there were 4,000,000 Jews, or on out of every four persons. Jews had only adopted the trade of the money-lender when forced to do so in the ghetto. When the schools & universities were opened to them they entered the great professions. He was proud to be a Jew.

There must be an error in the figure for the Jews of New York.

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[122]

Friday, November 27th, 1936.

An ominously foggy morning. Mrs Kempthorne left after breakfast. Happily I remembered to give her the money for her expenses i.e. the railway fare from Lichfield. Properly the Secretary ought to do this: but —

I continued to work on the Charge.

Last night the aborigines made another raid on the Castle, and stole much lead, cutting away the pipes up to a height as far as one man could reach with the assistance of another, on that side of the Chapel which looks northwards towards the river. I wrote forthwith to Caröe asking him to suggest less alluring metal than Lead.

M^{rs} Catherine Dodgson, Ralph's sister in law, and her hostess from Sedgfield came to tea: also, a young man named Ottley, recommended by Jack Clayton, who is studying music at Durham under the new organist.

Canon Jackson came to see me with reference to the Rectory of Whitburn. He asked, and received my permission to live within the parish but in a hired house. He hoped to let the Rectory House [123] which is rated at over £100., has 21 rooms, and a large garden. He also obtained my consent to resign the Rural Deanery at the end of the year.

I wrote to Sir Hedworth Williamson commended [sic] the new Rector of Whitburn to his friendly regard: and I sent him a copy of "Abyssinia".

As I walked in the Park I encountered a flock of magpies, at least a dozen of them. Lawson told me that a fox is reported to have made his lair on the cliff not far from the foot bridge leading up to the Wishing Temple, but he had not himself seen the beast.

[Sherlock must surely be unique in our records as having held in succession the three bishopricks of Bangor, Salisbury, and London, and having refused both the Archbishopricks. He was evidently a learned and able man, who made a great impression on his contemporaries, but he did not rise above the low level of his time in the article of spiritual duty. He was a notable pluralist, an eager partisan, and a rather unscrupulous controversialist. In politics he was a Tory, but he supported the Hanoverian dynasty, and was capable of expressing himself in rather servile terms on suitable occasions.]

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[124]

Saturday, November 28th, 1936.

My excellent cousin, Arthur Rawle, sends me £25: for my Boots Fund. I sent five guineas to the Treasurer of the Douglas Eyre Memorial Fund: and promised to send £20 to the Billingham Church Fund. The Work-house draws visibly nearer!*

I continued to work on the Charge, which does not become more impressive as it grows longer!

At 2.30 p.m. the churchwardens of S^t John's, Hebburn, came to see me. – two substantial men of the lower middle-class, both of whom had been members of the choir, & had the unabashed manner natural to sanctuary men. The account they gave of the parish was not attractive. There are many Irish in the district, both Papists and Orangemen, & though they do not indulge in the violences of Belfast, this natural hatred is hardly less intense. The tradition of the parish is “Low”, very. They want a young man, vigorous and married to a wife who will do something in the parish. One of the churchwardens had been specially charged to press me on the “women’s case”. I pointed out urbanely that my jurisdiction did not extend to the wives of the clergy, who, frankly speaking were “beyond me”.

[125]

The parish is extending. There will soon be urgent need for a mission building. In spite of the Protestantism, there is a splendid choir.

That tiresome question of Sunday Golf in the Park has been raised again. Toft sen: writes to ask me to receive a deputation of the potential sabbath breakers, and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners want to know my views. I have no convictions adverse to Sunday Golf but I don't like it, and, in all the circumstances, incline to regard it as inexpedient. However, I must hear what the godless knaves have to say for themselves!

Sir Vincent Baddely* writes:

*I have read with vast appreciation **your admirable brochure on Abyssinia**, particularly of the attention it draws to the lamentable failure of the Roman Church. Did you happen to see a report in the “Times” in, I think, Oct. last year, of a sermon preached by the Card. Abp. of Milan in Milan Cath^l on the anniversary of the Fascist March on Rome, in which he said that the Italian Legions w^d carry the Cross of Christ victoriously over the barbarous mountains of Abyssinia, or words to that effect.*

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[126]

Advent Sunday, November 29th, 1936.

A very dark morning, with higher temperature, and inclining to be wet. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered only seven communicants, including Martin and William.

I spent most part of the day in preparing the sermon for Beamish: and there I preached it at Evensong to a large and very attentive congregation.

Martin and I had tea with the Vicar and M^{rs} Squance before the service. He spoke strongly about the incompetence of his Welsh curate, James, who, however, has now transferred himself to Burnopfield. Tanfield, he described, as being a singularly unattractive parish. The church is a mile and a half distant from most of the people: and the Vicarage is threatening to fall by reason of subsidences! But, notwithstanding its disadvantages, the parish had been effectively administered by old Canon Archdale, and might be so administered again by a competent vicar, but Pastle, the outgoing Vicar, was so completely incompetent that only failure could attend his ministry in any parish! Squance said that everybody in Sunderland would approve of Jackson's appointment to Whitburn.

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[127]

Monday, November 30th, 1936.

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I wrote to the Ecclesiastical Commission about the stealing of the lead, inquiring whether they or I were responsible for making good the damage, seeing that they had "taken over" the fabric of the Chapel.

Then I wrote a short address for use tonight in dedicating the memorial to the late Vicar of S. Andrew's, Roker. This clergyman did not impress me as by any means a high type of pastor, but, of course, he must have the full benefit of the comfortable sophistry de mortuis! Of all the public utterances which I find myself compelled to make none are more difficult in themselves & more repulsive to me than these references to the Departed, of whom I can know far too little to authorize a judgment, & far too much to justify a eulogy. Yet, in the circumstances, it is only eulogy which is expected, or indeed decent! Moreover, the time wasted in preparing these futile and insincere pronouncements is very considerable, and so is the publicity which they obtain. I observe with consternation that the practice of giving addresses at the grave-side, and even that of preaching funeral sermons are growing again. The clergy are eager to "buy up the opportunity" provided by the unaccustomed luxury of an audience!

[128]

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I presided at a series of Committees in Carter's office, and then had tea with the Bishop of Jarrow and M^{rs} Gordon. Then we motored to Roker where I unveiled & dedicated some memorials to the Rev. W. Johnson, the late Vicar of the parish, and preached a short sermon. The service was impressive, but the congregation was remarkably small. Romans* and Leonard Wilson assured me that my appointment of Canon Jackson to be Rector of Whitburn was highly approved throughout the Deanery.

It was reported that the wife of the Vicar of All Saints, Monkwearmouth, had died suddenly. That poor man, Wilson, has himself been grievously ill. He seems to be the magnet of every kind of misfortune: and he has no curate, nor any likelihood that he will get one.

I found on my return to the Castle that there was fresh difficulty at Winlaton, where the crazy Rector has quarrelled quite absurdly with his best colleague, & advised him to seek another curacy! He cannot, of course, dismiss him without giving him six months notice with my permission: and such permission it would hardly be equitable for me to give him without better cause than he can offer.

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[129]

Tuesday, December 1st, 1936.

The newspapers are full of accounts of the Burning of Crystal Palace. Its destruction may be taken to symbolize all the generous dreams of the age which witnessed its construction. Captain Radcliffe, the Organizing Secretary of the Boys' Clubs Association, writing to thank me for providing tea for his Committee in Durham Castle, adds:

May I be permitted to say how very much I have enjoyed reading your Gifford Lectures this last week.

I wonder whether he bought a copy, or only borrowed!

After lunch I motored to Tanfield, and visited the Churchwarden, a farmer named Anderson, who lived in a pleasant house on the edge of the moors. He didn't give me much information, (being after a manner of the Aborigines, more anxious to impress me favourably than to speak the truth), but what he said, being interpreted confirmed my view of Tanfield & its late incumbent. Then I returned to the Castle in time to receive the Rev. William Edward Swinney, to whom I intended offering appointment to the incumbency. He is an artisan's son, & has been "educated" at Pelham He has been 14 years in Orders, and has [130] [symbol] during that time held curacies in 3 dioceses, two of the parishes being industrial. He is a widower aged 39, and meditates marrying for a second time. He has lost most of his hair, a circumstance which does not improve his appearance. He is not lacking in assurance, but gives the impression of competence & energy. On the whole I did not dislike him. In any case, he would be a welcome change from the tactless, short-sighted, absent-minded Pestle.

W. Loft sen. together with four members of the Golf Club, came as a deputation to ask me to withdraw my opposition to Sunday play. I pointed out that the matter was not one of Sabbatarian conviction but of expediency; read to them from the Bishopruck for Nov: 1926, the letter which I addressed to Sir Lewis Dibdin, and finally declared that my mind was unchanged, & I should so inform the Commissioners. They received my decision politely but sadly, & so departed. I was much tempted to be complaisant, & to yield the point, but, on the whole, I think the better course was followed by my being civilly adamant.

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[131]

Wednesday, December 2nd, 1936.

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M^r Tilley, the Director of Education for this county, replying to an inquiry which I addressed to him, informs me that the number of children attending County Council Schools & Non-provided schools in the County area was in October 1926:—

Council Schools.	95, 943	av. Attendance	87, 895
Non-Provided	21, 831	" "	19, 784

The Bishop of Bradford (D. Blunt) is reported to have addressed his diocesan conference on the subject of the Coronation, taking occasion to allude not obscurely to the persistent reports of the King's infatuation, and rebuking the Bishop of Birmingham for his advocacy of admitting the Sectaries to a share in the Ceremonial. The Yorkshire Post devotes its first leading article to his address, under the heading "The King and his People", in which it makes direct mention of "certain statements which have appeared in the reputable United States journals, and even in some Dominion newspapers", which it thinks "are too circumstantial & have plainly a foundation in fact". After a reference to King George "the well beloved", and to King Edward's promise that he would "follow in his father's footsteps", the article proceeds:—

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Deep disappointment must necessarily result if, instead of this continuity of example, there should develop a dispute between the King and his Ministers such as must almost inevitably raise a constitutional issue of the gravest character.

I cannot think that the Bishop ought to have publicly rebuked the Sovereign, (for that is really what his words amounted to) without α) being sure of his facts, and β) ascertaining the views of the Archbishop of Canterbury. His Grace is obviously (and constitutionally) the person whose proper duty it is to remonstrate with the King on the subject of his personal behaviour; and the King's Ministers are the persons who must make him see the public aspect of any conduct he may be contemplating which bears on his regal position. Every Bishop is bound to the Sovereign by the Homage which he renders on his appointment, and this cannot but imply that he will guard the King's reputation. It may be that the Bishop has spoken with the Archbishop's knowledge and consent. But I doubt it. Nothing is more likely to harden the King in an unwise course, than that he should be publicly "warned" by a Bishop.

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The Bishop's language about the Coronation, and the proposal that the Sectaries should take part in the ceremonial, is what might be expected from an ardent "Anglo-Catholik" [sic], and must needs cause much resentment. To accept the Bishop of Birmingham's suggestion that there should be no celebration of the H.C.

"would be tantamount to a confession that the grace of the Sacrament is not so important as to be needed by the King at this great moment of his inauguration. It would be a public humiliation of the Church's chief act of worship and chief means of Sacramental grace. In my opinion, the only way in which the Church of England could accede to such a proposal would be if it were one item in its own wholesale disestablishment.

*Old Sir Charles Marston, at the recent meeting of the Church Assembly, said to me that if the rumours about the King turned out to be true, he should "**go in for Disestablishment**". He is an extreme Protestant, and probably expressed an opinion which will be wide-spread among the "unco guid". The medievalism of one faction, & the pietism of the other agree in regarding the Coronation as a first-class religious interest!*

[134]

Newson, who has now established himself, as my tenant in the house lately occupied by Charles, came to see me. He has just returned from London, where he found the reports about H.M. as persistent & sinister as ever. It is alleged, probably with truth, that the situation, delicate & difficult in any case, is, in the actual circumstances, **aggravated by H.M.'s personal antipathy to the Primate.**

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I received a letter from Lord Davies* inquiring whether I intended to take up the "challenge" sent to me to answer Lord Russell's book, 'Which way to Peace'. He writes:

I should be very grateful if you would let me know your views on the general question whether it is better to refute the theories which the Peace Pledge is putting forward or whether by doing so we should merely be giving a subversive movement an unwarranted advertisement.

I do not doubt that the latter is the more probable. These fanatical movements gain largely by controversy because their following is mostly drawn from the multitude which feels but cannot think.

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[135]

Thursday, December 3rd, 1936.

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The plot thickens, and the Bishop of Bradford has gained notoriety hardly inferior to "Jenkins' Ears"!

There is a mild crisis on the Stock Exchange and the "Times" devotes its first leader to the potential constitutional crisis. The Bishop himself explains that the references to the King in his address were not in the least intended as a rebuke.

"What I referred to was the fact that to all outward appearance the King seems to live entirely indifferently to the public practice of religion....

With regard to these rumours that have been going about him, I may as well say that my address was written six weeks before I first heard anything of them. It had nothing whatsoever to do with them. I did not know of them....

I was merely commenting on the absence of outward concern for religion which shows itself in his daily life.

This explanation is not easily credible; and it certainly makes the Bishop's conduct harder to excuse.

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I wrote to Lord Davies saying that I had no intention of "taking up" the "challenge" to answer Lord Russell's mischievous book, because I thought that controversy would only advertise this suicidal and pusillanimous pacifism, which is already dangerously prevalent in the nation. I took occasion to send him my tract on 'Abyssinia', as illustrating my point of view.

I received 6 more volumes of the Loeb Library, viz:

1. Demosthenes – Private Orations
2. Aristotle – Problems. Books i – xxi
3. Lucian. V
4. Plutarch's Moralia. vol. X
5. Livy. Books. xxx viii – xxxix
6. Remains of Old Latin. II

The evening papers are running over with the King's Infatuation. They give a biography of M^{rs} Simpson with pictures of her. The whole business is deplorable.

Martin and I motored to Gateshead, where I confirmed 11 persons in the parish church. They come from several parishes, & were evidently for the most part very poor. None the less, they were very attentive, & seemed to be very sincere.

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[137]

Friday, December 4th, 1936.

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*Everything in the morning papers gives place to **the mouth-filling sensation of the King's projected marriage with a twice-divorced American woman of forty.***

*It is difficult to realize that this shocking situation should have been created within a few month's of King George's death. Ledgard, the Rural Dean of Barnard Castle, called to know whether, in my opinion he could fitly make reference to this sorry business next Sunday: & **I told him to hold his peace, and to get the clergy in his Deanery to the same.** The reporter in Durham wished to know whether I myself would speak about it when preaching in S. Nicholas on Sunday evening: & I replied that I would certainly do nothing of the kind. Yesterday, the "Sunday Sun" sent me an immense telegram with prepaid answer urging me to write an article on the monarchy for immediate publication: to which I replied, "Regret unable". But I doubt if there will be general abstinence from comment, and I am sure that public discussion can do nothing but mischief. The King has done himself irreparable harm: what harm he has done the Empire we cannot yet fully know.*

[138]

The Rev. R. S. Woodall came to see me with reference to a dispute with the Rector of Winlaton (Brain), I advised him to return a peaceful answer to the Rector's characteristically offensive letter, and to let me know the result. I questioned him about the situation in the parish, and he said that it was very unsatisfactory. The Rector was "drinking heavily". This is, of course, what I expected, but, until something really publicly scandalous happens, I can do nothing. The two churchwardens are father & son, poor folk quite incapable of any effective action: and the parochial church council is farcical. Thanks to the "freehold of the benefice" I can do nothing. To put the law in operation would only waste money, & make myself ridiculous.

About 6 p.m. Dick arrived from Cambridge, looking very well, & tremendously excited over his holiday tutorship of two boys in Switzerland. It will do him a lot of good, if he doesn't come to grief in the winter-sports. His developing pastoral interest will be strengthened by his responsibility for the boys, & the change of scene and air will refresh his theology-clouded brain!

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[139]

Thursday, December 5th, 1936.

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M^r Baldwin's clear statement in the House of Commons ruling out the notion of a "morganatic" marriage tends to clear the air. Evidently, the whole matter rests with the King. He must either give up the Divorcée, or ABDICATE. In either event, he will emerge from the crisis a thoroughly discredited man: and the injury done to the Empire must needs be great. Ella did not feel well enough to carry out an engagement in Sunderland, which was therefore cancelled.

Old D^r McCullagh brought back a book, and borrowed 2 more.

Archdeacon Owen called for me at 1.45 p.m., and drove me to Darlington where I attended the opening of an elementary school in S. John's parish after reconstruction. The mayor presided, and there were other local magnates present on the platform. I made a speech more than commonly ill suited for the occasion, & then was photographed two or three times! After tea at the Vicarage, we returned to Auckland. The weather became very cold, and while the meeting was in progress, there was a fall of snow.

The Archdeacon's lady chauffeur went astray, and took us by a cork-screw route to the Castle!

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The two churchwardens of S^t Ignatius, Sunderland came to see me at 6 p.m. by appointment, decent and civil-spoken men. They did not have much to tell me that I did not know already. I was interested to learn that a considerable part of the congregation, including both of themselves, resided outside the parish while regularly attending the services. They wanted the existing Anglo-Catholic type of worship to be continued and were content to leave everything to me. Voila tout! I wonder whether these good men valued the chance of speaking to the Bishop.

I finished reading a book on Thomas Sherlock 1678-1761 by Edward Carpenter. It is a painstaking performance, but destitute of any pretence to literary excellence. Well read in history, with a passion for law and a very large extent of general knowledge, he detested theories, natural rights & states of nature as heartily as did Burke. Nowhere, perhaps, except in the glowing pages of Irishmen, is the creed of philosophic conservatism more finely or more clearly expressed. In almost every sense he may be said to anticipate Burke. (p. 264)

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[141]

2nd Sunday in Advent, December 6th, 1936.

