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

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[1]

Friday, August 12th, 1938.

HYNTLE PLACE

A bright morning. Temperature at 8 a.m. in my study 70°.

The workmen at last arrived to introduce the telephone. We breakfasted under their close and curious supervision.

I sent a copy of my charge on "Groups" to Oswald Hughes, the son of the Vicar of St Gregory's, Sudbury, by way of thanking him for his courtesy in showing us the church yesterday. He is an Oriel man in his 2nd year, & we had some talk about the Groups.

I received an affectionate letter from Jack Carr,* rather sorry for himself as a result of being inoculated for Yellow Fever, as a preparation for another term in Nigeria. He seems to be keen to return to his blacks.

In the afternoon we motored to Felixstowe where we had tea. Then, while I walked by the sea, Ella and Fearne betook themselves to the shops. We returned in a thunder-storm. [2] Though the rain was descending violently on the road from Ipswich, we found that practically it had avoided Hintlesham. These thunder storms are curiously limited in range.

The Rector called on me. We discussed the case of Noyes, whose conflict with the Roman Church over his book on Voltaire has had some prominence in the Times. I detected in his language something very like approval of the Papist action.

My letter appears in the Times under the heading "England and Germany – The Christian Protest." It would, perhaps, have been more effective if it had not been held up for some days.

I "bowdlerised" the Abbey article, and having thus stripped of such value as it might have possessed, propose to send it to the Dean [de Labilliere]*.¹ I was not born for so mealy mouthed a generation as this. The principle which makes Death cancel criticism is not favourable to historic truth. Happily it has been more honoured in the breach than in the observance!

¹ Henson, 'Reminiscences of Westminster Abbey, 1900-1912', *Westminster Abbey Quarterly* (Jan. 1939), 17-25. His remarks would have related to Armitage Robinson, Dean of Westminster from 1902 to 1911 when Henson was a Canon and rector of St Margaret's, and with whom he other canons were in conflict concerning the authority of Chapter as distinct from that of the Dean. The article remained critical of Robinson, despite Labilliere's evident plea to make light Robinson's defects.

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[3]

Saturday, August 13th, 1938.

Viscount [Robert] Cecil of Chelwood* writes:

Your letter in the Times is a real relief. It says just what ought to be said with admirable force. How could the Bishop of Gloucester [Arthur Headlam]* write as he did? I was greatly shocked. Very many thanks.

I was interested by the letter of a certain Mr Sidney Simon who writing from 7 Adams Court, London E.C. 2 sends me his “most grateful and sincere thanks” for my letter in the Times:

We in the City are confronted today with devious methods of propaganda, culminating in alarmist rumours, so that our nerves are shaken & our spirits weakened.

How comforting, therefore, to receive from you that message of steadiness & true understanding which your letter conveys!

That rather forward youth, Donald Nicholson, also writes to thank me.

[4]

I wrote sympathetically to Charles Nye,* in acknowledgement of an invitation to his wedding on September 14th, when I have undertaken to “tie the knot.”

The afternoon post brought me a letter from Dr Alex Martin* of Edinburgh who himself wrote an excellent answer to Headlam in the Times (July 20th). He says:

“Will you allow me to thank you in a single sentence for this further letter on the German situation in today’s Times. I felt keenly the need for a reply to Dr Headlam; and, of course, it was due from you or possibly from Dr [George] Bell.* I cannot - do as I will – understand his attitude at all: it must do grave harm. On the other hand, I am very sure that you are affording the relief of utterance to multitudes in all the Churches; & I try to believe that the Government too – if they must be dumb on the [5] fundamental issues – are not altogether sorry that these things should be said by others. More “courtesy” to Germany’s present rulers forsooth!”

The same post brought me 3 letters about my poor Suffragan [Geoffrey Gordon].* M^{rs} Gordon, Archdeacon [Leslie] Owen,* and Cecil Ferens* give me such information as they possess respecting him. They all agree in disclosing a very grave situation.

Indeed, it is impossible not to fear the worst; and even if he survives, it is difficult to think that he will be capable of active service. The outlook is truly lamentable for his wife, for the diocese, and for myself. But we must not give up hope.

Tymms,* the Vicar of Billingham, writing to me with reference to the consecration of the additions to the old parish church on Sept: 1st takes occasion to say:

May I respectfully say I enjoyed reading your letter on the German question in the Times?"

He is probably representative of the younger incumbents.

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[6]

9th Sunday after Trinity, August 14th, 1938.

My mind is filled with anxiety on account of Geoffrey Gordon, and the possibility – nay probability that he will either die or be incapacitated, perhaps permanently, for active ministry. How this evil alternative will affect his wife, and the diocese, and my own immediate ^plans^ duty [sic] are questions impossible to avoid, & extremely difficult to answer. This disaster could not have taken place at a more inconvenient time. If I am compelled in the last months of my episcopate to find another suffragan, I may not improbably treat my successor unfairly. Yet delay in the appointment could not be continued for long without diocesan dislocation.

We all walked to the parish church for the celebration at 8 a.m. I told the Rector that the Bishop of Jarrow was gravely ill, and proprio motu he introduced his name into the prayer for the Church Militant. This was well done, though I must needs think that it would have been more suitable, perhaps more legal, to have named him when the prayer was introduced. But that is a small matter.

[7]

For an hour and a half before I was called, I read Edwyn Bevan's* Gifford Lectures on "Symbolism and Belief." They are stiff reading, but worth reading. I notice that he dissociates himself from Inge* rather sharply on the difficult question as to the meaning of Time, and its application to God.

We went to Church at 8 a.m., and received the Blessed Sacrament. The Rector celebrated, & introduced the name of the Bishop of Jarrow with the Prayer for the Church Militant. I ministered the Chalice, & the priestling Peter "served." At Mattins I read the Lessons, stepping to the lectern from my pew after the manner of rural Squires. I was intrigued by the Rector's sermon, which suggested a "Moral Philosophy" lecture in S. Chad's. It could hardly have informed, it might easily have confused the consciences of his rustic hearers. He introduced a laudatory reference to Niemöller* into his discourse. After the service there was a conclave of gossips at the porch. Ella revels in dilatory talk, and I had to cut it short rather abruptly: but in truth I hate talking when I have nothing to say!

[8]

[Symbol]

There are few endowments better worth the possession of one who lives in the country than the charisma of small talk. Armed with that he need not flinch before that persistent affliction of country life, the caller. What in Heaven's name is to be

done with him, or most commonly, with her? The only interesting topic is personal gossip, and that must be unwholesome, and may be risky. Nobody knows, or cares to know, anything about the greater interests of intelligent men: and when gossip is avoided, or exhausted, there is only the weather, the servants (or the lack of them), the crops, and the local cricket matches. Scottish people can find limitless substance for conversation in their relatives to the fourth and fifth generation; and elderly folk of both sexes can discuss their health (that is their ailments) with never failing assiduity. Religion is no longer a subject of interest; and politics, since the admission of women to the category of citizens, have passed out of the sphere of intelligent discussion. Even the Duke of Windsor and his wife have ceased to stimulate conversation. Only a genius in “small talk” can hold on.

[9]

We had visitors. First, Colonel Smith and one of Cheltenham Fairies, and, then, that vast but vigorous lady, Miss Mouldsdales, with M^{rs} Fraser. My lack of the charisma of small talk was brought home to me as I sat listening but speechless to the animated prattle of these admirable females.

I wrote to Mary Radford,* Martin Ellingsen* and Charles Pattinson.*

Supposing Geoffrey dies, what would be my duty? If I had to postpone my departure, I think it could hardly be for shorter period than a year. For I could not well go in the middle of the Confirmations, or immediately before the Trinity Ordination. And, if I appointed, i.e. chose for appointment by the Crown, another Suffragan in Geoffrey's place, I could hardly leave him at once before he had opportunity to learn his way about the diocese. If he survives, but in so damaged a state as really to be unequal to his duty, it would be his duty to resign, but, if he should be reluctant to do so, & should hang on hoping to recover, his strength, a situation of great difficulty would be created. It is an ill prospect.

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[10]

Monday, August 15th, 1938.

The Dean of Durham adds a postscript to a letter asking me to dedicate a memorial to his daughter, Kathleen: - "I greatly liked your dealing with Arthur Gloucester!" On the other hand, Mr. F. Otley Roberts writing from the Beechcroft, Costessey near Norwich sends me a type-written letter of quite violent denunciation. His opinions have a melancholy interest for they probably are shared by a great number of muddle-headed pacifists, who can see nothing save the danger of War, unless, at whatever sacrifice of Christian principle, Germany is placated!

I wrote a series of letters, including one to the odd youth who is leaving the diocese because he can't find a spiritually satisfying curacy to serve in place of S. Mary Magdalene's which, for reasons of parochial finance, he has to leave. Taylor writes in terms of gratitude and even affection to the Bishop who ordained him, & whom he must needs hold to be quite woefully "uncatholic." I could not but feel drawn to the lad, though I think he will find his way to Rome.

[11]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to the following

1. Mouldsdale
2. The Archdeacon of Leeds
3. Miss Hodgkin
4. Mary Radford
5. Betty Bruce Steer
6. Rev. G. Griffith
7. Rev. Parsons
8. C. J. Bex
9. Prof Gray Turner
10. Gladys Scott Thomson
11. Mr. Lennox
12. Edwyn Beavan
13. Rev. J. P. Denham
14. Munro Cautley
15. Gilbert Simpson
16. E. H. Blakeney
17. Archdeacon Hales
18. Sir James Irvine
19. Tom Elliott
20. G. A. Henson
21. Jack Carr
22. George Nimmins
23. Rev. Charles Norcock

[12]

[symbol]

Bex,* sometime Editor of the Hereford Times, and then of a northern paper, now living in retirement in Sussex, writes to me almost effusively to thank me for my “magnificent letters in today’s Times in answer to the Bishop of Gloucester’s amazing standpoint” and concludes

May I say that my admiration for you increases with the years?

Well, well! Time was when he could not speak ill enough of the Bishop-designate of Hereford. It is an odd, paradoxical world.

I received from Arthur Rawle* a very disturbing account of my brother at Minehead. He tells me that I must be ready to go there any day: but what I can do when I get there is entirely obscure. Betty was good enough to write a supplementary letter, but she adds little to what my cousin said.

We motored to Blyborough, and viewed the wonderful church. Then we went on to Southwold and had tea in the Grand Hotel, after which we visited another great church: & on our way home we stopped at the ruins of [sentence unfinished].

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[13]

Tuesday, August 16th, 1938

D^r Brinton, Geoffrey Gordon's brother-in-law, who is a neurologist, sends me a candid and confidential account of the Bishop's condition. He describes it himself very justly as "the most distressing news." He has been consultation with the two specialists, and agrees with them that nothing can be done. My poor Suffragan will "probably" live only a few weeks and "at the very most" not longer than three months. This is a sharp stroke.

I received a letter from Robert Schaefer writing from Hamburg.

I am an independent merchant 70 years old, but still very active, and quite able to work. At present my business is still going, but, although belonging to the evangelic church, I am a Non-Arian (sic), it is to be feared that a sudden new order prevents me from carrying on. I, therefore, would much wish to start in London: with some money I get from relations over there, I shall manage to keep myself for about a year. The British authorities require a guarantee that somebody [14] would keep me in case anything happens to me . . . Of course you know that I am not allowed to take any money with me when emigrating.

I could but tell the poor man, that I cannot help him. He will add the hypocrisy of sympathetic Englishmen to the brutality of Germans!

I wrote to D^r Brinton; to Arthur Rawle; and to Betty Bruce Steer.

The afternoon post brought me a very displeasing letter from Arthur Rawle about my brother's condition. He seems to be in the way of becoming unmanageable, and any suggestion that anyone should assist him in getting his affairs into order makes him furious. His wife is as impracticable as he is. Neither of them will see me if I come to Minehead. The doctors expressed the opinion that he would probably not live for more than 3 or 4 months. I thought it best to send this letter to Gilbert [Simpson],* adding that I did not think it was worth while for Lois & him to come to England, but that if they decided to come, they would be welcome at Auckland Castle. It is a woeful business.

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[15]

Wednesday, August 17th, 1938.

[symbol]

The weather has become blustering and uncertain. Temperature in my study at 8 a.m. was 68°.

Headlam sends me a long letter, very characteristic and therefore very exasperating. He is of course quite impenitent, & repeats in substance what he has written to the Times:-

The only person to whom I mentioned you personally was von Ribbentrop who was quite aware of your reputation & did not take what you said very seriously.

That surely ought to be annihilating. He adds

I am afraid that in my opinion letters like yours are calculated to do the maximum of harm to Christianity in Germany, to our relations to Germany, & to European peace.

Is it worth my while to answer all this as it deserves to be answered? Or had I better let it go? I did write to him indicating that on the subject dealt with we must agree to differ, and yet remain good friends. But "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" Headlam, the protagonist of denominationalism in the sphere of education, is the champion of Erastianism in the sphere of politics!

[16]

Yesterday, there came to lunch with M^{rs} [Amy] Burkitt* to meet us, Canon [John] Creed, * Sir Geoffrey Montmorency, lately Governor of the Punjab, and M^{rs} Miles Burkitt. Her husband, [Miles Burkitt]* (who grows more prelati- cal in manner daily) came in afterwards. M^{rs} Burkitt, who is now almost completely blind, is as ever a great talker, always vivacious, sometimes amusing, often immensely absurd. Sir G. Montmorency* interested me. He said that it fell to his lot to have much personal contact with the late King, when, as Prince of Wales, he visited India: that he formed the opinion that H.R.H. was temperamentally ill suited for the position of a constitutional sovereign: that his wilfulness & obstinacy in the matter of his engagements, generally followed by explosions of temper before his yielding to the official advice, were very trying; but that he never kept malice against the officials who overruled him: that he thought H.R.H. did really care for the state of the poor. He said that on his return from India he had been much impressed by the strength of the hold which religion had on the nation. This, he thought, had been conspicuously

disclosed at the time of the constitutional crisis, occasioned by the late King's infatuation with M^{rs} Simpson. He noticed it among the young especially.

[17]

Miles Burkitt and his wife had just returned from a Congress of anthropologists in Copenhagen. He said that the German members were friendly enough, but would not discuss Adolf Hitler. He was an almost Divine figure, too sacred for criticism. He spoke rather severely of the rich few, who had taken advantage of their wealth, secured during the monetary crisis, which ruined the middle class in Germany by their possession of foreign money, in order to buy up all sorts of property at a nominal price. These were in his judgment the main causes of the fierce hatred with which the Jews generally were regarded.

We called on Professor Thomas & his wife, who have recently been translated from Durham to Cambridge. He says that the study of Hebrew is still greatly neglected, and is disposed to connect it with the now fashionable tendency to belittle the importance ^of the O.T.^ "Is this new Marcionism present in the University?" I asked, & he replied that it was surprising what important persons regarded that tendency with sympathy.

Then we went on to Trumpington, and called on the quondam Bishop of Lichfield and M^{rs} Kempthorne,* with whom we had tea.

[18]

I received from Leipzig the following post-card

Herrn Herbert Dunhelm, Hyntle Place

Gesundheit dem bewährten Mann.

Dass er noch lange wirken Kann.

Faust. I

This refers to your letter to Herrn Bischoff in the Times. Ask him to send you my letter which I wrote him last week signed. Sorry cannot sign my name. There goes a gruss to you. Well done you. 15/8/38

I wrote to Bex, and to Archdeacon [Leslie] Owen.*

Ella and Fearne, having decided to have a day in London, we breakfasted early, & then motored to Ipswich, where they took train, and I went to the Hairdresser, & received his professional attentions.

Moulsdale* and I called on M^r Havelock Ellis* who lives quite near in a pleasantly-placed but not impressive-looking slate-roofed house. The door was opened by a lady of doubtful age, who spoke with a foreign accent, and was extremely polite. ç

[19]

She subsequently told me that she came from the North of France, and was a convinced Pacifist. She looked it. M^r Havelock Ellis is a small man, spare, & with an alert carriage. He has a venerable appearance by virtue of his white hair & beard. He reminded me strongly of the late General Booth.* He said that his forbears had been incumbents in Suffolk, & that this circumstance, added to the wholesomeness of the air, had led him to choose it for a place of residence. He said that, though he had often received tempting invitations to deliver lectures in U.S.A., [sic] he had invariably declined, and in fact, he had never addressed an audience in his life. “That alone would establish your claim to greatness” – I observed. He said that he was much better known in America than in England. He said that he possessed about 2000 volumes, of which, perhaps, half were in the house. He had got rid of a good many. Moulsdale, who was better placed for making a study of his face, declared that he was able to see through his venerable beard, & that his mouth was of a markedly sensual type. This, of course, may have been a prejudiced judgment, determined by his knowledge of M^r Havelock Ellis' publications.

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[20]

Thursday, August 18th, 1938.

A clouded sky. Temperature at 8 a.m. was 65°.

I finished reading Edwyn Bevan's Gifford Lectures on "Symbolism and Belief." They are full of fine thoughts finely expressed. I think his work probably gains by his deafness. It throws him back on himself: excludes many distractions and develops (sic) a habit of self-criticism, the best security in the world against slipshod thinking and careless writing. His discussion of "Mysticism" in Lecture 15 is particularly valuable. He emphasizes the "notable absence of any description of a distinctively mystical experience" in the Old Testament, and in the New holds that "only perhaps in the Experience described by S. Paul, when he seemed to be carried up into the third heaven" do we find "something of distinctively mystical character." And he points out that the origins of mysticism in the Christian Church were "not altogether creditable":

The main fountain-head of the Catholic mystical tradition is to be found in the writings of the fifth century impostor who pretended to be Dionysius the Areopagite, an immediate disciple of S. Paul. (p. 347)

[21]

It is strange to think what an immense influence has been exerted upon Catholic doctrine in two different fields by two bodies of writing which were definite impostures. The Catholic doctrine regarding the temporal rights of the Sovereign Pontiff rested largely for many centuries upon the forged Decretals – a forgery which the Roman Church has now long recognized as such, and repudiated. It is perhaps unfortunate that it has not yet repudiated with equal decision the other imposture, whose influence has been no less felt in the field of metaphysical theology than that of the forged Decretals was in the field of the Pontiff's temporal claims – the works of the false Dionysius . . . the fraudulent author is still regarded with respect as a Doctor of the Church, & some elements of the Catholic tradition which S^t Thomas took over from him . . . remain there in the tradition of the Catholic schools undisturbed.

Bevan. I 347-8

[22]

Ella kept her room until lunch-time. Fearne and I motored to Ipswich, where I called at Mess^{rs} Barclay & Co.'s Bank (behind the Post-Office) and introduced myself to the

Manager, who was very civil, and changed a cheque for £30. Then, while Fearne went shopping, I called on M^r Munro Cautley, whom I found alone in his office. Then we returned to Hyntle Place.

The afternoon post brought me a letter from M^{rs} Mary Ford, whose husband, she tells me, "for 22 years was Berlin Correspondent of the Morning Post." She writes from Bruges:

We have followed your Lordship's letters in "The Times" with great appreciation. It is such a consolation to us that the real situation of the Germany of today is understood. Please forgive me for speaking so strongly but we know Germany & the Germans very thoroughly . . . The suffering sadness and bitterness of a great majority of the German people is hard to see. It is harder still to be so powerless to help them. Persecution though is reaping its reward in that it [23] has made Christianity stronger than ever there. If you do not go to Pastor Niemöller's churches an hour before the time of service, also to Pastor Jacobi's Church, Kaiser Wilhelm Gedachtneis [sic] Kirche you stand little chance of having a seat.

This is interesting, and reads genuinely.

Also, I was particularly pleased to receive a letter from Edwyn Bevan, whose Gifford Lectures I have just read with great appreciation; he writes to thank me for my "excellent letter on Niemöller & the religious situation in Germany." He refers to Alwyn Parker's* letter: -

With regard to the plea urged again by my friend Alwyn Parker, that we ought not to speak about abominations committed in other countries for fear of creating irritation, it discloses a peril on one side but is blind to the peril on the other, that, if a nation can commit abominations & the rest of the world show no reaction or protest, there can be no such thing as world opinion [24] checking evil. The expressions of British opinion probably have had some effect in mitigating the persecution of Christianity in Germany, through unhappily only a very limited effect so far. I think it is nonsense to suggest, as Alwyn Parker does, that any protest such as that contained in your letter increases in the slightest degree the danger of war.

This letter gave me much satisfaction, not only because I have so high a regard for the writer that any commendation from him must needs be welcome, but also because it discloses the effect produced by Alwyn Parker's letter on an unusually intelligent & level-headed reader.

Colonel Smith with two more cousins, and M^{rs} Rolt with her son David came to tea, & to view the house. They expressed themselves as very well impressed by the latter, and in it more particularly by my new study, for which indeed their admiration was impressive. When they had departed, we played croquet.

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[25]

Friday, August 19th, 1938.

In the course of the morning, I received a telegram from Arthur Rawle telling me **that my brother died this morning at Minehead**. This is, perhaps, the most desirable dénouement of a situation which was becoming intolerable. The verses of the rather enigmatic poem entitled "Dominus illuminatio mea" comes to my mind:

In the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, & the eyes grow dim,
And pain has exhausted every limb –
The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

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

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, & the pride must fall.
And the love of the dearest friend grow small –
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

[25]

I wrote to Edwyn Bevan, to M^{rs} Ford, and to the Papist baronet, Sir Stuart Coats, both the two last wrote to me from Belgium, thanking me for my letter in the Times. Also, I wrote to Romans,* the master of Sherburn, thanking him for the account of the Excavations "at the Roman Town at Brough – Petuarria, 1937." He finds much mental refreshment in pursuing his antiquarian hobby. He is fortunate in possessing such a protection against the boredom of life. And he takes his boys with him in his quest. They help to keep his mind fresh and alert. What is the printed page by comparison with the eager face of a son? Even the printed page may be superior to the dolorous literature of the business man, self-dedicated to the service of Mammon. Poor Arthur had no son, and I doubt if he studied any other literature than that of "business." He had turned definitely away from religious observance. How far he had parted with religious conviction it would be hard to say. He always assured me that he read the copies of the Bishoprick which I regularly sent him.

[27]

We had visitors to tea – General & M^{rs} Kenyon, a neighbouring incumbent named Lee & his wife, and the Rector. They were all very amiable, and expressed approval of the

house & admiration of my study.

I received a letter from M^{rs} Gordon, from which I gather that the poor Bishop was carried back to Durham in an ambulance yesterday. It must have been a sad home-coming. D^r Brinton is to take charge of him in Durham.

I wrote to M^{rs} Gordon: to Martin [Ellingser]: and to Charles Pattinson.

Charles, in writing to me, seems to take for granted that my Suffragan's illness will necessitate my continuance at Auckland:-

One thing seems quite clear – that he will not be able to undertake any serious work for some time. And I hope that that means that the present Bp. of D. will continue to reside at Auckland Castle for some time to come – a hope that is, I know, shared by the vast majority of the clergy in your diocese, & of many outside it, clerical & lay.

[28]

Saturday, August 20th, 1938

I left Ipswich by the 9.50 a.m. express & travelled to Liverpool Street. On arriving I drove to the Army & Navy Club, which gives shelter to the Athenæum in August. There I lunched, being joined at my table by Major Kenyon; whom I had forgotten, but who civilly introduced himself. Then I went to Paddington, & caught the 5.30 p.m. express to Taunton, where I was met by my cousin and Betty, & driven to Holmscote House Hotel. There I found that my Cousin, the most unselfish & considerate man living, had given up his bed-room to me, as the Hotel was too full to provide any other, & had betaken himself to an adjacent house. He told me that Ellie had pulled herself together wonderfully since Arthur's death: that she had consented to employ a local solicitor to act with Arthur's lawyer in the matter of his property: that she had announced her intention of continuing to live in England: that Arthur had made provision for his brothers for life, whatever that may mean: & generally was wonderfully alert.

[29]

I have been recalling to mind all the generous things which I know that Arthur had done, the affection which his native employés expressed for him, his kindness to Marion and Mother, and his continuing assistance to Gilbert. I think that he was uncomfortable with me. He didn't like my prominence, nor did he have any feeling save suspicion towards Bishops, and Ellie was jealous of my wife's indisputable superiority. So, although we regularly corresponded and he always expressed himself in words of affection, we were never on easy terms, and latterly he made it apparent that neither he nor his wife desired to see me. These estrangements are regrettable, inexplicable, and irremovable. They darken life, and probably they damage character, but it is to be doubted whether they are wholly within the control of those whom they affect. We are in bondage to our temperaments, and from that bondage men can only be set free at a heavy price. "With a great sum obtained I this freedom" said the Roman Centurion.

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[30]

10th Sunday after Trinity, August 21st, 1938.

A beautiful day disclosing the beauties of the country to full advantage. We walked for an hour after breakfast: & then motored into Minehead where I paid two calls. First, I called on Ellie, who received me in her bedroom. She looked frail, & had a tendency to weep: but she was certainly less perished than I expected. The doctor is going to send her away for a change, & then she will be sufficiently restored to decide on her future. Her brother or half-brother from Jersey, S. Jones, appeared. He had a more definitely English look than Ellie, who has an unquestionably Oriental suggestion: and he expressed himself quite normally. He resides in Jersey, whereto he had betaken himself on his retirement from India. In the course of conversation I asked how old Ellie was: & he said that she was 69. Arthur & I went on [sic] the Minehead Vicarage, and saw M^r Knapp Fisher, the present Vicar. He is a nephew of Sir E. Knapp Fisher the Abbey Official, who still lingers, though in a state of extreme decrepitude. He is not handsome, but has a pleasant expression, and expressed himself very civilly.

[31]

Ellie spoke rather hurtfully as if Arthur had suffered much from my lack of sympathy and understanding, whereas, so far as I perceive the truth, any approach towards confidence was made by me, and repulsed by him. I think that, perhaps unconsciously, he was jealous, and in some sense mortified. In India he had been important; in England he was without influence. He had lived in the society of Anglo-Indian business men, whose notions of policy and government are quite obsolete; who "foamed at the mouth" when the new policy of developing self-government was raised, to whom Mahatma Ghandi was no more than a seditious native, "who ought to be shot": who read the "Morning Post," and found even its Toryism inadequate to their prejudices. To them Christianity, as expressed in missionary effort and, indeed, as anything more than the convention of official society, was equally unintelligible and repulsive. That I was a Bishop and openly scornful of his political opinions and "religious" outlook was exasperating, none the less so for my attitude being generally endorsed by English Statesmen & Ecclesiastics.

[32]

I made a point of always sending him copies of books that I published, but, though he said that he read them, I do not think that he wholly approved them. Indeed, I suspect that, in a strange whimsical way, he resented them as if they embodied an assumption of superiority on my part! Thus my inevitable prominence provoked an unacknowledged but most potent jealousy. This ill temper was, I suspect, stimulated by his wife who is, by temperament (as I judge) a morbidly jealous woman. If, as is

generally thought, she be partly Asiatic, this would be probable, jealousy being the badge of the tribe. Be that as it may, Arthur & Ellie in the last years have immersed themselves in a sinister isolation, enigmatic and comfortless. The only person with whom my Brother was on terms of intimacy was his gardener, a decent man, who seems to have been genuinely attached to him: but even of him, I think, Ellie had grown to be jealous. The house, peopled by nurses, & haunted by doctors, was the most uninviting place imaginable.

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[33]

Monday, August 22nd, 1938.

A wet morning: chilly and comfortless. I sent a cablegram to Gilbert in these terms:

Arthur died Friday: Burial in Minehead today. Letter following.

Then I wrote to him such account as I could give of his passing.

The rain was descending with violence when we committed the body of my Brother to the grave in Minehead cemetery. About 50 people attended the service in Church. At the grave-side I did not see more than 4 mourners besides my cousin and myself. The present Vicar and his predecessor officiated: & everything seemed decent enough. We returned to the Hotel & had tea.

