

**Henson Journal Volume 72**

**10 Apr. 1938 – 11 Aug. 1938**

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

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

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[1]

**Palm Sunday, April 10<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8.15 a.m. instead of 8 a.m., thus making a small concession to the advent of "summer time". We numbered 10 communicants, including the Warden [William Adams]\* & M<sup>rs</sup> Adams.

Ella and Fearne motored into Durham with our guests, and there attended the morning service. I remained at home, and wrote to [7th] Lord Londonderry,\* acknowledging the gift of his book, "Ourselves and Germany"; and to Pastor Hildebrandt.

Martin [Ellingsen]\* and I went to South Church at 3 p.m. and there I confirmed 108 persons. The service was well enough, but all the windows were closed, & the atmosphere was asphyxiating.

After tea the Warden and I walked round the Park, and had much interesting talk together. He gave me an interesting account of his experiences in Germany, where he spent sometime last year visiting the Universities, and giving lectures. He had been greatly impressed by the vigour, enthusiasm, & wholesome appearance of the population, which, he thought, could not be matched in England. More particularly he was astonished by the extent and ardour of the religion proceeding in the great majority of the churches in conformity [2] with the requirements of the Nazi State. He had discussed the religious situation very frankly with many Germans, & found them ready to admit the indefensible character of much that the State had done, but always justifying their acquiescence by alleging the notable services which Hitler had rendered to the German nation. He thought the Nazi régime would stand for some time, but doubted whether it could permanently suppress the revolt of German intelligence.

He spoke much of the Groupist movement, and said that he had been both impressed and amazed by its success in "roping in" young men of marked ability. He disliked the movement, and doubted the quality of its influence. In spite of much pressure, he had refused to have anything to do with the prodigious advertising effort which Buchman was making. I made him read Martin Kiddle's\* account of the Canadian 'campaign', and he was evidently impressed by its revelation of [Frank] Buchman's\* vulgarity, unscrupulousness, and advertizing ability. He thought that Groupism had 'shot its bolt' in Oxford.

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[3]

**Monday, April 11<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A white frost, and a brilliantly fine day. After breakfast the Warden & M<sup>rs</sup> Adams in one car, and Bill Adams, leading the way in another, left the Castle for Durham, & then on to Scotland. They left a very pleasant memory behind them.

The newspapers report the result of Hitler's plebiscite. Of course, he has the support of all but a fraction of the people, both in Germany and in Austria.

Dick [Elliott]\* came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me in the Park. He seemed very vigorous, & spoke with evident interest about his work. I made him read some of the chapter on Anglican Doctrine, & he expressed his approval with some ardour. Of course, his opinion is not worth much, but it is the opinion of a candid & well-educated young clergyman, & must therefore count for something.

Martin and I motored to Dipton, where I confirmed 65 persons in a terrible atmosphere. When I pointed out to the Vicar that not a single window was open, he replied that not one could open! What must this mean for the regular experience of the congregation? What idiots the clergy are thus to destroy their own capacity to speak, & the capacity of the congregation to listen!

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[4]

**Tuesday, April 12<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A white frost was followed by a bright warm day. There are reports of much damage to fruit blossom, but Webster assures me that no harm has yet been done to the blossom in the garden.

I worked at the book rather helplessly.

Dick returned to Norton, leaving as usual a pleasant memory of his presence.

I walked in the Park in the afternoon, and, in the course of it, had speech with three young men, who said that they were workless, & grumbled shamelessly about the smallness of their dole. I spoke rather sternly about their ingratitude to the country for giving them any dole at all. There are many evidences of the deterioration in the younger men caused by dole-fed indolence.

Martin and I motored to Jarrow-Grange, where I confirmed 184 persons in the parish church. The new Vicar, Cheshire, not having yet been instituted, Harvie Clark, the Rector of Jarrow, was in command. Everything went off well enough, save that somebody in the congregation fainted, and was removed with much superfluous commotion. Langton Heaver\* writes to accept Winston.

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[5]

**Wednesday, April 13<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Another fine, almost summerlike day.

I motored to Durham, and dined in the County Hotel with ^General Herbert^ and the Officers of his command, to meet the newly-appointed General ^Dawnay^ in charge of public information vulgarities [?] to boost the Army. I sate between him, and another officer, and had pleasant talk with both. The General started talking about the Groups. He said that he had he had read my charge: that he had seen much of the influence of the movement on young men: & that he deeply disapproved it. We spoke of the probability of war, & he expressed the opinion that the disaster would probably befall us in two years time. He had been in China, & held a high estimate of the staying power of the Chinese.

The wind changed from West to East, & though the temperature fell, somewhat, the general result was to make the weather more exhausting. Perhaps as a consequence of this, the coughing of the congregation in S. Oswald's, Hebburn, when I confirmed 100 persons, was so continuous and insistent that I was forced to interrupt my address in order to plead for restraint. Apart from this untoward incident, the service was satisfactory.

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[6]

**Thursday, April 14<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Overcast and very warm. There were reported last night “earth-tremours [sic]” in London. The report suggests an uncomfortably disturbed state of the physical system. And the moral anarchy of the nations corresponds to it.

“Grey Owl” the Indian half-breed, who has made himself a name as a champion of wild animals and an outspoken enemy of “sport” is dead. He was only 44.

I worked at the Book for two hours, and then gave over, as I felt the oncoming of this abominable giddiness which has afflicted me of late.

The Archdeacon and his family came to tea. I had summoned the Vicar of Byers Green to meet me in order that he might explain the fact that he was announced as borrowing £50. from a money-lender. He pleaded his miserable relation with his wife, who refuses to cohabit, & drains him of money in order that she may live apart. He assured me that he would repay the loan this year: but, of course, I didn't believe him. It is a miserable case, and cannot but develope [sic] miserably.

Davison of West Auckland protests vehemently against the smallness of his pension!

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[7]

**Good Friday, April 15<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

The Times of yesterday contained an admirably written article, (probably by Canon Anthony Deane\* of Windsor,) on the great Subject of the Day. It linked the witness of Calvary with the woeful situation of the world ~~today~~ as it is now, and drew the inference that the Victory of Moral Forces, which the Crucifix, illuminated & interpreted by Easter, then achieved in the Saviour's Person, was the pledge and promise of a similar victory today. It is a great and consoling thought, but it is hard to admit. I find it increasingly difficult to believe in a final victory of Moral Forces in this world, while nowise letting go my conviction that somehow, somewhere, in the vast expanse of Being, they will be victorious. The petition in the Lord's Prayer – "Thy Kingdom come on earth" – has been partly misunderstood, and partly misapplied. It has commended itself with perilous facility to the materialistic temper of the age, and it has misconceived the meaning of the Redeemer's Kingdom. A happy ordering of secular life, with every mundane desire satisfied, and, within the pinched limit between birth & death, felicity guaranteed, is a poor & inadequate understanding of "the Kingdom of God is within you".

[8]

Bill Adams wrote to ask for my contribution to the Tyneside Council of Social Service. I sent him £10 for the two years, 1937-1938, and added the warning that I should probably not be able to afford a continuance of it when I had fallen into the penurious obscurity of the pensioned.

Then I corrected the proofs for the Bishoprick. They include the sermon which I preached in 1914 in Stratford on Avon at the annual Shakespeare Commemoration. The shadow of the Great War had not then fallen on the world.

I sate in the Chapel for an hour and a half, and read Vincent Taylor's book – 'Jesus and His Sacrifice, a study of the Passion-Sayings in the Gospels' – which I found suggestive and helpful. But how deep is the darkness of Calvary!

What He is determines what He does to such a degree that His Sacrifice is limited in no way in respect of time or place. Historical as an event in time, it is not chained to the circumstances and conditions of nineteen centuries ago: it has the marks of universality and perfection. (p. 295)

[9]

The day was warm, windless, and brilliant, an ideal holiday. A large number of people, mostly young, came into the Park during the afternoon. I laid hold of three youths, whose ages in combination did not exceed 65 years, and shewed [them] the rock-garden, and the fruit blossom. Very civil, well-spoken lads, especially one who said that he was in the Royal Navy, & waxed eloquent on guns, aeroplanes etc. It is a horrid thought that myriads of such

boys should be in imminent danger through the demented egotism of a handful [sic] of dictators.

Ella and Fearne are obsessed with the wearisome questions which our transference from a palace to a cottage, i.e. from Auckland Castle to Hyntle Place, must needs raise, & which bore me to distraction. What furniture will fit the small rooms? What carpets must be bought? and endlessly so. There is one consoling reflection that, when this change of residence has been effected, we may reasonably believe that it will be the last we need contemplate. The next removal will be to the grave-yard, "where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest."

[10]

The immediate observance of the Supper in primitive Christianity, attested by the Acts of the Apostles, shows that reassurance regarding the continued observance of the Supper was not required: and, in these circumstances, the command for repetition in the Pauline tradition is sufficient in itself, either as a valid historical saying, or as an indication of how the original disciples had understood the intention of Jesus on the last night of His earthly life. Theology, therefore, does not build on an uncertain foundation when it finds in the Eucharist a permanent means whereby men may participate in the self-offering of Jesus.

v. Vincent Taylor, 'Jesus & His Sacrifice', p. 314.

Since the Supper was an established institution before S. Paul's conversion, there could have been no reason why he should have received a revelation commanding its observance. It would appear, therefore, that the only reasonable explanation of his language is that he was recording an actual utterance of Jesus.



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[11]

**Easter Eve, April 16<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Another brilliant morning, with the sun lighting on frozen ground. It is a strange waterless spring. The farmers are held up by the drought.

The Modern Churchman thinks it worth while to recall a foolish utterance which “that brilliant dialectician D<sup>r</sup> Henson” once delivered, where he “once described his opponents in the Protestant underworld as an army of illiterates led by nonagenarians.” It is a pity that the actual form of this “blazing indiscretion” should be lost. I said that they were “an army of illiterates generalised by octogenarians.” I have said many things in my life, perhaps as many as most men of my own age, but I suspect none will survive except two silly impromptus, which are not conspicuously notable for anything more than the self-convicting resentment which they aroused. Probably most reputations have no better foundation, and do as little justice. Indeed, nothing has become more familiar, in these severely-scientific days, than the condemnation, as historically untenable, of famous utterances which have become familiar e.g. Galileo’s e pur si muove, and Pitt’s dying words.

[12]

The Archdeacon of Dunedin, armed with a letter of commendation from the Archdeacon of Auckland, called with a request that I would sanction his assisting D<sup>r</sup> Brinton at Holy Trinity, Darlington, presenting an “informal” permission from the Archbishop of Canterbury permitting him albeit colonially ordained, to officiate. But I pointed out that the C.C. Act required the authorisation of ‘the Archbishop of the province’, and that, therefore, Canterbury’s authority would not suffice for ministry in York. He undertook to seek permission from the Northern Primate. I showed him the Chapel & the State Room. He started to talk about the faith-healing quack, Hickson,\* whose activities made so considerable a stir some years ago. He said that the effect of his presence in New Zealand had been most unfortunate: that nearly all who had been “healed” had relapsed: & that the Church in the Dominion had been brought into much discredit. Hickson himself had reaped a golden harvest. I strongly suspect that a similar humiliation will in due course come upon the patrons & disciples of Frank Buchman.

[13]

The place of Jesus Christ in the continuous life of the Church, and in Christian experience are facts of life and history: and, if the universe of thought is a rational whole, it must be possible to assign some organic relationship between them and the earliest data of Christian tradition. There is a point at which the interests of criticism, faith, and worship intersect: and while specialisation must always have its necessary place in the search for truth, nothing less than unification of thought is the final goal of inquiry.

(v. Vincent Taylor, ‘Jesus & His Sacrifice’ p. 253)

The interest of criticism is to discover the truth: the interest of faith is to find justification for itself: the interest of worship is to be directed to the right Object. In all three, the interest is so far identical that all require reality, so that the criticism must be honest, the faith reasonable, and the worship intelligent. Criticism is the necessary instrument of faith: & faith authorized by criticism is the presupposition of worship.

[14]

The truth of history, which it is the proper purpose of criticism to ascertain, is not completely disclosed by tradition standing alone; for tradition cannot be rightly understood, if consideration of the faith which it has created be excluded from the critic's handling; nor can faith afford to ignore the chastening & correction of its historic roots, which it is the function of criticism to provide. Worship is only then intelligent when it springs from such a reasonable faith as critically-certified tradition permits. Tradition must be adequate to sustain the fabric of historic faith, of which the Worship must be the inevitable expression.

Is this arguing in a circle?

It occurred to me that I might take occasion to call on old Lady [Madeleine] Surtees.\* Ella and Feane went with me, and we found her at home. She was evidently pleased to see us, and, if my giddiness had not befallen me, & destroyed my comfort, I should have found pleasure in her conversation. As it fell out I was glad to get back to my study.

The weather became much colder.

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[15]

Easter Day, April 17<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Immortality

Foil'd by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,  
We leave the brutal world to take its way,  
And, Patience! in another life, we say,  
The world shall be thrust down & we upborne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn  
The world's poor routed leavings? or will they,  
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,  
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn?

No, no! the energy of life may be  
Kept on after the grave, but not begun;  
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,

From strength to strength advancing – only he,  
His soul well-knit, & all his battles won,  
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

Matthew Arnold.

[16]

A brilliant sun, easterly wind, & white frost. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. With me, there communicated these:-

1. Ella.
2. Fearne.
3. Alexander.
4. William.
5. Webster.
6. Lawson
7. John Martin.
8. The Cook
9. The Laundry maid.
10. Irene Alexander.
11. Alexander's guest.
12. M<sup>rs</sup>. Lawson
13. Amy Bryden.

[There were several persons absent, whom I am accustomed to see at the Communion on Easter Day viz:

Leng & his son Harry  
Lawson's wife & son.  
M<sup>rs</sup>. Alexander.  
Florrie Bryden, and  
William Bryden:

but their absence is in most cases explicable.]

I found an Easter Egg on my plate at breakfast, which, when opened, was found to contain ginger (of which I am known to be incontinently fond.) and an inscription attached as follows – To the Bishop with love & wishes from Faith & John [Owen]. I composed the following doggerel for the children:-

[17]

It is reported from Auckland Castle that there has been picked up under the breakfast table a piece of paper containing the following lines, which, it is supposed, were intended to express the Bishop's thoughts, when he found on his plate a glorious Easter Egg, with an Inscription:-

An Easter Egg! and what a Shell!  
A Sunrise only could as well  
Its glories show: and, then, when broken,  
O what a wealth of Festal Token!  
Pungent yet sweet, the casket shows  
Its secret treasure, & bestows  
A welcome Gift. How good to eat!  
And, better far, how fair & sweet,  
A legend kind from FAITH and JOHN,  
Their gift of Love: than Durham's brilliant Throne,  
In gold & colour glowing bright,  
Fairer & sweeter in the Bishop's sight  
And brighter for the present's glad surprize,  
Cheering the shadowed world with love from children's eyes.

H.D.

[18]

[symbol]

*The Sunday papers report the signing of the agreement between Italy and Great Britain. It is not to come into force until the Italian forces have been withdrawn from Spain, and the conquest of Abyssinia has been recognized by Great Britain. **We certainly "throw over" these unhappy Abyssinians, and tarnish our much-tarnished honour. Whether we shall***

**gain the material advantages, which constitute our “thirty pieces of silver” depends on the good faith of Mussolini, respecting which it must be said that our experience hitherto provides no reason for thinking that he has any regard whatever for good faith. For the time being, the signing of the agreement constitutes a notable triumph for the Prime Minister.** It is suggested, and in itself seems to be highly probable, that one potent reason why Mussolini has shown himself rather unexpectedly accommodating is the alarm which Hitler's action on Austria has created in Italy. With Nazi Germany encamped on the Brenner, there are cogent inducements for a placable attitude in the Mediterranean.

[19]

*Then, probably for the last time, I motored to Durham in order to occupy the Bishop's Throne in the cathedral on Easter Day at Evensong. I cannot recall having omitted to do so since 1921. This is the 18<sup>th</sup> Easter Day since I signed myself – Herbert Dunelm: And soon I shall cease to have the right to use that signature. There is no neglect so speedy in its oncoming & so complete in its character as that which befalls the man who relinquishes high office, and has no other title to public regard. I shall not like exclusion from the House of Lords, for though I have made little use of my membership, I have liked to possess it. Life will be the bleaker for being stripped of importance. The service in the cathedral was very beautiful. There has certainly been effected since Alington's coming a notable improvement in the singing. He has restored the godly custom (which Welldon had abandoned) of standing for Handel's Hallelujah Chorus. After the service we all had tea with the Bishop of Jarrow [Geoffrey Gordon],\* who was alone, M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon being absent on one of the now fashionable cruises in the Mediterranean.*

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[20]

**Easter Monday, April 18<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Dull and cold: northerly wind & no rain.

I received an urgently-expressed request for assistance from D. M. Slovach, who was at one time employed in this diocese in connexion with C. L. B. [Church Lads Brigade], and who, some years ago, removed to Sheffield for similar work. He always impressed me as a feeble creature, but he was warmly recommended by Sherwood, a quondam curate of S. Margaret's, Westminster, & we took him on. He was mixed up, not (so far as I know) with any fault of his own, with a disreputable curate of S. Oswald's, Durham, (who is now an incumbent & surrogate in the diocese of York!). Now, according to his own account, he is ill, unemployed, and penniless. I wrote to the Bishop of Sheffield and to Sherwood, inquiring about him; but I have no resources from which to give him effective assistance. If he must finally have recourse to the dole, there seems to be little reason in postponing the experience by temporary gifts, which in the giving would impoverish & embarrass me, & in the receiving would not permanently advantage him.

[21]

Martin went off for a week's holiday after breakfast, and I wrote some letters, but did little else being hindered by this abominable giddiness.

In the afternoon I took a "constitutional" in the policies, and, falling in with a band of five pit-lads, showed them the chapel. On my asking where they went to church, they told me that they went to chapel. One of them went to the Spiritualist meeting, and one volunteered the information that he had once been in church at a marriage! The Established Church doesn't count for much in the Palatine Bishoprick.

M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Favell with their son Tim came to tea, and to say 'Goodbye'. The death of her father, old D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh, breaks the link with Bishop Auckland. I showed Tim & his father the Chapel and the State-room. The lad, who is in the Navy, seemed to me modest & intelligent. He had never been here before, and seemed to be interested in what he saw & was told. It is certainly high time that Auckland Castle should have another occupant. The drain-pipes in the Park have ruined my walk, & the doctor's death has removed my comrade.

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[22]

Easter Tuesday, April 19<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Overclouded, & warmer, but still no rain.

The little book on the Bible issued by Vernon Storr, and his friends, to which at his request I wrote a brief "Introduction" arrived from the publishers.

*On its front sheet the Times publishes a letter from George Trevelyan,\* welcoming the Anglo-Italian Agreement, and throwing over Abyssinia with alacrity:-*

| *Then [sic] seems then every reason for us to say no more about Abyssinia, as is laid down in the agreement signed last week.*

*I was so moved that I forthwith wrote a letter to the Times, under a heading borrowed from last Monday's leading article, "a difficult sacrifice of principle". I don't think Geoffrey [Dawson]\* will publish it, as he is clearly seeking to help the Government, but it relieved my feelings to write it!*

Lee, the new Vicar of St Paul's, Darlington, came to see [me] about an Ordination candidate, & stayed to lunch. He said that his predecessor, Jardine,\* had left the parochial accounts in a desperate condition: that his own financial procedure [23] was worse than suspicious: & that his reputation in the parish was unsavoury. The people appeared to be glad to be rid of him. Lee had come to the conclusion that Jardine's brain was unsettled, a view which coincides with my own.

Charles Lillingston also came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me in the Park for two hours. He seems to have settled down to school-mastering as his profession: and he has hopes of getting on to the staff at Eton.

*News came that Xan Wynne-Willson\* had been badly injured in a motor-accident, and that Monica Sturt, who was with him, was also badly injured. This is rather tragic. Xan's first-born ~~son~~ is only five days old.*

The Bishop of Burnley, a rather noisy talker, came to tea, & had much to say. He is, in my opinion, a man without ideas, who echoes the phrases of the hour.

Finally, Carter arrived with some papers for me to sign. He advised me to turn a deaf ear to Slovach's appeal for help. It appears that S. has been the architect of his own troubles.

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[24]

**Wednesday, April 20<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

An overcast but warm and rainless day.

I motored to Newcastle, and had my hair dealt with then. Then, I purchased a black soft hat for my visiting use, that I might avoid the necessity of transporting the stringed silk hat.

After lunching in the railway hotel, I proceeded to South Shields, where, in S. Michael's Church, I officiated at the marriage of Tom Elliott, and gave an address from the words of Amos, 'Shall two walk together, except they have agreed?'. I postulated 4 requisites of a happy & lasting union viz. (1) freedom of consent, (2) equality of status & fellowship, (3) congruity of object: and (4) willingness to sacrifice, and showed that all were secured by genuine discipleship. Then I returned to Auckland, arriving at the Castle at 3.35 p.m.

I telephoned to the Bishop of Jarrow, and he came to see me. I asked him to see Charles Pattinson\* and arrange that he sh<sup>d</sup> have charge of Benfieldside during Xan's absence, & that Casey the curate should be placed under his control. This arrangement will both provide for Xan's duty, and for Casey's diaconal training.

[25]

The Ordination candidate, whom Lee so strongly urged me to accept – Edwin Henry Waddleton – came to see me. The Bishop of Jarrow was present. We were both of us very favourably impressed by his evident sincerity, but he has only an elementary school education, he is now a student at that fanatical seminary, Clifton Theological College, and he has no money. It is difficult to see how any justification can be discovered for accepting him for Ordination, and for granting him financial assistance from Diocesan funds. I sent him away with words of discouragement, but reserved my decision. Finally, after some further discussion with my suffragan, I decided to tell him that he might make application to the Board of Training, & let them decide on his fate. He is 26 years old, so that his best learning years have already been traversed.

A violent attack on "Grey Owl's" rectitude has been made in the Daily Herald, & other papers. This has evoked a vigorous, & apparently effective, answer from his friend, Lovat Dickson, whose letter, headed "Grey Owl: no question of his identity", is given the place of honour in the Times.



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[26]

Thursday, April 21<sup>st</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

Another brilliant warm day. The papers report heavy snow in Switzerland, bitter cold in France, and an earthquake in Turkey.

The controversy about "Grey Owl" deepens. In the Times there is evidence, which is not easy to resist, which bears out the statement that he was English, & had no Red Indian blood in him. He appears also to have been a bigamist.

***My letter appears under another*** from Sir John Fischer Williams K.C. on the front page of the Times. The last raises the interesting question as to the precise meaning of recognition de facto and de jure, of a conquest. In the casuistic discussion the lines of moral obligation are, as always, easily obscured.

Sherwood, answering my inquiry about Slovach, tells me that a few weeks ago he sent him £20, & that he was then expecting an appointment carrying a stipend of £1000 yearly. In writing to me, this had degenerated into one of only half that value! I fear that Slovach has become [27] an unscrupulous writer of begging letters, the most hopeless of all the mendicant types. Adding Sherwood's testimony to Carter's warning, I hardened my heart, and sent Slovach a brief note stating that the Bishop of Durham could not see his way to send him anything.

I wrote to Lazenby\* asking him to facilitate a review of the documents in the Diocesan Registry which Professor Powicke\* wishes to have made in connexion with his project of establishing a school of historical research in Durham with the aid of the Pilgrim Trust.

Also, I wrote to Waddleton granting him permission to make application for a grant to the Board of Training.

Also, I wrote to Charles telling him that I wanted him to undertake pastoral charge of Benfieldside during the absence of Xan Wynne-Willson.

*The Times reports the death of Sir Henry Newbolt.\* He was born in 1862, & was thus my senior by one year. I had become very friendly with him and his brother [George Newbolt]\* in the Athenaeum: and my life is perceptibly emptier for his death. He was certainly a very gifted & lovable man.*

[28]

We left the Castle a few minutes before 2 p.m., and motored by way of Piercebridge, Catterick, Boroughbridge, and Doncaster to Carlton Hall, where we arrived about 6.15 p.m., but we stopped for half an hour for tea at the Fox Hotel some 15 miles north of Doncaster. The provision was sufficient, and uncommonly inexpensive, the charge being no more than ninepence per person. At the Three Arrows in Boroughbridge it would have been more

nearly half a crown. Of course, the place was less pleasing, & the general arrangements recognizably democratic!

We were welcomed with kindness by Flo Laurie and a relation named Johnson, an oddly prattling female, of a type which both amuses and annoys one! The death of old M<sup>rs</sup> Skeffington-Craig has, as usual, opened the door to a vast amount of rather squalid quarrelling over the inheritance. How truly did the great Apostle declare that 'the love of money is a root of all kinds of evil.' The 'lucre' is truly said to be "filthy".

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[29]

Friday, April 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.

The sky is clouded: the wind is in the north: the temperature has fallen. There are reports in the papers of heavy snowfalls in Italy, and extensive mischief to the crops through the frost everywhere.

The Times has still more evidence about "Grey Owl", of which the general effect is favourable to his claim to have been a half-breed – Scotch father and a Red Indian mother. Also, there is a short leading article, which, while belittling the importance of the controversy as to his race, emphasizes the nobility of his character.

[symbol in margin] *Two letters on the subject of the 'Anglo-Italian Agreement' appear in the Times: the one, from Gilbert Murray,\* criticizes George Trevelyan: the other, from Sir Arnold Wilson,\* does as much to the Bishop of Durham. Neither carries the discussion much beyond the point at which it was standing.*

After lunch we motored to a little village called Littleborough, about sixteen miles distant, on the bank of the Trent. It has a small and remarkably interesting church, of which the chancel arch is early Norman work, and the walls are builded in the "herring-bone" manner of the Anglo-Saxons.

[30]

Two of the local parsons came to tea. One of them had worked in Australia, where he had evidently been impressed by the faith-healing quack, Hickson, whose praises were so loudly sung by the Australian Hierarchy. I suspect that he imagined himself to be in accord with my sympathies in professing belief in spiritual healing, but, when he found himself mistaken on this point, he wonderfully changed his testimony about Hickson and his "miracles"!

There came to dine Archdeacon Hailes and his daughter with Lady Robinson, and another. Sydney Laurie had arrived from town. I had some talk with the Archdeacon. He is an old Wykhamist, and a passionate admirer of Bishop [George] Ridding,\* whom, he said, "we regard as our second Founder in this diocese." He spoke about the Doctrinal Report, which evidently perturbs him, though he is not unwilling to adopt the tolerant attitude of his friend, Bishop [Llewellyn] Gwynne.\* The Anglo-Catholics are reported to be organizing an orthodox protest!

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[31]

Saturday, April 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

*I received a considerable budget of letters, mostly from obscure people thanking me for my letter in the Times. The Times itself has evidently decided to "close down" the correspondence, and **has a leader backing up the Agreement with Italy, and dismissing with pitying contempt those who, (like the Bishop of D.), find sacrifice of "principle" unpleasing!** It argues with laboured persistence that the Agreement involves no surrender of principle in the matter of the League of Nations, but it disdains even so much as to notice the betrayal of Abyssinia. Diplomacy is a dirty business, & the sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the sons of light. It would not be true to say that I am surprised by the attitude of the Times, for I hardly expected that my letter would be published, but, since it was published, I cannot avoid a sense of disappointment that it was not allowed to become the text of a larger correspondence, in which the moral disgust of many, & not wholly unimportant, English folk would have found expression. However I have delivered my soul.*

[32]

After lunch Flo motored me to Southwell, where we viewed the Minster, and admired the marvellous carved work in the Chapter House. Then we attended Evensong. One of the priest vicars was Patrick Wild,\* who has just taken up work in Southwell, where his father, the late Bishop of Newcastle was at one time Vicar. The choir consisted of 5 men and 10 boys, but the service was admirably sung. Old Canon Edward Lyttleton,\* who was staying with the Provost, [William] Conybeare,\* & had been present in the congregation, spoke to me, & we had quite a lively congregation.[sic] He is an amazing old man, who, at an age which few men reach, retains the physical & mental alertness of youth. Then we had tea with Archdeacon Hailes in the rather sumptuous house which he has bought. He has no less than 23 acres of land. The Labradors, one black and two golden, were shown. The black dog was born of the bitch which Murray gave me from the Duke of Buccleugh's stable. Then we returned to Carlton Hall.

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[33]

**LOW SUNDAY, April 24<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A clouded sky, rather cold wind, but still without rain. In church the parson prayed for rain, a performance which (perhaps irrationally) I cannot help disliking. Certainly I have never been able to authorize it.

Through carelessness in not asking to be called in time for attendance at the early service, I made the bad start of absenteeism from Holy Communion. This I regret the more since it may have carried to the family an impression which is neither just nor edifying.

We all went to Church for Mattins. There were 3 things which displeased me particularly viz. (1) the lessons were prefaced by little 'sermonettes' of explanation. This practice, which is certainly tending to grow common, is in my judgment highly objectionable. The pulpit is the place in which the Scripture is to be interpreted. To interject such explanations or interpretations in the course of the public service is to clothe them with a quasi-official character which they do not properly possess. Moreover, the type & character of such "sermonettes" must needs vary distressingly.

[34]

(2) At the 3<sup>rd</sup> collect there was introduced a protracted series of hortatory announcements which dislocated the service, & made its resumption unpleasing.