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The Archbishop of Canterbury counsels us to pray for the King, and say nothing about him. But what must we pray for in his behalf? If M^{rs} S. is his mistress, (which is commonly thought,) that he should cast her off? If she is not, that he should withdraw his offer of marriage, &, having deprived her of her second husband, bid her seek elsewhere for a third? that [sic] he should abdicate? It is probable that the last would be best for the country. It will bring great discredit on the Throne, which seemed to be the most stable element in our Constitution, and it will reduce to absurdity those who, (with the "Church & State" Commissioners) would rest the Establishment of the Church on the person of the Sovereign as being by statute required to be a communicant in the Church of England. What the repercussions of an Abdication would be in the Empire and in the world none can tell, but that they will be very serious can hardly be doubted. The prestige of the British Monarchy will have been destroyed ~~????~~ just when it stood highest, and at a juncture when its prestige was an important political factor in a world which cannot dispense with it. "Put not your trust in Princes; nor in any child of man; for there is no help in them."

[142]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Martin assisted, and among the Communicants were Dick and William.

I revised for use at a normal service the sermon which I preached at Ripon in connexion with the centenary of the formation of the diocese. The "topical" allusions could be removed with[^]out[^] affecting the argument.

Dick and Martin accompanied me to Durham where I preached at Evensong in S. Nicholas' Church. There was a large congregation, but the church was not more than four-fifths filled. Of course the population of the parish is not large. In the calendar it is stated to be 1581, and I think it has recently been reduced by the pulling down of "slums". The church is flat and ugly, but it has one redeeming trait viz: its acoustics are good. The service was well enough, but the Vicar "laced" the prayers with little pietistic interpolations of his own, designed, no doubt, to render them more impressive, but only succeeding ~~them~~ in making them sound cold and ill-balanced. I do not think that Evangelicals have any literary sense, nor do they reconcile themselves easily to the use of the Prayer Book.

[143]

It is significant for the history of modern Christianity that the more realistic position of the church which recognizes the weaknesses & limitation of a liberal culture, inclines to substitute a radical Marxian world view for the discarded liberal one. That disillusionment over the weaknesses of liberalism should lead Christian radicalism to substitute Marxism catastrophism for liberal optimism is in itself commendable.

However, the tendency in America is for Christian radicalism to be dissolved in

Marxian radicalism. This tendency is particularly strong in America because the morally vigorous section of the church in this country has been secularized by modern culture to a much larger degree than in any other Western nation.

American Protestantism is superficially more influential than the Church in other nations, but its roots are not so deep in the traditions of historic Christianity. It is consequently more prone to a premature disavowal of the characteristic concepts and the moral and religious tension of historic Christianity.

v. An Interpretation of Christian Ethics by Reinhold Niebuhr. p. 27.

This volume contains the substance of the Rauschenbusch Memorial Lectures delivered in the spring of 1934.

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[144]

Monday, December 7th, 1936.

A brilliant day, hard frost & very cold. Winston Churchill has put out a mischievous ~~xxx~~ pronouncement, setting forth that there is no need to press the King for a speedy decision since M^{rs} Simpson will not be marriageable for 5 months, and urging that Parliament should be consulted before any decisive action is taken. And of course that veteran mountebank, Bernard Shaw strikes in poisonously. Every day's delay worsens the situation, and multiplies its mischiefs.*

Then I wrote to Lazenby* inquiring whether things were now ready for the Visitation in Durham Cathedral, on Monday, the 14th, and in S. Cuthbert's, Darlington, on Tuesday, the 15th December.

I wasted the morning in preparing notes for an address at the Bible Society's meeting in Darlington in the evening. The meetings of that Society are practically boycotted by the clergy, and we are almost always very ill attended.

Dick and I walked as far as the Park Gates. As we returned, we met Burkitt, & had speech with him: and then Hall, who asked for Books for the Unemployed Boys. I told him to get them.

[145]

Nor is it possible in positions of power for vices to be concealed. Epileptics, if they go up to a high place and move about, grow dizzy and reel, which makes their disease evident, and just so Fortune by such things as riches, reputations, or offices exalts uneducated and uncultured men a little and then, as soon as they have risen high, gives them a conspicuous fall; or, to use a better simile, just as **in a number of vessels you could not tell which is whole and which is defective, but when you pour liquid into them the leak appears, just so corrupt souls cannot contain power, but leak out in acts of desire, anger, imposture, and bad taste.** But what is the use of saying these things, when even the slightest shortcomings in men of conspicuous reputation are made the subject of calumny?

v. Plutarch "To an Uneducated Ruler"

Moralia. Vol. x. p782 (Lock's translation)

Gadd* writes to tell me with what pleasure he has read the Giffords, to point out the error which attributes to Balaam what ought to be credited to Micah, and to say that when Lord Durham opens his Bazaar he will be presented, not with flowers, but **with copy [sic] of the Giffords.**

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I motored to Darlington, and attended a meeting of the local branch of the British & Foreign Bible Society. It was presided over by a very plain Quaker lady, Miss Hodgkin, and attended by about 150 people including the choir from a Methodist Chapel, and the "platform". I spoke for about 20 minutes, puzzling rather than edifying these poor people, who I judge were thorough-paced "Fundamentalists". The Mayor expressed the thanks of the meeting to me in terms of rather unctuous flattery, and so I came away, a pound poorer for the collection, and wondering what profit to anybody there can be in that kind of meeting. Of the 45 men whom I counted at least 35 were grey-haired or bald-headed, and parsons. It is always so in these religious gatherings. Young men are only conspicuous by their absence. I doubt if it would be so at an "Anglo-Catholic" meeting. There the absence of middle-aged and aged men would most attract attention. It would seem that Anglo-Catholics can attract, but cannot retain, young men, or rather, their system of highly accentuated sacerdotalism cannot survive the harsh criticism of life.

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[147]

Tuesday, December 8th, 1936.

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In the Times under the heading "Shakespeare at Random" appears the following letter:-

Sir

This morning Shakespeare was opened at random. The following leapt to the eye:-

His goodness weigh'd, his will is not his own:

For he himself is subject to his birth:

He may not, as unvalued persons do

Carve for himself: for on his choice depends

The safety and the health of this whole state.

Hamlet i. 3.

I am sir,

B.G. B. Kidd Lieutenant Colonel

Camberley. Dec. 4.

The quotation might well have been extended.

And therefore must his choice by circumscribed

Unto the voice and yielding of that body

Whereof he is the head.

Certainly the reference is extraordinarily relevant to the King's situation. But the "climate of opinion" in the xvii century was other than it is in the xx, less egotistic, less sentimental, less egalitarian: but nearer the hard ultimate factors which determine human fortunes.

[148]

Dick's elder brother Denis came to lunch. He was motoring from Doncaster to Glasgow, and stopped to pick up Dick on the way. He is now at Oxford, but is to go out to Southern Nigeria in July 1937. He is shorter than Dick but otherwise is very like him. He has the same colouring and the same affectionate smile, rather harder but on the whole quite a wholesome young fellow.

I spent the morning in revising so much of the Charge as I had written, and arranging ^it^ in two parts to be delivered severally in the Cathedral at Durham for the one Archdeaconry, and in S. Cuthbert's, ~~Durham~~ Darlington, for the other.

I walked in the Park for an hour, & talked with Lawson, whose opinion on men and matters is probably representative of that of the superior artisan class to which he belongs. He takes a severe view of the King's behaviour, and "has no use for" women like M^{rs} Simpson.

What I have long expected is beginning to happen viz. suspicions as to the Tramps Salvation business in Windleston are circulating, & taking shape in anxious inquiries. I received a letter from the Bishop of Carlisle enclosing a letter which had come to him on the subject. I sent it to Newsom for answer.

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[149]

Wednesday, December 9th, 1936.

[symbol]

The unanimity of the people is a very notable and a very encouraging feature of the crisis which the King's unhappy infatuation has so suddenly created. Canon Jackson who certainly has an unusually large knowledge of the poor as they may be seen & studied in Sunderland writes to me:-

I am profoundly struck with the intense personal sadness with which our poor folk have taken their disillusionment about His Majesty. In spite of the irretrievable ruin of his personal prestige, I feel that there will be some real gain in the way all political parties & classes of the Empire have come to a spontaneous unanimity in sustaining Baldwin. I think that there we may regain some of the prestige we have lost. Still we are sad.

Lazenby, a crusted Tory, writes to say that the sole redeeming feature in the squalid situation is the sane and patriotic attitude of the Labour Party. That attitude becomes more difficult and precarious with delay, and from every point of view the folly of Winston Churchill's protest against expedition is apparent. Lloyd George, who is somewhere in the Far East, is reported to be speaking with his accustomed recklessness.

[150]

[symbol]

The bitter cold continues; the frozen roads are said to be slippery, and, more dangerous than anything else, fog is reported in some districts.

Martin and I motored to Boldon, where I confirmed 47 persons in the old parish church. Of these only 18 were males. Why is it that in the Anglo-Catholick parishes the proportion of females is so much larger than in parishes of another colour? Is it that the clergy press the lads to go to confession? The knowledge that, if they became candidates for confirmation, they would be expected to make confession to the priest would almost certainly operate as a deterrent. No doubt the clergy would deny that they require the candidates to go to confession before being presented to the Bishop; but it is hard to distinguish between compulsion and earnest counsel in the case of boys so placed. I fear that is a sad lack of candour in the clergy where the semi-cryptic business of private confession is concerned I wrote a very short address about my saintly predecessor for use ~~xx~~ on 20th when I am to unveil the window in the chapter house, which his daughter, M^{rs} de Vere, has presented to his memory. I do hate these post-mortem eulogies.

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[151]

Thursday, December 10th, 1936.

[symbol]

The bitter frost continues.

This morning's papers seem to take for granted that the King will abdicate, but nothing is certain until this afternoon when the Prime Minister has undertaken to announce His Majesty's decision. This will, indeed, take rank as an annus mirabilis. Meanwhile we have to "carry on" with the time-worn futilities of what we call our "duty"!

The remarkable steadiness of public opinion throughout this deplorable crisis is, perhaps, in considerable measure, the result of the information of the public mind by means of the wireless. Thereby the mischievous suggestions of our "Yellow" Press have been countered and disallowed by the responsible pronouncements of the Prime Minister, and an accurate knowledge of the reaction to them of all parties in the House of Commons. The mischief-makers have never been able to "get away with" their poisonous nonsense. B.B.C. has become an instrument of the highest national value. The undoubted popularity of the King has told in the same direction. There has been little desire to "make capital" out of his discreditable behaviour even in those quarters where anti-monarchist sentiment is most at home. This situation may not survive the knowledge of his abdication.

[152]

[symbol]

*Martin and I walked through the fog and frost to Bryden's cottage, & returned to the Castle in time to "listen in" to the wireless carrying the fateful news that **the King had abdicated the Throne to which he had come only little more than 10 months ago**. His message to Parliament announced his "irrevocable" decision, & included the instrument of abdication which he had signed, and which was witnessed by his three brothers. Within half an hour two reporters came to learn my views, but, of course, I would not see them. Those ghouls can see nothing but 'copy' in the pathos of failure. This untoward event cannot but discredit the Monarchy, and weaken the forces in Europe which make for peace.*

Martin and I motored to Esh, where I confirmed 51 person in the little church. The roads were icy, so that the car skidded uncomfortably. The fog was thick enough to impede our progress, and the frost was severe enough to compel Lang at frequent intervals to stop the car, & rub the screen. However, we got home safely by 8.45 p.m. The vicar of Esh, Rev. C. Blomely, has but recently taken to himself a wife. He told me that his marriage took place in July.

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[153]

Friday, December 11th, 1936.

[symbol]

Baldwin's speech in the House last night was most moving. As I read it, I could not wholly restrain my tears. Its effect on the House of Commons was evidently very great. The steadiness and dignity of the public has been most impressive. I begin to think that the net result of this painful incident may be salutary. We shall have rescued the Throne from what might have been irreparable discredit: we shall have proved to the world the stability of the British Monarchy: and we shall have conspicuously rebuked the disgusting sexual laxity of America, & given a considerable rebuff to our own 'smart set'. The King has played his part of the Tragedy exceedingly well. His message to Parliament was admirably phrased: and his broad-cast address to the Nation was excellent in substance and feeling. But, of course, his decision to abdicate demonstrated his unfitness to be an English King.

The two archdeacons spent the morning with me, discussing diocesan matters: and later I walked with Archdeacon Owen in the Park.

Martin Kiddle came from Leeds to dine & sleep. He seems active and cheerful.

[154]

Martin Kiddle is certainly making his way. He reads and writes. His reputation as a rebel against Buchman's 'Groups', and his revelations of that cunning Yankee's methods as he witnessed them in Canada, have given him publicity and importance. He is said to have acquired some influence as a preacher in Leeds. He lectures at Leeds University, and is evidently looked upon by the Bishop of Ripon as unusually competent. He is now in charge temporarily of an important parish in Harrogate. He says that his desire is to have pastoral work, which means a benefice. I wonder how he would do for S. Aidan's, West Hartlepool. He is unmarried, and not yet engaged, but he says that he intends in due course to marry. I spoke sagely to him about the position of a parson's wife, and the quite disastrous folly of the clergyman who marries a woman respecting whom he has not reasonable assurance that she would and could accept that position. He listened with patience, and assented with alacrity: but the test will come when he is actually immersed in the blinding folly of "love". His good fortune rather than his resolution must save him from destruction!

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[155]

Saturday, December 12th, 1936.

The ice had given place to a cold rain, which later developed into snow, and both rain and snow had the evil comradeship of fog.

Martin went back to Leeds after breakfast, and then I devoted myself to a **final revision of so much of the Charge as I shall read on Monday and Tuesday**. I shall make no reference to the late King's Abdication, save some cryptic allusions when, at the luncheon, I propose the King's health.

Queen Mary has issued a dignified and simple address to the Nation, and this afternoon King George VI was proclaimed with the usual pageantry. His brother will now quickly vanish from mind. Vanitas vanitatum"

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: today he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost.
And, when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root.
And then he falls, as I do.¹

[156]

The weather had such an uninviting character that I remained indoors, and being thereby being deprived of all exercise felt more than commonly "unwholesome". This problem of exercise does not become easier of solution as the years pass. I read a remarkably illuminating book on Abyssinia – "Caesar in Abyssinia by G.L. Steer". It is written from the standpoint of a man who [sentence unfinished].

Captain Laing of the Church Army came to see me, and give me some account of his work as organizer of the "visiting teams", which have an uncomfortable resemblance to the methods of Buchman's Groups. However, he disclaimed sympathy with the latter, and I contented myself with saying that his procedure must be regarded as still in the experimental stage. He said that he had attended a 'House Party' at which the Provost of Newcastle Cathedral was present, and had caused much disappointment by going away with[^]out[^] bearing the testimony to which the company were looking forward with evident expectation!

¹ William Shakespeare, 'Wolsey's farewell to his greatness'.

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[157]

3rd Sunday in Advent, December 13th, 1936.

The frost continues as unrelenting as ever. There is something more than a threatening of fog: and the roads are reported to be uncomfortably slippery. Thus the conditions of motoring are extremely unpromising, & I may congratulate myself that I am pledged to no more distant point than East Rainton, whereto I must journey on the high road. I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. in the chapel. We numbered only 6 communicants including Martin and William. Ella was absent 'on sick leave': and the new servants are either sectaries or unconfirmed!

I wrote a sermon for use in the evening, taking the subject from Bishop Cosin's Collect for the day. Beyond walking for half an hour in the policies, I had no exercise. **Two reporters from Durham came and made extracts from my Charge for the use of their newspapers.** *The no doubted [sic] expected me to enlarge on the Crisis, respecting which I shall say not as much so a single word.*

I motored to East Rainton, and preached at Evensong. The service was very 'special' indeed, & my sermon was entirely unsuitable. I had not understood that it was designed as a Commemoration of the 70th year since the Consecration!

[158]

The Rev. W. R. Egerton has been Vicar of East Rainton for 27 years, and was ordained as long ago as 1884. He will have been 52 years in Orders this Advent. He is a mean-looking little squat man, who is certainly "hard of hearing". There are more than 2000 people in the parish, most of whom are "on the dole", and never likely to be off it. The church is a miserable building, accommodating about 200 people. It was not filled. Rather to my surprise, there were 10 men and 10 boys in surplices, and the service was in some respects "advanced". The service, which had been printed on sheets, was a curious mangle-mangle. Before beginning my sermon I made a few observations on the 70th anniversary. After the service I went into the school-room adjoining, & spoke a few words to the Parochial Church Council, which had been bidden to meet me, & didn't quite know what they were expected to do. I felt the same!

That quaint creature, Palgrave, who was at the Oxford House with me, made his appearance. He took no part in the service. He is not licensed, nor do I think that he is authorised to officiate in the diocese.

<!141236>

[159]

Monday, December 14th, 1936.

[symbol]

4th Quadrennial VISITATION

A wild night with deluges of rain & a furious hurricane. I could not have my bed-room window open, and accordingly am equipped with a headache for the day's work! The newspapers contain numerous reports of pulpit references to the change of Sovereigns. His Grace of Canterbury surpassed himself in unctuous and egotistic eloquence, 'painting the lily', and pointing the moral. Am I wholly wrong in regarding all this moralizing as unwise, ungenerous, and unfair? Anyway I can't join in it.