Then we went to Minehead parish church, and were shown over it by M^r Knapp Fisher. It has some interesting features – a XVth century font, a very fine XVth century screen, an unusually elaborate stair-way to the rood-loft, etc. He gave me a pamphlet by Francis C. Eccles – “The Parish Church of S. Michael, Minehead – a Short History & Description.” Then we went to Hillbury, where I had another interview with Ellie in her bedroom.

[34]

She told me that she was sole executrix of Arthur's Will: that his property being mostly in India, and very various in type, would take some time to assess: and generally left me with the impression that my interest in it was nil! This neither surprises nor distresses me, but I should be relieved if Gilbert and Lois were duly provided for. However, I suppose we shall know the provisions of the Will in due course. My cousin is persuaded that Arthur was a rich man, but I doubt it.

I was impressed by the change which was apparent in Ellie, when we passed from the conventionalities of sentiment to the actualities of “business.” She became alert, acute, and even suspicious. My cousin who is himself familiar with business methods expressed much surprize at Ellie's being appointed sole executrix. He thought this arrangement precarious, unwise & highly unusual. Presumably, she will seek, & follow the advice of trustworthy lawyers – but she is supposed to be a very ill woman.

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[35]

Tuesday, August 23rd, 1938.

Betty appeared in good time, and drove us to Taunton Station, where I took the 10.45 a.m. express, which brought me in to Paddington at 1.15 a.m. [sic] I drove to the United Services Club, and lunched. Denis Webster and Sir Fred. Kenyon* introduced themselves to me, i.e. Denis did, for of course Kenyon needed no introduction. Then I proceeded to Liverpool Street, and caught the 3.15 p.m. train, which arrived at Ipswich at 4.40 p.m. While we were waiting to start, an elderly lady introduced herself to me as Miss Fox Blake. At Ipswich I was met by Ella & Fearne with the car, and so came to Hyntle Place.

A notice in the Times gave an alarmist account of the Bishop of Jarrow's condition: & this was confirmed by a letter from Archdeacon Owen.* Mrs. Gordon wrote to the same effect:

Your appreciation of Geoffrey brings me great solace. He is very devoted to you. I think you must know how your unfailing & generous kindness to him has always made him appreciate & value the great privilege of working under you, & have made these last six years very happy ones [36] for both of us – a treasured memory which I am not likely to forget in the lonely years to come.

The poor lady is carrying herself with great courage, but I fear there will be a sad reaction when the inevitable blow has fallen. Probably it is most desirable for her sake that this should not be postponed. Nor does there appear to be much likelihood that it will be. The whole catastrophe has befallen with such suddenness that it is difficult to appreciate its magnitude. His death will be a serious loss to the diocese, especially at this juncture when a change of diocesan is impending. The inconvenience is incalculable, for I had entrusted so much to him, more than would, perhaps, have normally fallen to his charge, because he was persona grata to officials, and fond of arranging affairs. He was much liked by all sorts and conditions of men, and, without being learned or profound, was above the general level of knowledge and intellectual power. He was acceptable to the magnates for, not only was he well-born and well-bred, but he shared many of the conventional class preferences.

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[37]

Wednesday, August 24th, 1938.

Before getting up I finished "The Rains Came," a powerful novel, disfigured, after the modern fashion, by some quite unnecessary ebullitions of grossness.

The post brings 2 applications to be accepted for Ordination, the one from a Bank Clerk aged 20 which has a genuine ring, the other from a Methodist lay preacher in Canada, which impresses me as unreal. Probably neither ought to be received with favour. I wrote with kindness, but evasively, to the Bank Clerk; and bluntly declined to accept the Lay Preacher. The tone of his letter, even more than its substance, decided me.

We made an expedition to Thaxted, where we viewed and admired the magnificent parish church. We stopped on the way to have tea very comfortably at Braintree. On the return journey, we visited the fine parish church of Boxford. The two noble porches give it unusual distinction. That on the north dating from the XIVth century, if not earlier, is constructed of wood, & is, perhaps, unique. The Vicar, Rice, hailed me as I left the church, & professed to remember me as addressing a Church Congress in Manchester, but I think he confused me with Weldon,* as he commented on my reduction in size!

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[38]

Thursday, August 25th, 1938.

I worked, but with small success, at the Book. In the afternoon we motored to Aldeburgh, looked at the sea, had tea comfortably in the "White Lion," returned to Hyntle Place, and played croquet.

Bishop [Frederick] Temple's* Method in Confirmation

93,203 persons appear to have been confirmed by Bishop Temple during his Episcopate (in Exeter). The stress which he laid on the limitation of the numbers to be presented at each Confirmation – his invariable practice of laying hands on each candidate separately – his whole conduct of the rite, including his requirement that each face should be in view during the address – and his rule that everything else should give way to the necessity for absolute silence at the moment when each was confirmed – are well known facts to all who attended him as chaplains, & testify to the high place which he gave to Confirmation amongst Episcopal functions. Unaided by the help of any suffragan, untiringly & with absolute regularity, he kept year after year to his tale of yearly Confirmations, & to the last his addresses retained freshness & force.

Life. p. 586

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[39]

Friday, August 26th, 1938.

I worked at the Book but with growing difficulty. M^{rs} Gordon & Archdeacon of Auckland write to the same effect about my poor suffragan. He is thought to be fairly comfortable, & is in a state of doped unconsciousness, waiting the end.

We motored to Ipswich, and looked at electric fires for the house. On our way to Hintlesham we turned aside to see the little churches of Belston and Clodock. We found the Vicar of Belston, a deaf and talkative man named Underwood (?), who introduced himself to me as a cousin of M^{rs} [Kitty] Inge,* and alleged that he had met me in the Deanery at S. Paul's. There was nothing in either of these churches of any outstanding interest.

[Robert] Poole* wrote from Hartlepool, asking whether he ought to officiate at the marriage of a man to his deceased wife's sister. I told him to do so unless (α) he had a conscientious objection, or (β) he had any good reason for thinking that "the congregation would be "offended"" if he did. I have no patience with the Anglo-Catholic rigourists.

[40]

Saturday, August 27th, 1938.

The secularization of Western culture was already almost complete in the last century, but its full implications were obscured by the dominance of Liberalism which tended to minimize the power and importance of the State. It is only today when Liberalism is everywhere giving way to Collectivism & Totalitarianism that we are beginning to realize the significance of the change. The modern State, not only in Russia & Germany, but throughout the world, claims to dominate & control the whole life of society & of the individual. Consequently the old conceptions of the relation between Church & State are no longer relevant to the new situation & we are forced to reconsider the whole problem from this new standpoint.

Christopher Dawson,* Religion & the Modern State p. xxii

It is because they fail to perceive the fact and to realize the significance of the change in the State effected by the secularization of Western culture, that Prof. E. Ernest Barker* and his disciples continue to repeat all the old exhausted pleas for the Establishment.

[41]

I wrote cheques for the balances due for the work on Hyntle Place, & despatched them to the relevant cormorants, viz:-

East Anglian Electric Supply C.	£89: 16: 4
H. Warner & Son.	58: 4: 0
Page & Co.	207: 17: 5
H. Munro Cantley.	<u>91: 15: 10</u>
	447: 13: 7
Previously paid.	<u>1100: ": "</u>
Total Cost of Work.	<u>£1547: 13: 7</u>

And originally I had imagined that my study could have been builded for £500! Well say the wise men that it is no economy to buy an old house. Add the £1850 which I gave for the house, and the humble cottage will have cost in round figures £3400. If I had invested the money at 3 per cent: I should have increased my income by rather more than £100, and, of course, I should have had to pay the rent of a hired house. Something also must be allowed for the luxury of living under one's own roof.

[42]

I wrote to Dick [Elliott]*: and to Gladys Scott Thomson.* Also to Langley Walters and to Gilbert Simpson.* I received a post-card from William, telling me that he was with his relations at Shotley Bridge, having survived his "camping out" experiences. Why do I waste time and thought on writing to these young people, who can have little care for me, and whose careers I shall certainly not be able to follow? Partly, I suppose, it springs from the natural reluctance of an old man to realize that his concern with this world is ceasing to be reasonable: and, partly, from the desire, destined to disappointment, that the bleak closing years of life may not be altogether destitute of interest. Both motives, it must be noted, are really selfish. Perhaps, there enters into my correspondence with these younger folk, whom I have generally confirmed, or ordained, a personal interest and a pastoral concern, which are not wholly and badly selfish. Then I cling to the notion that by keeping in touch with younger people, I do something to protect myself from the deadening influence of age, which passes sentence of exile on the old.

[45]

Nothing is more absurd than an old child.

Whichcote. Aphorisms

Except ye become as little children, ye cannot inherit the kingdom of God.

Jesus Christ

When I was a child, I spake as a child, I thought as a child, I felt as a child: now that I have become a man I have put away childish things.

S. Paul.

Brethren, be not children in mind: howbeit in malice be ye babes, but in mind be men.

S. Paul.

But when by reason of the time ye ought to be teachers, ye have need again that some one teach you the rudiments of the first principles of the oracles of God: and are become such as have need of milk, & not of solid food. For everyone that partaketh of milk is without experience of the word of righteousness, for he is a babe.

Epistle to the Hebrews.

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[46]

Monday, August 29th, 1938.

While I was writing in my study before breakfast, a telephone message was brought to me :

Geoffrey died tonight. Will you be able to attend funeral. Wednesday or Thursday. Brinton.

After breakfast I walked to the village post-office, and despatched the following telegram to Brinton:

Much grieved at sad news. Returning Auckland tomorrow. Shall attend funeral.

I telegraphed also to the Dean and to Archdeacon Owen to the same effect.

Then I went back to my study, and, yielding perforce to the ill custom of the day, I wrote what is called an "appreciation," and sent it to the editor of the Times. This kind of composition is hateful to me. It can never be morally legitimate, for "who are thou that judgest another?" and approval or compliment, which must needs form the staple of "appreciations" are just as much acts of judgement as condemnation and censure. We may thank God for good work done by his servants, be they what they were, but as to themselves we may only pray for them.

[47]

The newspapers are very alarming: [John] Simon's much expected speech last Saturday re-affirmed the Prime Minister's recent declaration, and leaves matters unaltered. Winston Churchill is very outspoken. The cost of the German mobilization exceeds £500,000 per diem: and will have cost probably as much as £30,000,000 before it is completed. What can be the reason for this great expenditure? Everything is "moving to a climax." The war-cloud extends, and grows ever darker. Everybody now awaits Hitler's pronouncement at Nürnberg. If War does break out (as seems to be likely) what will come of all our arrangements?*

Ought I to go forward with my plan for resigning the See on the 2nd February? *If so, I must proceed without delay to find another Suffragan. That seems hardly fair on my successor: yet I cannot leave the Archdeaconry & Suffragan Bishoprick vacant indefinitely. I cannot see anybody in the diocese who could rightly be appointed: and, outside the diocese, my personal knowledge of the clergy is extremely limited. I had hoped that at least this miserable business of exercising patronage was about to come to an end.*

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[48]

Tuesday, August 30th, 1938.

This "holiday" has been much shadowed. My brother's death, and still more the dolorous situation which it disclosed, distressed me deeply, and though my conscience did not endorse the unkindly suggestion of my sister-in-law, that the fault of our failure to understand one another lay with me, it added to my distress. Then, following closely on this untoward event, came the sudden and fatal illness of my colleague and friend, Geoffrey Gordon. His death adds greatly to my perplexities, and takes away an important and valued factor from personal life. Certainly, if I had known that the diocese was about to lose its suffragan Bishop, I should hardly have arranged to resign this year: and, now that my plans for resignation are so far advanced, to cancel them is not easy. Yet I may find that the general feeling would resent my leaving the diocese without a head at this juncture, and I should not like to end my episcopate in an atmosphere of resentment and disapproval. I go back to Auckland today even more perplexed and distressed than I left it a month ago.

[49]

I paid up such accounts as were brought to me, and completed my packing.

The "appreciation" of Geoffrey Gordon, which I sent to the "Times" yesterday, appears in today's issue. This is smart work. I hope nobody will feel that it is unduly egotistic, for it was unavoidable that I should emphasize our personal relations. Both the Dean and Archdeacon Owen, who came to see me with respect to the funeral arrangements, expressed approval of what I had written. They were so insistent on my preaching next Sunday morning that I could not refuse, though truly I hate these pulpit eulogies.

I left Ipswich at 10.57 a.m., and arrived at Bishop Auckland at 5.55p.m., travelling by way of Ely, Lincoln, Doncaster, & York. I had the carriage to myself.

I called at the Lodge, and saw Lawson. The poor fellow is much disfigured, & evidently speaks with difficulty, but he is able to walk and (after a fashion) to talk, and that, in view of all that he has gone through, is amazing enough. The dahlias in Butler's Walk are wonderful.

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[50]

Wednesday, August 31st, 1938.

FUNERAL OF

THE BISHOP of JARROW

Webster prepared the Wreath which [Ernest] Alexander* carried to Durham to be placed on Geoffrey Gordon's coffin with a card bearing the inscription, "With deep affection from the Bishop & Mrs Hensley Henson".

The weather has become wet and thunderous, but it was fine at the hour of the funeral. In spite of the absenteeism of many in the holiday season, there was a great attendance in the cathedral. The clergy in their surplices filled the choir beyond the stalls occupied by the Canons, hon Canons and choristers. Rover Scout-masters guarded the coffin with their staves like reversed rivals: and in the congregation, city, county, & university were largely represented. Lords (7th) Londonderry* & [10th] Barnard* were there. The whole concourse was very evidently sorrow-laden, and this circumstance gave a rare & moving impressiveness to the very dignified service. The Dean read the lesson and the prayers. I took the little service at the graveside. Everything had been most carefully thought-out, & arranged.

[51]

On my return to the Castle, I wrote to Ella and Flo Laurie.

Now it is all over, I find it extraordinarily difficult to realize the measure of the change which has befallen the situation. It had never come into my reckoning that my Suffragan would die. I had feared his removal by appointment to a diocese, and, when Wakefield was filled, I felt distinctly relieved, and expressed as much to him. He, on his part, was looking forward, not without anxiety, to the necessity of "fitting in" to a new chief. He had worked very happily with me. When I saw poor Mrs Gordon after the funeral, she dwelt much on his affection for me. Groser, the vicar of Whitworth writes:

Only a few days ago, I was having tea with him (se. the Bishop of Jarrow) in his study, and he spoke movingly of your mutual friendship, and of how happy he was in his work in the diocese – at the same time deprecating your impending resignation and retirement.

Certainly we never had any friction in our comradeship.

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[52]

Thursday, September 1st, 1938.

A dull day, ending in rain. I spent the morning in trying to compose a sermon for next Sunday morning, when I must preach something very like a "Funeral Sermon," of all types of homiletic composition to my mind the most unpleasing and the least edifying. Archdeacon Owen lunched with me, & afterwards walked in the Park. We discussed various urgent diocesan matters. John and Faith came to fetch their father, & I gave them each a bunch of grapes, fresh cut from the vines.

I heard from my cousin. He tells me that he has been informed that Arthur's Will is to be read this week. I do not suppose that its provisions will concern me, but I hope he has looked after Gilbert & Lois.

The Bishop of Guildford (Macmillan) writes to condole with me on Geoffrey's death. He speaks of Geoffrey's "friendship and devoted loyalty" to me.

The newspaper reports of yesterday's ceremonial confirm my own impressions.

[53]

Carter came to see me about various matters of business which my Suffragan's death has arrested. One thing he said rather surprised me – "You know, though I liked the Bishop very much: his death doesn't make such a void in my life as did the death of his predecessor, Bishop [Kirschbaum] Knight."* There was in Geoffrey Gordon a touch of what the poor resent so much as "the public school manner". He was indisputably a gentleman: whereas, his predecessor, as indisputably was not. But the latter had a curious quality, no doubt inherited from Jewish ancestors, of ingratiating himself successfully into the favour of "all sorts and conditions of men." Both men were liked and respected but in different ways, & perhaps by different kinds of people. Of course there was one great difference between them viz. that while Bishop Knight had everything against him, & had to work his way to acceptance, Bishop Gordon had everything in his favour, & could count on a welcome. In these circumstances, I must judge that Bishop Knight was the greater personality & his success, the greater achievement.

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[54]

Friday, September 2nd, 1938.

I chose from my book-shelves the two substantial volumes of Hastings, Dictionary of Christ & the Gospels, to serve as a wedding present for Charles Nye.

I finished the woefully little sermon which I propose to preach in the Cathedral. It is about as unlike the "tribute to the Bishop of Jarrow" which, the local newspapers are good enough to inform their readers, I am going to deliver, as it is, in the circumstances, possible to be.

I spent some time strolling about the policies² and gossiping with the gardeners!

Webster is full of his plans for making the borders splendid next year. I had not the heart to chill his fervour with the disconcerting information that I certainly, and he, not improbably, might not be at the Castle next year. Poor Lawson is rather terrible to look upon. Part of his jaw has been removed, & will ultimately be replaced by an artificial jaw! Meanwhile, eating is difficult, and speech embarrassed. William was taking a hand with the "Atco" lawn-mower: and he had some talk with me. I was pleased to discover that he was seriously thinking about joining the Air Force: & I encouraged the project.

[55]

As I was standing in the garden, a strange man approached me, and begged a favour. I looked at him rather evilly, and he explained that he was commissioned to find out whether there was truth in a statement which, he said, had appeared in the Evening Standard, affirmed my intention to retire. I replied brusquely that, when the time came for me to retire, I should myself announce my intention: and I added, "It needs no special sagacity to discover that when a bishop nears 75 years of age, his retirement can hardly be remote." These press agents are one of the major pests of modern life. I put them in the same class as motor-cyclists and advertisements.

Both Webster and William report to me that, within the last few days, they have seen king-fishers in the Gaunless. This is good hearing for I was beginning to fear that they had taken their departure. Owls are noisy at night, and startled the police-constable, when he made his usual circumambulation last night. Today I noticed several sea-gulls flying about the bowling-green.

² According to Johnson's English dictionary, policies in Scotland are the "pleasure-grounds about a gentleman's mansion."

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[56]

Saturday, September 3rd, 1938.

On the front page of the Yorkshire Post I read:

The Bishop of Durham

Report of Impending Retirement

The Bp. Of Durham (Dr Hensley Henson) today expressed his annoyance at a newspaper report of his impending retirement. When interviewed at his residence, Auckland castle, Dr Henson said: "I refuse to speak to any one on the subject of my retirement. If any report has appeared it is without my knowledge & authority. When I do retire the announcement will be made in the proper quarter, but I refuse to discuss it now. It is perfectly obvious to anyone that when a man approaches the age of 75 his retirement is not far off."

This is annoying, undignified, & quite definite enough to wake the usual appetites & start the usual wire-pulling.

I spent two hours more on that miserable sermon for tomorrow: & while it grows longer, it seems to become more sentimental and – disgusting! Why cannot people be content to keep silence in front of bereavement & trouble?

[57]

Charles Leslie Barron, aged 17, from Benfieldside, a plate-layer's son, and with no better education than that of the local school, came to see me as a prospective candidate for Holy Orders. He is modest, intelligent, & well mannered, but has no money: and it is not quite obvious how he is to get any. However, I spoke kindly to him, and bade him pass matriculation. Then I would sanction his applying for a grant. We went into the Chapel, and said prayers together.

Ella and Fearne arrived at tea-time.

I finished Noyes's "Voltaire." It is extremely interesting, well-arranged, and well-written, but it is hard to see how the author could have expected the Roman Authorities to approve it. Indeed, it seems to push the "white-washing" of the Patriarch beyond the limits of probability. And the affectation that the horrible abuses and superstition which Voltaire warred against were Gallican peculiarities, and not characteristic of the Roman Church itself, is unworthy of a writer, so well-informed and so candid as Noyes.

[58]

[symbol]

About 7p.m. the sky was spanned by a “double” rain-bow, unusually brilliant. The papers report fresh and drastic decrees against the Italian Jews. Mussolini appears to be an apt pupil of Hitler in the matter of Anti-Semitism.

Charlie Lillingston came for a short visit. Martin [Ellingsen] returned from his holiday.

[[Noyes ends his book by quoting as one of Voltaire's sayings “his devastating reply to the philosopher who wanted to start a new religion and consulted Voltaire about the best way of doing it.”

“The best way,” said Voltaire “is to get yourself crucified, & then rise from the dead.”

But is not this saying more properly attributed to Talleyrand?

Duff Cooper* in his “Talleyrand” attributes it to the statesman (p. 95) in this form:

“For my part I have only one observation to make. Jesus Christ, in order to found his religion, was crucified and rose again – you should have tried to do as much.”]]

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[59]

12th Sunday after Trinity, September 4th, 1938.

A mild still morning with a clouded sky pierced by intermittent sunshine.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 9 communicants including Martin, Charlie Lillingston, & William.

We all went to Durham for the morning service. There was a considerable congregation. In view of the fact that both the University and the School were "down," and many people still absent on holiday, I was surprised to [sic] so many people. My sermon took 21 minutes in delivery. The loud-speakers appeared to be operating successfully, so that everybody seemed to hear, and I found less discomfort in preaching than usual. My text was S. John IX.4, and I S. John ii.17. Rather to my surprize no reporter appeared to ask for the MS. of the sermon. Perhaps, they feel that, after the full reports of the funeral, nothing more was required. Mrs Gordon sent me a note asking me to write a "foreword" to the book which Geoffrey was about to publish, and which I have not read. The Dean lent me the proofs, which he had undertaken to correct. It seems rather difficult. However – [60] I "ran through" the proofs of the little book entitled "The Life of Mastery," which is to be published immediately. It is really a collection of pietistic meditations, of the kind which the "Times" has popularized in its Saturday's issue, & which both the late Bishops of Jarrow, Knight and Gordon, were accustomed to write. These "meditations" are neither quite sermons nor quite essays, but blend the characters of both. They tend to be "topical," and deal largely in the phrases of the hour. Conversation rather than literary composition is their general type. They never go deeply into any question, but they discuss everything with urbanity, good sense, & occasionally with real insight. For this kind of gossiping homiletics Geoffrey Gordon was well qualified by natural endowment, by education, & by experience. He has "a pretty pen": he is fairly well-read: he is acceptable in "Society": and he is, so far as I could discover, quite untroubled by any serious religious difficulties. He is sincerely conventional.

[61]

W. Justice Mackinnon, who is staying at the Deanery, came with 3 of the Deanery ladies, to see the Castle. After tea, I showed him the chapel, & found him interesting and interested. He disclosed an almost enthusiastic appreciation of the Castle. He evidently has a great admiration for Lang, who is now an hon. Bencher of one of the Temples. He told me of the impression made by Lang's sudden decision to be ordained. He telegraphed an order to have his name withdrawn from the list, just when he was about to be "called." His brief contact with the law gained for him the most influential patronage in the country when his prominence in the Church made him somebody to boast about. The "Scotch genius of success" is incarnate in him!

After the Deanery party had taken their departure, Charlie Lillingston and I walked in the Park for an hour. He gives an odd account of the parson Warrington, the erstwhile Protestant organizer of schools, whose queer financial methods nearly landed him in prison, and the institutions which he had “founded” and financed in bankruptcy. He seems likely to resume his sinister activities.

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[62]

Monday, September 5th, 1938.

I received a letter from Gilbert in answer to my enquiry as to what he knew about Arthur's affairs. He says that he can tell me little for:

“though I have kept up a fairly regular correspondence, he has always been most reticent about himself – confining his letters to brief comments on what I wrote.”

He can hardly “visualise Arthur as miserly” for he has been generous towards himself.

Shortly after mother's death, he voluntarily agreed to finance Fairhaven to the extent of £300 per annum, which promise has never failed. He did more than that as last year after my serious illness, he sent in addition, sufficient to cover Doctors & Hospital expenses – besides liberal presents from time to time – also in addition certain sums to put aside in order to make a small pension for Lois, which is most necessary, as I carry no life insurance. I never doubted but what [sic] he was [63] extremely well off, as some ten years ago, he did mention having to pay ten shillings in the pound income tax, which would not be the case unless he was a very rich man..... Ellie I have never seen, so know nothing about – from their letters I should surmise they were wrapt up in each other. We have often wondered what they did with their time as they mentioned no friends, or what they themselves were doing. It looks rather from their ceasing to attend the services of the Church as if they were experimenting with some of those strange cults, which are so increasingly prevalent at the present time, though, of course, non-attendance might easily mean merely the disabilities of age.

He encloses a letter, dated 19th November 1937, which he received from Arthur. It is cheerful and affectionate. Something must have gone wrong at Hillbury during the last year.

[64]

Harry Dibben,* an old St. Margaret's choirboy, writes:-

I read this evening in the Evening Standard that you were about to retire. I decided to write immediately . . . as I write I have before me your kind letters of 9/4/1911, 18/12/1912, 11/9/1917, which I have always treasured. I hope sincerely that you will make London your future home,

& that I may call & renew a friendship of thirty years duration.

I am ashamed to confess that "I can't put a face on him," though I have vague memory of his name! He encloses a cutting from the Evening Standard, which is exasperating. It informs the public that I "intend to retire," & that I shall have a pension of one third of my present income (!). It proceeds to give a highly coloured description of my appearance, career, & opinions.

He is a man of small stature and of saturnine countenance, with a passionate adherence to High Tory principles!!!

And that is the kind of stuff which the British Public has to swallow.

[65]

Mrs Gordon writes to thank me for my sermon in the Cathedral, and, of course, to ask for the loan of the MS. But I think the poor thing had better go into the next "Bishoprick."

I wasted the morning in writing a "Foreword" to Geoffrey's book, "The Life of Mastery," which, since I could do little more than read the titles of the chapters, must have been remarkably irrelevant. But it must serve.

Mr Ellis paid his half-year's rent for the Castle Garden & Bothy (£38), and I paid the cheque into my Bank forthwith.

The Archdeacon came to tea, and discussed various urgent matters of diocesan business. He is anxious to be as helpful as possible, and volunteered to do as much of Geoffrey's work as possible. He spoke very generously about yesterday's sermon, which, he assures me, had made a great impression.

I sent to Charles Nye as a wedding present the two volumes which I had selected from my books (v. p. 54), and with them a civil covering letter.

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[66]

Tuesday, September 6th, 1938.

I wrote at length to both the Archbishops stating my intention to resign, and enquiring where [sic] my successor could be appointed as soon as I had signed the irrevocable document, so that I could [sic] in touch with him, and agree on the new suffragan.

Also, I wrote a number of letters mostly acknowledging expressions of sympathy evoked by my suffragan's death.

James Lennox, aged 26, an Ordination candidate came for an interview. I liked him, but was not quite satisfied with his vocation, or with his qualifications. He is Irish, with all that the fact implies of plausibility and, perhaps, vacuity.

M^{rs} Ford, another of the interminable Talbot women, proposed herself for a visit, & arrived in the afternoon.

Milford, of the Oxford University Press, writes to ask whether it would "at all amuse" me "to write an introduction to a world's classics volume of sermons": and, like a fool I am, I replied mendaciously that I would be pleased to do it. Still more time wasted: and the Book?

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[67]

Wednesday, September 7th, 1938.

I spent the morning in re-considering what has already been written of the Book. It is poor stuff!

Thomas Swinney, aged 24, a student of Kelham, and brother of the Vicar of Tanfield, who wants to be ordained at Advent on a tithe from St Aidan's parish, came to be interviewed. He seemed an honest young man, rather rough in aspect and handicapped by some survival of puerile stuttering which, I was assured, is not likely to continue. I said that, if he passed the G.O.E. and nothing emerged to disqualify him, I would ordain him at Advent.

[symbol] *The Times prints on its front page the short letter headed "Voltaire or Talleyrand?" which I addressed to the Editor on Monday. It will be interesting to see whether it draws any reply from Noyes or Duff Cooper.*

I motored to Hebburn, and attended the opening of the "Power House Social Club," an effort of the Unemployed organized by the Tyneside Social Service Council. Sir James Irvine* functioned. I made a short and foolish speech.

