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1 January 1940 – 30 April 1940

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

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

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[1]

Monday, January 1st, 1940.

1940

A bitter frost, and a bright sun. I wrote to the old antiquary, Sir John Baddeley, thanking him for his book, "A Cotswold Manor", which he sent me at Christmas: also, to Captain Radcliffe, who had rashly assumed that I would support an effort to abolish compulsory church parades in the Army.

[symbol] Vernon Storr writes:

"to say how very much I like your book on the Church of England. The picture you give of its various aspects & activities is most balanced and sound: if I may venture to say so. And its style is as lucid as ever. I am sure the book is having a large sale.

The Rev^d Roland Bailey tells me that the first number of the Diocesan Magazine contains a review of my book which may interest me. He also points out a stupid blunder on p. 199-200.

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[2]

Tuesday, January 2nd, 1940.

Bitter frost. No wind. Brilliant sun.

Two letters rather touched me, for both disclosed the lasting loyalty of boyhood and illustrated the importance of actions which at the time seemed trivial enough. One was from George Drummond, whom I have totally forgotten, but who clearly keeps me in mind though our contact lies half a century in the past. He writes from Montreal.

"It is a far cry away back to the old Barking days when, on your demand for a larger choir, I applied from the Fisher Street Mission, & was duly accepted as a choir-boy. I was hardly of the "class" as regards clothes or appearance for that select company, & many is the uncomfortable and embarrassing position I was put in, & I was a very sensitive boy in those days, & felt the atmosphere keenly. However, of all my memories, those of the old S^t Margaret's days are dearest in spite of the drawbacks, & what would I not give just to [3] experience those days once again.

The other is from Harry Walgrave, whom I remember quite well. He reminds me of our first encounter "just over 40 years ago", and how it developed into a friendship. He is now married, & has two daughters aged 20 & 22 years.

Also, Lord Scarbrough sends me a card with an affectionate note.

I spent the morning in writing a "sermonette" on "Inverted Hypocrisy" for the "Sunday Times", and some letters.

In the afternoon, Ella and I walked for an hour on hard-frozen ground.

I finished reading a wild, declamatory book, ridiculously entitled "The descent of the Dove, A Short History of the Holy Spirit in the Church". It is written by Charles Williams, and published by "The Religious Book Club". The author is unknown to me, but may, perhaps, be a poet & a playwright, whose record in "Who's Who" is copious and mingled. I read the book, because Dick gave it me, but it is chaotic & worthless.

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[4]

Wednesday, January 3rd, 1940.

The bitter cold continues.

I worked at the Norwich Lecture, which grows more unsatisfactory as it approaches completeness. The Dean of Norwich writes to me, as I feared he would, suggesting that the 3 lectures of which mine is one should be published. But there are in my mind two formidable objections viz: the lecture itself is not worth publication, and it is highly improbable that it would harmonize sufficiently with the two other lectures. Maynard Smith is an enthusiastic medievalist; and the Bishop of Salisbury is a conventional Anglican apologist. Both of them can be trusted to present their subjects in the attractive colouring which the average churchgoer expects & enjoys. But my picture will be entirely repulsive!

In the afternoon, I called on M^{rs} Reed at the College Farm and was shown the house. She said that it was supposed to have belonged to Wolsey and that it gained its name from the fact. It is half-timbered, & may, in its older parts, be as ancient as the xvth century: but it is not specially interesting.

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[5]

Thursday, January 4th, 1940.

Not quite so cold, but, in good truth, cold enough. I received a handsome bundle of swan-quills from M^r Askew-Robertson, forwarded by M^{rs} Braley. This is to express his satisfaction with my book, or rather with its "style"!

Ella motored us to Ipswich, where I changed a cheque, and had my hair cut and washed. I wrote to Gilbert, thanking him for his gift of apples: and to Hugh Rees L^d ordering him to send copies of my book to Gilbert and to Brilioth.

The new volume of the Royal Historical Publication "The Correspondence of Lord Aberdeen & Princess Lieven" (1832-1854) contains some interesting observations by Lord Aberdeen on the furious agitation in England aroused by the "Papal Aggression", which Lord John Russell, adroitly, but cynically, exploited in the interest of his party. In 1852 Lord A. writes

I have no fear of democracy, or of any political evils: but... I have long thought we are destined to suffer from our religious differences. It is strange that such sh^d be the case at this time of day: but there is more intense bigotry in England at this moment than in any other country.

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[6]

Friday, January 5th, 1940.

The frost continues, but it is not so cold. I worked all the morning at this odious lecture.

Canon Durnford, Sotterley Rectory, Beccles, writes to me very civilly about my book, but entering what might be called a protest on behalf of the country clergy. I think that he is probably justified. If I could have carried out my original plan, and included the chapter on the work & influence of the parson in modern England, this defect would have been rectified.

D^r Alex Martin of Edinburgh sends me a long expostulation on the subject of the Church of Scotland Act of 1921. He is probably right, but the matter is hardly worth fussing over. But the Scots are as sensitive to criticism, as they are critical of others!

[marginal note - v. p. 9 -] **Finally, Dick tells me that he dislikes my "disparaging attitude towards Evangelicalism, which breaks out particularly in my unsympathetic reference to Methodism on p. 121, and which always offends him"!!**

<!060140>

[7]

Saturday, January 6th, 1940.

[symbol]

Very cold, and the bath water dismally tepid!

Grey Turner sends me the copy of my book which he has bought in order that I might write my name in it. It is odd to find that kind of sentimentality in a famous surgeon.

[symbol] *The Abp. of York writes to me.*

I have often in these days remembered the speech which you delivered in the House of Lords about the inevitability of this War. It was a very brave utterance, completely justified by events.

He does not allude to my book, which was sent to him. Probably words fail him!

Tom Elliott writes to me at length. He is much perturbed by having a letter which he addressed to the Times acknowledged, but not published! He conceives himself the victim of an injustice! But he is still young enough to be innocently absurd!

I worked again at the Norwich Lecture and brought it to a conclusion. But it is truly sorry stuff, & I cannot blame myself sufficiently for having undertaken it.

[8]

The Turkish earthquake still continues, and has been followed by tremendous floods. It will rank with the greater natural catastrophes of history both in the extent of material wreckage, & in the number of the killed. Politically, it can hardly be other than a considerable disaster for the Allies. Turkey, on which large expectations were built, is put out of action. A considerable defeat in the field could hardly have been more disabling.

Meanwhile, the Finns are maintaining their wonderful defence against the hordes of Russian troops.

Lord Lothian has made a speech in U S. A. which has arrested much attention. He said that a great German offensive was expected in the early spring, & that, if that were successfully repulsed, there was good reason for thinking that the Nazis would collapse.

There have been resignations - Hore Belisha [sic] gives place to Oliver Stanley,* & Lord [Hugh] Macmillan* to Sir John Reith.* More changes are said to be impending.

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[9]

Sunday after Epiphany, January 7th, 1940.

Rather milder, but dark and damp.

I read lessons at Mattins, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. The Rector's sermon was a rambling, extemporaneous address to the evacuate Barnardo girls, who formed almost the whole of the congregation. He described the Holy Family as "evacuees" (!) from Bethlehem to Egypt, which sounded more vulgar than edifying. But, indeed, the whole discourse was poor stuff.

My "sermonette" in the Sunday Times on "The Religion of Humanity" had been in such wise abbreviated as to obscure the main point which i had intended when composing it.

In the afternoon I wrote at some length to D^r Alexander Martin of Edinburgh: and also at less length to Dick and Martin.

[symbol] [p.7 – marginal note] *I told Dick that my view of emotional religion, as exhibited by Evangelicals and Methodists, might be largely discounted as the result of temperament and an early experience of Plymouth Brethren. He might be nearer the truth than I.*

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[10]

Monday, January 8th, 1940.

The Times reports the death of Bishop Eden* at the age of 86: and also of Leighton Pullan in his 75th year. Both men have entered into my life, the first, in its later phase, when I had become well-known to the point of notoriety: the last, in its earlier phase, when, after my unexpected election at All Souls I was an object of considerable curiosity. My world is emptying fast.