(3) The parson preached ex tempore, or with very slight assistance from notes. Inevitably, therefore, his discourse was disconnected and expressed in a slovenly fashion. At the close of the service the Vicar stood at the door, & shook hands with everybody.

*Mine Hostess asked to consult with me on a matter which was causing her trouble. This turned out to be Sydney's announcement of his intention to become a Papist! I told her not to take his purpose resentfully, but rather to welcome the evidence of his serious concern with religion which it provided. I said that the Roman type of religion appealed naturally to persons of an emotional temperament, & there was no reason in objecting. She expressed herself relieved by my Gallio-like attitude, & begged me to have talk with Sydney on the matter.*

[35]

*I walked in the garden with Sydney for some time, and carefully led our conversation to the subject of Papistry, but he was evidently disinclined to "open out" on his own situation, and we came to no direct discussion. But I doubt not that he divined that his Mother had been speaking to me about him, & I think he realized that I was neither unsympathetic nor scandalized.*

*Am I right in thus refusing to embark on the attempt to deter a young man from taking the course to which he is temperamentally predisposed, and which probably carries the fate of his personal religion? The fact is that every form of organized Christianity is so defective in some respect or other that the mere existence in the Roman version of grave faults cannot be sufficient to put it out of the reckoning. We have long outlived the fierce Protestantism which doubted the possibility of "salvation" within the Roman church. The one really serious fault of Papistry is its abominable intolerance. It is still the one Church in Christendom which includes persecution in its scheme of ecclesiastical duty.*

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[36]

**Monday, April 25<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

We left Carlton Hall shortly before 10 a.m., and motored to Grantham, where I took train for King's Cross, and arrived there some minutes in front of scheduled time. I drove to the Athenaeum, & lunched there. Then I went to the hair-dresser, & received his professional attention. I called at Rees's book-shop, and bought a novel to read in the train viz. "Northwest Passage" by Kenneth Roberts. Then I returned to the Athenaeum, & wrote a "Collins" to Flo. It was then time for me to proceed to Paddington, where I took train for Taunton, leaving the first at 3.30 p.m., and reaching the last at 5.57 p.m. On the platform Arthur [Henson] Rawle\* and Betty awaited me. They motored me to Holnicote House Hotel about 30 miles distant.

*I dined comfortably enough in the Hotel with my cousin, whose birthday is ~~tomorrow~~ on Wednesday, when he will complete 78 years of life. Thus he is my senior by 3½ years, and "as hard as nails". Apart from incipient deafness, he shows no evidence of old age.*

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[37]

Tuesday, April 26<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

The day was clouded, and very cold. Before descending to breakfast, I wrote to Ella. My cousin and I walked in the policies before being motored by Betty to the Meet of the Stag-hounds. There he introduced me to a parson, who is Vicar of Abingdon, an Irishman, and (though not himself a huntsman) a regular visitor to the Hunt. Here we left Arthur to pursue the stag, *while we motored to Minehead in order that I might visit my brother [Arthur Henson]\* at Hillbury. I thought he looked healthier than when last I saw him: but he was as melancholy as ever. He would not let me see his wife, who has now for some months been confined to her room with a mysterious medley of ailments. She has seen nobody save her husband, her nurse, and the doctor for many weeks. However my brother said that she had taken "a turn for the better". He showed me his garden which is radiant with flowers. It is a pity that he is so inaccessible and self-absorbed. After residing in Minehead for 16 years, he appears to have no friends, & to have formed no interests. The general opinion of his neighbours is naturally not entirely favourable.*

[38]

Talbot has developed into a fine dog, & seems to be a general favourite. Both my cousin and Betty are devoted to him. He is said to combine the qualities of an excellent sporting dog, and those of a domestic pet!

Betty and I lunched together in the Hotel. After a siesta, I wrote letters & read until tea-time, after which we all walked for more than an hour, returning then to the Hotel. The book, "Anglicanism in Transition", by Humphrey Johnson, Priest of the Birmingham Oratory, is acute, well-informed, & written in an excellent temper. I find several references to myself:

"In an able speech in the House of Lords in support of the new book, a support which might well have been rewarded with the primacy of the northern province, the Bishop of Durham called attention to the activities of the "Protestant underworld" etc.

That phrase is more often repeated than any other utterance of that unfortunate prelate. It is even credited with having been the cause of the rejection of the Revised Book!

[39]

*There came to dinner Colonel Samuel \* and his wife, well-known Israelites. He commanded the Battalion of Jewish volunteers which served during the Great War in Palestine. He is a banker, wealthy, and the Treasurer of the great Fund which the Jews have raised for the help of their distressed fellows. He was very depressed, & said that he could see no solution of the Jewish problem. He said that the superior intelligence of the Jews had certainly carried them into a prominence in the higher ranges of public life in Germany, which was out of*



*proportion to their numbers. He thought that the ejection of the Jews from Germany would be finally discovered to be such an intellectual & moral impoverishment as the ejection of the Huguenots had been to France. He preferred Hitler to Göering, who, he thought, was a mere gangster. If any disaster befell the Führer, and placed power in Göering's hands, he thought there would probably be war. He had lived in Japan, and held the Japanese in high regard, but doubted their ability to overcome the Chinese. Their relative poverty was more than balanced by their fanatical patriotism.*

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[40]

**Wednesday, April 27<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

The day was very cold and misty in the forenoon, but warm and bright afterwards. We motored though the most magnificent scenery which for the mist we were unable to see; and in the evening we had a very pleasant walk with the dogs.

[John] Simon's\* Budget is disappointing and disconcerting. Sixpence is added to the Income Tax, and twopence per lb. on tea. Another penny is placed on petrol. There are elaborate provisions against fraudulent methods of evading taxation. Parliament is said to have received the Budget with marked frigidity, and, of course, the usual denunciations are being mouthed by the usual critics. It is unfortunate for me just now to have my income substantially reduced, and it is not unreasonable to think that an income tax of 5/6 in the £. is excessive in time of peace: but reflection compels one to admit that in the extraordinary situation which now confronts us, we ought to think in terms of war-time, not of peace.

[41]

*My cousin was much moved by the Budget. Incidentally he told me that he now pays about £2000 in tax, and is left with a net income of about £4000. His private income, & my official income appear to be about the same.*

Undoubtedly the increase of taxation will make the task of raising the indispensable money for religious and charitable purposes more than ever difficult. Two new appeals are being launched in the diocese immediately, the one for Boy Scouts, the other for Durham University. They are bound to fail.

A pleasant young man came to dinner. He is the agent for the Acland property, and seems to have been at Eton for he knew the Alingtons. After dinner, the Irish parson, M<sup>c</sup>Ewan, Vicar of Abingdon came in. We had a considerable discussion on the subject of Abyssinia, and I was impressed by the low-toned conventionality of his opinions. The Estate-agent acknowledged that he was much impressed by the moral aspect of the political problem, and seemed to share my feeling on the matter. My cousin was exiled from the discussion by his inability to hear what was said.

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[42]

**Thursday, April 28<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A brilliant day without prospect of rain. The drought is beginning to threaten the country with a considerable calamity.

After breakfast Betty motored us to the Meet of the Staghounds. Among the onlookers was the quondam Archdeacon of Taunton, de Salis, with whom I had a few words. He said that he met me in the house of the late Dean of Westminster, who was his close friend. Also, I was hailed by Colonel Samuel, who does not look comfortable on horse-back. [My cousin says that Jews, for some unknown reason, cannot ride: but I suspect that this reflects prejudice rather than knowledge.] When the Hunt had started, Betty drove me through the most wonderful scenery to Lynmouth, and so back to Minehead. After tea, she drove us to Minehead, *where I again called at Hillbury, and saw my Brother. He says that a second nurse has been introduced for the better care of his wife, whose illness is grave.*

[43]

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**Lord Lugard\* has a letter on the Abyssinian question which holds place of honour in the Times.** He emphasizes the extent of the repugnance which [sic] the proposal that the Conquest of Abyssinia has aroused in England, and suggests that a mitigation of the scandal, if not a solution of the problem, might be found if Italy could be induced to give the Emperor a portion of Abyssinia to be ruled under conditions imposed by the League of Nations & approved by Italy. He thinks that the increasing difficulties which are being encountered in Abyssinia may incline Mussolini to agree to a proposal, which would certainly ease the situation there, and that Haile Salassie might not refuse such an arrangement. Lord Lugard's opinion on any African question carries considerable weight.

*But I doubt the possibility of inducing the Emperor of Abyssinia to acquiesce in any arrangement which would subject him to the Italians, and I am sure that it is quite impossible to discover any reasonable ground for basing any confidence in the promises which Mussolini might make. The League of Nations cannot really assist the Emperor.*

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[44]

Friday, April 29<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

My cousin and Betty motored me to Taunton where I took train for London, leaving at 10.45 a.m., and arriving at 1.15 p.m. On the platform of Taunton station was a tiresome Baptist Station-master who, on the strength of having lived in Birmingham when Gore vainly inhibited [me] for preaching in the Digbeth Institute connected with Carr's Lane Congregational Church, fastened himself on me, & displayed a conversational adhesiveness which was annoying. On arriving at ~~King's Cross~~ Paddington, I drove to the Athenaeum, where I lunched. Lord [Victor] Lytton,\* *who happened to be lunching, came to my table, & **assured me of his hearty agreement with my Abyssinian letter to the Times.*** Then I proceeded to King's Cross, and took train for Darlington, where I arrived at 9. 9 p.m., having been unable to get a seat on the Coronation Express, which, leaving at the same time, arrived at 8.21 p.m. Martin [Ellingsen]\* met me at the station, and motored me to the Castle, where I found that Ella and Fearne had already arrived.

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[45]

**Saturday, April 30<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

The weather continues to be very cold, but, though the sky is cloud-covered, there is no rain. I spent the morning in writing letters, including one to Commander King-Hall, and one to the Dean of Winchester, on the subject of Abyssinia.

I walked in the Park with Martin in the afternoon, and, on returning to the Castle, wrote a "Collins" to my cousin. I wrote also to my brother, *and to Mr Munro Cautley, ordering the new water supply and furnace for warming Hyntle Place. It is becoming apparent that I shall prove the truth of the common saying that to buy & modernize an old house is more expensive than to buy a new one equipped with modern conveniences.*

*Also, I wrote to Lord Cecil of Chelwood [Robert Gascoyne-Cecil]\* asking for information as to the probable discussion of the Italian agreement in the House of Lords, and soliciting his advice as to my own procedure. **If there is to be a debate, I should like to take part in it, though it is certain that I should only be able to do so by effecting a frightful dislocation of my arrangements, & causing an infinity of inconvenience.***

[46]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to:-

- |                                 |                                      |
|---------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1. [red tick] Arthur Rawle      | 22. Dean of Carlisle                 |
| 2. [red tick] Betty.            | 23. Gilbert A. Henson.               |
| 3. [red tick] Arthur Henson     | 24. Canon Anthony Deane              |
| 4. [red tick] Munro Cautley     | 25. [red tick] Canon Costley White   |
| 5. Lord Roche                   | 26. Dean of Exeter                   |
| 6. .. Charnwood.                | 27. .. .. Peterborough               |
| 7. [red tick] Linetta           | 28. Canon Mozley                     |
| 8. [red tick] Prof. Grey Turner | 29. .. Hannay                        |
| 9. Master of the Temple.        | 30. Prebendary L. Percival           |
| 10. Sir James Irvine.           | 31. Rev. Basil Westcott.             |
| 11. Dean of Norwich             | 32. D. Carter.                       |
| 12. .. .. Lincoln               | 33. Ella.                            |
| 13. .. .. Wells.                | 34. [red tick] Sir Charles Peers.    |
| 14. .. .. S. Paul's.            | 35. [red tick] Bishop of Pontefract. |
| 15. .. .. Hereford              | 36. [red tick] Ruth Spooner          |
| 16. .. .. Chester               | 37. Rev. Jack Carr                   |
| 17. .. .. Manchester            | 38. Noel Lamidey.                    |
| 18. Dean of Chichester          |                                      |
| 19. .. .. Windsor               |                                      |
| 20. .. .. York                  |                                      |
| 21. .. .. Carlisle              |                                      |

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[47]

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 1<sup>st</sup>, 1938.**

The weather has again become warmer: and, though the sky is clouded, there is no rain. For more than 2 months the drought has continued. In some places prayers for rain are being offered in the churches. The aspect of the country here is far browner than in Somersetshire, where there has certainly been as little rain.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We only numbered six communicants, including Martin and William. Ella kept her room, as she felt the effect of a fall on the polished floor of my dressing room yesterday. Old ladies should not indulge in such gymnastic feats. Happily no bones were broken.

I prepared a sermon for delivery at Tow Law, where I am pledged to dedicate a window to the memory of the late astronomer-vicar, [Thomas Henry] Espin.\* I chose a double text to mark both Espin's star-gazing, & S. Philip's Festival – Psalm viii. 3-5 and S. John xiv. 9 – and my subject was 'Nature & Revelation'.

Ella & Fearne went with Martin & me to Tow Law, where I delivered my sermon to a full church, in an atmosphere which was deadly!

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[48]

Monday, May 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.

Bright sun, and cold easterly wind. No rain.

The Archdeacons came here for their monthly Conference. We considered a number of appointments to livings, vacant and about to be vacant. The inconvenience caused by the last Patronage Measure is extremely great.

We walked for an hour in the Park. An Ordination candidate, named William Mercer, (Trinity College, Cambridge, and Ely Theol. College), came to see me, with a view to taking the curacy at Ryhope. He seemed an ingenuous youth, and I (provisionally) accepted him for the Trinity Ordination, on a title from Ryhope. He will be the only deacon, for both the others have failed to pass the G.O.E., & unless they can do so before Trinity Sunday, they cannot be ordained.

Ella having commandeered the car in order that she and Fearne might attend some play-acting in Durham, Martin motored me to Pittington where I confirmed 60 persons in the old church. They came from Sherburn, Shadforth, Sherburn Hospital, and Pittington, and the clergy were all present. I was pleased with the service.

[49]

*Somebody sends me the 'Harborne News' of April 30<sup>th</sup>, 1938, which contains a report of the annual church meeting in Harborne Parish, at which the Vicar, Canon Richardson, Linetta's\* husband, made his defence of his use of the 'revised Communion Office'. He began by saying that he 'did not write it': but he seems to describe himself as its "compiler" in the preface signed by his initials. He quoted a letter which he had received from "Dean Inge", 'which expressed the hope that the form of service would attain a general use.' It is risky to depend on a newspaper report, but certainly the Vicar seems to have described the Office as 'his revision' of the Communion Office. **He appears to have made much play with the doctrinal report of the Archbishops' Commission as fully justifying his own procedure.** Yet, if Canon Richardson would reflect, he could hardly fail (for he is no fool) to perceive that, if an individual incumbent be rightly held to be entitled to substitute a Communion Office of his own compilation for the Office provided by the Church, that is really to strip the Church itself of all authority, & to inaugurate a régime of naked individualism.*



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[50]

**Tuesday, May 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.**

The East Wind continues: the sun is bright, and still no prospect of rain. There are many comments on the unusual fewness of the singing birds. Is this one consequence of the drought: or is it also to be attributed to these d ----- d Dictators?

I worked at my miserable paper for the Lightfoot Society in Durham, that is, I tried to adapt a part of the Book to serve for the same!

Gerald Linnell\* came to see me. He is about to leave the diocese in order to take a parish in Essex, where, thanks to the Tithe Act and a pension to his predecessor, he will have no more than £425 per annum.

Basil Westcott\* writes to say that he will accept the Vicarage of Christ Church, Gateshead.

Martin and I motored to Trimdon where I confirmed 62 persons in the little old parish church. The opening of the vestry window and the door of the chancel secured for me the rare privilege of fresh air. The candidates pleased me by their close attention, & devout demeanour.

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[51]

Wednesday, May 4<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

The Oxford Dictionary defines 'ideology' as

Ideal or abstract speculation: in a depreciatory sense, unpractical or visionary theorizing or speculation.

It illustrates this definition by a quotation from Sir Walter Scott's 'Napoleon':-

'Ideology, by which nickname the French ruler (Bonaparte) used to distinguish every species of theory which, resting in no respect upon the basis of self-interest, could, he thought, prevail with none save hot-brained boys & crazed enthusiasts.'

I worked at the 'Book', mostly with the view of selecting something from what I have written which would serve as an address to the Lightfoot Society in Durham. I cannot congratulate myself on my success: yet it must serve.

Martin and I motored to Wingate, and there I confirmed 98 persons in the woefully mean parish church. The building was densely crowded. I was pleased with the candidates, who listened with wrapt attention, and carried themselves very devoutly: but who knows?

[52]

*I received a request from the Secretary of the Abyssinian society that I would send a letter to be read at the Meeting of Protest which is to be held in the Caxton Hall, Westminster, next Friday, and I assented, including in my letter a passage from [George Macaulay] Trevelyan's\* England under Queen Anne, in which he describes with some severity our desertion of the Catalans in 1718. The Notice paper of the House of Lords stated that Lord Snell would raise the question of Abyssinia in that House on May 18<sup>th</sup>, and I forthwith wrote to Stannard cancelling my promise to address the Rotarian Society on the 19<sup>th</sup>. In this I was, perhaps, unwise, for Lord Snell's motion may not be the best opportunity for the speech which I desire to make.*

*It is wonderful how trying I find the total inability which Ella & Fearne disclose to even understand how it is possible to care about an infamous betrayal such as this Anglo-Italian agreement includes. They speak the low-toned language of the conventional party-hacks, to whom the Alpha & Omega of politics is party-success.*

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[53]

~~Thursday~~ Friday, May 6<sup>th</sup>, [sic] 1938.

Another brilliant, rainless day, and warmer.

The V.C. [William Addison]\* and M<sup>rs</sup> Addison went to S. Helen's, West Auckland, under guidance from Martin. They viewed the house and church, which they liked, but M<sup>rs</sup> A. seemed much alarmed at the probable difficulty of getting servants. That foolish old woman, the outgoing vicar's wife, had frightened her. The whining of women obsessed with the notion that they are the victims of extraordinary difficulties is, like the merriment of parsons was to D<sup>r</sup> Johnson, "mighty offensive".

Ella and Fearne went off to stay with M<sup>rs</sup> Murray, and then with the ancient Aunt [?]. They motored as far as Hexham, & then took the train.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I presided at a meeting of the Religious Education Board. Leake made himself as nasty as possible, but he had no support, & was reduced to a rather futile & spluttering Shimei! Then Braley\* & I went to Bede College, where I had tea, and talked with Braley about a suggested re-organization of the College. M<sup>rs</sup> Braley shewed me the garden, which is charming, & I was shown the proposed site of [54] the Chapel which is to cost about £10,000, a sum which can be provided from the accumulated balances on the collegiate income. Braley said that he would like to relinquish his office, and modestly suggested that he might be made a Dean! He also said that if he retired, his place might be taken by Charles Nye.\* I expressed some doubt as to Nye's power to keep discipline, and he assured me that he would be quite able to do so. The Bishop of Jarrow & Martin joined me, & we motored to Jarrowgrange, where I instituted the Rev. Howard Stanley Chesshire to the Rectory, in succession to the Rev. T. B. Weatherell, now Vicar of Hart. The congregation was smaller than I had expected, and there was an unusually meagre gathering of the local clergy. I suppose that Chesshire, being a recent arrival in the diocese, is not well known to the clergy. The half-caste, Mitchell, read the prayers: the Rural Dean, Squance, read the lesson: I gave an address and instituted the new incumbent, who was then inducted by the Bishop of Jarrow as Archdeacon.

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[55]

**Thursday, May 5<sup>th</sup>, [sic] 1938.**

The east wind, with frost in the morning and bright sun all day, offers no prospect of rain. The Master of Sherburn [Thomas Romans]\* with M<sup>rs</sup> Romans and the two elder boys, Tracy and John, came to lunch, and afterwards were shown the house. I had some talk with Romans about the doctrinal Report, and concluded from it that he was not really sympathetic with "Modernist" views.

Martin and I motored to Blaydon, where I confirmed 75 persons in the parish church. The Rector, Bartlett, and his curate, Hansen, presented 60 candidates from Blaydon, including 21 lads from an Industrial School in the parish: and 15 candidates were brought from Hedgefield, by the hapless vicar, Hanson. After the service I addressed the C. L. B. lads in the vicarage garden. Then we returned to Auckland.

The Rev. M<sup>r</sup> Addison V.C. and his wife had arrived, and the Bishop of Jarrow had helped Ella to entertain them. I have some hope that he may accept appointment to the vicarage of S. Helen's, West Auckland, in succession to Davison, but she will call the tune, not the hero!

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[56]

**Saturday, May 7<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Sir Alexander Lawrence\* sends me a volume of Translations & Verses entitled Aliunde, & with it a request that I would send him an introduction to Swedes, since he is going to Sweden to lecture.

A former chaplain of Bishop Moule,\* now Vicar of St Peter's Hereford, the Rev<sup>d</sup> G. F. Carter, with a young doctor, his son, came to lunch, and to see the Castle. He seems to have been a man of ability for he took a 1<sup>st</sup> Class in the Modern History School at Oxford in 1898, & a 1<sup>st</sup> Class in the Theological School in 1899. He has evidently been among the Evangelical elect, & his present living is in the patronage of the Simeon Trustees.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where we attended the laying of foundation stones of the extension of the County Hospital. Lord Londonderry was the central figure of a function, at which a considerable number of the local worthies attended. His Lordship carried his right arm in a sling, having broken his collar-bone in Scotland. I opened the proceedings with a prayer, & a local sectary named Handyside did as much at the end. [57] There was no provision for a concluding Benediction on the carefully-printed agenda, and the Chairman, Harrison, had been at the pains of explaining to me beforehand that this omission was thought advisable in view of the sensitiveness of the dissenters! However, he whispered a request that I would pronounce the Benediction, which I did with what damage to Handyside's feelings, I dare not imagine! Londonderry asked whether he might come to tea tomorrow, & I carefully misinformed him as to the time of my preaching at Chester-le-Street, which by some stupidity I had supposed was in the forenoon, but turned out to be in the afternoon. As soon as we had returned to Auckland, I caused Martin to telephone a message to the Railway Hotel at Newcastle, where the Marquis is staying.

The newspapers report the death of the Duke of Devonshire at the age of no more than 69. When he was Victor Cavendish\* M.P. he and his family were regular members of my congregation in S. Margaret's, Westminster. He had been in very bad health for some while past, & looked frightful!

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[58]

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 8<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

The weather became warm in the night, and the morning was brilliant, but there was no rain, and the drought begins to take the outlines of a grave public disaster. Perhaps this strange weather may explain the very noticeable paucity of birds. I cannot recall any spring so poorly equipped with songsters.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but five communicants including Martin.

In the course of the morning, I received a telephone message from Lord Londonderry saying that he could not come to tea as he had proposed yesterday.

Martin and I motored to Chester-le-Street where I preached in the parish church at a Civic Service arranged in connexion with the Fourth Centenary Celebrations of the English Bible. The newly-elected Chairman of Urban District Council with the Members & Officials attended, & two local Sectarian Ministers read the lessons. The atmosphere was asphyxiating, & there was much coughing!

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[59]

**Monday, May 9<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Jane Bovey writes to tell me that she has taken my advice, and been confirmed by the Bishop of Montreal on the 22<sup>nd</sup> April. At the last moment she was "slightly shattered" by reading an Anglo-Catholic manifesto reported from England, & published in extenso in the Canadian papers. Now she has to face the ordeal of informing her rather rigidly Presbyterian Mother. Probably she will place the responsibility for her action on my shoulders, though I gave her the simple counsel to qualify for Holy Communion in one or other of the Churches, in which she had been communicating with a troubled conscience, because she had conformed to the discipline of neither. How I do loathe proselytizing in all its forms!

Lord Snell replies to my inquiry as to the proposed debate on Abyssinia, which has been set down for the 18<sup>th</sup>, that the day was chosen for Lord Halifax's [Edward Wood]\* convenience, & that it will 'almost certainly take place on that day'.

Martin and I motored to Ryton, where I confirmed 117 persons in the fine parish church. Rain fell for about 2 hours this evening: but we want a week's soaking.

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[60]

Tuesday, May 10<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

There was not much rain last night, and this morning indicates a return to dry weather. Nevertheless, the country was marvellously refreshed by such rain as came to it.

*I wasted the morning in putting the final touches to my paper for the Lightfoot Society. There is a certain risk attaching to pronouncements on the Creed by a Bishop who is known to be 'unsound': & though I have stipulated that no reporters are to be present, there is no effective safeguard against mischief-makers, if, as is certainly not improbable, any such chance to be present. Moreover the fact that Oliver Quick\* was one of the Archbishops' Commissioners, whose Report must necessarily come into discussion, adds something to the potential risks of subsequent 'trouble'!*

I motored to Norton, and called at the Vicarage, as well to see Prebendary [Archdall] Wynne-Willson\* and Nancy as to inquire about the state of Xan [Alexander Wynne Willson]\* and Monica. Both of the latter were said to be making satisfactory progress, though neither will be restored to normal activity for many months.

[61]

[symbol]

*I motored to Durham, and, after a small dinner with Oliver Quick\*, went with him to the large Lecture Hall in Palace Green, and addressed a meeting of the Lightfoot Society on 'Creed & Criticism'. This is an undergraduate society, of which the members are mostly intending to take Holy Orders. My paper, which mostly consisted of extracts from the Book, took 35 minutes to read, and was followed by questions. These did not come to much, and the proceedings were over by 9.30 p.m.*

*My audience consisted of more than 100 young men with half a dozen female students, & a few dons. They listened with attention, & applauded with decorum: but whether they were either interested or edified may be doubted! I think poor Oliver was rather scandalised by his diocesan's heresy! We had some talk while waiting for Leng: & I discovered that he was more rigidly "orthodox" than I had imagined.*

The Evening paper reports a fearful mining accident in the Midlands with an unusually heavy death-toll. As many as 70 miners are said to have perished by an explosion.



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[62]

May 11<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

An overcast sky, but no rain.

I wrote to the Rev. Thomas Anderson, Vicar of S. Aidan's, South Shields, offering him nomination to South Hetton, vacant by the resignation of Canon Haworth.

I wrote to Lord Lucan, as Lord Snell\* suggested that I should, informing him of my purpose to attend and speak in the debate on the Abyssinian business which is sat down for Wednesday, the 18<sup>th</sup> May.

The deacon, Pettit, who is a curate at S. Cuthbert's, Hebburn, and is ill-reported of by his Vicar, came to see me in obedience to my summons. He is an odd, shy creature, who certainly hides such light as he has under a heavy bushel of uncouthness & reserve. Yet I think he probably has something in him worth extracting if possible & I wrote to his Vicar accordingly.

Martin and I motored to Blackhill, where I confirmed 115 persons in the parish church. Charles & Casey presented the candidates from Benfieldside.

[63]

*I received (as I rather expected I should receive) a long letter from Oliver Quick expostulating with me on my understanding of the Doctrine Commission's Report, and setting forth his own view of it. He disclaims the view that the Commissioners regarded the Virgin Birth as a non-essential, though "they recognise that certain people believe in the Incarnation without believing in the Virgin Birth."*

The point is of considerable importance as certain members of the Commission, I know, feel very strongly about it, & consider that they are being placed in an altogether false position by the interpretations which are being put on the Report. I am bound to say that both the language of the Report and the intention of the Commission bear out their contention that they never committed themselves to saying that the fact of the Virgin Birth can ~~be~~ legitimately be regarded as an open question in the Church, & that there was an agreement of the Commission to that effect.

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[64]

Thursday, May 12<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Clouded, & with spluttering of rain.

I spent much of the morning in writing to Oliver Quick, and the rest in revising an old sermon for use in Wakefield Cathedral, when I preach there on the 27<sup>th</sup>.

Martin and I walked round the Park after lunch, & discussed the problem of the Virgin Birth. Having been bred in the Scottish Episcopal Church, one of the narrowest seats in Christendom, he is disposed to a rigid orthodoxy, but he is simple-minded, candid, & not unwilling to learn. But whether he is helped, or hindered, by the licentious attitude of his diocesan, who shall say? In any case it is good of him to be made to think.

*Martin and I motored to Consett, where I confirmed 105 candidates. After the service quite a considerable crowd gathered about my car, & gave me a friendly "send-off". Most of the alleged unpopularity of the Bishops is artificial. It is part of the normal "stock-in-trade" of the "Labour" orators to "have a go at the Bishops". The people applaud loudly, but it means nothing.*

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[65]

Friday, May 13<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

There was a little rain during the night, and a few showers during the day, but nothing to give foundation for the assumption that the long drought has ended.

**The meeting of the League of Nations yesterday witnessed a painful and humiliating scene. Lord Halifax\* as British Foreign Secretary announced the decision of Great Britain to abandon the cause of Abyssinia: and the Abyssinian Negus made a most dignified protest.** Three years ago, another Foreign Secretary, Sir Samuel Hoare,\* made a speech in the same place affirming in language of remarkable force & altitude the determination of his country to stand firmly in defence of the League, and the principles which it embodied. And now? Nothing could be more cynically opportunist than the argument by which Lord Halifax justified his action.] [sic] I hope that I am doing him no injustice when I allow myself to suspect that his hereditary attachment to the Roman Church has predisposed him to adopt an attitude towards Abyssinia which accords with the known policy of the Pontiff, who exults in the subjugation of the Abyssinian Church.