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[68]

Thursday, September 8th, 1938.

The morning post brought me 2 welcome pieces of information viz:

1. The woeful crazed Hanson, Vicar of Hedgefield has signed the application for a pension.
2. The grotesque Welsh curate, James, has been appointed to a benefice in the Hereford diocese. I allow myself to hope that two difficult problems have now been solved.

Last night I wrote to [William] Richardson, * Vicar of Heworth, offering him appointment to St Helen's, Auckland, in succession to Davison.

Sir James Irvine arrived at lunch-time to stay until Saturday. We had much, and pleasant talk together, both before and after lunch, when we walked in the Park.

Two ordination candidates came to be interviewed. The one – William Edward Pickering – sought permission to renew his application to the Ordination Candidates Fund for a grant and secured his request. I gave him permission but I was careful to warn him that the Board might not be willing to rescind its former adverse decision. The other – Joseph Heywood Whitley – [69] was recommended to me by the Bishop of Ripon. He is a Leeds boy, but felt that he would be well advised to begin his ministry in another diocese than that in which he lived. I liked the youth for, though stolid & rather glum, he had an honest expression, & gave me the impression of speaking sincerely. He is now at St Peter's Hall, Oxford.

Ralph and Kitty [Inge] arrived at tea-time. Two deaf members made conversation very noisy and, though I do not think that I am naturally inhospitable, I do find the presence of guests just now when I am more than commonly pressed by work, very unwelcome.

I received a letter from Newbery & Thorne, solicitors in Minehead informing me that my Brother had left me a legacy of £5000 free of all duties, and adding that "as soon as the administration of the estate had proceeded far enough to enable the Executrix to pay the legacy," they would "be communicating with me again." I hope that I may infer from this that Gilbert and Lois have been provided for.

[70]

Martin and I motored to Hamsterley, where I instituted the Rev. John Delmo Smith, Curate of New Seaham, to the vicarage which had been held by Linnell, now

migrated to the South of England. The weather was fine so that the little old church, standing alone in its beautiful country, was seen to the best advantage. There was a considerable congregation of the parishioners, and a fair number of the neighbouring clergy attended the service. The service seemed to me (but how can I know?) to be sincere and solemn. I had some talk with the Vicar of St George's, Boldon, who had written to me rather excitedly about the new Dog-racing Track which is about to be opened in his parish. It appears that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners have agreed to sell ground for a Parking Ground to the proprietors, and this appears to the parishioners an indefensible proceeding. I pointed out the Commissioners could hardly "hold up" an arrangement, in itself reasonable, which might be advantageous to an interest which they disliked.

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[71]

Friday, September 9th, 1938.

My morning was frittered away in writing letters, & making a few notes for the Sermon "Introduction" for the Oxford Press.

In the afternoon I took my guests & Fearne to Finchale Priory. The road for a mile before the ruins are reached is in so evil a case as hardly to be safe for motors. We came back to Auckland in time for Ella's tea party. Headlam appeared with the Bishop of Finland, a heavy lout, who spoke ambiguous English. I showed him the Chapel and State room. [John] Pemberton* and his married daughter also came. He expressed his agreement with Headlam on the religious issue in Germany. This did not greatly surprise me for Pemberton can hardly be described as "a practicing Churchman"! When the tea-party had dispersed, I visited Spedding and spent nearly 45 minutes with him. Ralph's deafness has become much worse. Indeed, I find it almost impossible to make him hear anything and my poor Ella is in the like ill case. The presence of two deaf persons makes conversation extraordinarily difficult.

[72]

[symbol]

Voltaire or Talleyrand?

My Lord.

I read Mr Noyes' "Voltaire" shortly after publication, and recognized the story to which you refer as an ancient "chestnut." I wrote to the author asking him for his authority but received no answer. I think I also told him of another fiction which he had repeated relative to the disturbance of Voltaire's body in the Pantheon. This was quite effectively demolished by the examination instituted by the French Government on Dec 9th 1897, when the remains of the philosopher were found to be intact.

Mr Duff Cooper gives no authority for his version of the "chestnut." He had been anticipated by Sir J.R. Seeley* in his "Natural Religion" (page 210) where another version is given. The nearest contemporary form of it which I have been able to trace is in the Abbé Gregoire's book on the Religious Sects of the French Revolution. The Abbé was a contemporary and a constitutional bishop.

[73]

[symbol]

His version is that Larévelliere-Lupaux used to be chaffed by his Directorial colleagues

at the non-success of Theophilanthropy, and recommended to hang himself and rise from the dead on the third day.

It is quite clear, however, from Larévellière's own memoirs that he had only a slight official connection with Theophilanthropy, and this is confirmed by the exhaustive, fully-documented monograph of M. Mathiez the Robespierriest expert, entitled "La Theophilanthropie et le culte décadaire." Mr Duff Cooper is also wrong in stating the the fad came from England.

Nearly all these picturesque stories of the ben trovato type are fictions like the Eppur si muove story about Galileo. Larévellière-Lupaux seems to have been a relatively honest & incorrupt man at a time when scoundrelism was rampant in high places in France. This ensured him the persecution & hatred of all the servile partisans of whatever authority was in existence at any given time particularly after the fall of the Directory. The press was then as rigidly controlled as it is in Russia, Italy, and Germany today.

[143 Highbury Hall, London N. 5]

Your Lordship's obedient Servant: A.S Toms

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[74]

Saturday, September 10th, 1938.

A most beautiful day, but rather warm. Sir James Irvine went back to S. Andrews after breakfast. Before he left we had "sweet converse together" in the garden for half an hour. I muddled away another morning in writing letters and making notes.

In the afternoon I walked in the Park for an hour and a half. As I was returning I fell in with two small boys, & took them to see the dahlias in "Butler's Walk." They told me that they were called Harry and Ronnie; that they were 9 years old, & lived at Coundon. We became so friendly that I showed them the gold fish and flowers in the Conservatory; gave them each a lunch of ginger-bread, & when finally we parted in much affection, bestowed on them a shilling!

The Archbishop of Canterbury replies civilly enough, acquiescing in my plan for resignation in November, to take effect on Feb. 2nd, the anniversary of my Consecration.

The man, Denham, who had accepted appointment to S. Thomas', Sunderland, telegraphed to withdraw his acceptance!

[75]

There is now proceeding what might almost be describe [sic] as a stampede of the Durham clergy. The deaf vicar of S. Gabriel's, Sunderland, who was, I supposed, settled in his parish, writes to tell me that he has been offered, and is disposed to accept, a college living in the Ely diocese. Dru Drury, the Vicar of S^t Luke's, Sunderland, tells me that he has offered himself for work as a "Bush Brother" in Australia. The shortage of clergy tells with special severity on Durham, because the rates are so high, and the "amenities" so few, that the clergy will prefer almost every other diocese. We shall soon be restricted to the "undesired," who remain in the diocese because they have nowhere else to go! It is an ill prospect. Then the general restlessness makes the clergy unwilling to remain in one parish for more than a few years. They run eagerly after appointments to Societies, where they have no pastoral charge, but are given up to issuing appeals, organizing sales and exhibitions, and preaching as "deputations" in the parish pulpits! It is a poor version of ministry.

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[76]

13th Sunday after Trinity, September 11th, 1938.

A dull, clouded morning and very warm. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Ralph and Kitty communicated, and Martin served.

I spent the morning in writing a poor little sermon for use in the evening. Why do I take so much pains over these little preachings, which would be probably more acceptable, and perhaps more edifying, if I talked "off the surface of my mind," without preparation? Sometimes, the horrible question assails me, Have I wasted my life by devoting its principal effort to the composition of sermons? There is no form of intellectual effort so little regarded. Owst quotes Trollope as saying that "there is perhaps no greater hardship at present inflicted on mankind in civilised and free countries than the necessity of listening to sermons," and he adds that "the sermon, it is to be feared, is in no better odour today than when the Victorian novelist wrote his remark." Its reputation could now hardly be lower.

[77]

Ours is the most comprehensive Church in Christendom. It has had an independent life of four hundred years, during which our island won and held a position among the foremost nations of the world. It is, in the best sense of the word, a National Church, and if our country has still a great future before it, so has the Church of England. No other body could take its place among the branches of the Church of Christ, the scattered members of which, when they kneel in prayer, may in heart & will keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace.

So Inge concludes the "Introduction" of his excellent Anthology entitled "Freedom, Love, and Truth." Almost every sentence enshrines a bombastic fallacy, and the assumption that the life of the Church of England reflects the fortunes of the Nation, and could not survive its national establishment is not really consistent with Christianity. Was he "talking through his hat?"

[78]

We all motored to Jarrow, where I preached at Evensong in S. Peter's Church. The congregation did not more than half-fill the building. This was sufficiently explained by the vacant land about the church, from which the houses had been removed. Some hundreds of dwellings have been demolished within the last two years. It is expected, however, that new houses will be built on the vacant sites: and it is assumed that employment will be found for their occupants. The Rev. Joseph Williams, who succeeded the Rev. Chapman in the Vicarage four years ago, seemed fairly confident that there was some prospect of a prosperous future for the parish.

After the service Ella insisted on taking our guests to see the old church. We arrived when the church had been closed, but a vergger was hanging about. He opened the building and I shewed them Bede's church. Then we returned to Auckland, arriving shortly after 9 p.m. There was an uncommonly large amount of traffic on the road.

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[79]

Monday, September 12th, 1938.

[symbol]

All the world is waiting in mortal fear for the speech of one man, and that man an unintelligible neurotic, who possesses dæmonic energy, a power of self-hypnotism which is almost without historic precedent, and a capacity for savage crime which suggests a Nero or a Peter the Great. Is it possible to imagine a more degrading spectacle? And we speak of Europe as civilized! The miserable slaves of Coomassie were in no worse case.

[symbol] Ralph almost provoked an explosion at breakfast. He expressed his wish that "Labour" would organize a general strike against the Government: declared that we had no interest in Germany's aggression: that France was the cause of all the evil in Europe, & so forth. Fearne purred with delight as she heard her most pusillanimous opinions issuing from the lips of the famous ecclesiastic: but she has at least the excuse of her sex, which if it doesn't lead her to love children, does inspire her with a limitless fear of war! **I believe that the timidity of our Academics, & the pacifism of our Enthusiasts are the most potent forces now making for War.**

[80]

I received from Major Alexander Harding a brief acknowledgement of my letter recommending Canon [Henry] Stephenson* as better entitled to be made a Royal Chaplain than Stannard,* but warmly eulogising both. He writes:

I note what you say about Canon Stephenson, and I will bring the facts to the notice of the King who, I feel sure, will give the matter the fullest consideration in view of your strong recommendation.

Ralph and Kitty motored with Ella and Fearne to Whorlton and had tea with the Bishop of Gloucester [Headlam] and Miss Headlam. They returned to the Castle in time to join Martin & me when we started to motor to South Shields. We deposited them at the Deanery, and continued our journey. I admitted the Rev. Jack Norwood, Curate of Brandon, to the perpetual curacy of S. Aidan's South Shields, vacant by the death of the Revd. J. Anderson. There was a large congregation, & a considerable muster of the local clergy.

Ralph is getting so deaf, that it is only with immense effort that I can make him hear anything.

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[81]

Tuesday, September 13th, 1938.

An affectionately-worded epistle from Sir James Irvine gave me pleasure. I received a rambling letter from a quaint creature, who has (if my memory does not trick me) written to me before – Captain Richard Crawshay, now, as he tells me, 77 years old, and a cripple to arthritis. He sends me a pamphlet which he has written, "Feathered Angels in the Life of Man." It is concerned with birds. He sends with it a letter which is rather pathetic. In it he says that he is lonely, pain-stricken, and helpless. In this condition he reflects on the pros and cons of putting an end to a life which has become odious. But, so far, his reflection on the birds has held him back.

I thought it advisable to see the extension of Billingham Church before speaking about it at the consecration on Saturday. Accordingly I motored there after lunch, and was met by the Vicar, Tymms. On the whole I was agreeably surprised. The architect, Charleywood of Newcastle, has succeeded in harmonizing his work with the old church, and – if the acoustics prove to be satisfactory – I think the difficult mixture will have justified the risk.

[82]

Hitler's anxiously awaited speech at Nuremburg leaves the European outlook as menacing as ever. He was boastful, abusive, and absurd, but he did say that Germany was contented with her present frontiers. If it were reasonably possible to place any reliance on his protests and promises, it would be legitimate to build a modest hope on this statement: but he has demonstrated that his word is worthless. In the case of the brutal seizure of Austria, he had declared his determination to respect Austrian independence but a few weeks before he destroyed it. So long as he keeps a million and a half men mobilized, & frantically pushes forward his fortifications on the French frontier, no sane person can attach importance to any pacific declarations he may make. Meanwhile, the extreme apprehension and unrest, in which he keeps the world, is making economic recovery quite impossible. Yet apart from economic recovery European society will sink in revolution. Look where one will, the outlook is hopeless. Men's hearts are "fainting for fear and for expectation of the things which are coming on the world".

[83]

The Archdeacon came over to discuss diocesan business, and, as a consequence of our discussion, I decided to offer S. Thomas, Sunderland to Rev. J. Orton, Vicar of Satley, and Hetton-le-Hole to the Rev^d John Wylie, Curate of Houghton-le-Spring. I wrote to both these clergymen forthwith. It is, indeed, a "sign of the times" that a benefice should be offered to a clergyman, like Wylie, who has been only 3 years in

Orders. But he is married, rather older than his recent Ordination would suggest, and has private means.

The Archbishop of York [William Temple*] writes:-

May I say how cordially I share your view about the age for retirement, and how much I admire your courage in acting on it? Of course you are not passé! But one should be gone before that stage is reached. I see it as I look back to my own father. His last years were not his best: & though selfishly I am glad he had his years at Lambeth, beginning when he was 75, I cannot plead his example for indefinite continuance in office.

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[84]

Wednesday, September 14th, 1938.

Ralph writes to me a "Collins" which from him is uncommonly gracious:-

Your association with Durham has been long and happy, first as Dean and then as Bishop. The north country folk are rather reserved, but I am sure they will let you know how much affection and admiration you have won – and Ella too.

I wonder.

I finished the "Introduction" to the volume of "Sermons," for the Oxford Press. It is a most lamentably crude performance, & if Humphrey Milford had any sense, he would reject it!

We all motored to Rainton, where I officiated at the marriage of Charles Stanley Nye to Edith Eleanor Dick in the parish church. There was evidently much friendly interest in the wedding. It is not every day that a parson is married before his own people. The Church was crowded, and the behaviour was exemplary. After the service we went on to the reception at the Rectory of Chester-le-Street. The Rector, [Hubert] Wilkinson,* is brother in law to the new M^{rs} Nye.

[85]

*The Prime Minister – so the wireless states – is going to have an interview with Hitler. He has proposed it to the dictator, who has appointed time and place. **This is a dramatic decision, and appears to me both wise and courageous.** If – as alas, is but too probable – it shall fail to effect an understanding, which shall avert the supreme calamity of an European War, it will at least make clear to the world that the responsibility for the disastrous crime will rest on the German dictator, and that he has literally forced Great Britain to draw sword. If – by the infinite mercy of the Almighty – [Neville] Chamberlain* shall succeed, it is difficult to overstate the magnitude of the service which he will have rendered to mankind. **But I am not hopeful. I do not see how, having gone so far, and having brought his preparations for destroying Czecko-Slovakia to completion, Hitler can reverse his policy, and accept a peaceful solution of the problem.** Any peaceful solution must imply his abandonment of the vast project for German domination which he outlined in "Der Kampf": & it would create a formidable unemployment question in Germany.*

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[86]

Thursday, September 15th, 1938.

[symbol]

Approval of the Prime Minister's action seems to be universal in this country. The Daily Herald has an admirable leading article, headed "Good luck, Chamberlain!"

I spent the morning in writing a short sermon for use tomorrow at the consecration of the additions to S. Cuthbert's, Billingham.

Some cousins of Ella's came to lunch from Hexham (their names I do not know, and, if I was told them, they have been forgotten), and I spent more than two hours in shewing them about.

Squance with his wife and family came to tea, & see the chapel.

Martin and I motored to Roker where I admitted M^r Parsons to the perpetual Curacy. There was a considerable congregation, and an impressive service. I referred to the Prime Minister's journey to Hitler when I began my address. My text was I Cor. iii. 11 "Other foundation can no man lay than that which is laid which is Jesus Christ." After the service I went with old Sir John Priestman* to the parish hall, and made a short speech.

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[87]

Friday, September 16th, 1938.

Ella and Fearne went off to Scotland after breakfast. Hawthorn, the Vicar of S. Gabriel's, Sunderland, writes to tell me that he has accepted a college living in the Midlands: he is good enough to express regret at leaving Durham.

I shall be very sorry to leave your diocese after 7½ very happy years here, & have learnt very much from your ability and example which will remain a permanent influence in my life.

Before getting up, I finished reading Sir Herbert Grierson's new life of Sir Walter Scott "supplementary to and corrective of Lockhart's Biography." It is rather startlingly iconoclastic, and shows Lockhart to have been an untrustworthy and dishonest writer. His critic uses very mild language about his book:

"Lockhart's "Life of Sir W.S. is a carefully composed picture in which some features of the original have been omitted, others skilfully softened: & the many letters which are now available show not only much inaccuracy in the details of Lockhart's narrative, but a somewhat surprising element of what appears to be sheer invention [88] of a picturesque and dramatic character"

One example is worth extracting. It adds one more to the celebrated "sayings" of great men which must be relegated to the w.p.b. of fiction.

Lockhart's story of being sent for alone to the bedside when Scott bade him "be a good man – be virtuous- be religious – be a good man – nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here" is, I fear, a pious myth – a concession to the censorious piety of the Evangelical age, for I find, among the Abbotsford papers now in the National Library, a letter to Lockhart from a lady relative of Scott suggesting some such words . . . Scott, like many another, was quite unconscious for days before he died.

Lockhart's narrative is precise and authoritative.

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure & consciousness, & wished [89] to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear & calm – every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man – be virtuous – be religious – be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here" – He paused, and I said, – "Shall

I send for Sophia and Anne?" – "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night – God bless you all!" – With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, &, indeed, he scarcely afterward gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons . . . About half past one P.M., on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children'. [. V. p. 428]

It is just possible that the "lady relative's" suggestion recalled to Lockhart's memory an actual occurrence, [90] or, perhaps, overcame a scruple which he felt at making public so intimate an episode. But Lockhart's biographical method appears to have been such as to make Grierson's view probable. If that view be accepted, can Lockhart be acquitted of deliberate falsehood? And if he could lie thus elaborately what confidence can be placed in any statements of his own personal experience?

It is to be noted that Lockhart states that Scott's words were spoken some four days before he died. This may consist with Grierson's statement that Scott was 'quite unconscious for days before he died'. On a severely impartial criticism of Lockhart's narrative & Grierson's "correction," is it requisite to conclude that the latter must be accepted? Lockhart's account was published in 1838, only six years after Scott's death. Human testimony is indeed a poor foundation on which to base anything, if his statement of his own so recent experience is to be rejected. The door to an almost limitless scepticism seems to open, and History ceases to be indistinguishable from fiction. Yet Christianity is, as we are for ever reminded, a historical religion.

[91]

Tom Elliott,* whom I married last April, came to see me. He is now a beneficed clergyman in the Isle of Man, and combines with his pastoral office the duty of a lecturer in the Theological College. [Stephen] Davison,* the outgoing Vicar of S. Helen's, Auckland, also came to tea. He expressed satisfaction at my appointment of the Vicar of Heworth, Richardson, to be his successor, and asked me to commend him to the Bishop of Newcastle, as he intends to live in that diocese.

Tom Elliott spoke very interestingly about his work. His parish is rural with less than 700 inhabitants. There are very few young people, a large proportion of the parishioners being elderly or unmarried. He has started a walk on Sunday evenings after the service in Church, & finds as many as 14 or 15 lads & lassies who desire to accompany him. I wish he had not left the diocese.

Then I went again to Spedding for further "adjustments" in my jaws! Comfort and security appear to be natural enemies in the matter of "dentures"!

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[92]

Saturday, September 17th, 1938

George Fox in his Journal gives us a singular story (unknown, I believe, to any other author) of Oliver's vows on the eve of the battle of Dunbar:

Though O.C. at Dunbar fight had promised to the Lord, that if He gave him the victory over his enemies he would take away tithes, etc., or else let him be rolled into his grave with infamy: but when the Lord had given him victory, and he came to be chief, he confirmed the former laws, that if people did not set forth their tithe they should pay treble, and this to be executed by two Justices of Peace in the country, upon the oath of two witnesses. But when the King came in, they took him up and hanged him, and buried him under Tyburn, where he was rolled into his grave with infamy. And when I saw him hanging, then I saw his word justly come upon him.

(v. Thomas Hodgkin "George Fox" p. 167, 8.)

[93]

Mr. Rom Landau* arrived shortly before noon. He is a strong, rather heavy man, who speaks much, & gesticulates after the continental manner. He has a foreign accent. He maintains that materialism has "shot its bolt," that people are now turning to religion although they are turning away from the churches: his very large correspondence occasioned by the extensive circulation of his book "God, my adventure" indicated a deep and widely spread search for some satisfying faith. But there was a lack of spiritual leadership. All this was neither original nor impressive. It did not carry us beyond the region of grandiose phrases. He spoke with strong dislike of Buchman,* who appears to have tried to boycott his book, in which the references to him (Buchman) were more candid than flattering. He described Hitler, whom he had seen and heard. He seemed to him as a man possessed when he was facing a crowd, for his countenance seemed to change, his voice to become louder & more vibrant, & his whole aspect dominating. He was, in his (Landau's) belief a really evil man.

[94]

He spoke about Kemal Ataturk, whom he admired in spite of the occasional debauches of drunkenness in which he indulges. Every few months he is not to be seen by anybody as he is drinking hard. I expressed surprise at the speed and completeness which marked the downfall of the Moslem religion under the present régime, and he demurred. "The mosques, even in Angora, are crowded, & not merely with old people." He struck me as vague and vehement rather than intelligent. Thus

in speaking of the problem of Palestine, he appeared to think that it might be solved “on a religious basis” by drawing the more sober Jews and Mohammedans into conference. He is apparently collecting materials for a book on England, & pursuing the same course of having interviews with leading individuals. He had already seen the two Archbishops & the Bishop of Chichester. The Archdeacon came to lunch, & afterwards accompanied Martin and me to Billingham, where I consecrated the new work at Billingham parish church. There was a considerable concourse of clergy, a crowded congregation, an impressive service, and (Laus Deo!) good acoustics.

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[95]

14th Sunday after Trinity, September 18th, 1938'

A calm morning, rather warm. Therm^l 62°.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. Martin assisted, and with us William, Alexander, and two maids communicated. In addition to the Collect for the day, I used the Embertide prayer, and a prayer for peace. The last was the form in the Revised Prayer Book, amended to remove its pacifist suggestion.

[symbol] *I occupied the morning by writing a 'Charge' for the Ordination candidates, but I did not succeed in doing anything satisfactory. The overwhelming fear that we are on the threshold of another and still more devastating war seems to paralyze my mind, & destroy my interest. My anxiety is twofold, for while I shrink with horror from the prospect of War, I dread even more, and with deeper loathing, another effort to avert War by dishonour. Is Chamberlain designing to placate Hitler by the betrayal of Czecko-Slovakia, as he designed (but failed) to placate Mussolini by betraying Abyssinia? I try to assure myself that so gross a treason is incredible, and yet, when I take account of the grovelling "realism," which now prevails, I fear.*

[96]

The candidates arrived in the course of the afternoon – sixteen in all, ten deacons and six priests. Archdeacon Owen arrived in time for Evensong at 6 p.m. His sermon, delivered in a curiously muffled voice which becomes rather trying, was not a great performance; but “his nonsense suited their nonsense” as Charles II said of a popular preacher, & I dare say he edified his hearers. Then followed dinner heralded by a stench of cooking vegetables which could annihilate any ordinary appetite! However, it did not seem to affect the appetites of the candidates, who cleared their plates with speed and relish. After dinner the Archdeacon came to my room for coffee, and we stayed until it was time for compline, after which everybody retired to his bedroom.

I wrote the names of the candidates in the Bibles and Greek Testaments, which will be given them at the time of their Ordination.

The weather seems curiously variable. It was cold enough to make a fire acceptable in the morning, but as the day advanced the temperature rose, and at nightfall it was quite warm.

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[97]

Monday, September 19th, 1938.

A wet morning, dark but not cold. 62°.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. We numbered in all 19 communicants. I wish the responses of the congregations were more audibly made. The "peeping & muttering" habit captures our priestlings with curious ease.

I was delighted to receive a letter from Sir Alexander Hardinge, the King's Private Secretary, a letter informing me that "the King has decided to offer one of the vacant Chaplaincies to Canon Stephenson, and the Clerk of the Closet will shortly be making the formal communication to him to this effect." This pleases me both for the sake of Canon Stephenson, & because my recommendation of him was successful.

Canon Braley's* first address was very good, both in substance and in form. It was marked by a measure of originality which was equally welcome and unusual. After lunch Braley walked with me in the Park. I found him a pleasant and entertaining companion.

After tea I had interviews with the five priests, and gave each of them Osborne's "The Christian Priest of Today".

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[98]

Tuesday, September 20th, 1938.

Another dark, damp morning. Thermometer 58°.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. All the candidates communicated together with Braley and the Archdeacon.

Braley's concluding address was remarkably vigorous & expressed with much rhetorical power. He has certainly the stuff of an orator in him. I was not, perhaps, quite so pleased with his matter, for that seemed to me open to the charge of being conventional and commonplace. But he said many true things, and said them well: and on the whole his three addresses have raised him considerably in my estimate.

I received a telegram from the Editor of News Chronicle in these terms:-

Urgently invite you send letter for publication 200 words expressing your view Anglo French proposals.

Of course the telegram went into the w. p. b.: but its receipt is one more illustration of Press methods. So far as I know no authoritative statement of the Anglo-French proposals has yet been issued. All that is wanted is COPY!

[99]

Geoffrey Dawson, replying to my letter, writes:

Of course print in the Bishoprick that admirable little appreciation of the Bishop of Jarrow. I know what a terrible loss he must be to you. Personally I think you had far better choose his successor yourself. You would do it better than your own successor, whoever he may be.

Bishop [St John] Wynne-Willson* expounds to me the method of a Bishop's resignation:

Before making any announcement, you must get the king's leave to retire. This you do through the Archbishop – York, in your case, I presume. I sent a medical certificate as I was just under 70, but you would not need one. I think you tell the Archbishop that you ask for the statutory pension. You suggest a date for retirement. When the Abp tells you that the King gives leave, you can then make a public announcement.

[100]

I had interviews with the candidates. They impress me as not either able or well educated, but certainly as earnest and well-intentioned. Almost all of them are humbly born, belonging to the lower middle class and artisans: and such education as they have received has been in the State Schools and the provincial universities. One is from S. Edmund Hall, Oxford, and two have no degree at all. But, (and this when all is said is the main thing) all appear to take a high spiritual view of their Ministry.

I asked Oliver Quick whether he would care to have my volumes of S. Augustine, S. Chrysostom and S. Jerome, and he seemed really pleased.*

Cecil Ferens brought me the documents for signature, & administered the oaths.

I delivered my "Charge" at Compline. My subject was the right of the clergy to maintenance as authorized by Christ and used by S. Paul, and how far it found expression in our present method of paying the clergy. It gave me the opportunity to speak clearly and sternly about clerical debts & failure to pay them.

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[101]

S. Matthew's Day, September 21st, 1938.

ORDINATION

[symbol]

Everybody was in Chapel at 8.15 a.m. when Mattins and Litany were read.