Eden was an extremely lovable man, very handsome, sweet-tempered, and conciliating. His connexion with a prominent Durham family, and his intimate relation to Bishop Lightfoot, assisted his popularity in Durham. He was always very friendly to me, and I attribute to his influence the happy attitude of the Auckland Brotherhood towards a Bishop of Durham whom they probably, perhaps naturally, regarded as a very unworthy occupant of Lightfoot's chair. As a bishop, Eden was demurely conventional, much liked by successive archbishops for whom he "devilled" assiduously and uncomplainingly, and very popular with his episcopal brethren.

[11]

I started on preparing the "White" Lectures. The subject, as I phrased it, when writing to the Dean of S. Paul's has a pretentious sound –

Values of the Old Testament in English Life

1. Introductory, on the contents and canonicity of the Old Testament.
2. Political value
3. Ecclesiastical
4. Literary
5. Social
6. Moral
7. Religious

I have the vaguest recollection of what I intended, and a still vaguer notion of what I ought to mean! In my letter to Matthews* I said:

"I shall talk large", after the manner of the xviith century, but bend the general argument to an English reference".

Ella and Fearne induced me to go with them to a cinema in Ipswich, and see the film "The Lion has Wings". Very patriotic and horrible! Ella lost her glove, & I lost my "constitutional"!

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[12]

Tuesday, January 9th, 1940.

The day started mildly, but grew colder as it advanced, and, when I took my afternoon walk through Chattisham, it had become so cold as to suggest a return of the snow.

My bank-book for the last quarter of 1939 disclosed the disconcerting fact that my income from sundry small investments had been taxed at the rate of ten shillings in the pound! I received an incomprehensible note explaining this monstrous rate as necessitated by some necessity of financial adjustment.

I resumed work on, or rather reading for the White Lecture: Ryle's article in Smith's Dictionary of the Bible is clear, full, & useful on the rather confused history of the Apocrypha.

[symbol] Noel Lamidey sends me along & depressed letter, dated October 31st 1939, in which he seems to accept a quasi-pacifist attitude towards the War. There is not a flicker of the crusading spirit, not any sign that he perceives a moral obligation in the War, nor even distinguishes between the belligerents in the matter of right. Ralph Inge is as bad, and far less excusable.

[13]

The Finns continue to gain victories against tremendous numerical odds, but an obviously well-informed article in the Times warns us not to be optimistic. Time is on the side of the Russians, for, when the winter conditions come to an end, the Finns will have lost the principal asset which, apart from the astonishing valour and endurance of the men, they have hitherto possessed. There's urgent need of munitions & troops if they are not to be overwhelmed. Germany is reported to have "held-up" Italian planes destined for Finland.

The Press Cutting Agency sends a notice of my book which has appeared in a paper called "Public Opinion", and is clearly intended to be favourable. But it has no real importance. A short notice in "John O' London's Weekly["] is also friendly, but, of course, counts for nothing. I can hardly believe that the book has so far had any considerable sale, for, if it had been largely read, I should certainly have received some letters, hostile or favourable. In fact, I have hardly received any.

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[14]

Wednesday, January 10th, 1940.

The Dean of Norwich tells me neither of my fellow lecturers desires to be printed. So that proposal has happily expired. He says that the lecturers "generally hold forth for about 45-50 minutes with questions after".

Fearne and I met Martin Kiddle at Ipswich station when he arrived at 4.55 p.m. He had much talk with me about Malcolm Ross's very strange behaviour. Having worked with him on the Edition of the Apocalypse, which he has undertaken for Hodder & Stoughton, he has become so puffed up with conceit, that he now insists on being described on the title page as co-author, & menaces Kiddle with legal proceedings if his impudent demand is not conceded! He is believed to be pushed forward by his wife, who is described as ill-bred and ambitious. In view of Kiddle's constant and generous friendship to him in time of trouble, it is difficult to imagine any excuse for conduct which is in the highest degree unseemly, ungrateful, and unexpected. He exhibits the blend of cupidity & peasant cunning which is not unfamiliar in men of his class.

[15]

The Cambridge Press sends me a parcel of press-cuttings containing notices of my book. Most of these I had already seen, but one was new to me. The Baptist Times has a few lines, which can hardly be described either as hostile or friendly. It ends with the usual nonsense about my "style":

And how brilliantly D^rHenson writes. He is one of our supreme stylists. His prose is a joy to read - especially to read aloud.

It is, however, to be noted that very few people are at the pains of reading it at all!

Martin Kiddle tells me that the officers read my sermonettes in the Sunday Times, and express appreciation of them. He also speaks of the undue amount of drinking among the officers, a practice which is both unhealthy, extravagant, and immoral. He says that there is much extravagance in the camps, especially in the reckless consumption of petrol. This accords with the testimony of Rowaleyn Cumming Bruce and is ill hearing.

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[16]

Thursday, January 11th, 1940.

James motored Martin Kiddle to Ipswich in time to catch the 9.56 a.m. to London. I spent the morning in preparing another "sermonette" for the Sunday Times. I took "Superstition" for a subject.

In the afternoon I walked to Chattisham, and on the way encountered Sir Gerald Ryan with his nieces. He is trying to recover from a bout of influenza.

Londonderry [7th Marquess]* writes to me a long letter, reiterating his belief that if his advice had been taken, and his policy with respect to Hitler had been adopted, there would have been no war. It is a pity that he is not great enough to admit that he was mistaken. The truth is that he was completely hoodwinked by the unspeakable Ribbendrop [sic].

I received from the Secretary of the Ipswich Clerical Union an invitation to become an hon. member of that society: and I wrote to accept the proposal. I loathe clerical gatherings of every kind, but, of course, I could not decently refuse.

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[17]

Friday, January 12th, 1940.

A bitter frost, a brilliant day, no wind, and a wonderful sunset.

The Fortnightly arrived, and I read in it Bell's review of my book. It is almost flattering to me, but, by no means so to my book, which he finds woefully deficient in its references to the Evangelicals & "Spikes". [In fact, there is not gospel enough in it to save a tomtit!]. "The missionary church & the deeply worshipping church, both elude his (the author's) appreciation." [He would share Dick's opinion (p.9)]. There is some reason in this criticism, but it ignores α) the limitations imposed by a series on "English Institutions; β) the quality & potential permanence of the Anglo-Catholic "worship", since it is in principle & method Roman, & will finally carry its votaries to their "spiritual home".

[following paragraph crossed through in red]

M^r Askew Robinson was evidently pleased with my acknowledgement of the swan-quills, which he sent to me. He calls my letter "a pattern of real English literature", and will keep it as such!!! That tiresome fellow, the Bishop of Eau Claire U.S.A. writes a bothersome letter asking for some information on some ridiculous point!

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[18]

Saturday, January 13th, 1940.

[following two paragraphs crossed through in red]

Another bitter bright day and without wind.

Three more "reviews" of my book came to me from α) the Record, sour & shallow, also rude but altogether unimportant: β) the Scotsman, vague and non-committal γ) Theology. "It ought to be read if only because of its prose style which bears comparison with the English classics". The writer has read my book, & desires to be friendly.

The rat-catcher came to see me with respect to evil smells said to be the after-math of his previous visit. He gave me confident assurance that after his present achievements no dead rat would stink, and no living rats dare to appear!

Colonel Smith came to lunch. After his departure I walked for an hour & three quarters. There is a cohort of noise louts, too old for school, and too young for military service, who give rise to some anxiety on account of these Barnardo girls, now in the parish. It is a great misfortune that the Rector is deaf, lame, and incapacitated by acute "Anglo-Catholicism" for effective pastoral oversight of his flock. He is invalidish in body.

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[19]

2nd Sunday after Epiphany, January 14th, 1940.