[66]

I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Moral Welfare Association in Cosin's Library. In a short address, I made an allusion to the calamitous news from Geneva as illustrating the lowering of moral standards which has been as marked in politics as in society. *The Dean* [Cyril Alington\*] came in at the end of the meeting, and, we got into talk about Spain. He is "head over ears" in the fashionable culture of Franco, and is evidently a credulous recipient of the Italian-Papist propaganda. Then his son in law, Lord Dunglass [Alec Douglas-Home],\* is an Under-secretary and cannot do other than champion his chief, the Prime Minister. [symbol] **I shall make myself very odious if I criticise the Government's Foreign Policy, but I mean to do so, if I get the opportunity.** It can do nothing but good to raise a protest, even though one knows in advance that nothing effective can come of it. After all one owes something to one's own self-respect, and, as a spiritual peer, I ought to speak on an issue which does assuredly raise the issue of moral obligation.

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[67]

**Saturday, May 14<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

An over-cast sky with sprinklings of rain at intervals. I received a letter from Lord Lucan stating that he "hoped we can get you in about 5 p.m." on the 18<sup>th</sup>, and that the House will meet at 3 p.m. on that day. So the plot thickens.

I motored to Durham, and, after having tea with the Dean & M<sup>rs</sup> Alington, and seeing the baby, Caroline, a pretty child, I attended a meeting to consider the project for creating an Archeological School in Durham based on the Chapter Library, and to do this with the aid of the Pilgrim Trust. The Dean was in the chair, & Professor Powicke from Oxford attended as the expert adviser. The Warden of the University (Duff), Professor Whiting, Battiscombe, & the papist librarian of the University were there beside myself. We sate on for an hour & a half, going through Prof. Powicke's memorandum, & then I returned to Auckland.

The weather all day was close, & uncomfortable and rain fell, but in no great quantity. The reports from the agricultural experts are becoming alarmist; for even if the rain came sufficiently, it has been so long postponed, that the position can hardly be recovered.

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[68]

**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 15<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A bright morning: the wind veering to the east, and every sign of continuing drought. My mind is full of this miserable Abyssinian question, and how best I can express my mind next Wednesday. It is is easy to fail when conviction must utter itself in an atmosphere of habitual compromise: and any appearance of "enthusiasm" is apt to become ludicrous in the House of Lords!

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We only number [sic] 5 altogether, Martin, Alexander, William, the Cook, and myself.

In the morning I prepared my sermon, but, partly, the stuffy heat of the atmosphere, &, partly, a restlessness which deprives me of even such capacity as normally I possess in this business of word-weaving, made progress difficult, and I finally evolved a miserable homily, which could neither edify the hearers, nor express the preacher's mind. If the climatic conditions have any similar effect on the minds of Charles Nye's parishioners, they will wonder why the Bishop should have come to Rainton at all!

[69]

Martin and I motored to Rainton, where we had tea with Charles Nye & his curate, Harrison Thornton, with whom was his lay-helper, Miss Wilkinson, the sister of the Vicar of Chester-Le-Street. They all seemed very happy, and keen. Then we went to the Church for Evensong. Harrison had arranged his scouts and cubs, about 80 of them, as a "guard of honour". There was a large choir of men & boys. Charles evidently "enjoys the papacy", but this innocent pleasure does not hinder his efficiency. He is much liked by the people, who realise that he is a "cut above" the average of Durham clergy. I preached my miserable sermon from the text Psalm.119.96. "I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad". I prefaced my sermon by a reference to the mining disaster ~~of~~ in Derbyshire, and, in the course of it, I referred to the recent proceedings in Geneva. So that I was more "topical" than is my custom. But there are, there must be, exceptions to every rule as Bp. Blomfield observed as he contemplated his calves & murmured "The Lord delighteth in no man's legs".

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[70]

**Monday, May 16<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Still no rain, but a heavy atmosphere which suggested thunder, and in the afternoon there were rumblings, & occasional drops.

I fussed away the morning on Abyssinia, and, probably, when the time comes, I shall blunder hopelessly, & leave unsaid all that I ought to have said.

As Leslie Morrison\* and I were starting to walk round the Park, we encountered a young man with a beautiful little fox-cub in his arms. He said that he had found it along with two dead cubs, the vixen having probably been killed. He had carried it home and brought it up there. It was becoming quite tame, & a great pet.

Ella and Fearne arrived from Scotland about 6 p.m., just as Martin and I were leaving the Castle in order to motor to Craghead. There, in the mean little church, I confirmed 71 persons. The atmosphere was terrible, for every window was fast closed, and the weather was close and thunderous. I spoke strongly about the lack of ventilation to the Vicar & Churchwarden.

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[71]

Tuesday, May 17<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A good deal of rain fell during the night: to the evident refreshment of the country. The close heavy state of the atmosphere continued, so that I was miserably handicapped by a practically disqualifying head-ache. However, I contemplated my reading of the amazing book which the publisher sent me - "The War against the west" by Aurel Kolnai. In his letter to me the publisher says that the author is a Roman Catholic, & was one of the founders of the Christian Socialist league in Austria. He himself speaks (p.515) of his "Viennese fellow-citizens" and more explicitly (p. 495)

"though I am myself of Jewish extraction" and "my Jewish descent".

The concluding chapter is very impressive. He deprecates "the method of reluctant petty concessions of doubtful morality & undoubted danger" (p. 681) and urges that "our own lives must be devoted to re-experiencing, restating & renewing Western Democracy.

||| "Amidst all horrors of the present, let us take comfort to ourselves from the radiant Credo of J. C.[sic] Masaryk: "Democracy is still in its infancy" (p. 685)

[72]

Martin and I left the Castle at 2.45 p. m. and motored to Whickham, where I consecrated an addition to the grave yard. Rain was falling when we started, & continued to fall with gathering vigour until we returned to the Castle at 9.30 p.m. From the consecration we went to the Gateshead Rectory where we had tea with Canon Stephenson. I was surprised to find Rose still with him. He will not proceed to China until the autumn. We then motored to Usworth in a deluge. There I confirmed 71 persons in the parish church. The reverent demeanour & close attention of the candidates pleased me. The Rector, Wilson, is an odd-looking little man, who was ordained in 1905 as an S. P. G. Missionary, and has worked in this diocese since 1928. He was appointed to Usworth in 1930. Contrary to the general experience of returned missionaries, he has proved himself an excellent parish priest. There arrived from Hugh Rees Ltd. a book which is very well reviewed viz. Britain & the Dictators, a Survey of Post-War British Policy by R. W. Seton-Watson\* (Cambridge, 1898 [sic]).

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[73]

Wednesday, May 18<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

Martin accompanied me to Darlington, whereto we motored through driving rain; on arriving at King's Cross, I proceeded to the Athenaeum, &, having deposited my bag, went to the hair-dresser.

**Then I drove to the House of Lords, which met at 3 p.m., in order to attend the debate on Foreign Policy.** *The Archbishop of Canterbury made a carefully prepared speech, which he read: then, after a [rather foolish] speech, by Lord Elton, **I delivered my oration. It was not a success, for, though it was closely listened to, and drew a good bit of criticism, it was badly constructed, and badly delivered. Moreover, it ran counter to the general sense of the House, and, in short, pleased nobody.** Even the Labour Opposition couldn't swallow it! **So it was a complete failure.** Lord [Victor] Lytton \* however, was enthusiastic in his approval. Lord Cecil said that he approved everything that I said. Lord Halifax [Edward Wood]\* expressed his admiration of the speech, but his dissent from its conclusion! [symbol] And of old Lord Midleton [St John Brodrick]\* passed me a pencilled note: - [symbol]*

*I wonder if I may venture to tell you how many here must have felt as to your remarkable speech, a real regret that, if it changed their convictions they could hardly under present conditions let [74] [symbol] it change their votes. **To me it revived the memory of all the great speakers of the Gladstone era!***

Londonderry drove me to the Athenaeum. We met again at Grillions, where I sate between Lord [Charles] Hardinge,\* & Lord Cranbourne [5th marquess of Salisbury],\* having opposite A. P. Herbert.\* Cranbourne had heard my speech, having been with a number of members at the bar of the House. He was enthusiastic in his approval. I returned to the House of Lords in company with Londonderry, Hardinge, & Rushcliffe. We got there in time to hear Lord Halifax reply for the Government. He made an admirable speech for almost an hour; it was excellently phrased, & excellently delivered. In the course of it, he made frequent references to the Bishop of Durham, &, of course, dwelt on the potential difficulties which his bellicose oratory might cause! In my absence I understand that a good many peers had inserted their knives into that poor gentleman, but as I hadn't heard them, I could not appraise the measure of injury which I received. **Probably this is the last speech that I shall make in the House of Lords.**



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[75]

Thursday, May 19<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

The papers either ignore, or belittle, or condemn the Bishop of Durham's speech: for once they seem to have shared the Bishop's opinion of that [his own] performance. The Bishop of Chichester [George Bell], who was at breakfast, told me that I repeatedly said :"idiosyncasy" [sic] when I meant "ideology". **I was myself quite unconscious of doing so: but it only adds one more feature to the oratorical fiasco!**

I left the Athenaeum after breakfast and returned to Auckland by the 11.20 a.m. from King's Cross. I was met at Darlington by Martin and the car. The local papers give prominence to my speech, and rather emphasise its character as an "attack" on the Government. I suppose it could not but have that appearance, but **its intention was rather ethical than political.**

That foolish lady, Anthony Eden's mother [Lady Sybil Eden]\*, sends me an ecstatic note assuring me that in her opinion(!) I am "the only honest man in the House of Lords". Well, well. I must have spoken worse than I feared!

I went to Spedding: & he again essayed to tiresome buisness of equipping my jaws with teeth!

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[76]

Friday, May 20<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

The Church Times speaks of the “singularly mischievous speech” of the Bishop of Durham in the House of Lords: and the Times reports the effect of the speech with which Lord Halifax wound up the debate.

From the time he sat down to the time Lord Halifax rose **the coulisses were humming with reports of the Bishop of Durham’s speech.** That Lord Halifax should have been able to still the tumult, & calm many tender consciences is regarded as a great achievement both of advocacy & of oratory. Lord Halifax has always been at his best in the House of Lords, but this speech was widely regarded as his masterpiece.

I do not dissent from this estimate. It seemed to me an admirable speech.

“Nippy” [Norman] Williams,\* the Oxford Professor, writes to thank me for my speech: but beyond a few obscure persons, mostly fanatics, the post brought me few expressions either of approval or dissent. I suspect that my position is not wholly pleasing to any section of the public!

[77]

[symbol]

Bishop Lasbrey\* sends me an extract which he had made from a letter recently received by him from “one of our best and most intellectual African clergy whom we have sent to Cambridge for a year”:-

I am returning to Cambridge with a very heavy heart. The attitude of Great Britain towards the question of Abyssinia is far from being desirable, and I know that if England officially recognises Italy’s aggression (I shall never call it conquest) in Abyssinia, Africans all over the world must regard it as a racial war between the two continents, and it is hard to predict the repercussions. I know the intense feeling there is now in different places and it will be a fatal step for England I am sure.

Lord Olivier\* said to me in the House, when I had finished my speech, that his experience fully confirmed what I had said about the ill effect on African opinion which the official recognition of the Italian “conquest” could not but have in all parts of the world.

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[78]

**Saturday, May 21<sup>st</sup>, 1938.**

A cold day to start with, but becoming warm as it advanced. The wind still in the East. Phew!

Robin [Vane-Tempest-Stuart]\* sends me a pencil-written note, accompanying an extremely interesting and well-written memorandum on his recent visit to Germany. His descriptions of Hitler, Göring, & Goebells [sic] are vivid and most unpleasing:

“I am no draughtsman, but I was asked to draw a picture of a few-Communist, [sic] I would select D<sup>r</sup> Goebells as a model”. I have had the misfortune to see Julius Streicher, the Jew-baiter of Nürnberg, and I have never seen a more bestial & sadistic face in my life: yet this is one of Hitler’s oldest friends & supporters, as was the late homosexualist Capt<sup>n</sup> Röhm. Anyone who has seen a copy of Streicher’s infamous paper “Der Sturmer” must realise that there is something radically wrong with the Führer to allow this fanatical sadist to occupy a position of such authority.

Robin thinks clearly, and writes well.

[79]

The Dean of Chichester (Duncan Jones [Duncan-Jones])\* writes strongly in support of my position, and urges me to join in further action on behalf of Abyssinia. Several writers implore me to put myself at the head of an agitation against the Government’s foreign policy. But these excellent people are grievously deluded, when they imagine that the Bishop of Durham could ever be induced to lead anything. That gentleman is never sufficiently sure of himself to lead anybody, and is far too inconstant, self-indulgent, and doubtful minded to play the apostle for any cause! He has just enough conscience to disqualify him for partisanship: not enough to enable him for leadership. Moreover, he is now far advanced in his 75<sup>th</sup> year, and has neither the alertness of mind nor the vigour of body for active advocacy.

Flo Laurie & her friend M<sup>rs</sup> Roberts arrived on a visit. We had a small dinner party viz. Lord Thurlow [Charles Thurlow\*] & and Miss Labouchere, Canon Wallis, our two guests, and ourselves.

This afternoon the Church wardens from Dipton came to see me with reference to the appointment of an incumbent for that parish.

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[80]

**5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Easter, May 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.**

A calm morning: the wind veering to the south.

The collect for this Sunday just matches my consciousness of need. It is grace to “think those things that be good, and by God’s merciful guiding to perform the same” that I mostly want. The union of the good thought and the congruous practice is the problem.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 9 communicants including Flo Laurie & her maid.

*Both the “Sunday Times” and the “Observer” are enthusiastic over Lord Halifax’s speech which was certainly very good, and severe on the Bishop of Durham’s, which was certainly very bad: and yet I think the final verdict may not wholly confirm these immediate decisions. For, on the crucial point whether the promises of Mussolini’s are deserving of belief, or not, only the event can decide.*

The ladies all went to Durham to attend Evensong in the Cathedral. I “pottered about” the policies for an hour, & noted that the gate into the Park had been broken from its hinges.

[81]

I motored to Sunderland, and preached at Evensong in S. Gabriel’s Church. It was the final service of a series of services which had gone on through the preceding week - in connexion with the celebration of the “Silver Jubilee” of the Church. I had been asked to preach on “Self-dedication”, and I did so, taking as my text the words of S. Paul in Cor:vi. “Know ye not that your body is a temple of the Holy Ghost, which is in you, which ye have from God?” There was a very large choir, and the congregation filled the church. I was impressed by the unusual proportion of males which it contained. There were several clergy present including Jack Carr,\* who came back with me to Auckland Castle for a short visit. He looks rather “war-worne”, and, as he is still but 32 yeas, his appearance was less vigorous than I think normal. But he seems very keen on his work, and determined to stick to it. The Vicar of S. Gabriel’s, Hawthorn, is somewhat handicapped by deafness: but he gives me the impression of a devout & earnest clergyman, and his people appear to be on good terms with him. He announced an Evening Communion, which I don’t like.

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[82]

Monday, May 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.

As the day progressed some rain fell, and the temperature became higher. Jack Carr and I walked round the Park in the afternoon, & found the weather very oppressive

I received a “privately printed” copy of “The Text of the Second Betting Book of All Souls College. 1873-1919” with a Preface, Commentary & Elucidations by Charles Oman, Senior Fellow.

My name appears with indecent frequency. How many memories are awaked by the entries!

I occupied the morning in writing letters of acknowledgement to the more notable of my Abyssinian correspondents.

The Bishop of Jarrow had tea, after playing golf with Martin. He is very urgent in pressing me to do something about clearing the woeful Vicar out of Sedgefield: but what can I do? A lady named Miss S. Gertrude Ford who describes herself as “a well-known poet and critic” writes at some length to “thank God and me for my fearless, forthright witness in the House of Lords debate on Ethiopia”. She says that [83] she & her sister were “very dear friends” of the late President Wilson, the “illustrious founder” of the League of Nations.

Speaking of President Wilson, does it not seem strange & sad that his name is in these days so seldom mentioned in connexion with that great bulwark & lighthouse of the League he strove with such heroic & herculean efforts to establish (and though the light is dimmed, the lighthouse is there). I remember telling him that he had 2 watered the tree of peace in his own heart’s blood”, so closely did he follow his Master & Saviour, the Prince of Peace.

All this sounds rather bombastic & fanatical: but one can’t be “a well-known poet & critic” for nothing!

Oliver Quick\* sends me a volume which he has just published – ‘Doctrines of the Creed. Their basis in Scripture and their meaning Today’. Its importance is, perhaps, in some measure increased by the circumstances that it appears almost synchronously with the Doctrinal Report, since Quick was himself one of the Archbishop’s Commissioners.

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[84]

Tuesday, May 24<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

There was a little rain last night, but the day is again warm and sunny.

I received a letter from Dick in which he assures me of his approval of what he calls my "fine" speech in the House of Lords.

It is good to think that you should have been the man to remind the government that principle is above interest, & good to see that that you did it so very well. I don't suppose your appeal will be much heeded (perhaps you hardly expected as much) but its value is not thereby destroyed."

Charles also writes from Edmundbyers to the same effect; and so does Cecil Ferens. \* It is surely not without significance that these younger men should find their thoughts expressed by that old cynic, the Bishop of Durham!

Alban Caröe\* arrived about noon in order to complete his survey of the contractor's work in the matter of my Dilapidations. He promises that unpleasing business will now shortly be brought to an end. But at what cost?

[85]

Richardson, the Vicar of Heworth, came to see me about his own plans. His reason for refusing appointment to Burnopfield was the squalid character of the parish church. It is truly a miserable building, but not markedly inferior to the normal type of parish church in this diocese. I suggested that he might be better satisfied with Dipton; and he undertook to look at that parish. It was apparent to me that his heart's desire is centred on S. Helen's, West Auckland; but until the V.C. had made his decision, that parish is not available. He gave me a highly disconcerting account of his curate, Wilson, who seems to be both incompetent and unteachable.

Martin and I motored to Gateshead, where I admitted the Rev. Richard Louis Hilditch, curate of S. Cuthbert's, Hebburn, to the perpetual curacy of S<sup>t</sup> Aidan's, in succession to the Rev W.V. Salkeld. This is a miserable "slum" parish, and the church has been more than commonly helpless. I was surprized to see so considerable a congregation, but, of course, a numerous contingent had come from Hebburn. I gave an address on the words of Christ – "I came that they may have life".

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[86]

Wednesday, May 25<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A heavy, thunderous day, most depressing. I fell into a mood of great sadness, a temper which the medieval casuists would have called acediye, & regarded with much disfavour, as indicating a very unhealthy spiritual state.

The Oxford Dictionary is informing:

Acedia became a favourite ecclesiastical word, applied primarily to the mental prostration of recluses, induced by fasting and other physical causes; afterwards the proper term for the 4<sup>th</sup> cardinal sin, sloth, sluggishness. Its Greek origin being forgotten, the word was variously 'derived' from acidum, sour, and from accidère to come upon one as an accident or access.

I fear that my personal variety of this disease is best defined as Sloth, and is certainly not caused by the severity of my Fasting! Something perhaps is to be ascribed to my knowledge that in a few months I shall turn my back on Auckland Castle, and the Diocese of Durham. Is anything now worth while?

[87]

An Ordination candidate, John Garlyn Bates, came to see me with a view to being accepted for the September Ordination on a title form Sacriston. He is a rather stockish young man, reserved, and perhaps shy; but I liked his expression, and, so far as he disclosed his mind, it was candid and manly. I accepted him conditionally.

Two of the adjacent curates came to play lawn tennis with Martin and Jack Carr, and afterwards had tea with ~~Martin~~ me & my Ordination candidate. Ella & Fearne went to Durham to attend a G.F.S. service in the cathedral; while the two ladies our guests made an expedition to Ripon and Fountains.

I wrote about 1100 words for the Book, bringing the unrevised total to about 59,000 words; but I am increasingly discontented with what I have written. The interruption[sic] are so frequent and so various that my mind is confused with the result that my composition becomes more than normally incoherent.

The local paper announces that it is the Bishop of Durham's intention to move a resolution condemning the growing practice of prefacing the lessons in Church by explanatory sermonettes.

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[88]

Thursday, May 26<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Slight fall of rain during the night, and this morning a clouded sky.

Bill Adams wrote to say that the cheque which I sent on April 16<sup>th</sup>, to the Tyneside Social Service committee had gone astray. I went forthwith to the Bank and stopped it. Then I sent him another.

I tried, but tried vainly, to work on the Book; and had achieved practically nothing when the bell rang for lunch.

Bolt, the Vicar of S. John Baptist, Stockton came to see me. He desired to report progress on his project for building a new School in his parish; and he wanted to enlist my support in an application for a loan from the Church Assembly. He would have to secure the support of the Diocesan Conference. I suspect that money expended on Church Schools is really money thrown away; but I do not care to thwart a good man on an unselfish quest. However, I would go no farther than promise that I would not use my influence with the Assembly to defeat his application.

[89]

I received a telegram in these words: -

Bishop of Wakefield died today but arrangements for tomorrow stand.

I hastily composed a brief expression of my condolence with the diocese.

The Bishop of Wakefield ([James] Seaton)\* was about five years my junior. I was ordained in 1887, and he in 1892. We had little contact with one another for he was a sound Tractarian and I was not; but we were friendly acquaintances. He was a kindly natured man, whom everybody liked, I dubbed him "Friar Tuck", & the nickname was thought to match both his appearance and his temperament. I hope that the Prime Minister will not think it necessary to find a successor to Seaton in one of my colleagues. The Deanery of Gloucester is also vacant by the resignation of D<sup>r</sup> [Henry] Gee.\*

The following came to dine:- Colonel & M<sup>rs</sup> Vicary, Captain & M<sup>rs</sup> de Burgh, Captain Stopford, M<sup>rs</sup> De Vere Laurie, M<sup>rs</sup> Johnson, Jack Carr, Martin, & ourselves in all a party of 12. There was quite a congregation in the Chapel.



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[90]

**Friday, May 27<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

I woke up in the miserable consciousness of a bad cold and a sore throat – evil conditions under which to preach in Wakefield Cathedral.

Peers\* and Grey Turner\* write to express their approval of my Abyssinian Speech. They are probably representative persons.

The 'Guardian' has a flattering article entitled, 'A Bishop Speaks', it begins: -

The House of Lords has not for some time listened to a more eloquent or moving speech than that addressed to it by the Bishop of Durham last week during the debate on Abyssinia. The justification for the presence of the episcopate in the Upper House lies in their bringing to its discussions something that would otherwise be lacking. The peers spiritual are there to uphold the supremacy of moral principles. And the less willing the House is to listen to such an appeal, the more is it incumbent upon the bishops to make. On this occasion there was no unwillingness to hear D<sup>r</sup> Henson. On the contrary, the House [91] filled up, when it was known that he was speaking. Though many members of the House did not agree with his contentions – indeed two pacifist peers expressed themselves as “horrified” by what fell from his lips – there was a general consensus of respect for one who had spoken in a way appropriate to his office & from deep conviction.

That has a certain value as recording a contemporary impression of the speech, which has been severely condemned in some quarters. Anyway, it was probably my last speech in that place.

**I wrote to Di Darling [see Charles Darling\*] (Park Cottage, Hurstbourne Park, Whitchurch, Hants) telling her how much I had enjoyed reading her Father's recently published "Life", and expressing the hope that she might visit us here this autumn.**

Mary Spedding brought the bronze bust of my head which she has made, & we sat it up on a pedestal in a corner of the stair-case leading to the chapel. It does not please me as well as when I saw it before: & M<sup>rs</sup> Alington & Miss Talbot, who came to lunch, expressed dislike of it!

[92]

M<sup>rs</sup> Vere Laurie & M<sup>rs</sup> Johnson left the castle after lunch.

I left the Castle at 2.45 p.m. and motored to Wakefield. We followed the great North Road as far as Aberford, & then branched off to the right for about 12 miles to Wakefield. Leng and I had tea very comfortably at the Three Arrows Hotel at Boroughbridge, and an early dinner at the Bishop of Pontefract's house. The Right Rev Campbell Richard Hone, Bishop Suffragan of Pontefract, is a genial man, who professes a vague liberalism of churchmanship, which, perhaps, has little relation either to knowledge or thought. He was a contemporary at Wadham of Simon,\* F. E. Smith,\* and Lord Roche,\* & had much to say of them. The service in the Cathedral was (considering the wet night) well-attended. There was a considerable contingent of clergy & an unusually large choir, which sang well. I preached the sermon from Romans I.16 "I am not ashamed of the Gospel". We came away after the service, & got home by 11.35 p.m. The distance is about 75 miles.

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[93]

**Saturday, May 28<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A damp clouded day, but fairly warm.

After breakfast Jack Carr left the Castle.

I wrote to Leslie Forster, offering him nomination to the vicarage of Dipton.

In the afternoon I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Bede College Committee. We approved a project for erecting a chapel at a cost not exceeding £10.000. Then I had tea with the Principal and M<sup>rs</sup> Braley, after which I returned to Auckland.

Then I visited Spedding.

W. H. Temperley, [Harold John Timperley] who states that for many years he has been the China correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, writes to ask me to write an "introductory note" to a book which he is about to publish under the title "What War means: the Japanese Terror in China". But I do not know the gentleman, & cannot therefore vouch for him; & I have never visited the Far East, and can hardly pose as capable of passing judgement on his work. He was "emboldened by the splendid speech you made recently" to prefer his impossible request!

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[94]

**Sunday after Ascension Day, May 29<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A bright morning after the rain, which has made the country look resplendently green. My cold was so heavy upon me that I had a restless night, punctuated by coughing and relieved by Oliver Quick's theology. His new book, Doctrines of the Creed, can hardly be described as "light reading", but, considering its subject, it cannot fairly be described as heavy, and its arrangement in sections facilitates nocturnal study.

Martin celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. I pronounced the Absolution & the Blessing as the Rubrick directs.

The Freemason's service in the Chapel at 3 p.m. was, I think, better attended. I preached about the Bible, taking as my text, Psalm 119.105. "Thy word is a lantern under my feet". The brethren listened very closely, and were, I think, impressed: but again I could not but observe that they were mainly middle-aged & old men. Freemasonry also seems to be failing to make appeal to young men. Peter Richardson was there, and afterwards came in to have tea.

[95]

I wrote to Bishop Lasbrey, Graham Harrison [Graham-Harrison]\*, Grey Turner, and the Rev. A. G. Moore.

Martin and I motored to Burnmoor, where, at Evensong, I confirmed 26 persons in the parish church. This confirmation had been postponed on account of the Rector's illness. It was a devout, almost domestic, service. I addressed the candidates in my accustomed manner, & the congregation was at once intrigued and (perhaps) edified.

Peter Richardson, who came in to tea after the Freemasons' service, said that the coal trade had suddenly become very depressed as a result of the removal of the embargo on pig-iron. He speaks in terms of cordial appreciation of his vicar, Latimer, & of Latimer's mother. It is refreshing to hear a good account of any clergyman. The ex-mayor of Darlington, who also came to tea, lauded the Vicar of Darlington, but spoke in very depressing terms of Brinton,\* the Vicar of Holy Trinity. He is "emptying his church", which, under his predecessor, Canon Cosgrave,\* was crowded. The problem presented by the virtuous but "impossible" incumbent is extraordinarily hard to solve - Brinton presents it in its nudest severity!

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[96]

**Monday, May 30<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Derek came to see us, & lunched here. He walked for an hour with me in the Park.

The Rev. H. E. Hubbard, Rural Dean of Middlesborough, brought a party of 32 clergy to see the Castle. They were shown over by Martin & Alexander. I saw [M<sup>r</sup>] H. in my study. He said that the falling off of offertories synchronously with the increase of employment had aroused attention in his district where it was thought to be explained by the circumstance that the landlords & tradesmen who had been content to wait for their money during the period of unemployment began to claim payment as soon as that period ended.

The Rev. Thomas Fish Taylor, a little pallid curate from S. Mary Magdalene, Sunderland, came to see me. The financial difficulties in the parish are such that his stipend can no longer be raised! I sanctioned his leaving his curacy, although the regular minimum of two years since his Ordination has not been completed: and I recommended him to write to Hague, the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Hartlepool, & seek engagement in that parish. There at least he would still find himself in an Anglo-Catholic atmosphere.

[97]

Martin and I motored to Winston, where I collated Langton Heaver\* to the Rectory. There was a very large congregation, and a fair muster of the local clergy. The new rural dean of Barnard Castle, Spurrier,\* the Vicar of Staindrop, inducted the new Rector. After the service, I had a few words with M<sup>rs</sup> Heaver, whom I met for the first time. She was rather smartly dressed, & more amiable than I had expected. Heaver's mother was also present at the service. The garden running down to the Tees & commanding a very beautiful prospect is certainly unusually pleasing, & the house is commodious and dignified. Heaver spoke to me about his late curate, the Welsh oaf, James, who, he assures me, is really qualified for a benefice. The man has now been seven years in Holy Orders, and is evidently discontented with being "passed over", when his juniors have been given preferment. To add to his other attractions he has now engaged himself to be married, and appears to imagine that the fact strengthen his "claim" for appointment to a benefice. He is an unpleasant creature, but, of course, "the Lord looketh not on the outward appearance", &, perhaps, we oughtn't to do so.