[The newspapers are gloomy reading. "Bewilderment" is the heading of the leading article of the Yorkshire Post, a strongly conservative paper, though (for intelligible reasons) disposed to be sufficiently pro-Eden to be critical of Neville. The tone of the article is definitely hostile to the suggested surrender to Hitler. Both the "Manchester Guardian," which is Liberal, and the "Daily Herald" which is Labour, are strongly antagonistic to the abandonment of Czecko-Slovakia. The impressive unanimity of national sentiment, which welcomed the Prime Minister's dramatic decision to visit Hitler, has been replaced by disappointment, amazement, & something like disgust. The facility with which the French have thrown over their ally is explained by the discovery that Soviet Russia can do nothing, & that Italy will assist Hitler. In face of such cynical treaty-breaking, there is something both cynical and ludicrous in offering Czecko-Slovakia an international guarantee as a substitute for her "strong mountains" and "everlasting hills"!]]

[102]

The weather improved as the day advanced. There was no rain, and when the congregation came out of the chapel, there was a comfortable exchange of congratulatory gossip in the garden. The Cathedral choir arrived in a huge motor omnibus, supplemented by M^r Eden's car, which was filled with choir boys. The Chapel was fairly filled, but not over-crowded. Braley preached an excellent sermon, which (a real virtue at an Ordination) was not too long. Old Sturt* slipped on the marble floor, &, as he is an exceptionally heavy man, I could not [but?] fear that he had injured himself. However, as he appeared more mortified than damaged, & did not retire from the chapel, I assume that he was only "shaken." The service seemed to me most devout & edifying; but one is too easily deceived by feelings and impressions. This is probably the last Ordination in the Chapel at which I myself shall be the Ordaining Bishop. It is a thought both solemn and saddening. A certain number of the newly ordained with their relatives stayed to lunch. Also, Oliver Quick, Principal & M^{rs} Braley, the Archdeacon & M^{rs} Owen, and the indispensable Carter. By 2 p.m. everybody had disappeared.

[103]

Martin and I motored to Burnopfield, where we called on M^{rs} Wilson, and saw Betty and her brother, Dave. He has just left Shrewsbury, and is about to start at S. John's

College, Cambridge. Betty runs a riding school. She has 7 ponies, & is evidently succeeding. Her sister Kitty had taken up gardening, and appears to be in much request. The other boy, Peter, is in the Navy. This is a very happy and united family, and very loyal supporters of their parish church. We went on to the church, where I collated the Rev. William Suthern to the Vicarage in succession to the Rev. A. J. Langton Heaver, now Rector of Winston. There was a large congregation. The Rural Dean, the Rev. H. S. Wilkinson,* Rector of Chester-le-Street, read the lesson, and inducted the new Vicar. Several of the neighbouring incumbents were present. I gave an address on the clause of the Lord's Prayer – "Thy Kingdom come" – and warmly commended the new Vicar to the acceptance and support of the people. When we reached the Castle, we found that an Ordination candidate, Harrison, from Coventry had arrived to spend the night.

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[104]

Thursday, September 22nd, 1938.

Instead of a cheque, which I thought [sic] he might resent, I sent Braley my XVIIth century folio of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World as a memento of his presence at the Ordination, and an evidence of my appreciation of his help.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I presided at a meeting of the Board of Training. We made a grant of £60 to Harrison, and another of the same amount to [sentence unfinished]

In the afternoon, I motored to Newcastle, and had my hair cut &c at Dellow's. After tea at the railway hotel, I returned to Auckland, and, an hour later, started with Martin to motor to Kelloe, where I instituted the Rev. E. M. Williams, lately Vicar of S. Thomas, Sunderland, to the Vicarage in succession to D^r Short. The church has been re-pointed & repaired, & the grave-yard brought into order by a benefaction of £1800 from Miss Wood in memory of her brother. Both of them are now dead. I thought it but decent to preface my address by a reference to them. There was a large congregation, and what seemed to be an edifying service. The churchwardens were almost affectionate to me!

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[105]

Friday, September 23rd, 1938.

*The Prime Minister remains in Germany overnight to continue his discussion with the Führer. **It is evident that the situation has worsened since the dismemberment of Czecho-Slovakia was announced as the policy of Britain and France.** Feeling has become so inflamed in Czecko -Slovakia, and appetite is growing so quickly in her neighbours, that War is all but inevitable. It is but fair to Chamberlain to refrain from expressing publicly the disgust, which his projected abandonment of the Czechs must needs arouse in every mind not hypnotized by fear of war, until he has told his own story: but, **remembering Abyssinia, I cannot expect much comfort from anything that he can say.** The Times has a vehemently-expressed & whole-hearted defence of Chamberlain in its leading article, but it seems to me to omit the essential factors of any just verdict on his policy. Eden and Churchill are neither Liberals nor Labourites: they have intimate & recent knowledge of the international situation: both were allowed to hear the Prime Minister's account of his first interview with Hitler: and both are clear & stern in their condemnation of the Government policy.*

[106]

I started a sermon for the occasion at West Hartlepool, when the Mayor & Corporation are coming to S. Paul's Church to receive from the Bishop an exhortation about A.R.P. [Air Raid Precautions] It occurred to me that I had better read Professor J.B.S. Haldane's book on the subject, but I was not helped, for it is a slashing and well-supported denunciation of the Government scheme!

I suggested to Leng that he might teach William the art of motor driving, and introduce him to the mechanism of motor-engines. He was willing and William was eager. Alexander was benevolent. So it might be doing the lad a good turn, and he would have an alternative career. There is no certain future for him in "service," & he seems to me more fitted for a more virile employment.

Then I went into the Park, and fell in with a man & a youth, both pitmen from Coundon, whom I had allowed to walk their (forbidden) cycles, but whom the inexorable Lawson had turned back. I showed them over the Castle, & spent an hour very pleasantly with them. Their respectful demeanour suggested that they were "Catholics," but I did not care to ask them.

[107]

Ella and Fearne returned from Scotland by the train which arrived at Newcastle at 7.41 p.m. I motored to the station and brought them to the Castle.

*The reports from Germany are surprising even sensational, but not wholly intelligible. **The Prime Minister and the Führer have not met again, as was arranged, but have been exchanging notes.** Meanwhile there are clashes on the Czech frontier where the Sudeten Germans are growing ever more disorderly, and the attitude of the German Army ever more threatening. Russia is reported to have warned Poland that she will not acquiesce in an attack on Czecho-Slovakia. It appears probable that Chamberlain has “put his foot down,” and refused to yield anything more. But it is vain to speculate: we must possess our souls in patience until the Prime Minister lifts the veil, & himself tells us what has been happening.*

Miss Nora Canning, the sister of the young man whom I ordained to the priesthood last Wednesday, sends me a polite note of thanks for my hospitality.

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[108]

Saturday, September 24th, 1938.

The news is deeply disturbing. War seems to be now unavoidable. Hitler is more menacing than ever. Czecko-Slovakia is mobilized & in state [sic] to resist any attempt at invasion. France & Russia have renewed their pledges to support & Chamberlain is coming home. In an atmosphere charged with such fearful anxieties, how can one go on with one's normal tasks, which have suddenly become trivial & tiresome?

Martin and I walked around the Park in the afternoon. The Gaunless stank horribly, but why I cannot imagine.

Miss Hume arrived in her car from Keswick and Ella & Fearne betook themselves to a "sherry party."

A telegram from the Rural Dean informed me that the Rev. F.H. Harrison, * Vicar of St Thomas' South Shields, has died in hospital.

The Rev F.S. Dennett wrote to tell me that he had accepted appointment to a Lord Chancellor's living in the diocese of York. Here are two more vacancies to be filled. Happily they are not in my patronage but in that of the Dean & Chapter. But where are the parsons to come from?

[109]

*The evening paper brings no relief of the general anxiety. Mr Chamberlain's speech on landing in England does not extinguish hope, but certainly does nothing to justify it. From every part of Europe come tidings of feverish preparations for war. Hitler is said to have sent an ultimatum to the Czechs & given them a week for deciding on their answer. It is obvious that the grievances of the Sudeten Germans have fallen into the back-ground. The issue is far greater. **Admit it or not, the world is about to enter on the most ferocious & interminable of all wars – a War of ideologies.** Shall brutal Force or human Reason determine the course of international relations? At least Chamberlain's great effort to persuade Hitler to adopt peaceful methods will have been made clear to the world where lies the guilty cause of the immense calamity which is about to fall on the human race. **I do not see how Great Britain can without infamy stand aside, & suffer the freedom of Czecko-Slovakia to be destroyed.** In face of such overwhelming disaster what can it really matter what measure of misfortune befalls an old Bishop?*

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[110]

15th Sunday after Trinity, September 25th, 1938.

A heavy mist lay over the country at daybreak but there was no wind, the temperature was high, 74°, and everything portended a fine day.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Miss Hume communicated, & even so, we numbered but 7 communicants. The wonderful Gospel from the Sermon on the Mount about the duty of not "being anxious" is eminently relevant to our present situation. But it is a duty, more comforting to read about, than easy to fulfil: and yet, in our present circumstances, when the madness of mankind seems to have got beyond control, and to have seated itself in high places, so that we are quite helpless, and consciously so, what is left but the solace of the Psalmist's conviction, (which is the basal assumption of the Saviour's counsel) that "The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient: He sitteth between the cherubims, be the Earth never so unquiet." The Psalmist's "Lord" is our Saviour's "Father in Heaven," and with that gloss on the words, why should we be "anxious" so long as He governs.

[111]

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The Sunday papers are sombre reading. They publish Hitler's ultimatum to Czecko-Slovakia to which an answer must be returned by October 1st. Meanwhile, all Europe is ordering itself for War, and the German press outdoes its own woeful precedents in insult, falsehood, and menace. In these circumstances, it is barely possible that War can be averted.

I wrote (1) to Sir James Irvine (2) to Lady Peers (3) to Ruth Spooner (4) Langley Walters. To the last, who had informed me, with the assurance of immaturity, that he proposed to assist his finances by becoming a paid lay worker, I pointed out the impracticability of his project & referred him to the Diocesan Calendar. I shall drop in his opinion as Lucifer from Heaven! But I am strongly, and I think rightly, opposed to the common practice of encouraging Ordination candidates to take employment as lay workers. It is an undesirable practice, whether paid or not: for it equips the young clergyman with methods & mannerisms in advance of his diaconate.

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[112]

Monday, September 26th, 1938.

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The Hitler Ultimatum – cynical & brutal, indeed so cynical and so brutal as to make quite plain that it is designed to compel rejection – has been rejected by Czecho-Slovakia, and another Great War appears to be unavoidable. The British and French Cabinets are in almost continuous session, & again the French Prime Minister & Foreign Secretary flew to Whitehall for consultation. I received a telegram from the Dean of St Paul's announcing urgent reasons why he cannot carry out his undertaking to address the Clergy School. If, as now appears to be certain, Great Britain is at War again, I suppose I must in patriotic duty postpone my resignation of the Bishoprick. It is evidently important that nothing that in any measure unsettles the community should be done, if it can be avoided: and it is plainly important that everyone who has a degree of influence in the nation should exert it to the utmost in stabilising the public mind & keeping the public purpose firm. I cannot pretend to deny that these considerations require that the Bishop of D. should stick to his post.

[113]

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I discussed what, in the circumstances had best be done. We decided that, since the Dean of St Paul's could not play his part, we had better shorten the School. Canon [Bertram] Cunningham* should be asked to give his four addresses, and I would myself speak to the clergy. They should disperse on Wednesday morning instead of Wednesday evening. Everybody seems to agree that, if War does break out, I ought to postpone my resignation.

Carter informed me that he had been called upon to report for duty in two days. He suggested that the Rev. William James, the Vicar of St John's, Sunderland, should serve as his deputy.

Mrs Knyvell, the Bishop of Sheffield's daughter, brought a number of the members of G.F.S. to see the Castle, and have tea.

Martin and I motored to Durham to attend the Clergy School. We dined at St Chad's, and then went to Cosin's Library, where I presided at Cannon Cunningham's First Lecture on "The Witness of Worship." There was a brisk discussion & Compline. Then we returned to Auckland.

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[114]

Tuesday, September 27th, 1938.

The reports of Hitler's speech read truculently enough. If he has it in mind to offer an olive-branch he certainly "discharges it out of a catapult."

*Mussolini affects to think that peace is still possible: and President Roosveltd's [sic] edifying homily sustains the notion. **But it is hard to see how the dogs of war can any longer be held in leash:** & from every country vigorous methods of preparation for immediate war are being applied. Hitler knows now that if he attacks Czecho-Slovakia, he will have to fight also France, Russia, and Great Britain. This might well make him moderate his abusive rhetoric, but in his present mood of half insane exaltation, it is more likely to stimulate his violence. Unhappy indeed is the lot of mankind to be thus at the mercy of a crazy egotist.*

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I presided at the meetings of the Clergy School in Cosin's Library. Canon Cunningham's addresses were admirable, both in substance and form, and they were irradiated by little jots of wit & humour which illumined while they amused his hearers. I can understand his hold on his students.

[115]

I gave a rather hastily arranged address on the duty of the clergy in time of War. In the course of it I read the short preface which I wrote to the volume of "War-time Sermons" which was published in 1915. As I read it, I was surprised at its suitability at the present juncture. I said many things that greatly need saying now: and the questions, which were asked when I finished, enabled me to cross the ts and dot the is. On the whole I think the men were usefully impressed. Drury proposed thanks to me in a rather exaggerated but probably well-intentioned speech, & then we had compline, and made an end of the meeting.

Cunningham spoke with evident sincerity of his impression of his audience. He was pleasantly surprized by their appearance, their keenness, and their excellent spirit. "You must not dream of resigning," he said to me, "you are younger than ever, & have all these men so well in hand". It is, indeed, clear to me that I must not resign until "this tyranny be overpast," & life is again relatively normal.

Dick came back with us to spend the night.

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[116]

Wednesday, September 28th, 1938.

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The plot thickens. Hitler has shortened the time-limit to the Czechoslovakian reply to his brutal ultimatum: & the British Fleet has been mobilized. War seems to be inevitable.

I wrote to M^{rs} Gordon transmitting to her the message of condolence which the clergy gathered in the "Clergy School" desired me to send in their name.

I worked at the sermon for West Hartlepool, but was dreadfully handicapped by the uncertainty of the outlook. If, as seems probable, we shall be at war when I have to preach, my sermon as it stands will be ridiculously obsolete. I am half-inclined to do violence to my preaching principle, and "to talk off the surface of my mind" i.e. without preparation.

In the afternoon Ella and I walked into the town & I visited the A.R.P. centres. The scene in the building by the railway station was animated. A considerable number of women & girls with whom were a few males were engaged in making gas masks. Among them I recognized two of the Castle household. Nobody really believes that there is any danger in Bishop Auckland, but we may be woefully deceived.

[117]

President Roosevelt – as the evening paper states – has addressed himself again to Hitler, emphasizing the duty of the responsible rulers in this critical juncture to maintain peace, & suggesting the gathering of a Conference to arrange the matters in dispute. It is difficult to imagine that this appeal can have any practical effect, but it, perhaps, has some value in two directions. It isolates Hitler as the ultimate author of the war; & it brings America appreciably nearer to direct association with Great Britain & France.

Hodder & Stoughton report that the first edition of "Ad Clerum" is exhausted, and state that they are prepared to put a 2nd edition into printing, if the Bishop can see his way to use some hundreds! I don't think this is "good enough," though I should like the poor thing to get into a 2nd edition!

The Bishop of Chichester [George Bell] writes with reference to the Bishop of Gloucester:

The evidence of the damage which he has done to Niemöller and to Christianity is overwhelming.

I should not care to have that said about me, but Headlam is extraordinarily pachydermatous.

[118]

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The news broadcast at 6 p.m. was sensational, and seemed to effect a happy transformation of the outlook. Chamberlain had announced in the House of Commons that Hitler had agreed to a conference in Munich at which Great Britain, France & Italy were to be represented. The House adjourned until Monday. So horrified is the public at the prospect of war that it forthwith concludes that peace is now assured, yet none of the factors which make for war has been eliminated. Even if - a very large assumption - Hitler is acting sincerely, & really shares a general desire to discover a peaceful solution of the Czechoslovakian problem, there remains the situation in Spain, in China, and in Czecho-Slovakia itself where the Poles and Hungarians have reached the point of formulating their demand for "self-determination." However, even a short postponement is worth having. In human affairs anything may happen, & at least the delay may enable the moderating forces in every war-menaced country to find expression. So we go to our beds tonight in the mood of a fear-shadowed optimism!

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[119]

Thursday, September 29th, 1938.

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The newspapers report a scene of tumultuous enthusiasm in the House of Commons when the Prime Minister announced Hitler's invitation to a Conference in Munich, and his own acceptance of it. Everywhere in the country people seem disposed to assume that the great conversion has taken place, & that "we have passed out of death into life because we love the brethren." But this happy confidence reflects the extremity of our fear, rather than the conclusion of our reason. For it is difficult to see any change in the standing factors of the political situation, unless, of course, Hitler is becoming conscious of a revolt in Germany against his policy of "bluff-and iron."

After lunch I walked to the Lightfoot Institute and was fitted with a gas-mask. The Vicar was seated at the table noting down the masques [sic] that were taken away. I was rather appalled at the difficulty of fitting the thing on, and, when it is fitted, its value (according to Professor Haldane) will be exceedingly small. Both Martin & Alexander were busily engaged in fitting the grotesque devices on to the applicant heads. The incidental opportunities for vermin don't bear thinking about!

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I received a highly disconcerting memorandum from Seton Watson,* marked "private & confidential." It sketches the course of events: describes the proposal which Britain & France compelled the Czecks to accept, and declares that they "are literally incapable of execution." It concludes with a section headed "Germany's aims," which are sufficiently alarming. If Czechoslovakia be given over to German control:

Germany can safely concentrate her forces against the West, having wiped out an efficient army of 1,500,000 men with 2000 planes, having possessed herself of some of the largest munition works & steel & iron plants in Europe, & having cut off the Balkan states from their best supply of munitions. In any future conflict, therefore, Germany would be virtually immune from the dangers of blockade and also immune from the danger of being caught up in armament.

This is a formidable prospect indeed. Seton Watson knows the facts about Czechoslovakia better than any other Englishman.

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[121]

Friday, September 30th, 1938.

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The newspapers report what we hardly dare allow ourselves to believe, that the Great Four have actually reached agreement, and set their signatures to a plan for solving the problem of Czecko-Slovakia.

I worked at the sermons for Sunday, trying to make them accord with the precipitate jubilation of the public mood, but with woefully small success.

In the afternoon I motored to Wolsingham, and visited William Elliott in the Sanatorium. He told me that yesterday was his 19th birthday. He was cheerful, but naturally bored by his long stay in bed. The Matron told me that he was making progress, & that he was a "good influence on the others." Then I went on to Edmundbyers, but found that Charles and Christina were not at home, so I went to the Castleside Vicarage, and had tea with Leslie Morrison* and his wife.

The evening paper reports that the news of a peaceful arrangement had been received with great popular rejoicing in Munich, where the Prime Minister is the most popular of men.

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I suppose that the postponement of War **leaves me free to carry out my purpose of resignation.** There is no reason why I should not write to the Archbishop without more delay, and ask him to transmit to His Majesty my request to be allowed to lay down my burden. My age, and my long exercise of active ministry may, perhaps, be thought sufficient grounds for resignation, without the production of a medical certificate. And then, so soon as my resignation is arranged, the question of the appointment of the new Bishop of Jarrow must be faced.

That self-advertizing fellow, Bidgood,* is reported in the evening paper to have protested against references to A.R.P. in the churches, and even had the impudence to comment adversely on the Bishop's preaching in S. Paul's, West Hartlepool. He must have an odd notion of the duty he owes to his Diocesan, to whom he is bound by the Oath of canonical obedience. Surely this must imply that he will show due deference to the Bishop.

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[123]

Saturday, October 1st, 1938.

The newspapers are filled with descriptions of the tumultuously joyful welcome which the Prime Minister received on his return from Munich. People and Monarch did their utmost to express delight, gratitude, & admiration. Chamberlain fairly claimed for himself to have returned with the achievement [sic] of "Peace with Honour." The leading Articles, while agreeing in approval of the Prime Minister, are disposed to be critical of the agreement which he signed. The Daily Herald declares with unchallengeable truth that:

| from this crisis one Government & one people alone emerge with reputation and honour untarnished, the Czech Government and the Czech people.

Hitler has gained his object by his favourite method of – it is 'Punch's' phrase – "Bluff & Iron." Czecko-Slovakia, like Abyssinia, has been sacrificed to the cynical greed & ill-faith of dictatorship. What reliance can henceforward be placed on the pledges & promises of the "great Western democracies" it is difficult to say. They did seem prepared to fight at the end, & then the Dictators relented!

[124]

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The prospect of immediate war having, so far as we can judge, been removed, I thought that there was no longer any reason why I should continue to hold up the resignation of my See. Accordingly I wrote to the Archbishop of York formally requesting him to transmit to the King my petition for permission to resign, stating my desire that my resignation should take effect on the 1st February, 1939, and that the pension provided by law should be assigned to me. I grounded my petition on my age, and long exercise of the Christian Ministry. I was born in 1863, and ordained in 1887.

I spent more than an hour in trying to bring a sermon designed in the interest of A.R.P. into some measure of congruity with the thanksgivings which (very prematurely as I think) are being arranged for tomorrow. I cannot think that I had much success. Indeed the mood of a Thanksgiving for peace, and the mood of Preparation for War, are too widely divergent to allow a discourse designed for the last, to be tolerably used for the first. Nevertheless, I shall venture it!

[125]

Martin and I motored to Satley, where I consecrated an addition to the churchyard. After a brief service in the church, we processed round the ground, & I read the usual

prayers. I gave an address, but, in doing, so was much annoyed by an appalling stench, which suggested an open cess-pool. The Vicar assured me that it came from a grass, vulgarly known as "stinking Roger," which stank the worse, the more it was trodden on! There was a fair muster of the local clergy, including Dolphin,* the Rural Dean, who read a lesson in the church. His manner was so unctuous, and his voice so "parsonic," that I found it hard not to play "Jenny Geddes"* with him! The Vicar, Orton, and his wife are evidently pleased at leaving Satley, & going to S. Thomas, Sunderland, but he does not impress me as specially well qualified for that incumbency. However I shall not be here to watch his progress.

I paid yet another visit to Spedding. He hears much local gossip, and I gathered that what he hears suggest that there is considerable doubt as [sic] the "honour" of the "peace" which has been gained.

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[126]

16th Sunday after Trinity, October 2nd, 1938.

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*We are being called upon from many sides to make this Sunday, not a day for pressing the patriotic duty of organizing national defence, but a day of Thanksgiving for the avoidance of War. About the duty I am in my conscience clear: but about the thanksgiving I find myself cast into a grievous dubiety. **Peace is welcome, but may be disgraceful. War is disastrous, but may be just and honourable. How does the matter stand in respect of this agreement which was signed at Munich?** What precisely are we to thank God for? War has, for the present, been averted. That is a great relief, for which we must needs rejoice. But it has been averted at so heavy a cost that we may well question its permanence, and its rightfulness. Hitler has secured another prodigious diplomatic triumph. His method of "Bluff and Iron" has again succeeded. A great bulwark against German aggression has been destroyed. The dark empire of Nazi tyranny has been extended. A grievous injury has been inflicted on a brave & free people: the moral prestige of the great Western democracies has been destroyed.*

[127]

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I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants, including Bryden and William. **I did not include any special thanksgivings, but I still prayed for peace.**

We all motored to West Hartlepool, where I preached at the A.R.P. service which the Mayor and a host of quasi-official organizations attended. In spite of the rain, the church was crowded mainly with men. I preached the more-or-less mitigated and adapted sermon, which (teste Fearne) took 29 minutes in delivery, and was listened to very closely. The Vicar (Oswald Scott) was very appreciative & grateful, but Ella disliked it, and Fearne regarded it with hardly-veiled abhorrence. Probably these good women are typical of their sex. They can see nothing in the Munich Arrangement beyond an avoidance of war, & they are not disposed to welcome anything from the pulpit except the conventional "sob-stuff"! The "Sunday Times" and the "Observer" are, of course, fervidly pro-Premier, but their columns report many indications of a revulsion of feeling: & both the continental and the American Press inclines to be critical.

[128]

In the afternoon I completed the poor little discourse which I had projected for the "Jubilee" of S. Hilda's, Darlington. It occurred to me that I might make the two years,

1888 and 1938, the basis of some observations, which might interest and even edify my hearers. Gooch's Annals of Politics and Culture (an invaluable book) gave me material for the earlier year, and for the later, I took occasion to speak about the actual interest, and potential importance of the Prime Minister's "success" in averting War by acquiescing in the abandonment of Czechoslovakia. Of course it was all terribly incoherent and discursive, but it would set them thinking. Ella went with me to Darlington, where I preached at Evensong. The service was embarrassingly ornate, little boys with lighted candles, & servers in red cassocks hedged me round on every side, but the service was recognizably Evensong, and the congregation which filled, perhaps, two-thirds of the church, and was mainly in petticoats, was very attentive. Kenneth Hodgson sent a note into the vestry telling me that he was in the congregation!

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[129]

Monday, October 3rd, 1938

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The problem of Japanese Christianity is to win the belief of a people whose world-view is that of modern science, whose religious temperament & underlying philosophy are Oriental and whose practical ideals are approximately Christian.

Tucker's History of Ep. Ch. in Japan. 212

I wrote to Stephenson congratulating him on his appointment as one of the King's Chaplains.

There are meagre reports of my sermons at West Hartlepool and Darlington: but the papers generally give space to Cantuar. The effect of Wireless is fatal to the circumference, and exalts the centre into an ever more emphatic supremacy. When I came to this Bishoprick in 1920, my public utterances were commonly reported, briefly of course but sometimes with a measure of emphasis, but now they are hardly ever noticed. And papers, like the Yorkshire Post and the Manchester Guardian give ever larger space to the Primate and ever smaller space to the Bishops. It is the triumph of the Dictatorships.

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Duff Cooper, the Secretary for the Admiralty, has followed Anthony Eden's example, by resigning office he "profoundly distrusts the foreign policy which the present Government is pursuing & seems likely to continue to pursue." Mr. Harold Nicholson* is outspoken in his denunciation of the Munich agreement:-*

We have betrayed a valiant little country and a great democratic idea. There are many people who feel that in so doing we have achieved peace for a generation: we have achieved it only for 8 months.

He referred to the tumultuous welcome, which Mr. Chamberlain's announced [sic] provoked in the House of Commons, as expressing "an absolutely overwhelming feeling of relief,

a feeling, I regret to say, which manifested itself in the House of Commons by a demonstration of mass hysteria such as that great institution has never witnessed.

There are severe criticisms in many newspaper articles both in Great Britain and abroad. A reaction in the public mind is apparent.

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Shaddick came to see me about various points of diocesan concern. He wished to consult me about the choice of saint to whom his new mission might be dedicated. I suggested that it should be dedicated to St. Herbert, the devoted friend and disciple of S. Cuthbert, whose touching story is related by Bede in Bk. IV. c. 29 of his Ecclesiastical History. In as much as the parish church of Darlington is dedicated to S. Cuthbert, it would be particularly suitable that a new Church in Darlington should be known as S. Herbert. Shaddick seemed to welcome the suggestion.

The weather which had been threatening degenerated into something like an equinoctial gale accompanied by deluges of rain as the evening drew on. Alexander reported that the water streamed through the roof of the Chapel. Considering that "dilapidations" have just been finished on the Chapel at a cost about £2000, it is sufficiently exasperating that as soon as a real test is applied, the roof is found to be as porous as ever. But the architect was infirm: & the contractor inefficient.

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[132]

Tuesday, October 4th, 1938.

[symbol]

A boisterous night – hurricane and deluge in an alarming duet – was followed by a day which followed suit.

