

Henson Journal Volume 76

1 June 1939 - 18 September 1939

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

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

[Six pages cut out at the start of the volume]

[Loose sheets, as transcribed below]

[symbol] June 1st 1939. Sir Arnold Wilson writes rudely of me in the Times on the matter of the Jews.

June 3rd. Stokes M.P. sends me an anti-Jewish pamphlet. Comments.

June 4th. Reflections on my own Ordⁿ in Cuddesdon Church on June 5th 1987.

I address the Brit: Leg: in General Kenyon's meadow.

June 5th. I accept app^t as President of the Surtees Society.

June 6th. I write to the Times supporting A.P. Herbert in his controversy with Buchman on the name 'Oxford.

June 8th. My letter appears, & also a letter on Buchman's side by L^d Hugh Cecil.

June 9th. "Frank" succeeds: The Times closes the correspondents [sic] Comments.

June 11th. A pleasant visit to the Temple – Preaching & lunching with the Benchers. (Middle Temple).

June 12th. [symbol] Dinner at Middle Temple. Conversation & reflections.

June 13th. I receive and answer a criticism of my Temple Sermon.

Talk with Sir Walford Davies in the Athenaeum.

June 14th. *A letter declining the suggestion that I shd wear a mitre in Ely Cathedral.*

Letter to the Warden of All Souls acknowledging my election to an Hon. Fellowship.

Grand Night in the Inner Temple. I dine as L^d Roche's guest.

N.B. the account of my conversation with some of the distinguished guests at the Grand Night merits publication for its interest and prohibits publication by its frankness!

June 20. I preach in Ely Cathedral.

June 22. Quick is app^t to the Oxford Professorship.

[symbol] June 23rd 1939. Rom Landau's grotesque description of Auckland Castle & the Bishop.

June 24th. Some melancholy reflectons on the political situation & outlook.

'The Study of Theology' – comments.

June 25. Reflections on childless married clergy.

" 26. Comments of Göebbell's' [sic] propaganda.

June 30. I refuse to send a "commendatory message" to Landau's publishers.

July 5. [symbol] I am invited to become Warburton lecturer.

July 9th. Death of Havelock Ellis – comment.

July 15th. I go to London and have some interesting conversation in the Athenaeum.

July 16th. “My eyes are unquestionably failing”.

I preach in the Chapel Royal, & lunch with Perceval, who spoke of Newman’s visit to Oxford.

" 17th. A visit to the zoo – the Great Panda.

A dinner, and a “compliment”!!

July 18. [symbol] Fisher of New College – his opinions on the suppression of his European History in Mussolini’s Italy: on the influence of Christian Science in U.S.A.: and his belief that war w^d be averted.

J. 19. I decline a literary proposal, in a letter to Canon Lloyd. He wanted me to write a book on the C. of E. in the 20th century.

I encounter M^r Pitt Rivers in the Athenaeum.

Lord Mottisone is breezily confident there will be no war.

The Dean of Westminster asks me to preach the Browning sermon in the Abbey on Dec. 10.

I dine at Grillions. I was struck by the general optimism as to the outlook, and the absence of adequate grounds for it.

Lord Greene’s views on Italy.

July 23. The Guardian has an imbecile suggestion that the late Bp. of D. sh^d be made a peer. Comments.

July 24. Sir John Tilley – interesting conversation.

July 26. R.H. Hutton on Browning’s Christianity.

July 29. My successor lowers the age of Confⁿ: consents to wear a cope when desired, & to change the “Bishoprick” by ‘drawing on a rather wider choice of contributions’. Comments.

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[1]

Thursday, June 1st, 1939.

[symbol]

A glorious summer day in the sequel but curiously cold at the start. In deference to this abominable lumbago, I had my study fire lighted, but in the afternoon it was so warm that I suffered it to go out.

I had rather an unusually large post; it was partly swollen by some pro-Arab letters provoked by my letter in yesterdays [sic] Times. There was a characteristically rude letter from Sir Arnold Wilson* in the Times. **His strong pro-German sympathies have led him to endorse the Anti-Semite case.**

[symbol] Professor Hamilton Thompson* writes very civilly to ask whether I will accept the office of President and Patron of the Surtees Society:

“This office involves no duties, but, when the Council last met, it was unanimously agreed that we sh^d not like to feel that your departure from Durham severed you from us, & that we sh^d like to mark our appreciation of your constant devotion to the cause of learning by offering you the Presidency of the Society.”

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[2]

Friday, June 2nd, 1939.

The fine summer weather still holds.

I spent the morning & an hour in the afternoon in writing a review for the Guardian of a small book on Buchmanism "Catholics and the Group Movement" by H. Chalmer Bell, published by S. P. C. K.

We lunched pleasantly with M^r & M^{rs} Cobbold at Sproughton. There were also at lunch ~~Captain~~ Major and M^{rs} Hervey.

We returned the call of Lady Burton, with whom was her daughter, a lean but humourous lady given to G. F. S.

Letters of thanks, and denunciation, for my Jewish letter reached me, two of which were addressed to the Bishop of Birmingham, though plainly intended for me. Also, I received pleasant letters from Dick [Elliott]*, Leslie [Morrison], Evelyn Braley*, and Charlie Pattinson*. The affectionate loyalty of these younger men is some comfort. If it adds to my correspondence, it saves me from a sense of complete desertion. But even this will surely fail.

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[3]

Saturday, June 3rd, 1939. ~~Deanery of Chester-le-Street.~~

[symbol]

Still the brilliant weather. The papers say that there is an "official drought" in these parts. The Times contains a useful letter supporting me against Sir Arnold Wilson on the Jewish question, & noting his rudeness to me personally.

I occupied the morning in preparing notes for an address to the Diocesan G. F. S., reading and writing letters.

In the afternoon we motored to S. Edmundsbury, where I addressed a roomful of the members & associates of the G. F. S. M^r Douglas Hamilton, the diocesan president, was in the chair. I spoke for 40 minutes, & was listened to very attentively. If I may credit the assurances of several of my hearers, who, with every appearance of sincerity, spoke to me afterwards, they were pleased & impressed. Then we all went to M^{rs} Greene's house, & had tea in her pleasant garden. Some unknown parson told me that he had heard me preach in S. Margaret's, Westminster, in 1910, [4] [symbol] on the Name "Jesus", and had never forgotten the sermon. This is interesting: but only one of many similar testimonies to the impression made by my sermons 30 years ago. I have not the smallest reason for thinking that anything like the same impression is made by my sermons now. Is the change in me, or in my hearers?

M^r R. R. Stokes, our Socialist M.P. brother of Papist squire, sends me a Memorandum on Palestine settlement, **from which I gather that he is anti-Jewish**. He has reached the conclusion that in view of political developments during the 22 years since the Balfour declaration was launched on the world, the fulfilment of British pledges to the Jews has become impossible, & that the continuance of attempts to fulfil them may precipitate disasters of the first magnitude in the Arab world, and in India. He may be right, but, if so, we had better say so frankly, & give the Jews some tolerable alternative.

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[5]

Trinity, Sunday, June 4th, 1939.

[symbol]

Fifty two years ago, on Trinity Sunday, June 5th, 1887, I was ordained by Bishop Mackarness in Cuddesdon Parish Church. It was just such a glorious summer day as this, and the country in Oxfordshire presented just such an aspect of opulent beauty as that which it is now presenting in Suffolk. Then my mind was grievously divided & distracted about all the supreme issues which Ordination raised in menacing lucidity. Now my mind is no more at ease about them, though I recall a long ministry fulfilled on the assumption that they had been finally determined. I have read much; thought much, spoken much, written much about them, and now, after 52 years like Milton's philosophic devils in hell, I find no rest in wandering mazes lost. It is a sad and perplexing confession from an old Bishop at the close of his ministry. It can hardly be brought within the ambit of the Psalmist's more comfortable summary of his life's experience – "I see that all things come to an End: but Thy commandment is exceeding broad".

[6]

What shall I say to the British Legion & others who, like them, are, or have been, or are to be soldiers? The eager propagandism of the Pacifists has certainly not been without effect. Even those who refuse to accept its Gospel of "peace at any price", are serving with a more or less deeply troubled conscience, than which nothing could be more distressing & enfeebling. What can I say on the subject of War which is sincere in me, sound in itself, satisfying to my hearers' consciences?

We lunched with General and M^{rs} Kenyon in a "medieval" road-house in their village: and afterwards attended the gathering of ex-Service men, "Contemptibles" and British legionaries &c. in the meadow attached to their house. I suppose there were 500 or thereabouts. The wind being "in my teeth", I caused the men to change sides, so that I might the more easily speak to them, and they might the more easily hear what I said. They were very attentive, & some of my hearers expressed approval of my address!

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[7]

Monday, June 5th, 1939.

Another glorious day. **There has been no rain for 15 days, and mutterings about the danger of failing wells are audible.**

I wrote a short sermon for the Abbey service next Thursday, and then went with Ella and Fearne to Little Bealings, where we lunched pleasantly with Major & M^{rs} Hervey. There came to lunch M^r and M^{rs} Mayall, whom I was particularly pleased to meet, as he is reported to be a skilled ornithologist. [symbol] On our way home we picked up George Nimmins* at Ipswich station, and brought him back with us to Hyntle Place.

After tea we all played croquet.

Rather foolishly, perhaps, I consented to become the President of the Surtees Society in succession to D^r Gee, the late Dean of Gloucester.

A.P. Herbert's* long letter in the Times opposing Buchman's* to get his movement given legal title to the impudent title "Oxford Groups" has evoked an even longer letter from an ardent Groupist called Lynden Macassey. But he misses the point.

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[8]

Tuesday, June 6th, 1939.

Fierce heat. Fearne motored George into Ipswich, and shewed him the "Ancient House", while I remained in my study, and wrote a review of a little book which had been sent me by the Editor of the Guardian "Catholics and the Group Movement" by H. Chalmer Bell. The Author, H. Chalmer Bell, appears (teste Crockford) to be a rather undistinguished B.A. of ~~Durham~~ Oxford, who was ordained in the ~~Carlisle~~ diocese of Oxford in 1896, and is now the Rector of North Crawley, Newport Pagnell. He appears to have held several curacies, & to have been Sec. of the C.E.T.S. and a Proctor in Convocation. Since he has been 43 years in Orders, he cannot be a young man, probably he is nearly 70. He describes himself as an ardent "Catholic", and a keen Groupist: & he allows himself to make some rather unflattering observations on the late Bishop of Durham. His little book is, however, rather illuminating.

[9]

~~Wednesday, June 7th, 1939.~~

Fierce heat continuing. I wrote letters during the morning, among others **a short one to the Times** containing an extract from Bell's book, indicating that within the Groupist camp there were "searchings of heart" on the subject of Buchman's advertising use of the name, Oxford. A.P. Herbert defends himself with considerable effect in a long & witty letter, which exhibits Sir Lynden Macassey in a rather ludicrous light.

In the afternoon, Fearne motored George and me to Kersey and Hadleigh.

Jack Clayton* arrived shortly before dinner.

There was a tea-party including Ella's relative, Mave Marcovitch, a daughter of the traitress poetess Eva Gore-Booth, who now maintains herself by gardening, a rather bold, & "up-to-date" young woman, whose speech was more than masculine in its freedom. ~~Also~~ [sic] came to tea, and a portentously boring pedagogue, who, at the age of fifty, aspires to be Ordained, & professes to be full of doubts! As if I could solve them!

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[10]

Wednesday, ~~Thursday~~, June 8th 7th, 1939.

The heat last night made sleep impossible. Ella and Fearne very wisely abandoned their intention of going to London to lunch with the Kirkpatricks.

The Times prints several letters, all backing up A.P. Herbert, and disclosing a considerable and well-justified dislike of Buchman's appropriation of the name of the University to describe his Movement.

General Kenyon sent me a pleasant letter of thanks for my address to the British legion on Sunday afternoon.

"You held the men to the last minute, & what you said was appreciated, & has made them think a bit. Also, which we much appreciated, was that it was evident that you had taken just as much trouble about preparing your address as if you were going to give it in the Abbey. Everyone c^d hear perfectly. I am very glad we had changed, as you desired".

[11]

I shewed Jack [Clayton] the portion of "Autobiography", which I had written; and asked him to tell me frankly whether it was worth publishing. He replied emphatically in the affirmative; but I am not satisfied that it is. And there is something almost indecent about such self-exposure to the public. He was, as usual, running over with stories, most of which are really amusing & none wholly pointless. He spoke of the persistent but unfounded rumour that he was about to be appointed to a residentiary canonry in Hereford Cathedral, & said that it had caused him much annoyance. I could but admonish him to ignore such rumours. Contradiction was always interpreted as confirmation. It was wisest to "lie low, & say nothing". Time rectifies everything. That is the secular version of the religious counsel "Tarry thou the Lord's leisure".

Fearne motored us to Colchester, where he took train to London, &, on our way home, we called at General Kenyon's house to recover my MS. of Sunday's Address, & my spectacles. But they had already been posted.

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[12]

Thursday, June 8th, 1939.

[symbol]

The weather, though still fine, was cooler and less apparently settled.

My letter in support of A.P. Herbert's criticism of Buchman appeared in the Times, immediately above a characteristically perverse letter from Hugh Cecil supporting the said Charlatan.*

I frittered away the morning in preparing a sermon for the Ely function, & reading.

In the afternoon we motored to Polston, & had tea with M^r and M^{rs} Mackenzie. After tea they showed us their remarkably fine garden, & the parish church. This is extremely interesting, being a late Norman Church in a Perpendicular frame. The Western Entrance Arch was an elaborate Norman portal. The Tower arches were constructed of Roman bricks. I was much interested by the communion rails which were Laudian, & ran down 3 sides of the Sanctuary, after the manner of the Elizabethans.

Jack Henderson writes in answer to my letter rather attractively, and says that he will pick me up after the Abbey service on Thursday the 15th. He adds a post-script: -

[13]

[symbol]

Incidentally, it might interest you to know that the Bible you gave Daddy on his birthday once, has been passed on to me.

I left Westminster 27 years ago; & have quite forgotten that I gave Alan Henderson a Bible. We never know what may come of our casual words and acts. I shall be glad to make Jack's acquaintance: though there can be little value in a friendship between a boy of 15 and a man of 75! Indeed, there is something half pathetic, and half absurd, in the eagerness with which an old childless man seizes the opportunity of contracting friendship with a boy. He cannot but know that there can be no real mutual understanding between them, that any genuine affection could not grow into anything since Death would remove the one, while Life still lay before the other. His gift to the boy can, at best, be no more than the unattractive, and commonly unwelcome, gift of good advice. The youngster's vanity or natural kindness may lead him to endure, but never really to enjoy the presence of the Senior.*

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[14]

Friday, June 9th, 1939.

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"Frank's" star is still in the ascendant. The Times announces this morning that he has been granted what he sought – legalization of his impudent description of his Movement as "The Oxford Group". The Editor, in closing the correspondence which A.P. Herbert occasioned, observes

"The Editor has received a very large number of letters on the subject, by far the greater number – most of them from serious & responsible writers – being strongly opposed to any official recognition of this claim".

But impudence and cant are irresistible in the political world: & Buchman banked on the fact. The influence of the "Hotel Cecil", and the sly patronage of our Cosmo go far to explain a very surprising decision, but, most potent of all, was the fact that more than 200 Members of Parliament had supported Buchman, by a commendation which could have no genuine conviction.

[15]

George Nimmins went away after breakfast. He is a steady fellow, who thinks sanely, & speaks intelligently – a very good example of a young middle-class Englishman.

I received a letter from A. P. Herbert thanking me for my letter in the Times, but plainly indicating that he anticipated the failure of his protest.

M^r Howard March came to lunch. After lunch a rubicund rural dean from the Lavenham district came to request me to address a gathering of parochial Councillors from his Rural Deanery – but I refused, pointing out that I abominated the Enabling Act, and all that had come out of it! I was interested to note how Laodicean his own attitude was towards the "Life & Liberty" which that Act had gained for the Church of England.

I received a proposal from the Sunday Times that I should write a review of 800 words of a volume of ^Theological^ Essays by various Authors, edited by the Bishop of Oxford.

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[16]

Saturday, June 10th, 1939.

A fine day, which became very hot. Fearne (after prodigies of altruistic effort over packing my bags) motored me to Ipswich where I took the 9.50 express to London.

By a happy, but, alas, infrequent occurrence, I was alone in the compartment, and thus able to enjoy the privilege of reading without disturbance – the one really important advantage of travelling first-class, the loss of which I deplore increasingly.

On arriving at Liverpool Street, I drove at once to the Athenaeum, & deposited my impedimenta. To my surprise, the streets were unusually free from traffic, with the result that I had plenty of time to go to the hair-dresser, & received his much-needed service. Then, I lunched in the Club, joining tables with Philip Baker-Wilbraham, who is now well settled into his work as Sir George Middleton's* successor. He was rather fun; probably [17] we both felt a certain estrangement on account of our opposed attitudes towards Transatlantic Divorce. Nor was he as resentful as he ought to have been of Buchman's impudent (and successful) rape of Oxford's good name. But this, I conjecture, reflects the attitude of Lambeth. His Grace has carried himself so "easily", that whatever the verdict on Buchman's claim should be, he would be able to pose as being satisfied with it! After lunch, I walked to Westminster Abbey, and attended Evensong. I called at the Deanery, and was told that the Dean had gone to the Tattoo. So I walked back to the Club, had tea there, & wrote to Ella. The papers report the painful & discreditable suit for libel brought by Harold Knowling's* wife (née Buchanan) against a female friend. She lost her action, & will have to pay costs. Harold is reported to be meditating an Appeal.*

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[18]

1st Sunday after Trinity, June 11th, 1939.

[symbol]

There was a slight fall of rain, which soon gave way to the sun, & the temperature rose as the day advanced.

The Master [of the Temple] [Harold Anson]* very kindly suggest that I should celebrate at 8.30 a.m.; & I was glad to do so. There were but 3 communicants besides the Master & myself.

Donald Simpson [see Gilbert Simpson"] came to see me. The Master speaks of him in the highest terms, & says that his influence on the other choir-boys is excellent. He was so anxious that I sh^d hear him sing that he actually asked the Choirmaster to arrange that he sh^d do so, as "the Bishop was a great friend ~~for~~ of his father." The Choirmaster was so complaisant as to arrange a "Jubilee" for him; &, indeed, the boy sang excellently. There was a large congregation, which listened with close-attention to my sermon. I think I preached for a ~~full half-hour~~ about 25 minutes, but there was no signs of weariness & many kind things were said to be afterwards.

There was a large party at lunch in the Inn [19] [symbol] Temple. Lord Roche* presided, and I took Lady Roche into lunch. So bad is my memory for names and faces, that I cannot name with any confidence who were present. After lunch it had some pleasant talk with divers of the Benchers.

I attended Evensong in the Temple Church, and listened (drowsily for the good preacher had a soporific delivery, and the atmosphere had become thunderous) to an immense & timeless anthem, & a sermon from Canon [Henry] Stephenson* of Gateshead.

*After service I had tea with Clayton and Stephenson & then returned to the Master's Lodgings. **We dined at the Middle Temple.** This was very pleasant for the company was friendly and interesting, and the conversation vivacious and well-sustained. Lord Finlay presided, & shewed me much courtesy. I was anxious to discover what was the standing and reputation of Sir Lynden Macassey, who has come forward in the Times as a champion of Buchman's "Groups".*

[20]

[symbol]

I received the impression that he was not greatly regarded, or respected, by his legal brethren. They alleged nothing specific against him, but I made it clear that I had received an unfavourable impression, & they neither resented my doing so, nor made any effort to alter my opinion.

We had much talk about the Jews, and it was apparent that opinion was much divided. I spoke with some emphasis on the danger of anti-Semitism developing in England, and on the

duty of all self-respecting men to guard against the too-common practice of repeating the anti-Jewish allegations, which mostly have a Teutonic origin.

One of the company, a little dark Welshman was very insistent on telling me that in 1902, he was accustomed to desert his Welsh Chapel, in order to get to S. Margaret's Westminster, to hear me preach, and that, when he heard that I was dining in the Middle Temple, he had "made a point" of coming in order to have a chance of meeting me.

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[21]

Monday, June 12th, 1939.

[symbol]

About 1 a.m. there was a good deal of thunder, accompanied over much of the country by a heavy rainfall. The air was much cooler this morning.

I noticed with regret a statement in the morning papers, to the effect that M^{rs} Knowling has appealed against the verdict in her libel suit against Miss Lawrence. It can only do harm, & make a deplorable situation still more deplorable. Harold and his wife have nothing to gain, and all to lose, by continuing the woeful business of "washing dirty linen" in public.

I frittered away the morning in the Club, writing and reading. After a vain attempt to get into touch with Arthur Rawle* at Stanstead by the aid of the telephone boy, I decided to assume that he must have received my letter suggesting that he sh^d call for me at 3 p.m., & that we w^d then go together to Somerset House. After lunching in the Club, I waited until 3.15 p.m. and then walked to West^l. There was a notice of the Thanksgiving Service on Thursday, posted outside the Hospital; but none on the Abbey door. It does not appear that much importance is attached to the Service.

[22]

[symbol]

I dined in the Middle Temple as the guest of Judge Lilley. The company included Lord Finlay, Sir Patrick Hastings, D^r Fleming and several Benchers, whom, alas!, I cannot distinguish by name. We had much interesting talk, especially about Buchman's "Oxford" Groups, and the Jews. I was confirmed in my impression that Sir Linden Macassey is not greatly regarded, whether as a lawyer or as a man, by his legal brethren. It is evident that the announcement that Buchman would be allowed to "get away" with the name "Oxford" for his movement had caused considerable surprise, and even resentment.

I sate beside Sir Patrick Hastings, at dinner. He is not an amiable man to look at, not did he attract me. But he was neither uncivil nor uninteresting. He expressed great concern at what he described as the practical disappearance of religion as an effective motive in English society. "You and I, are probably about the same age" he said; & when I observed that I was in my 76th year, he said that he was no more than 59. The general opinion seemed to be that the [23] [symbol] likelihood of war was receding, yet nobody was able to give any satisfying reason for his optimism, and all admitted that none of the causes of war had been removed.

There was plainly a strong anti-Jewish feeling in the company, even where anti-Semitism was denounced as irrational and immoral. My letter to the "Times" was evidently disapproved. But it was conceded that the Jews had been hardly treated. Judge Lilley, who has considerable knowledge of the Jews in the East End, spoke with much intelligence and impartiality. He admitted that they were extremely unpopular, & **attributed the fact very largely to the fact that they were becoming landlords and gaining an ill reputation for harshness in that character,** but he said, they were law-abiding folk, hard-working, temperate, & thrifty. Lord Finlay evidently took a less favourable view, & thought that a

considerable Anti-Semitic Movement in this country was not improbable. I was pleased to notice the full-length portrait of Lord Reading* in his robes, & expressed my pleasure at seeing the prominent place which had been assigned to it. We had a brisk discussion of the Munich Agreement, in which [24] [symbol] ***I was in a minority, but put up as strong a fight as I could.*** Indeed, I allowed myself to speak with a vigour & even passion which might fairly have been resented; but it was all in vast good humour, & we parted with many expressions of mutual appreciation & goodwill.

Archie Fleming* sate beside me, & took some part in the discussions, but he is not an impressive person, & all ways suggest to me a modern Presbyterian "Charles Honeyman". ***He shares with his Grace of Canterbury the Scottish faculty for a calculated complaisance,*** which, by avoiding advocacy of any unpopular opinion, ever succeeds in winning the doubtful triumph of universal approbation. The Treasurer engaged me in a serious discussion which grew out of Buchman's Groups. He said that Asquith after his defeat at Paisley, replied to his condolence by quoting Bishop Butler's observation as to the possibility of nations, like individuals, going suddenly mad. One of the company, with great courtesy, inquired what, apart from ecclesiastical office, was my name, & was, I thought, somewhat [25] [symbol] surprised when I told him, but whether his surprise indicated a certain shame in not having known, or disappointment in knowing what it was, I could not decide. I enjoyed the evening, but as always, was shadowed by a certain anxiety as to the quality of the impression such I must have given. Conventional ecclesiastics, like Fleming, do not appear to be distressed by any such anxieties; they live in the hour, & for it; and, (may Heaven forgive my uncharity!) they always bring to my mind the ominous verdict of Christ on the Ecclesiastics of His time – "They loved the praise of man more than the Glory of God." But I do not think that they startle, or shock, or scandalize the laity; and I sometimes suspect, and fear, that I do.

The urbanity and considerateness of these lawyers are very pleasing; and, if they are as much attracted to me, as I certainly am to them, we must be on excellent terms with one another.

Judge Lilley accompanied me back to the Master's House, and on the way expatiated on the Master's admirable qualities, & on the esteem & affection which he evoked.

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[26]

Tuesday, June 13th, 1939.

Bright, but overclouded, and still cool.

Two characteristic letters arrived, the one from Canon Cunningham, * acquiescing in my refusal to conduct a "Quiet Day" for his students in Westcott House, the other from Professor Hamilton Thompson, * announcing that the Council of the Surtees Society had duly elected me to the office of President, "neither by the way of scrutiny nor of compromise, but by acclamation".

Mr P. J. Chandler, addressing his letter from University College, Gower Street, writes very civilly to criticize my Temple Sermon, so civilly that I sent him a brief reply (copy annexed). He adds:

["] I may honestly say that the sermon "gripped" me as few have done, and I hope you will accept this letter as a token of the interest which it [sic] one who is pleased to sign,

*Your Lordship's humble servant
P. J. Chandler ["]*

[27]

June 13th 1939.

Dear Mr Chandler.

Thank you for your comment on the Temple sermon. I think that you may, perhaps, be failing to distinguish between "patriotism", which is a genuinely human attribute, but, as such, is included in the Christian scheme of morality, and "nationalism", which is a diseased, or perverted, version of patriotism, which Christianity cannot validate. Similarly, Christianity emphasizes "self-respect" but condemns "egotism"; strengthens "individuality" but disallows "individualism". The Religion of the Incarnation consecrates Humanity in all its marvellous wealth of national type, culture, and achievement; but it does not lead Humanity into a submissive and undifferentiated mess after the fashion of "Imperialist" conquerors.