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[98]

Tuesday, May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1938.

That rather quaint person, who writes so often to the "Yorkshire Post", L<sup>t</sup> Col. E. N. Mozley writes to me:-

May I venture to thank you most sincerely for your great & invaluable speech in the House of Lords on the Abyssinian question. In doing so you have (if I may venture an opinion) saved the good name of our Church.

I w<sup>d</sup> like to thank your Lordship as well for what you said in the address you gave in Wakefield Cathedral on May 27<sup>th</sup>. I have not before heard or read a sermon which so truly analysed modern political movements.

He enclosed a cutting from the Y. P. containing a letter from himself, very effectively expressed under the heading "Honour and Policy".

I am disposed to think that a considerable volume of English opinion was offended by the attitude adopted by Halifax and Lang. They are, of course, alike on personal and ecclesiastical ground, very closely linked.

[99]

Old Lomax,\* adds a post-script to one of his too-familiar notes. "**May I say I am glad you spoke about the League of Nations etc., in the House of Lords**". He is a good man, but "on the margin"!

Alfred Buxton,\* one of the signatories of the Appeal for Funds to publish the Ethiopian Bible, in acknowledging my contribution, writes rather interestingly.

'I know, of course, of your very searching speech in the House of Lords concerning the Pact. My own conviction is that, if we can get this Bible into the Churches of Ethiopia (even if the missionaries never get back) the Church will be revived & Ethiopia will remain a nation.

He adds:-

At present, so far as we know, the Italians do not know of the Book. The N. T. has been warmly appreciated by the Refugees everywhere, & by the monks in Jerusalem who "wait sleeplessly night and day for the O. T".

It all reads like the xvi<sup>th</sup> century in Europe.

[100-186]

[100]

May 31<sup>st</sup>, 1938

Gentlemen,

I have to thank you for sending me, "The Greatest Drama ever staged," which I have read with much interest. I am informed by many who are in a position to know, that this short & surprizing sketch of the Christian message is likely to appeal to many persons who are (to use the vigourous[sic] words of Richard Baxter) 'sermon-proof' and 'Gospel-hardened'.

If that be so, the gifted authoress will not have been without her reward.

Believe me,

Yours v. faithfully,

Herbert Dunelm.

Mess<sup>rs</sup> Hodder & Stoughton,  
S<sup>t</sup> Paul's House  
Warwick Square  
London. E.C.4

[101]

I motored to Newcastle, and addressed a "Rally of Youth Leaders" in the Church Institute. The Bishop of Newcastle presided, & Canon Costley White\* and myself were the chosen orators. There were, perhaps, 150 adolescent lads & girls, with a considerable sprinkling of clergymen. I was disappointed at the character of the audience, for (without any reason) I had assumed that it would be rather older and entirely masculine. Costley-White spoke well and effectively on education; and then I delivered myself of an incoherent effusion, which could hardly have 'helped' anybody. They listened, indeed, and were, perhaps, interested and even impressed, but, I suspect, mainly puzzled!

Costley-White came back with me to Auckland to stay the night there, and then proceed to Durham in order to visit Luce.\* Before going to bed Costley-White and I had an hour's talk. He told me that the new Dean of Westminster [Paul de Labillière\*] had made a good start; that he managed the Chapter meetings successfully, and was not so completely without a mind and will of his own as had been in some quarters assumed. So far, so good.

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[102]

Wednesday, June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1938.

Costley-White and I walked in the policies before setting out for Durham. He went on to the Headmaster's house, while I confirmed 32 boys of Durham School in the Cathedral. There were also confirmed 5 cathedral choirboys. I spoke from Ephesians V. 15. 'The days are evil,' and emphasized the special opportunities & responsibilities of youth in revolutionary times. The boys were very attentive, and as they came up one by one to receive the laying on of hands, they gave me the impression of great reverence & determination. I think Luce must be a good teacher. After the service, the Dean shewed me the remarkable medieval carved cross of stone, which has been presented to the cathedral. It appears to be a late 13<sup>th</sup> or early 14<sup>th</sup> century work, and is certainly a great acquisition. Peers\* is said to rave over it!

I lunched with the boys at the School, and was surprized and pleased by the keenness with which they discussed the international situation. They raised the subject themselves, & were evidently keen to get me to speak about it. I promised to send the Sixth copies of [103] Abyssinia. I had some talk with Luce after lunch. He said that he had encouraged the senior boys to read the 'Doctrinal Report,' and that they were doing so. It seemed to interest and impress them. He expressed himself with much good sense & good feeling.

Herbert, the Vicar of Easington Colliery, came to see me at his own request. He has been now 14 years in that parish; and asserts that he has no desire to leave it. He conceived that I had held him in disfavour! I told him that it was the case that I felt some anxiety as to his version of Anglicanism. He energetically disclaimed extreme 'Anglo-Catholic' opinions: but I am not wholly reassured.

Then I paid yet another visit to the long suffering Spedding. It seems impossible to obtain a measure of stability in the troubled region of the jaws!

M<sup>rs</sup> Brewis writes to inform me that her husband, the Principal [John Brewis\*], has got scarlet-fever; and must therefore cancel his engagement to give the addresses & preach at the Trinity Ordination!



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[104]

Thursday, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.

## CONVOCATION

It was raining heavily when Alexander called me at 6.30 a.m. The glass is very low. Leng and I left the Castle at 8.15a.m., and motored through pouring rain to York, where we arrived at S. William's College a few minutes after 10 a.m. The Archbishop and most of the Bishops were breakfasting in the Bishops' Room, having attended the consecration of the High Altar in the Minster *which has been erected as a memorial to the late Viscount Halifax [Charles Lindley Wood].\** *The proceedings in the full Synod were prefaced by a speech from the President, **in which he asserted his agreement with the Government policy in abandoning Abyssinia! I do not think primacy is congenial with moral independence.*** In the Upper House we discussed a series of resolutions on Marriage, in the course of which I made some observations. I voted by myself against the resolutions. Then the Bishop of Carlisle introduced a flatterously worded resolution about the Doctrinal Report. I made a short speech, in the course of which I directed attention [105] to the Archbishop's personal preface, and expressed my abhorrence of the suggestion, which seemed to be implicit in it, that teachers (such as were the clergy) could not rightly enjoy the doctrinal liberty permitted to the laity. This was to insist on two measures of truth, and conflicted with Christian principle. The Archbishop made a rather involved explanation, in which he seemed to disavow the significance which I had attached to the Preface. I gathered that he would not himself eject from office the clergy who held the views of the Bishop of Durham! Then there was some foolish talking about lay-readers, and the ministry of women. At the end **I moved the resolution condemning explanatory prefaces to the Lessons in Church, of which I had given notice. My speech having raised the question, my object was achieved, &, at the request of the Bishop of Manchester, I withdrew the motion.** The business having been concluded, I returned to Auckland, stopping at the Golden Lion in Northallerton to have tea. I arrived home a few minutes before 6 p.m., and proceeded to deal with the letters, left over from the morning.

[106]

I received a telegram from Lady Londonderry inviting me to dine at Londonderry House on July 11<sup>th</sup>, "to meet Queen Mary"; but I had to reply that I had an engagement here which could neither be postponed to [sic] delegated. I referred to the Reunion of Ordinands on the 12<sup>th</sup>.

Di Darling wrote to say that she might be returning from Scotland at the end of July, and would break the journey at Auckland.

I received from the contractor a certificate from the architect authorizing payment for a further sum of £100 on account of the dilapidations on the Castle. This brings the amount that I have paid to £1000; and the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have paid about £800. There is yet remaining a substantial sum to be paid, which I suppose must come out of my pocket. Every day I expect to receive a demand for a further payment to the contractor for the work

at Hyntle Place. I have already paid him £850, but there is certainly at least £350 yet to be paid. And then the taxes!

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[107]

Friday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

A fine day after yesterday's rain. I walked round the park with Martin in the afternoon, and was amazed by its radiant verdure. Even the hideous drain-pipes, which are an unpardonable disfigurement, could not wholly destroy its beauty. *But, save for the woodman's daughter, Amy, there was no one in the Park, beside half a dozen familiars at the entrance. It was certainly not so, when I came to Auckland as Bishop 18 years ago. But the long blight of unemployment has largely dispersed the younger men; the organization of Y.M.C.A. and other similar organizations, have failed, and the rapid multiplication of cars and cinemas has provided rival attractions. Explain it as you will, the fact is indisputable viz., that the Bishop's Park has ceased to play a part of real importance in the life of Bishop Auckland. It is noticed that the Fêtes which used to take place in the Park on the Bank Holidays are ceasing to be remunerative, and are plainly on the way to cease altogether. The people can now get away so easily to more alluring and distant entertainments, that they find no attraction in the modest provision in the Park.*

[108]

I wasted much time in writing a commendatory letter to be read at the opening service of a kind of Mission which has been organized in the parish of S<sup>t</sup> Aidan, West Hartlepool. Seven students from Lincoln Theological College under the Warden are to undertake a visitation of the Church of England residents in the parish. It sounds rather vague, but can hardly do much harm, and may well do much good. Anyway, I dare not discourage it.

The sermon for Barking engages my thought. It occurred to me that it might not be unfitting, and could hardly be uninteresting, if I quoted some passages from the Journal, where I have recorded my experiences while I was Vicar of Barking. I found so much that was interesting to myself, that I wasted a vast amount of time in turning over my Journal.

I received a letter from Philip Usher, urging me with some vehemence to write to the Times and make answer to the very foolish letter from the Dean of S. Paul's, which appeared in that journal yesterday, but I declined with thanks!

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[109]

Saturday, June 4<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

I received from Alban Caröe\* a statement of my liabilities on account of Dilapidations. The total amount exclusive of the architect's fees is no less than £2024:0:1. The Ecclesiastical Commissioners have consented to pay £989:9:6; leaving me to pay the rest viz., £1034:10:7. He adds the architect's charges £73:10:0, and an extra charge of £24:4:0 for substituting iron pipes for the lead pipes which the aborigines stole from the Chapel. Thus my total expenditure is: -

Dilapidations	£1034: 10: 7.
Architect's fees	73: 10: 0
Extra	<u>24: 4: 0</u>
	<u>£1132. 4:7</u>

This is rather less than I feared.

I finished reading Oliver Quick's book – Doctrines of the Creed – It is very good, in some parts surprisingly good, so good, indeed, that I was rather surprized at his conventional conclusion on the too-familiar note of episcopalian claim.

Lord Londonderry wrote to ask whether he might include, in part or as a whole, the letter which I wrote to him,<sup>1</sup> in a 2<sup>nd</sup> edition of his little book re. Germany.

[110]

I worked at the Barking sermon for some time, but made little progress. Then I read the five essays of the deacons who are to be ordained on Trinity Sunday. I gave them as their subject the piquant sentence which I remember taking from the lips of the late Lord Halifax –

“The difficulty about the Church of England is to believe that the supernatural is in her: the difficulty about the Church of Rome is to believe in the supernatural at all”. How far is this opinion explicable by the situation in the 16<sup>th</sup> century?

The unhappy deacons did not succeed in getting much out of this subject. Their general ignorance of the history and thought of the XVI<sup>th</sup> century handicapped them too severely!

In the course of pottering about the policies I picked up two Barrington boys – Ronald Moyle and William Wright – who were 16 years of age, & employed at the Forge in the town. I spent an hour in showing them the castle, & when they left I gave them each a copy of 'Abyssinia'.

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<sup>1</sup> Henson to Londonderry, 10 Apr. 1938; see Henson Letterbook 112 [146], Durham Cathedral Library.

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[111]

**Whit-Sunday, June 5<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

The weather has become very warm, and humid. No rain is falling, but there is moisture in the air; and the feeling suggests Sierra Leone rather than Great Britain. All the world is set on holiday-making in spite of clouds in the Sky, and dictators in Europe. In 1914 the Bolt fell when everybody was obsessed with the annual holiday. Will Armageddon come upon us in like fashion?

“Watch therefore; for ye know not on what day your Lord cometh”.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8a.m. Besides myself there communicated Ella, Fearne, the Cook, Irene, Alexander, Lawson, Webster, and William.

I wrote letters to Di Darling, Betty, & George Nimmins. Also to the Editor of the S<sup>t</sup> Martin's Review declining a request that I write something for that paper, & to Sir Bunnell Burnett [Burton\*], refusing to preach on October 29<sup>th</sup>.

M<sup>r</sup> E. D. G. Barnby, stating that he was formerly a choirboy in S. Margaret's, Westminster, called to see me. I talked with him for 20 minutes and sent him on his way.

[112]

I was amused by the unsuspecting audacity of two little girls, perhaps 4 or 5 years of age, who came into the policies hand in hand. They were beautifully prepared, & looked charming. I asked whence they came, & was told, “From the Batts”. So I showed them the rhododendrons, gave them sixpence apiece, & sent them out rejoicing! Christ chose his representatives well, when he commissioned little children to speak for Him.

That impressive paper “The Daily Mirror” which for some inscrutable reason, comes to the Castle, has an offensive reference to ‘the aged Bishop’ D<sup>r</sup> Henson's observations on the proposal that the clergy should be encouraged to instruct their flocks on Marriage. It appears that this strange bishop does not think the clergy to be specially well adapted to the task which it is proposed to assign to them!

We all motored to Durham, & attended Evensong in the cathedral. The school were present filling the greater part of the nave. There was a sermon by the Dean, but sitting in the Throne, I could not so much as disentangle a single sentence. I had tea in the Deanery.

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[113]

**Whit-Monday, June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

An unpleasant day, gusty & threatening to rain, by turns stuffy and chilly, but so far generous to the holiday crowds that it was dry.

I spent the morning in writing a letter to Oliver Quick thanking him for his book – Doctrines of the Creed - & indicating my dissent on the subject of the Virgin Birth & Episcopacy, and then in working at the Barking sermon.

I read through the typed report on the situation in China which Simon Bartlett has made to some Peace organisation. He thinks that Japan must be finally defeated, & that China may be finally ruined. Incidentally, he speaks highly of the German officers who have been organizing the Chinese forces. Since his report was written these officers have been ordered home by the German government.

I walked round the Park with Lawson. There were many ragged children enjoying themselves, and a good many mothers & babies. The spectacle pleased me. It is an odd thing, but in spite of my evil reputation as a hard, cynical person, scornful of the poor, I love these poor people, and would give much to make them happy!

[114]

A sparrow has built its nest inside the lamp over the entrance. From the dining-room window we are able to overlook it. This morning there were four eggs there, & the bird was sitting on them.

Lawson told me that he had seen the king-fishers in the Gaunless. As long as those birds frequent the stream, we cannot doubt there are fish in it.

Correspondents in the Manchester Guardian state that the corncrake is disappearing from England.

The hideous drainpipes in the Park have not only destroyed much of its beauty, but also have introduced a danger to life and limb; for the temptation to walk on them is found irresistible by the children, & it is more than probable that there will be accidents. Then, of course, blame will be attached to the Bishop, who ought to have had the said drain pipes properly secured!

I noticed that the creeper on Bryden's cottage in the Park presented the same patchy appearance as that which grows on the castle. It detracts from its beauty; & I can't imagine what is the cause of it.

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[115]

**Whit-Tuesday, June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

*A very windy, boisterous night. Rain & sunshine alternate this morning. An uncomfortable day.*

*For 2 hours before getting up, I read Headlam's book on 'The Church of England'. It is a very characteristic production – able, dogmatic, arrogantly egotistic, curiously limited. His style is slap-dash and rather incoherent, perhaps because he dictated rather than wrote. He gives a curious specimen of some modern Anglican teaching on p. 67:*

*I heard the other day of a Suffragan Bishop who explained confirmation by the analogy of a photograph. Before the click of the photographer, the plate has nothing on it; after the click there is the impression. So when hands are laid on, the Holy Spirit comes like the impression on the photograph.*

*This would appear quite up to the level of the addresses which the Bishop of London delivers at his confirmations.*

*I started work on a Charge for the Ordination candidates. The fact that Dick is to be ordained to the priesthood led me to the decision that I would write a fresh Charge.*

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The weather improved as the day advanced; in the afternoon there was brilliant sun, & the summer seemed to have arrived. I walked in the Park, & talked amicably with various groups of holiday folk. There were a good many young unemployed miners lying on the grass, & of course, since the schools are closed, a crowd of children.

An Ordination candidate, aged 18, by name Andrew Wilson, came to lunch, and was interviewed. He was very shy, but impressed me as sincere. I sanctioned his application to the Training Board for a grant.

Ella and I motored to Durham, & dined with the Bishop of Jarrow & M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon. There dined also Professor & M<sup>rs</sup> Hamilton Thompson,\*\* Miss Hamilton Thompson, Miss Brown, the Dean & his friend, whose name I do not know. It was a friendly party, and we had much amicable conversation, but I cannot recall hearing or saying anything which was worthy of record. We came a way shortly after 10 p.m.

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[117]

Wednesday, June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

I worked at the Charge, which is curiously unsuccessful in saying what I want to say. Where I want to be sympathetic and helpful, I only become cynical and deterrent. Is it the insistent shadow of my own disordered and discontented Self that darkens all I write? "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord".

In the afternoon, I walked in the Park, and picked up a pleasant youth who was writing a letter, lying on the turf. He was intelligent, well-mannered, & communicative. He told me that his name was Roland Hobday; That he was 22 years old; that he worked in Bishop Auckland in a "Fifty-shilling tailor" shop. This shop was one of a great system of shops spread over the country. The Founder was Sir Henry Price, & the profits on last year's working amounted to more than £500,000. I offered to show him the Castle; & then gave him tea. We became increasingly confidential. He was a presbyterian, but had neglected his religion since coming to Bishop Auckland. I admonished him on the matter, & he promised amendment. He had made friends, with whom he walked, and [118] I inquired where he & his friends danced & was told that they frequented a Dancing Hall at Darlington. I asked, Is there a Master of ceremonies to introduce you to your partners? He seemed surprized. "Excuse me, Sir, but I think you must be rather old-fashioned. We introduce ourselves. You see, everybody is supposed to know everybody else. If we see a young lady whom we would like to dance with, we just ask her. There is no difficulty at all." I found my young companion both interesting and polite. Incidentally he told me that his mother was the sister of the wife of Matheson Lang, the actor, whom he imagined to be the Archbishop of Canterbury's brother. Herein, I think he was mistaken. I gave him "Abyssinia", & wrote his name in it. I received a pre-paid telegram from the "China Campaign Committee" asking me to speak at a Canton Protest meeting in the Queen's Hall on June 15<sup>th</sup>. I returned a non possumus.

[119]

We dined with M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Nicholson who live in a charming old house in Brancepeth. The house is partly medieval, being part of the Neville property which was forfeited to the Crown, partly Jacobean, and partly modern. Beside our host and his pretty wife there dined Captain and M<sup>rs</sup> de Burgh, Miss Dillon, and M<sup>r</sup> Nicholson, our host's father. The dinner was simple and sufficient, the company pleasant & compatible, and the conversation interesting. After the ladies had withdrawn, I had some talk with the elder M<sup>r</sup> Nicholson on the political situation. He said that he had been in London on the night of the House of Lords' debate on Foreign Policy, & had heard much of my speech, which had been described as an effective attack on the Government. He also said that, travelling abroad, he had met somebody, whose name I forget, who, when he heard that he (Nicholson) came from Durham, enquired whether he knew the Bishop, & proceeded to say how he had been wont to attend the services at S. Margaret's, & hear that gentleman preach! It is a small world.



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[120]

Thursday, June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Dennis, the Vicar of Howden-le-Wear, writes to congratulate me on completing fifty years of priesthood.

“I take great pleasure in sending to your Lordship the filial & affectionate greetings of the parson & people of Howden-le-Wear. **The suggestion that we should do so was by the congregation at Evensong last Sunday most heartily taken up,** & in a way which left no doubt of your Lordship’s hold on the affection of your people.

We assure your Lordship of our earnest prayers at this juncture, our gratitude for wise & kindly rule, & our sincere desire that you may long be spared to continue the same.”

This is well enough; & probably as sincere as that kind of language can be; yet I take little comfort from it; because I know more about the Bishop of Durham than the excellent Vicar, & if he knew all that I know about that gentleman, he would have expressed himself differently!

[121]

I finished the Barking sermon, wrote the names of the candidates in their Ordination books, and sent Dennis a sufficient acknowledgement of his congratulations.

Ella and Fearne went away to be with M<sup>rs</sup> McKnight until the Castle would be free from candidates.

Then I made a desperate effort to clear up my study, but with small success. It remains chaotic, a fair symbol of the owner’s mind! A rag-bag of ill-assorted information rather than a sound equipment of intelligently-ordered knowledge, is all that I can command for the conduct of life!

I walked for an hour in the Park, & had some talk with a school teacher from, Middlesborough. He seemed really keen about his work, & spoke of it with sympathy & intelligence.

Also, I wrote to Munro Cautley, telling him that I intended to visit Hyntle Place on Monday, 20<sup>th</sup> June, & expressing the hope that he might meet me there then after lunch.

The Ordination candidates – only six in all – arrived in time for dinner. The Bishop of Jarrow [Geoffrey Gordon\*] and Archdeacon Owen\* also dined.

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Friday, June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. The six candidates communicated together with the Bishop of Jarrow, Martin and myself. Everything seemed to be devout and sincere; but we cannot know.

The Bishop of Jarrow's address at Mattins was good in substance, and well-expressed. His emphasis on the common clerical failings of conventionality, mannerism, & unreality was certainly not ~~simple~~ superfluous nor excessive. But, perhaps, sincerity can never be created or recovered by exhortation.

*Mervyn Haigh\* will get into the House of Lords as a consequence of the Bishop of Wakefield's death. He writes to ask me to be one of the two bishops, [symbol] who shall introduce him. I said that I should be pleased and honoured to do so, but that he must make sure that there was no convention requiring introduction by co-provincials.*

Jarrow and I walked for an hour in the Park, returning to the Castle in time for tea. All the five canons of the Cathedral made their appearance.

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I interviewed the candidates, and to every one of the five candidates for the priesthood I gave a copy of Osborne's book, "The Christian Priest of Today". To Dick [Elliott]\* I gave the five volumes of the Sermons of Robertson of Brighton. His Ordination to the Priesthood brings to completion the venture of faith to which I committed myself some 10 or 11 years ago when I first made the acquaintance of the small red-headed boy whom Ernest Henson, then an assistant Master at Sedbergh School, brought here on a holiday visit. The boy's father had died in rather sad circumstances, & it was a kindness to provide a holiday retreat for the school-boy. Who can doubt that God's Hand was guiding both me and him? In school at Durham, in College at Oxford, and then at Westcott House Dick has so carried himself as fully to justify my hopes for him, & now I am permitted, by God's abounding mercy, to complete the venture by Ordaining him. Laus Dei!

Information was brought to me that Miss Wood of Coxhoe had died. She has not long survived ~~xxx~~ her brother [John Wood]\*. It is, indeed, time for me also to depart.

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[124]

**S Barnabas, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. The Bishop of Jarrow, and the six candidates communicated with Martin & me. On both these days of "retreat" I called for prayers for the Church under persecution on the continent, "and therein specially for the Pastor Niemöller\* now in a concentration camp after months of imprisonment for conscience sake".

I received a very affectionate letter from Freddie Gray, one of the old choirboys of S. Margaret's, Barking. He can hardly be less than 60 years old now, but he subscribes himself "Your Lordship's most affectionate Old Boy". There is something almost terrifying about the tenacious loyalty of Boys. Somebody says, & truly, "The thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts". Is it an evidence of "second childhood" that I am myself becoming oddly sentimental!

Nancy Wynne-Willson sends me photographs of Cuddesdon Parish Church, with a note reminding me that I was ordained there 51 years ago. Trinity Sunday 1887 was a glorious summer's day.

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Jarrow's final address was particularly good, and, taking the three addresses together, they were certainly much above the average of such performances both in thought and in phrase.

After lunch the candidates went off to Durham.

Ella and Fearne returned in safety about tea-time.

I went in to Durham, and delivered my Charge to the candidates in little Bow Church in the Bailey which now serves as the chapel for S. John's chapel. The Bishop of Jarrow, Archdeacon Owen, Principal Wallis, and M<sup>r</sup> Mercer, the solitary deacon's father together with Wallerson, Martin & the six candidates composed my congregation. My charge was based on Ephesians v. 14. "Look carefully how ye walk, not as unwise, but as wise; redeeming the time because the days are evil". I dwelt much on the menacy character of the present situation, & emphasised the probability that the revolt against Christianity which is sweeping over the continent, would surely in time make its presence apparent in Great Britain. It was rather a gloomy pronouncement.

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[126]

Trinity Sunday, June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

### ORDINATION

Fifty years ago on Trinity Sunday I was ordained to the Priesthood by the Bishop of Oxford (Mackarness) in Cuddesdon. Parish Church. I was then head of the Oxford House, in Bethnal Green. It is curious that I made no record of the event in my Journal, though I had an entry on the preceding days, & there is a good deal of rambling & unreal soliloquising. The Bishop's Charge in the Palace Chapel seems to have impressed me. It gained solemnity from the physical weakness of the Bishop, who was nearing his death.

“He impressed me a good deal, & I retired to bed very discontented with myself. There I read through the Pastoral Epistles & meditated awhile before retiring to bed”.

I seem to have been in a very restless, hectic mood, the farthest removed conceivable from what might be naturally held to be appropriate to such a time. I tried to clear up my tangled thoughts, & to find out precisely what Ordination to the Priesthood really meant to me. I answered that it meant 3 things.

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1. My dedication to the clerical life is rendered irreversible : I cannot henceforth allow myself to contemplate a return to secular life as a possible event.
2. My purpose in life is solemnly re-affirmed : a year's probation has not destroyed my belief in that purpose. I proclaim it anew in the face of the World.
3. I finally accept the Christian position : I part company with the amiable & attractive Freethinkers. I abandon all claim to be an “original thinker”; I ally myself publicly with ritualists, reactionaries, revivalists, and ranters; nay, I become all those.

Now it cannot possibly be maintained that these statements constitute a satisfactory state of mind. They are egotistic, external, & excessive; & probably they masqued, rather than disclosed, my true thoughts. But they have a certain interest as disclosing the faults which have disfigured, & gone far to defeat, my whole ministry. Egotism, externalism, & excess are ugly marks on any life; & they involve weakness & trouble for every life, which can be truly said to exhibit them. And that is the case with mine.

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The Ordination was accomplished without any mischances. Both the Dean and all the five canons were present. The Bishop of Jarrow preached well but depressingly on the decline in the number of the clergy, the fault of the laity both in discouraging vocations, and in failing to provide for the maintenance of the clergy, and the prospect of a definite failure of the parochial system. It is only too true, but when one seeks to discover the causes, one comes

up against graver matters than the faults of the laity. After the service, we lunched in the Castle. The Bishop of Jarrow and M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon brought with them Lady C. Rous who has decided to transfer her social service from East London to Durham. The solitary deacon, William Mercer brought his father. Oliver Quick and five of the candidates with Martin & me brought up the number to twelve. The air became very sultry and thunderous with the usual result that I became stupid and malevolent! So, at last, after all these years of hope and prayer, I have had the happiness of ordaining Dick, both to the diaconate & to the priesthood.

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**Monday, June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A brilliant morning, and vey warm. Before going to bed last night, I went through the Order of Holy Communion with Dick, telling him how, in my judgment, he should understand the rubrics, and warning him with some earnestness against the current sophistries of the Anglo-Catholics, which, under the pretence of a scrupulous anxiety to obey the Prayer Book, succeed to the ~~xxx xxx~~ satisfaction ^of the sophist^ in so flatly disobeying it, as to make its requirements serve their design of defeating its spirit & purpose. He is an ingenuous, & devout lad, who is naturally averse from all the circuitous hair-splitting which prevails in the Theological Colleges & in the pages of the Church Times. I could wish that it were more certainly absent from the debates of the Bishops.

Dick returned to Norton after breakfast. The Archdeacons came here for the monthly conference. We discussed appointments to the very long list of vacant parishes.

Morris Young,\* the Vicar of New Shildon, came to give an ill report of his curate, the R<sup>ev</sup> R.G. Hickman. I said that the said curate must give the requisite 3 months' notice, & clear out of the diocese.

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I wrote to the following:-

1. R<sup>ev</sup> Cyril Blomeley, Vicar of Esh, offering him appointment to **Hetton-le-Hole**.
2. R<sup>ev</sup> E.M. Williams, Vicar of S. Thomas, Bishopwearmouth offering him appt to **Kelloe**.
3. R<sup>ev</sup> Jack Norwood, Curate of Brandon, offering appt to **S. Aidan's**, South Shields.
4. R<sup>ev</sup> William Suthren, Curate of S. Paul's, West Hartlepool, offering appt to **Burnopfield**.
5. R<sup>ev</sup> J.D. Smith, Curate of New Seaham, offering appt to **Hamsterley**.

The Duchess of Atholl [Katharine Stewart-Murray]\* writes to ask me to meet a certain D<sup>r</sup> Richard Barmann, whom she describes as "an Austrian friend" and "a well-known writer & journalist, who can give trustworthy information about Nazified Austria. But I cannot easily manage to accept her Grace's invitation, & I am not particular eager to do so! It is certain that I cannot assist the victims of the Nazi tyranny, but I can but too easily convey the impression that I can - & that is neither serviceable to them, nor honourable to myself.