I tried to work at the Book, but was completely baffled. Is it the paralysis of incipient senility?

Martin and I walked round the Park during the afternoon, and got wet enough to make changing advisable when we got back to the Castle.

[symbol] The Debate in Parliament last night was prefaced by a personal explanation of Mr. Duff Cooper, in which he stated his reasons for resignation. **He does not appear to have been notably successful**, but, of course, the circumstances in which he spoke were uncommonly difficult. The Prime Minister was considerably interrupted, and his speech was neither impressive nor convincing. But there really is nothing that he can say. He has succeeded, at a terrible cost, in averting for the present the appalling calamity of War: but he found himself compelled to emphasize the necessity of increasing & “speeding-up” rearmament!

[133]

An Ordination candidate of a somewhat unusual type and by race a Welshman, Nathanael Evans, came all the way from Clifton College, Bristol, to be interviewed. He is nearly 32 years of age, and for 11 years worked as a miner. Originally a Baptist, he was, at the age of 22, confirmed by the Bishop of S^t David's. He has taken his B.A. degree at University College, Aberystwyth, and has passed Part I. of the G.O.E. He is in correspondence with Fenton Fyffe respecting a title. He is rather a poor looking object, and has a delicate appearance and shy manner: but he affirms that his health is good. I cannot say that he attracts me, but his credentials are good, and if he passes Part II. of the G.O.E., and Fenton Fyffe is prepared to give him a title, I hardly see how he can be rejected.

I received a curious book entitled “Revaluation. Miscellaneous Essays, Lectures and Discourses on Jewish Religious Philosophy, Ethics and History by Rabbi Benjamin Fleischer of the Leading Orthodox Congregation of New York.” After “running through” it, I sent a civil acknowledgement to the Author.

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[134]

Wednesday, October 5th, 1938.

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The newspapers give great prominence to the “maiden” speech which Earl Baldwin contributed last night to the debate in the House of Lords. It was in many ways a notable speech, and will be of great value to the Government. **He eulogized the Prime Minister, expressed complete approval of his policy, rebuked with great severity those who spoke of War as inevitable, and urged with some vehemence the duty of increasing and “speeding-up” re-armament.** The only effective speech in criticism of the Munich agreement was delivered by Lord [George] Lloyd, who dealt faithfully with the almost cynical casuistry of the Primate. In the House of Commons, Maxton delighted the Government’s supporters by a generous eulogy of the Prime Minister. Amery and Lord Cranbourne* spoke effectively in criticism.*

The best presentment of the situation is that given by Punch which reproduces 3 cartoons describing Hitler in the successive stages of his aggression, and adds another in which Peace armed stands in a threatening environment. The black shadow of the Nazi tyranny has nearly covered the whole sky.

[135]

I received a letter from the Primate’s chaplain inviting me to stay at Lambeth for the Bishops’ meeting on October 19th. I replied by writing directly to the Archbishop, declining his invitation, and taking occasion to inform him that I had asked Ebor to transmit to the King my petition for leave to resign. I also said that I thought he ought to point out to the Bishops the unfitness [symbol] of Headlam to act as the representative of the Church of England in the matter of negotiations [sic] with foreign churches. I called his Grace’s attention to the important article in the current issue of the Hibbert Journal – “The Church Struggle in Germany by a confessional pastor.”

That admirable old man, Canon [Alexander] Patterson,* “not without anxieties & yet with hopes outweighing them” writes to offer £250 “as some Thanksgiving to God for at any rate the prospect that something has been done towards more peaceable relations between the nations.” It almost makes one ashamed of one’s own inability to see cause for thanksgiving in a relief which has been purchased by the sacrifice of national honour.

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[136]

Thursday, October 6th, 1938.

The Archbishop of York informs me that he has conveyed to the King my petition for leave to resign my Bishoprick, and adds:

“I confess that I do not know the etiquette of these things, but I propose to write direct to the King, and the same time to the Prime Minister, giving him the same information.

This is rather nebulous: surely his Grace has access to legal information as to official procedure. However, I suppose the matter doesn't much matter so that the essential business has been accomplished. **I have crossed the Rubicon, and, having done so, am half disposed to regret my action.** But sooner or later, I must have faced the duty of retirement; and probably I shall leave office with more dignity when men are not commenting on my apparent imbecility, than when I still am supposed to be able to do my duty. The mere process of getting out of a large house into a small one must necessarily be laborious, protracted, wasteful, and from many points of view painful and humiliating.

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[symbol]

Winston Churchill delivered himself of a whole-hearted denunciation of the Munich agreement, drew an alarmist picture of the European situation which it has created, and prophesied the worst possible future. I wish I did not find myself compelled to acknowledge the justice of his indictment, and the probability of his forecast.

Ella and I motored to Durham, and attended the ceremony of bestowing the Freedom of the City on Lord Londonderry. There was a fair attendance of the public in the Town Hall. The usual bombastic eulogies were pronounced and acknowledged, and then we betook ourselves to the Castle for lunch in the Great Hall. I sat between the Mayoress, a civil good woman less dull than mayoresses commonly, & Sir George Morley, the head of the County police. In the course of the proceedings I had some talk with Lord Londonderry, who is very anxious to remind one that he had first pointed the way of an approach to Hitler, & that if we had entered on that path when he beckoned us to do so, we should have escaped our present anxieties. Lord Eustace Cecil, now Rector of the Newcastle King's College was present, & also the Warden of the Durham College.

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Martin and I motored to Benfieldside, where I admitted to the Rev. Edward Hartwig Fenwick, Curate of S. Andrew, Roker, to the perpetual curacy, vacated by the lamentable dear [sic] of poor Xan Wayne-Willson.* It is less than two years since I admitted Xan to the same office. I could but begin my address by recalling the fact. There was a large congregation, mainly composed of young women. I was struck by the excellence of the Choir, and rather surprised to see them all bow to the altar. I had not supposed that Xan was inclined that way. George Casey intoned the service excellently: the Rural Dean ([Frederick) Myers) read the lesson. There was a fair muster of the local clergy. Among them I noticed Charles Pattinson and Leslie Morrison. The parishes have been passing into the hands of young men very rapidly. Last year there were no less than 33 institutions of incumbents, and there will hardly be any fewer this year. Nearly one fourth of the parishes will have received new incumbents in two years.

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[139]

Friday, October 7th, 1938.

[symbol]

A horrid doubt invaded my mind as to the legality of administering Ordination on a day which is not, as the Rubrick requires, either a Sunday or a Holy Day. I have had it fixed in my mind that some relaxation of the Rubrick had been made recently, by which the Bishop had a larger liberty of choice; but I cannot discover when and how such an amendment of the Rubrick has been made. In the 18th century, the Bishops used to take great freedom in their treatment of Ordination, and very commonly administered it in their chapels; but whether they ever allowed themselves to Ordain on other days than Sundays and Holy Days I cannot discover. Nor can I find what penalty they would incur by breaking the Rubrick in ordaining on ordinary week-days. **On the balance of disadvantages, I think, perhaps, that I had better carry out my lawless arrangement, but I am neither pleased with myself for drifting into illegality through mere thoughtlessness, nor contented with setting an example of law-breaking to my own clergy.** Moreover, Casey* the Vicar of Wheatley Hill is the last person to fail to point the moral of episcopal lawlessness!

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Today in many a parish it is the church rather than the chapel that is the real centre of spiritual life. The lead in great religious questions comes more frequently from Anglicanism than from the Free Churches. It is the Established Church rather than the unestablished churches that is providing the thinkers and teachers and theologians of our times.

A.W. Harrison, Westminster College, London, in Hibbert Journal. Oct. 1938 p. 155

The Archdeacon and I walked round the Park after lunch, returning to the Castle in time to join the Rural Deans at tea. Everybody was here except Lillingston. At 5 p.m. we met in conference. I read my letter to the Archbishop of York, requesting him to convey to the King my petition for leave to resign the Bishoprick as from Feb. 1st 1939. They expressed a decent concern, but were not, I think, surprized.

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We discussed the suggestion that the Report of the Archbishops' Commission on Doctrine in the Church of England should be studied in the parishes. I was led to speak with great, perhaps injudicious, frankness about our duty to deal with candour and courage with the disputed articles of the Creed, and I stated my own belief without reserve. Myers, the Rural Dean of Lanchester, was the most conservative of the company, and Dolphin, the Rural Dean of Stanhope, the least.

On the whole, I was pleased with the way in which they received opinions which can hardly have been welcome, and may even have been repulsive.

Then we had dinner. Everybody seemed to be cheerful and comfortable. Stephenson sat beside me. He was plentifully complimented on being appointed one of His Majesty's Chaplains, and is evidently well pleased with the distinction.

[Ralph] Watson* gave me an excellent account of his deacon, Captain Greig, and I suggested that it might be worth his while to offer a title to young Burnip. We had compline in chapel, and then went to bed.

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[142]

Saturday, October 8th, 1938.

I had felt very unwell overnight, and, indeed, suspected that I had contracted a chill, or caught a germ, at the function in Durham. My indisposition advanced during the night, & in **the morning I had to cancel the Ordination, and send for the Doctor.** This was most annoying and inconvenient. The Archdeacon took my place at the Celebration, and later at the Conference of the Rural Deans.

Then I remained in bed till the end of the week, having cancelled engagements at Jarrow, Chester-le-Street, and S. Cuthbert's, Darlington. It is horridly inconvenient to a host of good people, but nothing really matters now!

In bed I read through a very interesting life of Cuthbert Tunstall by Sturges: & an excellent review of Reformation England by Canon Maynard Smith.*

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[143]

Saturday, October 15th, 1938.

[symbol]

At length, with the doctor's permission, I had a bath, dressed, & betook myself to my study. I had intended to join my guests – Ernest & Gladys Scott Thomson,* who are week-ending, and Serena James [Lumley]* & her husband, who have to come up to attend Cuthbert's wedding – but I did not find myself equal to the effort, and remained in my study, whereto Alexander brought me my lunch. Serena paid me a brief visit. She has been staying with her father at Sandbeck in order to attend the Rufford Abbey Sale. She said that Lord Scarbrough* had succeeded in buying back some family treasures, the loss of which had been much regretted. Earnest came to see me, but his vehement loquacity was too much for my enfeebled state, and I bade him take himself off!

Cuthbert Parry-Evans,* Vicar of Fatfield, was married to Miss Kingdom, the organist of South Church. Ella attended, and reported that there was a considerable gathering of the parishioners. It is an odd marriage in many respects, but need not, therefore, prove ultimately unsuccessful. Both the parties are rather odd.

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During my enforced retirement I have read through two books with as much satisfaction as my enfeebled condition made possible viz:

1. Cuthbert Tunstal, Churchman, Scholar, Statesman, Administrator by Charles Sturge. [Longmans, Green, & Co.]
2. Pre-Reformation England. By H. Maynard Smith. Canon of Gloucester. [Macmillan & Co.]

The latter is dedicated to "Arthur Cayley, Lord Bishop of Gloucester." It was sent to me "with the author's compliments," and is an admirable piece of work, admirably written.

I was so pleased with it that I dictated a long and flattering letter of acknowledgement, taking occasion (since I knew the Author to be an intimate of his Lordship) to speak with some severity about the Bishop's attitude towards the German Church. It is, indeed, a "very horrid thing" that at this bitter crisis, when the German Church is under persecution, a leading English Bishop should seem to place the Church of England on the side of the Persecutor against his victims.

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[145]

18th Sunday after Trinity, October 16th, 1938.

[symbol]

Martin celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. My guests communicated, as also did William. I remained in my room until the doctor came about 11.15 a.m. After he had taken his departure, I bathed and dressed. At his suggestion I walked for half an hour in the policies, having as a companion and supporter Miss Gladys Scott Thomson. She is, as usual, full of personal gossip. I was interested in what she said about the Prime Minister. She told me (on the authority of the doctor to whom he himself had given the information), that he (Neville)* was no favourite with his father, the redoubtable Joe:* that he (Joe) held him in slight esteem, and had no confidence in his future. Neville had been at Rugby, but had not been happy there. His own description of his school life was "Seven years Hell". I observed that Austin [sic]* and Neville were known to be most affectionate brothers, and that this was remarkable if their father had made so great a difference between them, magnifying his elder son, and belittling his younger. In the circumstances, it was remarkable that the Premiership should have been gained by the least regarded.

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[146]

Monday, October 17th, 1938.

[symbol]

Winston Churchill* **has broadcast to America, a rejoinder to Hitler's last insolent harangue. It is an admirable piece of vigorous political invective:** and, if anything could move that low-toned multitude of dollar-slaves, ought to set them thinking. But I do not imagine that it will have any effect. They have long got past appeals to conscience and honour!

Nigel Cornwall* came to see me & stay the night. He is not returning to Ceylon, but intends to go as a missionary to Tanganyika next May. I fear that I was not a very cheerful or religiously stimulating person, for a young clergyman, seeking guidance and encouragement, to have recourse to. In truth, I cannot shake off the depression into which I have fallen. My mood is that of the "De Profundis." Nigel himself, happily, is of a serene, unworrying disposition, one of those level spirits who "passing through the vale of Barca use it for a well."

When Gladys S.T. [Scott Thomson] took farewell of me, I bade her not speak so disrespectfully of the Prime Minister, whose public career had demonstrated strong character, and remarkable ability.

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She told me that a friend of hers named Paterson (?), whom she described as the immediate subordinate of Sir John Anderson, had charged her to tell me, that when he was a youth, unknown and impecunious, in London, he used to walk several miles every Sunday to attend the services at St. Margaret's, Westminster, where I was then Rector, and (as he expressed it) he "owed everything that was good in him to my preaching." I should be something less than human if I had not felt pleasure at receiving such a message. But how is it to be appraised, interpreted, or applied?

M^{rs} Temple, the Archbishop of York's wife, when she met my wife last week, & discussed my impending retirement, expressed the hope that I would employ my leisure in writing the kind of stuff which she was accustomed to hear in St. Margaret's, Westminster, Sunday after Sunday, some 30 years ago. Am I really fit to produce nothing better than the conventional pietistic "sob-stuff"? Did I really give my congregations in Westminster nothing better worth their attentive audience?

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[148]

Tuesday, October 18th, 1938.

Nigel Cornwall came to my room to say Goodbye, before leaving the Castle. I gave him my Blessing as he knelt by my bed-side. It is almost certain that we shall never meet again in this world.

[Ralph] Watson,* the Rector of Houghton-le-Spring, writes to accept the Hon. Canonry of Durham, vacated by the death of the Master of University [College].

Miss [Charlotte] Tristram's* death is reported. Her name belongs to the older Durham, which was passing away when I came to the Deanery at the end of 1912. Her father, the redoubtable Canon [Henry Baker Tristram], was a character out of Trollope's novels.

Carter came to see me, and to discuss some diocesan matters. He brought rather a dolorous budget of news. One incumbent is hopelessly involved in debt to money-lenders, to whom he is bound to pay 48% in interest! Two curates are already, though but just ordained to the priesthood, immersed in debt! They have married, are just entering on the responsibilities of paternity, and are quite unable to "make both ends meet." What is to be done to these semi-honest fools?

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[symbol] What is my duty in the matter of these helpless parsons? They have stipends, small, indeed, but assured, and not really inadequate: but they do not appear to grasp the moral obligation of living within their incomes. Partly, the mischief is traceable to their ignorance and inexperience. The curate's stipend - £200 - £250 - probably seems to them a large income, for in their class expressed in terms of weekly wage, it is large. Partly, they are hide-bound by the class-snobbery, which dominates English society from top to bottom. Ordination, in their view, makes them "gentlefolks," and, of course, they must order their lives on the appropriate class model. They must keep a servant: they must possess a car: they must take a month's holiday: their children (if they have any) must cease to attend the Council School, and be sent to some costly & inefficient "private" establishment: and so the mad farce proceeds until the crash comes. They are born mendicants: they sometimes drift into dishonesty: they are loud voiced on "the poverty of the clergy," and eloquent on the injustice of the Bishops!

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I came to a rather belated dinner in order to see M^{rs} Alington,* who had been presiding at a meeting of the Mother's Union in the parish & who came here with

the orator, M^{rs} Rawlinson, to have “some refreshment” after their exertions. Ella, whose appetite for meetings grows, perhaps intelligibly, with the increase of her deafness, attended and brought the two ladies here.

I took occasion to tell M^{rs} Alington that I had no intention of pronouncing an “elegy” on Kathleen, when I dedicate the Cross and candlesticks to her memory next Sunday, but only to use the following form (see next page) and to add the All Saints Collect, and the Lord’s Prayer. She declared herself entirely satisfied with this arrangement.

She spoke with some freedom in condemnation of the Munich agreement, and declared her regret at my avoiding the debate in the House of Lords. But that admirable lady follows the Pauline rule, and is “all things to all men”!

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Form of Dedicating Gifts

In the faith of Jesus Christ, and in loving memory of

KATHLEEN ALINGTON

Sometime a resident in this College.

We dedicate these gifts to the Glory of God in the Service of the Sanctuary, and in the thankful remembrance of the gracious witness of her life, in the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

O Almighty God, who hast knit together thine elect in one communion and communion & fellowship, in the mystical body of thy Son, Christ our Lord: Grant us grace so to follow thy blessed Saints in all virtuous & godly living, that we may come to those unspeakable joys, which thou hast prepared for them that unfeignedly love thee: through J. C. our Lord.

Amen

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[152]

Wednesday, October 19th, 1938.

A most beautiful morning, St. Luke's Summer. I determined to assert my independence. I did not await the Doctor's arrival, but met him when he appeared in apron and gaiters! I walked with Ernest in the garden for an hour.

I read through the little booklet, which that unwearying champion of German confessors, M^{rs} Dorothy Buxton,* has sent me – "I was in Prison, Letters from German Pastors." It is stated that "many thousands of the German edition were circulated before the booklet was confiscated by the police." Mrs Buxton in her Editor's Note" writes:-

Only some 20 copies, however, were still left. Happily one or two of the 20,000 copies fell into the hands of English travellers. It has not, for obvious reasons, been possible to ask the permissions of the German editor or publisher for this translation.

Certainly, these letters indicate in the writers a high, unworldly devotion, and a truly noble willingness to subordinate their personal distresses to the stern requirement of their spiritual allegiance.

[153]

My dear Mrs Buxton,

Thank you so much for sending me the little booklet "I was in Prison," which I have read with intense interest. It is, indeed, a powerful and moving apology for the Religion of Christ: and has an exceptional value in these dark days of paradox and persecution. I shall omit no opportunity, which may come to me, for making it known, and commending it.

It is a matter of grief & consternation to me that my old friend, the Bishop of Gloucester should have been so piteously blind to the essential significance of what is happening in Germany, as to throw such influence as he possesses into the scale of the Persecutor against the Persecuted in this dreadful time. With much appreciation of your unflinching efforts in the Good Cause, I am,

Sincerely & obliged.

H.D.

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[154]

Thursday, October 20th, 1938.

Thirty six years ago, on October 20th 1902, I was married in Westminster. Both Ella and I breakfasted in bed, by way of demonstrating our unwasted vitality! I received from the Archbishop of York the information that the King had approved my resignation, and giving me various directions as to procedure.

I replied that a) I desired that the official announcement should be made as speedily as possible: and b) that I thought the formal resignation had best be arranged by the Provincial Registrar, promising to sign at once the requisite documents when he sent them.

Canon Maynard Smith writes:-

I entirely agree with you about Anti-Christ. I have no wish to be allied with Stalin or Hitler. I expect it is true that the P.M. did his best. I don't see what else he could have done: and I feel ashamed. I agree with you about my Bishop, but I understand how one who has worked so hard for Reunion naturally regards a new disruptive force. I deplore his attitude, but he is in constant correspondence [155] with pastors who have rallied to the Hitler banner.

[symbol]

I can well believe that the crowd of complaisant time-servers, who "worship the rising sun," and are in no mood to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," are deeply thankful to a prominent English Bishop who approves their profitable cowardice. But "when he comes to himself" Arthur Headlam will feel disposed, like the faithless Peter, to go away, & "weep bitterly." And yet I am not sure: repentance is largely a matter of temperament: and I cannot imagine two men more temperamentally diverse than the Bishop of Gloucester and the Apostle, Peter.

Then, feeling competent for nothing better, I started to go through the contents of the bureau in my study, and to tear up the letters and papers which no longer retained value or importance. Few occupations are more fatiguing, & few more melancholy. A mass of receipted bills, & a number of letters dealing with appointments were destroyed without hesitation: but there were many others which one sacrificed with a sense of baseness.

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[156]

Friday, October 21st, 1938.

A foggy morning, colder, and giving place to the sun as the day advanced. I got up in the normal fashion, did my letters, went to chapel, and breakfasted with my family, but felt incapacitatingly feeble in the process. This interval of waiting, (when I have settled to resign, and may not state the fact until the official announcement has appeared,) is infinitely trying. I want to avoid the interviews with the clergy which are continually being requested, and their appeals for sermons & can only be reasonably answered in the light of the fact that I am on the threshold of final departure.

[symbol] *The Times has become so frankly an advocate of the Prime Minister's policy, that I have ceased to pay much attention to its leading articles: and I am increasingly mistrustful of its account of events and opinions abroad. The "Manchester Guardian," which is avowedly a "Liberal" organ, seems to me to be better written, more sanely inspired, & probably better informed. Of course, the correspondence in the "Times" still remains unequalled, though even in this respect, the "Manchester Guardian" runs it close. We are along every line blocked and bankrupt.*

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Lloyd George's* contrast between President Wilson and Clemenceau is worth quoting:

There never was a greater contrast, mental or spiritual, than that which existed between these two notable men. Wilson,* with his high but narrow brow, his fine head with its elevated crown and his dreamy but untrustful eye – the make-up of the idealist who is also something of an egotist. Clemenceau,* with a powerful head and the square brow of the logician – the head conspicuously flat topped, with no upper story in which to lodge the humanities, the ever vigilant and fierce eye of the animal who has hunted and been hunted all his life.

Times Literary Supplement, review of The Truth about the Peace Treaties by David Lloyd George. Vol.1 [October 22nd 1938]

Our statesmen take high rank as writers. It is difficult to challenge the literary distinction of Lord Balfour, Winston Churchill, Lord Esher, and Lloyd George.

[158]

A missionary lady from Uganda – a quiet little enduring female who looked the part – stayed here, and, in the afternoon addressed a meeting in the State Room. I was told that she acquitted herself well, and that, though the attendance was meagre, the collection was creditably large. Charles and Christina came to see me in my room. They are “spoiling” for more work: and, indeed, in view of the fact that the population [in Edmundbyers] has now fallen below 200, and is still declining, it must be difficult to find adequate employment for their energies. I wish they had a family of their own.

The evening paper reports the fall of Canton. For some inexplicable reason, the Chinese have made no effective opposition to the Japanese advance: and have lost without a struggle their principal source of war material! The Japanese, flushed with victory, and urged on by the Dictators of Germany and Italy, are now directly facing Hong Kong, and only a miracle can avert an open clash with Great Britain.

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[159]

Saturday, October 22nd, 1938.

I made a vain attempt to resume work on the Book, but made no headway at all. So I gave it up, and walked in the Park, where I talked with Lawson. Incidentally I raised the question of the fate of Beck and Prince in the event of my leaving the Castle. He said that his wife would be delighted to receive Prince, and that he would make himself responsible for Beck. Then I picked up a lad, who had come for a stroll in the Park, during his luncheon hour. His name was Cyril Newton; he was the son of an unemployed blacksmith: he was 15 years old and had started work in one of the shops. I showed him the dahlias, gave him good counsel, and parted from him in much amity.

After lunch I was visited by Scott from West Hartlepool, who brought the Irish parson, Gillespie – a lean, garrulous, plausible man, as a prospective curate.

Then, Petrie, the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Stockton, came to tell me that he wanted to change his benefice! It is worth £600 per annum, & he will find another worth as much.

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Hardly had he disappeared before D^r [Percival] Brinton* the Vicar of Holy Trinity, Darlington, came to consult me about some miserable tangle of a marriage case. I “resolved” his doubts to the best of my power, and gave him tea.

Then Sir Charles Peers* arrived in order to attend what I trust will be the final meeting of the Durham Castle Preservation Fund. He is in a depressed mood, being cast down by the serious illness of his wife. But the poor lady has survived her operation, which was severe, and has now returned home. We may hope, therefore, that his personal horizon will grow brighter. He gives a good account of the new Dean of Westminster [de Labillière],* who, he thinks, has more capacity for government than was generally supposed. But the “spiky” Canon Marriott appears to be an impracticable fellow, who ought to have his stipend docked!

I received “with the Pro-Vice-Chancellor’s compliments” a “Special Appeal for the University of Durham.” It is a “sign of the times” that I was not even asked to sign it.

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[161]

19th Sunday after Trinity, October 23rd, 1938.

A calm morning with more than a suggestion of fog, and distinctly colder. I slept very badly, that is, for the most part of night I did not sleep at all, but read a good deal of the latest volume of "The Oxford History of England' – The Age of Reform 1815-1870 by E. L. Woodward, Fellow of All Souls, Oxford." Then it repented me that I had not arranged to read Mattins as the Rubrick requires, and I sent Alexander to warn Martin and George that Mattins would be read at 8.30 a.m.

After Mattins had been fully read, we had breakfast, from which George, yielding to his "Catholick" scruples, absented himself, and then Cecil Ferens arrived from Durham, & administered the oaths.

The Ordination at 10.30 a.m. was attended by Ella, Fearne, M^{rs} Casey George's fiancée, and Sir Charles Peers, beside the officials viz. the Archdeacon, Brewis, Martin, & Cecil Ferens. We had no sermon and no music. The whole service, including the Litany, the Celebration, and the administration of Oaths, took exactly an hour. And yet we hear people complain of the excessive length of the Prayer Book's services!

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We all motored to Durham, where we attended Evensong in the Cathedral. Before service I went to the Altar, and dedicated the Cross, candlesticks, and vases on the High Altar, which have been presented as a memorial of Kathleen Alington. Then I went to the Throne, and, at the conclusion of the service, pronounced the Benediction. We had tea in the Deanery, where I had some speech with Lord Dunglass* who had accompanied the Prime Minister to Munich. He does not speak German, but found that most of the Germans spoke English. Hitler did not greatly impress him.

[symbol] The Dean told me sub sigillo that, on the eve of his departure for Munich, the P.M. received information that the French were going to "let us down." They had ascertained that the Czech army was not as efficient as they had assumed, & they were not therefore prepared to run the risk of War. In these circumstances, the P.M. had hardly any alternative to the ignoble course which he adopted. If this be indeed, the truth, the position of Great Britain is even worse than we had imagined.

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[163]

Monday, October 24th, 1938.

The day began with a slight fog, & quickly developed into a glorious autumnal day. Assuredly this "breath of all things perishing, and soul of all regret," as Watson calls Autumn, is, if the least healthy, the most pathetically beautiful of all the seasons. I occupied most of the morning in composing a sermon for Stockton, and then in writing to my cousin [Arthur Rawle] to say that I must regretfully abandon my intention of spending my birthday with him in Minehead. I picked up a tall young man, who told me that he was a physical instructor for the Unemployed: that he was 27 years old, & looking forward to marriage at Christmas: that his fiancée was 23: and that he lived at Hetton-le-Hole. I inquired whether he had any reason to think that the unemployed boys whom he trained were inadequately fed: & he said No, most of them were strong & healthy: though none the better for being idle. I showed him the dahlias, & we parted with much exchange of civility!

In the afternoon I motored to Durham, and attended a meeting of the Castle Preservation Fund. Sir Thomas Oliver* presided, and W. S. R. Richardson re-appeared after his long absence for illness. [164] It was confidently stated that we now had funds in hand sufficient to complete the work, and that the said work would be finished within six months. I said that it would probably be advisable that the completion should be marked by some suitable celebration: and that the Governing Body of the University ought to organize the same.