In spite of the evil weather, there was a very large attendance of the clergy from the Archdeaconry of Durham at 11.15 a.m., when there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the Cathedral. Owing to some misunderstanding on the part of the Dean, the choir did not attend, and (save for the singing of one hymn, & the playing of the organ) there was no music. There was a good number of communicants, and the service seemed to me devout. Then I went to the Throne, and delivered so much of the Charge as seemed to me sufficient for the occasion.

[160]

There was no "loudspeaker", but none the less my voice seemed to carry effectively, and I was assured that my words were heard without difficulty. Certainly the clergy listened closely, though I do not think they liked what I said. Then we went over to the Castle for lunch. The company filled the Hall, and did full justice to the provision. Soup, fish, mutton or beef, apple-tart, cheese, & coffee — it was a sufficiently substantial meal. I proposed the toast of the King very briefly, & then Canon Haworth proposed that of the Bishop. In his speech he alluded to Ella, and the company applauded. Then I spoke not very wisely, and not very acceptably. Especially what I said about centralisation, & the futility of "sob-stuff" and the reasons why I, as Bishop of Durham, did not constitute myself a kind of tribune of the unemployed. Mischievous may, & probably will, be made of this! However all that I said was quite true, & really needed saying. Incidentally, I complimented both the Dean and the Bishop of Jarrow. Then, feeling quite overcome with eloquence & tobacco-smoke, I returned home.

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[161]

Tuesday, December 15th, 1936.

[symbol]

4th QUADRENNIAL VISITATION

A brilliantly fine day with just a touch of frost, enough to make the roads appreciably "skiddy". Charles went with me to Darlington for the visitation of the clergy of the Auckland Archdeaconry. We began with a celebration of the Holy Communion in S. Cuthbert's at 11.15 a.m. I suppose that nearly 100 of the clergy communicated. Then, from the pulpit, I delivered the second part of the Charge. It was listened to very closely. Lunch in the King's Head Hotel followed at 1.15 p.m. I entertained 160 clergy today, and 230 yesterday. This means practically the whole number within my jurisdiction. Canon Gouldsmith, the Rural Dean, as the senior incumbent proposed the toast of my health: and, the company sang 'For he is a jolly good fellow', with much heartiness. This is an innovation on the usual procedure, which I do not wholly approve. Then I spoke at some length about the Bishop's duty, emphasizing especially the exercise of patronage, & the enforcement of discipline. Then I had my hair cut, and returned to the Castle.

[162]

Charles returned to Edmundbyers after tea. He was, as usual, most helpful, and made me feel again the loss of his departure: but, of course, it was time for him to stand on his own feet, and I may well be thankful that so suitable a position was found for him. Perhaps the advance of old age nowhere more plainly discloses itself, than in the old man's dependence on familiar persons & situations. And men are so fashioned that personal association grows insensibly into a warm attachment, so that a kind of bereavement enters into the discomfort of change.

The Vicar-designate of Holy Trinity, Darlington, the Rev. Percival Robert Brinton,* with M^{rs} Brinton came to stay here for his institution tomorrow. He has a curious resemblance to Armitage Robinson,* and is similarly sombre & rather churlish in manner. For the last 12 years he has been Rector of Hambleton, Henley-on-Thames, of which a net income is stated to be £600. His new living is set down in the Calendar as £508. His wife is a sister of Sir Vincent Baddeley, & used to visit us in Dean's Yard on Sunday evening.

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[163]

Wednesday, December 16th, 1936.

[symbol]

The new vicar of Holy Trinity, Darlington is a very taciturn person, more concerned with the fittings of his new vicarage and the flitting from his old one than with anything else. Both he and his wife are quite unconscious of the thoughts and standards of the industrial north. It will be curious to see how he will fare in his new sphere: but he will have to find his voice. Lake, the Vicar of Shildon, came to see me in obedience to my summons. I showed him a long letter of complaint which I had received from one of his parishioners. He offered explanations which seemed to me inadequate.

I motored to Darlington, and instituted M^r Brinton to the benefice of Holy Trinity, in place of Canon Cosgrave deceased. There was a large congregation, and my address, which was in no respect noteworthy, was listened to very attentively. I "sensed" something electrical in the atmosphere, but I may be mistaken. He is, I suspect, somewhat alarmed at the magnitude of the task to which he had put his hand. However, we must hope for the best.

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[164]

Thursday, December 17th, 1936.

[symbol]

The Times reports the death of D^r L.R. Phelps,* formerly Provost of Oriel, at the age of 83. It startles me to learn that he was only 10 years my senior. It is more than 50 years since I came to know him, when for two terms I was a lecturer at Oriel, & a member of its senior Common Room. We were fast friends from the first, and kept up our friendship to the end. He wrote to me a charming letter when acknowledging my gift of the Giffords. We were generally agreed in opinion both on political and on ecclesiastical questions, but on the subject of Disestablishment we went asunder. He was on Church question a thorough-going Erastian, save that his personal religion, which was sincere and profound, saved him from the worst effects of Erastianism.

Martin and I motored to Castletown, where I instituted the Rev. Frederick Ernest Marples to the incumbency of the perpetual curacy. I ordained him myself six years ago, on a title from S. Ignatius, Sunderland. There was a good congregation and plentiful goodwill.

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[165]

Friday, December 18th, 1936.

[symbol]

A tempestuous morning followed by a doubtful day, windy and rather warm. The post brought me £100 for my "Boots" Fund from old M^{rs} Willson, and a letter from Sharpe, Vicar of St Cuthbert's, Bensham, telling me what I was really glad to hear viz: that he has been appointed to a benefice in Worcestershire. This will rid the diocese of a very incompetent incumbent, whose great parish (15234 inhabitants) has been very ill worked, if worked at all. **He was the only incumbent who made an insolent reply to one of the Visitation questions.** I imagine that he conceives of himself as misunderstood and undervalued. But self-conceit may explain, but can never excuse insolence. We shall be well rid of him.

Miss Scott Thomson sends me a photostat of the order for George iii's coronation. It is taken from the original in the Windsor herald's office, & is very interesting. It shows the Bishop of Durham on the Sovereign's right.

I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Ordination Candidate's Board. We accepted one new candidate, a pleasant-looking lad named Taylor, now at S. John's, Durham.

Then I went to my room in the castle, and discussed [166] the difficult problem of the Holy Trinity, Hartlepool, with the Archdeacon, Carter & the architect, McIntyre. The latter undertook to consider whether he could with the funds actually in hand manage to make the building safe for a few years.

Then I walked to Andrews's book shop, and bought some books as Christmas presents. Carter, McIntyre, Charles, and Martin lunched with me in the Common Room, and then Charles and I walked to S. Oswald's to look at the church-yard which the Unemployed are employed in levelling & "laying out". Then I went into the Cathedral for part of Evensong. At 4.15 a.m. the candidates arrived for tea, after which I had interviews with them until 6.30 p.m. when we gathered in chapel for Evensong. [Bertram] Cunningham's* address was admirable, and all the more impressive for the curious, rather artificial, voice of a deaf man with which it was delivered. Then I resumed interviews with the candidates, when we all went again to chapel for Compline. The Gospeller will be a pale, little earnest man from Kelham, name Taylor, the son of an artisan. It is rather surprising that the Oxford & Cuddesdon men should be outdone by a man from Kelham.

[167] [symbol]

The Archbishop's address on Sunday night has had a mixed reception. Some profess to admire it greatly, & others to condemn it as ill-timed, ungenerous, and unworthy. My own sympathies are with the latter. There was an assumption of patronising familiarity with the new King and his family which was offensive; a severity of censure in respect to the late monarch, which savoured of "hitting a man when he is down"; and a suggestion of plusquam – pontifical authority which could not but evoke resentment. Then the knowledge that his Grace was not personally acceptable to the abdicated sovereign made the address

particularly inappropriate. However, I doubt if this view is generally taken. **Dethroned kings have few friends: and the Rising Sun will never lack worshippers.** On Thursday as I was leaving the church after the institution at Castletown, two reporters addressed to me the inquiry whether I had sent a message to the Duke of Windsor. They said that the report was current in London that I had done so; and that they had been commissioned to find out!!! This senseless canard grows from the assumption that in my speech at the Visitation luncheon I designed a rebuke of the Archbishop when I spoke of the Church of England as governed by the B.B.C. and the two Archbishops.

<!191236>

[168]

Saturday, December 19th, 1936.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken to holy men in many different ways. But hath the present world no sign or token? Is God quite silent in these latter days?

Hartley Coleridge (1796-1849)

I take these lines from Inge's excellent compilation "Freedom, Love and Truth: an Anthology of the Christian Life", which I read in bed last night. It is full of good things.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. Beside the 18 candidates, both the Archdeacons and Cunningham communicated. Charles served, read the Gospel, and administered the Chalice. He is quite invaluable, thinks of everything, & does whatever has to be done without fuss or hustling.

Then followed breakfast in the Common Room. The Bishop of Jarrow and Charles divided the reading. I chose a newly published Life of Luther, translated from the French to be the book to be read. It was, perhaps, more diverting than edifying, but it evidently secured attention.

At 10.30 a.m. we had Mattins in the Chapel with Cunningham's second address, which was, like the first, quite admirable. But to my extreme annoyance, two of [169] the candidates absented themselves.

I had a long conversation with Cunningham about Harold Hunter, whose asthma has again interposed an obstacle to his working in the diocese. We agreed that he had better be released from his obligation to Durham, and advised to place himself at the service of the S.P.G. without delay. I was delighted to hear Cunningham's emphatic language about Dick "He is the best man whom I have ever had in Westcott House".

The Bishop of Jarrow and I walked in the Banks, and then attended Evensong, after which the Dean shewed me his latest achievements in the Cathedral. He has re-placed the choir-stalls (i.e. the floor frontings of these) with excellently carved work in black oak, and he has adorned this with suitable inscriptions in Latin. I think he has effected a considerable improvement, but whether, in view of the actual situation in the diocese, the money was rightly expended in this way, I am greatly doubtful. He is continuing the painting and gilding of the throne, which is becoming quite splendid. I cannot dispute the improve[ment] but I cannot approve the expenditure. Then I had tea with Mrs Gordon, who was entertaining the examining chaplains and their victims.

[170]

That abominable paper, The 'Daily Express' continues continues to keep its pot of lies and surmises boiling! It has a heading "Sensation behind D' Henson's sarcasm". I gather that the Bishops are about to replace the incumbents by wireless sets, and to manage all the preaching themselves!! The Editor must rate the intelligence of the readers very low. It is,

however, amazing how widely a lie can travel, and how easily it can command belief. I received a carefully written letter from a gentleman named J.W. van Weensel Koay, writing from 63 Wilhelmina Park, Utrecht, thanking me for having "spoken a word of protest" against the Archbishop's broadcast address!!

Cecil Ferens brought the documents to my room, and I signed them there. Then the candidates came to make the declaration of assent, and to take the oath of allegiance. I addressed them according to custom, emphasizing the moral obligation which they accepted. Then they did what the law requires, & went away.

Cunningham showed me a pathetic letter about the late King, which he had received from "Tubby" Clayton,* who had been intimate with him before his Accession to the Throne. It emphasized his essential goodness, and minimized his fault, but recognized the inevitableness of the disaster.

[171]

At 9.15 p.m. there was compline, after which I delivered my Charge. It was an old one, written in 1924, i.e. twelve years ago, and published in the luckless volume which I published in 1925, and which is now out of print, "The Parson in England". But these compositions, like confirmation addresses, must necessarily traverse the same ground, and do not become outmoded so quickly as the general run of sermons. Cunningham sat near me, and said that he heard every word with the aid of his electrical box. Moreover, he expressed approval.

Abdiel

*Servant of God, well done, well hast thou fought
The better fight, who single hast maintained
Against revolted multitudes the cause
Of Truth – in word mightier than they in arms –
And for the testimony of Truth hast borne
Universal reproach – far worse to bear
Than violence.*

The weather, which had been fine until about 5 p.m., then grew worse, becoming windy and wet. It promises ill for tomorrow, which is regrettable. Ordination requires the sunshine.

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[172]

4th Sunday in Advent, December 20th, 1936.

ORDINATION

A stormy night, and in the morning the rain hardly held back by the wind, a wholly uncomfortable day. Nevertheless the great business appointed for it must proceed, & since we cannot wholly determine our moods we cannot be wholly responsible for them: and "He knoweth whereof we are made. He remembereth that we are but dust." The Collect for the Day is entirely congruous with this time & place:

O Lord, raise up (we pray thee) thy power, and come among us, and with great might succour us: that whereas, through our sins and wickedness, we are sore let and hindered in running the race that is set before us, thy bountiful grace and mercy may speedily help and deliver us: through the satisfaction of thy Son our Lord, to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost be honour & glory, world without end. Amen.

And, after all, this work of Ordaining men is either God's doing, or it is nothing at all. The Bishop can add nothing to nor take anything away from its grace.

[173]

Charles read Mattins and Litany in the Chapel, and I read the lessons. Then followed breakfast, at which all, save three were present. The two Cuddesdon men & the man from Kelham were conscientiously inhibited from breaking their fast. I could wish that classical conscientiousness were better distributed, so that, while it left unaffected the little obvious requirements of normal life, it bore with full weight on the larger obligations. There is vastly too much concern for "straining out the gnat", and a curious facility in "swallowing the camel". But Pharisaism is the disease of all developed religious systems: and all established hierarchies "make void the word of God" by their 'tradition'.

The service in the Cathedral was most impressive. There was a considerable congregation, and a large number of communicants. Cunningham's sermon, so far as I could judge, was admirable, but, oddly enough, for he speaks clearly, I did not hear him well. He seemed to wake an echo.

There came to lunch at the Castle, beside the five candidates who had not their own arrangements, M^r Loasby, the father of a candidate, Cunningham and the Chaplain of the Bishop of Gibraltar, the Bishop of Jarrow, and my two ladies.

[174]

At 3.15 p.m. I robed in the Deanery, & then went with the Dean to the Chapter House, where I unveiled the window which M^{rs} De Vere has presented as a memorial of her father, Bishop Moule.* I made a brief reference to my sainted predecessor, and then we went to the Cathedral for Evensong. I was surprised that so few people attended this little function,

which had been abundantly advertized in the newspapers. I do not think there were as many as 30 persons in the Chapter House apart from the Choir and Clergy of the Cathedral. Of course, the window being a personal gift, there were no subscribers who would be drawn together by a natural desire to learn how their money had been expended. Nevertheless, I thought there would have been more persons, to whom the name of Bishop Moule would have been a magnet. But nobody's reputation lasts long now: names are soon replaced in the public memory: and Bishop Moule's following was rapidly dwindling in his life-time. It hardly exists today. His theology may be said to be reviving in the doctrine of Karl Barth; and Barthianism has no staying power. It is only a reaction which will pass.

<!211236>

[175]

Monday, December 21st, 1936.

A calm day after the vehement wind of yesterday, and unseasonably mild. I spent the whole morning in writing letters, and in preparing an address for the function at Benfieldside. In the afternoon I walked with Newsom in the Park for an hour and a half. I would not suffer him to come indoors because his infant has chicken-pox.

Martin and I motored to Benfieldside, where I collated Xan Wynne-Willson to the perpetual curacy. Leng, whose sense of locality is certainly not his strong point, found great difficulty in finding the way. Happily we had allowed ourselves a considerable margin of time, so that we arrived in good time for the service in spite of our wanderings. There was a fair congregation, and a large but ill-trained choir. The local clergy were well represented. Prebendary Wynne-Willson with his wife and Nancy were there, & so was Stuart. Charles walked behind me as an honorary Chaplain.

That quaint substantial maiden Nancy sent me another anonymous gift of five pounds towards my 'Boots' Fund. This is a saving from her allowance, & must represent a real sacrifice.

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[176]

Tuesday, December 22nd, 1936.

I received a characteristic letter from the Rev^d G. B. Sharpe, who is about to vacate S. Cuthbert's, Bensham, on appointment to a benefice in the south of England. After telling me that "11 a.m. Morning Prayer has ceased because the people came at 9.", when there is a "sung service" (sc. of Holy Communion) he continues:-

This was a result I did not foresee, nor did I desire it, but for one month no one came at 11 a.m. The services are definitely Church of England with English ceremonial so that a new incumbent would find it useful & helpful to carry on this tradition. Definite church teaching has been given & responded to with much appreciation. A low Churchman, for want of a better term, would find it difficult here. May I say how much I have appreciated the lead your Lordship has given during my tenure? So often we needed guidance, & you soon gave it [in] no uncertain terms.

My relations with this man have never been cordial. He seemed to me a conceited tactless fellow, who would empty any church, & fill none. (v. p. 165)

[177]

There is no doubt that the normal service on Sunday morning has, until recent years, been in England "The Order for Morning Prayer"; and, even now, it is the general service. It was certainly intended that Morning Prayer should be followed by the ante-Communion service, what was colloquially called "Table Prayers". Celebrations of Holy Communion in parish churches occurred but seldom, quarterly, or bi-monthly, or, in the stricter parishes, monthly. The English laity for the most part remain where their fathers stood. They do not understand or appreciate the new exaltation of Holy Communion which has become 'second nature' to most of the clergy. Therefore, it follows that they resent the superseding of Mattins by Choral Celebrations, & end by dropping attendance at Church altogether. And I am not satisfied that the present multiplication of celebrations is working out well. The frequency of communicating which is now encouraged, & indeed urged as the primary obligation of Church members, tends to lower the standard of preparation for the Holy Sacrament, and to drag it down to the level of Morning Prayer. The deplorable practice of registering the number, not of communicants, but of acts of communion, is a notable indication of the attitude of the clergy who adopt it. No registry of parochial efficiency could be more misleading and irrational.