[following paragraph crossed through in red]

I went to church, and received the Holy Communion. Something had gone wrong with the stove which "heats" the church, for the building, like Solomon's temple was filled with smoke, so thick that one could scarcely see across the building. The communicants, who were rather more numerous than usual, hung about the door, waiting for the smoke to disperse, which it did, very slowly, and with much lowering of the temperature by reason of the cold air from the outside coming from opened doors & windows. It was a cheerless, & bizarre service. I did not return to the Church for Mattins, but remained in my study & wrote to the Bishop of Eau Claire.

Instigante diabolo I wrote to the Times more to relieve my own feelings, than to do any good! But Inge's recent utterances about the War have made me very angry & I think that it is worth-while to point out that they, and other such utterances, which include Hitler & his opponents in the same condemnation are not only indefensible, but highly mischievous.

[20]

[following page crossed through in red]

Two things ruffled me in the course of the afternoon, and aroused my fears for the future. There can be little doubt that fresh manure has been brought to the heap behind the house. The smell was convincingly apparent in my garden, and my suspicions were confirmed by a view of the heap. Then, the gang of ill-ordered lads, who have been offensively prominent in the street lately started to slide on the frozen pond near the garage, and to stir up a considerable noise. When, at length, they departed, they took with them a battered kettle, probably fished up from the said pond, which they threw about, damaging my trees, & moving them to much noisy scuffling. I went out, and ordered them to drop the kettle, and go home. They obeyed, but not very willingly, and probably nursing schemes of vengeance in their minds. I suspect that the woeful business of A. H. has had an evil effect on his coevals: and his home is the nearest house to this, a circumstance which will not be wholly without effect.

[21]

My little “sermonette”, on “Inverted Hypocrites” duly appeared in the Sunday Times, but it had been truncated by no means in my impartial opinion to its improvement. Fearne counted the words, & could only number 480, which means that about 50 of mine had been cut out! **I infer that the Editor has had about enough of the ex-Bishop of Durham, & that the “sermonettes” will come to an end with this month.**

I wrote at some length to Noel Lamidey disallowing his opinion, expressed in his last letter, that “industrialism” is the root cause of the War. It is very surprising to me that so shallow a diagnosis of our troubles should commend itself so easily to young men. But I am wrong in thinking of Noel as young. He could hardly had been less than 16 years old, when I came to Durham in 1912, and first made his acquaintance i.e. 27 years ago. He is, therefore, a middle-aged man, 43 years old, quite old enough to see through the sophistries of Socialism.

I started to read Sanday’s admirable article on the Bible in Hasking’s Dict.

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[22]

Monday, January 15th, 1940.

Bitterly cold. The temperature in my room at 7 a.m. was only 38° Fahrenheit; the coldest so far recorded this year.

I received a long & highly characteristic letter from my little airman", Hedley Thompson. He writes from hospital at Peterboro, where he is down with influenza.

Also, I received a long, & rather excited letter from an ex-moderator of the Church of Scotland. (Lauchlan MacLean Watt) who is fearfully offended by a very harmless reference to the "conceivability" of the Church of Scotland ceasing to be "representative of the Christian Faith of the Scottish people". I wrote a mild reply, though I must needs think him an ass. He is evidently a fiery Highlander, which may be the same thing!

Also I received an invitation to take part in a debate on Finland in the Cambridge Union. But I declined.

In the afternoon we motored into Ipswich and called on Sir Bunnell Burton,* and on Major Barnes, but both were "out".

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[23]

Tuesday, January 16th, 1940.

[symbol]

A thin covering of snow whitened the landscape at day break, & snow fell intermittently during the morning.

My letter appeared in the Times under the heading “the Good Fight”.

I received £28.7.0. from the Sunday Times.

The morning was occupied in writing another “Sermonette”. This time my subject was “Chivalry”. Is it my “swan song”?

Charles Nye* writes to me again after a long interval, so long, indeed, that I might well regard it as a full stop. He writes that he has “enjoyed reading” my book, especially the chapter on “national education”.

“A friend of mine remarked the other day that your book is in some ways depressing but added that Jeremiah was also depressing because he spoke the truth”.

He says that his name has been forwarded to the Chaplain General’s Department with a reference for the Navy. I should hardly have supposed that he was physically robust enough for that service.

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[24]

Wednesday, January 17th, 1940.

The temperature fell during the night, and at 7 a.m. was only 2 deg. above freezing in my bedroom. The supply of cold water failed, for the pipes were frozen. We telephoned to Ipswich and Warner sent out a man, who reported that until the thaw should come, we must make shift with hot water!

The Bishop of Colchester (Ridsdale) wrote to thank me for my letter. The rest of my post was abusive. There is evidently a strong undercurrent of disaffection in the country.

Hore-Belisha's* "personal explanation" in the House of Commons last night was careful and judiciously-phrased. The Prime Minister had no occasion to quarrel with it; & the Opposition leaders showed little disposition to exploit it. The impression left on one's mind is that the cause of the resignation was personal friction evoked by a strong & irritating personality. The "democratization" of the Army was a highly unpopular policy from the military point of view, and Hore-Belisha's method of carrying it through were [sic] not tactful or conciliatory.

[25]

The afternoon post brought some letters approving my Times letter. One them [sic] contained a proposal that I should expand [sic] its contents into a pamphlet, one of a series now being published by James Nisbet & Co. Such a series could only be an inferior copy of that now being published by the Clarendon Press. I am not much attracted, yet I hesitate to turn down the proposal forthwith.

[symbol] The Rev. P. E. James, Vicar of Halifax, writes:

"I must thank you for the pleasure and satisfaction afforded by your letter in today's Times. It needed to be said: it could not have been said better.

He was a master at Durham School at the end of my Deconate. He reminds me of the fact in a postscript.

"With grateful remembrance of days at Durham in the last War".

The Rev. J.H. Powell, who is a Rural Dean in the Bristol diocese, and a near neighbour of Wynne-Willson, writes to beg for the loan of "Sibbes and Simeon".

[26]

The Rev. C. O. Pickard Cambridge, Vicar of Packington, Ashby de la Zouche, writes what he calls "a brief acknowledgement of gratitude ~~of~~ for some of my print writings". He names "Apostolic Christianity", which, he says, I gave him at the time of his Ordination in London, 40 years ago, my Charge on the Oxford Group, and my last book, "The Church of England".

"I remember being introduced to you in 1891 in Balliol Common Room by Harry Davis* (afterwards Prof. of History".

I do not retain the faintest recollection of the good man.

John Redfearn writes to say that he has applied for appointment to the Head Mastership of the Hereford Cathedral School. He, and more than 400 boys from Bede Secondary School have been evacuated from Sunderland to Northallerton. The householders, with whom the 'young Hopefuls' have been billeted are becoming restive under the continuing privilege of their company, and a small section of the boys, who have returned to their own homes, are making their own complaints!

<!180140>

[27]

Thursday, January 18th, 1940.

The bitter frost continues, and our personal discomforts multiply!

Chancellor Errington* writes to say that the Warburton Trustees have decided that the Lectures must be delivered notwithstanding the War. They give me a choice of Sundays up to and including April 2nd. This day is not a Sunday, but as Easter Law Sittings begin on the 3rd, I must suppose that the Trust requires that the Lectures should make a start before that date. I wrote to the Chancellor to say that it would be most convenient for me to give the opening Lecture on Easter Sunday morning, as I am pledged to preach in Westminster Abbey on Easter Sunday evening.

M^r Christian (Nisbet & C^o) telegraphs:-

Thank you for your letter. Regret confusion: Proposed length namely 7000 words.

I suppose it must be done: but it adds appreciably to my already excessive commitments. I almost hope that the Sunday Times will make an end of my "sermonettes".

<!190140>

[28]

Friday, January 19th, 1940.

[page crossed out with red line]

More snow fell last night. The glass stood at 35°.

I received a letter from the Assistant Editor of the Sunday Times, conveying a proposition, which I forthwith rejected:

We are proposing to continue them (sc. the 'Sermonettes') for another few months, but to widen the basis somewhat by inviting writers of other denominations – such as D^r Archibald Fleming,* D^r Sidney Berry,* Monsignor [Ronald] Knox* and another – to contribute three articles on similar lines to those you now do.