Duff, the Warden of the Durham Colleges, drew me aside, and expressed regret that I should feel resentful at the exclusion of my name from the signatories of the Appeal. He assured me that there was no intention of disrespect, but only the assumption that the Visitor ought not to be mixed up with the prosaic matter of money-raising. Of course, I disclaimed resentment, and accepted the explanation. But –

We gave a little dinner party, viz.:-

Captain Guy Stoppard and his wife
M^r & M^{rs} Townley
Miss Owen and Sir Charles Peers
and ourselves: ten in all.

The food was sufficient and well-cooked: the conversation, sufficient and sustained.

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[165]

Tuesday, October 25th, 1938.

A dull, depressing day, with persistent rain. I worked at the Stockton sermon, & wrote to the provincial Registrar, Hudson, asking him to propose the necessary documents for my "canonical" resignation.

Divers people came to lunch to meet the Townleys viz. Major & M^{rs} Surtees, & M^{rs} Chenevix Trench and her sister. After lunch I walked for an hour in the Park with M^r Townley, whom I found agreeable, interesting, & well-informed. We got sufficiently wet to think it prudent to "change our feet," and then I had an interview with the Rev. R. H. Talbot, who is now in charge of the new district of St. Nicholas, Bishopwearmouth. He said that a great invasion of new houses was in progress, which would add about 12,000 to his parish. What was he to do? I advised him to get in touch with Braley with a view to being given the iron building which is shortly to be replaced by the new Chapel of Bede College.

I offered Heworth to Hudson: Hedgefield to Carter: and Cassop c. Quarrington to Hansen.

[166]

[symbol]

I am interested to note that all the women whom I meet are almost ecstatically pleased with the Prime Minister's performance. Lady Peers is an exception. I received a letter from her expressing an almost virile disgust of an agreement which abandoned our friends so basely. Men, in proportion to their character & ability, are greatly disturbed, though mostly reluctant to make any public protest. But, though they say little; they feel much. The humiliation of the country is felt to carry personal shame to every Englishman. It is hard to see how we are to recover political independence. Hitler has us "on the run," and he means to keep us there. The collapse of China gives yet one more blow to British prestige: and, if the victorious Japanese choose to "rush" Hong Kong, it is not easy to see how we can effectively resist them. Meanwhile that shameless creature, Hearst, has made "answer" to Winston Churchill's appeal to America, pouring out a whole spate of insulting abuse, which will no doubt be greedily enjoyed by his countrymen!

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[167]

Wednesday, October 26th, 1938.

I received from the Prime Minister's Secretary a note stating that the official announcement of my resignation would appear tomorrow. Also, a civilly expressed letter from the Archbishop of York. He writes:

[symbol] I look forward with the greatest possible sorrow to the time when you will vacate the Throne of St. Cuthbert. I cannot hope to have as my neighbour anyone to whom I shall look so steadily both for stimulance and for guidance, but it will be more appropriate to say something of what I feel in this direction when the moment comes.

George Casey writes to me a very sincerely expressed letter of thanks for all my "kindness" to him, and promises to play the man in the priesthood to which I ordained him.

Sir George Middleton,* the chief Ecclesiastical Commissioner, died suddenly yesterday in the presence of the Archbishop of Canterbury at a meeting. This is indeed lamentable tidings. I liked the man greatly.

[168]

Mr and Mrs Townley left the Castle after breakfast.

Canon Lomax* came to see me at 4 p.m. He was, of course, full of his precious 'Retreat House,' which has, in his silly head, as secure a position as Charles I's head in Mr. Dick's! Apart from his absurdities, he is a good and loveable man, whom I cannot but like.

The Dean's [Cyril Alington]* productivity is very astonishing. On Sunday he presented me with "A Plea for a Plan: the two types of Education" [Longman's]. Today, he sends me another book containing about 400 rather closely-printed pages – "The New Testament: a Reader's Guide [G. Bell & Sons]. Along with these substantial compositions, he pours forth an unceasing stream of more ephemeral writings in the newspapers. His work is certainly far about the average standard of excellence, though it is never arresting. His versatility is as amazing as his industry. He was born as long ago as 1872. To be able to write so freely & on so many subjects at 66 is surely considerable.

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[169]

Thursday, October 27th, 1938.

[symbol]

The official announcement of my resignation appears in the morning papers, and is generally accompanied by photographs and “appreciations”(!)

The Bishop of Durham, having represented to the Archbishop of York his desire to vacate the See of Durham on grounds of age and length of active service, the King has been pleased to approve his resignation. Dr. Henson’s resignation will take effect on 1 February next.

The “appreciations” are, of course, absurd and exaggerated, but I am surprised by their general tone of kindness and respect. Especially is this notable in the case of the Daily Herald, where, though it is stated that “except among the clergy he (i.e. the Bishop) has not been greatly loved by his own flock,” it is admitted that “although he seems a Tory, Dr. Henson is certainly a democrat.” This recalls Warden Anson’s description of me as “a Jacobin lacquered over to look like a Tory.” I can recognize the truth in these unpleasing pictures.

[170]

[symbol]

The Daily Herald prints the following in italics:

If he had cared to trim, to be diplomatic and to court the necessary kind of popularity, Dr. Henson could have been an archbishop. Perhaps it is good that he despised such arts – both for the Church and for the nation.

Then it concludes, rather unflatteringly:

Dour to all but his intimates, completely self-reliant & self-assured, his retirement will make no difference to him. Nothing short of death will be able to do that.

This precious screed is signed “J.D.”

The “Manchester Guardian” published “An Appreciation from a Correspondent” which is sufficiently discriminating to suggest some measure of personal knowledge. One sentence would please me if I could be sure of its truth:

He has always been best loved where best known.

[171]

I signed the agreement for the moving of my furniture and books from the Castle to Hyntle Place, and sent it to Frasers Ltd, Ipswich. Also, I told Alexander, William, & the 3 gardeners that they would continue to be in my service for yet 3 months; that I should give them notice on January 1st; and, that, if they so desired, I would recommend them to my successor. They are clearly rather cast down by the prospect.

[symbol] One of the papers prints a full length photograph of the Bishop of Gloucester, and describes it as a portrait of the retiring Bishop of Durham! Who has the greater injury, he or I?

We all motored to Stockton, and attended the "civic service" organized in connexion with the 4th Centenary of the English Bible celebration. There was but a meagre congregation, though the Mayor attended, & there was a considerable muster of the clergy. A Methodist minister read one lesson, and a Presbyterian read another. The latter launched out in a flattering address to me in the vestry! On the whole, I was disappointed with this "effort."

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[172]

Friday, October 28th, 1938.

A number of letters, mainly from clergy of the diocese, expressed regret at my approaching departure.

Norman Sykes* wrote:-

I should like, as a junior student of the history of our church to say that your retirement reminds me again of the words of Creighton* to [William] Stubbs* when Stubbs was nominated to the episcopate: "I think that your accession to the Bench will bring strength everywhere it is needed. Your large knowledge of everything concerned with the position & principles of the Church will be of invaluable usefulness. Your statesmanlike views & your experience of affairs will secure universal attention." I am afraid that the number of clergy of whom this could be said is smaller now than a generation ago. For this reason particularly I regret your resignation, & hope that your pen will continue to contribute to the good estate of our church.

[173]

I went to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Religious Education Board: and then I had tea with Braley and his wife. I returned to Auckland, and then went to Barnard Castle, where I took the chair at a meeting of the League of Nations Union. As I stepped out of the car, I slipped, & went "spread-eagle" on the platform! The constable was most attentive, but I felt "shaken" and, perhaps, humiliated by this involuntary and undignified prostration. There was a large attendance: but Miss [Eleanor] Rathbone,* who was plainly tired out by much speaking, was verbose, incoherent, and excessively lengthy. There were two foolish questions, & some fatuous speeches in moving votes of thanks: & then the proceedings ended. Col. Vickery thought it a suitable occasion for pronouncing an immense eulogy on the Bishop of Durham, which amused while it alarmed the poor gentleman. I brought Miss Rathbone to the Castle, where we found Bobbie Bruce, & his wife, who is the Lord Chancellor's daughter, had just arrived. We were all mortally tired, & soon went to bed.

[174]

Saturday, October 29th, 1938

Some more letters expressing regret at my resignation. They came from:

Sir Thomas Oliver
Head-deaconess Panton
Costley White, Dean of Gloucester
Bishop Cecil Boutflower
Bishop of Burnley
Bishop of Barking
Dean of Winchester (Selwyn)
Bishop Harmer
Canon Bezzant
J.F. Duff, Warden
Principal Bowis
Sir Charles Grant Robertson

It puzzles, surprises, and humiliates me to read language about myself, which, I must needs assume to be sincere, & yet which is almost grotesquely excessive, and, indeed, in some cases appears to me quite absurd as applied to the man whom I certainly know better than anybody else. Yet even such language has a kind of importance as disclosing the actual impressions made on individuals by him.

[175]

Dr. R. H. Murray writes to tell me that he has availed himself of the liberty granted by the last Marriage Law (Amendment) Act, and has divorced his insane wife. He proposes to marry again, & asks me to marry him! Ought I to comply with his request? If I do, much public notice must be directed to his marriage, which will certainly be severely condemned by most clergy & "pious" laity. I should draw down on myself much odium, which could not but have effect in lessening any influence I may possess. On Sept. 24th 1937 I wrote to him in answer to a letter, which he had addressed to me, asking my advice in the matter of his divorcing his insane partner. I there admitted the moral & legal right to divorce which he appeared to me to possess, but I pointed out the inexpediency of his taking an action which "would be regarded with deep disfavour by a large section of the Anglican clergy" and which "might immerse him & his wife in some inconveniences." I said that his contemplated action could not but have the effect of lessening his influence for good. Does not my own [176] reasoning require that I should decline to officiate at his marriage? Yet, would not refusal be interpreted as personal cowardice on my part? I finally decided that I ought to say, No, and forthwith did so at some length.

[symbol] Ernest [Henson]* writes at length pressing me to recommend him for

preferment to some bishop. He knows that every approach to nepotism is altogether hateful to him [me? inserted in pencil in margin]. At the time of his Ordination, and often since, I have told him that he must never look to me for preferment. How can I be fairly asked to eat my principles now at the novissima hora of my Ministry? He does not impress me as taking an adequately exalted conception of his work.

I received a letter from Rom Landau,* in which he tells me that he is a Roman Catholic. This surprized me. His whole letter was rather astonishing, &, of course, grotesquely flattering. If I were fool enough to credit what my correspondents declare, I should apply for canonisation!

[179]

We had a dinner party of the following:

Lord and Lady Thurlow
Roualeyn Cumming Bruce
Peter & Enis Richardson
Sir Henry & Lady Havelock- Allen
Bobbie Bruce and his wife
Fearne Booker
The Bishop and Mrs. Hensley Henson

Altogether a party of 12. Everybody seemed to be amicable, interested, and conversational. I was amazed by Sir Henry Havelock-Allen.* His responses in the Chapel were devout, and, after the service, it was difficult to get him away from the Chapel. I don't like to think of turning my back on the Chapel, & forfeiting all rights in this Castle. But, of course, the break must come sooner or later, &, perhaps, it is best to go when one is not completely decrepit. The County paper has a considerable sketch of my career as Bishop: & the Hereford Times devotes a paragraph to the poor gentleman. I think, however, that interest in him is giving place to speculation about his successor.

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[178]

20th Sunday after Trinity, October 30th, 1938.

A calm morning with clouded sky and rather high temperature for the time of year. I read before getting up the colloquy between Christian and Ignorance, and found myself suspiciously sympathetic with the latter. When to Christian's affirmation of man's total depravity, Ignorance replied, "I will never believe that my heart is thus bad," I think he was nearer the truth than the Pilgrim. "The spirit of man is the candle of the Lord".

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. My guests were among the communicants, and so was William. The near approach of the day when I must part for ever from the great Chapel, & forfeit finally the right to celebrate at its Altar weighs on me.

The Sunday papers treat the Bishop of Durham's resignation with salutary reticence: a brief paragraph in the Observer describes him as "always a man of his hands" (whatever that may mean), and the Sunday Times says that his retirement will involve "intellectual loss" to the Church. Beyond these fatuities mercifully nothing.

[179]

I wrote at some length to Ernest refusing his request, and exhorting him to be less ego-central in his ministry. He is so utterly conventional in his ecclesiastical outlook that I am really troubled about him. When once a clergyman lets his mind dwell on the prospects of preferment, his spiritual efficiency is impaired, and the development of his character injured.

I wrote to Sir James Irvine: to D. O. Malcolm: to Archdeacon Owen.

Bobbie Bruce and Kitty, his wife went to Durham, and, after attending the morning service in the cathedral, took a hasty view of the church and chapter library. They returned to Auckland for lunch, and then took their departure, leaving the impression of pleasant and appreciative visitors.

Ella went with me to Sunderland, where I preached at Evensong in All Saints Church, Monkwearmouth. The service was hearty and yet reverent. I was pleased with the Vicar, Wilson, and with his curate, Norman Joyce, who was "priested" last Trinity.

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[180]

Monday, October 31st, 1938.

I received some more letters from various correspondents with respect to my impending retirement. Two were of unusual interest – the one from my “little airman,” and the other from the father of a small boy, now a man of 25, whom I had encountered in the Park, fifteen years ago. “The thoughts of a boy are long, long thoughts.”

Lord Scarbrough wrote very kindly.

Very kind letters came from the Bishop of Chester, Prof. Greg Turner, Archdeacon Hunter, & C.J. Bex.

Also I received a letter from Harold Knowling* which it is not easy to answer. I love him, & mourn over the moral tragedy of his career, but I cannot see how I can join hands with him again.

I went in to Durham, and consulted Lazenby.* He advised me not to sign my deed of resignation until every shadow of dubiety as to the pension had been cleared away.

I had an interview with Hansen in which I offered him appointment to Cassop c. Quarrington, and he accepted my offer.

[181]

Hudson, the Vicar of Willington, lunched here, and informed me that he had definitely decided to refuse appointment to Heworth on Tyne. I then wrote to Necker, the Vicar of St. Peter’s, Bishop Auckland, offering the appointment to him.

Harold’s downfall, for so I must needs describe it, has been on [sic] of the major sorrows of my life. He had taken the place of a son in all but name, &, though his faults were grave and apparent, he had redeeming qualities which outweighed them. His marriage to Elsie Graham* was romantic in its circumstances, and seemed to promise great happiness to them both. When the children appeared – a charming boy and two girls – his family life seemed to be secure: and then came the War, & his long severance from home. Everything seemed to go wrong, until to my grief & amazement he was divorced by his wife. Then came his marriage to Muriel Buchanan, and my contact with him came to an end. Now, too late, he would explain himself!

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[182]

Tuesday, November 1st, 1938.

I wrote to Harold declining to hear his proffered “apology,” but allowing myself to express a personal affection, which, in these woeful latter years, has been reluctantly suppressed. I am sorry for him, for, though I must needs think he has erred grievously, I think also that his way has not been made easy for him.

[symbol] John Redfearne writes to me rather movingly:

The crag-like stability of your Lordship’s mind forbids me to release against it any weakling sentiment, but there are a few things which I must say. You have influenced my own life greatly my Lord. My friends tell me of the evidence of it, both mentally and personally. I have been honoured with your friendship, & for that I shall always be profoundly grateful and happy. Only tonight I have been looking at some 15 or 16 letters which you have sent to me on various occasions giving help & encouragement. I hope, my Lord, that you will take into your retirement, my devotion and my love.

[183]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to:

1. Dr. Mary Radford
2. Lord Roche
3. Sir James Irvine
4. Lady Florence Cecil
5. Professor Greg Turner
6. Bishop Nickson
7. Rev. S. Luscombe
8. Martin Kiddle.
9. Gladys Scott Thomson
10. Jack Carr
11. George Nimmins
12. Miss Ruth Spooner
13. Dean of Norwich
14. E. H. Blakeney
15. Noel Lamidey
16. Freddie Macdonald
17. W. Rawle

[184]

An Ordination candidate, Jeffries Fulton, came to see me respecting a title for

Ordination at Advent. I told him to approach (1) Parsons at St. Andrew's, Roker: and (2) Cowans, at Annfield Plain; and, if neither would have him, to come back to me.

I wrote letters of acknowledgement to some of my correspondents.

Then I visited Spedding for another costly and futile session.

McLeod lunched here, and discussed his parochial affairs. I told him that I would not sanction his employment of a paid lay reader in view of the fact that he had 2 curates. He welcomed this decision as it enabled him to get rid of a lay-reader, whom he disapproved, and brought to an end the unsatisfactory arrangement by which the lay-reader had been also the Warden of the Social Service Settlement. Jack Longland had suggested this course in the interest of the Social Service Centre. So everybody was pleased!

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[185]

Wednesday, November 2nd, 1938.

W. Necker called in the course of the morning to explain in detail why he must refuse appointment to Heworth.

I paid the household accounts for October, and noted with some perturbation that they were again substantially higher than in October last year. Ella's fondness for entertaining guests expresses itself disconcertingly in the tradesmen's books.

Lazenby came about noon, and, in his presence, I signed the deed of canonical resignation, the said resignation being stated to have effect from the 1st Feb. 1939. He took it away with him, promising to have it sealed by Cecil Ferens, & forwarded to Hudson, the provincial Registrar at York. Then I wrote to the Secretary of the Ecclesiastical Commission making formal application for the pension assigned to the Bishop of Durham on his resignation by the Episcopal Pensions Measure, 1926. I hope that I may assume that the legal conditions are now satisfied.

[186]

[symbol]

Wylie, the new Vicar of Hetton-le-Hole, writes to me:

Rumour, of course, been [sic] so busy concerning your resignation, that we were to a great extent prepared for it, but you have at all times displayed so youthful a vigour and energy as to put us younger men to shame, and to make us feel that your service could not yet be ended.

If I might venture to be more personal, I w^d say this. It is an idea that was in my mind long before I thought of taking Orders, & which nothing has changed. St. Paul was one of the best loved & best hated men that ever lived, but he was a great Christian. In his bold & courageous stand for truth, his fierce denunciation of evil & his great tenderness & paternal care for his children in the Gospel, the likeness is by no means superficial ! ! ! !

[187]

[symbol] Archdeacon Owen came to tea, and to talk over diocesan business. He proceeded to consult me on the matter, which, he said was being discussed in the diocese, of my wishes as to a testimonial. I said that I had ever disapproved of testimonials, and that I would accept none, save, perhaps, a book of signatures, bidding me a friendly farewell. I said also that if small gifts from personal friends

were made to M^{rs} Henson, I could not reasonably object: but in my own case, nothing would induce me to accept a testimonial: nor could I approve of the suggestion that a sum of money should be given to me for disposal at my discretion in aid of some diocesan work. I objected to my being made an occasion for "raising the wind." I have no doubt that in taking this course, I am acting rightly, & that reflective people will finally approve. If I have done my duty, a testimonial is superfluous; if not, it is a satire.

[188]

I wrote to Gerald Neill, Rector of S. Stephen's, South Shields, offering him appointment to Heworth-on-Tyne.

Then I wrote to Cantuar telling him that I had crossed the legal Rubicon, & repeating my request that he would do what he could to hasten the appointment of my successor.

Lazenby expressed himself with something like emotion when we parted this morning. I gave him my photograph, and, at his request, signed it "Affectionately yours." He is a fine specimen of a Northumbrian, tall, handsome, rather severe in manner, the last man in the world to show emotion. But I really like him & he really likes me, though we are – physically, mentally, perhaps, even morally, [sic] though he is the model of masculine virtue, & I, well, hardly the model of anything worth copying! My 3 lay colleagues, Lazenby, Ferens & Carter, are solid gold!

<!031138>

[189]

Thursday, November 3rd, 1938.

I have felt so ill and decrepit all day long, that everything has been wearisome. I went into Durham, and attended the funeral of old Alexander Dunn, the Vicar of S^t Oswald's. There was a large gathering of the parishioners, and many clergy. I read the prayers at the graveside.

Later, Martin and I motored to Sunderland, where I admitted the Rev. J. F. L. Orton, lately Vicar of Satley, to the perpetual curacy of S. Thomas's Bishopwearmouth. In my address, I referred to the special danger of "congregationalism" in that church, which is attended by a mixed multitude from all parts of Sunderland, allured either by the preaching or the music. The fact that the service was being held within the octave of All Saints, provided me with material for reference to the larger loyalty of discipleship. I felt miserably ill all through the service but somehow survived.

<!041138>

[190]

Friday, November 4th, 1938.

The weather has become unseasonably warm. The glass registered 61° at 8 a.m.

The newspapers have, I think at last exhausted the Bishop of Durham. There are a few brief references in the weeklies but, for the most part, speculations on the new appointments are replacing reflections on the out-going bishops!

[symbol] The Spectator ends its observations thus:

The Church of England today is not rich in men who, when they speak can (like D^r Hensley Henson) make their voice heard throughout the land.

The Guardian writes:

We may deplore his resignation, for his learning, courage, and candour can ill be spared from the counsels of the Church. We trust that in leisured days he will find more time to devote to writing.

The Record succeeds in suggesting that the outgoing Bp. of Durham was no saint:

[191]

[symbol]

'In the case of D^r Hensley Henson, we may feel sincere sympathy with any bishop, however brilliant, who was called to following the footsteps of the saintly Handley Moule.*

That is an excellent example of the distinctively Evangelical blending of spite and cant. But, of course, they are quite right in thinking that I did not maintain my saintly predecessor's tradition on any plane of service. For he certainly left the tradition, both in the diocese and in the Church, of a very good man of rather an obsolete type – the last educated Englishman who was a Calvinist, it was of said of him, but a very bad bishop, nepotistical and unwise in his appointments, slack in his methods of government, and rather "close" in his administration of income: but both the "closeness" and the nepotism were generally attributed to his wife, whose control of him was observed to be great, and thought to be excessive. But he was "saintly."

[192]

It pleased me to receive a letter from Monty Bere, whose acquaintance I first made when he was ordained in Barking Church in 1893 – forty-five years ago.

The Rev. Solomon P. Toperoff, Minister of the Sunderland Hebrew Congregation, writes to say that "The Jews of this County w^d like to place on record 'their sincere appreciation of the singular services you have rendered' to the Jewish people by persistently championing them & they w^d like to show their gratitude to you in some tangible form." This is embarrassing on many grounds, but I must return a civil answer to what is no doubt civilly meant. **But I hate testimonials in any form.**

On July 19th I wrote to M^r Roberts asking for an extension of the date on which I must deliver the M.S. of the book, as it was put on to March 31st. Now I must renew my request. What credit I shall retain with the Cambridge Press appears to be questionable!

[193]

[symbol] The Bishop of Hereford (Lisle Carr*), sent me the following:

3rd November 1938

My dear Bishop,

We had our Diocesan Conference here yesterday, & in the course of my address, I brought in the following paragraph:

"We have all read in the newspapers of the impending resignation of the See of Durham by one who was for two years Bishop here. Bishop Hensley Henson came to this diocese under circumstances of difficulty, but despite ill health which troubled him throughout his episcopate here, he won the hearts of clergy & people alike by his kindness, sympathy, spiritual guidance, and by the way he gave his wonderful best to small congregations in distant hamlets. It is 18 years since he left us, but his memory is cherished still. Would the [194] Conference be good enough to authorise me to send a message of greeting and good will to the Bishop of Durham, & sympathy to him now that he is about to lay down his great office.

This reference was received with loud applause, & I think everyone in this very large Conference held up his hand to assent to the suggestion which it disclosed. I hope that you will not take this as an impertinent intrusion, but I trust that it may be a happiness to you to realise how warm the memory still lives round your short episcopate here.

With warmest regards,

I am
Yours ever
Lisle Hereford.

This has a genuine [sic] ring, & expresses real kindness.

<!051138>

[195]

Saturday, November 5th, 1938.

The thermometer in my dressing room registered 67% [sic] at 8 a.m. This unwholesome warmth had its usual effect of making me physically helpless.

After breakfast I motored to Newcastle, and submitted myself to Mr Dellow's care.

The churchwarden from Coundon came to see me. He wanted to place before me the woeful state of affairs in that parish. He placed the main responsibility on the Vicar's wife, whom, he said, everybody hated, and as the Vicar was almost always accompanied by his wife in his visits, he shared the odium which attached to her. The parish was badly in debt. The Vicar rendered no accounts, & in short, everything was in confusion. I told him to send me a formal complaint, & advised him and the other churchwarden to resign. This would predispose the Vicar to give heed to my admonition that he should himself do the same.

[196]

The Lord Chancellor's Secretary wrote to ask whether the Rev. I. N. Coghlin Rector of Broxholme, Lincolnshire would be suitable for Satley. I well remember the man & his brother, who held curacies in this diocese in the early years of my episcopate. They were little better than half-wits, and I rejoiced when they left. There was some physical reason for the fact that they were not adequately virile. It was a case of arrested development. I wrote to say that this nomination would not have my approval. This is the 3rd clergyman, suggested for Satley, whom I have "turned down."

I received a letter from Lord Lytton asking me to speak at a Meeting which the League of Nations Union is organising at the Queen's Hall on Nov. 29th.

<!061138>

[197]

21st Sunday after Trinity, November 6th, 1938.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered only 5 communicants.

The temperature at 8 a.m. was 63%. [sic]

I wrote to Lord Lytton declining his request that I sh^d speak at the meeting in the Queen's Hall on the 29th, & basing my refusal on the state of my health. I said that, if I had been normal, I should willingly have confessed the consternation & shame with which the Foreign policy of the Government fills my mind.

Then I fell to the work of preparing a sermon for Hartlepool in the evening. This "hand-to-mouth" homiletics is disgusting!

I walked for an hour and a half in the Park during the afternoon. There were a good many girls & lads walking there, and all, so far as I could see, extremely well-behaved.

I motored to Hartlepool, & preached at Evensong in S. Hilda's. There was a large congregation, which included an unusual proportion of men.

<!071138>

[198]

Monday, November 7th, 1938.

The unseasonably warm weather goes on to my exceeding discomfort.

Harold writes a short letter, which does perhaps indicate that he received my letter (v. p. 183) in the right spirit. The problem raised for me by his marriage to Muriel Buchanan is hard to solve. How can I recognize her as his wife, while Elsie lives? Yet, it seems intolerable that there should be no locus pœnitentiæ open to him. And what is her position, if not that of his wife? And their child Michael, has he no claim to be considered?

I went to Durham, and lunched with Oliver Quick and his wife. Ralph Inge was there. He had preached to the University last night. The Quicks were much amused by the announcement in the Sunday Times that he was likely to be my successor. We discussed the various names which have been suggested. I was impressed by the evident dislike of Rawlinson's appointment, and the general approval of Mervyn Haigh's.*

[199]

I went on to Bede College, and presided at a meeting of the governors. We agreed to give the contract for building the new chapel to Mess^{rs} Jackson of Newcastle.

Martin and I motored to S. Helen Auckland, where I collated the Rev. William Richardson to the Vicarage in succession to the Rev. Stephen Davison. The little church was well fitted and there was a good muster of the local clergy. The service impressed me as devout and hearty. I think the new Vicar made a good start. Canon Stephenson read the lesson. He is still continuing his generous efforts to get that unhappy curate, Bertram Wilson started, but truly when once a parson has lost his character, it requires a miracle to rescue him from the gutter.

There was an eclipse of the moon. It was clearly seen from the Palace windows.

<!081138>

[200]

Tuesday, November 8th, 1938.

I wrote at some length to the Archbishop of Canterbury on the subject of the choice of my Successor. Whether in this I did wisely, I am not sure.

I occupied the morning in writing letters, mostly in acknowledgment of Birthday greeting, which came to me from various quarters.

[symbol] M^r Solomon Toperoff, the Minister of the Jews in Sunderland, lunched here. His punctilious obedience to the dietetic rules of his religion compelled me to send out for fruit in order that he might have something that he could safely eat!