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[131]

Tuesday, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Another very hot day. Temperature in Ella's room at lunch-time stood at 73° Fahrenheit.

I occupied the morning in going over what I had written about the relation of the Church of England to the Church of Rome. Very poor stuff indeed!

In the afternoon I walked in the Park, & picked up two young men, aged respectively 24 and 21 – Edward Brown and Fred. Siddle. Both had been members of Hague's Bible Class, & both had been confirmed by me. Neither was now accustomed to go to church. I took them to see the Castle, & incidentally exhorted them to return to their Christian duty. Also, I gave them a copy of "Abyssinia", & wrote their names therein. Very attractive, well-mannered young men, but contentedly pagans.

Two of the men, ordained to the Priesthood last Sunday, write letters thanking me. These were Young and Pelloe. Dick thanked me orally.

I received from Munro Cautley a further demand for £250 on account of the work at Hyntle Place. This brings up my expenditure on the house to no less than £1100 and the end is not yet.

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That quaint and garrulous American divine, the Rev D Slack, who broke his nose on the Roman stones when visiting the Wall some time ago ~~whom~~ while he was staying here, writes at length to thank me for the copy of "Ad Clerum" which I sent him last Christmas. He is so pleased with it that he sends me £2 to buy copies for distribution among his clerical friends!

I wish that every Seminary of our Protestant Episcopal Church in the U.S.A. made of this "Ad Clerum" a required study before any student ~~be~~ was allowed to graduate therefrom.

This surprises me, for I would have thought that "Ad Clerum" was too distinctively English in its presuppositions and points of view for usefulness in America. He writes rather alarmingly about the development of Anti-Semitic feeling in U.S.A.

The newspapers publish obituary notices of old Sir Lewis Dibdin,\* who died a few days ago at the age of 86. I had not realized that he was alive.

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[133]

Wednesday, June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Prof. Norman Sykes sends me, which [sic] he wrote in "Theology" on "Bishop Butler and the Primacy", and requests my opinion on the value of his arguments. He examines the evidence for the often-quoted story that Butler declined the offer of the Abpk. of Canterbury on the ground that "it was too late for him to try to support a falling church"

"The only source of evidence in support of the tradition is contained in a volume of Memoirs of the Life, Character, & Writings of Joseph Butler, published by Thos<sup>s</sup> Bartlett in 1839".

There it is stated in a footnote that the anecdote "is given upon the authority of the late Lady Saxton, who was connected with the family, & preserved many of his sayings".

It is shown that the Abpk was offered to the Bishop of London (Gibson) and to the Bishop of Salisbury (Sherlock), & declined by both. It was then offered to the Abp of York (Herring), & accepted reluctantly by him. No allusion to any offer to Bishop Butler is to be found in the voluminous correspondence of the Duke of Newcastle who is not likely to have omitted mention of a matter which would have interested him.

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The sole evidence for the alleged offer is contained in the oral tradition handed down in the Butler family, and printed by Bartlett nearly a century later. In view of the contrary negative evidence it must seem at least highly doubtful whether credence can be attached to the reported refusal by the philosopher-prelate of the Primacy of all England. But, if Butler did not decline either of the primatial sees of the Ecclesia Anglicana (and here is the unkindest cut of all), what becomes of the alleged reason for his nolo archiepiscopari which has adorned so many pious copy book exercises on the theme of the baseness of the Hanoverian Church? Must the legend that "it was too late to try to support a falling church" pass into that extensive limbo of dissipated eighteenth-century chimeras which have no sufficient foundation in fact?

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I worked at the Book, and then prepared my income tax return, which I sent to Dashwood. In connexion with this Return, I had occasion to go to the Bank, and, as I returned, I fell in with five youths from the Grammar School. We walked round the Bowling Green, & into the Conservatory. They all came from Willington.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I confirmed 140 persons in the Cathedral. Then, after a hasty cup of tea with the Bishop of Jarrow, we went to Cosin's Library, where I presided over a meeting of the Diocesan Missionary Association. Bishop Lasbrey\* was the principal speaker. I occupied the Throne, & pronounced the Benediction. I brought Bishop Lasbrey back to Auckland with me that he might take up his abode there until Friday. He



spoke very highly of Jack Carr\* who has a rather specially difficult job in Nigeria, and is tackling it with courage and intelligence.

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Thursday, 16<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[Greek quotation]

A man who causes fear cannot be free from fear.

(attributed to Epicurus (v. Bailey p. 139)

*It occurred to me that this sentence would serve well enough for a concluding sentence in my address to the Rotarians of Sunderland on "Abyssinia". It is applied to Mussolini.*

*"Let the Italian dictator, bragging and bullying, in the pride of his successful crime, remember the saying of Epicurus – "A man who causes fear, cannot be free from fear".*

*I left the Castle at a few minutes before noon, and motored to Sunderland, where I picked up the Rector [Robert Stannard]\* at Bishopwearmouth Rectory. I then proceeded to the Palatine Hotel to lunch with the Rotarians, and address them on Abyssinia. There was a "record" attendance, including a good many visitors. I was told that, although no more than 85 were expected, no less than 150 attended. Indeed, there had [137] to be an "overflow" meeting. **I spoke for exactly half an hour, and was listened with close attention. At the end the applause was loud and prolonged.** One of the company, speaking with an impressive appearance of sincerity, thanked me in the name of the Sunderland Rotary in very flattering language. Among my hearers were a number of the local clergy, including Jimmie Dobbie,\* whom I have not seen for an unusually long period. Stannard said that he thought the meeting was a great success. **I gave copies of my pamphlet, "Abyssinia" to all who cared to have them. The supply of 92 copies appeared to be disappearing rapidly.** After a tiresome delay in getting hold of the car, I returned to Auckland. Was it worth while?*

I wrote a number of indispensable letters including one to D<sup>r</sup> Slack, telling him that I had instructed my publishers to send him the equivalent of his money order for £2 in copies of "Ad Clerum". Also, I wrote to the retired accountant aged 52 who desires to be ordained, sending him the usual paper of questions, & saying that when I had considered his answers, I should let him know whether I was worth his while to see me.

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Friday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A brilliant day, cloudless sky & bright sun.

Norman Sykes answers my letter very flatterously. After much praise of Durham Cathedral &c, he proceeds:-

May I make bold to say that **I hope your intention to resign your see will find occasion for postponement?** There is no member of the bench possessed of your ability to write classical English, nor any other with your knowledge of the history of our Church. I fear we can expect no future episcopal Stubbs or Creighton, and your presence is therefore the more necessary when legend instead of knowledge of Anglican history seems to prevail.

**But if you do, and must resign, I hope you will employ your leisure in autobiographical labours.** I have reflected more than once in reading the biographies of Gore and Talbot, and even the monumental one of Davidson **some autobiographical reminiscences [139] from your hand would have enlightened many a dull page, and lighted up many a disputatious scene.** I hope therefore that both is remaining at Durham or in going you will remember the claims of posterity upon your pen.

I shall look forward the greatest interest to some Speculum Ecclesiae Anglicana from your hand. It will belie all your previous writings if it does ~~not~~ prove to have been too ambitious a project for your pen.

This is, perhaps, rather excessive, but it would be too cynical to deny it an element of sincerity.

Ella had her first garden party for this season. The company was not too numerous, and rather more "select" than usual. Ashdown and his wife were among those that came. I showed them the Chapel, and walked M<sup>rs</sup> A. round the bowling green. In Butler's walk she told me with a touching simplicity, that she was expecting a baby in the Autumn, a prospect in which I could congratulate her with warmth and sincerity.

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Two Ordination candidates came to see me – Crane and Greg. The first came with Hawthorn, & desired to be ordained on a tithe from S Gabriel's, Sunderland. The last desired to be advised as to a tithe, since his arrangement for a tithe from Spennymoor had fallen through by reason of Bates's departure from the diocese. I advised him to get in touch with the Rector of Houghton-le-Spring. Then Collinson, the Curate of Eldon, came to explain why he desired to leave his present curacy. I advised him, to seek another at Harton.

I wrote to the Master of Gonville and Caius (D<sup>r</sup> Cameron) in answer to his inquiry about the Rev J Hawthorne, whether he was well-suited for appointment to S Mary's, Stockport. I said that, though he was an admirable clergyman, I did not think his appointment to that benefice would be wise.

Also, I wrote to Ruth Headly refusing to take part in her marriage, on the ground of absence on holiday.

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**Saturday, June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Ella, Fearne and I, accompanied by Martin, motored to Darlington, & took train for King's Cross. I went (as befits the Palatine dignity) first class; the ladies followed their normal custom & travelled by the third class. We parted on the platform, they to occupy rooms at the Vandycke Hotel. I to stay at the Athenaeum.

I journeyed in the luxury of an unshared compartment; &, on reaching London, proceeded at once to the Club. It being Saturday, there were but few members present. I had talk with the Dean of S Paul's and Prebendary [Launcelot] Percival.\*

I received a letter from the R<sup>ev</sup> W. Addison V.C. declining appointment to S Helen's, West Auckland because his wife "feels that he could not face living at West Auckland as it would be so entirely different to anything she has known". I make no doubt that the silly querulous cackling of old M<sup>rs</sup> Davison alarmed the poor lady. The V.C. himself would, I am persuaded, have come willingly enough. So that living is unfilled.

I had some talk with Athelston Riley\* and Philip Usher, both interesting and rather odd "personalities".

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**1<sup>st</sup> Sunday after Trinity, June 19<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

M<sup>r</sup> Dawson called for me in his car at 9.40 p.m. [sic], & carried me to Barking. He is curiously like his father, whose profession, an architect's, he also follows. He is slightly deaf. Before taking me to the Church he showed me some of the changes in the streets. They are transformed beyond recognition. The old Elizabethan Town hall has been taken down, but its component timbers have been preserved, and it is hoped that it may be re-built. The Churchyard has been closed & entrusted to the municipal authority, which has brought it into excellent order. The Church has been thoroughly restored, and now presented the appearance of a fine perpendicular church.

**Great pains had been taken to make the Thanksgiving Service impressive.** The Lord Lieutenant, the Bishop of Chelmsford, Archdeacon Bayne, the Mayor of Barking, & several of the local incumbents were present, & the church was thronged. A huge choir of men & boys sang with vigour, & there was an impression of heartiness & goodwill which pleased me.

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I preached from Psalm 119.96 "I see that all things come to an end, but thy commandment is exceeding broad": and my sermon did certainly command the closest attention. Rather to my annoyance, a persistent reporter, pledging himself to return the MS to me at the Athenaeum carried it off. After the service there was a kind of reception in the school, where the procession had robed. A number of old friends presented themselves, including some of the old choir-boys, now grey-headed men, and they all expressed so much affection for me, and reminded me of episodes, (which for the most part I had more or less completely forgotten) that I was really touched. I lunched at the Vicarage. The Bishop of Chelmsford, & M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Hewett always lunched; & we had much talk. The cedar, which was so conspicuous a feature of the Vicarage Lawn, fell some years ago; most of the ground attached to the Vicarage has been sold, & indeed the place is unrecognisable. After lunch the Vicar motored me about the parish, & showed me the transformation that has [144] *taken place. One change pleased me. The old Elizabethan House, which was tenanted by a pig-keeper, & plainly following falling into ruin has been rescued by the National Trust, thoroughly restored, & let to the Corporation for use as a museum. It has a noble appearance. The Vicar told me that the new population is largely leavened with Socialism and Communism; that while not actively hostile to religion, it is secularist in feeling & habit; that, while the population increases with startling rapidity, the number of children in the school is falling off. I was astonished at the number of notices of banns of marriage given out at the morning service. This, I was assured, was rather below the usual number. The income of the benefice now exceeds £1100 per annum, but it is reduced by payments for curates, rates, charges for dilapidations & pensions, & is soon to be further reduced by £100 p.a. toward the income of a new parish. I returned to London by train to Charing Cross.*

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*The Bishop of Chelmsford told me that his diocese contained over two million people; that he had to confirm in no less than 140 centres. Thanks to the number of small parishes in rural Essex; that he was accustomed to give only one address to the candidates. The Vicar said that in his experience confirmation candidates persevered as communicants best when confirmed at 16, & that he disapproved confirming at a very early age. We discussed the Report of the Doctrine Commission, and I soon discovered (not wholly to my surprise) that the Bishop of Chelmsford is no friend to doctrinal liberty. He would require from the clergy a stricter profession than from the laity, i.e., as I pointed out to him, rather to his confusion, that he would thus be having two doctrinal standards in the Church, two measures of saving truth. He said, (like Festus Felix when his conscience was becoming uncomfortable under the preaching of S. Paul,) that he would hear me again on this matter. It was apparent that the Vicar and his curates were more liberal than their diocesan.*

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**Monday, June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Miss Hume's car with herself, Ella, & Fearne on board, called at the Club at 9.45 a.m. We motored to Hintlesham, a distance of about 70 miles, and arrived about 12.30 p.m. The road lay through Hainault & Epping Forest into the open country, & when once we had emerged from Babylon, was very beautiful. The brilliant weather made our journey pleasant. After lunching in the Rectory, we went to Hyntle Place, accompanied by the Rector & his sister. There we were met by Munro Cautley, the Architect, and Turner, the builder, & made a thorough inspection of the work that has been done. On the whole I was agreeably surprised. The new library is well-proportioned & well-lighted. It will accommodate, perhaps, 1500-2000 books, & is certainly large enough to admit my table. The adjoining room will admit about 2000 books if its walls be fully utilized. The lavatory behind the hall seems to be adequate, & the electric light, water supply etc. not insufficient.

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Mouldsdale\* has made an amazing recovery. He has lost a stone and a half of superfluous weight, and acquired a clot of blood in his leg – phlebitis. He motored me from the Rectory to Hyntle Place, and displayed creditable activity in his inspection of the latter. There will not be lacking neighbours of one sort or another. Havelock Ellis\* is coming to live in Hintlesham: and a nameless Colonel: and there is the Squire who is stated to combine Socialist opinions with the Roman Catholic faith. We left the Rectory a few minutes before 5 p.m. and returned to London. There was surprisingly little traffic on the roads, and I was back at the Athenaeum at 7.30 p.m.

Henry James, the gardener at Hyntle Place, has started learning the perilous art of motor-driving in order that he may be able to serve me in the twofold capacity of a chauffeur and a gardener. The appearance of the garden seemed to indicate that he was able to fulfil one part of his double duty well enough, but experience alone can indicate as much for the other. He seems a well-mannered, industrious man, who may be trusted.



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[148]

Tuesday, June 21<sup>st</sup>, 1938.

A very hot night, & sleep was hard to come by. ***At breakfast I sate with the Bishop of Birmingham*** [Ernest Barnes],\* & seized the opportunity to challenge him on the indefensible behaviour of Canon Richardson [see Linetta Richardson\*], in whose parish the episcopal residence is situated, in the matter of using in the parish church a liturgy of his own compilation. I was rather startled by his attitude. He has apparently persuaded himself that the unchecked illegalities of the Anglo-Catholics justify any essays in law-breaking which may be undertaken by Modernists. The reasoning seems to run in this way. Since by breaking the law, the Anglo-Catholics have succeeded in giving a direction to Prayer Book Revision which favoured their views: Modernists can only hope to make the next Revision favourable to their views, by following the same method. "You may take it from me that the Modernists are determined to have the prayer-book revised in a Modernist direction." I observed that the method of "casting out Satan by Satan" could hardly claim to be Christian, & that its deliberate adoption implied in those who adopted it a categorical repudiation of the very notion of a Church.

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After breakfast I wrote to the Newcastle Secretary of the Norwich Fire Insurance Society directing him to insure Hyntle Place against all risks for £5000. Then I went to the hair-dresser, & was professionally dealt with. As I was leaving, I ran into Sir James Irvine,\* and had some talk with him. He is just back from America, & has evidently benefitted by the sea voyage. He said that he was pledged to visit the Tyneside Social Settlement, & would put up at Auckland Castle. I went next to the Wesleyan Central Hall, & came in for the division on some motion about clerical discipline. Lord Hugh Cecil\* was "winding up". The division which was taken by Houses showed heavy majorities against it in the House of Bishops, and in the House of Clergy, but a majority in its favour in the House of Laity. So it was lost. Then I went over to the House of Lords, and lunched, sharing a table with the Bishop of Winchester. He is enduring the intermittent affliction of "Dilapidations": but his problem is child's play compared to that of the Bishop of Durham. I returned to the Athenaeum, and wrote a number of letters. Gilbert Box\* and his son Reginald came & talked with me in the Porch.

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I had an interview with Dashwood,\* and ascertained the method of an episcopal resignation. First, I must write to the Archbishop [of York *inserted above*] stating my extreme physical decrepitude, & desire to resign, and indicating when I wished my resignation to take effect. Then, I must sign the formal documents. I asked what would be the position of my servants. He said that I should give them formal notice, undertaking to recommend them to my successor. Probably, I should be privately informed of my successor's name in good time to ascertain what were his wishes as to buying my furniture, & retaining my servants. He thought it would be proper for me to write to the Prime Minister in the first instance giving him notice of my intention to resign the See. Dashwood

was under the impression that I had under-stated the amounts of my claims against the Income tax people: and he went through the figures, making various additions. I told him that I might find it difficult to pay the income tax before August 1<sup>st</sup>, when a quarter's income would come to me. He thought that would not be objected against by the Cormorants.

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Wednesday, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.

I wrote a number of letters before leaving the Club in order to see the oculist (J. Metterval) in 23 Hertford Street, Park Lane. He reported well of my eyes. They had, of course, deteriorated, but that was inevitable. He gave me the recipe for yet another pair of spectacles. Then I called at 21 Park Lane, and talked with Lord Scarbrough\* for half an hour. He seems wonderfully alert & vigorous, in spite of his fourscore years. We spoke of my approaching resignation, & he agreed that 75 was a reasonable age at which to retire. He thought that even so strong a man as his own diocesan, the Bishop of Sheffield, was probably unable to take long views, & undertake distant policies, when, through senectitude, his time was short. As I approached Burlington House, I ran into Ella & Fearne, who were about to visit the Academy. I readily agreed to join them, and, as we approached the Building, we were hailed by Arthur Rawle & Betty. I walked hastily through the rooms, & came away leaving the ladies there. The large picture of the Coronation by Frank Salisbury looks very imposing. There is just enough of me to be recognizable as I look over His Majesty's shoulder! I lunched at the Club.

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*I had some talk with the Dean of Wells. He says that his diocesan is curiously undistinguished, and practically handicapped by his poverty: but he is simple, kindly, and hard-working.*

*I went to the House of Lords, and spent half an hour in the Library, in writing to Dick. Then with the Bishop of Winchester I "introduced" the Bishop of Coventry (Mervyn Haigh) into the House, misconducting myself horribly in the foolish little ceremonial. I listened to a discussion of the Coal Bill, which bored me terribly: & then I had tea. Lord Scarbrough came & talked with me while I drank my tea. I walked back to the Athenaeum, & wrote up my Journal.*

Ella called at the Club for me in good time, and we drove together to the Mansion House, where the Lord Mayor was entertaining the Archbishops, and Bishops & Clergy of the Established Church. We sate between the Abp. of York and the Bp. of Norwich. The proceedings were, perhaps, less boring than usual. The dinner was good: and (a cardinal point) the toasts were few and the speeches not excessively long.

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Thursday, June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.

*A very hot night: this morning clouded & stuffy. I sat beside old Sir Bunnell Burton at breakfast. He is friendly, & will be a neighbour in Suffolk. After breakfast, I sate at Sir John Reith's\* table, and had an interesting talk on the general outlook. He is not very hopeful about the future. Only the advantage of monopoly has so far enabled B.B.C. to maintain a standard of friendship with Christianity and refusal to put out the worser kinds of music etc. If that advantage were withdrawn, what will happen? He said that he had never done any flying, and would now have to do much. He was a good sailor, but doubted whether that circumstance justified the belief that he would not be sick in the air. He said that he observed that birds were becoming scarcer in this country every year: and I could but confirm his observation by my own. We agreed that the advent of motors was a principal cause, for the destruction of roadside trees & hedges in order to provide motoring roads had gravely disturbed the nesting conditions. I was much attracted by the frankness, humanity, and high moral tone of this really remarkable man.*

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The papers announce the death of the Queen's mother, the Countess of Strathclyde. This event comes at an inconvenient time, on the eve of Their Majesties departure for the State Visit to France. There is small room for private sorrow in royal lives.

I went to the Central Hall of the Wesleyans and attended for more than an hour the session of the Church Assembly. I heard an excellent speech on medical missions from Pickard Cambridge [Pickard-Cambridge],\* who impresses me as an unusually wise & able man, and also (what goes rarely with wisdom and ability) as sincere. These earnest appeals for men – young men, the best men – in the mission field lose most of their effect because they seem to lose all of their relevance, when they are addressed to the leaders of a Church, who are in despair as to their power any longer to find clergy for the Home Church.

[symbol in margin] *The Dean of Exeter (Carpenter) cornered me, & expressed his anxiety to follow up my speech in the House of Lords by some congruous action, but I had to confess that I could not myself perceive any kind of action which would have even a slight chance of effecting anything! Could one be more humiliated?*

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*Lord Sankey\* expressed to me his approval of my speech in the House of Lords, but had to agree that nothing can be done. The Government policy fills me with despair: it has sacrificed imperial interest and national honour to the single interest of keeping what we (ludicrously enough) call peace: & it becomes daily more probable that we shall not even succeed in our object.*

General Frederick [Barton] Maurice,\* (who is at the head of the British Legion, & has visited Germany in that character in order to promote better relations between that country & Great Britain,) told me that he had written a “strong letter” to the German ambassador pointing out to him the unhappy effect of the persecution of the Jews on the public opinion of this country. He said that he was inclined to think that it would “clear the air”, and probably serve the interest of Peace, if we broke off diplomatic relations with Germany on the specific ground that her abominable oppression of Jews & non-Aryans, & her breaches of treaty put her outside the pale of civilized communities. Certainly, our condonation of the anti-Semitic excesses, neither facilitates mutual understanding nor provides a basis for securing any peace which could be permanent.

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Friday, June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

The heat last night was oppressive, and made sleep impossible. I started the day in a jaded condition. There must have been something like a domestic revolution in the Athenaeum: for most of the young men & boys who rendered service have vanished, & their places have been filled by newcomers who are astonishingly inefficient. The waiting yesterday at luncheon, and today at breakfast was quite deplorably bad. "I think I hate inefficiency more than wickedness" I observed to the occupant of the next table. "But you oughtn't to," he said. "Perhaps not," I rejoined, "but the old Adam asserts himself in front of inefficiency!" I went to M<sup>r</sup> Rankin's Studio, yesterday evening, at 14 Cheltenham Terrace, Chelsea, S.W. and sate to him for an hour in order that he might get my likeness right for the Coronation picture which he is printing, & which he hopes to get into the great liner now building on the Clyde, the Queen Elizabeth. Ella had known him in Selkirkshire when he was a small boy. He was a pleasant-looking man, rather short, of a fair complexion, & with a humourous [*sic*] expression. He painted a picture of my head, which, though [157] extremely repulsive, was certainly disgustingly like the original! It is rather startling to see oneself as an artist sees one.

After breakfast, I went to the hair-dresser, & had my hair washed. Then I "took up my carriages" and went to King's Cross.

*I received a note from Sir William Braqq O.M. asking me to second Alban Caröe's nomination for election to the Athenaeum, which I did very willingly.*

*Sir Frederick Newbolt encountered me in the Club. We talked about his brother, Sir Henry Newbolt,\* who died recently. He said that he had not spoken to him for two years, for his mind had decayed, & he was a complete wreck. He himself was in a bad way, a martyr to arthritis. We compared ages, & found that we were both born in November 1863. I am a fortnight older than he.*

[symbol in margin] *Also, I met Sir Frederick Kenyon,\* & we spoke of the projected translation of the Ethiopic Codex into Amharic. I expressed some surprize that Ethiopia could produce scholars able to do the work. He said that the existence of scribes competent to copy the Codex was also matter for surprize.*

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I travelled to Darlington by the Pulman express, arriving a quarter of an hour after time. Martin met me with the car, & so I returned to the Castle. The contrast between the parched appearance of London, and the greenness of the Midlands and North was very marked.

I received a letter from Cecil Roth, as President of the Jewish Historical Society of England, inviting me to deliver the annual Lucien Wolf Memorial Lecture.

“The subject of the lecture would be left to your choice. Nominally, it should be some topic connected with Wolf’s own interests – Peace, International Relations, the Rights of Minorities, & Jewish History: but in fact anything that you cared to say which would interest Jews as human beings would be welcomed.”

This is difficult to refuse, & extraordinarily difficult to accept. For I am under contract with the Cambridge Press to deliver the completed MS. of the Book by the end of the year: &, without any interruption, to do that will not be easy.

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**Saturday, June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Clouded sky and somewhat cooler temperature.

I made up my mind with considerable hesitation that it was my duty to decline the Jewish invitation, and I wrote to say so to D<sup>r</sup>. Cecil Roth. If it had not been for the prior claim of the Book, I should certainly have undertaken the Lecture.

Mary Rainbow,\* in a high state of pleasurable excitement, wrote to inform me that she had got a First Class in the Final School at Durham. I sent her a congratulatory note.

M<sup>r</sup>. James Frew Martin, an Ordination candidate, came to see me. He wishes to offer a title from M<sup>c</sup>Gill's parish in Stockton, but is rather doubtful whether, if he went there, he would have enough work to do. I told him to have a "heart-to-heart" talk on that point with M<sup>c</sup>Gill, and that, if he did not feel satisfied, he might tell me, & I would find him another parish. On the whole, I liked the young man. He has taken a degree at Oxford in Jurisprudence, & is now reading Theology at Chichester. He was at pains to let me know that he did not wholly agree with the advanced type of "Anglo-Catholicism" which obtains in that College.

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Ella and Fearne returned from London, arriving about tea-time.

Sir Charles and Lady Peers arrived in time for dinner.

Tragedies multiply. It is reported that young Sprat, who was nearly killed in a flying accident a short while ago, has probably perished at sea. The yacht on which he was sailing has not been heard of for a week past. He was only 27 years old.

Xan Wynne-Willson yet lingers, but yesterday I was informed that he was "sinking". It hardly seems reasonable to expect his recovery. His first child was but 5 days old, when the accident to her father happened. He was certainly one of the best of the younger clergy.

I read the book 'Insanity Fair' by Douglas Reed, which has been highly commended in reviews and personal estimates. The writer has lived in Berlin and Vienna during the years which have witnessed Hitler's triumph & the destruction of Austrian independence. He is a journalist, & writes with [the] assumption of omniscience which belongs to that character.



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**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Trinity, June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A brilliant morning, fresh but with the promise of a hot day.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Sir Charles & Lady Peers & William communicated. Martin assisted.

*A telephone message from Sturt told me that Xan Wynne-Willson died this morning at 8.30 a.m. It is a grievous calamity for his wife, his child, his parents, and his parish. I had allowed myself to build great hopes on his ministry in Benfieldside. I wrote letters of condolence to his poor little wife & to her father, and to his parents & sister. There are hardly any compositions which I find so difficult.*

The air became extremely close & thunderous as the day advanced, & by the time I set out for Durham, I felt more disposed to slumber than to sleep... Why should one's spiritual efficiency be conditioned by the state of the atmosphere?

We all motored to Durham, and attended the C.L.B. service in the Cathedral. It was quite an impressive affair, admirably arranged. About 800 lads attended, & afterwards paraded in Palace Green, where I inspected them.

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Monday, June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

When morning broke, rain was falling with some energy, & the temperature was cooler.

I received from my cousin a very disconcerting account of my Brother's health. He is ill, lonely, inaccessible in his loneliness. His wife who has been ill for months, & will see nobody, has filled his house with nurses & doctors: & he must be as uncomfortable in his circumstances as he is miserable in himself. "What doth it profit?" I wrote to him, taking care not to disclose the fact that I had heard of his woeful condition.

I frittered away the morning by indulging in the evil but seductive practice of "browsing" i.e. reading on for mere curiosity, & turning aside from the purpose of reading. *Having occasion to refer to Foxe's "Book of Martyrs", I turned up Sydney Lee's article on the Martyrologist in the Dictionary of National Biography. He is harsh, &, I suspect, unfair in his criticism of Foxe, but he mentions two things which are eminently to his credit. He made a manly protest against the burning of two Dutch Anabaptists in Elizabeth's reign, and he was both a lover and a judge of dogs.*

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*I motored to Durham, and presided (in the absence through indisposition of Sir Thomas Oliver) over a meeting of the Durham Castle Preservation Fund. Before the business, I made presentation to the Secretary, Professor Heawood, of the silver inkstand which his colleagues on the Committee had subscribed for. He was, I think, pleased and flattered. It was with infinite satisfaction that I heard the announcement that no more money would have to be raised. The work is really finished so far as the financial requirement is concerned.*

That extremely foolish fellow, Cyprian Marr,\* has the impudence to ask me to allow the Bishop of Gambia to consecrate a piece of stone which had been "let into" a communion table, thereby (as he is good enough to inform me) making it an altar. I sent him a refusal, appropriately expressed. It is difficult to follow the process of reasoning. The material of which the Altar is constructed would seem to be irrelevant to the quality of the Altar itself: and the assumption that the Christian "Altar" for the Eucharistic Celebration must be such an altar of stone is, of course, grotesque.