We sincerely hope that you will agree to join with these others, & send us your three (on the same terms as before) at intervals. I have drawn up a rota, and if you agree to contribute, I hope you will be able to let me have an article for the three following dates:- Feb: 25th, March 31st, and April 5th.

So that makes an end of my 'Sermonettes'.

[29]

I received a number of letters, more or less denunciatory and even abusive, from pacifists, religious and otherwise. One of these, perhaps, is specially significant. It is from "M^r and M^{rs} Milne, Wardens, of "The Settlement, Elvington, Dover". It suggests that, in their efforts to gain the goodwill of "the ordinary working man & woman", they are echoing & even endorsing the mélange of class prejudice, discontent, and sentiment which determine their view of the War. I am startled & perturbed by the evidently extensive & propagandist pacifism which exists under the masque of national unanimity.

M^r Blakeney* sends me a kind & discriminating appreciation of my book:

"If I may say so, it is the most logical & brilliant "case for the prosecution" ever written. At least I know of nothing comparable to it. I say 'logical', if once your premises are granted. Personally, I cannot keep out of mind the "sentimental" [30] side of the question [i.e. Establishment]."

I have no doubt that he is fairly representative of his class, type, and generation. My own sympathies and preferences go with him, but not my reason or my conscience.

Lord Sankey* writes in terms of emphatic approval, especially of the chapter on Education:

As President of the National Society I have a good deal to do with Church Schools, and I find it very difficult to get a move on.

He adds an expression of his agreement with “that very excellent article in the ‘Sunday Times’ last Sunday”.

Tymms,* the Vicar of Billingham, writes very warmly in appreciation of the volume:

‘I think you will be interested to know that one of the rank & file of your late diocese does value what you write & is always eager to read your books or letters.’

Tymms is a conventional ‘Anglo-Catholic’, of the hard-working parochial type, which I should have thought would have been offended by the book. I hope he is representative.

<!200140>

[31]

Saturday, January 20th, 1940.

The bitter cold continues. Temperature 34° at 7 a.m. in my room. Water supplies inadequate and uncertain. Discomfort & disgruntlement! James reported sick, & the cat devoured half the provision of haddock for breakfast. A bundle of press-cuttings, mostly disagreeable!

I received a thoughtful letter, respectfully worded from a certain J. B. Browne writing from 'Royal Military College, Camberley, Surrey', and stating that his views "may be taken a[s] representative of the views of the young soldier." I was sufficiently interested & impressed to be at the pains of writing at some length to him. It is not improbable that he will pass my letter, or its contents, to his fellows. How far it is really worth while to expend time and energy in replying to such communications from strangers it is hard to determine. But there is always the chance, that when thus 'drawing a bow at a venture', one may hit a mark which is worth hitting: and it can hardly be a more useless expenditure of one's time than doing nothing!

<!210140>

[32]

Septuagesima. January 21st, 1940.

Bitter cold continues with more snow. James reported to have had a bad night, and the water supply more chaotic and menacing than ever. The problem of getting to Norwich tomorrow for this ill-fated lecture becomes more difficult than ever. Happily, the difficulty was also felt in Norwich from the standpoint of the audience. The Dean rang up on the telephone to propose an adjournment of the lecture for a week. I had hoped for a cancellation, but 'half a loaf is better than no bread'. When I reflect on the amount of working time bestowed on that futile lecture, I could strangle the Very Reverend with my own hands!

The Rector telephoned a suggestion that, as there would probably be no communicants I might, perhaps, not attend Divine service. This did not wholly please me, but I reflected that he probably would prefer my absence, which would enable him to cancel the celebration: and, also, as my nose disclosed some disposition to bleed, I surrendered to my fate, & remained at home. But I felt base all the same.

Snow continued to fall, though in a rather half-hearted manner.

[33]

[symbol]

The chapter on the Spread of the Society of Jesus in Pastor's history of the Popes (vol. xiii. ch. vii. p.180f.) is very illuminating. On p. 187 the situation to which the Jesuits in Spain addressed themselves under the leadership of Francis Borgia is almost inconceivable:

"Preaching was regarded as the prerogative of the monks, parish priests devoting so little attention to it that it actually gave offence if a secular priest made an appearance as a preacher. It was, therefore, very much appreciated when the Jesuits made it their business to announce the Word of God in their churches."

"It is significant that the Archbishop of Toledo forbade the faithful to communicate more frequently than once a year."

The situation in Italy was certainly no better.

'The ignorance in the Abruzzi, in Calabria, and in Apulia was still so great in the period between 1561 and 1570 that the Jesuit missionaries named these districts the "Italian Indies"'. [p. 193]

"The instruction of youth was the chief weapon which the Jesuits employed in Italy to fight the incursions of Protestantism." [p. 197]

[34]

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The resemblance between Buchman* & Loyola is something more than facial. It is from the Founder of the Jesuits that the latest Protestant sect-founder has borrowed his controversial method viz. never to reply to criticisms but to collect testimonials from prominent persons, & to parade them as sufficient disproof of all accusations, v. p. 207.

[remainder of page crossed through with red line]

[symbol] My sermonette on 'Superstition' appeared in the Sunday Times, but not, as heretofore, on the front page. It would appear that its importance has already vanished. After next week, it will have vanished altogether! Well, well!

A note in the Church Times states that "the photograph on the jacket" of my book 'has a familiar look to many Cambridgeshire people'

"for the church tower, which stands in the background, is easily recognizable as the fine tower of Burwell with its interesting cupola, & nothing can disguise, in the foreground, the well-known figure of the vicar, Canon Walpole Sayer, talking to one of his parishioners in the fields."

[35]

[symbol]

I wrote to Dick, who expects to be sent over sea immediately. He writes:-

The King came to visit us yesterday, & wish us God speed. He looked superbly well, & put heart into us all. We go off soon – very soon – without enthusiasm, but knowing that the separation from home, from work, from the comforts of peace time are worth enduring for the sake of the things we defend. For myself, I have no very strong feelings about going overseas: I am too busy feeling admiration for the spirit of so many of our men who dread going abroad as we would dread a voyage to a savage country, but who carry on none the less.

I have no doubt that many of these young militia-men have never set foot in any foreign country, and look forward to doing so with a curiosity which is heavily charged with fear. But they are good stuff, and will disclose more greatness than they suspect in themselves.

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[36]

Monday, January 22nd, 1940.

[symbol]

More snow, & the cold, if possible, more bitter. Our water supply was wholly cut off; even the electric pump had abandoned activity! In filth & fear I got up, without bath or shaving. The situation brightened as the day advanced. Water for breakfast was borrowed from a neighbour. Workmen from Ipswich were brought by telephone, & spent some hours, I trust, not ineffectively; & for the rest, we must make shift until the frost breaks.

It is reported from Denmark, that about 2000 geese wild swans have been frozen on one of the islands. In Spain the cold is so intense, that there are deaths in the street. The Rhine is frozen over for a considerable stretch of its course.

Another batch of letters, anonymous, abusive, & protesting, arrived. Also another substantial gift of swan-quills from M^r Askew-Robertson.

The Editor of the Spectator telephoned to ask if I would review a book on Laud. I said – Yes, if I could take my own time.

Also, I promised to send the MS. of the War pamphlet by the end of the month!!

[37]

Any account of the War against the Jews has no other value than that of revealing how in Germany the glorification of force has taken the place of the pursuit of justice, how the sanctity of a leadership above criticism has displaced the desire for liberty, and how the scorning of truth, the belief in the power of the successful lie, has become a dominant principle. It is not the Jews, it is democratic principles, it is truth, liberty, and justice, which are decried as Jewish conceptions, against which rise the ideas of the new Germany, first directed against the Jews, then against Austria and Czecho-Slovakia, and now on the way to erect a world domination on the ruins of all free countries.

‘The Germans and the Jews’ by F. R. Bienenfeld, p. ix.

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[38]

Tuesday, January 23rd, 1940.

[first two paras. on this page crossed out in red]

The severe weather continues. Men have been frozen to death in Italy.