With kind regards

*Sincerely yours
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop*

[28]

I spent the morning in the Athenaeum, writing up this Journal, & answering some letters. Arthur Rawle telephoned to say that he would call for me at 2. 30 p.m. So I lunched in the Club, and awaited his arrival.

He is very insistent that I ought to see my brother's Will, for he is persuaded that he left a large property, of which the amount (£62,000) in England was but a portion, the greater part of his estate being in India. He urged that I ought to see the will in Gilbert's interest, if not in my own. I said that, as far as I was concerned, I did not imagine that my brother intended to give me more than the sum (£5000) which I had received from his lawyers, & I did not care to appear in the guise of a disappointed legatee. However, I would sign the requisite form, if he sent it to me, & learn what the actual disposition of the estate was. I am afraid my good cousin has so rooted a dislike of my sister-in-law, that nothing, where she is concerned, (& she is the sole executrix of her husband's will,) will in his view be other than suspicious. How I do loathe the Mammon of unrighteousness!

[29]

I joined tables with Sir Walford Davies, erstwhile organist of the Temple, then at Windsor, and now the Musical director of B.B.C. We discussed the inevitable topics. He is serenely optimistic, and believes that there will be no war: but he does not offer much ground for his faith. He attributes to the pacific influence of wireless far more than, in my belief, is reasonable: & his confidence in Neville [Chamberlain] is unbounded. I have a liking for the Prime Minister, & much respect for his courage & ability, but I am not happy about his oft-emphasized 'realism'. However, we must 'wait & see'. Arthur Rawle says that the general opinion in 'the City' is that War will break out in August, as it did in 1914.*

The evening papers report that A. P. Herbert created a "scene" in the House of Commons by raising again the issue of the Groups. The reports may, perhaps, give no fair account of what happened, but they read unpleasantly, & suggest that he helped rather than hindered, the man Buchman. The total result of the whole incident, however, can hardly be advantageous to the Movement; & for this small boon, we must be thankful.

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[30]

Wednesday, June 14th, 1939.

I left the Master's House after breakfast, and drove to the Athenaeum, where I spent the morning in writing letters, of which two are copied into this journal. Also I corrected & returned to the Editor of the Guardian, the review of Chalmer Bell's little book, "Catholics & the Groups", from which I sent a quotation to the Times last week.

A. P. Herbert would be well-advised to leave his conflict with the Groupists remain where it is. If I mistake not, the general verdict is against Buchman, but, if he is made into a martyr, it may be quickly reversed.

Anson is certainly wielding a considerable influence in the Temple. He described to me a little gathering of Judges & Benchers, which meets in his house. He addresses them for half-an-hour: questions are asked: & then they all go over to the round church, and say prayers before dispersing. This strikes me as hopeful and significant.

That chattering goose, Jack Clayton, is "getting across" his vicar in Ross, by wanting to accept an invitation to preach to sectaries within the parish.

[31]

[symbol]

June 14th, 1939.

Dear Miss Blackburne,

We (i.e. my wife, Miss Booker (Amazon & Chauffeuse) & Lady Thurlow,* with myself) hope to come to Ely in time for tea at the Deanery at 4.30 p.m. We must return after the Service as I am much pressed just now.

[symbol] **NO! I have never worn a mitre in my life, & will not begin at the end thereof. It is in my opinion a hideous head-piece, pagan in origin, & papistical in suggestion: on both grounds eminently inconsistent with the noble simplicity of our incomparable Establishment, to say nothing of its incongruity with my Apostolical Office!** But I will sit quietly where the Dean places me, & try (for a change) to offend nobody!

Believe me, sincerely yours,

H. Hensley Henson. Bishop.

N.B. I write from the Athenaeum, having come to Babylon to preach & dine, but go back to Hintlesham tomorrow.

[32]

[symbol]

June 14th, 1939.

The Athenaeum.

My dear M^r Warden,

Your very kind letter was forwarded to me from Hintlesham, a circumstance which will explain both some delay in acknowledgment, and the heading of this sheet.

It is difficult for me to express adequately the feelings with which I receive the announcement that the College has elected me to an Honorary Fellowship. The generous kindness which must have led them to do so is wholly in line with my entire experience of All Souls, since I was elected to a Prize Fellowship, nearly 55 years ago, but it comes to me with the emphasis of a complete surprize, & I may add, with the personal appeal of your own expressions of goodwill.

In sending you this formal acceptance of my election, I take leave to [33] [symbol] beg you to let the College know how deeply I appreciate the honour they have bestowed on me, & how pleased I am, at the end of my career, to be thus pleasantly attached to the Society to which, in its start & course, that career has owed so much. I shall gladly come to the Gaudy on Saturday, the 4th November, and, since you are so good as to invite me, will preach the Commemoration Sermon on November 5th.

Thank M^{rs} Adams heartily for her kind offer of hospitality. I am sure my Wife will be delighted to come with me.

Sincerely & gratefully yrs.

H. Hensley Henson, Bishop.

The Warden of All Souls,
Oxford.

[34]

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*I dined as the Treasurer's (Lord Roche's) guest at the "Grand Night" dinner in the Inner Temple. I had the Divorce Court judge beside me, & several eminent lawyers nearby. We had some interesting talk. I was much impressed by the statement, made with much emphasis, that **the great blunder in recent legislation respecting Marriage, was equalizing the sexes in the matter of divorce for adultery.***

After dinner I found myself between Greene, the Master of the Rolls, and Lord Mackinnon. At one remove were the Master and Grant, a quondam Fellow of All SS. *My main talk was with L^d Mackinnon. He told me the following:-*

When the fate of the Prayer Book Measure was still in doubt, he encountered Sir Humphrey Milford, & asked him whether the loss of the Measure would involve any serious financial loss to the University Press, & when he was told that the loss would be heavy, he offered to give Milford the address of a Firm which w^d undertake to insure the Press against it. After the Measure had been rejected, he met Milford again. He had followed the advice given him, had effected an insurance, & had just [35] [symbol] received a cheque for £2000. "He was ready to fall on my neck in gratitude".

The Jewish lawyer, Neville Laski, was introduced to me in the Smoking Room. He disclaimed Zionism, & suggested that there was little real difference between liberal Jews like Claude Montefiori, & liberal Christians: but I did not think it right to leave him under the impression that I acquiesced in this opinion. "I do not think the Christian religion could ever compromise on the uniqueness of the Founder. Montefiori's view that Jesus was the last & greatest of the prophets could not satisfy the demand of Christian Faith. But it was, I added, important to emphasize the extent of the common ground between Jews & Christians, especially in the field of ethics."

[paragraph crossed out in red pencil] The Organist of the Temple, a fat little amiable man, started to speak about Harold Knowling, who had "had the misfortune to lose his slander suit". He said that Harold always spoke of me with great affection. I said that I had known him intimately when he was a choirboy in S. Margaret's: that I had married him to his first wife & baptized his child: but that for many years I had almost [36] [symbol] lost sight of him, & that I had been greatly distressed by his later course. It was distasteful to me to speak on the subject, & I was glad when my attention was claimed by others.

Cyril Asquith introduced himself to me. He is now a judge, & enjoys his work immensely. We spoke of his nephew, L^d Oxford, who has been bred a Papist, & is doing well at Oxford. He said that his Father, the Prime Minister, was much distressed by the boy's being bred a Papist.

I was introduced to M^r Massie, the Agent-General of Canada, who spoke with enthusiasm of the visit of Their Majesties to the Dominion. "My private letters show that it was an even greater success than the newspaper reports indicate." At one place, where it was made known that the Royal Visitors desired to rest, & must not be disturbed, silence was kept, but a crowd quietly collected; & when the morning came more than 1000 men were standing, bareheaded, at the station, waiting for their Majesties' appearance. He was particularly enthusiastic about the beauty, charm, & tact of the Queen.

[37]
[symbol]

Sir Samuel Hoare* introduced himself to me as Luke Paget's* brother-in-law. He spoke about the proposed abolition of flogging, and said that he hoped to carry it on a free vote in the House of Commons. He has evidently been at great pains to examine the subject, & promised to send me a Memorandum on it. I was impressed both by his earnestness, and by his personal civility. When I said Goodbye to mine Host, Lord Roche, he was evidently very anxious to impress on me once more, what he had urged on Sunday viz.: that I should take

rest, & avoid writing to the Times! From this I concluded that he is a strong supporter of the Government, & **was terrified by my plea for the Jews!** The strength of party ties is amazing. Again & again, Sir Samuel Hoare affirmed that he was a simple conservative, a thorough-going Conservative, &c! Personally, I am by nature & reason a “cross-bench” man, only with a more ardent temperament than commonly goes with that character. The Master went away about 10 p.m. and I followed him after a short interval. Many of the company, in saying Goodbye, expressed the hope that we should meet again.

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[38]

Thursday, June 15th, 1939.

[symbol]

Jack Clayton came in to bid me farewell. The Master, having ascertained that I had no private matters to discuss with him, remained in the room, because, he said, otherwise I might have difficulty in terminating the interview! It certainly is the case, that his loquacity and egotism are growing, & transforming him into a considerable bore: but his simplicity, kindness, and real unselfishness make everybody disposed to bear with him. Yet, there is a growing anxiety as to the future, & the suspicion of some kind of mental aberration is gathering strength, & not in unfriendly quarters. His conversation, and his letters are becoming nothing more than a recitative of his own doings: & he has acquired a curious delight in multiplying sermons and services. When he prepares the one, & what measure of devotion he carries to the other, it is hard to imagine. Having "at long last", as the sectaries say, taken his leave of me, I drove to the Athenaeum, and wrote up my Journal. The Master thinks that a residentiary Canonry at Hereford might provide both a salutary sedative & a satisfactory solution.

[39]

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I preached in Westminster Abbey at a special service of Thanksgiving, arranged at the instance of the authorities of the Westminster Hospital which has now migrated to its new buildings in the Horseferry Road. There was a procession of doctors, nurses, governors &c.: and an impressive little service. I took occasion to refer to the remarkable contribution to medical science which has been made by the Jews.

After the service, Jack Henderson, (a King's Scholar of Westminster School, son of Alan, now a Judge in Calcutta, who was a friend of mine while he was a boy in the school & I was a Canon of the Abbey) joined me. We had tea together, and, after swearing eternal friendship, parted amicably enough. He is curiously like his father, and very well mannered. He aspires to be a diplomatist, but that aspiration must not be unduly emphasized at his age. I went to Kings Cross, and took train for Ipswich. There I was met by James with his car. On reaching Hyntle Place, I found the Ladies.

[40]

[symbol]

As I was leaving the Athenaeum, I fell in with the Archbishop of Canterbury, who (with every aspect of affectionate satisfaction) congratulated me on my election as an Hon. Fellow of All Souls. He emphasized the implicit compliment. Since, so far as I know, no announcement has appeared in the papers, Lang must have learned the fact privately. I do not think that, as Visitor, he remains one of the Fellows: so that I allow myself to assume that he had not himself had a hand in the business. With much kindness, he urged me to regard Lambeth as a home whenever I had occasion to come to London, & said that, in case of need, I should not scruple to claim his hospitality. Yet, I doubt whether I shall do so, though I appreciate his kindness. The truth is, that I am so far out of touch, and out of accord, with the Episcopal

Bench, that I feel like “a fish out of water” in the company of the Bishops:& I loathe all the Bishop-haunting societies.

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[41]

Friday, June 16th, 1939.

[symbol]

A wet day. I wrote divers letter [sic], and in response to the Editor's request, wrote an addition of about 400 words to the Article for the "Courier" under the heading "Whither Humanity?"

I received from Neville Laski K.C. a copy of his book. "Jewish Rights and Jewish Wrongs". Also, from Sir ~~William~~ Montague Burton,* "My Years in Germany" by Martha Dodd, daughter of the Ex-US Ambassador in Berlin.

Also there arrived from Hugh Rees – "Spain, The Church, and The Orders" by E. Alison Peers, and

"National Socialism and the Roman Catholic Church" by Nathaniel Micklem, Principle of Mansfield College, Oxford.

Also, I received, but from whom I know not, the Bishop of Chichester's Lucien Wolf Memorial Lecture "Humanity and the Refugees". This was the lecture which I was invited to give, and declined to give. It is a slighter production than I had supposed, & I rather regret that I was too timid or too idle to undertake it. But my pace in working has become very slow.

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[42]

Saturday, June 17th, 1939.

A beautiful summer's day, & not too hot.

I spent the morning in writing a sermon for the benefit of "The Friends of Ely cathedral", to whom I am pledged to preach on June 22nd.

The Secretary of Westminster Hospital sends me a short letter of thanks for what he is pleased to call "the most charming & impressive address" which I preached in the Abbey last Thursday.

The Bishop of Durham, writing from the Deanery, expressed his pleasure at my election of an hon: Fellowship, and adds "I shall hope to sit at your feet there in November". But no public announcement of my election has yet appeared, which rather puzzles me.

I read through Neville Laski's book, which he sent me, "Jewish Rights & Jewish Wrongs", and wrote a letter of thanks to him. The book is a candid and informing statement of the Situation from the standpoint of an educated, well-informed, liberal Jew, who has no love of Zionism, Also, I read through the Bishop of Chichester's Lecture, which, though slight, was not valueless.

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[43]

2nd Sunday after Trinity, June 18th, 1939.

A bright but clouded morning, and cool.

Ella and I walked to the church, & received the Holy Communion together. The celebrant was a visiting priest, one of the Rector's friends, & clearly of the same ecclesiastical type. He interpolated many little, lawless suffrages which distressed my law-imprisoned soul, & his intonation was uncultivated & embarrassed. I was, however, well impressed by the number of communicants, among whom, however, were some very small girls, presumably just confirmed.

I spent the morning in completing the sermon for Ely Cathedral: and in the afternoon [symbol] I read M^{rs} Dodd's book, which is painfully interesting. Her description of Hitler and his principal satellites is sufficiently disconcerting. It seems impossible to doubt that the man is really insane; & certain that his coadjutors are atrocious criminals. That the fate of mankind should be in the hands of such men is indeed terrible! They appear to fear and hate one another so extremely, that it seems hardly conceivable that their government should continue long.

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[44]

Monday, June 19th, 1939.

[symbol]

A wet day, & so chilly that we had fires.

I wrote to the Warden of All Souls, asking whether it w^d be improper for me to describe myself as "Hon: fellow of All Souls College" on the title page of my new book, seeing that no official announcement of my election had been made.

I started to read the volume on "The Study of Theology" which I undertook to review for the Sunday Times. It is heavy reading, & so predominantly written from the "Modernist Anglo-Catholic standpoint" that it wearies me.

The Bishop of Birmingham [Ernest Barnes*] and M^{rs} Barnes came to lunch. I had some talk with him in my study. He said that my absence from episcopal gatherings was having an apparent and unfortunate effect in heartening the "obscurantist" bishops. He was suffering from lumbago, and, perhaps, for that reason more than usually despised to take a gloomy view of ecclesiastical affairs.

I visited M^r Martin the dentist in Ipswich, who impressed me favourably.

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[45]

Tuesday, June 20th, 1939.

We motored to Ely, where I preached in the Cathedral to the "Friends" of the same, gathered for their annual Festival. The Cathedral Choir was assisted by the Choir of S. John's College, Cambridge, and rendered the service very nobly. My Sermon, which according to Fearne's accurate recording, occupied only 23 minutes in delivery, was listened to closely, &, I think, was well-heard. The acoustics under the lantern were, to my surprise, rather unusually good. The Dean, (Very Rev. Lionel Blackburne) is a man of about 65 years of age. He was very frank & friendly, expressed great regret at my resignation, and described himself as "for many years a follower of mine". His son, a somewhat exquisite young man in blue velvet trousers, who, however, did not impress me badly, told me that he was writing a book on English literature in the xviiith century. Canons Raven and Creed were present at the service, and very civil. Several persons claimed to have known me in the past!

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[46]

Wednesday, June 21st, 1939.

A dull day, inclining to rain, & a heavy atmosphere, menacing thunder, depressing and unpleasant. I was tired, & disinclined to exertion. Accordingly, the day was wasted.

In the afternoon, we had a tour of church visiting. Surely, there can be few counties, if any, which could rival our performance. Boxford, Cavendish, Clare and Kedington, with a possibility of adding to them Long Melford, Lavenham, & Kensey – every one of these churches would “make the fortune” of a countryside.

The piece de resistance in our feast was Kedington – an astonishing & fascinating church. This was my second visit, but Ella and Fearne had not seen it before. We had tea quite comfortably in an inn in Clare on our homeward journey.

The Dean of S. Paul’s writes to offer me “the White Lectureship”, which carries an emolument of £30. There are 6 lectures lasting about half an hour, & delivered at 5.30 p.m. on Wednesdays in Lent.

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[47]

Thursday, June 22nd, 1939.

[symbol]

There was thunder about 5 a.m., and rain. The air was oppressive, and made me giddy and stupid. It is a real disaster to be so woefully temperatural. One's moral quality and mental competence ought not to vary with the barometer!

Oliver Quick's appointment to the Regius Professorship of Theology in Oxford is announced in the Times. Poor Durham is being quickly emptied of such academic distinction as it possessed! The future of the little University is increasingly doubtful i.e. of its Durham branch. I wrote to him a letter of suitable congratulation. Also, I wrote to the Dean of S. Paul's accepting his offer of the "White Lectureship", but saying that I would reflect on the subject.*

Also, I wrote to Ruth Spooner,* addressing my letter, as she requested, to a Post Office in Argyle.

Then, Fearn motored me to Ipswich, where I lunched in the "Crown and Anchor" with the Rotarians. My subject was "Some contrasts between Durham and Suffolk". I spoke for about 20 minutes, & was thanked rather excessively.

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[48]

Friday, June 23rd, 1939.

A dull, overcast day, but not unpromising for a channel crossing. Ella & Fearne went off by the noon-tide train en route for Zurich where they expect to arrive at 8.30 a.m. tomorrow. Sir Vincent and Lady Baddeley had tea with me.

Then I wrote to Ella, & settled to read. The Warden of All Souls informs me that my election to an hon: Fellowship of the College will appear in tomorrow's issue of the University Gazette.

Mess^{rs} Nicolson & Watson send me a proof copy of the Book which Rom Landau is just publishing under the title "Love for a Country". He includes in it a brief account of his interview with me, which is mainly interesting for its description of the then Bishop of Durham, and of Auckland Castle. There is always a certain interest in the record of first-hand impressions, though (as in this case) ~~the~~ it is quite obviously no more than professional "padding" for a book. It is, however, not wholly lacking in humour:-

[49]

I visited him at his official residence at Bishop Auckland near Durham. By the time the little mining town with its narrow main street & its cheap shops had been traversed, and Auckland Castle reached, dinginess had given place to grandeur. The Gothic outline of the palace & its park of 800 acres made the mind turn to the specious day before the Reformation when bishops were also secular potentates.

Often in surroundings of such antiquity & conceived on so vast a scale, the present inhabitants look singularly out of place. But Herbert Hensley Henson, small of stature but of great dignity of manner, fitted into the milieu perfectly. His aquiline features together with the self-assured precision of his bearing reminded me of descriptions of Voltaire. Altogether there was something of a Rococo sage about him. His delivery too, in its clarity & emphasis fitted [50] perfectly into one's idea of an age whose individuals possessed a more graceful and yet more determined outline than ourselves.

Unfortunately the account of my utterances, which he places in my mouth, are fatuous in a measure which Voltaire could never have equalled. I told him, when he sent me the stuff, that, since he said I said it, I could not contradict him, but it seemed to me quite unworthy of printing! I thought I had succeeded in sending his type-script to the w. p. b. But I was mistaken. It is Harold Begbie* over again!

The East Anglian Daily News give quite a considerable report of my speech to the Rotarians. As I gave the reporter my notes, it was at least accurate, though, of course, all the "sparkle" of its indiscretions did not appear.

Canon Burrows writes very flatterously when thanking me for promising to preach in his church at Bournemouth [sic] on September 3rd. But Hitler may interpose his veto.

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[51]

Saturday, June 24th, 1939.

[symbol]

The political outlook is blacker than ever: for the Japanese are reported to be more insulting than ever in Tientsin, and the unspeakable Göbbelles [sic] keeps on pouring oil on the flames. The Prime Minister described the behaviour of the Japanese as “intolerable”, but it seems improbable even now that it will not continue to be tolerated. Meanwhile, the agreement with Russia hangs fire, and the suspicion begins to grow in the public mind that it is not intended to be completed. After all, Stalin has more in common with his fellow despots of Germany and Italy than he has with the democracies; and probably Scandinavia, the Baltic republics, and Poland dread him even more than they dread the Nazis. I have a growing fear that we are moving quickly to the most fearful catastrophe of all history. It is some satisfaction to know that the King and Queen are again safely at home. Their reception in the City yesterday was another impressive display of popular enthusiasm. Is it the last gleam of sunlight before the closing in of the Night? Absit omen!

[52]

[symbol]

The Master of the Temple [Harold Anson*] writes, “The Benchers speak most warmly of their pleasure in meeting and hearing you”; I enjoyed meeting and hearing them so we are quits.

I occupied the day, mostly in reading the volume “The Study of Theology”, which I have undertaken to review. It is a substantial work, (nearly 500 pages), and covers a great extent. On the whole it is well written, and may be serviceable to “the educated lay man or lay woman” interested in religion, but perplexed by the prevalent confusion, for whom it is intended, though in many a case it will probably raise more difficulties than it removed. The main obstacle remains after the theory of Christianity has been presented with fullness and accuracy viz. its inaccuracy in actual practice. The old Pope’s question is a challenge, which the orthodox Apologists dare not accept – “And is this little all that was to be?” The Christian theory is so sublime, that its actual expression in history appears incapacitatingly insufficient. If it were otherwise, the “credo quia absurdum” would suffice, but as it is?

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[53]

3rd Sunday after Trinity, June 25th, 1939.

A fine morning, but a north wind.

I went to church, and received the Holy Communion.

I read the Lessons at Mattins, and, in the afternoon, wrote to Jack Carr, whose last letter is dated April 30th. There is something frightening about the swift passing of time, more frightening than ever when one is nearly 76.

D^r Johnson writes to "a young clergyman":

"The frequent preachers can be supposed to have sermons more their own than yours will be. Take care to register, somewhere or another the authors from whom your several discourses are borrowed; and so not imagine that you shall always remember, even what perhaps now you think is impossible to forget. My advice, however, is that you attempt from time to time, an original sermon; & in the labour of composition, do not burden your mind with too much at one effort of excogitation, propriety of thought & elegance of expression."

(v. Boswell vol. V. p 135)

[54]

[symbol]

I had supper with the Rector & M^{rs} Frazer. His other sister, that vast lady, Miss Mouldsdales was there, having motored all the way from Durham. The Rector declared that he was very tired, having waded through a mountain of G. O. E. papers. He said that some of the examinees "threw me" at him i.e. they quoted from my Gifford Lectures on "Christian Morality". Miss Mouldsdales said that my successor had made himself very popular with the S. Chad's students. Our talk came round to the Marriage of the Clergy and I said that I am accustomed to say, that while there was much to be said for a celibate clergy, and there was much for a married clergy, there was nothing to be said for a childless married clergy. He, being like me, childless, and also fond of children, was not willing to admit this, but he could not dispute my contention that a childless man was at an obvious disadvantage, when the question of child-nurture was, as it is now, in the forefront of general debate. Men were likely to ignore, or discount, what he might say. And it is precisely that question which is now paramount.

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[55]

Monday, June 26th, 1939.

A bright morning, but, as the day advanced, the weather became sultry, and the evening was wet. I occupied myself in writing a review for the Sunday Times of the Book "The Study of Theology" which has been published under the direction of the Bishop of Oxford. I honestly read the book from cover to cover, & this took up much of last week, for the precious thing contained 484 pages.

[Symbol]

I sent a cheque for £44 to M^r Dyer for repairing the Morris car. This expenditure was (as I must needstink) due to culpable negligence on Leng's part.

I was relieved by receiving a letter from Ella, reporting her safe arrival in Zurich after an easy journey. Oliver Quick* writes, acknowledging my letter of congratulation on his appoint to the Regius Chair at Oxford:

"We are most sincerely sorry to leave Durham, where we had begun to feel at home, and where I have been happier in my work than I think I have ever been before.

I do hope that [56] your new house is satisfactory – and also (may I add?) that you are able to find interest in writing what I am sure w^d be a source of the greatest possible profit and pleasure to us all, a book of a kind no one but yourself could produce.

We shall never forget your constant kindness to us during four years at Durham.

The Dean of Ely writes:

I do hope you will proceed with that work of your recollections about which we had some talk . . .

You must have suffered much, but there has been a triumph, &, if I may say so, you have been more fortunate than some of the others in that you have lived to see something of the triumph. All this, plus the many interesting things you c^d tell us of your career & experiences ought to make a delightful & valuable book.

[57]

The R^{ev} C. H. Dyer, as Secretary of a Committee in Cambridge which is projecting a scheme for transferring to this country certain Jewish Institutes of a learned character, which find it impossible to maintain their position in Germany, writes to ask me to be a member of the Governing Board, which is being constituted. I replied by pointing out two objections viz. that I could give no financial assistance, and that I should probably be unable to attend meetings in Cambridge. However, if after these objections had been weighted, the invitation was renewed, I could not refuse acceptance.

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The news tonight is extremely grave both from the Far East, and from Germany. It seems incredible that the Governments, which are perfectly acquainted with the truth about British policy, should continue the shameless attacks on Great Britain unless they were contemplating War. The populations may be, & indeed, probably are, misled by the organized calumnies which Gobbells [sic] continues to pour out, but the responsible Ministers are in another case. They know the value of their own lies.

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[58]

Tuesday, June 27th, 1939.

A beautiful day. I occupied it by writing an Article, headed "Some Reflections on Pacifism" for "The Guardian". Beyond letters from Ella and Fearne, I had no correspondence.

In the afternoon I walked on the cart-road which runs towards Hintlesham Hall, & soon lost my way. I seem to have taken a wrong turn, [& come out near Sproughton Church]. A friendly farmer and his wife, of whom I enquired the way, offered to "give me a lift", and so finally I was deposited on the road between Hadleigh and Hintlesham. As I passed the Park Gate, I noticed with concern a lorry filled with two tree-trunks leaving the Park. The felling of the oaks is sadly defacing the village.