Sybil, Lady Eden, also lunched here: and Gerald Neill, who came to tell me that he had decided to accept nomination to Heworth.

I walked in the Park for more than an hour: but the close atmosphere made my walk unrefreshing. I never remember feeling out-of-sorts for so many days on end, a continuing headache & sense of fatigue.

[201]

Toperoff said that there were about 1000 Jews in Sunderland, mostly engaged in making furniture. He spoke about Rom Landau, whose books he admired: and was evidently both surprized and perturbed to learn that he was a Roman Catholic. He said that Landau was a Jewish name. He explained to me what was meant by putting my name in the "golden book." I am not sure that I understood what he said but I gathered that the Jews honour those whom they reckon as their friends by entering their names on some list The main purpose seems to be to raise money for the purchase of land in Palestine. I told him that I could give nothing! However, he assured me that no contribution in money was expected from me. If it means no more than my continued support of the Balfour Declaration, I am content. I don't want to add the Jews to the lengthening list of those whom Great Britain has "let down."

<!091138>

[202]

Wednesday, November 9th, 1938.

A most beautiful day, with just enough mist to make everything look romantic and immaterial. But this woeful headache continues and makes life burdensome.

I completed a short speech for the Conference, and then walked for an hour in the policies. Preb. [Archdall] Wynne Willson* writes:

It may interest you to hear that today a small clerical society the Decemviri reads the last chapter of Christian Morality, which we have studied page by page. In my long experience of leading study circles, two books stand out, von Hügel's Essays & Addresses, and "Christian Morality" as being of pre-eminent value for such meetings.

P.S. Since writing the above, I have been to the meeting & the chairman *proprio motu* proposed a letter of thanks to you for the book, which was carried with acclamation, & I was asked to convey the message to you.

[203]

Old D^r Carter, the former Archbishop of Capetown, sends me a kind letter.

The evening paper reports that my brother's estate was valued at £64,250: and that he had left me a legacy of £5000.

M^r Carey the vicar designate of Spennymoor came to see me. He was at the Oxford House, & also at Westcott House. He was ordained by the Bishop of London in 1932. I like both his appearance & his manner of speaking – modest, devout, valourous.

Martin and I motored to Hetton-le-Hole where I collated the Rev. John Wylie, curate of Houghton-le-Spring, to the Rectory, in succession to the Rev. Frederick Smith resigned. The church, which is said to accommodate 800 people, seemed to be well-filled, and there was a good muster of local clergy. Canon Watson, as Rural Dean, read the lesson, and inducted the new Rector. The prayers were read by Bill May.

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[204]

Thursday, November 10th, 1938.

In the course of the morning my study chimney caught fire, & announced the fact by the alarming down-coming of soot.

Ella and I motored to Stockton after lunch, and attended the annual prize-giving at the Victoria High School for Girls. Froggatt presided, and spoke flatterously, but, I think, sincerely about the outgoing Bishop. I gave away the prizes, and then made a speech, rather more fatuous than is usual even on such occasions! But I had a disabling head-ache, and really had nothing to say! After tea, we were joined by Dick, and returned to Auckland.

The evening paper reports the death of the Turkish dictator. If only the rest of that evil brood would follow his example! Sir Cuthbert Headlam* wrote a kind letter expressing regret at my departure. If I believed what is said & written to me about my departure, I should fall into the absurdity of imagining that I was actually liked!

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[205]

Friday, November 11th, 1938.

The newspapers are miserable reading. All over Germany and Austria anti-Jewish outrages have prevailed with the apparent connivance of the Nazi Government. Fresh measures of persecution are announced against the Confessional pastors. The Times gives very full reports, and has a short leader denouncing these abominations with proper severity.

I wrote acknowledgements to some more of the flattering letters which came to me last week, & then walked to Bryden's Cottage in the vain effort to get rid of this abominable headache, which cleaves to me with the repulsive adhesiveness of a bad conscience! The stuffiness of the weather assisted, if it did not create, my capital misfortune!

The afternoon post brought me a letter from the Archbishop. He thanked me for my "full & useful letter" which, he said, "had arrived very opportunely" as he "had a full talk with the Prime Minister after receiving it." Well: we must hope for the best.

[206]

I received also a very belated "Collins" from Lionel. He writes from Bishop's House, Calcutta, in rather depressed mood. His miserable skin ailment has again asserted itself, & doctors appear to be helpless. He expresses himself very affectionately towards me.

Bishop and Mrs Bell arrived from Chichester about 5 p.m. He told me that the question of Headlam's pro-Nazi declarations had been raised at the Foreign Relations Committee, and **that Headlam had disclosed the most obstinate and unconciliatory temper.** He is indifferent to both the protests of colleagues, and to the Primate's remonstrances. Age and deafness are reinforcing the natural defects of character and temper: and it appears unavoidable that the Church must accept the humiliating situation of being misrepresented by its own accredited representative! It is difficult to imagine a more grotesque situation; but it may be described as typically Anglican.

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[207]

Saturday, November 12th, 1938.

Diocesan Conference

I walked with the Bishop and Mrs Bell in the forenoon, and had much talk with them. They are both amiable & pleasant. After lunch we motored to Durham and attended the Diocesan Conference. Ella and Mrs Bell, though not members of the Conference were given places behind the "platform." There was an unusually large attendance. I delivered myself of a short presidential address, which could not but have a valedictory character, since it was known to everyone that this was the last Conference over which I should preside. When I had finished, first the Dean, then the Archdeacon, & then (for the laity) Mr Loft made flattering speeches about me. It was really a terrible experience, and I was on the verge of making an ass of myself: but, I suppose it was inevitable and I am sure that it was kindly meant.

[208]

I should be more or less than human if I were not deeply moved by the events of the afternoon. The speeches made were more than commonly significant in that the speakers – the Dean, the Archdeacon, Mr Loft & the Bishop of Chichester – seemed to be really trying to express what they felt, and their words were received by the Conference with evident acceptance. The note of personal affection for myself seemed to dominate everything: & this at once amazes and consoles me.

After the Conference I gave tea in my rooms to the Bells & Ella. Cecil Ferens & Carter came also.

In the evening we had a dinner party of 16 & then, we retired to our rooms, very tired, &, for myself, emotionally exhausted. The unseasonably warm weather makes life uncommonly difficult.

Sylvia & Barbara Marsh and Verna Ellingsen, Martin's sister came on a short visit.

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[209]

22nd Sunday after Trinity, November 13th, 1938.

A boisterous night. The temperature at 8 a.m. stood at 64%, [sic] unwholesomely warm. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. My guests communicated & William Martin assisted. The light in the Chapel was so bad, that I read the service with difficulty.

After breakfast, I wrote to the Chief Rabbi, forwarding the resolution which was adopted by the Conference yesterday afternoon. Also, I wrote to the Dean and the Archdeacon thanking them for their speeches.

My guests went into Durham to attend Evensong in the Cathedral. I wrote to Jack Carr & George Nimmins* and sent them each a copy of the Bishopruck.

Bishop Willis,* now retired from the Bishopruck of Uganda came to lunch. He is growing deaf, but is otherwise little changed. He was deputising in the parish church.

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[210]

Monday, November 14th, 1938.

A beautiful day. The Bishop of Chichester and Mrs Bell left the Castle after breakfast.

The newspapers are so full of fresh reports of anti-Semitic barbarities in Germany that they have little space for Saturday's Conference! However, they do report what I said about the situation in Germany, and the resolution against anti-Semitism adopted by the Conference.

Charlie [Pattinson]* wrote to invite me to Edmundryers, and said that he would come and fetch me. I could not resist his summons, and went with him after lunch to his charming Rectory, where Christina gave me an affectionate welcome. Charlie and I walked for an hour in the glorious moorland country. It is sad to hear that the small population continues to decline. In such a natural environment there should grow up a sturdy and independent peasantry. The game-keeper, whom we encountered, told me that the average annual yield of grouse from these moors was 1850 birds, which seems to me very large.

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[211]

Tuesday, November 15th, 1938.

Another glorious day. This wonderful country looked its best. The water of Edmundbyers is good to drink but bad for shaving. It is like the water in Hindlesham terribly hard. As a result I had the humiliation of presenting myself to my hostess at breakfast in a repulsive state of be-damagament! After breakfast, Charlie fetched the Times and I read it for most part of an hour. [symbol] It is full of German violences against the Jews, and reactions of disgust and horror from every part of the world. The Prime Minister was questioned in the House of Commons with much persistence. It is evident that public opinion is greatly stirred, & that there is an increasing disposition to connect the abominations in Germany with the German claim to have her former colonies returned. Why, it is reasonably asked, should we place the native population under a tyranny, which can organise & defend the horrific crimes reported from Germany. The prospects of the Government candidates in the by-elections have been considerably worsened by the most recent self-revelations of Nazism.

[212]

Charlie took me for a walk on the moors. Nothing could have been more delightful. The country in the deep repose of a windless day, & illumined by a bright sun was lovely enough to cure the most indurate of town-dwellers of his urban heresies. If only this abominable head-ache would cease, I should be completely happy. But Paradise with a headache would be unendurable. Charlie & I walked out again in the afternoon. The hills, seen in the light of the declining sun, became a deep purple, mysterious & yet gentle – a wonderful country.

After dinner, mine host and hostess discoursed sweet music. They make a very attractive picture in this romantic scene, & seem to be on the best of terms with all their neighbours. A sewing meeting in the afternoon, & a dancing class in the evening, disclosed a happy relation between the Rectory and the Parish: but the small population continues to dwindle.

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[213]

Wednesday, November 16th, 1938.

The weather is worsening. This morning is dank and depressing. I decided to go into Newcastle, and consult a doctor there on the subject of my persistent headache & failing legs. D^r Allen, the Churchwarden of Benfieldside, suggested D^r Spence, and to him I went after lunch. He examined me, & had not much to say, but counselled that I should surcease from work for 10 days, as a first step. He would get into touch with Dr McCullagh as to the next! This sounded rather futile, & hardly worth the three guineas! Inter dia he said that I was "well preserved," and that my skin was particularly healthy! He did not think intellectual work did any harm, & indeed, rather counselled me to continue it. He expressed regret at my approaching departure from the North, and we parted amicably, but I retained my headache!

Ella, Fearne & Sylvia Marsh came to tea, & I returned to Auckland with them. I had another interview with Spedding, but to little purpose, except of course a further wastage of my shrinking resources!

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[214]

Thursday, November 17th, 1938.

[symbol]

After the morning mist had cleared, the day was beautiful.

I am receiving some odd letters – partly denunciatory, partly expostulatory, **occasioned by the reports of my references to Abyssinia and Anti-Semitism.** These letters come from Roman Catholics who resent my strictures on the silence of the Pope during the varied abominations of Italy's "conquest" of Abyssinia, and **from perfervid supporters of the Prime Minister who are indignant at every criticism of his "appeasement" policy.** There is deplorably little capacity of moral indignation remaining in Britain. Everybody appears to be paralyzed at the prospect of War, and almost indignant at the suggestion that there may be even worse things. The "drawing room Fascists" are numerous & shameless: and the Roman Catholic propaganda against Republican Spain is unceasing & effective. Great Britain has played an ignoble role in the world since Baldwin gave place to Neville Chamberlain.

[215]

Ella and I dined with M^r & M^{rs} Nicholson at Southill. I sat between M^{rs} Baker, Baker & mine hostess. Colonel Bowes, W. Horley Longden, the Governor of the Prison, & M^r & M^{rs} Sprot were also dining. All very friendly but I was not feeling well enough to play my part: & was glad when at length we were able to get away.

The Jews are embarrassingly grateful to their friends! This morning's post brings a request from the Newcastle Jews that I will consent to have my name inscribed in their "Golden Book," & will agree to have my name associated with the Chair of English which it is proposed to found in the Hebrew University in Jerusalem!!!

That indefatigable beggar, Gadd* of Burnhope, writes to solicit a contribution from my "unemployed Fund" for some unhappy miner who has been blinded in an accident in the pit. I was ass enough to send him £10 from the dwindling balance which yet remains!

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[216]

Friday, November 18th, 1938.

Shaddick told me that he had seen young Burnip & was prepared to offer him a title for the Advent Ordination. He also said that my suggestion that his Mission Church should be dedicated to S^t Herbert had been eagerly adopted by the Parochial Church Council. It seemed to me appropriate since the parish church was dedicated to S^t Cuthbert, that the mission church should be dedicated to S^t Cuthbert's devoted friend.

He said that the Dissenting Ministers had declined to accept appointment as Chaplains in the Territorial Force with the result that all the Chaplains were Anglicans. This is an evidence of the extent of Pacifism among these sectaries. In the event of War, I think we shall have considerable bother with the Pacifists.

I offered some of the portraits in my study to Charles Nye who seemed glad to have them. There is something rather brutal about giving away pictures, which are all charged with associations.

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[217]

Saturday, November 19th, 1938.

[symbol]

Lord Sankey* wrote to me the following letter:

13 Albert Place
Kensington W9

My dear Lord Bishop,

I have read with very real regret the news of your resignation, & I hope you will allow one of your many admirers to thank you for the great work you have done, not only work for the Church of England but, as I think, for England as well. Although I hope that you will long be spared to enjoy a well-earned rest, I also hope that you will make your voice heard wherever you are. We need it. With kind regards, hoping to meet you in the future as in the past.

Yours very truly
Sankey

Also, the Bishop of Chichester sent me a very kind letter. In fact, all these letters are reducing me to a condition of sloppy sentimentalism, in which I am capable of any measure of absurdity!

[218]

The Palace
Chichester
18th November 1938

My dear Bishop,

I cannot let the week go by without sending you a few lines of gratitude for the very happy weekend M^{rs} Bell and I spent under your roof: & though my spouse has written to Mrs Henson, I should like to add this personal appendix. I am very glad I was with you on the occasion of such a deeply-felt personal leave-taking between yourself and your Diocesan Conference. It brought home to me the strength of affection which binds your people to yourself, & you to Durham. Fortunate flock to have had you as their shepherd in these changing 18 years! May I say that I was very glad to be there as partly the “honey ant” that was, & still more as one of the body of Bishops (unworthy though I am) to give personal [219] expression to the affection and admiration which we all feel for you. It is both your courage & your character & eloquence in word & writing that draws me to you - & the others too – and also your great personal kindness and sympathy. The Church of England is much blessed in having had you for so long as a great leader & champion, honoured & head of all men. Thank you ever so much for all your goodness to me – never failing: & for the

inspiration which, whether we always agree or not, you always are. My wife & I look forward to your visits to Chichester. We did enjoy ours, & the talks & Walks in Auckland Castle.

Yours affectionately

George Cicestr.

[I fear that I must be a very gross humbug: or that G.C. is an uncommonly flatterous person. But in my present state of sloppy sentimentalism, I lap it up!]

<!201138>

[220]

23rd Sunday after Trinity, November 20th, 1938.

[symbol]

A calm morning. I did not get up for service at 8 a.m., but caused Martin to celebrate in the Chapel.

After lunch we motored to Sunderland, where I preached in the parish church to a **large congregation of Freemasons**. They had brought their wives with them, following a modern fashion which I greatly dislike. Thus the aspect of the congregation was that of the normal congregation, & its distinctive character as a gathering of Freemasons was destroyed. Women are pushing in everywhere, and spoiling everything.

After the service we went to the Rectory, & had tea with M^{rs} Stannard. Then, we went to Castletown, and I preached at Evensong. The patronal festival was being observed. S. Margaret of Scotland is the patron saint, but in answer to the inquiry why such an unusual dedication was made, I was told a local magnate's wife was named Margaret, & thought it "nice" to have the parish church called S. Margaret's!

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[221]

Monday, November 21st, 1938.

The worst of making speeches of sympathy about the victims of oppression is that the said victims immediately assume that you can & will assist them: when, even if you have the will (which may be taken for granted), you have no power. Every post brings piteous appeals for help for many miserable folks in China, Czecko-Slovakia, Germany, Abyssinia, & Spain to say nothing of our normal petitioners at home: but my income shrinks as my burdens increase. Somebody sends me a newspaper cutting:

“During the 3 months, June, July & August of 1938, 80,000 Germans registered themselves as “deconverted” from Christianity. During the same period 5000 Germans registered themselves as converts to Islam.”

Certainly the Nazi morality would follow more naturally from the Creed of Mohammed than from that of Christ. But what times we live in! Everything is topsy-turvy.

Mr. E.H. Blakeney,* acknowledging the copy of the “Bishoprick” which I had sent him, takes occasion to write a kind letter:

[222]

“It is with something more than an expression of formal regret that so many of us learn that your resignation is at hand. Something vital will have gone out of the official life of the Church when you are no longer Bishop of Durham. But we may at least express a hope that, as you will still be among us, your unflinching voice may be heard whenever any sort of “crisis” emerges. We cannot afford not to hear it. A little hesitatingly I enclose something I wrote a few days ago: part of it was read out by Dean [Edward] Selwyn* in our Cathedral only last Sunday. The lines are a bit grim, I am aware, but, perhaps, they do convey a message not wholly unnecessary in these days: of ἀπορία, to use a Gospel word. I hope you will not take it amiss if I enclose this piece:

[223]

Apostasy – and World-Crisis

Are not these evils come upon us because God is not among us. – Deuteronomy.

Slowly our dreams dissolve, our visions fade;
Along the vast horizons of the world

The lamps by some invisible hand are dimmed,
While darkness gathers. Now on every side
Is heard a lamentable sound, the cry
Of stricken hearts expectant of a dawn
That never comes. Those sweet expectancies,
Which once sprang forth like rays of joyous light
New-issuing from a cloud, have died away,
To leave no trace. Its future all unknown,
The world seems caught within a net of fears,
Despondencies & doubts. For men have lost
The confidence long cherished while they felt
God was their sovran master, moulding life
To some beneficent aim. Apostasy
Would thrust out God, and, in the vacant place,
Set grim idolatries, strange leagues, new creeds
Still to be tried, and, tried, found lacking still.
And so, in silence, God withdraws Himself,
And, as the world rejects Him, leaves that world

[224]

To frame its fond illusions. "Ephraim
Is turned aside to idols: let him alone".
"Alone": the very word is like a knell,
A sad prophetic warning. Cast adrift
From the great source of Being and of Truth,
Man – what is he? a shadow and a shame:
No light within, no grace to hold him fast
Against the imperious surge of strife and hate.
Not statesman's craft, not pact nor stratagem,
Nor all the proud accomplishments of Time,
Have power to guide our steps. We falter, reft
Of One that reigns in equity and love.
"Children of men, return!" (that Voice is heard
Between the solemn pauses in events)
"Return at length, or perish in your pride."
For who can stay the menace of the hour
Save the all-seeing Ruler, whose right hand
Is stretched, as heretofore, to lead us safe
Through perilous tracts & valleys dark with death
To paths of calm? Barren were earth, indeed,
Disjoined from Him, in whose inscrutable will
We find, at last, the peace that knows no end.

Oct. 23rd 1938

E.H.B.

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[225]

Tuesday, November 22nd, 1938.

I received from the Dean of Christ Church [Alwyn Williams]* a letter telling me that he had accepted the offer of this Bishoprick. I am glad, and believe that, Deo adjuvante, he will make a far better Bishop of Durham than I. He is much better equipped for the position, and will be able to do what, with my grave disadvantages, I could not even attempt.

My head ache continues. In vain I walked for an hour in the policies. McCullagh called, & declared his belief that it was the aftermath of influenza.

After lunch I motored to Durham, & after lunching with M^{rs} Gordon, went to the Town Hall, and distributed the prizes to the Girls of the High School. The Dean presided, & I made the usual fatuous speech. Then I returned to Durham, where Martin Kiddle* arrived on a short visit.

I received a most piteous appeal for assistance from an Austrian Jew: but with the best will in the world, what can I do? The powerlessness to help is terrible.

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[226]

Wednesday, November 23rd, 1938.

The International Literary Agency, having failed to “draw” the Bishop, is now turning to his former Chaplain! Charlie Pattinson sends me the letter which he has received:

I am writing to you to ask whether you would consider, after your long years of association with the Bishop of Durham, the writing & publication of his biography, if and when the time comes for such a book to be issued. I do not suggest, of course, that such a book sh^d be published during the Bishop’s life-time: such a course c^{ld} not be taken naturally without his authority, but I do feel that, as his life has been one of the most interesting & important among those of Churchmen of our times, a biography should be undertaken & the first steps entered upon while he is still with us, so as to avoid loss of time after his passing.

This is a curious indication of the methods by which publishers collect authors.

[227]

I walked with Martin Kiddle in the Park after lunch, & was rewarded by the spectacle of a glorious rainbow. On my return, I was called upon by M^r & M^{rs} S. Abrahams, two Jews from Darlington who “wished to thank me” for my championship of the Jews. They had been in the congregation on Sunday, when I preached to the Freemasons. The gratitude of these persecuted Israelites is almost overpowering.

I wrote a number of somewhat belated acknowledgments of kind letters sent to me on the announcement of my impending resignation. Among them was one to M^{rs} Murray Smith, old Dean Bradley’s daughter [see Alexander Murray Smith*]. She was a near neighbour of ours while we lived in Westminster, for while we were in Dean’s Yard, she was in Queen Anne’s Gate. She was a cultivated and archaeologically learned little woman, who wrote an excellent book on the Abbey. It serve [sic] as a companion volume to Dean Stanley’s well-known “Memorials.” Her churchmanship was of the vague, liberal type represented by her father, & now obsolete.

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[228]

Thursday, November 24th, 1938.

I am still horribly handicapped by physical discomfort, the legacy, as I think, of that fiendish influenza. The medicines of these futile leeches seem to me quite useless.

Martin Kiddle left the Castle after lunch, and then M^{rs} Rawlinson arrived to be the Speaker at the meeting of the Moral Welfare Association in the State Room. There seemed to be a good attendance. M^{rs} Rawlinson speaks with great fluency, but, like all female orators, she sustains the pathetic note too constantly. Her speech was a succession of eloquent perorations, any one of which would have been impressive, but the collective impact of them all was rather trying. After this, we went to the Chapel for a short service, in the course of which the "Women's Offertory" was presented. Then there followed tea in the Dining Room, and the assembly dispersed. Many of the clergy were evidently trying to say kind things to me, but found some difficulty in achieving their purpose! However they meant well.

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[229]

Friday, November 25th, 1938.

[Hugh] Ashdown* writes to tell me that he has become the father of a “fine boy.” I sent him & his wife a letter of congratulation.

The doctor came to see me, & thereby assisted in the futile dissipation of another morning. I have neither the will nor the power to compose anything. I read through the anaemic issue of the Times “Literary Supplement,” which was exceptionally filled with notices of interesting books. But neither my purse nor my leisure suffice to satisfy my appetite in the matter of reading.

In the afternoon Martin and I walked as far as the Parkhead Gates and back. On the way, we came upon a man with a ferret which he unavailingly inserted into a rabbit’s hole. There are very few rabbits lingering in the Park now.

The Times has an interesting account of a sermon preached in S. Paul’s by “the Hon. & Rev. Henry Hervey Aston” on May 2nd 1745, which was evidently written by D^f Johnson – one of the many which “the great Lexicographer” wrote for [228] his clerical friends. It is probably the sermon referred to by Boswell.

“Dr Douglas, Bishop of Salisbury ‘the great detector of impostures’ told Boswell that Johnson ‘gave an excellent sermon to a clergyman, who preached and published it, in his own name, on some public occasion’ (Life iii. 507). It is extremely probable that this was the sermon the Bishop had in mind.”

“Mr. Aston was clearly called upon to make a special effort & whatever he may have done at other times, he naturally on this occasion turned to Johnson, who had known him long, who ‘loved him much,’ and on whose secrecy he knew that he could depend with complete confidence.”

It is surprising, even startling, that so honest a man as D^f Johnson should have tolerated the publication of his composition under Aston’s name.

The Archbishop of Canterbury sent me a friendly letter suggesting that I might now arrange with my successor the appointment of a new Suffragan.

[229]

It is, perhaps, significant that none of the Church newspapers include in their reports of the recent meeting any reference to the Archbishop’s reference to the approaching retirement of the Bishop of Durham, which seems to have impressed both Archdeacon Owen and Miss Headlam who heard it. His Grace writes:

“The Church Assembly showed how truly they will share with me the great regret that we shall no longer hear any of your brilliant & forceful speeches there.”

There are no adjectives that I have more often to endure, & now which I dislike more as applied to myself than “brilliant” and “forceful.” Both are not really well-chosen or wholly well-meant.

I received from the Cambridge Press a Reprint of the New Testament translated by William Tyndale 1534, and from Mess^{rs} Cobden-Sanderson Ltd. “The Poetry of the Bible” a new Anthology edited by W. Force Stead. Certainly if “boosting” the Bible could bring it back into public regard and knowledge, we ought to witness a notable revival in Scriptural interest. But it is not by such means that the Kingdom comes.

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[230]

Saturday, November 26th 1938.

A still, calm day, cold but pleasant. I felt so ill that I could do nothing, but spent much of the morning walking in the policies.

Forster of Whitworth House, Spennymoor, sent pheasants, which I acknowledged.

I wrote to the Dean, advising him by no means to include the abandonment of residence in Auckland Castle, in his scheme of episcopal action.

I found much amusement in reading [George] Coulton's* latest book "Medieval Panorama." It is a rechauffé of his previously published work, and recalls to one's mind much of what one has read there.

Martin went to Roker to interview the Vicar with the view that, if they liked one another, & the parochial conditions were suitable, he should join the staff of that church, as soon as the new Bishop were settled here, & he was reasonably free to make another arrangement for himself.

<!271138>

[231]

Advent Sunday, November 27th, 1938.

A hard frost, and a fine, still morning. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 7 communicants including William.

Fifty years ago I was instituted to the cure of souls in Barking Parish Church by Alfred Blomfield, * Bishop Suffragan of Colchester. As far as I know, everybody who took any part in the service is dead. I linger.

In the D.N.B.'s Article on Bishop Maltby I read:

In 1838 he was present with Bishop Stanley of Norwich at the meeting of the Brit's Ass. in Newcastle-on-Tyne. While there, both Maltby & Stanley subscribed to a forthcoming volume of sermons by William Turner, a local Unitarian divine. The appearance of the subscription list excited some commotion, public indignation was stirred by a leader in the "Times," & it is said that Maltby was burnt in effigy. Both bishops explained the matter as "a personal compliment." Maltby's explanatory letter, 25 Oct. 1838, expresses his repugnance to Unitarian doctrine. [232] Maltby retained the charge of his diocese till his 89th year, when increasing infirmities made him anxious to be relieved of his duties. In 1856 a special Act of Parl (19 & 20 Vict. 115) provided for the retirement of the Bishops of London (Blomfield) and Durham, and Maltby immediately resigned on a pension of £4,500 a year. He died in his 90th year on 3 July 1859 at 4 Upper Portland Place, London.

I wrote several letters acknowledging some which had been sent to me with reference to my birthday & the announcement of my resignation. Among these, I wrote to Grant Robertson, Ruth Spooner, Fred. Macdonald, and Noel Lamidey. The latter, writing from Canberra, Australia, expressed himself strongly in condemnation of the treatment of the Aborigines, and sent me a newspaper cutting, giving a rather alarming account of the audacious efforts of the Papists to get control of the civil service appointments in Australia.

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[233]

Monday, November 28th, 1938.

A letter in the Times headed "The Thamin" caused me to consult the Oxford Dictionary to learn what the name meant. I learnt that the thamin is "a deer of Burmah & Siam resembling the swamp deer." It was once also called "Eld's deer from Captain Eld who discovered it in 1838. It appears to be in imminent danger of becoming extinct.

My head ached so pertinaciously that perforce I gave up the attempt to work, & walked in the policies before lunch, and in the Park afterwards. But it was all to no effect. The vicar designate of Pelton, Knox, came to see me. I liked him. He described himself as a "Prayer-book Anglo-Catholic." In spite of this he gave me the impression of a manly and devout Christian.