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**Tuesday, June 28<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A clouded morning, with lowered temperature. After breakfast, Sir Charles and Lady Peers left the Castle.

Martin and I motored to Norton, where I read the Prayer of Committal at Xan's funeral. He was buried quite near the Priest's door. There were few people beside the members of the two families. There had been notice given that the service should be quite private. Bishop Wynne-Willson was there, & Xan's two brothers.

In spite of the rain, Ella, Fearne, and I went to Brancepeth, & witnessed the Mothers' Union Pageant in the courtyard of the Castle. The spectacle was, of course, miserably marred by the weather, but it was redeemed from failure by the energy & enthusiasm of the women who fulfilled their parts with considerable ability. There was a horrible crush at the gate, when we endeavoured to get away. Everybody was becoming somewhat demoralized by the rain. My normal dislike of spectacles was certainly not mitigated by the afternoon's Experience.

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**Wednesday, June 29<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

The weather is mending, but there is still much wind.

I wrote to Arthur Rawle.

I worked at the Book, but very ineffectually. Charles Nye came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me in the Park. He is full of enthusiasm over his work, & seems to be making good progress. He suggested Wilkinson of Chester-le-Street, as possibly willing to undertake the risk of having B.W. as his curate. It would be a genuinely fraternal act if he would. In his position, would I?

B.W. came to see me, & I pointed out to him the woeful position into which he had brought himself. He undertook to give his Vicar the statutory 3 months notice to quit his curacy: and I promised to see whether I could persuade an incumbent to "take him on" in spite of his ill repute. I would, in that event, grant him permission to work for 12 months, & then, if he had a good report from his Vicar, I would consider whether he could rightly be licensed. Having sent him off, I at once wrote to his Vicar (Richardson of Heworth) reporting what had been arranged.

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Ella's terrible cousin, Elizabeth, arrived in time for dinner bringing with her a friend, whom I found it extremely difficult to hear. Am I also growing deaf? was the dismal question which suggested itself. I doubt not that my keanness of hearing has lessened just as my keanness of sight, but neither sense (Laus Deo!) can justly be said to have left me yet.

Martin went to Brancepeth to officiate as "choragus" at the Mothers' Union Pageant. The weather, though rather cold, was not so unfavourable as yesterday. Ella and Fearne went to some pageant at Witton Castle. Both these functions were largely attended by the clergy. An onlooker might be pardoned if he drew the inference that Anglican parsons were not overworked! Nor indeed are they: but they are greatly perplexed as to what precisely their work is, and how they are to set about it! These foolish pageants are welcomed, not only as a method of raising money, but also as providing something which the clergy can be called upon to do!

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Thursday, June 30<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Fine, but clouded, and chilly.

I worked at the Book all the morning. After lunch I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the lay Workers' Association:

Then I went on to Bede College, and presided at a meeting of the Governors. We approved plans for a new chapel for the College to be builded at a cost of £10.000: we appointed Mess<sup>rs</sup> Seely and Paget to be the Architects; & bade them go forward with the work as quickly as possible.

Then I went to the Chapter House, and gave their certificates to the Sunday School Teachers. After a short address I dismissed them in order that we might all attend the service in the Cathedral. There was a considerable congregation. The sermon was preached by Canon [sic] of Westminster. He spoke clearly enough, but the loud speaker generated such an echo that it was "Vox et praeterea nihil". I fear that the Dean & Chapter have wasted a considerable amount of their corporate income in providing a pretentious & futile machinery, which while magnifying the preacher's voice, destroys the clearness of his speech.

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William Elliott, my former butler's boy, writes to tell me that he had to leave his situation on account of illness. He has developed tuberculosis, and his only chance of recovery is to go quickly into a sanatorium. Can this be arranged? I wrote to him, and also to the Vicar of Blackhall in whose parish he is living.

M<sup>rs</sup> Ellingsen, Martin's mother, who arrived last night, went to Brancepeth Castle, and witnessed the Mothers' Union Pageant, in which Martin took part.

The Rev: Edward Hartwig Fenwick, curate of S. Andrew's, Roker, has now been five yeas in Orders, and, therefore, as matters now stand in the church, is fit for a benefice. I detained him after the meeting in the Chapter House, and inquired whether he would be willing to undertake responsibility as an incumbent, if I nominated him to a parish. He indicated that he would probably do so, but was not anxious to be a beneficed clergyman without more experience. This is creditable.

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Friday, July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1938.

The weather was cold and threatening: about 3 p.m. it started raining, and this developed into a thunderstorm. In spite of the rain, a considerable number of people attended Ella's garden-party. Among them was the old Dean of Ripon. He was ordained as long ago as 1875, so that he cannot be less than 86 years old. He was brought by Canon Tuckey. Serena James [Lumley]\* came, & revisited the Chapel in which I married her to her husband 13 years ago. She brought to [sic] heavy-looking members of the James family with her. Ardagh-Walter\* said that his wife had just gone into hospital in order to undergo an operation. Doris née Fry wanted to arrange a day on which her baby might be baptised at Howden-le-Wear. Professor Thomas and his wife came to say Goodbye, before leaving for Cambridge, where he has been appointed Professor of Hebrew. Stannard\* and his wife came. The weather compelled us to be mainly inside the House.

*Instigante diabolo I wrote a short letter to the Times on the text of Niemöller's continued imprisonment.*

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So far therefore as a man is true to virtue, to veracity and justice, to equity and charity, and the right of the case, in whatever he is concerned: so far he is on the side of the Divine administration, and cooperates with it: & from thence to such a man, arises naturally a secret satisfaction and sense of security, and implicit hope of something further.

Bishop Butler. Analogy. iii.15.  
p. 57 in Bernard's Edition,

The evening paper announces that the miserable case of the raping of a girl under fifteen by three soldiers in Westminster has been followed by a startling epilogue. A well-known surgeon has performed an illegal operation on the wretched girl, & challenged the police to prosecute him. He has been committed for trial, and will no doubt be supported by a considerable volume of professional opinion. The effect of the episode on public morality cannot but be lamentable.

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**Saturday, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.**

A brilliant morning of uncertain promise. The country washed by yesterday's rain, literally gleamed in verdant beauty under the sun. The prospect of turning my back on this place within a few months tears at my heart.

The papers announce that Costley-White\* is to succeed Gee\* as Dean of Gloucester. I wrote a congratulatory letter to him.

I wrote an Address for the edification of the clergy, who are coming here on Monday. I motored to Norton, and visited the Sturts. Also, I saw Monica. She is recovering from her accident, but is still in much pain; & her father told me that the damage to her elbow would make her playing music impossible. Dick joined us at tea. He seems well and cheerful. I returned to Auckland by way of Durham, picking up Ella at the Deanery on my way through. An Ordination candidate, Denis Theodore Little, came to see me. He was a bright little man, rather disconcertingly self-confident, but not, I think, really conceited or unteachable. I sanctioned his application for a grant.



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**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.**

A dull rather warm morning, promising rain. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered only 7 communicants including Martin and Geordie Gore.\*

I wrote a short sermon for use at Haverton Hill, and then called on Lawson, who is much cast down by learning that he has growth in his jaw which must be cut out. This means, on the most favourable shewing, that he must be off duty for the next two months, "I wish I hadn't got a new uniform", he said. But this is a triviality by comparison with the main question. I spoke cheerfully to him, but I don't feel very confident.

Then I picked up a young man, who said that he was engaged in inspecting Minimaxes; and would be visiting the Castle on that business. We looked at the garden, & parted amicably. He expressed great contempt for the Fire-engine which Bishop Auckland possesses. Probably it would be wise to install the red pyramids in Hyntle Place. There is certainly no help against fire in the village.

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Martin and I motored to Haverton Hill where I preached at a special service in the mean little brick church, which more than suffices for the needs of a population of more than 5000 people. The Mayors of Stockton and Thornaby attended with band and "tail". There Worships arrived at the Church at least a quarter-of an hour after scheduled time! The congregation was very attentive, and gave me the impression of being really interested. I had tea in the Vicarage with Robson and his mother, & then we returned home.

The Antiquaries Journal (July 1938) includes Sir Frederick Kenyon's\* Anniversary Address as President. He wound it up by some highly laudatory words about Sir Charles Peers,\* to whom the Gold Medal of the Society was presented. He emphasised the value of Peers's work in connexion with the custody of Ancient Monuments. "It was everything that the traditions of the Inspectorate should be based on the principle that as much as possible should be conserved and as little as possible restored." He contracted Peers's work and policy with those of Viollet-le-Duc.

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[174]

Monday, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1938.      **Reunion of the Clergy ordained in 1920-1938.**

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 9 a.m. The Bishop of Jarrow and Archdeacon came from Durham, and, beside Martin and myself, 41 clergy communicated. Among them were my two former chaplains, Lionel Trotman,\* now a chaplain in India, and Charles Pattinson, now Rector of Edmudyers [sic]. The service was semi-musical, the organ being played by Nicholson, the curate of S. Peter's in Bishop Auckland. The service was to me the more moving since I knew it was the last time. Save for one smart shower, the weather before lunch was fair, & everybody was able to get out of doors. The tennis courts seemed to be in active use. More than 100 sate down to lunch: the dining-room was as full as it could well be. I think everybody got something to eat: and I hope that they got enough!

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The afternoon was fine, & everybody seemed amicably engaged in play or talk. At tea the usual expression of thanks was given by the Vicar of Merrington, Matthew Richardson, who was ordained to the priesthood by me in 1921. Then we went to the Chapel, and wound up the day's performances there. The singing of more than a hundred young clergymen was very impressive. I spoke to them from S. Paul's words in the 1. Thessalonians V.19.22. "Quench not the Spirit: despise not prophesyings: prove all things, hold first that which is good: abstain from every form of evil". *I made no reference to my approaching retirement, but it was paramount in my thoughts, and probably coloured my words. The men were very attentive, and were, I think, impressed. Both the Bishop of Jarrow & Archdeacon Owen were present throughout the day, and were very emphatic in their approval.*

There was a very appreciative notice of Xan in the Times. I received a rather sad letter from his father thanking me for my influence in getting him to be ordained.

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Tuesday, July 5th, 1938.

Denis Little writes to me what I take to be a very characteristic letter, and not at all conformable to the normal type. It confirms me in my belief that, in spite of his self-confidence, he has the makings of a good person.

Martin motored me to Durham, where I attended a service in S. Mary's Church in the Bailey, which had been arranged in connexion with the Reunion of the students of S. John's College. I preached a short sermon from the text 1. Corinthians I.21. "For seeing that in the wisdom of God, the world through its wisdom knew not God, it was God's good pleasure through the foolishness of the preaching to save them that believe". After the service I walked and talked with the Principal on the beautiful terrace, overlooking the River, which is attached to the College. Then followed lunch. More than a hundred past & present students with 4 guests (the Warden of the University Prof. Thomas, M<sup>rs</sup> Dawson Walker, widow of the former Principal, and myself) [177] filled the panelled dining room. I made a speech, and so did the Warden. Then the party broke up. I picked up Martin in the College, and we returned to Auckland.

I arranged that John, the under-gardener, should look after the dogs, and close the Park during Lawson's absence in Hospital: and I promised to add 5/- weekly to his stipend. Then I charged Webster, the Head-gardener, to make easy the performance of this new obligation, by relaxing John's normal tasks.

Colonel and M<sup>rs</sup> Emma Smith, Ella's cousins, arrived from Scotland on a short business. Then I spent more than an hour in connecting a medley of incoherent nonsense which purported to be a verbatim report of my speech to the Youth Leaders in Newcastle on May 31<sup>st</sup> last. I advised Popham to cast it into his w.p.b.

Charles Gilmore Huggins, a rather uncouth Irishman, came to see me with a view to being accepted for Ordination in September on a title from S. Hilda's, Hartlepool. He will not be more uncouth than his Vicar!

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**Wednesday, July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Thunder with heavy rain marked the forenoon. The air is distressingly heavy. I feel both stupid and criminal!

I wrote a short reference to Xan's death for the Bishoprick. Then I wrote a note to serve as preface to the Barking Sermon. Then I revised a sermon for use next Sunday evening at Leadgate.

I strolled for an hour after lunch in the policies with Colonel Smith. Then I had an interview with an Ordination candidate, who desires to be ordained on a title from S. John's, Stockton. He interested me. Stanley Hamilton Atkins, aged 26 years, is a labourer's son. He has been "educated" in an elementary school, followed by two secondary schools, & Kings College London. He proposes to go to Chichester Theological College, & to present himself for Ordination at Advent. We had a good deal of talk: and, when I learned that he had been in Germany, and had had considerable contact with the Buchmanite Groups, [179] sought to "pick his brains" on both. He had attended House Parties, & lived in a Vicarage with a Groupist incumbent. While he could not deny that a number of individuals had been powerfully affected by the movement, he was doubtful both of the quality and of the permanence of ~~the~~ its influence. "For Sinners Only" he regarded as repulsive and profane. The sins acknowledged in "sharing" were, for the most part, trivial: & the "witnessing" was matter-of-fact and unreal. He thought there was real danger in the emphasis laid on Sex in the case of youths and young men. There was little that was new in all this but it was interesting to have direct evidence.

Aidan Ward, who has "come down" on Jeremiah in his examination, came to see me. I said that I would ordain him, but that he must read under the direction of the Archdeacon after he had been ordained. He is a good & attractive young clergyman, who does, I verily believe, try his best, but simply cannot pass examinations!

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Thursday, July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

The stars in their courses are fighting against my unhappy Book. Everyday thrusts some fresh obstacle in my way. This morning's post brought two time-wasting letters, the one from the Jewish minister in Sunderland asking me to send him a message to read to his people on the Day of Intercession for the German and Austrian Jews which the Chief Rabbi has ordered to be observed on July 19<sup>th</sup>: the other from the Dean of Westminster [de Labillière]\*, who asks me to write an article for the first number of a Quarterly Magazine which the Abbey proposes to publish. How can I refuse either request? In point of fact, I wrote something for the Jew straight away, and then looked out my journal for the Westminster Days. It is, of course, too grossly egotistic for publication, but it emphasises the more interesting episodes of my time at Westminster.

Rain fell consistently, and in fair volume throughout the day, & the temperature though fairly high was so damply chilly that one was glad of a fire.

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*I received two letters from Germany in comment on my letter to the Times of July 4<sup>th</sup>. One anonymous, writing on the official circular of the "Reichspropagandant" thanks me for my "human letter" but assures me that it can affect nothing. He gives a lurid account of the Jew-baiters, and their methods. The other is just abusive.*

Martin and I motored to South Hetton, where I instituted the Rev. Thomas Anderson to the Vicarage. Old Canon Haworth, the late Vicar, attended the service. In spite of the rain the church was filled, and some of the local incumbents were present. I gave an address on S. Paul's words in 2. Cor. iv. 5 "We preach not ourselves but Christ Jesus as Lord, and ourselves as your servants for Jesus' sake".

Fearne returned from Chester, where she had been doing some "work" for the G. F. S. She reports that the Bishop of Chester, whose baldness attracted her rather unfriendly notice, wore a Mitre ~~Cope~~ in the Cathedral, removing it, however, during the sermon.

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[182]

Friday, July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

The heavy thunderous weather continues, rain falls at interval, and the temperature oscillates between the tropics and the poles! I tried in vain to write a review for the Spectator of the Dean of Chichester's [Duncan-Jones's] book, and effected nothing.

I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Board of Religious Education. There was not much business, and I got back to the Castle in good time to assist Ella in receiving her guests. There were a good many in spite of the rain. Rainbow attended with Mary and Gerald. Archdeacon Owen and Oliver Quick were among those who came. I gave the last the copy of the Dean of Chichester's book, which the publisher, Victor Gollanez, sent me. Fedden told me that Hanson, the Vicar of Hedgefeld, was losing his wits. The police had found him wandering, and unable to give an intelligible account of himself. Fedden thought that he might be able to persuade him to resign, and take a disability pension. I told him to find out from Carter how to go to work.

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[183]

Saturday, July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A dull day developing into too-familiar stuffiness.

I finished and despatched to the Editor of the Spectator the review (it was nothing of the kind) of the Dean of Chichester's book. I called it "Modernist Medievalism", but I do not suppose that the Editor will retain the title.

I walked in the Park with John, who, while Lawson is incapacitated by illness, will be charged with looking after the dogs. He is a simple youth, but neither ill-natured nor unintelligent. Moreover, and this I highly approve, he is fond of birds and beasts.

*The Times* has a correspondence on the age of elephants. In today's issue, Sir Alfred Pease suggests, on the evidence of the tusks, that they may live as long as 150 years. Strabo writes:

||| "Most of them live as long as very long-lived human beings, & some continue to live even to two hundred years, although they are subject to many diseases & are hard to cure".

v. Geograph. 15.1.43 [Loeb.vii.73]

Some ancient mentions the elephant of Porus, which lived nearly 400 years.

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[symbol]

The evening paper reports the death of the well-known Jewish scholar, Claud Montefiore,\* at the age of 80. His books were widely-read, being interesting both to liberal Jews, and to 'Modernist' Christians. Indeed, I think it would hardly be excessive to say that there was very little difference between these two varieties of Theist. For Montefiore was prepared to recognise Jesus as the last and greatest of the prophets: and the Modernists, or some of them, are not prepared to recognise Him as anything more. The left wing of feudalism joins hands with the left wing of Christianity. I met Claud Montefiore for the first time - save for a brief introduction when I encountered him with Frank Pember, a Balliol contemporary - after the speech on the Jews which I made in the Assembly, & which gained considerable, and, me judice, undeserved notoriety. He asked me to dinner, & afterwards he sent me a Jewish prayer-book. He was not, I think, in sympathy with Zionism, and found the strident zeal of Jewish nationalism rather embarrassing.

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Two other deaths, reported today, have a personal interest for me. Bruce Williamson, the historian of the Temple, and (to quote Jack Clayton's words) "one of the more respected of the Benchers of the Middle Temple", has died. I made his acquaintance in the Historical

Seminar, of which he and I were both members. He did not impress me much, and we soon lost sight of one another: but I read his book with interest, and have no doubt that he deserved Clayton's eulogy, "he will be a very real loss to the kindly fellowship that I associate with the Middle Temple Bench". His death cast another shadow on my path, on which the shadows gather.

Tupper-Carey has lost his wife. The poor lady was knocked down by an omnibus in London and killed. I remember her kind reception of us when we spent an afternoon with her & her family in the school which they had rented for a holiday. He was well-known to me years ago, when I was unimportant and unmarried - a rattling good fellow oscillating between reckless mundanity & an ecstatic pietism!



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**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

*A calm, rather warm morning, and clouded. Before being called I read in the History of the Popes the account of the Propaganda, which Urban VIII established for the twofold purpose of defeating Protestants and converting Pagans. The essential Erastianism of the Roman Church emerges on every page. There was much more dependence on diplomatic wire pulling with the Catholic Sovereigns than on the Spirit of God. The Jesuits were the originating power, and gave to the crooked Papal policy such measure of deceptive success as it secured. Add the detailed accounts of the Conclaves, and you can hardly avoid a feeling which might be described, not excessively, as moral nausea. "Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis". Ultramontanism is only Erastianism with the substitution of an ecclesiastical for a secular version of "the World". Both put their trust in methods and forces which are earth-born and earth-bound. Both have frankly yielded to the temptation which the Son of Man resisted. They fall down and worship - Satan*

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Before the Prayer for the Church Militant I called for prayer on behalf of Pastor Niemöller\* and Mark Lawson, the one in a concentration camp, the other in a hospital.

I wrote to the Dean of Westminster [Paul de Labillière\*]<sup>2</sup> in reply to his request that I would contribute an article for the opening number of a "Quarterly Magazine" which the Westminster Abbey have projected. I suggested that I might contribute "Extracts from my private Journal".

Also I wrote to Jack Clayton.\* Then I wrote to Stephenson with reference to the painful and perhaps insoluble problem of the woeful Wilson, enclosing Scott's letter about him. It occurred to me that he might possibly be able to make some suggestion: but I am not very hopeful. "The way of transgression is hard", very hard if they be in Holy Orders. Wilson has had repeated warnings; he has been saved from ruin twice; and it is hard to see how any man can be saved against his will. Nevertheless –

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No less than 118 candidates were presented for Confirmation by 25 incumbents. The number of friends and relations was happily less than was expected, so that the Chapel was not inconveniently crowded. I was struck by the fact that no less than eight married couples were presented. I based my address on the words of Christ, (S. Matthew XXV. 29) "For unto every one that hath shall be given, & he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, even that which he hath shall be taken away." Alec and his father, Lord Thurlow [Charles Thurlow\*] came to tea, bringing with them a young farmer who had just been confirmed.

I motored to Leadgate where I dedicated an episcopal chair as a memorial of a lay-reader who had functioned for 40 years in the parish, and preached at Evensong. The Dedication of the Church was being observed. S. Ives did not lend himself to homiletic uses, so I preached on Thanksgiving.

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<sup>2</sup> See Volume 73 [1], n. 1.

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[189]

Monday, July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A clouded, rather chilly morning following a warm night. There is a proposal of more rain, though the hay ~~crops~~-crop has been extensively damaged, & if wet weather continues, will be ruined.

The Rev Edward Hartwig Fenwick, now curate of S Andrew, Monkwearmouth, came to see me by appointment. I have chosen him, though he has been but five years in Orders, to succeed poor Xan at Benfieldside. He has a Cambridge degree, & was at Westcott House. He seems to have carried himself well at S Andrews, & is good to look at, & well-mannered. Moreover, he is married. I heard with some surprise that the schismatical faction which once "worshipped" at S. Aidan's, continues, though that mission-church has been closed, to "worship" in the school-room, of which, through some complicated blundering, it has the ownership. The new Vicar will have to grasp this nettle.

After lunch I walked round the Park. On the golf-links I encountered a young man, playing by himself, with whom I had come talk. His name is Cook, and is age nearly 22.

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His open shirt disclosed a chest thickly covered with dark hair. "You are more like a bear than a man", I observed, & asked whether his chest was a fair sample of his person. "It's like that on the shoulder-blades", he replied, "but not anywhere else". I inquired what he was doing, and what his scheme of life. He told me that he was a student at the University College in Exeter; that his long vacation had just begun; that he intended to go to the mechanical college at Loughborough; & that he hoped to become a physical instructor. I was interested in him, & told him to take me for a walk round the Park, when I was free, & he had nothing better to do.

Ella and I dined with M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Summerson at their old house near Aycliffe. Archdeacon Hale was there with his wife and daughter. This young lady had her nails horribly painted. I took occasion to express my abhorrence of that barbarous practice, which indeed she could in no wise defend save by the pitiable plea that "everybody does it"!

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Tuesday, July 12<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

## REUNION OF ORDINANDS

The sky is over-cast, the air is sultry, the prospect of more rain is apparent.

My cousin writes to tell me that my Brother is himself in bed with another nurse. His wife has been in bed for months with two nurses. His house has degenerated into a private hospital!

The two Archdeacons came for their monthly conference, and were joined at lunch by Principal Wallis, Carter and Charles Pattinson together with 23 Ordination candidates. After lunch we played, walked, and talked in the Garden until tea time. I had some talk with Carol Langley Walters, who is now "killing" time between the University and his theological college. He desires to go to Wycliffe Hall, but I was not very encouraging. Lincoln or Wells would be preferable on 2 grounds, viz. they were not situated in a great university, and they were too definitely associated with an ecclesiastical party. I sent Monica Sturt some grapes from the Green house.

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After tea we had evensong in the Chapel. I spoke to the~~r~~ ^candidates^ on the subject of preparation for the Christian Ministry, which was the business of their lives now. I pointed out that it was a threefold task. They had to prepare themselves in (1) Education. (2) Reputation. (3) Personal Character. I dwelt on the disastrous folly of wasting the "learning years", and quoted our Lord's words: "To him that hath it shall be given, and he shall have abundance; but from him that hath not, shall be taken away, even that which he hath". I quoted the famous mot of Henry I. "Rex illiteratus est asinus coronatus", and asked "What then of an ignorant clergyman"? I emphasized the continuing weakness of ill memories, and said that, perhaps, one advantage of choosing Vocation in Boyhood was the possibility of cleansing Youth by high Purpose. Finally, I insisted on the elusive importance of sound personal character in those who were ordained. "There is no magic in Ordination which shall transform the unclean & intemperate man into a man who is pure and temperate".

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The Dean of Westminster writing to accept my offer to contribute "Extracts from a private Journal" as an article to the projected Quarterly Journal of the Abbey writes:-

I am quite certain that nothing could suit our purpose better than extracts from your private journal during the years that you were a member of the Westminster Chapter. As a matter of fact, I have often heard your journals spoken of, and the wish expressed that they might, in some form, see the light of day. I should not have ventured to suggest more than a single article, but perhaps I may say that, if you saw fit to allow us to do so, we most gladly publish as many extracts from your Journals

as you cared to supply us with. We hope that the first number may appear on S. Edward's Day, October 13<sup>th</sup>, so that there would be no need for your manuscript to reach us until some time in September.

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Wednesday, July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

*A bright morning & very warm, but a considerable menace of clouds in the sky.*

*The Times reports the death of George Talbot,\* and publishes a flattering obituary notice adorned with a portrait. He was born in 1861, about 2½ years before me! The number of my contemporaries is rapidly lessening. He was an excellent specimen of his family type. I was never intimate with him, & probably he abhorred everything that I have represented & “stood for”, for he was a very “crusted old Tory” in matters both political & ecclesiastical; & his family pride was deep & governing. Religiously I imagine that he would have been well-content with the mental & spiritual conclusions of the late Dr Pusey! I doubt if the [unreal & pretentious] liberalism of his uncle, Bishop Talbot,\* and Bishop Gore ever commended his acceptance. He was an English layman, too naturally honourable to be easily captured by the sophistries and casuistries which inhere in the policies, & govern the procedures of ecclesiastics.*

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[symbol]

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I spent the whole morning in Carter's office presiding over the Board of Training. We decided to make a grant of £60 to Little (v. p 171 and 176) on condition that he read theology in S. John's College with Canon Wallis. Then we lunched with the Bishop of Jarrow.

I presided at a meeting of the Board of Finance. I authorized the payment of £500 towards the capital debt on S. Paul's, Stockton, from the Trotter Fund. *After the meeting I had [symbol] some talk with Wilkinson, the Rector of Chester-le-Street. He said that he could get rid of his “Church Schools”, since they were not only a heavy financial burden, but also were of no real religious value. “Ninety per cent of the children were Dissenters”. He said what was new to me, that **there is a tendency to send the mentally inferior to Church Schools**. The fact is everywhere apparent that the Dual System is completely played out. Teachers dislike it; parents don't want it; lay churchmen will no long support it; and all but a section of the clergy are dead sick of it.*

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M<sup>r</sup> Algernon Wilfred Cosserat, an Ordination Candidate, aged 23, and now a student at S Augustine's, Canterbury, came to see me, & to stay the night. He is the son of an Indian Missionary, now dead, and was born in India. He had been educated at Bedford School. As I talked with him, I was increasingly impressed by his devoutness and purpose. He offers a tithe from S Cuthbert, Hebburn.

I received a letter from Charles Nye informing me of his engagement to marry his parish worker, Miss Dick. She will make him a good wife. Her sister is the wife of the Rector of Chester-le-Street. He asks me to officiate at their marriage on September 14<sup>th</sup> in Rainton Church; and I wrote to say that I would do so.

There is always a certain feeling of regret when a clergyman “falls into matrimony”; and yet a cool reflection will disallow the feeling, & authenticate a cautious congratulation.

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[197]

Thursday, July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

Dull, thunderous, infinitely unworkable!

Before getting up I read the account of Urban VIII's work in S. Peter's where he introduced Bernini's great bronze ~~sarcophagus~~ baldachino. In order to get bronze "he ordered the removal of the bronze girders of the porch of the Pantheon".

So great was the yield of metal that 30 guns were made for the Castle of S. Angelo, whilst another portion was set apart for the baldachino of S. Peter's. **This use of the only untouched monument of antiquity filled the Romans with bitter grief.** The enthusiasts for antiquity expressed their disapproval in sharp terms, among them being the Pope's personal medical attendant, Giulio Mancini, who coined the epigram: "Quod non fecerunt Barberi, fecerunt Barberini" . . . . So little was Urban VIII conscious of any wrong that in an inscription set up by him in the Pantheon, he boasts "of having made use of a useless ornament for the decoration of S. Peter's & the defence of Rome"

(Pastor's Hist. of the Popes XXIX. 462, 3)

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Arthur Headlam\* has a letter in the Times under the heading "The German Church". He makes a direct attack on me, on the ground that he has learned in Berlin that the German Pastors who, like Niemöller, have got into trouble, have only themselves to thank. **I wrote a brief letter to the Editor in reply.** Then I read through the reports etc of the Community Council of Social Centres; and prepared notes for a speech (Fearne said reproachfully that I spoke for 38 minutes, but she is not much to be depended on when her own vixenish tastes are disturbed!), which I delivered in the Jubilee Hall, after viewing the various products of the local centres.

While I was having tea by myself the Bishop of Jarrow called with two archaeologically minded friends, to whom he had been showing Escomb. I gave them tea, and then wasted an hour in showing them the Castle. Then Martin brought me the invitations to the Clergy School for signature.