It is ridiculous, but none the less true, that I cannot imagine what to talk about to the Boys of Woodbridge School, when I distribute Prizes there on Saturday. Here is the practical disadvantage of an abnormal boyhood. I have not treasure of personal reminiscences which I can draw upon for the kind of nonsense-speech proper for these occasions!

[59]

"The clergyman of this parish, we were told, is the greatest fop imaginable, & consequently a very amusing character. His parishioners told us that he always comes to church with his hair beautifully dressed and powdered; but he reads so quickly & preaches so loud, that it is impossible for anyone to follow him, & people come out of church, they say, without knowing anything more than when they went in."

A Frenchman in England. 1784
P 222.

I received from Clarence Ward a picture postcard of "High Force". It made my heart ache for Durham. I regret more than ever that I never had the energy to see Caldron Snout. It is, I suppose, as certain as anything can be that I shall never revisit Teesdale. I wrote to Clarence, though I am doubtful whether it is really worth while thus to keep up a personal relation, which must inevitably peter out for lack of vital force.

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[60]

Wednesday, June 28th, 1939.

An unpleasant day, gusty & rather cold. At last there appeared under the heading "Bishop Henson", the announcement of my election to an hon. Fellowship of All Souls.

I received a letter from Frank Pember.^{*} Rather oddly the news surprized him:

"I had not heard any word of this when I was at All Souls during this week end, when your election took place. But it is quite as it should be, and it is pleasant to me to reflect that the two Probationer Fellows of 1884 are now two out of the three Hon. Fellows of the College. The fact should provide a second magnet in addition to The Club to draw us ~~with~~ into the same field before long."

I made another attempt to write the "Autobiography", but with woefully small result. My journal seems quite unworthy of publication, and my entire career has curiously little general interest.

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[61]

Thursday, June 29th, 1939.

Grant Robertson* writes:

The election of yourself to an Honorary Fellowship was unanimous, and to myself an unqualified pleasure (having had some small share, with others, in bringing it about). There are very few left now who can recall in the late nineties a happier centenary in All Souls, & to whom the memory is part of a great tradition that will die with the few, I fear. But I hope that before that happens you & I will meet, perhaps at All Souls.

Also I received an affectionately worded letter of congratulation from the Bishop of Derby.

[Henry] Major* sends me two foolish letters of protest against my sermon to the Churchmen's Union, but I don't think they are worth my answering.

I received from the Sunday Times the proof of my review of "The Study of Theology" headed "A Theological Baedeker".

[62]

Tallents fetched me, & carried me to his house, where I lunched pleasantly. His next-door neighbour, a friendly old parson's widow and his daughter also lunched and afterwards he motored me to Orford, where we visited the church and Castle, returning to Hyntle Place for tea. We called on D^r Rendall at his monastic retirement, but failed to see him. The young man, who opened the door, reported that his master was in London. So we left cards, & came away. I was interested to hear Tallents express some confidence in the successful working of the new constitution in India. The Indians were beginning to discover the indispensableness of the English for many purposes; and there were signs that they were themselves outgrowing their faults. He instanced as an evidence of this, the remarkable behaviour of the Indian boy scouts during the Quetta Earthquake. They had undertaken, & carried through successfully, some of the most difficult & dangerous work.

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[63]

Friday, 30th June, 1939.

An uncomfortable day, chill yet closed. I frittered away most of the day, in trying to write some more of the "Autobiography", but I had small success. My journal is far too intimate and egotistic for publication.

I finished reading, the proof of Rom Landau's* "Love for a Country", which the publishers had sent me with a request for a commendatory message. But the chapter headed "Sex" confirmed me in a repugnance which had been evoked by his friendly references to "occultism", and I felt that I could not give any countenance to the book. This unfriendly conclusion I communicated to the publisher in a letter, which I marked "private". I was the more provoked by Rom Landau by the preposterousness of the quasi-biographical paragraph about myself which is included in the section headed "Personalities in this Book". There may be an element of truth in the final sentence:

"To the great regret of all those who know him he resigned form his See, early in 1939 to make way for a younger man".

[64]

The proofs of the book on "The Church of England" began to arrive from the Cambridge Press. I was rather disappointed with the size of the page, and the appearance of the type. The news from abroad is so threatening, that it seems highly probably that the poor thing will never be published. It seems almost silly to go on with it. Not only 'laws' are silent 'inter arms' but literature & every other interest of civilized man!

The Dean of S. Paul's writes:

"I have reported your suggested title for the White Lectures to the Chapter, and have been asked to say that we think it would be a very good one. We are delighted to think that you have been able to accept.

Of course we shall expect you to stay here whenever you find it convenient.

The subject which I was fool enough to propose was "The Influence of the Old Testament on English History". Since I am not quite clear as to what I have in mind it is hardly probable that I can produce anything worthy haring.

<!010739>

[65]

Saturday, July 1st, 1939.

The Times announces that Leslie Hunter* is to be Bishop of Sheffield. On the whole it is a good appointment, and certainly not open to the charge of 'political' intention: for, if my memory of him do not deceive me, Hunter is of the Socialist persuasion. He will strengthen the feminist & faith-healing faction: but he is sincere, hard-working, and educated. I wrote to him a letter of congratulation.

Conrad Noel*, the Communist Vicar of Thaxted, sends me a book which he has just published. It is characteristically entitled, "Jesus the Heretic".

James motored me to Woodbridge, where I lunched with the Rev. Dudley Symons, Headmaster of Woodbridge School, and his wife, two of the governors, Lord Cranworth, & Sir – Robert [first name added in red] – White. I gave away the prizes to the boys, and made the usual fatuous address. Then a thunder-storm expedited dispersion & hindered departure. However I got back to Hyntle Place, shortly before 5 p.m.

[66]

I received a letter from the Auckland Brethren, who have been holding their annual gathering at the Westminster Deanery. They send me good wishes, & hope that [I] may "still be able" to render my "much valued services to the Church in various ways".

Old Canon Patterson* sends me congratulations on the hon. Fellowship, and Braley* writes:

"I wonder if your ear burned last Tuesday afternoon! We gave the new Bishop a D.D. 'honoris causa'. The Chancellor acted as public orator, & devoted most of his speech to extolling the virtues of the late occupant of the See. It was quite clear that Lord Londonderry [7th Marquess]* has a very high regard for you."

He is very good, but has the Irish gifts of 'blarney' and 'eloquence'!

Sir Hugh Walpole "was quite sure there would be no war: & he regarded Hitler's latest as mere bluff." How does he know? Is not his wish father to his thought?

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[67]

4th Sunday after Trinity, July 2nd, 1939.

I finished [Leslie] Hunter's* book, which is not without merits, but developes [sic] into a vehement attack on the Empire, and the Monarchy. It would be worthwhile for the Gangsters to have it translated. I wrote civilly to the Author, but did not conceal my disapproval.

I attended the service, read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Communion. There was a very small congregation, but I was told that the communicants at 8 a.m. had numbered 22. The sermon was designed to drive the older people to emulate the juniors, by frequent communion. This incessant emphasis on the Sacrament is, in my view, unwise and unfortunate. It is the first, because it perplexes rather than edifies the people: it is the last because it tends to a regrettable Externalism. It may very easily develop [sic] pharisaism in the Young, who are almost exhorted to measure religious progress in terms of frequency of Communion. The preaching becomes more dogmatic and less ethical. There is little instruction in the understanding of the Scripture, & growing emphasis on externals.

[68]

[symbol]

*I had supper at the Rectory. Both the present vicar of Sproughton (Lee), and the late Vicar of [no name, gap in text] also supped there. **Moulsdale* was in a rather contradictory mood, & seemed to me on the verge of insolence. Presumably he was tired, & the conversation had reference to schools, respecting which his opinions are more decided than reasonable.** He spoke very unfavourably about the Headmistress of the Church School in Hintlesham, who (according to his own account) had threatened to complain to the N. U. T. But M^r Lee, who drove me home, told me that when the lady was first appointed Moulsdale never wearied of sounding her praises. She had unusually high testimonials.*

Incidentally, Moulsdale spoke harshly of Leng, & said that he was not liked in the village. I suspect that Leng, whose Protestant prejudices are violent, may have expressed them, and that would be more than enough to secure the Rector's hostility. Moulsdale spoke nastily about the Bishop of Birmingham, and "got across me" in doing so.

<!030739>

[69]

Monday, July 3rd, 1939.

The Times announces that bright and beautiful American Lady Barran died on Saturday. I wrote a letter of condolence to her husband [John Barron*].

I went into Ipswich, and met Ella and Fearne on their arrival from Switzerland. They had a good crossing, and appeared to be by no means over-fatigued by their journey.

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[69] [cont.]

Tuesday, July 4th, 1939.

A beautiful day: but it was mainly wasted, for a thunderbolt was cast on us, when **both the maids "gave notice" to quit our service**. They had no grievance, but the one wanted to marry forthwith, and the other couldn't live without her! In the present circumstances of the country to be suddenly deprived of one's household is no common calamity. Ella and Fearne betook themselves to the Registry in Ipswich: and I visited the hairdresser. Then we all went to an S. P. G. meeting in Lord Woodbridge's Park. The late Bishop of Labuan & Sarawak, who is now Secretary, held forth for 50 minutes!

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[70]

Wednesday, July 5th, 1939.

I received from Chancellor Errington, as Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn writing "on behalf of the present Warburton Lecture Trustees" (Lord Hailsham and M^rJustice Macna[u]ghton) an invitation "to be the new Warburton Lecturer in succession to the Dean of S^t Paul's:

The appointment is for two years. The duties are to preach 3 sermons in each year (six in all) in Lincoln's Inn Chapel on any Sunday you may choose in the 3 terms, Michaelmas (November 2nd to 25th), Hilary (Jan^y 11th to 31st) and Easter (April 2nd to 29th). A fee of ten guineas is paid for each sermon.

The only terms of the Trust, as laid down in Bishop Warburton's Trust deed in 1758, that affect the Lecturer are that the sermons should subsequently be published, & that they should aim at proving "the truth of revealed religion in general, and of [71] the Christian in particular, for the completion of those prophecies in the Old and New Testament, which relate to the Christian Church, especially to the Apostasy of papal Rome."

I need hardly say a very wide interpretation is applied nowadays to the objects thus laid down, and recent Lecturers have dealt with them in a very broad spirit. For example the Dean of S^t Paul's took for his subject "Some fundamental Problems of Christian Morals". The lectures have always been consecutive in subject.

The congregation consists mainly of Benchers & Members of Lincoln's Inn. I may say the Trustees will be much gratified by your acceptance, & it will give me great personal pleasure.

Yours sincerely,
F. H. L. Errington.

[72]

[symbol]

This is surprising, flattering, and also highly embarrassing. I hardly see how I can refuse an invitation, so honourable in itself, and so courteously conveyed: and yet, it is extraordinarily difficult to see what qualifications I have for the task of a 'Warburtonian Lecturer'. However, it is, perhaps, legitimate to assume that the Trustees (who are intelligent & educated men) know how slight is my title to either description. And, certainly, the admitted interpretation of Warburton's Trust gives a large liberty to his Lecturers.

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[72]

Thursday, July 6th, 1939.

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[72]

Friday, July 7th, 1939.

These days appear to have been frittered away in writing letters, preparing a sermon on “Christian Upbringing” (whatever that may mean) for “Children’s Sunday” – a Festival not included in the Calendars, Authorized, or revised, but observed in Hintlesham next Sunday: and in revising proofs, & attempting to construct an Index for this beastly book on “The Church of England” for the Cambridge Press.

<!080739<

[73]

Saturday, July 8th, 1939.

[symbol]

An unpleasant day, gusty and clouded, but not cold. The temperature in my bedroom at 9 a.m. was 65%.

I received another letter from Chancellor Errington:

The trustees and the Masters of the Bench were very glad to know you have accepted the Warburton Lectureship and we look forward to welcoming you when you come to deliver your lectures.

Sunday, the 26th November, will be quite suitable for the first lecture. We shall be settling the forms of service for that term at the beginning of October, and, if you would let me have by then the general subject of our Lectures, it would be convenient, though not indispensable. I enclose a specimen of the forms we last used.

So I must bestir myself. There are but 10 weeks before October 1st.

[74]

We motored to Terling, and lunched with M^{rs} Rolt in the little Tudor house which we occupied for our holiday in [sic]. It was a "stand-up" lunch in order that she might be able to provide for a large party in a very small house. Among the guests was Sir Richard Redmayne, who hails from the North. He is an eminent mining engineer. I inquired whether he thought the persistent efforts to find petrol in this country were likely to meet with success, and he replied decisively in the negative. Such small quantities of petrol as existed were not sufficiently protected by a layer of stone against volatilisation. He spoke with much vigour against the policy of the Government which had permitted the destruction of Abyssinia & Czecho-Slovakia. There was present also a professor of English literature from Aberdeen, & the Headmaster of Felstead. Also, M^r Parsons, who assured me that the elms were getting the better of the disease.

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[75]

5th Sunday after Trinity, July 9th, 1939.

There was a "Black Out" last night, but I was not conscious of it. There was also some fall of rain, but the morning was bright. But everything was "contrary". My shaving water pump was out of order. Accordingly, I shaved with pain and loss!

Then both Ella and Fearne (bless them!) were at their worst. She, poor dear, deaf, amiable, persistent, and impracticable: and Fearne, outrageously unpatriotic! There is much to be said for clerical celibacy, never so much as when a domestic "crisis" has suddenly emerged! Neither of these good women has the least sympathy with a literary man's nerves, or a preacher's abstraction, or a scholar's absorption in his task. They simply can't understand, or value, anything outside tea-parties & sales of work! These petulant reflections will suffice to show how far the late Bishop of Durham has fallen below the proper requirements of his profession, & his own ideals of service!

[76]

Ella and I went to church, and received the Holy Communion together. But the Service fretted me. **The Rector's little breaches of the rubrick irritate me, & his attendant boys with whom he mutters unintelligible formulae, before & after the Prayer Book Order, fidget me woefully. They kneel down at the Incarnation clauses in the creed now, & are preternaturally sanctimonious in aspect & manner. The Rector goes everywhere with a puerile escort. It must be very unwholesome for the lads.**

The congregation at Mattins was slightly above the normal size, but still significantly small in view of the extensive advertising of the Preachers name! A squad of youths sitting in the street watched me go to church and return, with bovine indifference! It really seems to be the case that absenteeism from public worship is hardening into a social habit, so strong as to supersede individual volition, and paralyze [sic] official admonitions. "My people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

[77]

[symbol]

I preached the sermon which I had prepared. According to Fearne, it took 24 minutes in delivery. The attention was very close, and the Churchwarden told me that he "much enjoyed it"! Voila lout [sic]!

[symbol]

In the vestry the Rector told me that old Havelock Ellis* died last night. I am glad that I called on him, though he never returned my call. In his own line of learning, he was distinguished, & exerted large influence. But I cannot help thinking that he was one of the factors that have definitely tended to disintegrate morality.

I wrote to Arthur Rawle, Canon Braley, and Dick.

[symbol]

I visited the tent in the orchard outside my fence, & found the occupants taking a siesta. They were 2 young men, aged respectively 19 and 20, students from Newcastle, the one, John Morris, a student of French, the other, Robert Wharrier, a student of architecture. They were taking their vacation, as I thought, very sensibly. Beatles were the only annoyance they complained of!

<!100739>

[78]

Monday, July 10th, 1939.

[symbol]

A fine day, but gusty, & cold at first.

I lunched with Moulsdale in order to meet the clergy who had met at his Rectory for some kind of meeting. There were only 4 of them besides the Rector & myself. They seemed friendly enough, but, perhaps, a little afraid of me.

Moulsdale, with a great parade of mystery, detained me for a few minutes to tell me how excellent a successor to the present Bishop of S^t E. & I. could be found in Braley, & how he himself could "get at" the P.M. through Lord Halifax. I was very non-committal, for I loathe this wire-pulling habit, in which M. is a proficient. Moreover, though I like Braley & his wife, and think very highly of his practical ability, I doubt whether it would be either fair or expedient to appoint a decided Anglo-Catholick, such as he certainly is, to succeed a definite Protestant, such as the present bishop is known to be. I hope my opinion will not be asked.

<!110739>

[79]

Tuesday, July 11th, 1939.

I re-opened the letter I had written to Charles Nye,* and added a p.s. on the subject of his fraternisation with the sectaries, of which he made mention in his letter to me. I am apprehensive lest he shall assume that herein he can count on my approval, and may even seek to justify himself by my example. But Charles Nye may not wisely emulate his late Bishop, nor prudently imagine that he may bend the bow of Ulysses.

Then, shaken & hustled by a brisk conflict with Ella on the subject of her insatiable appetite for Babylonian flirtations(!), I endeavoured to discover in Harnack's History of Dogma some serviceable suggestions for a course of Warburton Lectures on "Christian Apologetic": but it was as fruitful as the proverbial search for a needle in a bundle of hay! Yet, my mind refuses to let go the notion that a tolerable course might be manufactured on that subject. We played croquet, and so to bed.

<!120739>

[80]

Wednesday, July 12th, 1939.

I wrote to Cecil Ferens* asking him to frame a will for me, which should embody the dispositions of my tenuous possessions which I described.

The Times announces the death of the historian, Harold Temperley.*

Colonel Smith brought M^{rs} Gore to tea, and, while they were here, Lady Thurlow arrived. She reports that all things are proceeding happily in their new house, and that Lord T. is delighted with it. They will get into residence in the autumn.

I spent the day in revising the proofs of the Book, and in constructing an Index. Fearne also toiled at the latter, and, by a combination of our efforts, I hope something tolerable may finally emerge. But index-making is a wearisome business. Meanwhile, the Warburton Lecture scheme remains in the nakedest skeleton shape. I still think something might be made of it, which would be readable & suggestive. And that would have to suffice.

<!130739>

[81]

Thursday, July 13th, 1939.

J.A. Spender* returns to the charge in the Times: & Jupiter himself devotes a leader to self-defence.

How far w^d it be true, and provable, that controversy is the product of apologetic? I wasted the whole morning in the vain attempt to provide myself with material for the Warburton lecture, but with amazing little success. But I think that something may be made of the connexion between Apology and Controversy. In a true sense we may say that Controversy is the product of Apology. In developing this, I might perhaps find occasion to introduce the conflict with the Papacy, which clearly held an important place in Bishop Warburton's mind. The Reformers in apologizing for their revolt against the Pope's authority, were compelled to examine its claim to their acceptance, & to justify their rejection of it as insufficiently supported by Scripture, by antiquity, & by reason. Their argument necessarily evoked rejoinder, & thus the full and ceaseless conflict was joined. Interesting, relevant, & risky.

<!140739>

[82]

Friday, July 14th, 1939.

My article "Some Reflections on Pacifism" appears in the Guardian.

A copy of my brother's Will was sent to me from Somerset House.

I was occupied all the morning, & part of the afternoon, in preparing the Index for that precious book, which has now come to be actually disgusting to its author! In the afternoon, we motored, through a brisk storm of rain, to Felixstowe, and had tea with M^{rs} Motion, and her daughter in the latter's house. This was a commodious modern building, set on the coast, with an unbroken view of the North sea, and surrounded by a very lovely garden. We had a pleasant tea, seasoned by friendly talk, & then returned home. The weather had cleared, and we returned under bright sunshine.

[symbol]

I received an affectionate letter from Cecil Ferens, undertaking to act as the Executor of my Will, with plenary powers: and asking for some more directions on certain points.

<!150739>

[83]

Saturday, July 15th, 1939.

The admirable Fearne completed my packing, and James motored me to Ipswich, where I took train for Liverpool Street. On my arrival, I went to the Athenaeum, &, having there deposited my bags, proceeded to the Hairdresser, & received his professional attentions. I lunched in the Club. Bishop Strong* was, as usual, flitting aimlessly about the place, looking very lost & undone. The Bishop of Lincoln (Hicks) was also there. He asserts that he is making rapid advance to complete recovery.

I called at Londonderry House, but was told that the Marchioness was in Ireland, & that her husband was leaving London tomorrow. The door was opened by a pleasant young footman, who received me with a welcoming grin. He told me that he was not yet 18: & that he w^d soon have to join the militia. He said that he came from Bishop Auckland, where he had often seen me in the Park, & that I had given him sixpence! As I walked through the Green Park, I came upon a tall youth with a Dalmatian Hound. He was not [84] yet 20 years old: came from Newcastle, where his father was a miner, & he himself had worked in a pit, but had disliked the work, & was now "hall-porter" in London. But he wanted to return to the North. As I returned to the Club, it occurred to me that I might look at the London Museum in Sutherland House. The exhibits did not greatly interest me, but the House itself is magnificent. I got into speech with two young Welshman from Aberystwyth, who were spending a short holiday in London. They were eager to know how best they might use the 4 days at their disposal. I gave them some obvious suggestions. Their healthy appearance, good manners, & intelligent speech impressed me. Both of them were quite keen to fight Hitler.

[Alan] Don,* the Archbishop's Chaplain, who succeeded Carnegie as Chaplain to the Speaker, was in the Club. He spoke about Ingram's* retirement, &, when I expressed surprise that no more than £5000 had been contributed toward [85] [symbol] the testimonial, he said that it had become known that the Bishop was not quite so poverty-stricken as had been suggested, for his Secretary had, without the Bishop's knowledge, been putting aside a not inconsiderable sum! All this is very undignified, and impolitic. Canon Maynard Smith spoke of Bishop Headlam's* deafness, which has now reached the point of being highly inconvenient. When he celebrates the Holy Communion in his Cathedral, his communications with his chaplain, or the clergyman who is "serving" him, are audible through the Church with rather embarrassing effect! Maynard Smith said that Coulton had stated in one of his books that he himself had ceased to be a Christian. I wonder whether this is true. The receptivity of the Anglo-Catholic, when any rumour unfavourable to the character or faith of Protestants & Modernists is such, that nothing can wisely be accepted on their authority without independent confirmation. The weather became fine and warm. At night fall it was close & sultry.

<!160739>

[86]

6th Sunday after Trinity, July 16th, 1939.

[symbol]

The night was almost oppressively warm, and I could neither sleep nor read. The electric light in my room is feeble, and inconveniently placed. **My eyes are unquestionably failing.** *It is a fact that begins to cause me anxiety: for if they give out, what can I do?*

After breakfast I wrote to Ella, and then walked to the Chapel Royal for the service. The little chapel appeared to be well-filled, & certainly my sermon was listened to very closely. After the service, Dorothea [Benson] (Lady Charnwood*) & M^r & M^{rs} [Alexander] Murray Smith* had speech with me. They were very flattering about my sermon, but that only means that they agreed with it!

I lunched with [Launcelot] Percival.* Besides his wife, there were present Lord & Lady Cavan, and their daughter, Miss Mulholland. We had much interesting conversations.

[symbol]

*I was particularly interested in hearing Lord Cavan's opinions about the War. He was definitely optimistic. **The consumption of petrol by a modern mechanised army was so enormous, that a war could not be kept up for more than 3 months.***

[87]

[symbol]

I asked his view of the Polish Army. He said that it was excellent, and added that this was also the opinion of the French Army leaders. He spoke about flogging, and expressed himself as favourable to its abolition.

Lady Cavan said that she was the daughter of a clergyman, who for many years had been the Speaker's chaplain. He was the Hon. & Rev Byng, who succeeded his brother as Earl of Strafford. When I came to Westminster in 1900, society was "running over" with rather discreditable stories of that gentleman, who was an incorrigible gambler, & never paid his debts. It was said that his grocer who was churchwarden of the Church which he served as Vicar, used to secure payment of his account, by deducting it from the money which he collected officially!

Percival said that he remembered Cardinal Newman's visit to Trinity, when he was his father's (then President of the College) guest. He was charged with guiding the old man to Christ Church, where he desired to call on Pusey. He left a pleasant impression on his youthful director.

<!170739>

[88]

Monday, July 17th, 1939.

[symbol]

A letter from Ella enclosed a newspaper cutting which announced the sudden death of the Rev. R. G. Ledgard,* Vicar of Stockton and Rural Dean. He was only 62 years old. This is a serious loss to the diocese of Durham.

[symbol]

I visited the ravenous Adenay in Sackville ^{^St^} and was measured for a suit of clothes. Then I went to the Zoo, and saw the "Great Panda". It is a most extraordinary beast to look at, very like a fantastic bear; but a statement set out on the Lion House (where the "dog" Panda is exhibited) states that it is not a bear, but some kind of a racoon. Its food is mainly bamboo, of which a supply is regularly sent to the Zoo. The "Children's Zoo", in which the Baby Panda is kept, is certainly a fascinating place. The animals – pigs, goats, various kind of antelope – run loose, & are very familiar with the children, who are admitted on payment of sixpence. Adults have to pay a shilling. The animals are looked after by girls, neatly dressed in uniform & breeches, very intelligent [89] [symbol] and courteous. I was entirely pleased with the arrangement. The enjoyment of the children was great and apparent.

After lunching in the Club, I visited the new shop into which Hugh Rees have moved, (47 Piccadilly). It is not quite so large as the premises which they have vacated, but appears to be commodious and conveniently arranged.

[symbol]

I walked to Brooke's Club in S. James St. and dined with Owen Smith, the Editor of the Guardian. The purpose of the dinner was definitely to "rope me in" to the service of that respectable but moribund journal. And that purpose failed: for, not only did I point out that my commitments at Lincoln's Inn and S^t Paul's made it impossible for me at present to make any considerable addition to my pledges, but also, **I said plainly that I had no confidence in the Guardian's future, for I could not see where was the public to which it could hope to make appeal.** We had a very interesting conversation on the whole subject of Christianity under the present conditions of society. I fear that I was not edifying!

[90]

[symbol]

"Do you mind, if I pay you a compliment?" asked mine host. "On the contrary, I shall greedily 'lap up' any compliment from so respectable a source," I replied, adding, that, "compliments were not so numerous that I could afford to refuse any." "Very well then," resumed M^r Smith: "A short while ago, I was at a little conference in the house of my friend Bosanquet in Northumberland, and we were considering what could be done to sustain the cause of Religion, which seemed to be in a bad way." "There is only one man in England who can do anything," said one of the company, and that is Bishop Hensley Henson, who could, if he

would, lead a crusade.” To this they all agreed, including the Editor, who was one of the company. “You will see for yourself,” I observed, after hearing what I have been saying, how ridiculous it is to present me in the rôle of a crusader. I lack the first essential of a crusader, a clear & undoubting Faith.” “I don’t know,” said mine host, & we dropped the foolish subject. I must certainly be a more thoroughgoing imposter than I have realised!