Martin and I motored to Sunderland, where I admitted Rothwell Richardson to the perpetual curacy of St. Barnabas, Hendon. There was a good congregation and a numerous muster of the local clergy. On the whole, the service pleased me.

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[234]

Tuesday, November 29th, 1938.

At last the official announcement of my successor's appointment appears in the newspapers. He has excellent recommendations academic and personal, and, what is hardly less valuable, he has neither my own exceptional lack of all the conventional qualifications, nor the host of antipathies which I aroused in the course of a public career, stormy beyond the normal wont. He is comparatively young, and has no enemies. All the Wykhamists [sic] and all the "House men" will welcome him. I had none prepared to welcome me, but arrived with the unpleasing associations of a recent "heresy hunt." Well, my place in the episcopal record is fixed, & my name will soon be forgotten. My successor's is yet to be achieved and registered. The appointment is, in some respects, surprising, but will, I think, be generally approved. It is no mean advantage that Williams will have, in the fact that, having never been either an incumbent or a bishop, he will not be handicapped by the jealousies of incumbents and the disappointed sorenesses of other Bishops!

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McCullagh came to see me, and I met him with the dismaying information that I had not taken his medicines, & I would not take them! On the whole, I think I fare best by "leaving well alone," but it is rather hard on the leech.

The Bishop designate asks me to nominate [Leslie] Owen to* the Suffraganship: and I did so. If his health is adequate, the appointment would be well-advised: but there is some uncertainty on that matter. However, I think he may be trusted to decline appointment if he knows himself to be physically insufficient.

Gadd is responsible for the following:

D^r George Macdonald told a delightful anecdote that occurred after he had been preaching on the universal appeal that Christ made to mankind. An old lady after the sermon said to him, "There is only one thing that I have against Jesus Christ." "What is that, madam," inquired the [236] preacher, and was informed, "I cannot stand him being a Jew!" "What would you have had Him to have been," asked D^r Macdonald, and received the startling reply, "I should have liked Him to have been a Christian!"

The Rev. Ronald Collins, lately a chaplain in the Royal Navy, came here to see me, & spend the night. He desires to be beneficed, and, on the whole, appears to be fairly qualified for pastoral charge. His description of the Roman Church in Malta was interesting. He said that the Church was very unpopular with the R.C. officers & men

in the Fleet. They though it "let them down." The Maltese were not well disposed to Italy, & save for the Italians in the island favoured British rule. His account of religion in the Navy brought home to me the difficulties of the chaplain's task. Between the mechanical discipline of the authorities & the natural irreligion of the men, it is difficult to make religion real.

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[237]

Wednesday, November 30th, 1938.

A violent night was followed by a bright day. Martin and I motored to Durham, where, at 9.30 a.m. I celebrated the Holy Communion at the Altar in the Galilee, and, in the course of the service “ordained” Martha Bates to the office of a deaconess. The Head deaconess with her little flock communicated. It was a very solemn little service. The choral celebration at the High Altar in the Cathedral was proceeding at the same time. The sound of the music added to the solemnity of the Galilee Service.

Then I went to the Archdeacon’s house, & discussed with him and his wife the offer of the Suffragan Bishoprick, which, at my successor’s request, I had made to him.

We returned to Auckland for lunch, after which Martin and I motored to Birtley, where I consecrated an addition to the burial ground. There was a considerable muster of people, but I did not give an address. The ground was so wet, and the weather so cold, that I took the bulk of the service in the Chapel. Then we returned to the Castle.

[238]

Old Bishop [Rodney] Eden* sent me an affectionate letter, in which he told me that the present Archbishop of Canterbury “would not allow him to resign until he was 75, though he tried to get his consent twice before.” Then he proceeds:

I mourn for the dear old diocese of my birth and boyhood: but not for you and Mrs Henson. I think you may have some of the best work to finish, & you will both be freed from the grind and burden of much of a Bishop’s routine. So I wish you both happiness & time for thought and prayer.

Also, the Bishop of Winchester (Garbett)* writes from India:

“We shall all miss your independence of mind, & the eloquence by which you expressed it.

The great strike in France, which seemed to be the opening of a Revolution, is reported to have collapsed completely before M. Daladier’s determined attitude.

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[239]

Thursday, December 1st, 1938

[sumbol]

My headache this morning worse than ever. I am beginning to be alarmed as well as puzzled.

Martin and I motored to Durham, where I licensed curates & admitted Watson to an hon. canonry. After tea in the Castle, we went on to Gateshead, where we had dinner at the Rectory, and then went to the parish church for the Confirmation. There were about 180 candidates, the sexes being almost equally represented. After the service we returned to Auckland.

Stephenson, in the brilliant red cassock of a Royal Chaplain, & wearing bands in the approved fashion, seemed happy & well. I think his parishioners are greatly pleased and flattered by his appointment to the chaplaincy. They take it as a compliment to themselves!

There is always something specially appealing about the confirmation of very poor folk. They are terribly in earnest, and far more "natural" than their "betters"!

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[240]

Friday, December 2nd, 1938.

Charles and Christina came to lunch, and afterwards went round the house with Ella, seeking what they might devour: but their shyness was too much for their appetite, and they limited themselves to 2 or 3 pictures.

Forgetting that by the middle of January we should have moved away from Auckland, I had suggested to Ruth Spooner* that she should come up for my "swan-song" on Jan^y 27th. This morning I received from her a letter adopting my suggestion! I had perforce to tell her that it could not be, very humiliating!

Ernest William Southcott, the young Canadian, who seeks Ordination at Advent, on a title from Shildon, but has failed for the 2nd time in G.O.E. came to see me. He has admirable credentials, & is evidently full of enthusiasm, but he has little power of concentration, & has been encouraged to offer what it is the foolish fashion to call "leadership" in lieu of knowledge. I was in great doubt what course to take with him: and, finally, with some misgiving, I decided to Ordain him on [241] the understanding that he reads for 6 months under the direction of one of my examining chaplains. The shortage of curates is so serious, & the poverty of the candidates is so extreme, that only really gross defect can justify refusal to ordain any man who appears to be of good character, sincere, & intelligent. Passing examinations of any kind appears to be really beyond the powers of many of the candidates. It is a very shocking situation, but where the remedy is to be found is hard to see.

The first consignment of Jewish children from Germany have arrived in this country. Their departure has been signalized by fresh violences against their relatives. Is it really possible to establish amicable relations with a State which can treat its own citizens with such appalling barbarity? How can anyone respect a nation, claiming to be civilized, which can acquiesce in, & indeed applaud such revolting oppression? "Appeasement" on the basis of condoning Anti-Semitism is unthinkable.

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[242]

Saturday, November 3rd, 1938.

Are the dictators bent on forcing another "Great War"? If that were their purpose, it would seem difficult to improve on their methods, whether directed from Berlin or from Rome. The organized insults to France, by the slaves of Mussolini and the organized insults to Britain by the slaves of Hitler, while both combine to make the situation in Palestine unendurable, ought long ago to have provoked a conflict, to say nothing of the situation in Spain – but under the plea of Chamberlain's policy of "appeasement," we have nothing more from our prodigious expenditure on armaments than the bills to pay! But there is a limit even to British sentiment and French fear, & that limit has been all but reached.

Even the base complaisance of dollar-worshipping America may not continue, if the shocks to American sentimentalism, which German anti-Semitism is giving, go on for much longer.

It is difficult to imagine an outlook for civilized mankind more menacing, more perplexing, & more humiliating.

[243]

Miss Arthur came to lunch, & to give Ella a lesson in lip-reading. I gave her £10. She was reluctant to accept any payment for her lessons, but I insisted.

John Redfearn came to tea, & talked me, or rather questioned me, into a state of "resentful coma," which Laski* says is the normal condition of research professors! He was very anxious to make clear to me the method of his religious teaching in the great secondary School in Sunderland, on the staff of which he serves; & in his ardour he did not realize that I was exhausted! I was thankful when the Archdeacon appeared, & I was able to send the dear youth away.

Owen is clearly eager to become the new Bishop of Jarrow. He has seen both the Deans, Durham & Winchester, and he assures me that both approve his decision. He has some excellent qualities, and will be liked by the clergy: but he is not physically robust, and is not, perhaps, quite strong enough for episcopal office.

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[244]

2nd Sunday in Advent, December 4th, 1938.

Martin celebrated in the Chapel. I remained in bed until noon, & then went to my study.

I finished reading through Coulton's "Medieval Panorama. The English Scene from the Conquest to Reformation." Its interest is extreme and sustained through 731 pages. Coulton was born in 1858, and is, therefore, now past fourscore years of age. In "Who's Who" his recreation is said to be "vegetating," a rather cryptic word. Does it mean what I am wont to call "browsing" i.e. reading at will in any book that takes one's fancy? Given a large knowledge of books, keen intellectual interest, and a really good memory, the man who so employs himself accumulates a vast store of information, which helps to interpret & illustrate such knowledge as he has. Coulton's book covers the same ground as Maynard Smith's, "Pre-Reformation England" (v. p.144). The two men approach the subject from different angles. Coulton is a thorough-going Protestant with a strongly Erastian twist. Maynard Smith is an amiable Anglo-Catholic. The one is the more [245] learned: the other the more sympathetic. Both are eminently worth reading. Probably Coulton is more nearly true than Maynard Smith: since Protestantism goes more deeply into the issues than Anglo-Catholicism. It is the difference between conviction and aesthetic preference. The ecclesiastic sees all medieval phenomena through a flatterous medium. In pre-Reformation England, the one man would certainly have perished at the stake: the other would have adorned the Papal Court, whether at Rome or at Avignon.

It occurred to me that I might take as the text for my final charge to the Ordination candidates that saying of Christ which appears variously in all the Synoptics:

See that ye despise not one of these little ones (S. Matt. xviii.10)

Whosoever shall cause one of these little ones that believe on me to stumble, it were better for him if a great millstone were hanged about his neck, & he were cast into the Sea. (S. MK. ix. 42 cf.S. LK. Xvii 1, 2)

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[246]

Monday, December 5th, 1938.

Martin informed that his father had died. Leng took him to Newcastle to catch the train there. Hardly had they gone, before a telegram arrived from Ardagh-Walter,* the Vicar of South Shields:

Please can you come confirm dying man.

The problem was, How to get there, as my car was not available. Webster, who knows how to drive, could have taken me, but had no licence.

Why the Vicar did not communicate the dying man under the rubrick which authorizes the communion of those who are "ready and desirous to be confirmed," I cannot imagine. In the circumstances, confirmation could be superfluous, & rather unreal: for the service contemplates, not imminent death, but continuing life. The Bishop prays that the Confirmed person may "daily increase in the Holy Spirit." Fearné suggested that she should telephone to the Vicar: & she did so with the result that he acquiesced in my not coming to confirm.

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[247]

Tuesday, December 6th, 1938.

[symbol]

I was touched by receiving from Aidan Ward a letter expressed with some feeling:-

I cannot but regret for personal reasons that you are retiring so soon: for it has been a source of the greatest comfort to me to know that at Auckland I could find affection & encouragement, not only as from a Bishop to one of his deacons, but as from a Father to one of his Sons. Your kindness to me I shall never forget.

Also, old Dr. [Edward] Tait* sent me a very kind letter, on which he dwells on my influence on his family, to which he attributes their excellent development.

I have been reading over again your letters which bring you vividly to my mind, and the help we have all had from you.

He is now 82 years old.

[Richard] Malden*, the Dean of Wells, writes to me in very kind terms. He says that many were disappointed at my absence from the Assembly.

[248]

Gervase Markham writes: to tell me how grateful he is for my many kindnesses to him:

“I shall never forget how a terrified ordinand was made to feel at home on the first visit to Auckland Castle.

He expresses delight at the appointment of his old Headmaster to be my successor:

‘We all looked up with great respect & affection to “History Bill”. I hope he has preserved his deep laugh and raking stride.’

Braley came to lunch, and afterwards walked with Walter Buchanan Smith* & myself for an hour in the Park.

I motored to Lanchester, and confirmed about 80 persons in the parish church. On my return to the Castle I found that my successor and M^{rs} Williams had arrived. After dinner I had some conversation with him on the business which we must transact. He is amiable and attractive: she is pleasant to look at, and disconcertingly deaf. Ella will have a successor in her infirmity.

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[249]

Wednesday, December 7th, 1938.

I spent the morning in shewing the Dean over the garden &c, and walking him in the Park. He is blandly non-committal; and, though he was elaborately civil to the outdoor servants, he abstained from saying anything about taking them on. In the afternoon, he and M^{rs} Williams went round the house with Alexander & the list of the furniture which I took over from Bishop Moule. They appeared disinclined to buy most of the larger pieces, which, apart from a house capable of giving them room, are almost unsaleable. Even the grand piano in the State Room, for which I paid £75 to my predecessor's executors, they will not take. It seems fairly certain that the sale of my furniture will bring me in but a petty sum, probably about one fourth of which it cost me. I am not very fortunate in financial matters.

I motored to Hedworth, and confirmed 74 persons in the parish church. I had so bad a headache, & felt so infirm that the service was burdensome to me. However, I got through with it, and returned to Auckland.

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[250]

Thursday, December, 8th, 1938.

The Dean and M^{rs} Williams left the Castle after breakfast. He told me that he would "take on" Alexander, Leng, Webster and Larson. So far, so good: but he is apparently unwilling to buy much of the furniture. I undertook to choose a valuer, & to let him know what he must pay for the few pieces that he has chosen. The rest must be sold by auction. He will take the book-cases in my room: and the black-book-cases at the head of the main stair with the tapestry above it. Clearly, I shall have to reconcile myself to a heavy loss on the furniture.

Dick came to lunch, and, afterwards walked with me in the policies, in spite of the rain. Later, he accompanied Martin and me to Monkwearmouth, where I confirmed between 70 and 80 persons in the parish church. After a very late dinner, Dick sate in my study, and talked with me for more than [sic] hour before going to bed. He is certainly thinking steadily and sanely about many things. His development will be interesting to watch.

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[251]

Friday, December 9th, 1938.

Dick left the Castle after breakfast. I worked at a sermon for Holy Trinity, Darlington, where I am pledged to preach next Sunday evening.

That wonderful girl, Nancy Wynne-Willson, sent me a belated birthday present of a very uncommon kind. It is an album entitled "The changing scenes of life," and contains photographs of all the places with which I have been associated since my Ordination. She must have taken immense trouble to get together so complete & varied a set.

W. Harrison, the director of the Bowes Museum in Barnard Castle lunched here. Ella had promised him some gifts of lace and lustre for his collection.

I am surprized, and, perhaps, also annoyed by learning that my successor will not take over the bed in "Queen Victoria's room," or the chairs which are adorned with the arms of Bishops Shute Barrington & Lightfoot. I don't like to sell these pieces by auction. Yet what else can be done?

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[252]

Saturday, December 10th, 1938.

Veronica [Irvine] writes to tell me that she is engaged to be married: that her beloved is perfection: that her parents are well pleased: & that, in fact, all the world has become for her a very Paradise. She is a really good girl, & deserves to be happy.

The Archdeacon came to see me about various matter of diocesan business.

Later, I tore up a number of old letters, of which some were of considerable interest, but none of any permanent importance. Such indispensable destruction of old letters is a melancholy business. Some letters written from the front by "old choirboys" brought back to my mind those awful days of the Great War, when such a destruction of young men took place as left the next generation bereft of the natural treasure, mental and moral. How vainly we spoke of "waging war to end war"! Yet, I incline to think that we were so far right that War will only end between the nations because its prodigious folly & cost have been bought home to them by actual experience. The "Great War" was the beginning of the Greater War, now close at hand, which will end War.

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[253]

3rd Sunday in Advent, December 11th, 1938

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We number [sic] 8 communicants.

Most of the morning I worked rather resultlessly at the sermon for next Wednesday. In the afternoon, I wrote to Lionel, and walked in the Park. Two very ragged boys of 15, both Papists, attached themselves to me, and amused me by their chattering. Neither appeared to have any future beyond hawking and odd jobs: yet both were not unintelligent, & would probably make good if they had a chance.

Martin and I motored to Darlington, where I preached at Evensong in Holy Trinity Church. There was a large congregation. The Vicar, [Percival] Brinton, sang the service very well, & the curate, Fisher, a dull fellow with a parsonic voice read the first lesson. My sermon took half an hour in delivery, & hadn't enough Gospel to save a tom-tit! Brinton's voice is not strong enough for so large a building, & he told me rather sadly that he could not make himself heard. It is a pity, for I think he has something to say.

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[254]

Monday, December 12th, 1938.

I worked at the Darlington Sermon & finished it. After lunch I motored to Newcastle, and had my hair cut. Then I called on the firm of valuers & auctioneers Mess^{rs} Anderson and Garland, & arranged that they should value the furniture "taken over" by my successor, & sell the rest. They urged me strongly to have the sale in the Castle, and, indeed, there hardly seems any other convenient place. Then, after having tea in the Railway Hotel, I returned to Auckland. Later, Martin & I motored to Cassop-cum-Qarrington where I admitted the Rev. Harold Percy Hansen to the perpetual curacy, in succession to his father-in-law, the aged and rather grotesque, Wardle. The Rural Dean, Bolland, read the prayers, & the lesson was read by that very unpleasant person, Evans of Coxhoe. He has the "parsonic voice" in excelsis, & truly his reading of a noble passage from the 4th Gospel, was both unintelligible & exasperating. There was a considerable congregation, & quite a good muster of the clergy. The people listened to my address with admirable attention & silence.

[255]

Bishop Lasbrey* sends me from Nigeria a very pleasant message of affection & goodwill from the Dunelmians in his diocese. He encloses a type-written report of a meeting of Africans convened to protest against the handing over of their country to Germany. He says that the meeting was arranged by the natives apart from any suggestion or assistance from the English. The brutal "racialism" of the Nazis, illustrated by the persecution of the Jews is making an impression on the educated Africans, & they direct the rest.

The Bishop of Norwich wrote to enquire whether he might "safely" institute the unspeakable [Joseph] Farnell* of Witton Park to a benefice in his diocese. I was sorely tempted to write a mendacious commendation, & so rid my diocese of an intolerable abuse & potential scandal. But my conscience vetoed my inclination, & I wrote an honest letter, which cannot but have the effect of keeping Farnell on the list of the working (!!) clergy of this diocese.

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[256]

Tuesday, December 13th, 1938.

I wrote the names of the ordinandi in the Bibles and Greek Testaments: and then went with my ladies & Martin to lunch with Major and M^{rs} Surtees. I returned to the Castle, & had an interview with Bill Adams, who came at my request to give me some information about the "Cause" which I am to advocate on Sunday on the wireless. Then I tore up letters until it was time for Martin & me to set out for Hedgefield.

I instituted, or rather "admitted" to the perpetual curacy of the parish, the Rev. W. D. Carter now curate of Houghton-le-Skerne. I ordained him myself 5 years ago. He succeeds Hanson who has held the benefice for 23 years, & had become discredited by idleness, & (perhaps) incapacitated by senile decay. Yet he was not really old, not so old as I am myself. There was a considerable muster of the clergy, with whom Carter was plainly popular, & a great congregation. My address was listened to very closely, & I think, the service was edifying as well as impressive. We got back to the Castle about 9 p.m.

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[257]

Wednesday, December 14th, 1938.

I spent the morning in writing a brief appeal for the Tyneside Council of Social Service to be broad-cast on Sunday evening.

I told Webster to have everything in the garden ready for the valuers.

Perkins* sent me the proof of my article in the new Westminster Abbey Journal. He is to be the Editor. That is probably a mistaken choice. The Dean himself should have run that show. However, Westminster Abbey may be great enough to attract apart from any editor.

<!151238>

Thursday, December 15th, 1938.

Ella & Fearne went out to some play at Darlington: & Martin went to ToCH to be "initiated": so I was left alone with William to look after me. A stray cat got into my study, & mounted to the top of the bookcase, from which, not without difficulty William succeeded in evicting it. Then I settled down to the dirty and depressing business of destroying the considerable accumulation of letters in my various drawers. There is something mean about casting away what was inspired by affection & received with pleasure.

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[258]

Friday December 16th, 1938.

I spent the morning in completing my charge to the Ordinands: and then did my best to “entertain” canon [sic] and M^{rs} Kennedy, and M^r Burkitt, whom, with culpable forgetfulness of my requirements, Ella had invited to lunch. I showed them the Chapel, and then made my final preparations before going to Durham for the Ordination Retreat.

The 19 candidates made their appearance in time for tea in the Common Room at 4.15 pm, after which I had interviews with the “Deacons” until Evensong at 6.30pm. Brewis gave his first address, which was straight, simple, and sufficient. Then followed dinner, at which Valentin’s “Anti-Semitism” was read. After this I had more interviews until Compline. Then everybody went off to his bed-room. I gave to every “deacon” a copy of “Quo Tendimus?”, my Primary Charge: and to every “Priest” a copy of Osborne’s “The Christian Priest of Today.” I wonder whether they condescend to read the books. Probably not.

[259]

The project for founding a great centre of historical study in Durham, with, as its nucleus, the treasures of the Chapter Library, is taking shape. The Dean is clearly attracted by the prospect of getting rid of the Great Kitchen, (which is to become a great muniment room,) and having a smaller substitute provided. I don’t like this indifference to historical associations which leads modern ecclesiastics to abandon so readily the ancient buildings in which their official predecessors have resided for centuries, and I suspect my successor-designate of designing to rid himself of Auckland Castle. I told him brusquely that for the Bishop of Durham to refuse to reside in that famous house would be a crime: but these modern people think of nothing but their own comfort and convenience. If the Historical School shall be founded, I applaud the surrender of the Kitchen, but merely to add it to the Cathedral as a show-place for visitors would be indefensible.

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[260]

Saturday, December 17th, 1938.

The Ordinandi

To the Diaconate:

1. Stanley Hamilton Atkins. A.K.C.
2. Joseph Harold Birnip.
3. Algernon, Willford, Peloquin Cosserat A.K.C. (gospeller)
4. Nathaniel Evans. B.A. (Wales)
5. Jeffrey Fulton. B.A. (Durham)
6. James Lennox. B.A. (Trinity, Dublin)
7. Ernest William Southcott. B.A. (Brit. Columbia)
8. Thomas Swinney.
9. Charles Eric Waters. L.Th. (Durham)

To the Priesthood:

10. Thomas Ashworth.
11. Thomas Corden. M.A. (Durham)
12. John Henry Monsarrat Hargreaves. M.A. (Cam.)
13. John Hector Henderson.
14. Philip Hutchinson B.A. (Durham)
15. Robert Leader. M.A. (Cambridge)
16. Edward Brown Lynn. B.A. (Durham)
17. James McIntosh Scott M.A. (Oxford)
18. Denys Hewett Street B.A. (Oxford)
19. Aidan Crawley Puelleine Ward. B.A. (Oxford)

[261]

Nearly 70 years ago my father, then a widower, of 61, married M^{rs} Parker, a widow, rather more than 30 years old. She was a German Protestant born in Stuttgart. I was myself then a child of 7. My own mother had died in 1870. Of my step-mother's family I know nothing, nor have I ever seen, to my knowledge, any member, save an elder sister, whom I visited at Munich, when I was an undergraduate on holiday in Germany. I know that she, and my sister Marion were in Germany when the War broke out in 1914, and that they had some difficulty in getting home by way of Holland. I never heard that she had any Jewish connexions. She was (if I recollect rightly) one three [sic] sisters of whom, I imagine the youngest must have married a Jew named Hausmeister, & my correspondent must be her daughter. "Liselotte" stayed for a visit at Auckland Castle on my wife's invitation: but I do not know what

precisely her connexion with my step-mother was. I don't like to be unhelpful, but how to help effectively I cannot imagine.

[262]

Saturday, December 17th, 1938. [sic]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in Tunstall's chapel at 8.15 a.m. The 19 candidates communicated, with Owen & Brewis making with Martin & me a total of 23. We called for prayers for the persecuted Church in Russia & Germany, and named Niemöller & the pastors in prison & concentration camp. I never imagined that I should live thus to renew the procedure of the Church in the primitive ages, when the pagan Emperors strove to destroy the Church.

Then followed breakfast, when we continued reading Valentin's "Anti-Semitism." Brewis, Owen, & Martin read better than the candidates, & the book grows more interesting as the miserable record proceeds.

I attended Evensong in the Cathedral, and had tea in my room. Then I reviewed my "Charge," and (perhaps unwisely) made some additions. These appalling recent instances of clerical misconduct with choir boys are very disconcerting. They fill the public mind with suspicions & fears, & lower the Church's credit.

[263]

I delivered my final charge, taking as my lead the words of Christ as reported by S. Matthew (xviii.10) "See that ye despise not one of these little ones." The Archdeacon and Brewis were present as well as the 19 candidates, one of whom, Jeffrey Fulton, acted as organist.

It is sad to think that I shall never again have the right and the privilege of speaking to young men on the eve of their Ordination. I am occupying the Bishop's Room in Durham Castle for the last time, save when I come to preach in the Cathedral on Jan. 27th. To close the chapter of public dignity and influence is melancholy enough: but the prospect of a private life in a strange place, and with the disadvantages of comparative poverty is not less so. My poor Ella's deafness isolates me within my own house. Well, better men than I have had worse fortunes: and the time left to a man in his 76th year cannot but be brief. "Forsake me not, O God, in mine old age, when I am grey-headed; until I have shewed thy strength unto this generation."

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[264]

4th Sunday in Advent, December 18th, 1938.

THE ORDINATION

I had a restless night, worrying much over the answer I ought to make to the pitiful appeal of my step-mother's "non-Aryan" niece or cousin (I don't know certainly what her relationship may be, nor, indeed, do I know whether she has any, for her existence was unknown to me until I received her letter on Friday []). She wants to get out of Germany, and she wants employment in England for her husband, (who has one Jewish parent,) and herself. But I have no notion how to satisfy either requirement. She has the belief that a Bishop, living in a Castle, can work miracles! I don't like to refuse help to anyone related to my Step-mother: but I daren't undertake financial responsibilities which may be large & long-continued. In my present situation, when I am myself passing into poverty, &, at my age, with Ella and Fearn to be provided for, it w^d be morally wrong. "If any man provideth not for his own, & especially they of his own household, he hath denied the faith."

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"How hard it is to be a Christian!" The limitless sacrifice demanded in the Gospel – "Give to him that asketh thee" – seems so remote from reasonable fulfilment of normal social duty as to compel neglect. What is to be done about it? We still read the Gospels, and uphold the Master's Example to be the law of Christian living. In these days of triumphant oppression, when the distressed clamour for help from every side, how ought one to act? The w.p.b. may dispose of the appeals, but the trouble of conscience remains. We have been living in a "Fool's Paradise" of comfort for so long that we are wholly unprepared to encounter the affliction which is almost normal in human experience. Insular immunity is an ill training for cosmic disaster. It is high time that I should retire from exercising the Christian Ministry for I can no longer bring the Christian Ethic into effective relation to human life as it actually proceeds on the plane of contemporary experience.

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The weather has become bitterly cold, and the wind is in the East. The Ordination was attended by a relatively large congregation. The organist failed to "come in" for the Tersanctus, an omission which perturbed and confused me. Also, I consecrated far more bread and wine than was needed, a circumstance which caused some delay at the end of the service. Add that I was feeling very unwell, & it is apparent that my last Ordination was in some respects disappointing. I gave lunch in the Common

Room at the Castle to 18 of the recently ordained men & others. Then I distributed "tips" to the servants, and returned to Auckland.

I motored to Newcastle, and, at 9.15 p.m., broadcast an appeal for the Tyneside Council of Social Service. I was limited to 5 minutes, and actually used 4½, but I was told by my listening ladies, when I returned, that I spoke too rapidly. There was a good deal of snow on the north side of Durham.

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On Monday, the 19th, I remained indoors for the weather became bitterly cold: and snow fell in some quantity. I occupied myself by tearing up letters, and writing letters.