[no pages 178-9]

[180]

I motored to Durham, and visited the book shop in order to buy presents for Christmas: but there was little choice, and I bought little. I fear that I shall have to go with the multitude in ceasing to deal with a book-shop, which never has what you ask for, and can rarely procure

what you want. I don't like giving up the local tradesfolk, but there is a limit to my local loyalty in this matter.

M^r Aidan Ward, a theological student, now at Lincoln Hostel, came to see me. He is the grandson of Bishop Pulleine, who was Rector of Stanhope when I came to Durham as Dean. He is certainly not a brilliant youth, but he gave me the impression of a candid & sincere one. If he pass his Examinations, & there be nothing to forbid his Ordination, I will ordain him either at Michaelmas or at Advent next year.

The Rev John Peel, a woeful little man, who was for some while curate of S. Cuthbert's, Darlington, came to see me. He wants to leave his present parish, & to get back to this diocese. "For psychological reasons" his daughter, a child of six, must have change circumstances, if she is not to lose her sight. I was sorry for the poor man, but could promise him nothing.

<!221236>

[181]

Wednesday, December 23rd, 1936.

I reflected on my Cathedral sermon on the first Sunday in the New Year. The reporters are already after it expecting some topical pronouncement which can give them copy, and I am in the mood to preach Christianity!

The morning papers contain pronouncements by both our garrulous Primates, the one, calling to another grand essay in make-belief over the Coronation, the other, moralizing over the poor abdicated king's misdeeds. Neither seems to me creditable or edifying.

The morning was frittered away in writing letters, and in beginning the Cathedral sermon. The Archbishops' ill example is, as I gather from the evening paper, being followed by the Bishops. They simply can't resist the temptation of talking where they can count on an audience, & provide copy for the papers. But there are not lacking signs of public repugnance.

In the afternoon I walked round the Park, and again visited Spedding. He told me that the demand for Sunday play on the golf links in the Park was only pressed by a small section of the Club: that Sunday play was permitted on most, if not all, of the local clubs: & that he thought my veto was entirely right.

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[182]

Thursday, December 24th, 1936.

A marvellous sunrising. The whole heaven flamed with crimson light, ribbed with clouds, and with a background of wonderful blue. "The Lord is in His holy temple: the Lord's seat is in heaven".

A long and rather embarrassed letter from the Vicar of Barnard Castle informs me that Jardine, the anarch of Darlington, is again making himself a nuisance. He is arranging to preach in some Dissenting chapel in Barnard Castle, and wants to know whether the Vicar objects. Of course he does, but he rightly resents being made to say so, and thus immerse himself in a volume of mischievous representation. He wants my advice. I bade him ignore the said anarch, & gave him liberty to let anybody know that I disapproved of Jardine's escapades, not as being illegal (which they probably are not) but as being unfraternal & mischievous. It is ever at Christmastide that these exasperating incidents occur.

I wrote to Sir Cuthbert Headlam Bt.* telling him that I remained of the opinion that I had formerly expressed viz: that the clergy could not wisely offer themselves for election to the County Council.

[183]

We all went in to Durham for the Carol Service in the Cathedral. The nine short lessons were read by a choirboy, a choir man (the succentor), the precentor, a King's Scholar, a representative of the University, the Chapter Clerk the Senior Canon, the Dean, and the Bishop. In the north transept there was a large & brilliantly lighted Christmas tree, on and around which were toys, which had been given for the children of the poor. There was a large congregation which seemed to appreciate the service, but it was a gathering of the well-to-do, who gratified their taste for pietistic thrills. The "pauperes Christi", for whom we must assume such a service was mainly designed were entirely absent. We had tea in the Deanery afterwards, and then went back to Auckland. Here I busied myself in preparing Christmas presents for all manner of people.

I was interested to hear from the Dean & his wife language of severe disapprobation of the recent pronouncements of the Archbishops on the late King's behaviour. They thought it in bad taste, ungenerous, and ill-timed. This, of course, is my view: & I think it is also the view of "the man in the street", who describes it as "hitting a man when he is down".

<!251236>

[184]

Christmas Day, Friday, December 25th, 1936.

A calm, mild morning with an almost cloudless sky. I celebrated in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Martin assisted. As far as I could see all the staff were present, and in addition Lawson's son and Florrie Bryden. Also Irene Alexander.

Martin was fetched by Miss Perry after breakfast in order that he might take the service at Westgate since the Vicar was hors de combat with influenza. The Unemployed men came and played cards while we were at breakfast. I gave them the expected pound, & spoke to them in a friendly fashion.

Christmas presents were much in evidence. I received some books e.g. ① from the Dean, The British Empire, Its structure and its problems by Johannes Stoye. ② From Archdeacon Owen. The Apostolic Preaching & its Development by C.H. Dodd. ③ from Lord Davies. "Nearing the Abyss".

The post brought a fresh batch of cards, and several interesting letters. One, marked private, from the Archbishop of Canterbury has the appearance of a circular issued to the Episcopate, and evidently designed to stem the flood of moralising rhetoric which his Grace set rolling by his notorious broadcast address.

[185]

[symbol]

Old Palace, Canterbury.
23rd December, 1936.

My dear Bishop,

I have reason to know that the continuance of personal criticism of the late King is giving some pain to those of all others whom we would naturally wish to spare. This must be my excuse for venturing to suggest to the Bishops that it would now be well to refrain from farther public direct criticism of his conduct or allusion to the unhappy circumstances of his abdication. I think that enough has now been said on this painful matter and that the time has come for reticence. You may well think that this suggestion is unnecessary. But I trust that you will not misunderstand or resent it.

Yours very sincerely
Cosmo Cantuar.

"Tuning the pulpits" was an Elizabethan procedure which has been prematurely supposed to have ceased. It is difficult not to perceive that his Grace has received what is commonly called a "wiggling" from our new Defender of the Faith.

[186]

[symbol]

Canon Cunningham wrote pleasantly

Please do not think of resigning for many years to come. We ~~have~~ can (none of us) see any signs of senile decay! Only, perhaps, a greater gentleness behind the occasional severity shown to the outside world. Forgive this.

*Well, well! I suppose the only trustworthy judge of senility is the poor senile wretch himself! Professor [George] Duncan * of S. Mary's College S. Andrews sends me a letter, in which he actually refers to my Giffords. He is the first Scot to do so:*

I ~~will~~ wish also to thank you again for your Gifford Lecturer, and for the light and stimulus they give in trying times.

We all went into Durham for Evensong in the Cathedral. I sate on the Throne, and pronounced the Benediction. Then I distributed Christmas Boxes to the vergers &c, after which I joined Ella and Fearne at the Bishop of Jarrow's house for tea. There was a children's party in progress illumined by the Christmas Tree. It is a pity that the Bishop & his wife have no children: but that tragedy of the childless lover of children is now too common to attract notice.

<!261236>

[187]

Boxing Day, Saturday, December 26th, 1936.

[symbol]

The still, warm weather continues, & this morning there is a mist which might become a fog.

I wrote to Linetta [de Castelveccio Richardson]* indicating, not unkindly that I thought her request that I would "refrain from attacking Modernists – Anglican ones at least, – now" odd to the point of impudence!

There is a fanaticism of so-called "Modernists" which is not less obscurantist than that of the so-called "Catholics", and it is even more exasperating as being less excusable.

Linetta's Italian temperament and Papist upbringing unite to give a certain fierceness to her "modernism".

I prepared a sermon for Belmont, & then proceeded to make notes for **an article on the Coronation** for the February Bishoprick. It is difficult to combine sincerity with prudence or rather snobbish cant: but something ought to be said, & I must attempt the saying of it.

Carter came to consult me about the procedure to be adopted in carrying out the meticulously complicated provisions of the Tithe Act in the matter of the Chancels. I bade him get what help he needed, and go ahead at whatever cost! When he has done the job, he must present the bill to the Board of Finance.

<!271236>

[188]

Sunday after Christmas, December 27th, 1936.

[symbol]

There was a frost last night. It is a still morning, dark, & inclining to fog. Last night I had a singular dream. I had been offered the Deanery of Westminster, & was being much pressed to take it. I woke up while I was energetically urging the apparent and sufficient objections to my doing so. It was sometime before I would empty my mind of this absurd tangle. Now what would Archbishop Laud have made of this? He would assuredly have seen in it something portentous.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but 6 communicants including William. The maids are now largely Nonconformists, and (while I dislike the weakening of the family's spiritual solidarity) I cannot bring myself to put any kind of pressure on them in the matter of their religious profession. I shrink from hurting their consciences. They attend the regular daily service in the Chapel, but receiving the Blessed Sacrament would carry them across the frontier of their sect. The notion of the Catholic Church has vanished so completely from normal English minds, that they have no suspicion that they may be immersed in Schism! Well, well!

[189]

[symbol]

I prepared a sermon from the familiar text. Psalm 119. 96. "I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceedingly broad". The last Sunday of the year suggested a subject for which the Psalmist's words provided a suitable legend.

An "emergency post" brought me a very welcome letter from Jack Carr, who is now back at his work in Southern Nigeria. He says that he had read my Giffords twice, and found them "both very interesting & highly instructive".

Canon Mayne, to whom I gave the Giffords as a Christmas present says that he had read them when they appeared "and most thoroughly enjoyed them."

I motored to Durham, and, at Belmont, I preached at Evensong, after dedicating choir-stalls & a chancel screen to the memory of one Louisa Carling, a defunct parishioner. My sermon was listened to very closely, but the congregation was very small, perhaps 150 persons. There is a population of more than 3000, and the Vicar, Luthrien, is in my belief a hard-working & conscientious clergyman. I observed on the church doors printed notices announcing that the Bishop would be the preacher. The weather was fine, & there were probably holiday visitors in the parish. Yet there was so small a congregation. What is the meaning of this?

<!281236>

[190]

Monday, December 28th, 1936.

[symbol]

A dull raw day, much colder. I spent the whole morning in writing letters.

An impudent letter from some fellow in Newfoundland accused me of "defending the Simpson crowd", and warns me not to "let Lord Beaverbrook influence' me. Now did you ever?

A curate from Stockton asks me to dispense him from Fasting on Friday, the 1st January, because he wants to play in a Football Match! Ill-distributed conscientiousness is the bane of the Church of England. If the sweet youth were as conscientious about his visiting!

In the afternoon, I walked round the Park, which was almost completely deserted Major Yorke, who is one of the vergers of the Cathedral, (to whom I had not the courage to offer the customary Christmas Box, but sent "Abyssinia" instead!) sends me a card containing verses of his own, which have been (some of them) published in the "Ringing World", and accompanies with a letter of his own, which is expressed (and why not?) with the freedom of complete social equality. I should think that this is unique in the history of Bishops and Vergers.

<!291236>

[191]

Tuesday, December 29th, 1936.

A dull day, rather milder but depressing. I wrote letters before breakfast, and worked at the Cathedral sermon afterward. In the afternoon I walked in the Park, wrote more letters, and read the new book in the Oxford History of England. Roman Britain and the English Settlements by R.G. Collingwood & J. N. L. Myers. It is monstrously learned on the distribution of coins, & inscriptions of one sort or another. There is an excellent account of the Roman Wall.

Prebendary Wynne-Willson and Nancy came to lunch. He said that his brother, the Bishop of Bath & Wells [St John Basil Wynne Willson*], was meditating resignation of his See, but would certainly not do so until after the Coronation.

The Times quotes from the Lichfield Diocesan Gazette the announcement of the Bishop of Lichfield to the effect that he would resign his see at the end of May, when he would enter his 74th year. I am six months older than he, and I suppose that I also must face the duty of retiring from active work. It will certainly be what it is the custom to call a "wrench", when one finally turns one's back on Auckland Castle.

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[192]

Wednesday, December 30th, 1936.

Still frosty morning.

I wrote many letters, and resumed work on the Cathedral sermon, but made little progress. John Hutton came to lunch, & afterwards walked round the Park with me. He has just returned from Germany, where (though he has the grave disadvantage of knowing no German) he seems to have discovered much. He says that the Times is openly sold in Berlin, where its circulation is said to have increased notably. Germans realize that they cannot hope for trustworthy foreign intelligence from their own servile papers. The anti-Jewish propaganda was silenced during the Olympic games, but is again becoming vocal. Hitler's dominance is secure – He is becoming a kind of Messiah and may even evoke worship from the Germans! It is observed that nearly all his “stalwarts” are Germans who have resided outside Germany. They are known as his “Foreign Legion”. Sir Oswald Mosley is taken very seriously in the 3rd Reich. There were no signs of under-feeding, and the general aspect of the German population was superior to that of the English.

[193]

[symbol]

*Miss Scott Thomson arrived on a short visit. She is bursting with scandalous gossip about the late King. She shewed me a typed report of the proceedings in the divorce court, at which M^{rs} Simpson obtained her decree nisi. **It was given her by the Duke of Bedford. There can be no doubt that the divorce was collusive**, and should be disallowed, but, probably, it will not be thought advisable to resist the decree being made absolute. For the volume & gravity of the public scandal would be greatly increased.*

I received a grossly insulting letter from some American clergyman, enclosing a cutting from some paper which quoted a paragraph from my after-luncheon address to the clergy at the Visitation as if it had been a kind of protest against Cantuar's broadcast speech about the late King. I was fool enough to waste time in writing him a disclaimer.

Then the “Daily Despatch” sent me a prepaid telegram asking for my views on the proposed effort to make the Coronation the occasion of a religious revival, & again I was fool enough to send a reply[.]

Religious revivals cannot be organized, nor are Pageants, even so interesting & archaic as a Coronation [194] [symbol] the instruments through which nations can be recalled to spiritual duty.

*I am afraid that there will be a vast output of cant and gush in response to the Archbishop's broadcast appeal for a **national self-dedication to Religion on the occasion of the Coronation**. The Dissenters are naturally joining in. The project accords well with their habit: but it will be much as it was with the so-called “National Mission” during the War, only*

worse, because there will be a notably larger infusion of other humbug. However, one must be patient. Time rectifies everything.

The Times today contains two very significant items of information. The one, is headed

Denounced after reading "The Times".

A German Arrest and Suicide.

The other indicates the temper of the new Papal State.

It is headed:-

Libel action after Sale of Bibles

Italian Catholics "Misled"

The world is rushing back to the Middle Ages: and the forces of Obscurantism, armed with the new "weapons of precision" which Science supplies, are more than ever potent.

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[195]

Thursday, December 31st, 1936.

[symbol]

Miss Scott Thomson brought with her a copy of "Truth" which had an article from its New York Correspondent, describing the American reaction to the late King's Abdication. One paragraph would, I think, be true of the state of opinion in England. It runs thus:-

They (sc. the episcopal fulminations) are universally condemned, and for two reasons. First, the diatribes were hurled at a lonely man who had no means of replying. Secondly, they have given the impression that the abdication was enforced not by Parliament but by a particular church.....[sic].

The attacks on the former King are considered to be unfair for another reason. No allowance is made for the peculiarity of his position and for the disturbing circumstances that surrounded his upbringing. A very distinguished editor of great influence has just said to me that in his view there has been much more of the spirit of Christianity in Edward's restraint and courtesy than in the pronouncements of the Archbishop of Canterbury.

This expresses very fairly what I think myself. Their talkative Graces have blundered badly.

[196]

I continued work on the sermon, wrote many letters, and read the papers.

I paid my taxes. £1213:7:0 including the fee of fifteen guineas which goes to Dashwood. Also, I sent to the Vicar my usual contribution of £20: to the parochial funds.

I wrote letters of New Year salutation to Ruth Spooner, Dick, Lord Londonderry, Lord Scarborough, and Martin Kiddle.

Willson, the Vicar of All Saints, Monkwearmouth, wrote to thank me for my direction as to the wanderers from Roker who have asked him to prepare them for Confirmation. They are literally "schismatics", who refuse to worship at the parish church, and continue to worship in S. Aidan's Mission in spite of his having closed that building. I told Wilson that he must no means [sic] accept them as confirmation candidates, and that he should tell them they could not be presented to the Bishop for confirmation until they ceased from their schismatick behaviour. So completely has the notion of responsible membership perished from the minds of the people that I doubt not that these rebels will pose as the victims of a tyrannical Bishop.

[197]

1936

The year began with the distress and confusion caused by the Hoare-Laval Agreement, and its indignant repudiation by the country. The death of King George V was the occasion of a remarkable demonstration of popular affection. The destruction of Abyssinian independence was effected with startling celerity by the use of poison gas ~~and~~ aeroplanes and unlimited bribery, not less than by the overwhelming superiority of the Italians in numbers and armaments. Hitler in Germany became ever more insolent and lawless, until his vast preparations for war created something like a panic in this country. Re-armament became the order of the day, and a holocaust was made of our pacific & pacifist shibboleths. A civil war broke out in Spain, and rapidly developed into a fresh peril to international peace. Russia and France, on the one side, Italy and Germany, on the other, began to pour men & munitions into the peninsula, while Great Britain laboured to maintain a fictional policy of non-intervention. The extraordinary ferocity which marked the civil war shocked the world, which might have been thought to have become hardened against any humanitarian sentiments. Meanwhile, the Presidential Election in America resulted in [198] returning Roosevelt to the White House with an unprecedented majority. The closing weeks of the year witnessed a domestic crisis of an unprecedented character. The King disclosed an infatuation for a (disreputable) American ^lady^ (woman), M^{rs} Simpson, who, having been already divorced from one husband, now obtained a divorce from a second, in circumstances of such ^unusual^ (disreputable) character as made ^the suggestion of^ collusion ^inevitable^ (obvious). An address by the Bishop of Bradford, in which he allowed himself to animadvert upon the irreligious habit of the King, was made the occasion for bringing the whole subject of His Majesty's relations to M^{rs} Simpson into public knowledge. After a vain attempt to induce M^r Baldwin to endorse a project of "morganatic marriage", the King announced his Abdication of the Throne. Parliament acted with dignity & promptitude. The requisite change in the Act of Settlement was rapidly effected, & the Duke of York became King as George VI. The late King, who had been created Duke of Windsor, left the country: and a crisis which might have destroyed the Monarchy, & even broken up the British Empire, came to a peaceful conclusion.