<!180739>

[91]

Tuesday, July 18th, 1939.

The weather was uncomfortably close & hot. After breakfast I wrote to Ella; & then walked into the city with the object of seeing the Dean of S. Paul's & Canon Mozley; but both were absent, the one in Geneva, the other in Oxford. The verger in the Cathedral hailed me with effusion, and insisted on showing me the fittings of the Kitchener Memorial Chapel. He was full of the praises of Jack Clayton,* who had recently been preaching in S. Paul's. he admired particularly his resolute Protestantism. I lunched in the Athenaeum, & then read a worthless novel. After tea, I walked to Westminster, and called unavailingly at 20 Dean's yard. I could get no response to my bell-ringing. However, I found Canon Thompson-Elliott at home, and with him a gentleman, named Ewbank, who, after a distinguished career in India, had gone out to Newfoundland, as Secretary to the Commission charged with taking over the government of a bankrupt community. M^r Ewbank said that he remembered me in Westminster, & had been [92] [symbol] acquainted with Albert Saxton,* who had brought him to supper at N^o 17, on Sunday night. *He spoke very interestingly about the Royal visit, & spoke with just indignation about the "Daily Mail". The local correspondent of that treasonable rag, had shown him a message which he had received from the Editor, **blaming him for reporting the loyal demonstrations, and instructing him to report discontent and friction.** This direct attempt, in opposition to the truth, to torpedo [sic] the Royal Visit, shows how deep is the degradation onto which the popular press has fallen.*

Thompson-Elliott spoke with emphasis of the Dean's [Paul de Labillière] government, which was both Kindly & strong.

[Herbert] Fisher,* **the Warden of New College, spoke about the suppression of his European History by Mussolini's government.** He was distressed by the injury inflicted on the translator, an accomplished Italian lady, who had been recommended by Benedetto Croce. The police had done their work very thoroughly. [93] [symbol] He spoke of the powerful influence wielded in the U.S.A. by Christian Science. His admirable criticism of that heresy, "Our New Religion" was unobtainable in the States, & even in Oxford, it had suddenly vanished from the book-shops. **It is difficult to make headway against the interests of Obscurantism. However no less than 3 complete Italian editions of Fisher's History had been already sold out.**

[symbol]

Fisher thinks that War will be averted. He says that he has information from friends in Germany, which indicates the growth of alarm & dislike at the Hitlerite regime. The brutal treatment of the Jews is widely deplored. In Holland the opinion obtains that the Führer is insane.

I joined tables with the Bishop of Salisbury for dinner in the Athenaeum. We had some very pleasant and interesting talk. [He told me a highly amusing story about my old colleague, the present Bishop of Derby [Alfred Rawlinson*], which must not be included in such serious

literature as this journal.] His account of the ecclesiastical situation in Portsmouth is not exactly re-assuring.

<!190739>

[94]

Wednesday, July 19th, 1939.

[symbol]

July 19th, 1939.

Dear Canon Lloyd,

I am greatly obliged to you, but "the quest is not for me." Perhaps the following reasons will suffice:-

1. I am nearly 76 years old, and, at that age of "labour & sorrow", neither mind nor body is efficient.
2. I have in the Press a volume on "The Church of England" for the Cambridge University Press; & it does not appear to me either seemly or expedient that I should "go over the ground" again.
3. My leisure is already too heavily mortgaged. The Lincoln's Inn Benchers have just made me Warburton Lecturer, and the composition & delivery of the six lectures will more than occupy me during the next two years.
4. The circumstances to which you allude that "after all I have had a big hand in shaping a good deal of the story to be told" does seem to me to go so far [95] towards disqualifying me for the task of story-teller.
5. I am becoming (to adopt King James I's description of himself) "pussy & fat" and disinclined for every form of honest work.

On all these counts (and there are others, which it would be tiresome to elaborate) I must beg leave to decline the suggestion which you are good enough to make, and to return M^r Longman's letter.

Believe me,
Sincerely yours,
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop.

The Rev^d
Canon Roger Lloyd,
Cheney Court,
The Close,
Winchester.

[96]

[symbol]

I received from Canon Roger Lloyd proposing (On behalf of Longmans Green & Co. L^{td}) that I should undertake to write a book "Telling the story of the Church (of England) in the 20th century".

'I believe that there w^d be a market for a book of this kind, especially if we c^d induce you to write it.'

I did not hesitate about my decision, which I communicated in the letter copied into this journal.

I received a cheque for five guineas from the Editor of the Sunday Times, for the review entitled 'A Baedeker to Theology'.

I walked to Adeney, and tried on the new suit. Also, I ordered six shirts.

I lunched in the Athenaeum. At the next table was a man, whom I did not know, but who began talking about Bishops in general, and the Bishop of Salisbury in particular. While he was yet speaking, the said Bishop came up, & introduced him to me as M^r Pitt-Rivers. He proceeded to speak with volubility, & a wealth of multifarious knowledge, [97] [symbol] the quality of which I could not appraise, on the subject of [?], on which evidently he felt strongly. Indeed, it was almost an obsession. I had some difficulty in escaping from him. Subsequently, the Bishop explained that this loquacious gentleman was a man of large property, the patron of many benefices in his diocese, [and of an unfortunate & rather unpleasant domestic record]. He was an anthropologist, & the donor of the Pitt-Rivers Museum to the University of Oxford. I can vouch for his quality as a first-class bore.

[symbol]

Lord Mottistone [John Seely*] came into the Club, and had speech with me. He was very decided in condemning my resignation! **He was breezily confident that there would be no war probably for some years. "I can recall three 'inevitable' 'Wars' which never actually broke out" he said. His lordship is extremely positive, & oracular, but he does not command any great measure of confidence.**

I walked to the Roman Catholic Cathedral & visited the vast building. It is impressive by its vastness, but curiously exotic. Essentially pagan in architecture & spirit.[98]

I called on M^{rs} de Labilliere at the Deanery, Westminster, and had tea. A married daughter who is a student of archaeology, and lives in Athens came in, & spoke interestingly about recent discoveries in Greece. Then the Dean arrived, & proceeded to ask me to preach the "Browning" sermon, which is to be preached on December 10th in the Abbey. I could not deny that the proposal attracted me, because I have ever admired Browning's poetry; but it seems crazy to add to my engagements just now. However, the Dean undertook to write to me in the course of the next fortnight, & I promised to consider his invitation "benevolently". "I would hold up both hands for the Archbishop," I said, "if he had not spoken profanely about Milton in a recent speech". I am already pledged to preach in the Temple Church on the morning of December 10th, but the service in the Abbey would be at 6.30 p.m. Thus one journey to Babylon would suffice for both the engagements.

[99]

[symbol]

I dined at Grillions. It was a very small gathering, but an extremely pleasant meeting. I was in the Chair, & there were present the following;

Lord Crawford & Balcares
The Editor of the Times
Sir Wilfred Green, Master of the Rolls
Sir Horace Rumbold
Lord Hastings
Bishop H.H.H.

We had some excellent good talk, on subjects worth talking about.

[symbol] Green spoke about the recent controversy raised by A. P. Herbert about Buchman's impudent use of the name, Oxford, & pointed out that the wrong point had been taken. It was not the assumption of the name which was legally challengeable, but the omission of the word "Limited" which would have legalized the use, but robbed it of advertising value.

[symbol] **I was struck for the general optimism as to the international outlook, & by the lack of any adequate reason for it.**

[100]

[symbol]

Green spoke about his experiences in Italy during the Great War. His ability to speak Italian caused his despatch to the Italian front, where he served with Lord Cavan. He had a poor opinion of the fighting quality of the Italian army, but insisted that individual Italians were capable of remarkable achievements & that fighting on the lofty ranges behind Trieste had been wonderful. He described the panic-stricken state of the Italians when Lord Cavan arrived. They had decided to continue to fight until they should make a stand on the Po. The British General announced his intention to make a stand on the Piave, & told them that they could have him on the lurch if they wished. Very reluctantly they decided to a stay. The Austrian Army was contemptible; the officers worthless and the men disaffected. It was the arrival of German troops, which brought the Italians to destruction. The Italian Fleet had ^{^made^} ~~out~~ a very poor show, but it had been greatly strengthened.

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[101]

Thursday, July 20th, 1939.

[symbol]

Heavy thunderous atmosphere, and at intervals deluges of rain.

I left the Club about 9.30 a.m., and made my way, not without difficulty, for there was a formidable block in the City, to Liverpool Street, where I took the 10.20 a.m. to Ipswich. I was met by James & the car. Ella & Fearne were picked up at Frasers, and so we came to Hyntle Place.

In the afternoon, Fearne motored us through pouring rain to have tea with a parson's widow who lives in the house adjoining Tallents' wigwam. Three venerable crones attended at the function, and **the air of senile virginity almost stifled me!**

Of all the social functions which have been devised for the affliction of mankind, can there be any which is more irredeemably afflicting than that of the tea-party? The meal is superfluous & repugnant; the talk inexpressibly trivial; the "futility" extreme. Set that form of boredom beside the virile & vigorous interests of such conversation as that which I shared & enjoyed at Grillion's last Wednesday.

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[102]

Friday, July 21st 1939.

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Rain fell heavily during the night. The Royal Garden Party yesterday had to be cancelled because of the weather.

I received a long & almost passionate appeal from Linetta* that I would consent to preach in Birmingham to the Modern Churchmen's Union, but I had to tell her that I had already received and refused the request from Canon Bax.

Also, Alexander wrote to remind me that money was needed for the continued payment of old Smith's pension. I sent him £10, which will suffice for the next twenty weeks.

I read carefully the article on "Apologetics" in Hasting's Encyclopedia of Religion & Ethics, and noted some books there named.

We motored to Hadleigh, and had tea with the Dean of Bocking, who is also Rector of Hadleigh, and M^{rs} Downes. He arrived rather late as he had been detained at a meeting in Ipswich where the question of taking the children out of the Council schools for denominational teaching had been discussed, & he had succeeded in defeating [103] [symbol] his diocesan by two votes! I could not in honesty refrain from telling him that I held with the Bishop. Subsequently in conversation the Dean somewhat recovered his position in my opinion, by expressing approval of the Archbishops' Commission's Report on Doctrine. He does not impress me as a man whose judgment on any religious issue ought to carry much weight, for he seems to belong to the company of the Vicar of Bray; but he is evidently a definite "Anglo-Catholic", for his church smelled strongly of incense, & his views on the school question appeared to be demurely conventional.

He showed me the house which is partly Tudor, and partly the work of the famous Tractarian Rector, Rose. He has 3½ acres of garden, and an income of £1600 per annum. He seemed to "enjoy the Papacy". Adjoining the room in which the conference was held at which the momentous decision to issue the "Tracts for the Times", was adopted, was a delightful little 15th century oratory. From there opened the "priest's chamber" in which the Marian martyr, Rowland Taylor, lay for some while concealed.

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[104]

Saturday, July 22nd, 1939.

Another dark, damp, and threatening morning. The papers are filled with report of destructive storms all over the country, & deluges of rain.

I looked in on the tent, & found my young friends sleeping peacefully side by side, like babes in a cradle! They seemed none the worse for the abominable weather. I asked them to come in to tea. They turned up in due course, and, after tea, played bowls for an hour. Colonel Smith, and Miss Anne Guthrie Smith were also here, and also played bowls. I heard with real regret that these young men were leaving on Saturday, but they may return later. They are quite attractive specimens of their generation.

I received from the Dean of Westminster the formal letter, which I expected. He asks me to preach the sermon at "a special ~~celeb~~ Commemoration Service at 6.30 p.m. on Sunday, December 10th in connexion with the 50th anniversary of the death & burial of Robert Browning. "Both the Poetry Society & the Browning Settlement are deeply interested in this service, & they have promised to support it in every way they can".

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[105]

7th Sunday after Trinity, July 23rd, 1939.

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The "Guardian" varies its normal dullness by the following imbecility:-

The hope is being expressed in some quarters that the bestowal of a peerage on Archbishop Davison when he resigned his see, will not prove to be a solitary example. It is a loss, for example, not merely to the Church, but to the nation as a whole, that retirement sh^d deprive Parliament of such a speaker & counsellor as the ex-Bishop of Durham. I can think of at least one other bishop, happily still in the House of Lords, whose retirement must in the normal course of events remove him from Westminster, to the great impoverishment of the Upper House.

Who is my potential twin? Gloucester and Norwich are the two bishops, whose resignation may reasonably be thought to be imminent; and of these the latter speaks often in the H of L. The case of Abp Davidson hardly assists the suggestion, for so far as I know, the general view is that that promotion was a failure.

[106]

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There is not the smallest likelihood of my being offered an ordinary peerage; but if, per miraculam, so foolish a procedure were adopted how could I possibly accept the offer? How could I afford the inevitable expenditure? How could I preserve the independence which properly attaches to a spiritual peerage? How could I maintain even a moderate amount of attendance at the debates? The whole notion is absurd.

[symbol] *We went to Church, and received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. I read the lessons at Mattins. The Rector preached on the Resurrection, and, commenting on S. Paul's reference, to the Appearance of the Risen Christ to S. Peter, he said,*

"What did S Peter say to Christ? Doubtless he confessed his sin, but what he said, we shall never know, for the Seal of Confession might not be broken.

The picture of Christ as a modern Confessor, subject to the rules of the Confessional, is an illuminating disclosure of the mentality of an Anglo-Catholic Anglican.

[107]

[symbol]

Gladys Scott-Thomson,* with her sister & her sister's husband, came to lunch and afterwards visited the parish church. After tea, they returned home.

I wrote to the Dean of Westminster, and undertook to preach the sermon at the special service on December 12th, designed to commemorate the 50th anniversary of Browning's death and burial in the Abbey. This is great folly on my part, but I could not resist an invitation which linked me, even by a slight and momentary link, with the name of the poet whom I enjoy and honour so much.

Ramsay, perhaps playfully, suggests that I sh^d take as the subject of my Warburton Lecture "Tyrannicide". I am half-inclined to include Tyrannicide in a discussion of the place which force may rightly have in the scheme of Christian Morals. It would include a treatment of the questions, now so hotly debated, of War, the Penal Law, and educational discipline. The Dean of S. Paul's lectured on "Some fundamental questions of Christian Morals".

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[108]

Monday, July 24th, 1939.

[symbol]

Under the heading "Bishop's Farewell to his Friends" the Times reports Ingram's* address to "some 2500 personal Friends" at a garden-party in the grounds of Fulham Palace.

The Bishop is reported to have said:-

It was far better to leave while people were sorry than to stay until they said, 'How long is the old man going on?' He had not finished his work yet."

Has he really not known that for many years now, the opinion has been freely expressed that his resignation was requisite in the interest of his diocese? The power of self-deception is great in the case of all men, but I incline to think that it is greatest in the case of a popular official, such as a bishop who never hears anything but his own voice, and the sycophantic acclamation which it evokes.

Ingram is in the running for a place in the calendar. He is full of bodily vigour, and his incessant preaching probably involves no mental exertion, but secures for him regular and wholesome bodily exercise. It is not really a ~~xxx~~ sound ideal of pastorate that he has pursued, & illustrated for so many years.

[109]

The weather, which continued to be tolerable until the afternoon, then degenerated into a heavy & steady downpour. This was the day on which the Sunday School had its annual expedition to Felixstowe!

I occupied the morning in a rather fruitless effort to write a sermon for Norwich Cathedral.

In the afternoon we motored to have tea with Sir John and Lady Tillie, with whom M^r Copland was staying. On the way, Ella and Fearne, having dropped me at Woolpit went on a vain attempt to return a call, while I looked at the church. **The canopy of honour above the chancel arch is a very notable feature of the church.** There came to tea Sir-Hugh Ralph and Lady Cator. He said that he had known me at the Oxford House, & had been brought by Lady Surtees to Auckland Castle, while ^we^ were still living there. He had been a judge in Egypt, & had recently resigned, I enquired what manner of man the young king, Farouk, really was. His reply was by no means re-assuring. Farouk appears to [110] unite in himself the recklessness of the English schoolboy and the capricious egotism of the Oriental despot. I asked whether the Egyptians were fearful of Italian attack. He said that they did not appear to realize the danger. They had been greatly shocked by the conquest of Abyssinia, but the abominable behaviour of the Italians in Libya was deeply resented. On the whole, they ~~the~~ imagined that they would be secure under British protection.

Sir John Tillie, who had been Ambassador at Tokyo, spoke about the situation in the Far East. He said that the Japanese were beginning to see that they could not conquer China, and

they were making Great Britain a kind of “whipping-boy”! They restored their wounded amour propre by attributing their failure to the malignant action of Great Britain; much as the Germans were ascribing their débâcle in the Great War to the Jews. Much to my surprise **he said that the English in Shanghai were universally pro-Japanese.**

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[111]

Tuesday, July 25th, 1939.

After the heavy rain yesterday, there was a bright day. I walked to the Rectory and signed the draft will which Cecil Ferens sent me. My signature was witnessed by the Rector (D^r Moulds) and his sister, M^{rs} Frazer.

I received a long and interesting letter from Lionel Trotman,* addressed from Bishop's House, Calcutta, where he is, for the time being, resident with his wife and son. He does not appear to be very comfortable, and finds the Metropolitan's [Foss Westcott*] enthusiasm for Buchman's Groups (which is unbounded and aggressive) rather trying:

"We have no private life of our own whatsoever, for the house is always full of all kinds of people discussing Moral Rearmament. There is no doubt that it is the Metropolitan's main interest. It doesn't seem to matter nowadays whether it is Christian or not, ~~Christian~~ Hindus & Mohammedans alike seem to be able to attend the "Quiet times", [112] without any incongruity. The Bishop of Rangoon has just been over with a "team" to talk to the Calcutta Corporation, and the reports that have gone to the press have been most glowing. Actually about 27 members out of about 100 responded to the invitation. The feverish anxiety that there is to get propaganda into the newspapers is astonishing. The Bishop seems to be prepared to leave any work he is doing in order to interview a newspaper editor. The "show piece" of the Rangoon party was the Little Burmese woman named Ina Min Tha. She has, I am told, done excellent work for many years as Head Mistress of a Girls' School in Burma. Now she has thrown all that over and is full time worker for the Groups. Her head is completely turned, as for the last few years she has spent her time going about the world, Norway, Denmark, Switzerland, England, America etc. She was almost delirious with [113] excitement when she came to Calcutta because, as she says, she received sudden guidance to go to California this month. So she went to one of the mysterious friends of the Group who provided the means to go i.e. by air from Rangoon to England, thence across the Atlantic by the Queen Mary. None of them "receive any salary", but yet this is nearly always how they travel.

A cable has just arrived asking for signatures from leading Indians to support President Roosevelt's modest commendation of the movement as a "good thing", so all the Groupists are busy collecting autographs. Frank Buchman is a shrewd fellow, & by going to America this year he has accomplished two things at least. (1) Coincided with the Royal visit to U.S.A. ; (2) found a safe place if hostilities break out in Europe. We are simply drenched with M. R. A. literature in the Bishop's House. A more serious aspect about it is that a Baptist teacher is sent to interview a magistrate (a [114] regular Communicant of our Church) who is a much better Christian than many. It is difficult not to be disloyal to our dear old Bishop, but he is completely childish about this thing. He is nearly 76 now, and, I think, that M. R. A. makes up for his loss of touch with ^what ^ ought to be his main work here.

The Bishop of Rangoon has to wait until September for his bride as she is indispensable to Frank in California.

I am afraid I have let my pen run away with me over this group question, but it is a little irritating to feel that visiting the sick & pastoral work is less important than "listening in" & sending reports to the press. Again, a precocious youth, named Tyndale Roscoe (Rangoon's chaplain) came here for a few days, and told our Bishop that the domestic staff ought to be "morally rearmed". So at prayers this youth talked to the Bishop's servants who have been with him for anything [115] from 30 years downwards. I asked him what language he used, and he said 'English', and that the bishop acted as an interpreter. It is the same with the letters signed by the Bishop for the Press They are all composed in Committee, & the Bishop signs his name. When he is away from Calcutta, the whole thing soon falls flat. Nobody can but recognise that the times are very perilous, and we do need real religion, but I cannot bring myself to accept Buchman's leadership. When I met him, in Oxford, I could not see anything to attract – yet he must have power somewhere

I read your article in the 'Guardian' with much interest. It is only too true. You have a great champion here in the High Court – a man named Arthur Collett. He is full of admiration for your way of putting things.

I strongly suspect that the Metropolitan is suffering from "softening of the brain".

[116]

[symbol]

Old Mayor, sometime Rector of Whitburn, who resigned his benefice, and ~~he~~ now lives in Felixstowe proposed to come to tea with his grand-daughter, and came. He looks well, & appears to be very cheerful. His wife who is older than himself, and failing in her wits, still lives, but is hardly in a state that make visiting either pleasant to herself, or welcome to others. These spectacles of senility distress me as prophecies of my own approaching fate. He expressed admiration for the house, & particularly for my study.

[symbol] The Editor of the Spectator rang me up, and (so far as I could understand the trunk call) asked if I would review a book by Wells. I was not very keen to do so, but said that he might send it, to use the Tradesman's phrase "on approval". I am in a quandary, for while I don't want to turn aside from the Warburton Lectures, I am unwilling to break with the Spectator, though I am so indignant at the publicity of Joad's Article, that I am half inclined to 'have done with the Editor!

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[117]

Wednesday, July 26th, 1939.

I received from the Editor a book by Wells which I hastily inspected. It was a kind of pessimistic rhapsody, in which the author 'talked large' after his own oracular manner about all the brimming questions' of the hour, and indulged in reckless insults of every existing institution. I sent it back to the Editor, declining to "review" it.

I frittered away the morning in making notes for the Browning sermon, & came upon an essay by R.H. Hutton, * sometime Editor of the Spectator, on "Browning's Theology", which was relevant & interesting. "He was a heterodox Christian, no doubt, with certain pantheistic learnings, but he was a Christian of the utmost intensity. He believed from his heart that Christ revealed God, & was personally the divine Son of God". I wonder whether, if he had written in the post War epoch, he could have been so described.

We visited 2 churches - Claydon & Bramford, in the afternoon. The latter has a xivth century stone screen, a xvth century Font, with a xvith century cover, & some other interesting features.

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[118]

Thursday, July 27th, 1939.

A glorious summer day, cloudless sky, and the air fresh though seasonably warm.

I drafted a scheme for the Warburton Lectures.

Christian Apologetic

Conditions & objectives

I

Introductory

Reasons why Christianity is always in need of apologetic

II

The Jewish Commitments

α The canonical Scriptures

β The Moral Law

γ The Authority of the private conscience

delta The Divine Society (Covenant)

III

The Secular Environment

Polytheism (moral)

Philosophy (intellectual)

The Roman State (political)

Pagan & Totalitarian

[119]

IV

The Ecclesiastical Development

The Divine Right of the Ministry

The Papacy

Temporal Power

Infallibility

V

The Modern State

Christianized

Democratic
Religiously Neutral
Scientific

VI

The Climate of opinion

Religious
Fundamentalist
Eclectic
~~Socialism~~ Scientific
Socialist

If I could set out the kind of Apologetic which “re-acted” to these influences, & could illustrate my thesis by appropriate examples, I might produce something readable.

[120]

Canon Rendall writes:

For the Warburton Lecturers it must be hard to choose a subject, & suggestion is a hardy impertinence, but what do you think of “The Leaven of Christianity”. The lectures, I believe, invite some measure of popular treatment, however much erudition lies in the background; & this subject w^d lend itself to any amount of historical illustration.

It struck me as one of the most interesting strains in your Gifford volume, & also one of the most needed for guidance of the Christian conscience today, e.g. in pacifism, & social reform. You w^d find abundant material for English development in Coulton’s latest volume, “The Medieval Panorama.

And may I send you this off- print of Minucius Felix, which might suggest a useful start in the Christian Apologia. I translated M.F. ✕ for Page in the Loeb series & this popular summary was the result [121] [symbol]of careful study, & to some extent original in its conclusions.

It occurred to me that in addressing the schoolboys of Norwich on Monday, I might find a suitable “text” in the **inscription which intrigued me in Woolpit Church. It is on the north wall of the chancel, & commemorates the talents & virtues of a lad named Smith, who had died at the age of 17.** The tablet had been erected by his tutor in evidence of this “friendship and affection” for his gifted pupil who (so the description states) exhibited “the urbanity of a gentleman, the firmness off a man, and the piety of a Christian”. These illustrate the polite manners, the sterling character, & the sound principles, which go to the making of a gentleman rightly so styled. It is the test of a sound education, how far it succeeded in turning out such gentlemen. “Manners makyth Man” is the famous motto of Winchester, & no doubt if its full meaning be given to “manners”, the motto says the truth, but, in common parlance, [122] “manners” are but the superficial carriage which may, or

may not, indicate genuine urbanity of character. The most selfish & abandoned of British sovereigns was described as "the first gentleman of Europe", and he is reported to have described one of the truest gentlemen among his subjects, Sir Robert Peel, as "no gentleman", because, when he sat down, he divided his coat-tails.

I think it would not be improper for me to repeat the account which I received from the lips of the late Archbishop Davidson about George IVth being rebuked by the Dean of Windsor, for unjustly abusing a footman, & having to apologize to him as a condition of receiving the Holy Communion at the Dean's hands. It is told in Wickham Legg's volume "English Church Life from the Restoration to the Tractarian Movement" ^p 46^ but is in a different, and I cannot doubt, less accurate form. The Archbishop of Canterbury is substituted for the Dean, & the occasion is represented as not improbably taking place during the King's last illness. Davidson was quite positive in his account.

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[123]

Friday, July 28th, 1939.

The swallows are building on my new study. Two nests are established, &, I think, that a third is planned.