I started on the pamphlet, and wrote about half the required amount, but I don't like what I have written, & shall make a fresh start.

The Editor of the Spectator sent me the book, which he desires me to review. It is a substantial volume of 464 pages, & appears to be a scholarly production written from the supercilious, external point of view –

"Archbishop Laud, 1573 – 1645. by H. R. Trevor-Roper, Fellow of Merton. (Macmillan & Co.)

I wrote to old Canon [Alexander] Patterson,* who is, I hear, confined to his bed. Braley thinks that he will not get up again. He has been a loyal and valuable member of the Durham diocese, and his example of unflagging industry, even in extreme old age, was not the least of the many services which he rendered to the clergy of Durham. His death will be widely regretted when it is announced.

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[39]

Wednesday, January 24th, 1940.

[symbol]

The Assistant Editor of the Sunday Times replies to my letter, rejecting his suggestion that I sh^d consent to be one of a team of selected writers, instead of the only contributor of the weekly sermonettes.

Dear Bishop Hensey Henson,

Thank you for writing so fully and frankly. As it was I who first proposed that you should be approached in the matter, I feel in some way responsible: but I know you will realise that the new developments are beyond my own control as Assistant Editor. I am indeed sorry that you are not going on writing for us, your contributions will be missed, I know: but I quite understand your point of view. The only point I would make is this: there is no intention on our part to make these articles in any way a series. True they may appear in the same position, but each writer will only be responsible for what he himself writes.

Yours sincerely, Cyril Lakin.

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[40]

Thursday, January 25th, 1940.

[symbol]

The water system resumed operations to our infinite relief, but the weather-outlook is still unhopeful, and we dare not admit the belief that our discomfort is ended.

I spent most of the day in trying to compose the pamphlet on the War, but I made woefully small progress. When one has to authenticate one's statements by references to "chapter and verse", the difficulty of composition is enormously increased. This, perhaps, is the reason why brilliant letter-writers are not often successful authors of books. The light, dashing facility proper to the first, is fatal to the last. Especially is this the case in this document-ridden age. Book-writers being thus enchained to the painful accumulation of materials, & the careful noting of references, degenerate into heavy & verbose compilers, whom one may admire, but hardly read!

I wrote to Chancellor Errington, undertaking to deliver the first Warburton Lecture on March 17th, and the second on May 26th.

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[41]

Friday, January 26th, 1940.

[symbol]

An unpleasant day, sleet and rain at intervals, and still cold enough to disallow any just confidence in the permanence of the Thaw.

I kept indoors, worked (still unavailingly) at the pamphlet, & read the book on Laud which I have promised to review for the Spectator. It is an admirable piece of historical writing, and extremely interesting. The author, Trevor-Roper, is evidently a disciple of the Socialistic economist Prof. Tawney,* and belittles the Puritans unduly: but he has evidently made a very thorough study of the material, which he arranges with considerable skill. He is also the master of a vivacious style, which holds his readers. I think he allows too little for the strength of honest resentment against the plan & method of "Thorough": and condones too easily the very grave defects of the Archbishop, both personal and political. But the scornful belittlement, which Macaulay made traditional, is ridiculous, as well as ungenerous. Laud had some great virtues, high practical ability, and his ideals were not unworthy.*

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[42]

Saturday, January 27th, 1940.

There was a heavy fall of snow during the night, but a rise in temperature inducing a half-hearted thaw. Lord Woodbridge sent a car to fetch us for lunch. He got more or less “bogged” in the snow outside the gate on the farm-shed side of the house, with the result that we arrived at Abbey Oaks a quarter of an hour after time. The luncheon party consisted of

1. D^r Marah, from Shanghai.
2. Miss Brown.
3. M^{rs} Barrett (Lord W's daughter)
4. M^{rs} Phillimore
5. Ella
6. Fearne
7. Bishop.
8. Lord Woodbridge.

It was a pleasant meal, enlivened by bright and friendly talk. Afterwards, we listened to a vigorously patriotic speech from Winston Churchill, broadcast from Manchester. There seemed some interruption, but not enough seriously to impede our hearing. There were no 'glaring indiscretions'.

[43]

Dashwood writes to demand £221 : 13 : 0 on account of income tax, plus his “firm’s charges”. I sent him a cheque. This probably represents half the annual charge. If so, it is less than I anticipated. But is it so?

[symbol in margin] The Rev. Canon Charles Smyth wrote to ask me to review his book on ‘The Art of Preaching’, and I replied that if the Editor of the Spectator invited me to do so, I would not say him, Nay. He reviewed my book in that journal rather flatterously, and, of course, “one good turn deserves” another: but, perhaps, the less said about independent criticism in reviews of books the better! It is a hollow business any way, and wastes much good time.

I have spent much of my life in the composition and delivery of sermons: and I have even been declared a proficient in the Art: but now, as I review my career in old age, I am increasingly doubtful whether I have made the best use of my time and toil. The world has got beyond the stage in which sermons have practical importance.

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[44]

Sexagesima. January 28th, 1940.

The snow remains. We are still far from the break in the cold spell for which we are longing. The problem of getting into Ipswich tomorrow to catch the train to Norwich is unsolved. Hardly had I written these words before a telephone message from the Dean of Norwich solved the problem for me, by suggesting a further postponement of the Lecture. It is to be given on March 4th. So far, so good. But where shall we all be on the 4th of March? Hitler may settle the answer for us!

So I did not go to church, but remained in my study, and finished reading the Life of Laud, which I have promised to review. It is certainly an extremely able piece of work, and written with a brightness and vigour which make it unusually readable. But it labours under two considerable disadvantages. Not only does the author greatly over estimate what he describes as Laud's "Social policy", but also, he greatly underrates the religious importance of contemporary politics.

[45]

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*If Laud's career be fairly set in its temporal context, it will connect rather with the great conflict of the Counter-Reformation, than with the economic changes which the break-up of the Medieval Church and the discovery of America had occasioned. Laud was destitute of any kind of originality. His Puritan adversaries, in spite of their unlovely religion and repulsive philistinism, discerned more truly than he did what were the essential issues at stake in the conflict with the linked autocracies of Church and State. Then although possessed of a strong but narrow intelligence, a remarkable tenacity of purpose, and an astonishing power of work, **he was totally lacking in personal magnetism, and had an ungenerous, impersonal nature.** Nobody loved him, and he loved nobody. He was capable of very mean actions, and his experience as an ecclesiastical statesman did not enlarge his sympathies or improve his understanding. He failed utterly to interpret the signs of the time, & was crushed by forces which he could neither measure nor control.*

<!290140>

[46]

Monday, January 29th, 1940.

The bitter cold continues, and fears for the water-supply are re-awakening in our minds. I devoted the day to the completing of the pamphlet. It becomes more disgusting as it nears its end, like an old man, who, tolerable in his earlier years, becomes repulsive in old age.

The Times reports much dislocation of traffic by snow and ice.

The Bishop wrote civilly to inquire whether I would care occasionally to take a confirmation, although he needed no help, as the number of candidates had been reduced, & he had a suffragan. I declined the suggestion, pleading the pressure of my present commitments. But he meant kindly, & I appreciate his action. He says that the Church Assembly, which he had been attending, had held its session in the new Church House, where he had contracted a severe cold. He added the observation that reluctance in recovering from even a slight imposition was one [of] the most certain, and not one of the least indications of old age. He himself is nearing four-score.

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[47]

Tuesday, January 30th, 1940.

There is no trustworthy indication that this bitter weather will end. Once more, the Times is filled with records of inconvenience and difficulty on sea and land. Probably it compels a certain slowing down of the war.

I made a final revision of the pamphlet, and sent it off in a registered package to M^r Bertram Christian. It contains, so far as I can estimate, and Fearn can count, about the prescribed number of words – 7000.

I wrote to Bishop Pelham, who had been an intermediary in causing the Headmaster of Harrow to invite me to preach to the School.

I wrote to Ruth Spooner,* explaining the cessation of the sermonettes in the Sunday Times, and asking whether she knows M^r Trevor-Roper, the Author of the book on Laud, which I have undertaken to review.