[199]

The fall of the King lifted the embargo on criticism, &, hardly had he vanished from the scene, before from all sides men and women, perhaps women more than men, had stories to tell of his follies and ^faults^ (vices). **The Archbishop of Canterbury broadcast an address in his worst style – pompous, egotistic and elaborately moral, in which the fallen Monarch was rebuked & his entourage denounced.** He was followed by his brother Primate who dilated "in his best Balliol manner" on the distinction between [Greek letters]! Their Graces were followed and echoed by many of the Bishops, with the natural consequence, that there was a reaction in the late Sovereign's favour. Of course, the Church Papers are loud in admiration, and there are crowds of the "unco guid" who find such pontifical pronouncements immensely brave & noble: **but the general conscience is offended, and there is a growing sentiment that this eager zest to "improve the occasion" and point the moral, is not only rather mean, but also altogether useless.** After all, the poor King did abdicate with dignity, and go away without fuss. Why, men ask, should the Bishops "hit a man when he is down?" There is so much good sense and good feeling in the popular view that I incline to adopt it myself. On every ground, it is a time for keeping silence.

[200]

In my personal experience the year has not been happy. The Gifford Lectures have, so far as I can judge, been one more failure. They have certainly not "taken on" as I had been vain enough to hope. My pamphlet ~~of~~ on "Abyssinia" was rendered superfluous by the rapidity with which Italy won her wicked triumph. The Fourth Quadrennial Visitation attracted less public attention than its predecessors. There was for the first time no reference at all to it in the Times!

I interested myself in the Persecution of the Jews. My letter to the Times on the Heidelberg Celebrations which appeared on Feb: 4th attracted much notice, & a short impromptu speech in the Church Assembly made something of a "sensation". The speech on the Church & State Report, which I made in the Assembly was, at the time, applauded, but it becomes increasingly apparent that there is no considerable support for Disestablishment in any quarter, and that it evokes vehement opposition from the extreme sections, right & left, who find their best hope of survival in the anarchy which Establishment involves. My accident in the spring caused me much expense, some pain, & considerable & continuing inconvenience. I end the year in perplexity & depression.

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[201]

New Year's Day, Friday, January 1st, 1937.

1937.

A still, mild, rather dark morning.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but seven communicants, including Miss Scott Thomson and William. I used the prayer for New Year's Day provided in the Revised Prayer Book in addition to the appointed collect. I finished the Cathedral Sermon.

The Archdeacon of Auckland with M^{rs} Owen, the lady chauffeur, John & Faith came to lunch, & were afterwards shown the puppies.

Lady Surtees came to tea She seemed well, and was, of course, bubbling over with palace-scandal. This poor Duke of Windsor has at least relieved the tedium of many virtuous lives, by providing an ample supply of salacious gossip!

I read [Mandell] Creighton's letters from Moscow, when he went there to attend the Tsar's Coronation in 1896. He was evidently captivated by the pomp of the ceremonial and the religious fervour of the people, & enormously flattered by the attention which he received from everybody including the Aristocrat himself. Seen in the retrospect what is it all?*

<!020137>

[202]

Saturday, January 2nd, 1937.

Dull, mild weather, and the papers full of announcements of another Influenza epidemic, and warnings against taking a light view of it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer will find comfort in the prospect, but nobody else.

Sir Hedworth Williamson, replying to my letter about Canon Jackson, who will be his Rector, adds a postscript.

How curious was the coincidence in date of the late departure from England with that of James II, whose Lady – she who is upon the Seven Hills – was truly the noble Mistress.

Lord Scarbrough writes:

The age of speed in which we live was exemplified in a remarkable way by the overcoming of the crisis – so called - in a few short days. Are the wireless & daily Press at home aids to democracy, or the reverse? I wonder. I listened to the P. M. when he told his story in the H. of C. It was a masterpiece of handling a bewildering problem. Henceforth no man can accuse him of not having the gift of leadership.

[203]

[symbol]

To the Editor of the Guardian.

January 2nd, 1937.

Dear Sir,

I am greatly obliged to you for your letter, and I agree that the Bishops suffer much – Experto Crede – from the reports of their (supposed) utterances which appear in the popular press. Nevertheless, to remedy the blunderings of reporters by the more deliberate procedure of interviewers appears to me a case of (I employ a cant phrase) “casting out Satan by Satan”. Experience has taught me to regard Interviews as a device of the Enemy, and, therefore, I must beg leave to decide rather to “bear the ills I have than [?ply] to others that I know not of”.

With all good wishes for the New Year.

I am.

Very faithfully yours.

Herbert Dunelm:

Revnd Guy Mayfield

The Guardian

14 Burleigh St, Strand, WC2.

[204]

I succeeded in frittering away the morning without doing anything worth doing, beyond writing some necessary letters.

Miss Scott-Thompson [Scott Thomson] went away at midday. She is certainly an able woman, and I should suppose something like an “authority” on the history which is illustrated by the domestic annals of Woburn, where she is the Duke of Bedford’s librarian. Her loquacity is unfailing: her love of personal gossip insatiable: and her matutinal appetite impressive! Is it only “sex prejudice” that makes me dislike in women a freedom in conversation which in men I should not resent?

Beyond an hour’s “pottering about” in the policies, I had no exercise.

I visited the dentist, and wrote “New Year’s letters to Robin, S. Clair Baddeley, Prof. Duncan of S^t Andrews, and Jack Clayton.

A Reporter came and made extracts from the Sermon which I propose to preach tomorrow, but it was certainly too religious to provide him with any “copy”!

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[205]

2nd Sunday after Christmas, January 3rd, 1937.

[symbol]

The dull, mild weather continues, cheerless and heavily charged with influenza germs. My bed-side lamp went out suddenly about 6.15 a.m., when I was reading the learned dull book on Roman Britain & the Early English Settlements. It appears that archaeology has found a new and valuable instrument in the aeroplane. Photographs from the air are revealing the sites of villages and cemeteries, where these had long been supposed not to exist. Poor old Stubbs, Freeman, and Green, the presiding deities of the Oxford School of History are being relegated to the museum where obsolete pundits are preserved in unopened cases. But why should I bother myself with these futile and mutable theories, which make and mar the reputation of successive generations of students? In a few years time, ten at the most, what difference will it make whether I think rightly about the manner in which the invaders from Germany intruded themselves on the British inhabitants of this island? The only reason why one bothers about such things is the indestructible belief that truth is essentially better than falsehood & that, therefore, it is always better, even in the least things, to be on the side of truth.*

[206]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Martin assisted, & among the 76 communicants was William. How I dislike the "circumcision" epistle! It is in S. Paul's worst style, the style of a hair-splitting Rabbi!

We all motored to Durham for Mattins, where I preached. There was a fair congregation, which listened attentively. After service we went to Holywell, and lunched with Sir Cuthbert and Lady Headlam. The Archdeacon & M^{rs} Owen came also. The conversation drifted inevitably to the Duke of Windsor. It is thought very doubtful whether he will finally succeed in marrying M^{rs} Simpson, as the King's Proctor may intervene. We have certainly not heard the end of that very squalid "romance". ~~A propos [sic] the ill behaviour of Lloyd George and Winston Churchill with respect to the King's abdication, the following mot is reported to be current in London — "L. G. was born a cad, and never forgets it: Winston was born a gentleman, & never remembers it". It is unkind, but not undeserved. Neither of the two can have improved his political position by conduct which was equally fatuous and unpatriotic.~~

<!040137>

[207]

Monday, January 4th, 1937.

I wrote to Rev. Godfrey Hibbert Marshall, curate of Cullercoats, offering him nomination to the Vicarage of S. Ignatius, Sunderland, vacated by the preferment of Philip Strong to the Bishoprick of New Guinea. He has been strongly recommended to me by Baily who knows both him and his parish: and the report of Canon Fry, his present vicar, is mainly favourable. [paragraph crossed through in red crayon]

When I had finished the letters with Martin, I set myself to write the article on the Coronation which I had designed for the Bishoprick, but I effected nothing, partly because I yielded to my evil habit of "browsing", than which there is not more profligate waste of good working time.

Colonel Burdon* and the Hon. G. Hamilton Russell* sent gifts of pheasants, for which I returned thanks.

The Yorkshire Post and the Northern Echo give prominence to their reports of my cathedral sermon, but the Times continues to ignore me altogether. There was a total abstinence from references to the late King's ill conduct, and only few of the Bishops appear to have followed the Primates in calling for a "return to Religion" in connexion with the Coronation.

[208]

Of all civilized communities France was the one least able to contend with decency that compulsory annexation is a crime. For the most intense desire of almost all Frenchmen has been for the acquisition of territory not their own. Liberals and Republicans shared with Imperialists this diseased and guilty longing and urged the Government to enlarge the Eastern boundary.

Lord Acton* in 1871 (. Hist^l Essays, p. 254)

Lord Acton was a German, and a Papist, and in neither character was he likely to look kindly on France, but he was a genuine historian, and he spoke ever out of a fulness of knowledge which few of his contemporaries could approach. Indeed, the truth of his words about the French lies on the surface of European History. In these latter days, when her power has, by comparison with that of her great neighbours, Germany and Great Britain, become relatively small, she adopts an attitude of meekness, but it sits ill on her, and commands more contempt than acceptance.

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[209]

Tuesday, January 5th, 1937.

A calm fine day with sunshine. I was able to get a walk round the Park with Martin, & felt much better for it.

I received a long letter from Londonderry which discloses a deep discontent with his present exclusion from political office, at least, so I interpret its tone rather than its language.

Notwithstanding the complacency of our rulers, I do not feel the international situation is at all satisfactory. If you do have a dictator let us hope he will be a benevolent dictator, and carry out those beneficent objects which a dictator alone can quickly achieve, but the dictatorship of our National Government can be a real danger as our rulers dare not do anything unless by some strange process, public opinion is conveyed two years late to M^r Baldwin. I wish we had an Opposition because without an efficient Opposition the machinery of democracy cannot properly function. I do not like adopting the American habit of turning nouns into verbs but 'to function' has its uses.

[210]

Grey Turner* writes to say that he is "reading the Gifford Lectures with interest and profit".

The Introduction is especially good, and I chuckle at the way you demolish the arguments of some people who "speak with authority" but now with the knowledge that you command.

My own opinion is that the 'Introduction' is probably the worst in the book!

John Bateman, a son of my butler at Hereford, writes from Canada:-

I feel I would like to send you my thanks, my Lord, regarding your sympathy with the ex-King, and disapproval of the attack upon his "social set" recently levelled by the Archbishop of Canterbury. I was astonished at Canterbury's remarks, at the present time we need the friendship of America. His words will not help in that bond of brotherly love that the world needs today.

If things go on in this way, I shall wind up by being hailed as one of the late King's "social set" myself! Yet it is the case, that I have never knowingly made any public allusion to the Abp's speech.

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[211]

Wednesday, January 6th, 1937.

[symbol]

Lazenby sent me his statement of his "out of pocket" expenses on account of the Visitation. They amount to £93:3:3. He accompanied his statement with a letter which he said:-

"It was refreshing to see and hear the enthusiasm with which the toast of your health was received, especially at Darlington. It should, I think, encourage you to give up all thought of having seen your last Visitation".

And he subscribes himself unwontedly "most sincerely, and may I add in truth affectionately". (Well, well![])

That rather cryptic young parson, Tom Elliott, who has been for some months on the staff of the Theological College in the Isle of Man, writes to report progress:-

I wish I c^d say, my Lord, without becoming either lame or pompous, how much I appreciate the friendship you have always extended to me, right since the days when I was a raw youth about to go up to Cambridge. I have never been insensible either of the cost to you or the benefit to me which the time you have given to me whether in writing to or in talking with me, has meant. One consequence at least is that you have my full confidence & trust as 'a Father in God' to whom I can always [212] look both for guidance & affection. It is an attitude which I am sure must be true of many another young clergyman in Durham.

How far do I really merit language of this kind? It is certainly true that I should like to merit it: but — The fact is that, while I certainly desire to be on frankly confidential terms with the men I ordain, my purpose is largely defeated by the low social and intellectual type of many candidates. They would not understand any other attitude in the Bishop than that of aloofness and a certain severity. Any approach to familiarity might endanger discipline.

After lunch Ella, Fearne, and I motored to Edmundbyers and had tea with Charles and Christina. They looked well and happy. The Rectory has a comfortable aspect and they seem to be on the best of terms with the people.

Sir Percival Wilkinson Sec. General of the Order of S. John writes to ask me to preach on June 24th at the Grand Priory Church, Clerkenwell: &, since I had to cry off last year on account of my accident, I could not but consent to do so. The Church Assembly will be meeting at the same time, & I ought to be in London to attend the sessions. So there is no escaping my duty!

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[213]

Thursday, January 7th, 1937.

A still day; some wind in the afternoon: and then, at eventide, stillness again.

Adamson declines my offer of S^t John's, Sunderland, pleading the requirements of his two young children. The problem of clerical marriage crops up at every turn.

I receive the doctor's bill for my miserable ankle – £41. Add this to the chauffeurs & chauffeuse, £20, and £52:10.0 donation to the hospital, and it mounts up. That stupid slipping on the stairs has cost me about £120 in hard cash, besides the pain, dislocation of plans, and still continuing inconvenience.

Leslie Morrison* called to take me for a walk. We went round the Park, & had much talk.

Old D^r McCullagh came to return one book, and borrow another. I lent him the vast American novel – 'Gone with the Wind'.

I wrote to Dick.

Somebody sends me a horrible paper – 'The Fascist', which is nothing but the same kind of bestial anti-Jewish raving which has free course in Germany. Is it really possible that there can be a public in this country which reads & approves such poisonous drivel?

[214]

Leslie Morrison accompanied Martin and me to Hebburn, where I admitted the Rev. Joseph Harrison, lately curate of South Westoe to the perpetual curacy of S. Oswald's, in succession to Birtwhistle resigned. I was agreeably surprised by the appearance of the church, the number and behaviour of the choir, and the size of the congregation. I begin to think that I must have done the late Vicar something less than justice. Harriman, the Vicar of S. Cuthbert's, Hebburn sang the service, and the Rural Dean, Shaddick, read the lesson. I gave an address, which was listened to very attentively.

Today the Princess Juliana, heiress of the Dutch crown was married to a German princeling Prince Bernhard zur Lipp-Biesterfeld. The Nazis in Germany made themselves both offensive and ludicrous by seeking to pick a quarrel with Holland over some trivial incident which they interpreted as indicating an inadequate respect for the Swastika: but the only effect was to create much disgust in Holland and much amusement everywhere else. The diplomatic handicap of a total absence of the sense of humour goes a long way to explain German unpopularity in the world.

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[215]

Friday, January 8th, 1937.

I worked all the morning at the article for the Bishoprick, but produced very little. Probably my labour is really wasted: for who cares to read the Bishoprick? Still, if it is to be done at all, it must be at least done carefully.

Nye, our new diocesan director of religious education, came to lunch: and afterwards walked round the Park with me. He is keen and happy in his work, and impresses me as both eager and capable. He wants to get the D.C.C. to agree to a syllabus for all the schools, & says that Tilly, the official is friendly to the project. I told him to get the said Tilly to come here, & talk to me. The officials of these "Labour" councils are almost always most amiable in private, but, in presence of their employers, they express themselves in suitable terms, & may never be depended on. The indigenous servility of average human nature is a factor which may never wisely be left out of mind when calculating chances with these elected bodies. However, there can be no harm in letting the man talk, and, perhaps, there is a certain advantage in getting into close touch with one of the "natural enemies" of the Church.

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[216]

Saturday, January 9th, 1937.

Tom Elliott, who is now Vice-Principal of Bishop Wilson's College in the Isle of Man, came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me in the Park for nearly two hours. He looks well, talks freely, and seems to be happy in his work. The College has about 20 students, young men preparing for Holy Orders. There is a small staff consisting of the Principal & Vice-Principal who divide between them the entire work of teaching. There appears to be but slight contact between the College and the clergy of the island. The prevailing type of churchmanship is rather old-fashioned Evangelicalism and there are two or three Anglo-Catholics. I was pleased with the intelligence and originality of mind with which he discussed questions of pastoral method. He has certainly developed since his Ordination, & is thinking for himself.

A rather heavy-looking youth named Moses, and Ordination candidate now going through his course at King's College, came to see me. He hopes to be ordained in September, and is getting fidgety about his 'title'. I told him to leave that matter alone for the present, & to work hard.

[217]

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Then came another Ordination candidate, Joseph Nicholson, who will not attain the canonical age of 23 until next March, and aspires to be ordained at Trinity. A little stumpy fellow with a pleasant expression, who is now engaged in teaching at Tunstall School, Sunderland, a private-venture day school for boys under fourteen. He wanted me to accept a title from All Saints, Monkwearmouth, but I thought it best to postpone my decision until I had been able to discuss the matter with Wallis. Too much turns on the first curacy to make it wise to endorse the candidate's own choice lightly. [paragraph crossed down in red crayon]

I worked at the Coronation article, of which I have now written about two-thirds. The most difficult part – that in which the religious aspect of the great pageant is discussed – remains to be written. It is, of course, a grand expression of national religion, but it is by no means easy to state what precisely is meant. What is national religion? Is it something which expresses the conviction of the majority of the citizens? Is it something ordered by the national Government, which may, or may not, accord with the will and belief of the citizens? What really is it?