I wrote to Harry Dibben,* who, having been married after being divorced by his wife under Herbert's* Act, on the ground of desertion, desires to be re-married in Church, & asks me to use my influence with the Bishop of London in order that the requisite permission may be granted. I advised him to go to the Registrar's Office: and I took occasion to ask for Ernest Ruddling's [Rudling]* address. I was much interested in that rather unusual lad when I was Rector of S. Margaret's, and he was one of the senior choristers. He joined the Army, & served in the Great War, but I have heard nothing of him, or about him, for many years. It is an odd thing, that, as I decline into the shaded uncertainties of old age, my interest in those whom I have known in the past seems to revive.

Prof. Grey Turner* writes to explain the reasons why he has to betake himself on an important Mission to America.

[124]

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We all went to lunch with an old parson's widow who lives in Felixstowe. With her was her son, a youngish clergyman now living at Misfield, who said he had met me in Gateshead, where he had been one of a party of clergy, who I "commissioned" as ministers in some kind of a mission. There was also a tall slim young man from Woodbridge, who is an architect, & a friend of the Stokes family in Hintlesham Hall. With these two young men I had some talk after lunch. They were keen, and, perhaps, rather too [?] confident Anglo-Catholics. But they were neither unintelligent nor ill-mannered.

I received a pleasant letter from Martin Kiddle.* He says inter alia:

Sir Roger Keyes attended Christ Church recently, and told me that his nephew (whom I knew at Oxford) had been almost ruined by the Groupists. They persuaded him to go on some tour abroad, where he became ill, and almost died. He then returned to England, abandoned [125] [symbol] by the Group, his health broken, with no career. After great efforts Sir Roger got him a post as a journalist.

Then he speaks about the Commentary on the Apocalypse, on which he and Malcolm Ross are engaged: It appears to be making good progress.

As we were playing croquet, our tabernaclers, John Morris and Robert Wharries came to say Goodbye. They go off tomorrow, and probably I shall never see them again: but they promised to write to me and keep in touch. It is the foible of old men to interest themselves in the fortunes of the young.

I received a request, signed by the leaders of the Durham University, for a contribution towards the cost of providing a portrait of the late Sir Robert Bolam. I knew, and mainly liked him: & I think that his portrait ought to be included in the possessions of the University; but where can I find money for contributions?

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[126]

Saturday, July 29th, 1939.

[symbol]

I received a copy of the "Bishoprick", containing a letter from my successor, [Alwyn Williams], which neither surprises nor pleases me. **He announces his decision to reduce the "minimum age limit" for confirmation candidates from 14 to twelve:** and says that in "really exceptional" circumstances he "will confirm candidates between the ages of 11 and 12. He "proposes, when desired to do so, but not otherwise, to wear a cope on occasions when that dress is traditionally appropriate". Moreover, he will change the character of the Bishoprick, and "hopes to draw on a rather wider range of contributors".*

I expected that he would fall into line with the prevailing fashion. I knew that he would be pressed to do what he has done, & that, in yielding to the pressure, he would be warmly encouraged by both the Archbishops, by his own Dean, & by most of his fellow-bishops: and I do not doubt that the Anglo-Catholics in the diocese will assure him that [in?] his decision to bring Durham into the general type, he is sure of wide approval.

[127]

[symbol]

Nevertheless, I think he is mistaken, and will lose influence with the general body of English folk, who are certainly not Anglo-Catholic in belief, habit, or sympathy. Being but human, I must needs feel hurt at so abrupt & speedy a repudiation of whatever was distinctive of my episcopate: but, of course, I cannot dispute his right to take his own line. Mostly, I regret what will be its effect on the clergy whom I have ordained, some of whom were beginning to "see light in my light". Moreover, he will find that he has put his neck in a collar which will not easily be shaken off. Marriage, doctrinal liberty, & ceremonial - these issues cannot long be avoided, & when they are raised, he will find it very difficult to take any other attitude than that which the least intelligent of his clergy approve. But he will not fail to have his reward: and I shall soon find myself, not so much forgotten, as ignored and derided. My "great & generous episcopate" will have a queer appearance in retrospect! Well, well!

[128]

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We lunched early, and then motored to Norwich where I was dropped at the Deanery, and my ladies continued their journey to East Keal Manse, Spilsby, on order to visit Nina Marsh.

I attended Evensong in the Cathedral, & then talked with Archdeacon [Arthur] Moore,* a man who affects much affection for me, but whom I do not greatly regard, having formed a mean opinion of him when he was an incumbent in Hereford & I was the Bishop there. Then I had tea pleasantly at the Deanery & afterwards went to see the Cloisters & the Cathedral with the Dean, Lord Sandwich & M^r & M^{rs} Morris. We dined at 6.45 p.m. and then went to a Miracle play in a little theatre. The history of the Passion was closely followed, & the acting was careful & reverent: **but I did not like it. My objection to dramatising the Gospel is**

insurmountable. Then we returned to the Deanery, had some refreshment, & so betook ourselves to bed. M^r Blakeney* of Winchester is staying here.

[129]

[symbol]

*Why did I find this sacred play so repugnant? The mise en scène was excellent: the actors were effective and reverent: the play itself contained nothing that could fairly be resented: and **yet I was by turns bored, wounded, and even indignant**. Why? The explanation, I suppose, lies mainly in the difficulty of relating the spectacle, on the one hand, to historic probability: on the other (and this is the main matter) to the august certitudes of faith. The almost grotesque remoteness from normal procedure offended the intelligence – the devil was ridiculous, and the angels impossible – while, the Central Figure, in the melodramatic setting, ceased to be Divine. The feet-washing was almost comical. The stern simplicity of the Gospels was replaced by the arbitrary verbosity of pseudo-archaic verse. The Resurrection scenes were quite unconvincing. While, at every point, sceptical objections were suggested, the sustained appeal to emotion failed to do more than provoke resentment. The lily was ruined by the elaborate re-painting.*

[130]

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M^r Blakeney, who lives in Winchester, inquired how my Successor at Durham was faring, and expressed much surprise when I told him that he had lowered the age for confirmation candidates, and would wear Cope & mitre at request. "Williams was always a thorough-going Modernist", he said. But the substitution of a demurely conventional bishop for so intractable a crank as the last Palatine will be immensely satisfactory to Lambeth and Bishophorpe: and the Dean of Durham will be able to feast his eyes on the spectacle of a suitably dressed prelate in the be-painted throne! I was told that his new archdeacon was an "advanced" Anglo-Catholick, and the amicable Suffragan is not the stuff that protestants are made of. The clergy will be divided in mind, the "Anglo-Catholicks" welcoming the new departure with enthusiasm, & the rest being doubtful and distrustful. The laity generally will disapprove. The Lightfoot tradition may be restored in Auckland but it will have perished in the diocese. My episcopate will pass as an ill dream!

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[131]

8th Sunday after Trinity, July 30th, 1939.

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I went to the Cathedral at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. After breakfast we strolled in the garden, & talked pleasantly. We went to the Cathedral for Mattins, & heard a very dull and vapid sermon from an old clergyman, who, so the Dean told me, was a fundamentalist Protestant. After service M^{rs} Cranage showed us the Cathedral, & then we lunched in the Deanery. In the afternoon, M^{rs} Cranage motored Blakeney and me to see the country. Everything looked opulently beautiful under the summer sun, & we obtained a magnificent view of the City crowned by the Cathedral.

[symbol]

I had much talk with Blakeney: he says that my successor, Williams, is well known to be a "safe" man, who may be trusted to "go with the multitude", and avoid crises. **He was not thought to be specially successful in his domestic economy: and was understood to be subject to his wife.** He was a great walker; & appears to have spoken alarmingly about Auckland Castle, with its "five acres of roof". This is an odd calculation.

[132]

I preached in the Cathedral, at the nave service. The congregation seemed to fill the nave. The Bishop was present, & as usual, was very agreeable. I preached for 28 minutes, and was certainly listened to very closely. Yet I do not feel very happy about the sermon. It seemed too academic, "above the heads of the congregation", and, therefore, unedifying. However the Dean and Blakeney were very civil about it.

M^r Acland, the Headmaster of the School, came in to supper at the Deanery. I found him intelligent, unassuming, and obliging. He told me that there were 250 boys in his school, of whom 44 were boarders in his house, & the rest were day-boys. In his House he had a wonderful variety. At one end, he had to teach reading; and, at the other, to arrange for military service.

The Dean spoke about the extravagances which flourish at Walsingham, where Cardinal Bourne, on visiting the parish church, declared that it was too Roman for him!*

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[133]

Monday, July 31st, 1939.

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“Good manners” are comparable with what is called in literature a “good style”. Slovenly writing is really nothing but bad manners in composition. Bishop Butler rightly declares it to be confession of mental confusion as well as in itself indecent: in his Preface to the famous “Fifteen Sermons preached at the Rolls Chapel” he says:-

It is unpardonable for a man to lay his thoughts before others, when he is conscious that he himself does not know whereabouts he is, or how the matter before him stands. It is coming abroad in disorder which he ought to be dissatisfied to find himself in at home.

In a lesser degree I would extend the argument to the case of handwriting. It is a breach of good manners for any man to inflict on another the irritating necessity of wasting time and temper over the deciphering of an ill-written scrawl, which, more often than not, contains nothing to compensate the expenditure. Calligraphy is proper in a gentleman.

[134]

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The Dean & M^{rs} Cranage motored me to Walsingham, and showed me the Anglican Shrine, and the Roman Catholic “Slipper Chapel”, now restored & enlarged. The latter was far less aggressively superstitious than the former. Nothing seemed to be omitted which could insult good sense, violate good taste, and show contempt for the English Church. The bizarre superstition of Lourdes seemed to be moderate & reasonable beside the tawdry & vulgar improvisations of (Anglican) Walsingham. One could almost condone the iconoclasm of a Dowsing, & the brazen Protestantism of a [John] Kensit. * The Bishop of Norwich, who is known to loathe this repulsive illegality, feels himself to be impotent, & tolerates what he must needs lament & condemn. I was reminded of the replica of the Lourdes Grotto, which is so conspicuous in the garden of the Vatican. It is said that this preposterous shrine attracts large numbers of Anglican pilgrims. Meanwhile, the Papists are “digging themselves in”, buying everything they can, & preparing for the victory which they [135] [symbol] confidently expect. I was amazed at the spectacle which I beheld. The patron of the living. Sir John Gurney, is said to be disgusted with the parochial régime, which now exists, and when the benefice becomes vacant, he may be able to make an appointment which will secure a change. But already a vested interest in the commercial gains, which the pilgrims bring to the villagers, is growing up: and local opinion would not support an effort to bring back reasonable religion & the obeying of the Law.

I lunched with the Bishop. He is evidently disturbed by Walsingham, but disinclined to take any resolute action.

He drove me to S. Andrew’s Hall where the prize-distribution was to take place. It is a noble building, but has the forlorn suggestion of a secularized church. It was well-filled by the boys

& their parents & neighbours. The Dean, as Chairman of the School Governors presided, and the Bishop sat beside me on the platform. There was the usual tiresome procedure - [136] [symbol] a long "report" of the Headmaster (Acland) full of thanks & compliments, then the giving away of a mountain of prize-books, and after that my speech, which had at least the merit of being short. The Bishop of Norwich proposed a vote of thanks to me in a very laudatory speech, & this was seconded by the Sheriff, who said that it had been his practice in past years to frequent Westminster Abbey, when I preached. I was rather moved by his speech, which had a genuine ring. I asked the Headmaster to grant a half-holiday, & to save it up for next term. On the whole, the function seemed to go through successfully. The Dean introduced me to a Lincoln's Inn Bench, who expressed his satisfaction of my appointment to be the Warburton lecturer.

Then the Dean and I, avoiding the general tea-drinking at the School, returned to the Deanery, and had tea together.

The weather became sultry, and there were some heavy deluges of rain in the afternoon.

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There came to dinner Mr Norman Daynes of Lincoln's Inn, who was very friendly and interesting. He expressed himself to the Dean in terms of warm commendation of my speech to the school.

The Headmaster sent me a very grateful note. He calls my speech "a very wonderful message["]]. He really seems to have been pleased & impressed.
[symbol]

The Dean gave me a book about the Norwich Cathedral Cloister, and wrote my name in it "with the Editor's warm regard". He also insisted on my reading an Article entitled "Superstition is returning" in "Discovery" Nov. 1938. It is by Stanley Brogden. It contains some surprising statements about the belief in astrology:

"Of the eight morning newspapers published in London, four contain daily horoscopes..... To millions of Americans.. the influence of the stars is a living thing. More than a dozen magazines devoted to astrology have gained large circulations. Not one wireless listener in the United States need pass a day [138] [symbol] without turning on an astrological forecast. Across the Canadian border the Government grew so apprehensive of the effect of superstitious influence upon Canadian mentality that a Bill was passed banning astrologers from Canadian wireless stations & restricting their contributions to the Press. In fact, I am told by international astrologers, no lecturer will accept a tour in Canada." The disciples of the astrologer may be classified. Almost exclusively the cult is found among working-class wives, the great mass of young women office workers, young wives of the middle class, neurotic elderly ladies of the society classes, high pressure business men and a few young men throughout the professions adopted by the secondary schoolboy. I have yet to find a woman holding a responsible business position who credits astrology. With the young & married women the belief is not dangerous,

merely affording the believer a hobby. The frightening and dangerous aspect of the cult is its growing [139] [symbol] hold upon young men of the middle classes through sheer habit”.

Primarily, the cult of astrology is fatalistic. It is inculcating a feeling of fatalism among people whose racial intelligence & culture are opposed any predestination. Fatalism is essentially opposed to the temperament of the Northern European peoples.. It has been bred purely among the enervated agnostics of the East.”

But surely the prevalence of Calvinism in Europe has been most marked among ‘The Northern European peoples’, e.g. the Scots. And modern determinist philosophies are most greedily adopted by Northerners.

It is nothing to be wondered at that Buchmanism should have an easy course in a society thus hag-ridden by superstition. “Guidance” and the use of the astrologer’s forecasts are essentially the same. The moral quality of pseudo-religious and pseudo-scientific adventurers is identical. And both are probably equally unwholesome.

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In his “Confessions”, S. Augustine’s [sic] relates how a convert to astrology was cured of his folly by having it pointed out that on the same property two infants were born under precisely the same astral conditions, the one was a slave’s child, & grew up to a slave’s life, the other was the owner’s son, & had the career of a wealthy man.

It is stated that Hitler has become a bondslave of astrological superstition. Napoleon’s belief in his star belongs to the same description.

I remember that Sir Arthur Edington spoke of the prevalence of astrology among educated Hindoos. In Pastor’s History of the Pope it is stated that, among many other pagan errors which were resuscitated at the Renaissance, and contributed to the general demoralisation, was the revival of astrology. Even the Popes were not immune from the general folly. There is a dismayingly close resemblance between the age of the Renaissance and our own: and the conclusion gathers strength, that as the earlier time culminated in the collapse of Medievalism, so the later will lead in the collapse of Industrialisation.

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[141]

Tuesday, August 1st, 1939.

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The Dean took me to a hair-dresser, where I was professionally dealt with, & then showed me the very interesting exhibition of ecclesiastical objects in a disused parish church. Nothing could have been more seemly & suitable, if (as was certainly the case) there was no need for the church as “a place of worship”. Yet, it chills one’s heart to note yet another evidence of the passing of Christianity.

M^{rs} Rudgard called for me about 1 p.m., and motored me to Drayton, where the Major, a vast and gloomy figure received me. Ells & Fearne had already arrived. After a substantial lunch, we returned to Hyntle Place, arriving at 4.30 p.m. Among my letters I was agreeably surprised by one from the King's Financial secretary enclosing a cheque for five pounds, presumably as a fee for preaching in the Chapel Royal on July 16th. I never received a fee when I preached as Bishop of Durham; but now I suppose that I count as an outsider! Also, I received an interesting letter from Mary Rainbow,* who has been in ~~Czecho-Slo~~ Czecho-Slo Jugo-Slavia.

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[142]

Wednesday, August 2nd, 1939.

[symbol]

Ella and Fearne went off to London for the day.

The Times announces that the new Bishop of Chester is to be the R^t Rev. Douglas Henry Crick, the suffragan Bishop of Stafford. He is 54 years old. Since he comes from the Lichfield diocese, we may assume that he is another of the Socialistically-minded Anglo-Catholics, who now dominate the C. of E. He was educated at Winchester & New College, but does not appear to have done anything more in the schools than take a 2nd class in Mods.

The **Northern Province now possesses no representation of the Low Church Party** save (but these are very doubtful) the Bishops of Manchester & Sodor & Man. Sheffield, Carlisle, & Durham are thought to incline to Modernism, but this main interest is not doctrinal. On the whole, "Anglo-Catholicism" prevails throughout the Province. How short a period suffices for the transformation of a Church, when such a weapon as the Crown Patronage of the Bishopricks is made use of for that purpose! Socialism in the State, and Sacerdotalism in the Church, are au fond natural allies. Both hate freedom.

[143]

Prejudice - not long since so formidable and ubiquitous a giant - now shows sometimes little more vitality than Bunyan's Pope or Pagan: & the men who stone one of our modern prophets do it hurriedly, feeling that they may be interrupted at any moment by having to make arrangements for his interment in Westminster Abbey.

v. F. Myers, Essays, Modern. p. 312.

I think that the subject of the Warburton Lectures (v. p. 118) must be simplified, & made more precise.

Christian Apologetics

The Appeal to History

1. Unavoidable since 1) Christianity is inextricably linked with Judaism. 2) in itself an "historical Religion".
2. The Christian Creed involves an appeal to history.
3. The Appeal to Scripture implicit in the Appeal to History since the N. T. in a Summary of Apostolic Testimony.

[144]

4. The Church, a historical institution justifying itself by an Appeal to History.
5. The Papacy, its claims based on an Appeal to History, & rejected in deference to Historical Verdicts.
6. Limits of the Appeal to History.

1. It can certify, but not interpret, the facts.
2. Must always be contingent and provisional, because liable to be reversed by new evidence.

I wrote a "Collins" to M^{rs} Cranage. Also, I wrote to Norman Sykes,* asking for suggestions about parochial life in the interval between the Reformation & the Reform Act. Also, to Ruth Spooner.*

Beyond gaining a few references to Browning, I did nothing towards clearing off my formidable commitments.

The weather became unpleasantly sultry, & at nightfall was wet.

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[145]

Thursday, August 3rd, 1939.

James was beaming with the freshly-born pride of paternity, having been presented by his wife this morning with a fine baby-girl. It is monstrously inconvenient for me, since I really want to have the gardener's house occupied by a married man without children, whose wife could assist in the House: and, indeed, it was on the supposition that James "fitted the bill" that, at the Rector's suggestion, I appointed him: and now my little plan is upset. But there is really nothing to be done. **I cannot dismiss a man for the crime of paternity!** Nor can I throw a chill of displeasure over his natural exaltation.

I frittered away the whole morning in looking out (from the indexes) notices of Browning by such distinguished people, as I have biographies of on my shelves. Some of them are amusing, & some illuminating: but hardly any are serviceable for use in a Commemoration sermon! I was rewarded by finding in Sir James Paget's 'Memoir' a really amusing story related by Browning about a thieving girl in their lodgings in Italy:-

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a story of Browning's, of a girl in their lodgings somewhere in Italy, who, they found, regularly stole their tea, which they bore with, but rebelled when they found out that she likewise stole their candles in order to burn them before a little shrine in expiation of her sin of stealing their tea! (l.c. 408.)

Canon Lanchester, Rector of Framlingham, with his niece came to lunch, in spite of the rain, which, in varying measures of violence, fell most of the day. He had a distinguished career at Cambridge, & is an examining chaplain to the Bishop of Norwich. Since 1917 he has held the Pembroke College living of Framlingham, which Crockford states to be worth £1050 net. He is (since 1921) Rural Dean. He is a typical Anglican parson of the older type, mild, courteous, probably indolent, & feeble. He expressed admiration of my study, and was particularly interested in my "relics" of Lightfoot & Stanley.

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[147]

Friday, August 4th, 1939.

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More rain fell today: but the afternoon was fine, & we played croquet.

A letter from Carter informed me that Bott,* the Vicar of S. John's, Stockton has died. I wrote to his widow a letter of condolence.

Bott was an extreme Anglo-Catholick, but (in spite of this) a humble & devoted Christian. His illegalities were enormous, but his piety was alluringly simple & sincere. I held him in high regard, and observed with interest his influence over the young men whom he drew to himself, & bound into the highly-articulated ceremonialism which he loved. Of these, one of the most attractive and promising was Malcolm Rose, who fell into Buchman's hands, "went to pieces" morally, & is now feeling his way back to some kind of Christian position. I was always surprized that so good & devoted a man as Bott was not more successful in his parish. But the English people will not stomach "Popery", and although they may love the man, they will not attend his church.

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[148]

Saturday, August 5th, 1939.

There was much thunder, and heavy rain during the night: and in the morning there was still some rumbling of thunder, and intermittent downpours. We begin to fear for the ingathering of the Harvest.

I revised the sermons for Bournemouth, and Wells Cathedral: and wrote to Dick. Also, I accepted the invitation of the Mayor of Colchester to open the new public library on the 19th October, & to dine as his guest at the Oyster Feast, on 26th Oct.

We lunched with M^r & M^{rs} Herbert Cobbold at Sproughton. There came also to lunch an elderly couple, named, I think, White. All very friendly and talkative.

The weather was extremely oppressive. Thunder kept up an interjectional grumble, & rain fell now & again. We returned to Hyntle Place, and had tea, after which I walked for an hour and a half. There were no letters by the afternoon post. There are now three swallow's nests on my study. The treasure found near Woodbridge is now in the British Museum.

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[149]

9th Sunday after Trinity, August 6th, 1939.

I finished reading "Six Years of Hitler". It is a painful book, disclosing a cold, consistent cruelty, hardly to be paralleled even in the black record of religious persecution. The anti-Semitic policy of the Nazi state is shown to be the product of Hitler's personal fanaticism. He has drawn about himself a fearful conclave of half-crazy fanatics, like Streicher, half-educated doctrinaires like Rosenburg, and cunning careerists like Goebbels. He is himself a singularly keen judge of men & tendencies, **presenting that curious combination of fanaticism and practical ability which is not infrequent in History.** He appeals to the dark forces of religious bigotry, racial arrogance, social envy, & economic interest: and finds all these alert and intense in the atmosphere of humiliation & discomfort which the disaster of the Great War created. **The worst elements of the German character – its brutality, sadistic cruelty, & worse than swinish filthiness: evil factors in human nature itself, but curiously potent in Germans [150] - have been released, stimulated, and exalted by the development of the anti-Semitic policy.**

"Thoroughness and systematic action have been the hallmark of anti-Jewish policy in Germany in all spheres. Thoroughness and systematic action can be observed too in the question of Jewish emigration from Germany. Everything is subordinated to the one purpose which Hitler set himself: to fight the Jews wherever they came within his reach, and incidentally to further the aims of German world hegemony."

This concluding paragraph sums up the moral of the miserable story. There seems no avoiding the necessity of getting rid of Hitler, as the indispensable condition of bringing to an end the nightmare of oppression and terror into which he has plunged mankind. If ever tyrannicide were politically requisite and morally legitimate it surely must be both in this case.

[151]

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I wrote to M^r G. Warburg thinking him for his dolorous volume: and (at some length) to Ralph Inge, who is reported to have been suffering from that painful malady, shingles. Then I went to Mattins, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion in the parish church. [symbol in margin] Poor Peter, the serving lad, must be sorely perturbed by the ceremonial waywardness of the Bishop. He produced a bowl when the elements were placed on the Altar, & when I enquired what it was meant for, he said, "washing your hands". Having performed my ablution before setting out for church, I declined his offer, & (no doubt) left him greatly wondering! It must surely be very disturbing to puerile piety to be brought up thus sharply to Anglican dissidence in excelsis. The Rector has no doubt an explanation to give the "servers", but it can hardly be favourable to my credit, or to their modesty.

I wrote to Charles Pattinson.*

At teatime M^{rs} Murray, bruized [sic] & shaken by her motor accident, arrived for a short visit. She is 73, &, as indefatigable as ever.

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[152]

Monday, August 7th, 1939.

“Unsettled”, but mainly fine, & rather cooler.

I received from Noel Lamydy a letter enclosing a “snapshot” of himself with his wife & two daughters. It is 45 years at least since I saw him last, & now I should not recognize him.

After breakfast we all set out in M^{rs} Murray’s car to see churches. We visited Lavenham and Long Melford, & then returned to Hyntle Place for lunch.

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Tuesday, August 8th, 1939.

M^{rs} Murray “took up her carriages”, and went to London after breakfast.

I corrected the final batch of proofs, & sent them (registered) to the Secretary, University Press, Cambridge.

Miss Owen, the Headmistress of the Mount School, Bishop Auckland, came to lunch. Rowaleyn Cumming-Bruce came to tea. He agreed to act as my Trustee for the ~~will~~ marriage settlement instead of W. P. Ker* deceased. He is much perplexed as to his duty in the matter of military service. The horrible uncertainty into which these dictators have plunged the world, makes it so difficult to decide on any course of action. Everything normal has become suddenly futile & almost absurd!

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[153]

Wednesday, August 8th [sic], [9th] 1939.

It is pitiable that one's time unharnessed to official duties slips away in fussy activities, which have no lasting significance, & leave no effects worth garnering. This morning I wanted to refer to Milman's Latin Christianity, but failed to find the book until, with Fearne's assistance, I discovered it, & some others, which I had begun to give up as lost in the Exodus from Auckland. Pleased with this success, I continued to "browse" on the volumes in my less apparent shelves, and so dissipated, pleasantly enough, the greater part of the morning! Yet the days are slipping by, and the inexorable hour when I must face the Benchers with my Introductory Warburton Lecture draws nearer. I did find [Richard] Church's Life and Letters, and was rewarded by coming on a really admirable criticism of Browning as a poet.*

We motored to Butley Priory, and had tea with D^r Rendall, formerly headmaster of Winchester. He had collected a pleasant party, and, as the weather, though thunderous & menacing, was not wet or stormy, we had an agreeable afternoon. His house is a fascinating building of the early xivth century.