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Friday, July 15<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

I wasted most of the morning in writing a Preface to the disgusting Anti-Semite publication "The Poison Fungus", which the society which calls itself "Friends of Europe" are about to publish. I had refused. And they adopted the procedure of the importunate widow, (undeserved) success.

The Spectator publishes my article on the Dean of Chichester's [Arthur Duncan-Jones\*] book, under the heading – Christian Church and German State. It reads rather disappointingly. Has my right hand lost its cunning?

Rain began falling about lunch time, and continued to fall for the rest of the day. Thus Ella's Garden Party was again spoiled, & was the more regrettable since a large number of people arrived. The State Room was uncomfortably crowded, and Library at tea time was as the Black Hole in Calcutta. I talked to as many of the Company as I could recognize. Old Colonel [Rowland] Burdon\* expressed his regret at my approaching retirement in very civil terms.

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**Saturday, July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

[symbol]

M<sup>rs</sup>. Dorothy F. Buxton\* writes to me:-

I think a great number of people who greatly appreciated your letter in the Times of July 2<sup>nd</sup> will be proportionately horrified by the letter of the Bishop of Gloucester. What makes such a letter more deplorable is that it is taken far more seriously in Germany than it is here: in fact, I have been told that it was some public statement of the Bishop of Gloucester which finally turned the scale in the minds of the German authorities in favour of Niemöller's arrest.

I think this is probably true since it is the cunning practice of the Nazis to allow publication in Germany of nothing except what assists their own interest. Certainly, it is extremely regrettable that an English Bishop should go out of his way to 'strike in' on the side of the persecutor. *My short letter in reply to Headlam's lamentable outburst appeared in the Times.*

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I spent the whole morning in putting together a speech for delivery at the protest-meeting in Leeds tomorrow night. If I could have a desk for my papers, and a clear hour for my speech, I believe I could do something effective: but I am a 'lost man' on a platform without table or desk.

We had a lunch party to meet Anthony Eden,\* who is making a visitation of the Social Service Centres. The following lunched besides ourselves[.]

Anthony Eden & his wife  
Sybil, Lady Eden.  
M<sup>r</sup>. Thompson from Binchester.  
M<sup>r</sup>. Councillor Thompson.  
The Bishop of Jarrow & M<sup>rs</sup>. Gordon.  
Jack Longland  
M<sup>r</sup>. Carter from Witton Park  
Sir William Chaytor.

Then we all went to the Jubilee Hall – the rain making the Park impossible – and witnessed a "Keep fit" display. Anthony Eden made an excellent speech, and I proposed a vote of thanks in flattering terms.

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[symbol]

Anthony Eden said that he admired my speech in the House of Lords: that he was informed by a high authority that the Italian position in Abyssinia would probably be found untenable, since the expenditure involved was really excessive. It was, in fact, in this respect similar to our own position in Iraq, and would lead to the same conclusion viz. evacuation. A.E. thought that the Emperor had injured his influence in Abyssinia by leaving the country, but he agreed that not only had he (the Emperor) demonstrated his personal courage in the previous fighting, but that, if he had stayed, he would almost certainly have been murdered. He (A.E.) said that Mussolini was just a gangster with a gangster's morality and methods. The agreement with Italy was certainly not sincere, and would probably break down. Mussolini's object was to drive a wedge between England and France. A high military authority had given it as his opinion that the Republic might win even yet, & that the War in Spain might go on for 2 years.

**[203]**

[*symbol*]

Anthony Eden said that the Government were much cast down and perplexed at the untoward development of foreign affairs. In Palestine even the Jews were now disloyal, so that the British administration in that country had no friends.

I expressed my regret at the sale and destruction of Windlestone. He agreed, but said that the young lady Eden disliked the place, & had succeeded in getting Sir Timothy\* to sell it. They were now living in a comparatively small place, where she was "another woman". "You know, Ma did not make things easy." I have no doubt that she is herself largely responsible for the decision to sell the family seat, a decision which she loudly condemns. The evils which arise from the private bickerings of females are many & great!

The rain has been falling all day in various measures of violence. In spite of the recent and costly work on the "dilapidations" of the Castle, the roof is in such a state that the water streams through it!

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[204]

**5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 17<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

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A brilliant morning after yesterday's downpour. The country, washed & gleaming in the sunlight, is almost uncannily beautiful.

*I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. M<sup>r</sup>. Kürstainer and her granddaughter communicated. I suppose they are Zwinglians: but what then? So, in sacramental doctrine & in an Erastian subordination of the Church to the State, are most Anglicans. I have reached the position of attaching practically no importance to ecclesiastical differentiae, so long as they can be brought within the wide limit of the Christian discipleship.*

Martin and I left the Castle at 3 p.m. and motored to Leeds by way of Ripon and Harrogate. In Harrogate we had tea with Martin Kiddle in his Vicarage, and then went on to Leeds. The weather, which had been threatening when we started, settled down to a steady rain by the time we reached the Town Hall, where the mass meeting of protesting Jews was arranged to be held. In spite of the rain the Hall was crowded with more than 2,500 Jews (with a few Gentiles), [205] {symbol} and there was an overflow meeting in the Crypt. Sir James Baillie, \*the Vice-Chancellor of the University presided, and two M.P.s – Denman and Milner – were among the speakers. When I stood up, the audience rose, which was a flattering attention welcome to my vain spirit! I spoke for about 20 minutes, and, as it seemed to me, very ineffectively. A Methodist Minister prolonged the meeting very unnecessarily by a vapid and sobbingly-sentimental oration, which was applauded and (I think) resented. At the end "God save the King" was sung very heartily. The audience impressed me as respectable, intelligent, and keenly responsive. There can be no doubt that "the iron has entered into the soul" of Jewry. The references to Palestine indicated a spirit of impracticable Zionism, the speakers not seeming to be aware that the population of that country was mainly composed of Arabs. Apart from these references, the speaking was not open to criticism on the score of political bias. The meeting ended about 10 p.m.: & then Martin & I motored back to Auckland, stopping to eat sandwiches on the way. We were back at the Castle about 12.15 midnight.

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[206]

**Monday, July 18<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

[symbol]

The Master of Magdalene, Cambridge, writes to accept my suggestion that I should preach in the College Chapel in the summer term, 1939, when I shall have resigned my Bishoprick.

Your letter rejoices me with its promise of a visit in the summer, but makes me sad over your intended resignation. I suppose it is no business of mine, but I see no cause for it & am sure it will be generally deplored. You have for a very long time been the greatest force in the Church: & you will continue to be so, whether you resign or not.

This is the opinion of a mere layman: but I know of a large number who share it. And that is why I see nothing gained by resignation. But this is very impertinent: please forgive it.

This language appears to me so remote from “actuality” as to be almost unintelligible. So far as I can myself appraise my own position, I count for just nothing at all in the Church.

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The ‘Yorkshire Post’ and the ‘Manchester Guardian’ have quite fair reports of last night’s meeting. **My speech reads less absurdly than I feared.**

I motored to Newcastle, & received the hair-dresser’s professional attentions: also I ordered a new pair of spectacles as the optician directed. Then I returned to Auckland in time to have an interview with Jordan,\* the Rural Dean of Darlington. He wanted to explain to me the situation in Darlington with respect to the Town Mission for which (perhaps rashly) I have promised to preach on the occasion of its centenary. It is of Quaker origin, and of “undenominational” character. It respects no parochial boundaries, & takes no concern for the vested rights of incumbents! Accordingly, they are restive, suspicious, & disposed to be resentful. I told him to send me a memorandum on the whole subject nearer the date (December 14<sup>th</sup>), when the centenary is observed.

Then, I had an interview with Simpson, who has been “ploughed” in his Examination, & was merciful to him. Then Carter came to see me, and incidentally informed me that the said Simpson was “engaged”. Is it necessary to explore further his failure?

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[208]

Tuesday, July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

At last a genuine summer's day, bright and warm. If the weather throughout the Royal Visit to France which begins today follows this precedent, the success of the spectacles in Paris is assured.

The Spectator sends me six guineas for my article, "Christian Church and German State". I wrote to M<sup>r</sup> S.C. Roberts, the Secretary to the Syndics of the Cambridge Press, asking for an extension of the time in which my Book must be completed. I said that I probably could produce it by the end of the year, but that the quality would be improved if I didn't. In view of the inevitable distractions incidental to my resignation, the possibility of good work is small.

Ledgard, the Vicar of Stockton, came to complain of his curate, a deacon named Scott, who is, he says, futile, dogmatic, bumptious, & generally useless! I suspect that the good man's desire to be quit of his colleague is not wholly unconnected with the fact that he has to pay the said colleague's stipend, & that with his wife's help he thinks that he might get on without any curate at all! Sanctity and slimness go well together!

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[*symbol*]

That quaint little man, Sir William Chaytor, called with the object of getting a contribution out of me for the Scouts! I suppose I must send him something, but I can ill afford anything. He complained of the over-mastering influence of the grocer's manage[r], Taylor, on the Hospital Committee: and agreed that the enlargement of the Hospital in Bishop Auckland is a mistake.

[*symbol in margin*] The Northern Echo has an excellent article by J.A. Spender\* headed "Divorcing Religion from Politics". It begins thus:-

In the controversy which has arisen between the Bishops of Durham and Gloucester about the State and religion in Germany, my sympathies are unreservedly with the Bishop of Durham.

The Article is admirably written, and cannot fail to do good. It appears in a paper which is said to have a very wide circulation in this county.

On the other hand, a certain Captain A. E. Irvine writes to express his disagreement with me, and "appreciation of the Bishop of Gloucester's letter in the Times".

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[210]

Wednesday, July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A pencil-written note from my sister-in-law informs me that Arthur is “seriously ill & has had a nurse for the last 10 days”. As she tells me that “the doctors will not allow him to see anybody or receive letters”, it is hard to see that any good purpose would be served by my going to Minehead. It is a miserable phase of life which spans the breaking up of health and the end. My poor Brother’s house has become a woeful place. He and his wife are both ill, and 3 nurses are looking after them!

Gerald Linnell\* with his wife & children came to say Goodbye. They are going to their new parish in the south next week. He told me that from a population of about 700 in Hamsterley, he had for the last two years had [sic] baptized only 2 children. Fifty years ago there were as many as 20 baptized in a single year, though the population was about the same. This seems difficult to believe: but evidence comes from all sides to show that the population of this county is becoming sterile.

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[symbol]

The papers report the acquittal of an eminent gynaecological surgeon, M<sup>r</sup> Aleck Bourne, on a charge of illegally securing abortion in the case of the unhappy girl, not 15 years old, who was violently raped by soldiers in Westminster. The Times has a leading article approving the verdict, and rather belittling its importance:-

Thus the state of the law as ascertained by this case is very much what common sense would at any time have supposed it to be – so much so in fact that it remains something of a mystery why this case should have been necessary to establish it.

That danger to health may fairly in some circumstances be regarded as danger to life is, perhaps, a more considerable assumption than the leader-writer imagines. It will certainly (now that it has received legal approbation,) have the effect of stimulating the tendency to belittle the gravity of abortion. ‘Health’ is an elastic word, hard to pin down to any precise definition. ‘Life’ is far less vague. To identify the two is to soften the statute.

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*Arthur Headlam returns to the charge with a letter, to which prominence is given in the Times. It is discursive and dogmatic but largely irrelevant. I doubt if it would be wise to answer it, though it lies open to quite devastating answer. There is a letter, following it on the front page of the Times, which does really answer it. It is from D' [Alexander] Martin\* of Edinburgh.*

My younger guest, a pleasant Swiss girl of 19, walked for an hour with me in the garden. We talked of Religion, & I was much impressed by her simplicity and intelligence. Would an English girl be so simple & intelligent? But Elizabeth paints her nails, & colours her lips – a revolting procedure!

The afternoon post brought a re-assuring letter from Arthur Rawle respecting my brother's health.

Martin and I motored to Houghton-le-Spring, where I consecrated an addition to the Burial Ground, & gave an address. We had tea with the Rector.



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[213]

Thursday, July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1938.

I received a letter from Canon Hanney (i.e. George Birmingham\*) expressing agreement with my letters in the Times, and enclosing a cutting from 'Truth' – 'Heil Headlam! by Harold Stannard'. It is a vigorously written and very severe censure of Headlam's position. The quality may be gauged [sic] by the opening sentences:-

Bishops are not politicians and can be forgiven slight inaccuracies where they stray into political fields: but even they cannot be allowed to trample on all the facts with both feet. I am stirred to this remark by the letter which the Bishop of Gloucester sent to the Times out of a laudable impulse to improve Anglo-German relations and incidentally to correct an erring episcopal brother.

The rest of the article is "according to this beginning"! I imagine that 'Truth' is likely to be read by many who are little likely to concern themselves with, or to have any knowledge about, ecclesiastical problems.

[214]

I wrote to the Master of the Temple accepting his invitation to preach in the Temple Church on June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1939.

Graham Harrison\* writes:-

I saw a letter of Headlam's in the Times, but not yours: it seemed to me that it is futile to suggest that all is well for Ministers in Germany who keep clear of politics in the pulpit, for this reason that the Nazi political creed runs counter to Christian doctrine at certain points, & therefore the Minister – if he is not to talk politics – has no real freedom to "prophesy".

That goes to the root of the matter.

Our two Swiss guests took their departure after lunch. I was pleased with them both, and regretted their departure. They will not have another opportunity of visiting Auckland Castle, and I doubt if in Hyntle Place we shall be able to entertain anybody.

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Martin and I motored to Durham, where I presided at a meeting of the Training and Maintenance Board, and then went to the Castle, and licensed 4 curates. After giving them tea in my room, I returned to the Castle. Then I wrote two very unpleasant letters, the one to Brain, the Rector of Winlaton, and the other to Hanson, the Vicar of Hedgefield. The first is alleged to be bad: & the last is known to be mad! Quis custodiet?

The 'Keep Fit' exercises by the members of the Social Service Centres, which had been postponed on account of the rain last Saturday, were held in the Park. I went & looked on

for a while. Miss Palmer was in command, & moved my wonder & admiration. She is unfortunately leaving Bishop Auckland, and taking up work at Gateshead.

Lionel Trotman & his wife with their son Timothy came for a short visit. After dinner Professor Hamilton Thompson with his wife and a friend came in, and stayed until prayers had ended, when they went back to an hotel in Barnard Castle.

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[216]

Friday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.

I received another pencil-written letter from my sister-in-law, giving an alarmist account of my brother's health, and saying that, if I came to Minehead, I should not be allowed to see him. She asked me to let Gilbert know. Accordingly I wrote forthwith to him, mitigating the alarmist character of her letter, by mentioning Arthur Rawle's more hopeful account.

*The Dean of York in a postscript to a letter announcing his inability to attend Ella's garden-party writes:- "How deeply I feel on your side as against him of Gloucester!"*

*Sir Wyndham Deedes\* sends me a letter which he has received from a German friend, giving some account of Niemöller, and subscribes himself "one of those who admiringly support you and your words". The Principal of Mansfield College (D' Nathaniel Micklam) has a weighty letter in the Times, very politely expressed but very decisively condemnatory of Headlam's attitude. That fumbling old gas-bag, Sir James Marchant,\* has a foolish letter counselling Niemöller to give in!*

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An Ordination candidate named Waters, now a student of Hatfield Hall, came to see me. A dull fellow, and growing a beard, revolting to behold.

A large number of people attended Ella's garden party. The brightness of the day and the beauty of the garden drew them thereto. I did my duty, and talked to many including the Archdeacon of Northumberland ([Leslie] Hunter),\* who asked my advice on the question of his succeeding [Frederic] Iremonger\* as the religious official on B.B.C. It would require his residence in London, & his self-dedication to a task which, albeit of great importance, does not lie within his spiritual commission. Several young officers from Catterick came, & I had speech with them. Graham-Harrison arrived in the course of the afternoon.

I received a very civil answer from M<sup>r</sup> Roberts, the Secretary of the Cambridge Press. He was sure that the Syndics would not object to my postponing delivery of my MS, and suggested the 31<sup>st</sup> March as the dies fatalis. I think I ought to accept this: and in the course of 3 additional months, I ought to be able to make my miserable book at least coherent.

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The Jews are certainly very persistent. I received a request from M<sup>r</sup> F.A. Goodman writing from the Head Office of 'The Jewish Weekly' a request that I would send a 'message' for publication in the 'special New Year number' which is to appear in September. A copy of last year's "special New Year number" was included. It is printed in what I imagine is Yiddish, but includes some 'Messages' in English. All the Messages appear to be from Jews. Why should I create a precedent by sending them a Christian 'message'? This might, in any case, be a questionable proceeding: in this case where the contents of the paper are concealed in an unknown tongue, it might also be hazardous. On the other hand, the desperate situation in

which Jewry now stands, creates a moral justification for any new departure in the direction of sympathy & help.

[*symbol in margin*] J.A. Spender sends me his article which appeared in the Northern Echo (v. p.209) with a friendly covering note. He carries considerable weight in some quarters.

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[219]

Saturday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.

A clouded day, the air very close and fatiguing. I packed a case full of books for transit to Hyntle Place; and made a furious effort to clear up my table.

I wrote to the Secretary of the Syndics in Cambridge, thanking the Syndics for their consent to my postponing delivery of the MS. of my book until March 31<sup>st</sup> 1939. If I cannot produce the stuff by that time there is little prospect of my producing it at all.

*I had some interesting talk with Graham-Harrison. **We agreed in reckoning Winston Churchill's\* political ability very high, and regretting that a certain element of instability & even recklessness in him made it difficult to think that he could ever become Prime Minister.** He said that Sir John Simon\* was intensely disliked by his subordinate, who judged him to be arrogant and untrustworthy. Amery\* also was unpopular: but Winston Churchill was well-liked. In my view no certificate of character is better worth having than that which colleagues & subordinates can give. Their opinion is based on real knowledge.*

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Ella and Fearné accompanied me to Howden-le-Wear, where I baptized in the parish church, David Edward Carew-Shaw, the son of the young Quaker lady, whom I have known as Doris Fryer. Some of the village people attended, and there were some relatives & neighbours. Doris herself is a Quakeress, yet I allowed her to be a Godmother, as she assured me that she was a Christian, and honestly intended to bring up her son Christianly. I had some talk with her husband who is a doctor. He said that he was well impressed with the medical students of the present time. Both in number and in quality they were better than their predecessors. He thought women doctors were mostly as good as men, but not as surgeons nor as anaesthetists. He was strongly in favour of bringing the Hospitals under State control. After tea, we returned to the Castle.

I had a rather difficult interview with Charles Nye, to whom I represented with as much tact & kindness as I could command, that there was grave and growing discontent with his failure to answer letters &c., & that, in fact, the feeling [221] existed and would not improbably spread, that he had more on his shoulders than he can reasonably carry, and, in short, that the combination of parochial obligation and diocesan office was not justifying itself. He took my admonition well, admitted that the discontent of the incumbents was not wholly without justification, but pleaded that the general re-organization of our religious teaching in the schools had entailed much extra work, promised to exert himself to get a second curate, who should be practically the acting-Vicar.

I wrote a New Year Message for the 'New Year' issue of 'The Jewish Weekly', and sent it to the Head Office of that publication.

*Another Jewish Newspaper, 'The Jewish Chronicle' which describes itself as 'The Organ of British Jewry', was sent to me. It contains a report of the Meeting in Leeds, and gives some passages from the Bishop of Durham's "stirring Address". It states that more than 3000 people attended the "mass demonstration" in the Town Hall; and that the Bishop of D "was warmly greeted."*

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[222]

**6<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

A hot close day follows a hot close night. This bondage to the physical setting of life is becoming intolerably humiliating. The essence of freedom is release from it. Cantabit vacuus. But who is adequately vacuus? If the mind be disciplined to a Cynic's disdain of comfort and decency, there is always the body's claim to be faced. And that claim is synchronous with life itself. Only Death can give freedom from that servitude. The prayer for this Sunday is certainly not Cynical:

O God, who hast prepared for them that love thee such good things as pass man's understanding: Pour into our hearts such love toward thee, that we, loving thee above all things, may obtain thy promises, which exceed all that we can desire, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"He that is dead is freed from sin" says the Apostle in the Epistle for this day; and, perhaps, most of our unsatisfied, and unsatisfiable requirements of mind and body may be summed up in that word – Sin.

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I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Martin assisted. The Chancellor & Lionel communicated as well as Ella, Fearne, the laundry-maid, Alexander and William.

After breakfast I tried to put together some notes for an address to the British Legion this afternoon in Durham. I decided to take for a text the words from Exodus xii. 26. "What mean ye by this service?", and to suggest a parallel between the Exodus and the Great War. Both cost much, but saved the world from disaster. Morality and political freedom were the issues severally of the Jewish and of the European crisis. Pharoah has found his modern counterpart in the German Kaiser. Incidentally I take up my parable against Anti-Semitism, and I end on Butler's phrase, "on the side of the Divine Administration." The answer to the question in the text is shortly that the British Legion is, & means to be, "on the side of the Divine Administration". Alexander, who has an insatiable appetite for any kind of organized demonstration, decided to attend the "County Rally". Personally, I dislike demonstrations; and especially those in which, as in this case, Religion is brought in as part of the appropriate paraphernalia!

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The County Rally of the British Legion was almost a fiasco. I had been assured that some 5000 men would be present. In fact there were not more than 500, more than half being women! Lord Londonderry, following a practice which is almost a habit, failed to appear, & his place was taken by Sir Cuthbert Headlam,\* whose speech was in my judgement, in principle unsound. He took the official Government line of assuming that the divergence between democratic and despotic communities, as it has now developed, is no more than a difference about politics. As if breaking treaties and oppressing minorities were merely local

issues, respecting which sensible men could agree to differ. He is as hard and unreasonable in the sphere of secular politics as his episcopal cousin [Arthur Headlam] in that of spiritual. They both are temperamentally accordant with dictatorship methods. We had tea with the Dean & M<sup>rs</sup> Alington,\* and, having collected our party, returned to the Castle under rain.



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[225]

Monday, July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Another hot day after yesterday's rain. After breakfast, Lionel Trotman with his wife and son took their departure.

**The van from Ipswich came to take away so much furniture as was indispensable for our use during August. My knee-hole table and typewriter were included in the stuff thus removed. I spent the morning tearing up letters etc – a filthy and depressing performance!**

Lazenby and Archdeacon Owen came to lunch, and to hold conference with the Chancellor.

M<sup>r</sup> Manners came to consult me on the matter of accepting nomination to Spennymoor. The Dean & Chapter, patrons of that living, have offered to nominate him. On the whole I showed myself unfavourable to his acceptance of their offer. He is doing excellent work in his present position as Vicar of West Pelton, where he has held office for only 4½ years. The work there is promising, but not yet, permanently established. It is difficult to see any clear advantage in Spennymoor to set against the certain loss in West Pelton. I particularly dislike advising men about preferment!

[226]

In spite of the oppressive heat, the flies which were countless, persistent, & persecuting, and the threatenings of rain, the Chancellor [William Graham-Harrison\*] and I walked for more than an hour in the park, and had much, and interesting talk. He has more sanity and power of clear statement than most ecclesiastical lawyers.

Martin and I motored to Gateshead, where I admitted Basil Brook Foss Westcott to the perpetual curacy of Christ Church, in succession to the helpless and pensioned Philps.<sup>\*</sup> There was a moderate congregation, mostly composed of females. Half a dozen incumbents together with the Bishop of Jarrow and the Rural Dean (Stephenson) were present. I took for my text the words from the Gospel for S. James's Day. S. Matt. xx. 22.

“But Jesus answered and said, Are ye able to drink the cup that I am about to drink? They say unto Him, We are able. He saith unto them, My Cup, indeed, ye shall drink.”

Basil Westcott is not impressive to look at, and his manners are rather uncouth, but he has the root of the matter in him.

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[227]

Tuesday, July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

Graham Harrison went away after breakfast.

The Times reports an interchange of letters *between the Bishop of Chichester and the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of the Bishop of Gloucester's recent letters in that journal. **It is made clear that no official or representative character attaches to the said letters, and that in short Headlam is completely isolated from his episcopal brethren.** This is well enough, but none the less, much injury has been done to those who in Germany ~~who~~ have every right to expect and to receive the loyal support of all true Christians, &, indeed, of all right-thinking men.*

The appointment of the Bishop Suffragan of Pontefract (Hone) to be Bishop of Wakefield is announced. He was born in 1873, and must be nearing 65 years of age.

I stepped across to the Bank, & ascertained that I had a balance of £729: 18: 9 in my account. And my taxes are not yet paid!

The Bishop of Jarrow lunched here in order to meet Parsons, the new Vicar of S<sup>t</sup> Andrew's, Roker. Dick & Jack Carr also lunched, & afterwards [228] walked round the Park with Martin & me. Then I had an interview with an Ordination candidate from Leicester. I recommended to apply for a title to Parsons, who is still resident in Leicester, where he holds the incumbency of S<sup>t</sup> Margaret's. After tea, I went [to?] Spedding, and, since he will not send in his account, I gave him a cheque for fifty pounds on account. He said that was more than was due, & I told him to keep the balance to my credit. Then I wrote cheques for the July household bills, which were much swollen by the reunions, garden parties, & dinners which marked the month. It is, perhaps, as well that it is all for the last time.

Jack Carr gave me an interesting account of the Colonial administrators' conference in Oxford, which he had attended. Lord Lugard\* had spoken rather slightly of Italy's position. He reckoned her as no more than a 2<sup>nd</sup> class power with a choice between being Germany's satellite in South Eastern Europe, or Great Britain's in the Mediterranean.

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Thursday Wednesday, July 27<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

## The XIX<sup>th</sup> year of Our Translation

***We left the castle at 11.5 a.m. (Leng having failed to get us off at 10.45 a.m, to my extreme displeasure, for I hate unpunctuality “as the sin of witchcraft.”) and motored by way of the Great North Road to Hintlesham, stopping to eat our sandwiches on the roadside a few miles before reaching Carlton, and having tea at the Bridge Hotel in Huntingdon. We arrived in Hintlesham about 6.30 p.m. having traversed 263 miles in (deducting 80 minutes for eating & buying petrol) little more than 6 hours an average of about 44 miles per hour, which is fast going. On the G.N.R we were able to reach 70 ~~per~~ miles p.m.[sic], and we observed the 30 miles p.h. rule in the towns. Ella complained that she was overmuch shaken about by the rapidity of the travelling & the last part of the journey did not exceed 40-50. We stopped twice for petrol, and started with a full tank. This meant that we cannot have used less than 18 gallons, which works out about ~~18-19~~ 16 – 17 miles to the gallon, which perhaps, is satisfactory.***

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We found that the furniture had reached Hyntle Place without mischance. It looks little enough in the uncarpeted rooms. We went on to the Rectory, and were warmly welcomed by Moulsdale, and his sister M<sup>rs</sup> Fraser.

Colonel Smith came after dinner to fetch me, as it had been arranged that I should stay two nights with him, while Ella, Fearne, & the two maids from Auckland (who had arrived by train in the course of the day) spent the night at the Rectory, designing to wrestle with the problem of making Hyntle Place habitable, on the morrow.

**So I entered on the XIX<sup>th</sup> year of my Translation from Hereford to Durham, by taking effectual steps towards my final retirement from episcopal work. It is curiously difficult to realise the gravity and decisiveness of my action.** There is no such dramatic transition from publicity and importance to obscurity & insignificance as that which is involved in a Bishop's, or a Statesman's, or, above all, in a Monarch's resignation of his office. “Out of sight, out of mind” is fully verified.

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[230] [sic] [231]

Thursday, July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

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There was a downfall, not inconsiderable in amount, if the gardener here is to be believed, during the night, and when a sunny morning followed the country had a clean and smiling countenance. The rainfall in Suffolk has been far smaller than in Durham, with the result that the gardens have a parched appearance, and there are ominous reports of failing wells. May Heaven grant that the Well at Hyntle Place hold [sic] out! There are disadvantages about life in the country.

After breakfast, mine host motored me to Hyntle Place. There we found Ella & Fearne with the workmen from Ipswich arranging the furniture. I arranged the books which I had chosen with a view to the Chapter on Discipline in the Church of England: and then walked into the village, and bought a bottle of ink in the little shop, which seemed mainly devoted to the sale of sweets and tobacco. I then went on to the Rectory, and chatted with Moulsdale. He spoke more freely than heretofore about his parochial methods, and assured me that there was no ripple of protest against ~~his methods~~ them.

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**He said that the children and adolescents came to him for confession without any kind of pressing, & even with the encouragement of their parents. He would not hear the confessions of girls without the permission of their mothers having first been obtained. All this I heard with politeness and also with incredulity. He told me that the clergy in Suffolk were a very poor lot, inferior to the clergy of Durham, and that this situation was largely due to the Bishop's policy of appointing illiterate men of unquestionably Protestant opinions to the livings in his gift. Here I recognized the prejudice of the Anglo-Catholic partisan rather than the testimony of a fair-minded observer. On the whole I received the impression the religious atmosphere of the parish might be less pleasing than I had been allowing myself to hope. However, we must take what we find.** After lunching at the Rectory, we went to Ipswich, accompanied by M<sup>rs</sup> Fraser. There I got my hair washed, & left my gold watch with the goldsmith for repairs. Ella & Fearne [233] visited various shops in order to purchase various indispensables for Hyntle Place, but, according to their own report, they had small success. After having tea in a tea-shop, where the decent appearance and modest bearing, of the attendant maids pleased me, we returned to Hintlesham by means of a detour which brought me back to Little Bealings.