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[218]

1st Sunday after Epiphany, January 10th, 1937.

A dull, dark, damp, depressing dawn, but without wind or frost.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but 8 comm^{ts} including William: for Martin had gone to Chilton to take the place of old Wilkinson. We must thank Him for the promise – “Where two or three are met together in my Name, there am I in the midst of them’.

The duplicating habit of the Cranmerian prose is very apparent in the Collect for this day. “Grant that they may both perceive and know what things they ought to do, and also may have grace & power faithfully to fulfil the same’. It is not obvious how to distinguish between ‘perceiving’ one’s duty & ‘knowing’ it: nor yet between ‘having grace’, and ‘having power’ to fulfil it: but the general effect of the duplication is a certain ennoblement of the language. The age of Cranmer was very splendid in its dress and decoration, and the pervading habit extends also to its manner of speaking. Henry VIII’s compositions, as also Elizabeth’s, were never marked by conciseness or lucidity!

[219]

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I spent the whole morning in completing the article for the Bishoprick, and adding ‘Notes’ on Canon Haworth’s resignation, and Freddie Macdonald’s edition of his father’s pamphlet on the Chapel here.

Lord Londonderry and Colonel Hankey* came to lunch. Also Colonel and Mrs [gap in text] from Catterick. We had some brisk conversation. Lord L. expressed great indignation at Lloyd George’s telegram about the Duke of Windsor, which was the more inexcusable since he had been kept well-informed on all the facts by his son, Gwillim [Gwilym] Lloyd George, who is in the House. I am surprized at the vehemently anti-Jewish attitude which Lord L. assumes, and which considering that his daughter married a Jew seems to me hardly decent. He is evidently depressed at being so obviously “out of politics”, and his animus against Baldwin is but too apparent. He would not even agree that Baldwin had handled the crisis of the late King’s infatuation with notable wisdom. This prejudicial attitude is equally impolitic and ungenerous. He disagreed with me about the wisdom of Cantuar’s references to the late King, & expressed himself with remarkable energy against the “smart set”.

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[220]

Monday, January 11th, 1937.

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I received an insolent anonymous post card from Durham, the point of which was apparently to suggest that the Bishop of Durham is wholly given up to self-advertisement, and devoured by a passion for publicity. It would be truer to picture him as the victim of an almost morbid dislike of self-advertisement, and absurdly hostile to publicity. It is interesting to observe the impressions one makes. These reflect rather the obsessions of the person who receives the impressions than the qualities of the person who conveys them. I have ever aroused a larger than the common measure of general curiosity: & undoubtedly, I have raised against myself a greater than the average amount of hostility. Being inexorably individual, and associating myself only with great difficulty with others, I am more than usually destitute of friends, so that, since I am careless of my own reputation, & never reply to personal attacks, any lie can count on an unimpeded circulation. Nothing really matters, for oblivion overtakes everybody even the greatest, & for the rest of us it comes quickly in the wake of death.

[221]

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|| For the Bishop'[sic] study fire-place. "Peter stood and warmed himself".

W.R. Inge. "More Gleanings from a Note Book"

v. Hibbert Journal. Jan. 1937. P. 192.

This is a piercing suggestion indeed. Does it mean that the self-indulgent habit which holds the Bishop to his study fire-place involves spiritual treason?

Or, it is rather meant that the Bishop's meditations in the perilous comfort of his study tend to take shape very inconsistent [sic] with his duty? The fire-place in the Bishop's study is indispensable if the Bishop is to use the study for the best purposes, as well as for the worst. Inge would be the last person to disapprove of studies for Bishops. Is he not therefore bound to approve the fire-places, without which they are useless?

I essayed making a beginning with the belated 'Charge', but made no progress.

Two rather tiresome ladies came to lunch, of whom one made much complaint of her parson. The man is a vain and tiresome noodle: but neither vanity nor tiresomeness are reckoned criminal or even uncanonical, and both are compatible with the cure of souls as provided in our incomparable Establishment.

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[222]

Tuesday, January 12th, 1937.

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The post brought me a very notable pamphlet published by the Press Department of the Spanish Embassy in London and written by Señor Semprún Gurrea, formerly a Lecturer in Philosophy of Law at the University [of Madrid]. It was published in the French Catholic Review "Esprit" in the issue of November and is issued in an English version in the belief "that its diffusion in England might throw some light on the question of the attitude of Catholics with regard to the present Spanish troubles". It is written with deep feeling & a passionate eloquence. I could not put it down until (to the destruction of my morning's work) I had read it from cover to cover. It is illuminating and convincing. Its general position harmonizes with that of [Edgar] Allison Peers in his recent book,² & is probable in itself. I cannot doubt its substantial justice. This pamphlet – A Catholic looks at Spain – will probably have considerable effect in England, as, indeed, it ought to have. The side-lights cast on the quality and method of the Roman church in Spain by the personal experiences of the author are painful, and go far towards justifying the indictment which Protestants are in the habit of preferring against that branch of Christian Society.

[223]

I was educated in a college of religious – which, apart from a certain rigidity in its rules, was human enough and of a good pedagogical level. I was distinguished by my teachers for reasons which it is not in my province to explain, & sufficiently instructed in the human sciences, history, rhetoric, physics, and metaphysics: I left after six years of uninterrupted attendance, without having, for example, more than a vague idea of the *Pensées* of Pascal, without having read more than a few extracts of Saint Theresa, scarcely knowing the significance of the Fathers in the history of the Church. That is not all: I left without having once read the Gospels in their entirety... I confess with some shame that I waited for several years before reading for the first time what should be the fundamental thing in the formation of a Christian. I repeat (& in this tragic confession, there is no vanity) that I was one of the distinguished pupils of the establishment: this must be said to emphasize the extent of what was lacking.

v. 'A Catholic looks at Spain' p. 24)

[224]

[Symbol]

I received a long and interesting letter from Sir James Irvine* in which, for the first time, he refers to my poor Giffords:

² E. Allison Peers, *The Spanish Tragedy, 1930-1936: Dictatorship, Republic, Chaos* (Oxford, 1936).

"Christian Morality" reads extremely well and is an eminently practical contribution which will be of real value to many readers. Although there is a balanced synthetical scheme in the work, the different sections are complete in themselves and can be re-read independently, a feature often lacking in Gifford Lectures. And may I thank you also for the kind reference in the Preface to the happy visit you paid to us: my wife and I were greatly touched by your affectionate thought of us. [quotation crossed through in red crayon]

Sir James differs from me as to the propriety and value of Lang's broadcast address about the late King. He admired the Archbishop for his "courage, and for making it plain that the standards to which ordinary people are expected to conform apply equally to the monarch." But I do not think it implies much 'courage' to denounce the behaviour of an abdicated monarch, nor does it appear really useful to affirm something which nobody questions; or to point a moral which everybody cannot help seeing. Nor do I think that such belated 'prophesying' can have any other effect than that of stimulating a rather unwholesome reaction.

[225]

[symbol]

The weather was so wet and windy that I did not venture, being the more inclined to this prudent course by my right knee which, no doubt as a consequence of the ankle's adversity and perversity, has become recalcitrant. Probably it is a case of rheumatism!

John Newsom came in to see me: & stayed talking for an hour and a half. He said that there was much immorality among the Unemployed men, and gave me some remarkable instances from which I gather that something like polyandry exists in some mining districts. When I observed that the population statistics did not support this view, he replied that the large exodus of the more respectable youths and men from the county explained the stationary or even declining number of the people. I was interested to hear that the reporter commented on my Cathedral sermon. "When the Bishop described the ill state of the world, he spoke with evident conviction, but when he came to his text, he was evidently by no means so sure." Perhaps the man was right. Of the world's ills I have no reason to be doubtful, but of the world's prospects what do I know? It is not easy to be cheerful: nor is there anything in Religion which really justifies an indulgence in optimism so far as this world is concerned.

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[226]

Wednesday, January 13th, 1937.

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The Bishop of Jarrow came to tea, and gave us a cheerful and amusing account of his visit to Sandringham, when found as his fellow-guest the Prime Minister and M^{rs} Baldwin. Rather to his surprize he found everybody talking about the untoward circumstances in which George vi had come to throne. Princess Elizabeth had heard enough to induce the question to her mother, the new Queen – ‘Is it true that Uncle David wanted to marry M^{rs} Simpson?’ When she learned that indeed that was the case, she observed, ‘Why didn’t he marry a real princess, or a lady like you?’ At which the younger princess interposed “I know what he ought to have done. He ought to have married Grannie, who is a real Queen”. Out of the mouth of babes— The Bishop was told that he was the first preacher who had been invited to Sandringham since the death of George V. The late King immediately ended that arrangement. The Prime Minister talked freely, and at length, about the crisis. The late King professed ardent devotion to M^{rs} S. and an immense contempt for the opposition to his marriage. “It’s just d — d hypocrisy. If I were to make her my mistress nobody would mind: but because I want to marry her, everybody is up in arms!” Baldwin, according to his own [227] [symbol] account, allowed himself to use language which admitted and half-justified, this attitude. No doubt he was in a difficult situation. I asked him whether Baldwin had mentioned the impending vacancies of Lichfield and Bath & Wells: and he said, Not directly: but he had questioned him about various ecclesiastics, &, in reply, he had urged the merits of the Bishop Coventry [Mervyn Haigh*]. The Queen said that she herself chose the Bishops who should be her ‘supporters’ at the Coronation: but the King was aware that, in his own case, privilege reserved the honour to the Bishops of Durham & Bath & Wells. Evidently, my excellent suffragan enjoyed himself, and I cannot exorcise from my mind the fear that his visit to Sandringham may be a prelude to his preferment to the next vacant bishoprick. However, it is folly to meet troubles before they actually arise.

Martin and I motored to Hebburn, where I admitted the Rev Samuel Cameron to the perpetual curacy of S. John’s, Hebburn, in succession to the Rev. W.P. Stone. There was a fair congregation, and a reverent service. I based my address on S. Paul’s description of a Christian Church in Philippians ii.14.15. We returned to the Castle after the service.

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[228]

Thursday, January 14th, 1937.

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A white frost followed by a beautiful day, with fresh keen air, & brilliant sun. The Chichester Diocesan Gazette has, under the heading 'The Book of the Month' a review of the Giffords, signed 'M'. It is friendly in tone, but certainly not wholly favourable. Of course, there is the usual reference to the style – "a masterly example of the art of English prose writing, and studded here & there with sparkling epigrams" – and the suggestion that all is not "well with the Bishop's method of arguing". However he ends by declaring that the book is "greatly to be welcomed by those whose business it is to uphold, in the midst of many secularising influences in the world, the Christian standard of conduct as taught by the Divine Founder of Christianity.

Martin and I motored to Tanfield, where I collated the Rev^d William Edward Swinney to the benefice vacated by the preferment of the "impossible" but well-meaning Pestle. The church was bitterly cold, but none the less the considerable congregation was attentive, & seemingly interested. In my address I spoke about the parochial system. On the whole I was pleased with the service, & was not ill-impressed by the new parson.

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Old Canon Lomax came to see me with respect to his darling hobby, the Retreat House in Gateshead. He has at last determined to place it on a permanent footing, and to provide some endowment for the Warden. But he has certainly not realized the difficulties, which are certainly considerable, and may be irremovable. Is the said warden to have a "whole time job"? If so, what are to be the conditions under which he is to hold office? What security is the incumbent of the parish, in which the Retreat House is situated, to have against teachings, and other activities which he may disapprove? What effective control will the Bishop have over the chapel services? There is no machinery provided for informing the Bishop of what is actually done; and experience has made it but too certain that the Warden's promises need not mean anything. I dislike the whole proposal, and have small regard for the fashionable method of 'retreats', "quiet days", and 'refreshers'! But I am fond of old Lomax in spite of the nuisance he assuredly is: and I don't like hurting his feelings, or (probably the same thing in his case) his conscience. Rather basely, I bade him talk the whole business out with Archdeacon Owen, & report to me!

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[230]

Friday, January 15th, 1937.

Frost & fog with alarming accounts of the rapid spread of Influenza.

I don't know how the fact is to be explained, but it is the fact that my reluctance to settle down to steady work is so strong and continuous that for a whole fortnight I have achieved nothing more substantial than a poor little article on the 'Coronation' for the Bishoprick.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I presided in the Cosin Library over a meeting of the Board of Religious Education. This is the diocesan Board which I most dislike, for I am conscious of a deep divergence of feeling and purpose between myself and most of the members. They are educational "die-hards"; & I think every shilling spent in keeping up "Church Schools" is so much money wasted. However every serious matter was postponed, & we maintained a hypocritical harmony!

The Bishop of Jarrow and Boden, the Vice-Principal of S. Chad's College had tea in my rooms in the Castle. After tea we discussed the question of Boden's accepting appointment to a benefice. He was by no means averse from the suggestion, & I finally offered to nominate him to the benefice of S. John's, Sunderland.

[231]

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Charles and Christina called, but I had but a very brief interview with him.

I wrote two letters of condolence, the one to Sir Thomas Oliver* on the death of his son; the other to M^{rs} Parkinson, the widow of the Vicar of Sherburn.

[The Bishop of Jarrow told me that Baldwin had spoken with some freedom about Lord Nuffield. "In the work-room, he is a genius; but in public affairs an imbecile. He gave £100,000 to Sir Oswald Mosley & had even offered £750,000 to Baldwin himself, if but he would evict Ramsay MacDonald from office". Such stories indicate that, like most millionaires, he imagines that there is nothing which money cannot effect: & no man who can resist its influence.]*

I asked Boden what was the state in which the building project of S. Chad's, which so greatly alarmed M^{rs} Darwin, and he told me that the Council of the College had decided to postpone building until the financial situation had improved. The estimates had followed the usual course estimates, & steadily expanded, & the cautious treasurer refused to sanction indebtedness.

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[232]

Saturday, January 16th, 1937.

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I wrote to Grey Turner, sending him the "Letter of Advice to a Young Clergyman", which was omitted from the edition of the Charge on 'Groups', which was sent to him. It is, I think, probably worth preserving: & I shall add it as an Appendix to my final Charge. [paragraph crossed through in blue crayon]

Old D^r M^cCullagh returned 'Gone with the Wind' and borrowed Chesterton's Autobiography. [paragraph crossed through in blue crayon]

Ella accompanied me to the Dog Show, which I opened with a short speech, which rather puzzled than pleased the company. The show was held in a small hall, and the atmosphere, assisted by the dogs, was deadly. I came away after half an hour, & returned to the Castle.

Wilfred Tymms, a son of the vicar of Billingham, came to see me. He seeks assistance from the Board of Training. I was well impressed with the lad, and had no hesitation about sanctioning his application. How much turns for all these youngsters on what is called the "inside knowledge" of their parents. They are financed at school & college, not for their exceptional ability, but because they know how & where to get help! [paragraph crossed through in blue crayon]

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[233]

2nd Sunday after Epiphany, January 17th, 1937.

[symbol]

A dark, cold morning. As I was in the midst of shaving the electric light suddenly failed. Alexander came to the rescue with candles, & I completed my toilet in their uncertain illumination. What will be the state of the nation when, the process of electrification having been completed, everything turns on the efficient working of the system? The inevitable failures due to accident will be bad enough, but what about the general paralysis caused by deliberate action on the part of the electricians who are discontented or disloyal? We pay a heavy price for "civilization", and the highest part of the payment is the woeful insecurity into which we have been brought by our unavoidable, and ever increasing dependence on experts of one sort or another.

To add to my discomfort, I developed during the night a considerable cold, which sent me to West Hartlepool in a state of mingled apprehension & annoyance, a state of mind lamentably incongruous with [the] high task of Ordination, which was the object of my journey. It is not least shadow on ecclesiastical office that it claims its holder for the most sacred purposes when temperamentally he is most unfit.

[234]

Martin and I breakfasted at 8 a.m., and then motored to West Hartlepool, where I ordained Kenneth Young to the diaconate in S. James's church, "where he is appointed to serve". The vicar, the Rev^d M. N. Coates, preached for no less than 35 minutes. He is a good man, but nowise a good preacher, & as he preached ex tempore, there was no apparent reason why he should ever cease. The service went through without a hitch. There were more than 100 communicants. Save that wafers were used in place of "the best wheaten bread", there was no fault to find in the conduct of the service. Before returning home, I went into the Vicarage and had a few words with M^r & M^{rs} Young, the new deacon's parents.

Last night I was sleepless & uncomfortable. This morning I developed a cough & cold, which certainly suggested an approach to influenza. Probably I collected germs in the heated atmosphere of the crowded hall in which I opened the dog-show yesterday. My heart failed me at the prospect of journeying to town tomorrow by the early train, and I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury telling him not to expect me. There is no special reason why I should attend the Bishops' Meeting at Lambeth, &, perhaps, some reasons why I should stay away.

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[235]

Monday, January 18th, 1937.

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I breakfasted in bed, and did not get up before 11 a.m. – a disgusting but prudent procedure. I solaced myself by reading Margery Kempe 1436, a recently discovered treatise by, almost an autobiography of, an English mystic. It was certainly a pathological case, but Archbishops and Bishops accepted her frantic howlings and contortion as genuine effects of the Holy Spirit's action! The book throws curious sidelights on medieval religion. She was frequently accused of being a Lollard, & threatened with the stake, but she always succeeded in proving her orthodoxy.