[154]

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Ralph Inge replies to my letter. He says that "after reaching his 80th year without a day of real illness" he was "suddenly attacked by a devilish nervous disease called 'herpes'", which has placed him hors de combat in extreme discomfort for five weeks. He is now getting better. He continues:

I am not surprised that you feel the wrench of stepping down from such a splendid position. But how much more dignified than to drag on like poor A. F. London [Winnington-Ingram], & then to send round the hat! I expect when you have satisfied the super-tax people you will find that you have enough, & need not think of giving up your London Clubs, which would be a great pity. The Warburton & White Lectures will give you occupation, & I hope both will be published. My Warburton Lectures had nothing to do with the terms of the Trust deed, but the lawyers did not mind.

But I am not able to draw the ~~bow~~ bow [corrected in red pencil] of Ulysses!

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[155]

Thursday, August 9th [sic], [10th] 1939.

[symbol]

Another uncomfortable day – thunderous atmosphere, depressing & debasing: intermittent rain, gusty & comfortless: making all work impossible, and all society intolerable.

[symbol] The Times announces that [Christopher] Chavasse,* the Master of S^t Peter's Hall, Oxford, has been appointed the new Bishop of Rochester. He is 55 years old. As there is no mention of his academic record, I infer that he has none worth naming: but he is the son of the son of the former Bishop of Liverpool, and may be supposed to belong to the same ecclesiastical faction. He has lately distinguished **himself by some ardently obscurantist pronouncements on the Doctrinal Report of the Archbishops' Commission**. He will be an addition to the anti-Modernist section of the Episcopate, which is known to include the following – Oxford, Ely, S. Alban's, Chelmsford. These bishops (with the doubtful exception of Oxford) do not count for much intellectually.

We lunched with General Massey Lloyd in Ipswich, & were surprized & delighted by the squirrels in his garden.

[156]

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With some qualms of conscience, for I am not really pleased with his appointment, though I think it might have been worse, I wrote to Chavasse a comparatively civil letter of what is absurdly called congratulation. I cannot forget that **he was resolutely opposed to the quack, Buchman, when the Oxford dons were losing their heads in the fresh fervours of his "Oxford" Movement: and I do not doubt that his attitude did much to restrain the "Gadarene" tendencies of the Evangelicals.**

The Episcopal Bench is being quickly changed.

- | | |
|------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. London. | Ingram gives place to Fisher |
| 2. Durham. | Henson Williams. |
| 3. Lichfield. | Kempthorne Woods. |
| 4. Sheffield. | Burrows Hunter |
| 5. Rochester. | Linton Smith Chavasse. |
| 6. Chester. | Fisher Crick. |
| 7. Bath & Wells. | Wynne-Willson .. Underhill. |

The only bishops now added to the Bench who have any academic distinction are the 2 pedagogues, [Geoffrey] Fisher* & [Alwyn] Williams,* who very properly go to the two major sees, London & Durham.

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[157]

Friday, August 11th, 1939.

The weather improved, and we had a fine day for our journey. After spending the morning in the exasperating futilities of packing, which (with my usual selfishness, but I loathe the business) I avoided, & Fearne, with skill & gallantry carried out, we lunched in Hyntle Place, and afterwards made a start. Fearne motored to a village called Hendelsham, where we had tea, & visited the church. This was only notable by two well-carved wooden effigies, of the 13th century, & some unusual "hanging beeches" (so they were described by a civil old man who showed us the Church) in the Churchyard. Then we went on via Royston & Boldock to Letchworth, where we put up for the night in the Letchworth House Hall Hotel. This is a fine commodious building which seems to include a country house. It is set in an extensive Park, and fully equipped with the requisites of a modern hotel of the best type. There is a golf-course, and lawn-tennis courts. Everything appears to be efficient & well-arranged.

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[158]

Saturday, August 12th, 1939.

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A fine day from start to finish. We left the Hotel shortly after 9 a.m., and motored to Whipsnade, where we spent the morning in viewing the animals. The arrangements for the comfort of the beasts are equalled by those for the convenience of the visitors. Apart from the interest of the Zoo the beauty of the Park itself is remarkable. We were particularly pleased with the giant panda, the chimpanzees, the giraffes, the wolves, the rhinoceros, the lions and bears. We lunched pleasantly enough in the Restaurant belonging to the park. Leaving Whipsnade about 1.30 p.m., we motored to Burford, where we visited the noble parish church, and had tea. In the hotel was an unusually intelligent waiter, who had never visited Whipsnade. Two young men in Burford Church said that they were lately members of Bede College, Durham, & were now employed as school-teachers. After tea, we continued our journey to Painswick, where we were hospitably received by M^r & M^{rs} S. Clair Baddeley.

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[159]

10th Sunday after Trinity, August 13th, 1939.

[symbol]

My eyes are, I must confess it, becoming a practical difficulty. In spite of the comfortable assurances of M^r M^cHoul, they grow definitely inadequate to their proper duty. Even with the two-fold assistance of spectacles, & a hand-held magnifying glass, the task of reading is not easy. Small type is almost prohibitive. An anxiety begins to shape itself in my mind that I may not be able to carry through my present programme, & that the larger projects with which I had imagined that my last years might be occupied must be relegated to the dolourous [sic] category of “castles in the air”. It is a bleak prospect for one’s old age. **If I am to be blind, and my wife, completely deaf, how are we to keep in touch?** Mine host is a bookish man, and has obtained some distinction in that dusty world which archaeologist & antiquarians inhabit: but the book-case in my bedroom appears to be locked; and the books that are accessible are not specially inviting! My copy of Browning (the 2 vol. edition) is printed in the smallest print!

[160]

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πεποίθησιν δε τοιαύτην ἔχομεν δια του Χριστου προς τον Θεόν ουχ ότι αφ’
εαυτων ικανοί εσμεν λογίσασθαί τι ως εξ εαυτων αλλ’ ή ικανότης ημων εκ
του Θεου· ος και ικάνωσεν ημας διακόνους καινης διαθήκης· ου γράμματος,
αλλα πνεύματος· το γαρ γράμμα αποκτείνει, το δε πνευμα ζωοποιει.

So S. Paul (**who also had eye-trouble**) writes in the Epistle for this Sunday.

Mine host is fully endowed with the distinctive qualities of the genuine antiquary – pertinacity, omniscience, loquacity, & sensitiveness. He is variously interesting, but, perhaps, not equally trustworthy. However, his conversation (which tends to be a monologue) is always informing, and reflects the harvest of a curious mind united to an indefatigable industry, & dedicated to an object, which, though not of the first quality, is neither ignoble nor socially valueless. He reminded me at every turn of “The Antiquary”, and I was content to play the part of Lovell.

[161]

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After breakfast mine Host showed me his house & garden, expounding its historic interest and architectural features. It is certainly an interesting & attractive habitation, matching its present proprietor perfectly. He still draws his water from a Norman Well, 61 feet deep. The view of the house, in the forefront of other stone-built houses higher placed on the hillside, & crowned by the spire of the parish church, and all seen against a deep-blue, cloudless sky, was extremely & unusually alluring.

We went to the parish church, & there heard a Mariolatrous haranque from the curate. It appears that the whole redemptive Economy was a Feminist scheme, the core of which lies in the Angelus! I was told that there is considerable discontent in the parish, & that the people are largely Dissenting: and, indeed, I do not wonder, for, if I were a parishioner, I could not bring myself to acquiesce in such puerilities. But what has his Lordship of Gloucester to say to this state of things?

[162]

[symbol]

Among several visitors, who came to tea, was a gentleman named Howard, who was **the son of Sir Henry Howard, sometime our representative at the Vatican, & himself a Papist.** I had much talk with him about foreign affairs. **He spoke with knowledge and decision about the state of opinion in Germany & Italy, where he had been recently a visitor. He was confident that popular opinion in both countries was becoming hostile to the dictators, and that it was hardly possible for either of them to embark on a major war.** He said that Mussolini was losing his hold on the people, that his immorality (he had no less than 21 illegitimate children) had become notorious, & that the influence of his daughter, whose mother was a Jewess, & whose husband was Count Ciano, was believed to be both malefic & decisive. All this was pleasant hearing, but, of course, M^r Howard may be mistaken.

M^{rs} Cranage was in church this morning, & very friendly. She looks younger than ever.

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[163]

Monday, August 14th, 1939.

[symbol]

Before getting up I read Bagehot's "Study" of Gladstone. (1860). It is, of course, crammed with good things. He quotes G. as writing in his Homer, something which may, perhaps, find illustration from the case of Browning:-

*"Poets of modern times have composed great works in ages that stopped their ears against them. Paradise Lost does not represent the time of Charles II, nor the Excursion the first decades of the present century. **The case of the orator is entirely different. His work, from its very inception, is inextricably mixed up with practice. It is cast in the mould offered to him by the mind of his hearers.**"*

After breakfast M^r Baddeley went with us to see Miserden and Elkeston. The beauty of the country through which we passed, and the fineness of the day, made the expedition enjoyable, and the remarkable interest of the churches which we visited made it memorable. Our Host's guidance made it pleasantly educative.

[164]

[symbol]

Miserden church is distinguished by the effigies of Sir William and Lady Sandys, carved from Derbyshire alabaster by Nicholas Stone in the early years of the XVIIth century. The workmanship is exquisite. We passed by a noble Stuart mansion now inhabited by one of the family of the Bristol tobacco-millionaire, Wills.

Elkestone is an extraordinarily interesting church. Large parts of the Norman building remain, embedded in the work of the xivth and xvth centuries. The North porch is adorned by a wonderful carving – Christ is represented as sitting on the Colosseum, holding in His Hand the book of the Gospel engraving with the Alpha and the Omega. He is surrounded by the symbols of the Four Evangelists.

The corners of the Tower are adorned by carvings of Angels playing on musical instruments. A fine set of carved Norman corbels enrich the outside walls of the nave: & above the Chancel is [165] [symbol] a dovecot. As Fearne was turning the car in the drive, with the too-confident guidance of our host, she collided with a wall, & displaced a coping stone, but with practically no damage to the car. The legs of the writing-table in my bedroom, being insecure, gave way suddenly, & discharged most of the ink in my ink-pot into my copy of Browning's poems!

In the afternoon we motored to Stroud, & had tea with Major and M^{rs} Soltau Simmons [Soltau-Symans]* He grows unwieldy: & she "enjoys bad health"; I was charmed by the familiarity of the birds, which come readily to be fed in the verandah [sic].

At dinner our conversation led us to speak of Sir Richard Burton and his wife, who had been well, indeed intimately, known to our host & hostess, who evidently held them in high regard. Also, it fell out that the Baddeleys knew both the Daveys and the [Francis] Pembers,* and had been present at Frank's wedding, when I officiated, but they had no remembrance of me! Such is fame! They had stayed at the Westminster Deanery when Dean [George] Bradley* reigned in the Abbey.

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[166]

Tuesday, August 15th, 1939.

[symbol]

On mine hostess's emphatic recommendation I read Mark Twain's Letters for nearly two hours. They are a little too obviously the productions of a professional humourist, but are, perhaps for that reason, unusually readable. His references to Scott are uniformly unfavourable and contemptuous e.g.

"I wonder by what right old Walter Scott's artificialities shall continue to live."
(p.128)

"Interest? Why, it is impossible to feel any interest in these bloodless shams, these milk-and-water humbugs. And, oh! The poverty of the invention! He was great in his day, & to his proper audience; & so was God in Jewish times, for that matter, but why should either of them rank high now? And do they? – honest, now, do they? Damned if I believe it." (p 383)

This is sufficient, not to injure Scott, but to ruin Mark Twain. He sinks to his proper category, a gutter-snipe of genius. "Bloodless shams" indeed!

[167]

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Mine host walked with me about his property expounding with much learning, & extraordinary zest its various interest. I was irresistibly reminded of the Antiquary and Lovel. He showed me his erudite account of Hailes Abbey a local foundation in which he has taken a special interest.

[The following two paragraphs are crossed through in red]

We lunched with Geordie Gore. * Sir John and Lady Percival were her other guests. She accompanied us when we had tea with Peggie Lloyd and her husband. After her detestable fashion, she fastened on the latter, and so monopolized him that he was unable to fetch the 2 little boys from a neighbour's house, as his wife desired. I find this relative of Ella's an extraordinarily trying person; but she is as adhesive as she is annoying; and, as usual, I can only "grin and bear it"!

I received a letter from Alington,* asking if there was a Life of Cosin, indicating his desire to write one, & inquiring about the best books on XVIIth century Anglicanism.

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[168]

Wednesday, August 16th, 1939.

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Another glorious day. I wrote to Alington, encouraging the suggestion that he should undertake a 'Life' of Cosin, and indicating some sources of material. I sent into the bank the cheque for £5:8:0, which I received from Pigg & Son, as rent due to me in Auckland. I asked mine host how it came about that he acquired a taste for antiquarianism; & he was good enough to narrate an interesting chapter of autobiography. As a boy at Wellington he had a fondness for natural history, & on one occasion he discovered a rare snake; while he and his companion, another Wellington boy, were discussing the discovery: an elderly gentleman, whom he recognized as Canon Kingsley, rode up, & the matter was referred to him. He also was non-plussed, but took away the snake, & in due course, found out what it was. Somewhat later, he was staying in a house, when a fellow guest fell on the fender, & cut his head. Young Baddley bound up the wound, & did his work so well, as to earn the compliment of the doctor. This incident led to an acquaintance, which developed into an [169] [symbol] intimacy. The gentleman took his youthful benefactor to Italy, & stimulated his interest by making him acquainted with the artistic & architectural treasures of Italy.

I wrote to Noel Lamidey.

M^r Howard came to tea, and afterwards he and I sate in the garden, & talked for about 2 hours. He is a Roman Catholick, but of so liberal a type, that we discussed without reserve or embarrassment questions on which Roman Catholicks are commonly very difficult & impracticable. He appears to have a thorough knowledge of Germany: when I expressed my surprize at the weakness of the Church in that country, & enquired what the reason might be, he replied without hesitation that it was the poor quality of the priesthood. **He was very confident that Hitler would not adventure a war, since he knew that the nation would not follow his lead.**

He gave me a vivacious account of the enthusiasm of the cadets at Devonport when their Majesties visited the port. She "blew them a kiss."

<!170839>

[170]

Thursday, August 17th, 1939.

[symbol]

I was much interested by hearing M^r Howard, a Roman Catholic by family and profession, condemn with decision both the celibacy of the clergy and the Pope's territorial temporal power. He held that, from the time of Charlemagne, the latter had been the curse of the church. He did not impress me as either a deep or an exact thinker, nor did he disclose any considerable knowledge of ecclesiastical history; but he was an acute, widely-travelled, broad-minded man of the world, and I cannot doubt that he is representative of a considerable section of the R.C. Laity. Even when we discussed the population problem, he did not dissent from my statement that it was rather the low social & economic quality of the bulk of Roman Catholics, than the power of the Church, which explained their abstinence from the use of contraceptives. I was confirmed in my view that the Roman Catholic Church is rather an imposing façade than a solid building. If the Confessional be as potent a factor as is generally asserted, there must be a deliberate & widely-extended condemnation of the use of contraceptives.

[171]

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After breakfast, I read the Times, which has rather a disconcerting description of the international outlook. [symbol] **Winston Churchill is visiting the Maginot line, while the Prime Minister "goes a fishing"!**

Mine host proposed a walk round the town, and most part of the morning was occupied by a careful viewing of Painswick. M^r Baddeley is a copious & interesting guide, & with his assistance I spent the time pleasantly and profitably. Most of the houses appear to date from the xviith century, and some from the xivth. Behind the grey stone buildings are often to be found gardens, mostly small, but some surprisingly large in extent, and almost all beautifully kept. The parish church, with its fine Caroline spire, unifies and crowns the little town. We looked in on Major P2222 Tarte, who lives hard by the gate; and on M^{rs} P2222 Edwards. Both invited us to enter & view their gardens. Mine host has evidently concerned himself with knowledge & pertinacity in preserving the antiquities of Painswick, and averting from it the more aggressive & revolting achievements of the latest age.

[172]

[symbol]

After lunch mine host shewed me some family portraits. His father, in a P2222222 splendid military uniform, must have been amazingly handsome, but he was surpassed by his uncle, who added to the physical beauty, which was very notable, a mystical gravity which added an interest, rather spiritual than physical. Mine host's mother was extremely beautiful. She made a great collection of drawings of London, which was presented to the London Library.

Mine host shewed me his note-books, the contents of every one being most carefully indexed in his own small & beautiful hand. **He was evidently wont to underline the books he read, & to annotate them freely on the margins of the pages.**

Nature has endowed him with insatiable curiosity, an unflagging pertinacity, and a retentive memory. I could not but observe that he was shewing the marks of old age. He repeated himself, frequently lost the thread of his discourse, and tended to wander far from his theme. Yet he possesses considerable resilience, and recovers himself quickly. He, now and again, seems to retire into himself, and, to use a vulgar expression, "wool-gathers".

[173]

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A much underlined, and marginally annotated volume, was the following, which he shewed me –

'The Commerce between the Roman Empire and India' by E.H. Warmington. (Cambridge 1898)

I glanced through it, & saw that it covered much of the ground, perhaps better covered by the larger work of Friedländer.

I wrote to Lionel Trotman,* & to Martin [Ellingsen]*

M^{rs} Baddeley walked with me to call on old Sir Francis Holt. I found him cheerful and vigorous [sic] in spite of his 95 years. Incidentally M^{rs} B told me that in September, mine host will complete his 83rd year. He is certainly a notable example of intellectual vitality at so advanced an age. **But antiquarians are a long-lived generation.** We spoke of Lord Nuffield, for whom both mine host and his wife express high regard. He appears to have taken a great liking to their son, who was killed in a woeful flying accident; and their son reciprocated Nuffield's feeling. M^{rs} B talked very interestingly about the poet Swinburne, who must have been badly deranged in his wits at the end of his life.

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[174]

Friday, August 18th, 1939.

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Before being called, I employed myself in reading again, with as detached a mind as I could command, the proofs of my miserable Book on the Church of England, and I found it extremely displeasing and ineffective. It raises questions on every page, & never answers any. It will please nobody, & deeply offend many. Worst of all, it does not satisfy myself. I can see my way to an annihilating criticism, as well from the religious as from the secularist side. It is by turns confused, verbose, cryptic and offensive! Now, did you ever?

The persistent activity of the moles on the lawn in front of the house had cast up a series of fresh mounds during the night, and the gardener's boy was busily engaged in removing them. Even the resolute humaneness of mine host is yielding to the cruel requirements of practical policy, and the gardener has been instructed to trap and destroy the velvet-clad miners.

M^r Baddeley led us to an inspection of the little town. We began with the bowling green behind the falcon[sic] Inn, visited the wonderful XVIth and late [175] [symbol] XVth century house, now used as the Post Office, & ended with the churchyard and the parish church. The proprietor of the Falcon was eloquent on the subject of bowling. He said that W.G. Grace, **when he gave up cricket, turned to bowling, and in that game also established a reputation.** M^r B. is responsible for preserving the remarkably fine XVIIIth century tombstones in the churchyard. He shewed the marks of the canon[sic]-balls on the wall of the Church. They were discharged by Massey's troopers, when they were fired upon from a party of Royalists placed in the Church. The list of ecclesiastics, connected with Painswick Church runs back to the XIIth century, and the parish register dates from 1539. The intermittent roaring of aeroplanes in the sky above, and the ceaseless rush of motors through the narrow streets below, acquired an almost sacrilegious aspect in a setting, so dignified and interesting. The district is to be congratulated on possessing in M^r Baddeley a townsman, of unusual knowledge & keen archaeological interest, who is also a generously public-spirited man.

[176]

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In the afternoon our hosts carried us to see Hailes Abbey. Fearne motored all five of us, and, as the road lay through beautiful country, the journey was enjoyable in itself, and it led us to a most interesting spectacle. Thanks to M^r Baddeley's patient insistence, the too-scanty remains of the famous Cistercian monastery have now been carefully identified, & protected against further injury. We had the advantage of his enthusiasm and knowledge. The foundations of the great church have been uncovered; the buildings of the Monastery have been carefully identified; the shrine, where the Holy Blood was exhibited to pilgrims, is clearly shown. The ruins are situated in a scene of much natural beauty, and ~~seen~~ viewed in the brilliance of a perfect summer's day, they were unforgettably impressive. In the Museum are preserved some remarkably fine fragments of medieval sculpture. The little parish

church contains some notable features. Some while ago, M^r B. discovered the original Norman altar slab, which now provides a platform for the Jacobean table. There are many fine 13th century [177] [symbol] tiles, placed on the sanctuary floor. The font is Norman, and the frescoes on the walls are medieval. Altogether, Hales[sic] Abbey and the adjoining church, are eminently worth visiting. We had tea very pleasantly in an old inn, - the George – in Winchcombe.

We called on M^{rs} [Mary] Beeching, who had come to Painswick to visit her youngest daughter, Helen Fanning.* Timothy, her youngest son, now a lad of sixteen at Wellington School, joined us. He meditates embracing the career of a doctor.*

I received a cordially expressed acknowledgement of my letter of congratulation from Chavasse, the Bishop designate of Chester [Rochester]:

'I remember the affection & regard in which my father always held you; & I think you know that I have (in company with multitudes) regarded your spoken & written words with admiration and respect – and (if I may say so) enjoyed them.

Well, well!

<!190839>

[178]

Saturday, August 19th, 1939.

One feature of Hailes Abbey surprised me -viz: the persistence of the round arch in the middle of the XIIIth century. This is conspicuous in the cloisters. The remarkable elaboration & beauty of some of the later Norman portals explains sufficiently their survival, but at Hailes this explanation fails, for the round arch is unadorned, & must have been deliberately adopted by the "Early English" builders. How very brief was the dominance of that beautiful "Early English" style. Before the close of Edward I's reign, it was superseded by the "Decorated" style.

Chavasse's [This has been crossed out, replaced by 'Fisher's' and then apparently reinstated] appointment to [Ro]chester will, perhaps, do something to arrest the "Catholicisation" of the Northern Province. He will stand with the Bishop of Manchester & Sodor & Man, as representing Protestantism. Sheffield, Carlisle, & (perhaps) Durham & Liverpool may be described as mildly "Modernist". York & Bradford are definitely "Anglo-Catholick". Ripon, Blackburn, Wakefield Southwell and Newcastle are conventional men, who will follow their Primate, & generally cast their vote in the "Anglo-Catholick" scale. As a Province it can no longer be reasonably maintained that York has any character. [Above paragraph crossed through in red pencil]

[179]

[symbol]

We left Painswick about 10.30 a.m. bidding an affectionate & grateful farewell to M^r and M^{rs} St Clair Baddeley, who had certainly entertained us with the kindest and most considerate hospitality. They pressed us to repeat our visit, & we could not but promise to do so. We motored to "The Mount", Long Aston, near Bristol, in order to lunch with Wynne Willson.* M^{rs} W.W. and the wonderful Nancy were there, but ~~???~~ Jack & his family were absent. The house, though of modest proportions, is pleasant, well-lighted, and sufficient. We left about 3 p.m. and motored by way of the Cheddar Gorge to Wells, **where we had arranged to spend the week-end at the Deanery.** After tea, the Dean [Richard Malden]* shewed me the Cathedral. It is a fine building, but hardly attains to the first rank. **We walked into the garden of the Palace, and admired the majestic XIVth century building. Surely this is the most impressive of all the medieval episcopal houses. I understand that the Eccles: Comm^{tee}, have undertaken the cost of maintaining the containing wall.**

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[180]

11th Sunday after Trinity, August 20th, 1939.

[symbol]

Beyond sweeping off the table a small picture frame, and smashing its glass, in an effort to open my bedroom window, I came to no mishap during my first night at the Deanery.

We all went to the Cathedral, and received the Holy Communion. The service was reverently read, & the rubrick carefully obeyed. Among the communicants, the theological students from the college in the delightful XIVth century "Vicar's Close", were conspicuous in their gowns and hoods. It was pleasing to know that these young men would be witnesses of genuine Anglican worship, as they passed into the ranks of the ordained clergy. **This knowledge could not be provided at Ely, Chichester, & Cuddeston.**

We all attended Mattins in the Cathedral. The service, which was held in the nave, was attended by a considerable congregation, largely composed of tourists. The Sub-Dean, an ancient man, preached a sermon, which was delivered extemporaneously, and gave no evidence of preparation. It was shallow, indeed, almost silly, and could hardly have benefitted anybody. "That is what we have to put up with, Sunday after Sunday," said the Dean, as we came away.

[181]

[symbol]

In the congregation were Colonel Christian Craister with his wife and daughter. Ella's limitless complaisance allowed them to fasten on to her, & even led her to the crowning folly of introducing them to the Dean. He showed signs of acute distress, and only succeeded in detaching himself from Christian [sic] by a brusqueness, which, in ordinary circumstances, might have been considered discourteous. But no equitable judge could refuse to admit that the extenuating circumstances compelled acquittal! We walked round the Palace. The spectacle of the moat and the wall is most impressive. **I cannot but regard the episcopal palace at Wells as the finest episcopal residence in the country. If Durham Castle had not been alienated from the See, it would have had superior claim to that character, but Auckland has been too much pulled about and disfigured.**

The Dean of Westminster (Labillière)* and his son came to tea. He was cheerful and friendly. In the course of conversation, he said that the prebendal houses in the garden at Westminster were let at a rental of £1300 apiece, & that the Northcliffe Fund brought in £9000 per annum.

[182]

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The 'Sunday Times' is uncomfortable reading. It reports intensified abuse of Poland, Switzerland and Britain in the German press, and describes a situation which seems to assume the imminence of a general European War. On the other hand, Labillière reports, on

the authority of the Archbishop of Canterbury, that the Prime Minister, when leaving London for his holiday in Scotland, said that he went off with more than usual assurance that he would not be suddenly recalled. It is difficult to know what to believe. At least one may take comfort from the absence of panic. Men are becoming indifferent to the venomous threatenings of the "inspired" Press, and no longer allow themselves to be "rattled".

Shortly before the hour of service, 8 p.m., a considerable thunderstorm broke over Wells, and continued with waxing violence, & torrents of rain, for some hours. The congregation in the cathedral was reduced to a petty fraction of what it would have been if the weather had been more kindly. Indeed I was surprized to see so many people brave the elements. Among them was Nancy Wynne Willson!