Also, I sent my dues (£1 : 6 : 0) to the Domestic Bursar of All Souls. It is difficult to realize how considerable is the 'automatic' expenditure of an educated man in modern England – clubs, subscriptions to learned societies, etc.

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[48]

Wednesday, January 31st, 1940.

There is no trustworthy indication of any break in the frost.

The War Office has issued the first list of casualties in the Army. It includes 758 names. And this after five months of War.

The Times reports the death of [James] Irvine's* friend, the millionaire-philanthropist M^r E. S. Harkness. He founded the Pilgrim Trust, from which no less than £50,000 was granted to the Durham Castle Preservation Fund.

A copy of the Bishoprick arrived. It contains a carefully-written notice, indeed, a review of my book. This is written in a kindly tone, & includes some flattering references to myself. But it also makes some criticisms, which are neither unfair nor inconsiderable. There are some grave faults in the book, & some unfortunate omissions. The last were the result of lack of space. If, though there is little likelihood of it, there should be a second edition, I must try to add something which would restore the balance of my original plan. But truly there seems small sense in bothering about anything except the War.

[49]

After many weeks of silence, Clarence Ward writes to me. He says that he has been ill, but is now better, and in a new situation. There is not much sentiment about the working class, and at his age all personal relations are as fragile as tow before a flame.

My letter to the Times of January 16th appears to have stirred the publishers. A second suggestion came to me for its expansion. Mess^{rs} Hutchinson & Co. of Paternoster Row would like to publish "during the next few months a volume with the suggested title of The Good Fight." It would be "a statement by yourself of the official war-aims with particular stress on the moral & spiritual issues of the struggle as they affect both soldier & civilian." But I have already expended more time than is prudent on side-shows, and I have not yet made a serious start on the Warburton Lectures, which are arranged to begin on March 17th. "Molesta senectus" is not favourable to continued exertion, & the distraction of the War is mentally & morally incapacitating.

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[50]

Thursday ~~January~~ February 1st, 1940.

[symbol]

There seemed some prospect of a thaw when I got up, but as the morning advanced the temperature fell. The frozen roads were reported to be so slippery, that I again stayed in the house.

I frittered away the morning in reading with a view to writing on the Book about Laud for the Spectator. Mozley's* Essay is, of course, deeply coloured by Tractarianism, but it is acute, well-informed, and illuminating. Archbishop Benson (v. Life ii. 46) wrote to his son:

Abp. Laud is a fine subject for a dissertation. But he is a very incomprehensible personage. The very best thing that I ever [sic] of him is Prof. J. B. Mozley's essay on him. It approaches near to rationalizing so very contradictory a compound as I think he must have been. Macaulay was never more wrong than in despising Laud's ability At present there is really no knowing what was meant by 'Thorough'.

But does not S. R. Gardiner* interpret it sufficiently in his History. viii. 67, = 'going through with it'?

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[51]

Friday, February 2nd, 1940.

[symbol]

More snow during the night: and the road so slippery that I turned back when I reached the gate, intending to take a greatly-needed walk.

Gladys Scott-Thomson's* new book arrived: "The Russells in Bloomsbury. 1669-1771." It is a substantial and well-illustrated volume, worthy of its predecessor.

[paragraph crossed out with red line] The Spectator contains a review by Dorothy L. Sayers of "The Art of Preaching", which, at the request of the Author, Canon Charles Smyth, I had promised to review, if the Editor should ask me to do so. Presumably, the Editor had already arranged with the lady.

S. R. Gardiner's account of Laud is certainly the most detached and discriminating that I know.

If only his energy had been at the command of a broader intelligence, he would have gained a name second to none in the long list of the benefactors of the English People.
(v. History. viii. 106)

It is the narrowness of his intelligence that justifies [H.A.L.] Fisher* in calling Laud "the one second-rate Englishman who has exercised a wide influence upon the history of the world." [v. Hist. of Europe. ii. 650.]

<!030240>

[52]

Saturday, February 3rd, 1940.

The thaw delays, and the roads are reported to be generally “deteriorating”.

I spent the day in writing a ‘review’ of Trevor-Roper’s Life of Laud. It is certainly a good piece of work, far the best account of the man that I have yet seen, but defective, as shortly I indicate, in 3 points:

1. It over-states what it calls Laud’s social purpose in his ecclesiastical policy.
2. It under-rates the religious motive in the Puritan opposition, and belittles Puritanism unfairly.
3. It does not allow sufficiently for the effect of the continental situation. When the Counter-Reformation was carrying all before it in Germany, it was not unreasonable to regard the alliance of “Isolationism” and “Thorough” with suspicion & alarm.

Ella presented me with a “pot-boiler” on an interesting subject – “The Court of William iii” by E. & M.S. Grew. The book was published in 1916. I gather from Who’s Who that Edwin Grew, born in 1866, is an amateur writer on many subjects.

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[53]

Quinquagesima. February 4th, 1940.

The long-desired Thaw appears to have come at last. Rain fell, and the snow began to melt. But the melting process was gradual, and beneath the dissolving snow ice made the roads perilous. Moreover, I had a bad head-ache, probably a result of the change in the weather. So I shirked my spiritual duty again, and by the sure-footed and valiant Ella sent a note to the Rector explaining my absence.

I wrote a letter to the Guardian, answering one from the Dean of Wells, who had justified his speech in Convocation arguing that “justa bella” was rightly and adequately rendered “the Wars”.

Also, I made some small emendations in my review of Laud’s Life, and dispatched it to the Editor of the Spectator.

The “sermonette” in the Sunday Times is written by [Archibald] Fleming. It is, no doubt, better than anything that I should have sent, yet I could not avoid a feeling of mortification when I saw my place taken by another. **But there is a difference between making a regular weekly contribution, & being just one of a team – too much for my pride!***

[54]

It occurred to me that for the text of my first Warburton Lecture I might take S. Paul’s words in I. Corinthians 1. 23, “We preach Christ crucified, unto Jews a stumbling block, and unto Gentiles foolishness: but unto them that are called, both Jews and Greeks, Christ the power of God, and the wisdom of God.” Here is indicated

- i. the historical character of Christianity. It is essentially a proclamation of historical facts. The Crucifixion could only become religiously significant as connected with the Resurrection. Thus Christianity is sharply distinguished from the “mystery religions” with which it has been too confidently associated.
- ii. the objection of the Jews viz. that it made nonsense of their national election & Messianic hope. The Christian Church claimed to be “the Israel of God”, and appealed to the Scriptures as justifying the claim.
- iii. the objection of the Gentiles was intellectual and moral. Christianity contradicted the plain witness of experience, & flew in the face of nature.
- iv. the affirmation of Christian experience. It was in their case demonstrably a religion of moral power, and a satisfying philosophy.

[55]

- v. Christians appeal to History as providing a continuous renewal of the original testimony. The saying of Christ, “By their fruits ye shall know them”, has been accepted, so that the Church is always committed to an acceptance of the verdict of experience.
- vi. The Appeal to History is the Church’s protection against its own corruption – doctrinal & institutional. This explains the method of the controversy with the Papacy. Manning’s famous declaration that “the Appeal to History is itself a Heresy”, both intelligible, and suicidal. The Warburton Lecture being originally designed as Apologetical, the reference to the continuing controversy with Rome would be suitable. But none the less extremely perilous. A reference to this controversy, & its re-statement in brief summary would form a fitting conclusion of the course of Lectures.

By Heaven’s permission, I must begin to work continuously on these Lectures tomorrow, for on Sunday, March 17th, I am pledged to deliver the opening Lecture. That is Palm Sunday, and the time for a sermon will be unusually brief.

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[56]

Monday, February 5th, 1940.