The Times has a letter signed by five admirals, pleading for justice for Pastor Niemöller,\* who after being virtually acquitted, & released by the Court of Justice, had been immediately arrested by the Secret Police, & thrust into a Concentration camp. It may be that the German persecutors will pay more attention to naval officers than they have shown to Christian Ministers.

*Headlam must surely perceive that he has blundered badly. After being publicly “thrown over” by the Archbishop, & declared to be without support on the Episcopal Bench, his position as the Head of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Church of England, would seem to be untenable. He ought himself to resign; but failing action on his part, he ought to be asked to resign i.e. to be dismissed from office.*

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Friday, July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

~~Another brilliant and hot day, but with some mitigation of the heat by a breeze. Leng called for me after breakfast. On reaching Hyntle Place, I proceeded to write a series of letter[sic] in answer to a bundle sent on from Auckland Castle.~~

~~The imminence of the B~~

After breakfast the Colonel motored me to Hyntle Place, where I ~~wrote letters~~ worked for two hours in my new study. The noise of the traffic in the street which runs by my gate is greater than I expected, but not wholly unendurable. Probably, the approach of the Bank Holiday is responsible for more than the normal volume of traffic; & there is always the mitigating influence of "use and wont" to be counted on. Still, I wish the House were more distant from the stream of motors. Noise from traffic, and noise from aeroplanes – these are the shadows on life everywhere now. The younger generation is said to love noise for its own sake, but for older people, inured to slowness & silence, the modern world is sufficiently odious.

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**Saturday, July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1938.**

Another brilliant and very hot day; but with some mitigation of the heat from a breeze. Leng called for me after breakfast. On reaching Hyntle Place, I proceeded to write a series of letters in answer to a consignment from Auckland Castle.

Somebody in Newcastle sends me a cheap edition of that infamous forgery, "The Elders of Zion," which is "issued by the Britons Publishing Society. It is accompanied by a long, illiterate, & fanatical letter. I fear that the poisonous Anti-Semitism, which is working such abominations on the continent, is being eagerly preached in Great Britain.

**For the first time in my life I am living in a House of my own.** As a boy, of course, I lived in my Father's House: before my Ordination it was school, college, and lodgings; then for 50 years I have lived in official houses, possessing indeed, a titular ownership, but not privately owning them. Now, at the age of 75, I am to come under my own roof. Private life will be strange to me; and I am not very confident of my capacity to carry myself worthily in it. However, it is the last phase, and one must do what one can.

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I paid £6: 2: 0 as the premium on a policy insuring Hyntle Place for £5000. This amount was considerably more than I thought necessary but substantially less than the Norwich Union Fire Insurance Society's Agent (after inspecting the building) suggested. I suppose they know their own business.

I wrote to Arthur Rawle, thanking him for his persistent kindness in keeping in touch with my brother and his wife, in spite of their churlishness, & assuring him that I would assuredly not put up in a hotel unless he could not conveniently receive me. At present it is apparent that my presence would be unwelcome both to my brother & to his wife.

The bedrooms are small and low-pitched but, perhaps, less so than I had feared. One must needs take some time to get free of the meglomaniacal impressions of Auckland castle.

Traffic on the road had practically ceased in the afternoon, and evening and night were quite undisturbed. If this be the normal situation, we shall not fare badly. Noisy nights, as in Park Lane, mean exhaustion & irritability during the day.

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The eighteenth century was an age in which the English spirit found complete self-expression, and also an age in which England & France joined hands intellectually, and stood together at the summit of civilization, with no rivals unless Goethe and Kant may suffice to stand for a whole people.....

All the most typical men of that age possessed in varying degree the same qualities: Locke, Swift, Fielding, Hume, Richardson, Goldsmith, Hogarth, Johnson, Godwin. Thus the eighteenth century should undoubtedly be a source of pride to the British heart..... Men will scarcely look back to our own century (i.e. the XIX<sup>th</sup>) as so good to live in. One may well say that he w<sup>d</sup> have gladly lived in the XIII<sup>th</sup> century, perhaps the most interesting of all since Christ, or in the XVI<sup>th</sup>, probably the most alive of all, or the XVII<sup>th</sup>, surely the most human. But why have lived in the XIX<sup>th</sup>, the golden age of machinery, and of men used as machines.

v. Havelock Ellis. Selected Essays 76f.



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7<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 31<sup>st</sup>, 1938.

## HYNTLE PLACE

Another very hot day; but there may be rain. Elia and I walked to the Church for Holy Communion at 8 a.m. The Vicar celebrated in a chasuble, and was 'served' by a pale, gentle-looking lad, who seemed predestined for such service, & in due course, to the career of the "Ritualistic" priestlings, whose goodness and folly at once impress & infuriate Bishops and Churchwardens. Before the prayer-book Order was entered on, there was a muttered interchange of prayers between the Priest & the said Youth, into which I could not join, as I did not know what was in progress. The service was read without omission, & nothing more illegal than the introduction of an occasional versicle marred the service. I wore my rochet, and ministered the chalice. The younger communicants had evidently been taught not to touch the chalice with their hands. On the whole, I was relieved to find a rendering of the service, which was mainly legal, & certainly reverent. There were about a score of communicants, of whom perhaps half a dozen were males.

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The Sunday Times reports "An action for slander by a Boy of Nine". The Boy is stated to be the son of Captain Harold Knowling,\* and Muriel Buchanan; and it is brought against two women. This has, indeed, a miserably squalid appearance.

We all attended Mattins. I read the Lessons, proceeding directly to the Lectern from our pew, after the manner of a pious squire. The service included the Litany, and was reverently read & intoned. I was well-impressed by the intelligent chanting of the choir. It is evident that the Rector's exertions have not been without effect. Moulsdale preached from a chair placed at the Chancel Arch, sitting down after the manner of the Rabbis. His text was Eccles. xii. 13. "This is the end of the matter; all hath been heard; fear God & keep His commandments: for this is the whole duty of man." He preached well, taking a severely dogmatic tone, & presented Christianity in its legalistic form. His long experience as a lecturer to undergraduates has given him facility & skill in arrangement. After the service I gave him a £ as a contribution towards the expenses of the Choir Treat, which, he told us, is to take place next week.

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||| The man who waits to lead a decent life until he has 'saved his soul' is not likely to possess a soul that is worth saving.

Havelock Ellis. S.E. p174.

||| One must win one's own place in the spiritual world, painfully and alone. There is no other way of salvation. The Promised Land always lies on the other side of a wilderness.

Ibid. p.185.

|| The man of science may be a mystic, but cannot be a true mystic unless he is so relentless a man of science that he can tolerate no alien science in his mysticism. The mystic may be a man of science, but he will not be a good man of science unless he understands that science must be kept for ever bright and pure from all admixture of mystical emotion; the fountain of his emotion must never rust the keenness of his analytic scalpel.

Ibid. p.189.

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[241]

**Monday, August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1938. Bank Holiday.**

Yesterday is said to have been the hottest day of the year – 85% [sic] in London. There were deluges of rain in the Lake District. Today is evidently going to rival its predecessor in fierce heat. I begin to quake for my water-supply; but we hope for the best.

Xan's father sends me a very grateful letter in acknowledgement of my reference to him in the 'Bishoprick'.

I received yet another long anti-Semitic effusion. It is plain enough that the poison is working in England, & that energetic efforts are being made to spread the mischief. I wrote to my correspondent advising him to read Valentin's Anti-Semitism; and Cecil Roth's book. But *what use is it to seek reason or justice, or the will to learn the facts from a Racial Fanatic?*

*The Pope having uttered a vigorous[sic] condemnation of Racialism, & warned Italy against following Germany's lead in that respect, has evoked from Mussolini a characteristically vehement re-affirmation of his racial policy, & a repudiation of the suggestion that it has been 'made in Germany'.*

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The Bishop of Chichester [George Bell] writes:

I am delighted to get your letter and much gratified by what you say, as well as in entire agreement with your delineation of Headlam. I have heard nothing from him, though I expect the letters caused him to gnaw his fists. It was indeed a tragedy that he should have written in the way he did. I was delighted by your letter to "The Times", and I think Headlam as well as other people must realize that he is in a minority of one so far as Bishops go. Of course, he is an influential Bishop, and he deceives the multitude.

I occupied the day in typing out such passages in my Westminster diary as had relation to the Abbey, & as might be suitable for publication in an article of "Reminiscences". I was appalled by their fewness and poor quality. They are mainly concerned with my own performances, & rarely have any other interest!

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Tuesday, August 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1938.

The temperature is distinctly cooler this morning. The glass which stood at 83% in my bedroom at 10 p.m. was 77%. In my study at 9 a.m. it had fallen to 74%. The heat yesterday is reported to have been very great, in Paris it rose to 95%.

I finished reading the volume of "Selected Essays" by Havelock Ellis.\* His name and reputation as the Philosopher of Sex have long been known to me, & the frequent quotations from his writings, which I have read in the books of social & sociological pundits, have given me a measure of familiarity with his doctrines, but I had not realized the range of his interests, the fineness of his culture, or the beauty of his style. He is frankly anti-Christian, & tells the story of his abandonment of Christianity very simply & without a trace of regret. He has just come to reside in this parish being now in his 80<sup>th</sup> year. I feel curious to see what manner of man he is, & to discover whether he regards an Anglican Bishop as too far outside the category of sane & educated men for social intercourse. It is an odd fortune that brings together as residents in one small parish of such a trinity as D<sup>r</sup> Mouldsdale, Havelock Ellis, & the Bishop of Durham.

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I sent Dashwood a cheque for £500 on account of Income Tax.

A post arrived in the afternoon. William wrote from Glasgow reporting his safe arrival at the Exhibition, & sending pictures of the Snow. The Bishop of Chichester sends me a copy of a letter addressed by Headlam to a correspondent, in which, with characteristic obstinacy, he sticks to his guns.

My cousin writes to me about Arthur and Ellie, and indicates his intention of coming to report the situation at Hillbury more fully. He writes very cryptically.

[Henry] Stephenson\* takes occasion in writing to me about his curates, to express the hope that I will not carry out my intention to resign my bishoprick this year. He is very kind and flattering, but I do not think the substantial reasons for resignation are affected by the considerations which he urges. I do not doubt that resignation means the loss, probably the complete loss, of influence on the course of church politics; but at 75 who cares whether he counts for anything or not?

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Wednesday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1938.

Exchange of Telegrams:

Braley, C. L. B. camp, Morecambe to Bishop.

Four hundred officers and lads send loyal greetings to their Bishop and Regimental Chaplain.

Bishop to Braley.

Bishop appreciated highly kind message, and hope Camp will be most successful.

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Another brilliant day, and not quite so hot. Ella and Fearne went into Ipswich to buy house-keeping requisites; I employed myself in working at the Article for the projected Westminster Quarterly.

The Times reports the appointment of the Vicar of Leeds (W. Thompson Elliott) to succeed the new Dean of Gloucester (Costley White)\* as Canon of Westminster. It had been generally expected that he would become a Bishop, but he will do well enough at Westminster. I wrote to "congratulate" him.

Also, I wrote to William Elliott, who is now in the Sanitorium at Wolsingham.

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We had our first visitors – Colonel Smith, and then the Rector and his sister. They seemed to be well-impressed with the house, and, indeed, considering the drought presents a better appearance than might have been expected. This part of East Anglia is said to be the most rainless part of Great Britain.

I read to Moulsdale some part of the projected Westminster Abbey article in order to see how an outsider would be impressed, and that by this knowledge I should be the better able to decide whether it was really adequate. But I was a fool for my pains, for, of course, he expressed approval. What else in the circumstances could he express? That is ever the case when one seeks advice. You are always given the answer which it is assumed you desire to receive. Sincere advice is the rarest this in the world.

I have – in default of more modern fiction – had recourse to Miss Jane Austen. "Pride and Prejudice" is curiously interesting to me, but then I am incorrigibly a Victorian. The younger folk would not tolerate it.

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Thursday, August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A brilliant day, but perceptibly cooler. The promise of rain.

To my great relief, Gadd\* has declined my offer of S Thomas's, Sunderland. I was a fool to have made it, but I thought a windbag like him would perhaps fill the Church. Only a windbag could.

The Bishop of Bristol [Clifford Woodward\*] writes to enquire about Salter, whom he desires to "consider" for an important vacancy in Bristol. I know that Salter wants to get away from Hartlepool, and that, when once the moving spirit invades a parson's mind, his service becomes perfunctory and ineffective. Therefore, I did not discourage the notion of his transference to Bristol. The Bishop adds a note to his letter:-

More power to your anti-Nazi elbow. I cannot think what bee has invaded the bonnet of our brother of Gloucester.

Ella and I lunched with the Bishop of S E & I. [Walter Whittingham]\*. There was a party of neighbours among whom was old Sir Bunnell Burton who lives on the fringe of Ipswich. On returning to Hyntle Place, I was nearly caught by a Reporter from Darlington, who wanted to be told "the truth, the whole trust, & nothing but the truth about the Bishop's retirement"!

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The afternoon post brought me another pencil-written letter from Ellie, saying that my Brother "had taken a turn for the better", that there was a "slight improvement each day", and that "the doctor was satisfied with his progress" but warned her that it would be "a long time before he fully recovered his strength". It is quite clear to me that she has no desire for my coming to see him. Indeed, I doubt if I should be able to do so, if I went to Minehead.

*The Bishop of S E. and I. discussed with me the question of my resignation. He is 4 years my senior, and has only the Bishops of London and Sheffield older than himself.*

*I gathered that he meditates resignation. He said that he had been informed that Sheffield was observed to be exhibiting evidences of incipient senility. I strongly suspect that I am! My memory fails me most annoyingly, and I soon weary of exertion. Moreover, my distinctive faults grow stronger, as my wife must needs observe!*

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Friday, August 5<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A dull morning, & something of a "sea fret".

Salter writes to tell me that he has received a communication from the Bishop of Bristol, and asking my advice thereupon. I told him that, while I should regret his departure from the diocese, I thought that, if a suitable opportunity presented itself, he might fairly embrace it. Hartlepool will not be an easy place to fill.

I received a telegram from Gilbert in British Columbia.

Distressed over Arthur's illness. Can we assist Ellie or yourself. Could leave immediately if necessary. Please cable

Arthur Rawle arrived from London. I met him at the station, and brought him to Hyntle Place. After consultation with him I replied thus

Arthur's health reported steadily improving. No present need for return. Am writing fully.

I had much conversation with my cousin about the situation at Hillbury, where my Brother & his wife are lying in bed under the absolute control of doctors and nurses. Everything appears to be woeful indeed.

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Since his return from India my Brother and his wife have developed into self-isolated egotists. They have no dealings with their neighbours; they have ceased to attend at the Church services; they never receive a visitor or entertain a friend. Latterly, Arthur has taken to his bed. The doctor reports that part of the cause of his illness is lack of adequate food! Neither he nor Ellie have enough ^to eat^. Yet the 3 nurses who garrison the house "do themselves well"! My cousin, who in spite of discourtesy, continues to visit them, is perturbed and perplexed. Arthur's affairs are veiled in an impenetrable mystery. He is believed to be very rich. He is known to be very mean. Is he nothing but a vulgar miser"? Where is his money invested? What does he mean to do with it? If he should become insane, or die, who would be responsible for dealing with his affairs? Even the name of his solicitor is unknown; and, though he is believed to have made a will, nobody has an inkling of its contents or knows the names of his executors. All this is highly disconcerting, & fosters a mood of apprehension.

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When Arthur Rawle had taken his departure, I wrote at some length a strictly confidential letter to my brother, Gilbert, giving him as truthful an account of the situation in Hillbury as I



could, and stating that both Arthur Rawle and I thought that when Arthur had recovered his strength sufficiently, it would be useful if he and Lois made a visit to England.

What a pitiable spectacle does my poor brother present! Would he not come properly into the description of those unhappy persons whom the Puritans called "the devil's martyrs"? They meant ^by that quaintly sinister phrase^ to picture those who in their zeal for mundane satisfactions, not only fail to obtain what they strove to secure, but also, in their striving, lose their souls. Poor Arthur has toiled hard for many years to "make his pile" in order that he might gain from it some secular enjoyment; & now, his "pile" made, and his reward overdue, he finds himself without health or spirits. He has, like Esau, sold his spiritual birth-right for a mess of red pottage. What doth it profit a man?

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Saturday, August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

[symbol]

*Headlam's self-sufficiency is sublime to the point of absurdity. In today's issue of the Times he has a letter under the heading "England and Germany. The Better Way" in which after condemning "the Bishop of Chichester and his friends" because they "irritate the authorities in Germany by the constant steam of resolutions that they pass", and stating that he has "been strongly advised in Germany" that more harm than good is done to the victims of Nazi tyranny by foreign sympathizers; he proceeds to assure us that "in the religious circles in which he moved they constantly expressed their readiness & desire for closer intimacy with the Church of England". He is certainly a very ridiculous specimen of a Christian leader. What does he think that the Christian Minister ought to do in Germany when confronted by the racial policy of the Nazi government brutally expressed in the persecution of the Jews? Take it lying down? Place the influence of the Christian pulpit at the service of Goebbels, Rosenburg, and Streicher? How can he abstain from touching on "politics" in any other way?*

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I received a beautiful replica of the College seal "In Commemoration of the Quincentenary" of All Souls College.

*I was moved to write to the Times yet another letter in answer to Headlam. Probably Geoffrey will feel that he has played with political gunpowder long enough, & will not publish any more letters on the subject of Pastor Niemöller. Nevertheless, I have liberated my soul.*

Alexander sends me a cutting from the Daily Mirror, announcing that I had purchased a house called "Myrtle Bank" (!) for my residence after retiring from Auckland. All this on the authority of "one of the Bishop's staff". That probably means Leng who is an incorrigible gossip.

*Also, I received an abusive anonymous letter from Manchester, denouncing me for my speech at Leeds about the Jews. There can be no doubt that the Jews are greatly disliked, so much so that it would not be difficult to work up an Anti-Semitic agitation in this country. That efforts are already been made in that direction, and that they are not wholly, unsuccessful, is apparent.*

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8<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

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*The rain, which seemed about to fall last night, failed to come. About 8 a.m. there was a slight fall, enough to wash the leaves, hardly more.*

*If the Times publishes the letter, which I sent to the editor yesterday, my relations with Headlam will become strained. They have been difficult for some while past. He is a 'hard-shell' Tory in opinions and in ~~temperament~~ tradition; and he has added to the authoritative habit of the Tory the superior tone of the professional pundit. Build these effects of experience on the foundation of a naturally hard and domineering character, and the result is more efficient and impressive than pleasant. In the roots of his nature, I believe him to be an honest and honourable man. He would not fail a friend at a pinch, but he would so season his friendly action with an ungracious criticism that its comfort would evaporate in a resentment, which distressed the conscience. He is also a man of considerable intellectual power, of great determination, of courage, and of a sincere but unemotional piety; very obstinate in holding to his opinions, & often mistaken.*

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I wrote to Jack Carr, bidding him God-speed. He leaves for Nigeria this month, and may already have left.

I wrote to Jack Clayton suggesting that he might come & lunch here, when he is in London on August 11<sup>th</sup> and 12<sup>th</sup>.

I wrote to Ledgard, sanctioning the transference of his curate, Scott, from Stockton to Gateshead; & saying that I hoped he would soon be able to find another, and more adequate colleague.

We all went to church. I read the Lessons and celebrated the Holy Communion after Mattins. A small boy, who said he was called Arthur, assisted, rather to my confusion, for I am persuaded that I omitted many little holy "gadgets" to which he was accustomed. He, and the lad who assisted the Vicar last Sunday, & who is called 'Peter', divide this blessed function of eucharistic assistance between them. I wonder what the cumulative and permanent impression on them really is. Moulsdale preaches well. His sermon on the Transfiguration was well arranged and well expressed: but he has an odd 'brogue' which makes it rather difficult to hear his words intelligently.

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The churchwarden assured me that the rainfall last night had been considerable, and had provided a large supply in the large pans which he had set out overnight. At Hadleigh, some five miles off, the downpour yesterday is reported to have been violent.

*Ella read aloud some part of this journal, and her comment was that I ought to record more of my "memories", by which I imagine that she must mean, my impressions of contemporary events. These might fairly be identical with specially trustworthy recollections, when at a later stage they are read by others. There is certainly an element of truth in this, but there is this objection viz: that one's first impressions are often based on very insufficient knowledge, and that, subsequently when the facts are more accurately known, those impressions have to be modified or even reversed. Similarly, judgements of individuals, estimates of their characters, & criticisms of their conduct are often found to be almost ludicrously wide of the mark, when considered coldly from the different perspectives of a later time.*

[157] [sic] [misnumbering of pages continues to the end of the volume]

After tea Ella and I issued forth by the back gate to explore the immediate neighbourhood of the house. We pursued a rustic ~~path~~ road which led to an immense dunghill, and then shrank to the dimensions of a foot-path, the character and direction of which became increasingly uncertain. We fell in with a pleasant looking couple, of whom I inquired the way back to the village. The young man, addressing me as "My Lord", warned us that the way was long, and over bullock-infested fields. Something familiar in her countenance made me look at his companion, and I recognized Mildred, one of the two maids who came with us from Auckland. That young lady has not "let the grass grow under her feet", and doubtless a little comradeship, innocently quickened by the mysterious attraction of Sex, will make her stay in Hintlesham, the more pleasant. There was not the faintest tincture of embarrassment at running into us, in either of them. And is not this as it should be? Why must we read anger and doubt into everything that is spontaneous or natural? We had to climb two fences, & trespass through the Papist squire's Park.

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Monday, August 8<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

There are reports of heavy rain in London yesterday, & of a promise of more thunderstorms. But no rain to speak of comes to Hyntle-Grange!

I received from Hodder & Stoughton, a cheque on account of "Ad Clerum" of £27: 12: 6.

The 'Guardian' is reprinting from the Bishoprick [symbol] **the sermon which I preached in Barking on June 19<sup>th</sup>**.

This morning, before being called, I read Jane Austen's 'Mansfield Park'; & came upon a really notable discussion on the subject of the Clergy in ch. XI.

M<sup>rs</sup> Kurstenier & her granddaughter came to lunch, and afterwards were taken to Colchester by Ella and Fearne before their return to London. They expressed much admiration of Hyntle Place!

The afternoon post brought a highly-disconcerting letter from M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon, telling me that her husband is seriously ill. He has been carried to Edinburgh, and established in a nursing home under the control of "a very clever neurologist, D<sup>r</sup> Ritchie Russell". He seems to be in great physical suffering, the precise cause of which is not yet apparent. This is, indeed, untoward tidings.

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An incident of Green's examination for orders is characteristic of him and of Stanley. He flatly refused to read Paley's Evidences even at the cost of rejection, because he said, the argument was out of date. The Bishop of London (Tait) had expressly mentioned Paley in his letter to Stanley, the examining chaplain. Stanley ingeniously remarked that as the Evidences was not expressly mentioned, Green might take up the Horae Paulinae. On the final Examination this produced a difficulty, and an appeal had to be made to the Bishop. Green was summoned to an interview and told the whole story. "Oh Stanley, Stanley!" cried the Bishop, and sent Green back. He never read the Evidences nor Pearson on 'The Creed', to which he also objected.

v. Letters of John Richard Green.

Edited by Leslie Stephen. p. 22

This is a very illuminating illustration of Modernist casuistry, as well as of Latitudinarian "charity". A pious fraud?

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Tuesday, August 9<sup>th</sup>, 1938

Salter writes to tell me that he has declined the Bishop of Bristol's proposal that he should transfer himself from Hartlepool to Bristol. His decision is welcome both on public & on personal grounds. Durham will not be enfeebled by the loss of a good person; & I shall be relieved of the necessity of finding an incumbent for a difficult parish.

I worked at the Westminster Article, but I doubt whether what I wrote will be thought suitable.

In the afternoon we motored to Ipswich, where I recovered my watch, & paid no less than 15/- for what had been done to it. Then we went on, & had tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Kenyon, with whom were her husband & her son Major Kenyon with his wife. Major & M<sup>rs</sup> Story also joined the party. We had tea in the garden, & save for the activity of the wasps we were comfortable enough, & talked very pleasantly for an hour and a half, mainly about politics. I thought Major Kenyon an unusually intelligent and well-informed man. Then we went back to Hyntle Place.

[pp. 161 and 162 torn out of the volume]

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[symbol]

I received a letter from Dick, in which he writes rather disconcertingly about my sermons.

"I often puzzle over your sermons, & pass opinions to myself on your style of sermon. Not so long ago I used to wonder &, indeed, if the truth be known, to be a little shocked that in your sermons you so seldom "preach the Gospel". Again & again I have heard you preach in parish churches, & in your sermon, instead of speaking of Christ, talk to the people about some episode in the history of Christianity, or draw some lesson from the past of our religion, or make an analysis of the present condition of religion. And, as I say, I used to wonder and be a little shocked. But nowadays, after reading the sermons of men like Dean Church, I realize that you stand in their tradition of preaching, and that to quibble [164] [symbol] at your style of preaching shows lack of appreciation of the great merits of that tradition. When, therefore, I read a sermon from you, like this one delivered at Barking, I no longer quibble, and instead am more than ready to take my hat off to you.

Dick places his finger on a grave fault. It is the case that most modern preaching that is not mere ranting or hide-bound dogmatizing is rather a discussion of Christianity than a preaching of Christianity. In my own case, while pleading "guilty" in foro conscientiae I dare to plead as an "extenuating circumstance" that I am more often than not required to preach a "special sermon" on an occasion which does not lend itself easily to "preaching the Gospel". Thus the Barking sermon, published in the Bishopruck, which occasioned his

criticisms was preached on a highly “special” occasion. Indeed, it is not the least trial of an episcopal preacher that, beyond all others, he is an “ambassador in bonds”.

**[165]**

In spite of the rain, we motored to Lavenham, and, after having tea comfortably in the tea-shop opposite the Church, viewed that splendid fabrick. If the effect were not in some measure spoiled by the infamous Victorian glass at the East end, this church would be in its own style perfect. The grandeur of perpendicular architecture is admirably disclosed – the wide spaces, the height, the ample light from the great windows, the dignified regularity, the rich adornment. Old [Edward] Freeman\* used to maintain that Gothic building reached its highest pitch of excellence in this style, which was the more excellent in his view from being distinctively English. These amazing parish churches constitute a practical problem of considerable perplexity. Very often they are meagrely endowed, and situated in rural communities which include no persons of property in their small populations. In this part of England Dissent has ever been very powerful, and the incumbents in the golden age of “the Establishment” thought more of the partridges than of the parishioners. How are the fabricks to be kept up? And who wants to use them?

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[166]

Thursday, August 11<sup>th</sup>, 1938.

A bright morning after the rain, and cooler. M<sup>rs</sup> Gordon sends me a disconcerting account of her husband. She speaks darkly of the pundits diagnosing an oppression of the brain which may necessitate an operation. This sounds alarming. The "Times" describes the Bishop's condition as "very serious".

I wasted the morning in typing more extracts from my journal for (possible) inclusion in the Westminster article. But the suspicion grows ever stronger that they are hardly suitable. They are (almost inevitably) concerned with my own action, and that, while of primary concern for a biographer, has little fitness or value for anybody else. Moreover, when I read over my character sketches of the Deans under whom I spent my life at the Abbey, & the fellow-Canons with whom I lived, I find them so likely to be resented in some quarter or another, and certain to be largely misunderstood, that prudence seems to prohibit their publication. Not only prudence, but kindly consideration for the feelings of others make it difficult, perhaps even wrong, to ignore the rule "De mortuis".

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Jack Clayton\* arrived from London, and was met at Ipswich by Ella and Fearne with the car. He seemed to be in excellent form, having carried through an incredible series of services & sermons. This craze for multiplying activities of this kind grows on him. He has been at the pains of counting up the churches in which he has thus officiated, & is proud to discover that the number now exceeds 1250! He lectures incessantly at Westminster and Ripon Hall: and is perpetually on the move. He seems to have read most of the new books which might fairly be thought to interest a thoughtful preacher; but when he finds time for reading is not apparent. His verbal memory is amazing, and not less the tenacity with which he clings to persons and places which have come into his experience. Neither kindnesses nor humiliations are ever lost from his mind. Like the Irish he does not know how to forget, or what to remember. All in all, he is the quaintest, absurdest, kindest, most exasperating and withal lovable man whom in a long life I have chanced to encounter.

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Jack Clayton and I discussed Ripon Hall, where for some years he has been on the teaching staff. He says that matters will never be satisfactory there until an undesirable type of Welsh students has been got rid of, and a satisfactory resident staff has been provided. At present the discipline is bad, and the tone low. [Henry] Major\* personally was an excellent influence, but he was attempting the impossible experiment of applying the methods which Vaughan successfully applied to his "Doves" at the Temple to the men who came to him at Ripon Hall, forgetting that Vaughan had himself declared that the success of his methods depended on the type of man whom he was able to secure. That type is hardly ever found at Ripon Hall. The students who go to the latter are of low social level, of meagre education, and unworthy ideals. They cannot safely dispense with discipline and oversight, and these indispensable



*factors are mostly absent from their life in Ripon Hall. I was confirmed in my dislikes & suspicions*