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[183]

Monday, August 21st, 1939.

[symbol]

The thunderstorm continued with varying measures of violence until nearly 1.30 a.m. The morning was calm, but with an unsettled sky, threatening more rain. The downfall last night was very heavy, nearly two inches.

War seems to be appreciably nearer, so near now that its avoidance hardly appears to be possible. It is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the violent faction in Hitler's entourage have gained his ear. There is just a chance that Mussolini, who is less impractically bellicose than Hitler, may interpose some objection to a War, which can only bring Italy to ruin. The Pope is, as usual, bleating helplessly about peace. No word about that justice, which is the indispensable condition of the only peace tolerable or permanent, ever passes on the Papal lips. There is nothing to be hoped for in that direction. (Fearne has back-slidden to her worst mood of irrational pacifism. It is a pity, for the situation which is developing will require all the fortitude & courage which we possess.) The "curse of Meroz" is our worst danger just now, for, indeed, we are being called to come "to the help of the Lord against the mighty".

[184]

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We postponed our departure until the afternoon. The Dean and M^{rs} Malden took me to see the view of the cathedral from the South East, as disclosed from a wooded eminence now belonging to the National Trust. It is magnificent & reminded me of the view of Durham Cathedral from Observatory Hill. The heavy rain last night has made the water in the moat turgid & brown. There surely is nothing to equal the spectacle of this fortified Bishop's house, with its moat, containing wall, & battlemented palace. I cannot doubt that it stands easily first among the Episcopal residences, now that Durham Castle has been practically lost to the See. Lambeth is vast & pretentious; Bishopthorpe (save for the river front) no better; Auckland Castle is only saved from the same condemnation by its great chapel; and Rose Castle has no moat & containing wall. Farnham & Norwich are stately but inferior and mutilated. Chichester, Salisbury, and Exeter (unused) are creditable; but Wells is superb. It wrings my heart to have to think, and say, that the time has come for them to be surrendered.

[185]

[symbol]

We motored to Holnicote House Hotel, where we arrived about 6.30 p.m., having stopped to have tea with a friend of M^{rs} Murray, named Crawford who had known my Brother in India, and spoke freely about him. He was known as a hard and able man of business, Sir David Yule's "watch-dog", who was known to be upright, and believed to be privately generous, but was churlish, "the rudest man in Calcutta", and unsentimental. He was generally believed to be "worth half a million pounds", when he left India. Nobody knew anything

about his wife, who was generally thought to be an “Eurasian”. This picture was not pleasant, but struck me as probable enough. It is evident that his friends were astonished at his will, and don’t understand why he made no better disposition of his property. Poor Arthur* sacrificed himself to the claims of “business”. “The sons of this world are for their own generation wiser than the children of light.” He might have done so much, and ended his life with the homage and affection of his neighbours & beneficiaries.

<!220839>

[186]

Tuesday, August 22nd, 1939.

[symbol]

The papers are gloomy reading. Indeed, it seems difficult to doubt that War is imminent. I encountered in the drive of the Hotel, as I sauntered there after breakfast with the Times in my hand, a slim youth, who got into conversation.

[passage within brackets crossed through in red.] [His name was David Yorke-Long, & he was 19 years old, having just left Camford School in order to begin work in the City. He lives at Sevenoaks, & was on holiday. He had known Charlie Lillingston as one of the masters at Camford, & he would shortly be called up as a militia-man.] He expressed ^himself^ with so much good feeling, and good sense, that I was much drawn to him, & felt an almost personal resentment at the necessity of sending him and his coevals to the shambles!

[next passage crossed out to the end of page 186, and the whole of p 187.] We all went to the meet. Fearne motored up that monstrous hill with a coolness of courage, which made the more astonishing & enigmatic her pusillanimous attitude towards the prospect of War. Why should she speak as a craven if she has the potentiality of a heroine? So heavy a mist lay on Exmoor, that no views were possible. We waited until the Hunt moved off, and then returned to the Hotel for lunch.

[187]

[symbol]

In the afternoon I visited Ellie & was received by a rather grim-looking lady who explained that she was the "companion" and that she was married. She said that Ellie's infirmities were "nerves", and that she herself was the only physician likely to be of any service. Ellie was sitting in the garden & appeared in quite reasonable health. Our conversation was quickened into interest, when she assumed that I was mistaken on the subject of my brother's age. She maintained that he was only 76, & I, that he w^d be 77 this year. When I left her, Betty suggested that I should visit the cemetery and look at the date on the tombstone. He died in August 1938, & would not have reached the age of 76 until October 31st. Thus he was exactly 75 years & 10 months when he died. He was stated to have been 75 which was near enough.

I thought that the garden at Hillbury, which had been Arthur's hobby, and which he kept with skill & success, had a dingy and neglected appearance. I was glad to get away from the house.

<!230839>

[188]

Wednesday, August 23rd, 1939.

[symbol]

[next paragraph crossed through in red] Before going to bed last night, I borrowed from my cousin a book which was both interesting and informing – Travels and Men by J. R. Curle (Methuen 1935). I read it in the watches of the night. It discloses a mind, which though not profound or learned is uncommonly acute & well informed. M^r Curle has sharp eyes, a discerning intelligence, & considerable power of self-expression.

[symbol] **Another bomb-shell in the papers! Germany and Russia have agreed on a “non-aggression treaty” which Ribbentrop is going to sign in Moscow. This diplomatic flirtation has been going on while the Ambassadors of Britain and France have been actually negotiating an alliance with Russia against German aggression! Nobody quite understands what has happened, but everybody opines that Germany has scored a notable diplomatic triumph over the Western Powers. Our reserves have been called up & Parliament has been summoned to meet tomorrow, when the Prime Minister will make a statement. We have repeated our assurances to Poland.**

[189]

[symbol]

The darkness deepens, and the way of one's life becomes ever more uncertain. The old man with failing powers [and barely enough money to live upon charged moreover with the care of two women] is in no good position for serving his country, and yet, in such a crisis as is now coming, who, with my sense of self-respect and public duty, can stand aside? At present I can see nothing specific that I can undertake. It is only by speech and personal influence that I can contribute anything to the tremendous effort which my country must make. Something may be possible in the way of guiding and steadying public opinion, setting an example of accepting discomfort & soon hardships without fussing and grumbling, and giving any help which is within one's power. “Show Thou me the way that I must walk in, for I lift up my soul until Thee. . . Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Though art my God; let Thy loving Spirit led me forth into the laud of righteousness. Quicken me, O Lord, for Thy name's sake; and for Thy righteousness' sake bring my soul out of trouble”. There is nothing like the Psalms in such times as these.

<!240839>

[190]

Thursday, August 24th 1939.

[symbol]

My cousin came into my room as I was dressing with the Daily Telegraph in his hand. It reported that Hitler's answer to the British Ambassador, who had informed him of the British Cabinet's decision, was curt & unfriendly. **All things seem to point to an immediate outbreak of Hostilities.** There is, possibly, some faint chance that President Roosevelt may do something, or that Mussolini may put on the curb: or that Hitler may be only working up to a situation in which his speech at the Tannenberg celebration next Sunday will be acclaimed. Who can tell? The trouble about dealing with ego-maniacs is that their behaviour is completely inexplicable.

The Times prints on its first page, a letter which directs attention to the remarkable parallel between the diplomacy which preceded the Crimean War, & that which is now proceeding. It quotes a letter from Queen Victoria to her son in law, the Crown-Prince of Prussia, which mutatis mutandis might be suitably addressed to Stalin & Hitler. It is apparent that international politics are completely demoralized.

[191]

[symbol]

[The following passage is crossed through in red]

I accompanied my cousin to the Meet, & then returned with Betty for lunch at the Hotel. In the afternoon Fearne motored as to a house, somewhere beyond Monksilver, in order that we might have tea with her relatives, M^r & M^{rs} Wimbush, who are living in a timber house which they have builded on an apple-farm. With them were their daughter Elizabeth, a plump & pleasant maiden just returned from Munich, where she has been staying in a Nazi family, and attending classes in the University, and their elder son, Thomas, an attractive schoolboy of 16. We had some pleasant conversation, & returned to the Hotel in time for dinner. [end of crossed through section] **Afterwards, we listened to the report of the Prime Minister's speech in the House of Commons, and a speech by Lord Halifax. Both were admirable in substance, tone and expression; but they left little room for hope that War can be averted. It seems to be quite apparent that Hitler is resolved on War, & that nothing but absolute surrender can arrest his abominable purpose.**

[192]

[symbol]

I telegraphed to Eric Dawson-Walker consenting to his request that I should preach to the troops in Yeovil, where he is serving as chaplain, next Sunday morning. By that time, the world may be immersed in its Greatest War. Possibly, it must wait until Hitler has made his speech at the Tannenburg commemoration in Danzig on Sunday afternoon. **But, unless some miracle shall intervene, the War will have begun.** "All over Europe the stars are going out", wrote Grey, 25 years ago, when we were forced to declare war on Germany. When I recall those awful years of conflict, and the long drawn-out trouble which followed, my heart

sinks. Only one comfort remains. In 1914, I thought we were right in drawing the sword; in 1939, I have no doubt whatever. Hitlerism has made clear to the blindest among us that it stands for all the evil in the world. Its persecution of the Jews; its repudiation of Christianity, its perfidy & violence are conclusive. We can make no terms with it. The only possible course for us is "a fight to the finish".

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[193]

Friday, August 25th, 1939.

[symbol]

[whole page crossed through in red]

I received from Burton, the senior Verger of Durham Cathedral, two swan quills and one reed pen, with a covering letter in which he explains how he came by them:

A short time ago when shewing the Cathedral & library to a party, some of the members shewed a great interest in the MSS. and the writing, and I mentioned the use of reeds & quills, and added that your Lordship always preferred a quill when signing our Preacher's Book.

D^r J.H. Gibson of the White House, Aldershot, who was a member of the party, has since written to say how much he enjoyed his visit, & has enclosed some swan & goose quills and also some reeds.

I sent a letter of thanks to Burton, and also to the said D^r J. H. Gibson, assuming that he shared my fondness for, "the natural and historic instrument."

It is an odd world!

[194]

[symbol]

What can I say to these young soldiers which is fitting, helpful, and definitely Christian? The conventional patriotic tub-thumping is out of the question. We have got past that phase. As Nurse Cavell said, "Patriotism, is not enough". Pacifist sentiment is so widely diffused, that probably most of my hearers will be more or less uncomfortable in their consciences. Sheer natural cowardice undoubtedly is a force to be reckoned with, and it predisposes the reluctant soldiers to accept the fallacies & falsities of pacificism. There is a certain repugnance stirred in many minds by the spectacle of a Minister of Christ assuming the role of an advocate of War. The Sermon on the Mount haunts the mind though it does not, and cannot, control, the life. I do not think that young men are offended by the hardness of their duty which asks them to "endure" it. I think it may fairly be urged that, if War comes, we shall be fighting in a good cause. "On the side of the Divine administration", in fact, "doing out the duty".

[195]

[symbol]

The terms of the Treaty between Germany and Soviet Russia are published in the papers. They amount to a working alliance against "the Peace Front", and effect a grave change in the European situation. I cannot recall anything so cynical and dishonourable in international politics since the time of Louis XIV. It is hard to see what course the

democracies, betrayed and dishonoured, can best pursue. Shall we desert China in order to gain Japan? Will France and Italy come to an arrangement behind Germany's back? Will Turkey follow the example of Russia. **The elaborate edifice of "the Peace Front" is visibly crumbling.**

Is War certainly coming? Everything points in that direction. **Have we informed the Russians of our military projects? It is difficult to imagine how the Military Commission in Moscow could have got to work without doing so. And if, indeed, we have done so, we are truly in a sorry stead.** "The children of this world, are, for their own generation, wiser than the sons of Light".

[196]

[symbol]

[following paragraph crossed through in red pencil]

In the afternoon we started in both the cars with the purpose of getting a fine drive on Exmoor, and having tea at Exford. Betty and I led the way in my cousin's car; he came next with Ella and Fearne. We in the first arrived safely, but they in the second were overtaken by some ill-working of my car. The wretched thing had to be left at a garage for repair; & we all packed into the smaller car, & were safely driven back to the Hotel by Betty. The mischief was the more unfortunate since I was depending on the ill-behaved car for getting to Yeovil for the service on Sunday morning. However, no fault attached to anybody; no personal injuries were inflicted, and the business happened at a place where a garage was accessible.

[symbol] The news at 9 p.m. on the wireless was, perhaps, more optimistic than might be expected. **Much appears to be hoped from the appeals of Roosevelt, the Pope, & the King of the Belgians, more I think than the situation justifies. But we may not cease to hope.**

<!260839>

[197]

Saturday, 26th August, 1939.

[symbol]

[page crossed through in red pencil]

Before being called I finished Curle's book, "Travels and Men", which has clearly had a considerable (and by no means wholly excellent) influence on my cousin. It is disconnected, anecdotal, & vivacious, with half-scornful, half-patronising references to Religion, and a plentiful contempt for "Democracy". The writer has a keen eye, an alert but shallow mind, and considerable descriptive power – a perfect journalist. But, though he has travelled far, & seen much, he has read little, and thought less. He is clearly impressed by the drastic success of the continental dictators, and has adopted the Hitlerite doctrines of race. His anti-Semite prejudice is apparent, and rather unduly expressed. He can see nothing but "Sadism" in the cruelties of persecution, and the sanguinary sacrifice of Religion. The theological hell, of course, lends itself to some effective gibing; and Christian theologians are roughly handled. The secular Gospel of "Science" is presented as the only "Religion" meriting the acceptance of an intelligent & considering man.

<!270839>

[198]

12th Sunday after Trinity, August 27th, 1939.

[first paragraph crossed through]

We breakfasted at 8.15 a.m., and ^shortly before 9 a.m.^ Betty arrived with my cousin's car – my own being in hospital – and motored Ella, my cousin, and me to Yeovil, a distance of over 50 miles.

There I preached to 600 militiamen in a large tent in the camp. Eric Dawson-Walker, who is in charge as chaplain to some 2000 men conducted a short service, and I preached, taking for my text the words – “My son, prepare thy soul for temptation” from the lesson which the Commanding Officer had read – Ecclesiasticus ii. 1 f. The men – they were hardly more than lads – listened very attentively, and I was assured that the collection was “a record”!

Then my cousin and I lunched with the officers who were very friendly. [following passage crossed through] We had some pleasant conversation with M^{rs} Dawson-Walker, in the little but convenient house, which she & Eric have rented; & then motored back to Holmecote, arriving about 6.30 p.m. The weather was fine but close. About 5.30 p.m. rain began to fall.

[199]

[symbol]

I was well-impressed by the militia-men. They had an alert, intelligent look, very different from the bovine expression generally distinctive of territorials and “Tommies”. I was assured that they included a sprinkling of public-school boys, a few undergraduates, & a substantial proportion of middle-class youths, **but the majority came from the artisan class.** On the whole they had been well-behaved, in spite of the considerable discomfort which came from the unfinished state of the camp, and the weather. There was some tendency on the part of the public school boys to form a separate group, but it was hoped that this tendency would be corrected. Dawson-Walker said that they were instructed to assume that 70 per cent of the men would be C of E, and the remaining 30 per cent, members of other denominations. There were about 200 R.C.s who were looked after by two priests, both foreigners. The Nonconformists shared the religious tent with the Anglicans. The R.C.s going apart. There was generally a disposition to be friendly, and seen to cooperate.

<!280839>

[200]

Monday, August 28th, 1939.

[symbol]

[Written in the margin under the date: The Reverend Archie Fleming]

Sir Gordon Nairne spoke to me last night about [Archibald] Archie Fleming,* who has recently retired from his ministry in S. Columba's (Presbyterian) Church in Chelsea. He expressed high regard & affection. Fleming was evidently extremely successful in a rather enigmatic position. He was playfully described among his intimates as "the Archbishop", and he was content to formulate & defend the intensely national spirit of Scottish religion. Neither in politics nor in religion did he rise above the conventional limits of the established Presbyterianism. He was "in Society" beyond the normal measure of his profession, and had his full share of that inborn deference for rank and money, which ^has^ characterised the Scottish ministers from the Reformation. He affected with an almost amusing insistence the claim of his little Church to be something more than a Protestant denomination, & paraded its fictional Establishment as raising it to a level with the more impressive Established Church in England. It amused more than it irritated, for he had many amiable characteristics, & was probably [201] [symbol] a greater Christian than he seemed. About his popularity with his own congregation there can be no doubt, and this was strengthened by the circumstance that he was understood to be sufficiently "well-off" in the matter of money to be comparatively independent. His preaching, which tended to be "topical", and was always demurely, though vaguely, orthodox, was well-liked, and he steered his course in the perplexed (and rather muddy) streets of "Varnity Fair ~~xxx~~" with skill and reputation. He was too much of the "carpet cleric" to please me, but no one could dislike a man who was always urbane, ready to talk, and richly charged with the gossip which passes for conversation in London clubs. His retirement evoked impressive indications of affection and regard from his congregation, and he was wise enough to decline a money gift. I think he combined with remarkable success the position of a denominational (quasi-Dissenting) minister with that of a fashionable cleric. He was not a student or a thinker; & so far as I know, he wrote nothing.

[202]

[symbol]

[crossed through] After a good many "alarms and excursions", the car was fetched by Fearne (who had already performed the miracle of packing) from the garage in Minehead and, after lunching in the Hotel, we bade an affectionate & grateful farewell to my cousin and the incomparable Betty, and took out departure, and motored to Lockerley Manor in Romsey, Hants, where we were to be the guests of General & M^{rs} Oldfield for two days. The country, through which our road lay, was pleasing and varied. We stopped at Wincanton for tea, and were adequately provided at the Bear Inn. [end of crossing through] We arrived shortly before 7 p.m. The news on the international situation is very dark: It seems humanly incredible but that war can be averted; but there are known to be powerful forces working for peace, and none can tell what is the quality and direction of public opinion within Germany itself. And above all the folly & course of man is the steadfast[sic] righteous Will of

God, which must in the long run bring all things into subjection to itself. "The Lord is King, be the people never so impatient".

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[203]

Tuesday, August 29th, 1939.

[symbol]

[crossed through in red] A glorious day. The air here is much fresher and stronger than in Minehead. Mine host provided me with Robert Graves's "Belisarius" by way of material for night-reading; but the light in my bed-room (two candles) was insufficient, and I could not read more than a few pages. [end of crossing through]

The door of the Temple of Janis are not yet definitely bolted; and we still allow ourselves to hope; but Hitler has created a situation in which it seems almost impossible for him to "climb down".

General Oldfield is setting himself with loyalty and determination to the duties of an Air-Warden, and to any other duties which may emerge. He is a valuable citizen in such a crisis as that which has now befallen us; for he commands general respect, has had large experience, and possesses an attractive personality. **I wish my own way of service were as manifest as his.** But what can I do that is useful? Preachers & parsons are de trop when "war is on the gate".

[204]

[symbol]

[page crossed through]

I wrote a "Collins" to Betty as our "acting hostess", and took occasion to express the real anxiety which her over-wrought appearance has created in my mind. I bade her not overload that "patient ass.", the body.

I loafed away the morning, and, in the afternoon, visited the two parish churches over which the Vicar presides. Lady Oldfield went with me and my ladies. The Vicar interested me. **He had served in Russia**, and, after the War, had for some years been in the Forestry Service of the Indian Government. Then he had sought and obtained Ordination, having no other theological education than some terms at Westcott House. He spoke with decision in condemnation of Buchman's Group Movement, and said that the fanatical Groupism of the Bishop of Calcutta and Rangoon was both mischievous & resented. Among the students at Westcott House had been some Groupists, but they would not join in the religious efforts of the rest, and were not liked. He had been ordained on a tithe from an industrial parish in Bristol.

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[205]

Wednesday, August 30th, 1939.

[symbol]

The sword of Damocles is still suspended over the civilized world, and its fall appears to be imminent. I decided that we ought to go home, in order to be ready for any emergency.

[next sentence crossed through] We lunched with the Oldfields, and then took our departure.

We motored to Winchester in order to stay the night with M^{rs} [Ethel] Cruikshank. * On our way we stopped at Romsey in order to walk round the Abbey Church, and to see King John's shooting lodge, with its most interesting scratchings of shields and inscriptions. This I had never seen before. It is most curious. We arrived in Winchester about 4 pm. And were received most kindly by Mrs Cruikshank and her brother.

The Conference of the Sanitary Inspectors at Bournemouth, which I had undertaken to address next Sunday, has cancelled its arrangement; and the sermon which I had prepared must go into the w.p.b.!

[entence crossed through] Awaiting me at Winchester was a letter from Ruth Spooner, and another from the Guardian. The Editor seems to expect an article!

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[206]

Thursday, August 31st, 1939.

[symbol]

The political outlook was so menacing that I decided that we must return to Hintlesham. [following two sentences crossed out in red] Accordingly, we set out shortly before 11 a.m. and motored continuously for nearly 7 hours, stopping for lunch and tea – a distance of 156 miles. Fearne drove the car with skill & pluck. We arrived at 6.30 p.m., ~~without accident.~~

There we were encountered with the news that the London children were to be “evacuated” tomorrow, & that we must be prepared to receive our consignment. I can’t imagine what can be done with them; but the problem will probably find its own solution, as experience discloses its character & our resources. “Solvitur ambulando”.

My main anxiety is concerned with the water-supply, for August has been almost rainless, and the demand will be considerably increased. However, we must not anticipate difficulties which may never emerge. “Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof”. The well has so far shown no sign of “giving out”, and it has a good record.

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[207]

Friday, September 1st, 1939.

[symbol]

[crossed through in red pencil] A glorious day. Our “evacuates’ will arrive under bright auspices.

I wrote to the Bishop of Durham concerning the rates on Auckland Castle: either he owes me payment for the 3 months, ~~for~~ Feb., March, April, or I owe it to him!

I also wrote a “Collins” to M^{rs} Cruikshank [end of crossing through]

The wireless brought the grievance [sic] tidings that the War has begun. Germany began the conflict by bombing a number of Polish towns including Warsaw, and annexing Danzig. Hitler outdid himself in mendacious pomposity.

I started to work on the Warburton lecture, more for the distraction of my mind than for the achievement of any useful contribution to my task. Evelyn and Isabel Braley with their daughter Jane, who had but just arrived at the Rectory with the purpose of taking duty in Hintlesham while the Rector and M^{rs} Frazer were absent on holiday, called to say that they were going back to Durham immediately, and to bid us farewell. Moulsdale has very rightly decided not to leave his parish at this pinch.

<!020939>

[208]

Saturday, September 2nd, 1939.

[pp. 208-9 crossed through in red]

A still, rather close day, with mist in the forenoon. I received from the Cambridge Press the pictures which are intended for my book. They are not ill chosen. They are the following.

1. Canterbury Cathedral (frontispiece)
2. Bede's Tomb, Durham.
3. Cranmer
4. Laud.
5. An early page from the Statutory MS. of the P.B.
6. Coronation. Procession of George IV.
7. " " " Edward VII.
8. Two parish churches.

It is not quite obvious how they ought to be distributed in the book. Perhaps this order will suffice:-

Frontispiece. Canterbury Cathedral (exterior)

1. Historical Introduction. Bede's Tomb.
2. Church & State. George IV's Coronation ('West'. Abbey)
3. The Via Media. Cranmer.
4. Of Subscription. Page of Prayer-Book.
5. The English Bishop. Laud
6. The English Clergy
7. The Parochial system – a Parish Church.
8. Transformation of C of E – Edward VII's Coronation.
9. Relations with other Churches ?Lambeth

[209]

[symbol]

It would be better if a picture of the Coronation Chair could precede "Church & State"; and one of S Augustine's Chair, Canterbury, c^d precede "Relations with other Churches (v. Lambeth Palace). It is not quite obvious what would fitly precede the chapter on "National Education". Perhaps, "Oxford" or "Eton" would serve.

[symbol] We motored into Ipswich, where I visited the Bank, and had my hair cut & washed. Fearne caused the garage manager to deal with the lights of the car. The town seemed to be

filled with young men in khaki; and there was a fretful feeling of abnormal hustling. Nobody has yet realized that we are on the brink of War, which will almost certainly break out today. After lunch I returned the pictures to the Cambridge Press, with suggestions as to their distribution in the volume. I added the proposition (which was really Ella's) that a picture of Uppsala Cathedral might fitly introduce the chapter on "Relations with other Churches". It might please the Swedes.

[210]

[symbol]

A telegram from Lady Lawrence informed us that Aleck "died suddenly and painlessly last night". He was my junior by nearly 11 years. At one time we were very friendly, and on several occasions we stayed with him in his house near Bath, which has, I understand, now become a hotel. He was a vehement Protestant, and took great offence at my action in connexion with ~~the fact of~~ the Revised Prayer Book, and my attitude of amused contempt which I often adopted towards "the Protestant Underworld". But we were drawing together again over the persecution of the Jews & other abominable procedures of the Nazis, and I am able to recall with pleasure that my latest memories of him were friendly. Had the times been normal, I should certainly have officiated at his funeral; but as matters now stand, with roads & railways required for troop movements & evacuation of civilians, nothing short of necessity can justify their use by private persons. Their clear duty is to go on in their districts as quietly as possible doing readily any patriotic task which may claim them.

<!130939>

[211]

13th Sunday after Trinity, September 3rd, 1939.

[symbol]

His life of unrestrained sensuality was in direct contradiction with the precepts of Him whose representative on earth he was; and to this he gave himself up to the very end of his days, but it is noteworthy that in matters purely concerning the Church, Alexander never did anything that justly deserves blame; even his bitterest enemies are unable to formulate any accusation against him in this respect. Her doctrines were maintained in all their purity. It seemed as though his reign were meant by Providence to demonstrate the truth that though men may hurt the Church they cannot harm her.

Pastor. Hist. of the Popes. Vol. VI. P 140.

This remarkable paragraph is elucidated and illustrated by the following chapter which deals with Alexander VI's action in the Church. It makes clear what the writer understands by "matters purely concerning the church", and "maintaining its doctrine in all their purity".