Also, I read the new issue of 'The Modern Churchman'. It opens with an Editorial on 'The Primate's New Year Broadcast', which questions its effectiveness, since the Primate has just refused, as Visitor, to disallow 'vestments' in Canterbury Cathedral! The Editor proceeds to enlarge on his belief that the slump in religion is really the consequence of Anglo-Catholicism in the Church.

‘The only remedy is to give the parishioners control and prohibit any alteration in the character and time of the public services which has not the consent of at least three-fourths of the parishioners.

“Clerical tyranny” is the enemy. End that by enthroning the parishioners, and all may be well!

[236]

[symbol]

“It is the English Church, divided, decadent, deserted, which, much more than the nation, is in dire need of re-founding its life upon the Rock of the Sermon on the Mount.”

All this is curiously perverse. As a matter of fact, those sections of English Christianity which are farthest removed from “clerical religion” exhibit most conspicuously their inability to arrest and hold the spiritual allegiance of the people. It is, I think, true that much gratuitous offence is caused by the ill-advised conduct of many 'Anglo-Catholics', but this does not alter the fact that the vitality of the Church of England is found mainly among the 'Anglo-Catholics'. Protestants and Modernists are not liked as a rule, although the vehement & widely distributed “No Popery” feeling tends to obscure the fact. To transfer the powers of the clergy to the parishioners, nine-tenths of whom have little interest in religion, & less knowledge about, is incredibly fatuous. Every bishop knows that the best Ordination Candidates as well morally as intellectually, are very rarely described as Protestant, and, although they are more or less affected by “Modernism”, their personal religion is essentially

sacramental. Compare the men from Cuddesdon, Westcott House, & Lincoln with those from Wycliff Hall and Clifton.

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What conception of the Christian Church is involved in [Henry] Major's* view that a majority of parishioners should "call the tune" in the parish churches? No doubt it was the same view (viz: that the Englishman as such is a member of the Church) which inspired the frenzied efforts to defeat the Revised Prayer Book by means of an agitation in the parliamentary constituencies.

Bishop [Edmund] Knox's* death is announced today. He was in his 90th year – a very able, very bigoted, very unscrupulous Protestant partisan. He had great mental adroitness, but no mental elasticity. **It is not without significance that all his brilliant children deserted the Protestantism in which he had drilled them.** He was a "die hard" in educational policy as in ecclesiastical theory. More than most men he was responsible for the non possumus attitude which the Church of England was led to adopt in the matter of Church Schools. He blocked a reasonable settlement of the tiresome controversy about religion in the schools. At one time he professed great regard for me, &, indeed, we co-operated in earlier times as opponents both of Anglo-Catholicism and of the 'Life and Liberty' movement: but we went apart over Prayer Book Revision, & latterly, he would have no dealings with me! Such is life.

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[238]

Monday, January 19th, 1937.

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Yielding to the coercion of Ella's too-solicitous affection, I spent the day in bed. This unpleasing performance was mitigated by an admirable letter of Prof. Hamilton Thompson* in answer to an inquiry of mine respecting the ecclesiastical offices held by medieval sovereigns, and the effect of the Unction in the Coronation service. He is both a very erudite and a very generous scholar: two qualities by no means always found in combination. He places his knowledge very readily at the service of less competent folk. In this respect he resembles the late Lord Acton. In the course of the morning, I received the 2 volumes of M^{rs} Drydale's Biography of her uncle Lord Balfour.* They were sent to me by Lord Londonderry who had written on the fly-leaf of the 1st volume.

"To the Prince Bishop of Durham
from a humble member of his flock.
Londonderry.

The Bishop of Durham is no longer a Prince, and no Marquis of Londonderry was ever humble. Nevertheless, I was mightily pleased with the gift, as well for the book itself, which I wanted to read, as for the evidence of the donor's affection.

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[239]

Wednesday, January 20th, 1937.

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In spite of Ella's reproaches, I refused to keep my bedroom: though, when I had got up, & taken my normal place in my study, I found myself nowise disposed to work.

*That truculent Labour member, Thurtle * **raised the question of the Archbishop's broadcast address about the late King by asking a question in the House last night**. He was, of course, offensive, & promptly extinguished. Nevertheless, there were signs of sympathy, which are not insignificant.*

The Dissenters are, as might be expected, giving clamorous support to the Archbishop's "Recall to Religion". It is wholly in their line, and accords easily with their habit. They live denominationally on 'stunts'. The genius of the Church of England, & surely not the least proof of its congruity with the true mind of Christianity, is far otherwise. Steady persistence in duty, a strengthening severity in the standards of its fulfilment, an aversion from advertisement & hustle – are not these the marks of a truly spiritual religion. Increasingly I doubt the final benefit of whatever was distinctive of the Methodist movement, whether in its sectarian developments, or in the Evangelical Party within the Established Church.

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[240]

Thursday, January 21st, 1937.

A calm bright morning after a boisterous night, and much milder.

I wrote various overdue letters, among which was a sub-acid acknowledgment of M^r Reginald Churchill's pretentious & sophistical book, rather pompously entitled, "I commit to your Intelligence. A constructive Guide to Young People concerning Sex and Religion". It is saturated in Psychology, which is now the "blessed word" in all the numerous & nauseous discussions of Sexual matters, which make the reputation, and withall fill the purses, of so many ambitious divines. **I made a copy of my letter in my Register.**

Also, I wrote to Ivor Nicholson, acknowledging, briefly but favourably, Rom Landau's last book, "Thy Kingdom Come". I wish the publishers would cease from sending their publications with a request for some opinion on them.

Then, I wrote to Gilbert [Henson]*, thanking him for his Christian gift of apples from his plantation.

The Archbishop of York, to whom I had communicated my intention if opportunity occurred of speaking & voting for the 2nd reading of the Marriage Bill in the H. of L., writes:-

I do not think I should support the second reading of the Marriage Bill if I were present, [241] [symbol] but I should not oppose it or vote against it. I think that probably the State is right to take this action, but I do not think I should feel it my duty, as a Bishop to be an active party in it.

As a Bishop I am extremely unwilling to accept a conflict between the considered action of the State, and the requirement of Christian morality. I do not doubt the possibility of such a conflict, but before it is acknowledged actually to exist, I want to be quite clear that it does really exist. What is the State demanding which the Church of Christ cannot rightly allow? I must be clear in my mind that the Church's version of the Christian demand is itself sound: for it is notoriously the case that very frequently in the past, and in the present, the Church has misrepresented her own official requirement as if it were the expression of fundamental Christian principle. Moreover, as a member of a Reformed Church, I cannot be content with the verdict of ecclesiastical authority. I must exercise my private judgment, offering reasons for the conclusions which I finally accept.

Also, I wrote to Arthur [Henson] in acknowledgment of some civil references to the Giffords!

[242]

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I wrote to Sir James Irvine at some length.

The London Correspondent of the Protestant Episcopal Journal "The Chronicle" has an interesting reference to the recent Abdication Crisis in his 'Church of England Letter'. He says that 'there has been considerable indignation against the Archbishop of Canterbury's reference' to the late King's choice of friends, and then proceeds:

The real reason for objection to the Archbishop's words, if indeed any can rightly be taken, lies in his reference to the fact that the King's wishes were contrary to the ideals of Christian marriage. That is a fact. But the words may easily be taken by many to imply that the people of this country & the dominions really favor the rigid views about marriage which are for the most part held only by Roman Catholics and in some Anglo-Catholic circles. That is not a fact: nor is it at all implied in what had so unfortunately happened.

This is only part, and not the greater part of the truth. It was instinctively felt, outside the coterie of the 'unco guid', that the Archbishop's language was superfluous, ungenerous, and in extremely bad taste.

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[243]

Friday, January 22nd, 1937.

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Warm, windy, and woefully wet; a day favourable only to the spread of Influenza!

I finished M^{rs} Dugdale's Life of Lord Balfour. It is the record, admirably told, of a wonderful career. Was there ever a more happily placed individual? Birth, property, health, a singularly gifted mind, a sweet temper, abundant opportunity, the most perfect intellectual training of his time, great public success, and hosts of devoted friends – one thing only of all the recognised constituents of temporal felicity was lacking from the Cornucopia of his fortune viz: wife and children, but even these were to some extent replaced by brothers & their children. Is it anyway astonishing that he was in exceptional measure, urbane, attractive & persuasive? I have never met a more charming person.

What would he have been if from his birth he had had to do battle with adverse circumstances? With such natural endowment, he must have been eminent: but could he have been precisely that which distinctively he was – the unique combination of a great gentleman, a great scholar, an aesthetic genius, and a man of affairs? Assuredly, he owed much to his situation.

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I devoted the whole morning to preparing a sermon, and with humbly small success. A foolish paragraph in that foolish American paper, 'The Chronicle', headed 'Youth and the Church' suggested the subject viz: the error of making the Church's faults and failures a ground for repudiating its claim on our loyalty. The festival of S. Paul's conversion suggested connecting the argument with the teaching and example of the Apostle. If I had the wits and the patience requisite for the task, I might have made a good sermon which, like the second Book of Homilies, would "contain a godly and wholesome Doctrine, and necessary for these times", but as it is?

Dick is again at Cambridge. He writes to me about a benevolent project which is appealing to the generous instincts of the undergraduates:–

Have you heard of the 'bread and butter' scheme? It is a scheme intended to enable university men to make some personal sacrifice in the interests of the Unemployed..... Westcott men agreed last night to join in the scheme. The money sent is negligible but the method is admirable.

I wonder how long the dear lads will hold to it.

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I suspected that I had got a plum-stone stuck in my throat at lunch, and expressed my suspicion, with the result the sapient Ella sent an alarmist message accompanied by a sample plum-stone to D^r McCullagh, & this without my will. Accordingly, the said D^r hastened hither, as to an emergency call! I could not deny my suspicion which, however, I could not justify, so I sent him away on the understanding that if in the morning I was still uncomfortable, I should go to the Hospital and be X rayed.

According to his wont, the good man, having gained entrance into my study was in no great hurry to leave, but stayed on for the better part of an hour talking local gossip! He gave me surprisingly detailed accounts of the Windlestone finances, which would appear to have been much confused by the eccentricities of the redoubtable S. The eldest son seems to have been a spendthrift, who ran up a vast debt to the Jews, & then obligingly deceased before his father. I inquired what was the reputation of the Tramps' Institution established in Windlestone Hall, and his answer was, as I expected, unfavourable. The scheme, so far as I have been able to understand it, has ever seemed inept to the point of impracticability: but the benevolent public has an insatiable appetite for absurdity!

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[246]

Saturday, January 23rd, 1937.

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Another mild, unwholesome day.

I finished reading in bed a notable small book of the Cambridge Professor, Dodd. 'The Apostolic Preaching & its Development. Thoughtful, suggestive, distinctly orthodox. I was pleased to see that it didn't clash with anything said in the Giffords.

The insolent American Rector, Hopkins, who wrote to me so rudely about what he assumed to be my condemnation of the Archbishop's broadcast respecting the late King, now sends some kind of shambling apology.

The Archdeacons came to confer, and to lunch. We had much to talk over, & came to a good many decisions. There came also to lunch, Marshall, the new Vicar of S. Ignatius, Sunderland – a slim, pale, very plain young man, who, however, impressed me well. After they had all departed I wrote some necessary letters viz:

1. To the Principal of Cuddesdon asking him to undertake the addresses, & preach the sermon at the forthcoming Trinity Ordination.
2. To the Rev^d H.E. Ashdown inquiring whether he was [247] [symbol] minded to take pastoral charge, & if so, suggesting that he should come & see me next Friday.
3. To James of West Rainton offering him nomination to S. John's, Sunderland.
4. To Lamb at Brandon offering him nomination to S. Cuthbert's, Bensham.
5. To Talbot of Dunston offering him nomination to Chilton.

I visited the indispensable Spedding.

Ardagh-Walter wants permission to reserve the Sacrament, not merely for the sick, but also for others (e.g. a milkman,) who cannot attend the regular services: I refused to permit what are known to be illegalities, but I told him that I could not regard as disloyal men who confined their illegalities within the limits of the rubrics of the Revised Prayer Book. I added that those limits would not cover the case of the hypothetical milkman. We call this 'maintaining discipline'.

This hateful scourge of Influenza is making way. Four of Spedding's household are down with it: and, to my infinite alarm, Alexander, the Indispensable, "cried off" early on the same plea. He says he will be up in the morning, but I doubt it.

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[248]

Septuagesima, January 24th, 1937.

The warm, damp, influenzaish weather continues. Alexander called me as usual, but declared himself too infirm to go to Chapel. He has, I fear, beyond doubt fallen victim to "the Prince of the Power of the Air"!

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m., and Martin served. There but Ella, Fearn, M^{rs} Berry, & William to communicate with us.

In the Sunday Times one eminent historian, Neal [Neale]*, views Miss Scott Thomson's book in terms of admiration, and in the Observer, another eminent historian, George Trevelyan,* repeats the performance. Could friendship do more to assist industry, and flatter rank? For, I think, the Ducal subject must divide with the authoress's feminine charm the credit of this professional demonstration! Nevertheless, I must needs think her industry & perseverance very praiseworthy, and the book itself probably as useful contribution to that better knowledge of the social & economic frame, within which the movement of History has proceeded, which is the principal addition to historical science that we can hope to gain.

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After a vain search for Jack Carr's letter, I decided to address him c/o Bishop Lasbrey. *I wrote to [James] Duncan* repeating my former advice, namely that he should not consent to offer himself as a candidate at the local elections. Even if it were true, as I suspect he imagines it to be, that he could be trusted to maintain a position of independence, it is certain that the fact would not be admitted by his opponents: and, his example would encourage other clergymen, who by no possibility could be other than partisans, to follow in his steps. And these would mainly belong to the less-educated men, who are members of the "Labour" party, and often belong to its more extreme section. We have happily got rid of Hodgson from Escomb; but we are yet burdened by Salisbury at Eppleton. These clerical "Labourites" commonly distinguish themselves by the violence of their language on every occasion.*

I wrote to Lord Londonderry.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I preached in S. Mary-le-Bow to a congregation almost entirely composed of under undergraduates. After service we had supper with Principal Wallis, & then returned to Auckland.

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[250]

Monday, January 25th, 1937.

William called me vice³ Alexander reported to “have a temperature”, & to be incapable of duty!

I occupied the morning in making notes for an address on the question, Ought the clergy to seek election to secular bodies? This would serve for use at the Diocesan Conference on March 20th, and (possibly with some re-casting & enlargement) might form a chapter of my Charge. Incidentally, I read through Leslie Stephens's extremely interesting account of that really astonishing parson, Horne Tooke, who was the occasion for the statute which definitely prohibited clergymen of the Church of England and ministers of the Church of Scotland from sitting in the House of Commons.

After lunch Martin and I motored to Durham, where I presided at a meeting of the Board of Church Building. Sir Charles Dawson made his appearance for the first time since his stroke. We had before us the woeful case of Holy Trinity, Hartlepool; and, rather to my surprise & greatly to my relief, the Board approved the course which I commended viz: voting as a grant, and not as a loan, the money needed to make the parish church safe for a few years. It will last my time!

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Then I went to the Castle, and licensed two curates, & two chaplains. The latter were licensed to Bede College and to the Bishop; the former to Willington and S. Thomas' Bishopwearmouth.

The situation at S. Thomas's as described to me by the curate, Britton, is sufficiently perplexing. The vicar, Williams, has been practically incapacitated by illness for 2 years past, and the whole burden of the parochial work has been thrown on the curate, who was ordained as recently as 1933. Williams is far too ill to be appointed to another parish, and he is believed to be wholly 'without private means'. It is clear ① that this state of affairs must not continue indefinitely: ② that so long as it does continue some addition to the stipend ought to be made to the curate. But what can be done with, or for, the incumbent if he be required to resign? He was ordained in 1908, and cannot be more than fifty years of age. S. Thomas's parish is credited with nearly 7000 parishioners, but most of them are served by a mission church. The parish church is spiritually superfluous, but there is a considerable congregation of non-parishioners who are drawn together by a rather elaborate musical service.

³ *OED* – noun – 'stead or place (of another). Now rare'. 'This word is used in Scottish English'.

<!260137>

[252]

Tuesday, January 26th, 1937.

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A slight covering of snow whitened the landscape. Influenza is reported to be extending rapidly in Northern England and to be increasingly fatal.

Ella and I motored to Durham, where first I went to the College and had a short interview with Mr Rawlins in the Bishop of Jarrow's house, and then went to Cosin's Library and presided at a meeting of the Moral Welfare Association. *There was a sparse attendance and a short agenda. I encouraged a rather desultory discussion, in the course of which I expressed my general approval of [Alan] [A.P.] Herbert's* Divorce Bill, and declared my intention of voting & speaking in favour of the 2nd Reading if it reached the House of Lords. M^{rs} Alington was very anxious ^to ascertain^ what in my opinion was the duty of the Mother's Union with respect to the proposed change of the Marriage Law. I said (in substance) that the whole business lay outside their province: but that a deliberate opposition of the diocesan branch to the known attitude of the Bishop could not be tolerated. If such were to develop, it would be necessary to sever the connexion between the diocesan branch and the central organisation of the Union.*

[253]

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During the last few days the newspaper[s] have announced what looks like the disruption of the Modern Churchman's Union by the retirement of the "Modernist Anglo-Catholic" section. The resignation of the chairmanship of the Union by D^r Matthews,* the Dean of S. Paul's, was first reported, & this was followed by the resignations of the Master of the Temple (Harold Anson), the archdeacon of Rochester, & others, all, as far as I could judge, Anglo-Catholics in sympathy. This is a very interesting development. After lunch I visited Alexander, whom I found in bed, and very sorry for himself. Then I walked in the policies for an hour.