[symbol]

The thaw continues. A world of mud & slush. I received a long letter from Sir James Irvine.^{*} He is saddened by the death of his friend Harkness. [Leslie] Hunter,^{*} the new Bishop of Sheffield, has been week-ending in S Andrews, & has evidently failed to impress the Principal well! I am not altogether surprized, for the two men differ in temperament, outlook, and habit. He writes:

Are you expanding your Journal so as to include your analysis of the forces which led to the war, and your day-by-day impression of England a cruel strain? How valuable that would be for future generations & you are the very man to do it. I keep looking round for some one who can write & speak in reasoned yet forcible terms encouraging the country not by the quotation of economic statistics or by reference to "the inexhaustible resources of the Empire", but by insistence on the fact that we engaged in a crusade without thought of material gain. To sink political differences (as this country has done in large measure) and to face the

[57] [symbol]

"Exampleship" is either a fanaticism or a delusion. S Francis on the one hand; on the other the affectation of imitating Christ while all actions remain unchanged. As the Way He is meant to transform us; but the transformation is not into the fashion of Jesus of Nazareth, but into a fashion shaped out of our own materials.

It was not as an example but as a Master that Christ spell-bound the Apostles
Hort. Hulsean Lectures. P. 204

[Irvine cont.] certainty of danger and loss for no other purpose than to defeat cruelty is in itself a great tribute to the essential goodness of our people. And where that exists there is always the hope that despite backslidings we may yet become a Christian land.

I fear my pamphlet (if it ever appears) will hardly satisfy this demand; but it may, perhaps be better than nothing.

[58]

I tried to make a beginning with the Warburtons but made no headway. The opening lecture ought to indicate the general scheme; but that implies that I am myself clear on that point, which is far from being the case. It would seem that in treating of the appeal to History, I ought to show

1. Its legitimacy.
2. The conditions under which it can rightly be made.

3. The range within which it is relevant.
4. The limits within which it can be effective.

I suspect that, as usual, I have “bitten off more than I can chew.”

Incidentally, I may, perhaps, point out that the extended interest in historical study has added to the practical importance of an Apologetic Based on the appeal to History. For one philosopher, there a hundred historians. This is not merely because History is more interesting, but also because it carries the religious argument out of the mists of speculation on to the firm ground of fact. English people especially distrust the first, and “bow down before” the last!

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[59]

Tuesday, February 6th, 1940.

[symbol]

The Thaw continues, but the day was unpleasant and foggy. There is still much snow, making the roads evil for walking.

[symbol]

I received a letter from Jack Carr informing me that he was engaged to be married to a missionary lady, & is, of course, in the 7th Heaven of amatory felicity! What ought I to say to him? What can I? He assures me that Bishop Lasbrey* approved, and that arrangements will be made to ensure that the work of the Mission will not suffer. But is it not so probable as almost to be certain, that, when the babies comes, [(and with these poverty stricken Evangelicals, they commonly come soon and often)] ~~will~~ he ~~wish~~ will discover insuperable reasons why it ^{is} his duty, as husband and father, to come back to England, and to seek the quiet [indolent] respectability of an incumbent's life? And, then, what will have become of his "vocation" to the Mission field, which, as a lad, he declared himself convinced that he had received, and which did in fact carry him to Nigeria as a C.M.S. missionary? Can we acquiesce in the theory of Divine vocations with limited liability? Yet his liberty to marry is certain & no one but himself can determine the expediency.*

[60]

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I wrote at some length to Sir James Irvine also, I wrote to Gladys Scott-Thomson,* thanking her, in flattering terms, for the gift of her new book. "The Russells in Bloomsbury Square, 1669-1771". I found it very interesting, not least for the light it throws on the outlook and habit of that arrogant and greedy clique of Whig families (their hands dripping with the fat of sacrilege, as Lloyd-George observed in his pleasantest manner) who monopolized power from the Revolution to the accession of George III.

The Dean of Norwich tells me that he has followed my advice, and read "Hitler Speaks". He is properly impressed. (I note that Gwatkin* suggests that Constantine may have been temporarily insane, after the manner of despots, when he put to death his son, his wife, & some of his friends on the ground that they had plotted against him. Perhaps, this is the key to Hitler's behaviour).

In spite of fog and slush, I walked for nearly an hour & a half during the afternoon. Some physical exercise is indispensable, and there is nothing for me but walking alone!

[61]

Christian truth never appears so vulnerable as after ^{the} reading of treatises written in its defence.

Hort. Hulsean xxix

To have become disabled for unlearning is to have become disabled for learning; and when we cease to learn, we let go from us whatever of vivid and vivifying knowledge we have hitherto possessed. At all events it is only as a learner to learners that on these high matters I can desire to speak.

Ibid. xxxiv.

In human minds truth does not always win the present victory, even when it is faithfully pursued. But whatever be the present result to themselves or to others through them, it is not possible that they, or that any should fall out of the keeping of Him who appointed the trial.

<!070240>

[62]

Wednesday, February 7th, 1940.

[symbol]

The Times reports the death of the late Bishop of Sheffield (L.R.[H] Burrows), who resigned the see last August, at the age of 82. There is added a brief and flattering obituary notice: "He was a fine Christian gentleman and a splendid Diocesan". I had a good deal of contact with him, for his seniority & the dignity of my bishoprick caused us to sit side by side in the Northern Convocation, & to be together in services. He was a pleasant man [entirely conventional] in manner & outlook, possessed by a strong belief in slogans and platitudes, a resolute and unimaginative Tractarian, & immensely successful in raising money. [Perhaps for that reason.] he was very popular with the laity of his diocese. His power of practical work was out of all proportion to his thought or knowledge. Having thus no personal independence of character, he was the better fitted to be the complaisant servitor of centralizing procedures & was particularly approved by the Archbishop whose forcible echo he was content to be. We were always in opposition, though good friends enough.*

[63]

[symbol]

At last I received a letter from Dick [Elliott].* He is in France, but, as he writes under a severe censorship, his epistolary style is hampered, and the information he conveys 'meagre'. However, he appears to be in good spirits.

Colonel Smith and the Polish cousin came to lunch: and, afterwards, I walked for more than an hour. There was a feeling of spring in the air; & the rooks in Hintlesham Park are evidently contemplating matrimony! I encountered Claud Nunn engaged in clearing channels for the melting snow; and Archie Reid, with whom I had some friendly talk. He is a fine young fellow, and would look well in uniform. However, I dare say that he is as usefully employed on the farm, as keeping vigil in the Maginot line. And, from a nakedly calculating estimate of national interest, the country can better spare the poor weaklings from the slums than healthy young countrymen of his type. Yet, I am not quite comfortable about the equities of the case. There should be an equality of service & sacrifice, & in theory such actually exists. But in reality?

<!080240>

[64]

Thursday, February 8th, 1940.

A dull, damp, depressing day, ill for mind and body. I was ill-tempered, and indolent! In the morning I worked unavailingly at the Warburtons.

In the afternoon Fearne motored us to Ipswich, where I visited the hair-dresser. We called on the Bishop, and General Massey Lloyd, and found both "not at home".

The Ratcatcher sent me his bill (£3) and after assuring me that "no further rat infestation" is now existent or likely to be for some time, he continues:-

If, however, through such circumstances, severe wintry conditions should prevail when rats are likely to seek the kindly protection of your roof, I sh^d be pleased if you w^d kindly notify me at the earliest opportunity so that I c^d more efficiently and cheaply subdue their activities. I w^d especially emphasise that I have treated the woodwork of the Tudor roof &c with a preparation that will deter rats & mice from their depredations unless as explained above exceptional circumstances prevail.

[65]

[symbol]

Archie Reid came to see me; and we had a talk for an hour before dinner. He is 29 years old, & so strong that with one hand he can lift some vast weight! I suggested that he would soon be settling down with a wife, but he rejected the notion of marriage with a decisiveness that may probably indicate that it is neither strange nor unwelcome to his thoughts! He was born in Ayr and lived in Scotland until he was 11 years old, when his Father moved into Suffolk. He spoke with intelligence and vivacity about farming, but on every other subject disclosed no interest whatever. He says that many frozen rabbits attest the severity of the recent frost. Neither books nor politics mean anything to him. His mind seems to be satisfied with the daily round of pedestrian duty. But one may easily misunderstand these dour & silent Scots; and he was certainly amiable, & probably as communicative as his shyness allowed. Anyway I am glad to be on speaking terms with one of my neighbours. I wrote to Dick in France, & to Jack Clayton in Norwich

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[66]

Friday, February 9th, 1940.