[212]

[symbol]

[crossed through in red pencil]

I went to church for Mattins, read the Lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. The Rector's sermon was long and drivelling. His text was, "This is none other than the House of God; & this is the gate of Heaven", and as his congregation included a number of the newly-arrived "evacuates", he thought the occasion suitable for a spate of "Catholick" doctrine: He suggested, and all but said, that the old parish churches, which had ^been^ built to house the "Reserved Sacrament", could ^not^ be really "Houses of God" until the Tabernacles with their hallowed Inhabitants were restored. Certainly Moulsdale is a narrower, & more superstitious Medievalist that I had supposed. [end of crossing through]

*As I came away from Church, I encountered a man, who had been listening to the Prime Minister's broadcast, and learned from him that the Rubicon had been crossed. **Britain was at war with Germany**. It is difficult to realize the awful significance of that fact. Literally, the fate of Christian civilization is at stake in the most fearful conflict of all History.*

[213]

[symbol]

I wrote to Ruth Spooner and to Dick. After tea, I myself posted the letters. As I passed the row of cottages adjoining the school, I observed that an air-raid shelter trench was being dug by the inhabitants. I took a spade & joined in the work.

At 6 p.m. the King broadcast an appeal to his people, at home and abroad. It was brief, simple, and effective. Then followed the proceedings in Parliament. The Prime Minister expresses himself with dignity, lucidity, and genuine pathos. There has been a reconstruction of the Government. **Winston Churchill* goes to the Admiralty, thus holding again the office which he held in 1914 at the outbreak of the Great War.**

So far as one can judge from the wireless-reports, the Germans are proceeding with extreme ruthlessness, and the Poles are making a valorous defence. But it is hard, perhaps impossible, to ascertain the measure of truth that these reports contain. We must now prepare for the horrors of bombardment in our country.

[214]

[symbol]

And so we have again to face War, on a scale of perhaps unprecedented magnitude, and involving interests of vital moment to mankind. **On the whole, I cannot but feel a certain satisfaction in being quit of Russia. The anti-Christian powers are more fitly linked, and it is right that the champions of Democracy should be identifiable with the Christian cause. For, indeed, the issue is really between two civilizations – that which Christianity has shaped and leavened, & that which rests on the negation of Christianity.** The position of the Roman Catholic Church, linked to the Fascist state, and fearfully discredited by its acquiescence in, if not approval of, the criminal rape of Abyssinia, is enigmatic & embarrassed. The political interest of Italy would appear to require an escape from the “Axis”, which completely subordinates Italian interests to the interests of Germany; and the Vatican has no reason to love Hitler. But Mussolini has created a situation in the Mediterranean, which challenges the obvious interest of France [215] [symbol] and Britain; and, it would probably be difficult, if not even impossible, for those powers to acquiesce in Italy’s retention of Abyssinia and Albania. **Probably it would be to the advantage of the Western Democracies if Italy remained faithful to the Axis.** It could then be possible to secure a satisfactory and permanent settlement of the Mediterranean problem. The Italian fleet would be annihilated, and Palestine would be relieved from the mischievous machinations of Italy & Germany. **Perhaps, the best chance of victory for the Democratic Powers lies in the possibility, perhaps it would not be excessive to say, the probability of anti-Hitlerite movements in Germany.** There must be a great mass of cumulative discontent into which the various grievances of the victimized minorities run together. Jews, “Communists”, Christians, Czechs, and others – must together make up a formidable minority, and the general mass of the people must by this time be “taking the measure” of the nonsensical propaganda which has been poured out on them.

[216]

[symbol]

I cannot recall such unanimity of opinion and feeling as now prevails on the subject of the War. The decision and alacrity with which the democracies in Britain and France have acted must be a disagreeable surprize to the European dictators and their subjects. **Germany goes into this War with the moral disadvantage which the universal condemnation of the non-German world must imply.** It is the nearest modern equivalent of a medieval

excommunication & interdict. The effect of such an interdict is not immediately perceptible; but it is none the less considerable, and gathers strength with time. It creates an atmosphere in which every factor of dubiety & suspicion in the population affected is strengthened, & every exertion is depressed. A creeping doubt takes the heart out of effort, & an ill conscience gives dismal suggestiveness to every untoward incident. In Germany there must be many puzzled minds and uneasy consciences. These will not be relieved by the "interdict".

<!040939>

[217]

Monday, September 4th, 1939.

[symbol]

I worked with James at digging a shelter in the kitchen garden for protection in an air-raid. My object was less to provide anything effective (for I hardly think air-raids are likely to be made in Hintlesham, and if they were, I doubt the value of these trenches) **than to relieve the apprehensions of the household**. Indirectly, it is probable that the work is serviceable. It draws the workers together, & creates a fraternal spirit in the place.

Such news as come to us appear to show that the Germans are pressing the Poles hard, and that they are being met by a valourous resistance. **Italy is manoeuvring for a situation in which she can break away from the Axis**: and president Rooseveltdt is going as far as he dares in the direction of bringing his country into some kind of active association with the Western democracies. **Russia is cryptic, but probably means to get hold of as much Polish territory as she can**. The situation will become clearer within the next new days. Meanwhile Poland is bearing the full shock of the battle.

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[218]

Tuesday, September 5th, 1939.

[symbol]

Another glorious autumnal day.

I received a note from the Cambridge Press, in which occurs the following:

"It is of course uncertain when we shall publish your book".

I should not greatly care if the poor thing were (as is probable) never published at all, for in the world as it is, and as, far beyond my life-time, it is likely to be, and discussion of merely ecclesiastical policies will be (to use the Newnham girl's phrase,) "too silly for words"!

I worked with James at the air-raid ditch, which has the aspect of a commodious grave. Hitler compels his victims (after the approved model of tyrants) to dig their own graves!

"Quem deus vult perdere, prius dementat" – this hackneyed tag has received notable illustrations in the barbarous fatuity which induced the Germans to sink a great liner, carrying home many hundreds of Americans & Canadians. Their gain is trivial, their loss is apparent & extreme. If anything could bring the U.S.A. into the War against them, it would be such abominable cruelty.

<!060939>

[219]

Wednesday, September 6th, 1939.

[symbol]

[1st paragraph crossed through in red]

The day made an ill start for something went wrong with the kitchen fire and the maids didn't call us at the normal time & I had a cold bath; and, to cut the story short, emerged for the day in a morally dishevelled condition, which boded ill for efficiency on any plane!

[end of crossing through]

The news from the War is bad. Poland, in spite of a gallant effort, is clearly overmastered, & her rapid disintegration & destruction cannot be long postponed, unless her Allies can do something more than drop millions of canting leaflets on Germany. I am glad Winston Churchill is at the Admiralty; he is much misunderstood, if the distribution of tracts is his idea of waging war. I suspect that the Government clings to the belief that the German population is not with Hitler, and may be stirred up into effective action. That belief is almost certainly without foundation. A change in German mentality can only be effected by defeat. Then it might change defeat into collapse, as, indeed, it did in 1918; but so long as the German Forces are, as they are at present, & will be for some time, victorious, tracts are futile.

[220]

[symbol]

W. Smith the carpenter, reports that he did himself see some kind of a running fight in the sky this morning. An English aeroplane was brought down in a field at the other end of the parish. W.S. undertook to provide the timber needed for the due preparation of our air-raid trench. He advised that the said trench ~~ed~~ should be deepened. James and I deepened it forthwith.

[symbol pointed hand v. p. 234]

Then I wrote to the Times a short letter headed "Germany under Interdict". The Editor [Geoffrey Dawson*] will probably not publish it but the writing of it relieved my soul!

We played croquet, i.e. what we are accustomed to ~~ed~~ call "croquet", a simple game which Lady Oldfield regards with the contempt of a professional the crude gambols of an amateur!

Then I had an interview (at his own request) with a man, who was once sub-organist of Durham, and desires to be ordained. He is a Cambridge graduate and 45 years old. I could but counsel him to write directly to the Bishop of the diocese in which he desired to be ordained, and to seek acceptance as a candidate for Ordination.

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[221]

Tuesday, September 7th, 1939.

[symbol]

Another glorious day. M^r Smith, the village carpenter, started “timbering” one trench to make it fit for us.

The news from Poland is depressing. It seems probable that Warsaw will soon fall; but the Poles are still resisting with courage, & there are signs that the French are getting to work. I received from my successor a cheque for £48. 14. 6 on account of rates on Auckland castle, paid by me, but due from him.

The Mayor of Colchester wrote to tell me that the public opening of the City Library, at which I had promised to officiate would not take place.

I wrote (1) To the Mayor, inquiring whether the Oyster Feast on Oct. 26th, had also been cancelled. (2) to the Dean of Westminster inquiring whether the Browning Commemoration Service on December 10th would be held. (3) to the Dean of Norwich asking whether the Lecture in January was still expected.

Hitler is clearing off my engagements, and “for this relief much thanks”. But what has he not put in their place?

[222]

[symbol]

I went to Ipswich, visited the bank, and the dentist; and then returned home.

The afternoon post brought me a long and characteristic letter from Tom Elliott,* written as a very belated reply to one that he received from me 3 months ago! He and his wife just managed to get back from France before the War broke out. He criticizes, not ineffectively, the common assertion that “we have no quarrel with the German people, but only with Hitler.”

“I sh^d be very glad to have some advice from you on the work of a parson in war-time. I must believe that if a parson approves a war as just & necessary, then he is under obligation to take an active part in it, if his services are required. But it is not clear as to who shall decide whether his services are required – himself, the State, or his ecclesiastical superiors – nor, which is, perhaps, more important, what services are required of him.”

This is a fair & reasonable question.

<!080839>

[223]

Friday, September 8th, 1939.

[symbol]

I inspected the air-raid shelter in the garden, which, thanks to M^r Smith and his workmen, now has a smart & even attractive appearance! The one point, on which I felt uneasy, was ventilation, & respecting that I sent a message to M^r Smith. I was amused to observe that the workmen had written over the entrance in chalk "Heil Hitler". It pleased me that they were taking a humourous[sic] view of the situation; & I gave them each half-a-crown.

[symbol] *Later, there was a rumour that the Well was shewing signs of exhaustion! The water was said to be sandy & discoloured. However, the more I considered the matter, the less disposed I was to attach importance to it. The water was quite clear at Eventide, & there was no sign of any slackening in the quantity fetched out of the well by the electric pump.*

Hardly had we reached our bedrooms before a bat got into Ella's room, & caused much perturbation & puzzlement. However, I managed to get hold of it with a towel, & sent it out to its normal & kindred darkness.

<!090939>

[224]

Saturday, September 9th, 1939.

[symbol]

The brilliant weather, ushered in by mist, continues.

The water, this morning, is quite clear. If there were any failing of the ~~water~~ well, it could not but disclose itself by a continuing & worsening deterioration both of quantity and of quality in the well's output. There is no sign of either.

The Dean of Westminster writes to say that the Browning Commemoration Service has been cancelled.

The Dean of Norwich expresses reluctance to abandon the January lectures, but will write again later.

I wrote to the Provost of Eton inquiring whether he desired to hold me to my promise to preach to the school on December 3rd (Advent Sunday); and to the Headmaster of Radley begging to be released from my promise to preach to the School there on Nov. 12th. Finally, I wrote to the Warden of All Souls, asking whether the College Gaudy would be held on Nov. 4th, and the service in the Chapel on Nov. 5th, at which I had undertaken to preach, would take place. Thus the War is revising my calendar. "Inter arma silent leges:" & not only 'leges', but religion & morality are banished from men's concern.

[225]

[symbol]

We had tea with Sir Robert & Lady White at Boulge Hall, near Woodbridge. Their two daughters were there, pleasant, intelligent girls. One of them is going to Ely as a V.A.D.; & I *promised to commend her to the Dean of Ely & M^{rs} Blackburne*. I had some interesting talk with Sir Robert. He says that much difficulty is being experienced with the evacuated mothers, of whom many are greedy and troublesome. They dislike the country, and lust after the fleshpots of Egypt; – the little squalid conveniences and indulgences of their familiar slums! ***I enquired about the supply of water, & he said that, the wells were probably adequate, but where (as was not rarely the case) the villages depended on ponds, there would very likely be a shortage, if the autumn should be rainless.*** He said that the general belief in Army quarters which he shared himself, was ***that the War would be a long one***; & that the income tax might be raised to as much as ten shillings in the £!!!

<!100939>

[226]

14th Sunday after Trinity, September ~~11~~ 10th, 1939.

[symbol]

A still warm morning presaging heat. We all went to church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion.

On my way to church, I discussed with an old fellow, who was carrying water from the public house well, how the question of water supply stood in Hintlesham. **He was calmly and resolutely optimistic.** So also was the man at the public house, whose testimony was the more important, since the water requirements of the said public house must needs be heavy. Per contra the rector said that the water from his well was sandy, a fact which might mean that the supply was failing. But he did not think this, as the phenomenon was not novel. So we must hope for the best. On the whole, I hold the view that there is no reason for alarm.

We went to church for Mattins, and I read the lessons. The congregation consisted mainly of the evacuated children; & perhaps, this circumstance may go some way towards explaining the apparent lack of preparation of the Rector's sermon. After the service the national Anthem was sung.

[227]

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I wrote fairly long letters to three of my younger clerical friends – Charles Pattinson,* Charles Nye,* and Tom Elliott. All three are married, and have the element of private responsibility including the problem of public duty. I wrote thoughtfully on that problem as they must confront it. All of them are, I think, brave, manly, & devout.

Colonel Smith with two ladies, one of whom was Ella's half-Polish relative, Miss Markovitch came to tea. According to their statements the confusion caused by the evacuated children & their mothers at Woodbridge is very great. Indeed, the whole question requires fresh consideration in the light of the assumption that the War is to continue for 3 years.

[symbol]

Colonel Smith, like many other retired Colonels, has become an Anglo-Israelite, and is evidently eager to propagate his creed. *In and about Woodbridge the sect is said to be growing. It appeals to the half-educated Protestantism of the middle class, and builds securely on the foundation of its incorrigible Fundamentalism.*

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[228]

Monday, September 11th, 1939.

The Dean of S. Paul's, replying to my inquiries, writes:-

Lincoln's Inn. 1. Only the general title of the course is needed at present.

2. Each Lecture sh^d last ¾ hr. or, if necessary 1 hour.

3. There is no condition about publishing other than that they must be published.

I think it might be as well to write to the Treasurer to make quite sure (?? That they expect the lectures to be given.

The White Lectures.

At present we mean that they shall be given, though no doubt at an earlier hour, but they do not come on till Lent, and it is impossible to foresee what London will be like by then.

Accordingly I wrote to M^r Chancellor Errington inquiring about the Warburton Lectures, and announcing the subject which I had chosen viz. Christian Apologetic – the Appeal to History.

My letter does not appear in the Times. I must conclude that that door is now closed.

[229]

[symbol]

I sent 10/- to the local Football Club. I sent to M^r Smith the carpenter asking him to provide my "dug-out" with an exit as Colonel Smith advised.

I wrote to Lady Lawrence, condoling with the on the sudden death of Sir Alick Lawrence. The baronetcy passes to their son, Henry, who is a hopeless imbecile in an asylum in Scotland. The two younger sons, John and George are very intelligent and promising young men.

[symbol]

*As my engagements are being automatically cancelled by the war, **the notion of my putting together something of an auto-biography, gathers strength in my mind.** There is my voluminous journal, covering more than half a century, and containing many personal descriptions & records which in more normal times could not have been without interest, but which set against the fearful back-ground of the War cannot but have the character of contemptible trifles. Who is any longer interested in the subjects, respecting which I was so often a centre of controversy. There is nothing so irrecoverably obsolete as theological debate.*

<!120939>

[230]

Tuesday, September 12th, 1939.

Some rain fell last night, & this morning.

The Sub-editor of the Guardian wrote asking for my address to the Militiamen, but, since I c^d not find it, I sent him as a “stay-stomach” the address which I wrote for the Conference of Sanitary Inspectors. It was never delivered, because the Conference had to be cancelled.

I read my journal for the time when *I was head of the Oxford House in Bethnal Green; 1888. It includes my Ordination to the Priesthood, and discloses in connexion therewith an appalling state of mental and moral disturbance. The record is monotonous & trivial, only relieved from insufferable dullness by occasional sketches of individuals, which, though often unduly severe, are often acute & occasionally illuminating. It is apparent that **I was then strongly inclined to take extreme views on social questions, &, though never** Socialistic, & still less Communistic, was so far sympathetic with socialists and communists, as to give reasonableness to the expectation that I should finally move into alliance with them. But I was ever too definitely & defiantly individual.*

<!130939>

[231]

Wednesday, September 13th, 1939.

The Dean of Ely, replying to my letter commending Mis White, describes his own domestic problem:-

3 school girls & a mistress, & our house devoid of servants who, as soon as they heard of refugees from East London immediately marched off. I hear the same has happened to my brother Deans of Norwich & of Rochester. **Evidently the servant class disapprove of taking in strangers.** I am now qualifying for a post as butler or housemaid, & do not in the least mind.

[symbol]

I received from the Assistant Editor of the Sunday Times an inquiry (unofficial) whether I would consider writing a weekly half-column for that paper. I replied "Barkis is willin" if a suitable proposition is made to him.

We motored [to] Haughleigh, and "returned the call" of M^{rs} Creagh, a pleasant-spoken little old dame.

The farmer is heaping manure on the field to the west of this house, & it smells very evilly; but this is a condition of rural life!

<!140939>

[232]

Thursday, September 14th, 1939.

The weather is colder, but continues calm, and almost completely rainless. **If only we could have in Poland a steady autumnal downpour, the Germans might even now share (mutatis mutandis) the fate of Sennacherib.**

Hugh Cecil* is, in the matter of sermons, a very Shylock. He insists on his pound of flesh. He writes:

I earnestly hope you will not abandon your intention of preaching here on Dec. 31st. We hope to carry on the School as usual, though your congregation may be a little smaller than in normal times. I hope not much. We should be dreadfully put out if you desert us, since preachers are not easily obtained, & a preacher like yourself not possibly. Moreover I am hoping to see you as my guest here, & to talk over the immense number of subjects in which we are both interested.

In view of such urgency. I can hardly not go if the trains are reasonably convenient. But, it is a nuisance.

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The Warden of All Souls replies to my letter at some length. The core of his statement is the following:

But conditions being what they are as regards Duty to remain where one has things to do & not to travel unnecessarily, & considering also the small attendance of Fellows which seems probable, we sh^d not expect a Preacher to come specially. If, therefore, you feel that you w^d rather postpone your coming till things were more settled, we shall all understand your decision.

I infer that in his heart of hearts the Warden would be glad if I did not come. So I have decided to cancel my visit & sermon.

We motored to Cavendish, & called on M^{rs} Brocklebank (Athelstan Riley's* daughter) but failed to find her, as she had gone to London for the day. So we returned home stopping ^on the way^ to have tea in Lavenham, & to look in at its great church.

<!150939>

[234]

Friday, September 15th, 1939.

I received from Dashwood* a demand for £452.11.0 (“which will clear your liability for Tax at Bishop Auckland”). I suppose this means that there is yet the Super-Tax to be paid. This will hardly be less.

I went in to Ipswich, & saw the Bank Manager. He said that he w^d be willing to take on my Income Tax business, in succession to Dashwood.

[symbol] *The Times, for some unexplained reason, failed to appear, but as I learned subsequently from Tallents, when he called with his sister at tea-time, **it contained my letter**. So I was something less than just to Geoffrey [Dawson*] in assuming that he had decided not to publish it!*

The Spectator is more than commonly interesting. Edwyn Bevan* contributes an excellent article. He entitles it “Light beyond Darkness”. It treats of the inevitable theme. Our present disillusionment seen in relation with our Christian Faith, and he is quite frankly “other-worldly”. The early Christians, he suggests, were essentially right when they held with S. John that “the whole world lieth in the evil one”.

<!160939>

[235]

Saturday, September 16th, 1939.

Chancellor [Francis] Errington* replies to my letter about the Warburton Lectures. He feels sure that the trustees would agree with him in asking me "so far to postpone your lectures as not to deliver one this term".

I realise the unfairness of not giving you definite information on the subject, but as soon as I hear form the trustees I will confirm the postponement over next term, & as soon as we are in a position to assess the value of the chapel for war-time worship, will let you know whether the postponement of the lectures is for the duration of the war or otherwise".

He adds, "I much admire your letter in to-day's Times".

I wrote to the Warden regretfully cancelling my engagement to preach in the College Chapel on ~~xxx~~ November 5th. Also to Chancellor Errington saying that I would not lecture on November 26th, but would await his instructions. Thus my plans for the winter are vanishing away, and I am left "at a loose end".

[236]

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The Rector called on me after lunch. He said that he approved my "excellent letter" which Bishop Kempthorne,* writing to him, had described as "typically Hensonian"!

Then a rather dingy pair, Col. Tunes and his wife, called and had tea. She explained that she was the sister of "[Percival] Knight of Ryehope", and that they lived in a slum-parish in Ipswich. She, like her brother, talked incessantly, with an affectation of oddity, which arrested attention but provoked repugnance. He was an average specimen of the lay-reader class, dull, unctuous, and conceited, but, no doubt, a saint of the Lord.

I wrote to Canon Rendall thanking him for his tract, "Ben Jonson & the First Folio Edition of Shakespeare's Plays". He seems to advocate the theory that the Earl of Oxford was the real author of the Plays. I professed myself to be contented with the traditional view, which, I said, had been confirmed to me by the authority of my friends Sidney Lee* and Beeching.* I indicated my profound contempt for the Baconian nonsense and its supporters!

<!170939>

[237]

15th Sunday after Trinity, September 17th, 1939.

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We went to Mattins at 11 a.m. I read the lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. Before going to church, I wrote to Gilbert and to Braley.

The B.B.C. broadcast at 4 p.m. announced that the Russian Army had crossed the Polish border, and gave the text of a shameless note delivered at Moscow to the Polish Ambassador justifying this outrage on the ground that the Polish Government had ceased to exist; that Poland was in anarchy and that Russia was compelled to intervene in order to protect the Ukrainians etc. There are also two sinister reports viz. that a Turkish envoy has gone to Moscow, and that a Japanese envoy has gone to Berlin. Quo tendimus? This disastrous development must have far-reaching consequences. **Russia is reported to maintain that she continues to be neutral in the "major European War".** But this implies that Britain and France will consent to abandon Poland to her fate. After the recent declarations of Chamberlain and Daladier, how can this be tolerated? And yet. What can we do but protest and acquiesce!

[238]

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The Modern Churchman for this month consists of a Report of the 26th Annual Conference held at Girton College, Cambridge. August 28 – September 1st

Perhaps the feeblest paper in the collection is that by Sir Cyril Norwood President of M.C. Union. It is diffuse, confused, incoherent, and dogmatic! The subject is "The Ideal of a Comprehensive Church" and its standpoint that of the patently obsolete conception of a National Church.

The Church indeed is the nation on its religious side, & is therefore, for that reason also, justifiably established.

It does not occur to him that ^the disproof of^ this assumption is sufficiently provided by his own challenge:-

Do we truly realize to what a small area of the world at the present moment the one conquering religion of C^{hr} has been driven back?

Does he imagine that the de-Christianizing forces which have prevailed in Russia & Germany have been absent from Britain? And, if they have not, but there also have been largely effective, does this not disallow the simple equation, Englishman = Christianity?

[The pages to the end of the Journal are misnumbered]

<180939>

[329] [sic] [239]

Monday, September 18th, 1939.

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The papers report the complete collapse of Polish defence. The President & Government have fled to Roumania, & the scattered Polish armies are being massacred and captured.

The overwhelming superiority of the German Invaders, both in number & equipment, had made certain that the catastrophe could not be much longer postponed in spite of the courage & fortitude of the Poles, as well the soldiers as the civilians; but the sudden invasion by the Russians compelled the abandonment of an apparently hopeless effort. [symbol] We are witnessing one of the blackest crimes of all history. If any doubt as to the character of the War lingered in any thoughtful mind, it cannot survive this final evidence of its essential character. "Our wrestling is not against flesh and blood, but against the world-rulers of this darkness, against the spiritual hosts of wickedness in the heavenly places". The issue is not merely political, or merely national, but **essentially moral & spiritual.** Two conceptions of human nature, two ideals of human destiny are at strife. "No man serve two masters".

[330]

[symbol]

Hugh Cecil writes (Sept. 15th)

The real reason of speculation is Russia: They seem to intend to partition Poland, & whatever we may do to Germany, we cannot stop Russia. But I hope they also intend to make a revolution in Germany which will create a new scene.

I agree about the Americans; they are a strange people. I think they are quite sincere in hating War, but do not see that they could stop it. They never realize that if they had intervened with a high hand as mediators after the Marne in 1914, they could have imposed peace, and saved the world immense misery.

I fear that worse factors than stupidity are responsible for the American isolationism – an eager desire to make profit out of the War, a secret satisfaction in the exhaustion of Britain, and, above all, a definite resolution to utilize the war-crisis in the coming Presidential Election.

[331]

[Lawrence Pearsall] L. P. Jacks* writes:

Your letter in yesterday's Times grandly expresses my own conviction and feeling. If you read the Hibbert (I hope you do!) you will find on the opening pages of the October number an English poem – a real one, I warrant you – which translates the keynote of your letter into immortal verse – better even than "Curse ye Meroz",

though it is in the same tradition. This is followed by an Article of Bergson's which goes to the root of the matter, & by others ad rem.

[Anthony] Eden* & Norman Angel* have been saying that we are fighting to create a new world founded on Justice etc. etc. **Such generalities get us nowhere.** My conviction is that a "new world" would have to be created by new men with new ideas (different from the Eden variety). **The whole structure of our society is being radically altered, [332]** and it may be that the political state (which is not eternal in my philosophy) will have to give way to some better form of human association.

The sowing of new ideas and the spreading of light should begin at once and I am anxious that the Hibbert Journal should help in the process. Could you write me an article for the January number?

I hardly think that I could wisely do this. For (1) anything written now must needs be more of less obsolete & irrelevant three months hence. (2) my mind is by no means sufficiently clear on the larger questions which the Editor suggests and (3) I am probably not in sympathy with the fundamental assumptions of the H.J. So I shall civilly decline.

Leslie Morrison * writes from the Drill Hall, Norton-on-Tees, where he is stationed as Chaplain to a Searchlight Regiment. Most of the men are young recruits, who have left their homes for the first time.