I received a vehement, almost abusive letter from Lady Maxwell-Scott acknowledging a copy of 'Abyssinia' which somebody must have sent to her.

"It is always difficult to understand the workings of a heretic's (sic) mind on account of the basis of inherited guilt which colours all their thoughts subconsciously. We always try to make allowances for it."

This is a note we don't often hear nowadays.

The Rev. A. D. Talbot came to be "put up" for the Missionary Exhibition in the parish.

[254]

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I wrote to Lord Roche declining his very kind invitation to be 'the quest of honour' at the Coronation dinner of the London Society of East Anglicans, of which this year he is president. He wants me to propose the toast of 'East Anglia'. The date was April 21st, and I have to make a special journey to Babylon. But, apart from that, I am a really bad after-dinner speaker. Whether the reason be a natural imbecility, or whether it be rather a heavy habit of speaking acquired in the course of a life-time's preaching, I do not know, but the fact appears to me to be certain. When I was a younger man, with a reputation to make, such invitations were important. Now, at the end of my career, they have no importance. Moreover, apart from Roche himself, I should probably know nobody in the company: and, as a result, should be appallingly bored. Nevertheless, I am sorry to refuse an invitation, which was certainly intended to be a compliment, and especially to seem to show something like indifference to the wishes of a man whom I really like.

I wrote to Dick at some length, answering a letter filled with prœ -Ordination 'doubts & fears'.

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[255]

Wednesday, January 27th, 1937.

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An examination of the accounts (of the Inns of Court) is both entertaining and instructive. As may well be imagined, they deal with many widely divergent matters: but perhaps the strangest record is of the payment of £1:0:11 to 'Mr Farlow for christening several children & burying others, & for oil for the locks of the fire cocks &c. The explanation is that Mr. Farlow was the Head Porter, whose duties were indeed valued.

[v: The antiquaries Journal. Jan. 1937 p. 86.]

Such an entry serves to indicate the place which Baptism held in the popular mind & in the procedure of the clergy – indispensable but despised. The entry may, perhaps, be held to cast an ugly side-light on the morals of the learned community. Who were the parents of the children whom M^r Farlow christened? Few differences between the earliest and the latest phases of Christianity are more remarkable than that which is disclosed in the case of Baptism. Then it may be said to have held the first place in the thought & practice of the Church: now it is so little regarded that Christians hardly think it matter of importance where they have, or have not, been baptized!

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I did so far allow amusement to get the better of resentment as to write a formal letter to Lady Scott-Maxwell telling her that I had not sent her 'Abyssinia', and had no notion who had!

Charles looked in for a few minutes, & the excitement of his visit cooperated with my normal idleness to make the practical output of the morning pitifully meagre. Why am I so disgustingly subject to the little emergencies and accidents of life?

We all went in to Durham, and attended the Commemoration service in the Cathedral. The preacher was the Dean of Winchester, who preached what I understand was a good sermon, but I could not hear clearly enough (though a considerable volume of sound reached me) to make out a single complete sentence. This is oddly, the more since my chaplain assures me that he heard well enough. There appeared to be a fair attendance of the University, and the City. Sir Robert Bolam and Lord Londonderry were both present; & there were a good many students, as well as the boys from the School; but it was the smallest congregation of others that I have yet seen at that service. After service we all had tea in the Deanery.

[257]

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Alban Caröe arrived while we were in Durham. He came to inspect, and take necessary action with respect to the mutilated lead pipes on the chapel. It is particularly unfortunate that Alexander is not available, for he, and he alone, knows "who's who" in the matter of local contractors.

After the ladies had retired to bed, I took Alban to my room, and we talked for awhile on questions of religion, to which he led the way. He spoke of his own difficulties with respect to the Virgin Birth, the physical Resurrection, and the Atonement. I explained as simply as I could the position which I myself had reached, and he seemed to find it helpful. It was something of a revelation to me that he was giving such serious thought to his religion: and I felt a certain shame that I had never got into converse on the subject with him before. Dick's letters gave expression to much the same kind of repugnance to the traditional notions of Christianity. These younger men bring home to me rather alarmingly the fact that I am becoming very old, and very inaccessible to novel opinions, which have a powerful attraction for them. It is the pathetic fate of men that the immature must be led by the obsolete!

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[258]

Thursday, January 28th, 1937.

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I received from Harold Anson an invitation to preach on "any Sunday in July, October, November or December". I replied, suggesting the 26th November as the earliest convenient date, and then added the following:

I have read with much interest the announcement in the papers of what looks like a disruption of the Churchmen's Union. If that be a true version of the effect of the resignations, I could not be either surprized or regretful. For it has long been apparent to me that the Union is essentially incoherent, holding together in an unreal combination men who au fond have ceased to be Christians in the true historic sense of the word, and those who au fond are, and mean to remain, in that sense, Christians.

I may, perhaps, draw from the excellent Master of the Temple [Harold Anson] (who is himself one of those who have resigned) some explanation of what lies behind the published facts.

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I went to the Town Hall, and "opened" the Missionary Exhibition. Davison, the Vicar of S. Helen's, was in the Chair, & made a neat little flowery speech. Then I spoke for about 10 minutes, not very effectually. In spite of the truly detestable weather, there was quite a fair gathering of the people. There was the usual collection of dilapidated idols, sluttish pagan robes, and various proselytizing literature.

Martin and I motored to Whitburn, where I collated Canon Edgar Jackson to the Rectory. There was a large attendance of the clergy from the Wearmouth Deanery headed by Stannard, the Rural Dean. The Bishop of Jarrow inducted the new Rector. I was interested to see how large a contingent of the parishioners of S. John's, Sunderland attended the service. It indicated what I have ever believed viz: the strong hold which he had gained on the trust and love of those 'slummites'.

The Churchwarden from South Shields came into the vestry in order to tell me that Shaddick is seriously ill, so seriously that the doctors prohibit all work until Easter, & then doubt his competence to do much.

After the service we had a pleasant dinner with that queer affected creature, Sir Hedworth Williamson.

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[260]

Friday, January 29th, 1937.

Sweet scented flowers were always sought after and none were bought in such quantities as were those called gilly, or July, flowers, which might be either wall flowers, stocks, or clove-scented pinks. All of these flowers, distinguished by their warm aromatic scent, were called in the 17th century, as in the previous one, indifferently by the names which represented the English version of the French giroflée

‘Life in a Noble Household[’], p. 243.

‘Gillyflower. ‘with various distinguishing attributes, used (mainly in early botanical works) to denote varieties of the pink, the wallflower, and other plants related to or resembling these’. (v. Oxford Dictionary.)

The wintry weather continues, a bitter easterly wind and driving snow.

I occupied the morning in writing two letters, one to the Editor of the Times on Herbert’s Marriage Bill, and the other to Lord Londonderry, re-affirming my objections to parsons standing as candidates in local elections.

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Copies of the Bishoprick
were sent to the following:–

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 1. ✓ Lord Londonderry. | 24. The Dean of Chester |
| 2. ✓ Derek B. Elliott. | 25. " " " Carlisle |
| 3. The Principal of Westfield College | 26. " " " Lichfield |
| 4. Canon Cunningham | 27. " " " Ely |
| 5. Principal of Cuddesdon | 28. ✓" " " Peterboro |
| 6. " " Lincoln | 29. " " " Salisbury |
| 7. " " Salisbury | 30. " " " Windsor |
| 8. ✓ " " Wells | 31. " " " Chichester |
| 9. " " Lichfield | 32. " " " S. Albans |
| 10. " " Ely | 33. " " " Christ Church |
| 11. " " Chichester | 34. " " " Gloucester |
| 12. Dean of S ^t Paul’s | 35. " " " Ripon |
| 13. " " Westminster | 36. " " " Manchester |
| 14. " " Canterbury | 37. Prof. Hamilton Thompson |
| 15. " " York | 38. Lord Hugh Cecil |
| 16. " " Norwich | 39. Lord Roche |
| 17. " " Lincoln | 40. " Macmillan |

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|-----|---|---|-----------|-----|----------------|--------------------------|
| 18. | " | " | Wells | 41. | " | Daryngton |
| 19. | " | " | Exeter | 42. | Prof. | Grey Turner |
| 20. | ✓ | " | Hereford | 43. | D ^r | Oldham |
| 21. | " | " | Worcester | 44. | The Warden of | All Souls |
| 22. | " | " | Rochester | 45. | The Master of | Magdalene |
| 23. | " | " | Bristol | 46. | ✓ | The Master of the Temple |

[262]

After prayers I took Brooke [Foss Westcott] to my study, and had some talk with him about his parish, of which he gives a most discouraging account. There are now said to be as many as 10,000 people in the parish, and the population still increases. Many are Presbyterians, and many Roman Catholics, and with neither is there much friendly intercourse. The curate has left, and after evidently acute friction. Brooke accuses him of disloyalty, & holds him in undisguised abhorrence. He has no men in his choir; no teachers in his Sunday School; no Confirmation candidates: & few communicants. As the parish grows: the church shrinks. Nothing could be more depressing. Most serious of all is Brooke's inability to address himself to his pastoral task. He has an explanation for every failure, but the notion that the root of the mischief is in himself does not seem to occur to him. I suspect that his wife is even more helpless than himself. Indeed, he almost admitted as much. He says that he was offered a living in Yorkshire, and was much disposed to accept it, but thought he was bound to stick to his present post. The value of Corby is stated to be £1219 and House. As most of the income comes from the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, the official expenses are not likely to be large. Here is the radix mali.*

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[263]

Saturday, January 30th, 1937.

More snow in the night: and very cold. The reports on the state of the roads are most alarming. Brooke abandoned his purpose of motoring home, and travelled by train.

The Yorkshire Post, the Morning Post, & the Darlington Paper publish extracts from my Bishoprick article. The general effect is not altogether satisfactory.

Charles Nye came to lunch, and afterwards walked for more than an hour with me in the snow. We had a good deal of talk together. He expresses himself very reasonably on most subjects, and is clearly thinking. Also, and this is not unimportant, he says that he likes Durham, and his work. He had seen a good deal of [Henry] Major in Oxford, and, while admitting his personal attractiveness, had concluded that he was theologically & ecclesiastically, impossible. Also, he knew Nankivell, and had formed a mean opinion of him. Rather to my surprize, he said that Nankivell had always professed to be disturbed by the negative character of Ripon Hall. I gave Nye a copy of the lecture on Tyndale.

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|--------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| 47. Sir Charles Peers. | 70.✓ Prebendary Ellison |
| 48.✓ Brooke Westcott | 71.✓ D ^r Fleming |
| 49.✓ Veronica Irvine | 72. David Russell |
| 50. Ruth Spooner | 73. Archbishop of Dublin |
| 51. Miss Scott Thomson | 74. Alfred Spelling |
| 52.✓ Rev. H. Burgess | 75. J.O. Hall |
| 53. John Wrightson | 76. Lady Dillon |
| 54. D ^r Miller | 77.✓ John Newsom |
| 55. Lord Charnwood | 78.✓ Canon Barry |
| 56. " Sankey | 79. Bishop Palmer |
| 57. Sir John Simon | 80. " Pelham |
| 58. Rev. Marchus E.R. Brockman | 81. " Whitehead |
| 59. J. Preece Esq | 82. Sir James Baillie |
| 60. Earl Grey | 83. Lord Rockley |
| 61. Lord Salisbury | 84. Archdeacon Sharpe |
| 62. " Halifax | 85. Linetta |
| 63.✓ Rev Martin Kiddle | 86. Mary Radford |
| 64. Arthur E. Henson | 87. Canon Peter Green |
| 65. Arthur Rawle | 88. " Bezzant |
| 66. Angel Thelwell | 89. Miss Haldane |
| 67. Bishop Nickson | 90. Rev. J. B. Carr |
| 68. J. G. Adderley | 91. " Nigel Cornwall |
| 69. W. R. Inge | 92. F. Macdonald |

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Harold Anson writes:

In regard to the Modern Churchmen's Union, the real cause of disunion is the fact that Major retains the annual Conference and the 'Modern Churchman' entirely in his own hands, and the Council are only, as a matter of grace, consulted about either. This leads to the public associating us with utterances and decisions which we may not even have heard of before they appear in the Press as decisions of the M.C.U. The actual circumstances were (1) a decision of the Council to oppose the Bishop of Gloucester's project of reunion with the Rumanian Church. (2) a decision to support one Rose in putting up a notice in his church porch, contrary to the Bp. of Rochester's admonition, (3) a decision to advocate the separation of the Holy Communion from the Coronation. (4) a decision to vote a grant to Ripon Hall, when the Standing Committee had decided that the finances did not warrant so doing.

I have always liked Major [266] personally as a most generous & devoted man, but I do not wish to be identified with a rather jejune, hypercritical Protestantism, and Matthews, & Sykes, & Schomberg all felt our position intolerable so long as Major controlled all our activities, & prescribed the measure of publicity which we should enjoy. Hence this little storm and sputter!

All this provides a curious side-light on the modernist Cave of adullam!

The Dean of Durham wired to say that he was indisposed, and therefore unable to carry out his promise to "open" the Missionary Exhibition. At the Vicar's request his place was taken by my wife, who, as I am assured, acquitted herself to perfection!

The excellent Spedding came to see me in order to make sure that I was dentally fit to travel on Monday. He said that when my saintly predecessor went to London for King George V's coronation he was without his plates, & suffering from an ulcer in the jaw! That was enough to tax the patience of Job. Spedding told me that he and D^r M^cCullagh would arrange for Martin's election to the Golf Club. This is well enough.

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Sexagesima, January 31st, 1937.

The snow and frost continue: and all movement is comfortless & embarrassed. Before getting up, I read John Wesley's letters, among them one addressed to Bishop Lowth* dealing with that learned Bishop's refusal to ordain the illiterate Methodist preachers. The enormous self-confidence & plusquam pontifical assumption of the Methodist Patriarch are truly amazing.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. By an omission which the absence of Alexander can explain but certainly cannot excuse, the two candles on the altar were not lighted. This omission annoyed me the more because among the communicants was the visiting clergyman, Talbot, who would be misled into supposing that the use of the Bishop's Chapel was other than it is. Martin confessed, and apologised for, his fault in not seeing that the candles were lighted.

I received a telephone message from the Vicar of Annfield Plain, where I had promised to preach at Evensong, saying that he would understand my absence in view of the state of the roads; and, rather basely, for they were not really impassable, I took advantage of his courtesy, & shirked.

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Writing in 1757 to a friend Wesley extolled the excellency of Methodist worship & contrasted it with the normal services in church:

'The longer I am absent from London, & the more I attend the service of the church in other places, the more I am convinced of the unspeakable advantage which the people called Methodists enjoy. I mean with regard to public worship, particularly on the Lord's Day....

Nor are their solemn addresses to God interrupted either by the formal drawl of a parish clerk or the screaming of boys, who bawl out what they neither feel nor understand, or the unreasonable & unmeaning impertinence of a voluntary on the organ. When it is reasonable to sing the praise of God, they do it with the spirit & with the understanding also: not in the miserable scandalous doggerel of Hopkins and Sternhold, but in psalms and hymns which are both sense and poetry; such as would sooner provoke a critic to turn Christian than a Christian to turn critic. What they sing is therefore a proper continuation of the spiritual and reasonable service, being selected for that end (not by a poor humdrum [269] wretch who can scarce read what he drones out with such an air of importance, but) by one who knows what he is talking about, and how to connect the preceding with the following part of the service. Nor does he take just 'two staves', but more or less, as may best raise the soul to God: especially when sung in well-composed and well-adapted tunes, not by a handful of wild, unawakened striplings, but by a whole serious congregation; and these, not lolling at ease or in the indecent posture of sitting, drawling one word

after another, but all standing before God and praising Him lustily, and with good courage.

v. John Wesley's Letters, ed. George Eayrs p. 113, 114.

It is odd to see the worship of these sectaries represented as more intelligent, more reasonably ordered, and more reverently performed than the worship of the Church. Certainly this could not now be fairly maintained. Of course, Wesley was a biased witness, and his contemporaries were certainly not impressed by the Methodist worship as conspicuously reasonable & reverent. They shocked ordinary religious folk as almost profane in their licentious individualism.

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I wrote a number of letters, and sent a guinea to that very insistent & seductive beggar, the Reverend Maurice Child for the restoration of Cranford church. Also I wrote to Miss Scott Thomson thanking her for her book, "Life in a Noble Family", & expressing high appreciation of it. I made a heroic effort to reduce my table to order, and to that end destroyed many letters, but I have not yet discovered principle on which to preserve or to destroy letters.

W. Talbot talked to me about his experiences in India. *He described the life of the Indian native rulers as very corrupt. They were addicted to pæderasty, the nautch girls so called being commonly boys. Partly, the prevalence of this vice was attributable to the shortage of females in India. He thought that our efforts to raise the age of marriage & to suppress the practice of suttee would probably be defeated under the new system of Indian government. Native sentiment, always hostile to these reforms, would be able to "call the tune" when British control had been removed.*

[back cover]

93. Miss Maclaren
94. M^{rs} Priestman
95. D^r Scott Lidgett
96. ✓ M^{rs} Morris
97. M^{rs} Johnson
98. ✓ H. J. A. Dashwood
99. Harold Henson
100. Rev. A. G. B. West
101. Very Rev. Norman Maclean
102. " " C. L. Warr
103. Rev. George P. MacLeod
104. ✓ Sir Thomas Oliver
105. Sir Walter Raine
106. Canon W. Emery Barnes
107. Sir Vincent Baddeley
108. Archbishop of Armagh
109. Canon Creed.