[symbol

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The weather is again much colder. When I walked to Chattisham in the afternoon, it was freezing hard. I had some talk by the way with a friendly farmer. He said that when he was a boy & scared rooks, the farmers employed many boys at 2s. 6d. a week in scaring these birds, which played havock with the^ sprouting &^standing corn. He would not allow that they were harmless, & indeed beneficial by devouring pests. He had noticed one change in bird-habits. Starlings which used to follow the plough in number, now never did so. Pigeons were a nuisance, & could not be kept down unless you "were always at them". I noticed that the road near Chattisham Church was still cumbered with snow.

My review on Trevor-Roper's book appeared in the "Spectator" under the heading "Archbishop Laud and in the "Guardian" appeared my letter on "justa bella". Both read tolerably well!

I suggested to Dick that, while on active service, his intellectual requirements might be sufficiently met by the Home University Library, and the Penguin series, which are also very cheap.

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[67]

Saturday, February 10th, 1940.

[symbol]

A hard frost and a brilliant day.

*The post brought two "reviews" of my book, the one, from the Church Quarterly was (as I expected it to be) **extremely hostile**: the other, from the National Review, friendly, but critical. I was interested to see that **the C.Q. makes quite an elaborate attack on my style**. In this point, I am much disposed to agree, for the laudations of my style have seemed to me quite ridiculously excessive. But I think the C.Q.'s attack is more vehement than either intelligent or fair. (He suggests that I stand in the same category of debased stylists as Lloyd-George. I remember once, when I spoke at the Literature Society's dinner, Curzon made the same suggestion: but he emphasized that both L.G. and I are novi homines; and this was not thought to be in good taste.) Many years ago, when I was in my early twenties, John Doyle* likened me to Laud, which was ~~a~~ sufficiently absurd; but I supposed I must accept the probability that there is something in me which can give some plausibility to these comparisons. It is not a pleasing thought.*

[68]

[symbol]

Bowlby's death is reported. I made his acquaintance in 1885 or thereabouts, through a mutual friend, Frank Pember, who had just been elected with me to All Souls' Fellowship. He was an attractive, good looking, rather emotional man, who was extremely popular with his contemporaries. He petered out rather surprisingly, and in the last ten years of his life appeared to be generally forgotten. He was a few months younger than I. How rapidly my world is emptying!

I worked again at the Warburton lecture, but again with pitifully meagre result. In the afternoon I called to inquire after Moulsdale.* He was not in an exhilarating mood, having received but slight consolation from the specialist respecting his leg. Then I walked through the Park, and round by the Hadleigh Road. The sun was shining, and the frost in the ground made walking pleasant. If only I could discover some intelligent companion, my daily "constitutional" might become wholesome to mind as well as body!

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[69]

1st Sunday in Lent, February 11th, 1940.

I slept badly last night. My mind was persistently engaged with the Warburton Lecture. It occurred to me that it might be arranged in 2 parts, each containing 3 Lectures:-

Part I

1. Introductory – The Subject stated.
2. The Appeal to History against external foes. ① The Jews – Vindication of
^spiritual^ Title
3. ② The Empire; Vindication of civic quality.

Part II

4. The Appeal to History – against internal dangers. Tradition.
5. The Appeal to History – against internal dangers. Coercion (Persecution)
6. The Appeal to History.

conditions & limits of its relevance.

If the several lectures could be illustrated by an appropriate book and its author, it would be well... Fox's Book of Martyrs

Döllinger's "Janus" polemic

Jewel's Apology

Tertullian

[70]

[symbol]

Hard frost continues, but a bright morning. I went to service at 8 a.m, & received the Holy Communion. A small company. M^{rs} Frazer "took up" the alms. Is this the "thin end of the wedge" of a female priesthood? [The above paragraph is crossed through in red.]

We all attended Mattins, and I read the lessons. I cannot think that the story of Sarah's laughter when she overheard the angel telling her aged husband that she, his aged wife, was to have a son, could have edified the Barnardo girls who formed the bulk of the congregation, but they listened with close attention! Moulsdale's sermon was a woeful extemporaneous 'mingle-mangle' on the words of St Luke, "He set his face stedfastly [sic] to go to Jerusalem." His delivery is spasmodic: he cannot manage his voice; he is fond of long words & orthodox technical phrases, which, I should imagine, convey absolutely nothing to the people. I thought his discourse was marked by almost every known homiletic fault! But no doubt it is no easy thing to maintain any worthy standard of preaching under the conditions which obtain in Hintlesham.

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[71]

Monday, February 12th, 1940.

[symbol]

The cold continues. There was smart snow-fall about breakfast time.

The death of Lord Tweedsmuir [John Buchan] is announced. There is an obituary notice in the Times. It records a career of almost unbroken distinction. Buchan was certainly an unusually brilliant and versatile man, who added to his astonishing gifts and achievements, a character of unaffected simplicity and charm; ^itself^ disclosed and commended by a frank and cordial demeanour. He possessed all the qualities which make clever young Scots attractive, and he was wholly free from the faults which make ~~them~~ clever young Englishmen not unfrequently repugnant. Perhaps, of these last the silent assumption of an unconfessed, but calmly assumed, and almost mystic, superiority is due to the public schools in which young Englishmen of the "upper class" are mostly educated, & which create within the community something which might be described as a secret & publicly unrecognized caste with standards, manners, and ideals of its own, sometimes but not often consistent with justice & the public interest, but always infinitely exasperating. "The old school tie".*

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[72]

Tuesday, February 13th, 1940.

[symbol]

More snow during the night. May it help those amazing Finns, and disconcert their enemy!

M^r Roberts, the Sec: of the Cambridge Press [symbol] writes to suggest that I should have my (unwritten) Warburton Lectures for publication; and he adds the welcome information,

I am glad to say that "The Church of England" has had a good initial sale. We have sold something over 2000 copies up to date.

If these precious lectures do arrive at the stage of being published, I am not at all sure of my duty in the matter of choosing a publisher. The Clarendon Press has a certain right to expect the choice of an Oxford man to fall on the Oxford publisher; yet, if the book on the C.O.E. succeeds, it might be prudent to stick to its publisher.

In the afternoon, Tallents and his siter came to tea. They are "fed up" with "evacuees". [they persist in using this revolting vulgarism] He suffers as I do from boredom, and lack of exercise. The cold continues to be extreme, & one trembles for the water-pipes.

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[73]

Wednesday, February 14th, 1940.

Still more snow, but it is doubtful whether it will come soon enough & in sufficient amount to help the Finns, who are now clearly in danger of being overwhelmed. The German atrocities in Poland are almost incredible. In today's Time[s] the first article is devoted to them. It is painful reading.

We lunched (sumptuously!) at the rectory, feeding on a plump chicken, born and bred in the parish & piously offered as a gift to his Reverence, assisting at the obsequies of a deceased parishioner, as he demurely explained. Feeling somewhat overcome by this lavish hospitality, I walked for more than an hour before returning to my study.

[symbol]

Canon Charles Smyth* sends me his books on "The Art of Preaching", together with a rather flatterously worded letter. In his Introduction he says: "The former Bishop of Durham is said to have

made a careful study of the classic masters of the French pulpit, & particularly of Bossuet: but D^r Hensley Henson is the last of the English orators of the classical tradition whether in Parliament or [74] [symbol] in the pulpit".

This is a rather ample version of the facts, though there is an element of truth in the statement.

I made a draft of the scheme of Lectures & sent it to the Dean of S. Paul's, asking whether it ought to be printed, or, whether it would suffice to send it to Chancellor Errington & leave him to make any announcement he thinks to be necessary.

Bishop Brilioth* writes to acknowledge receipt of my book.

"It is almost unbelievable that it is now twenty years since I first had the privilege of being your guest at Hereford. I have now had nearly two years experience of a bishop's work in a rural diocese in Sweden. Sometimes I feel uncertain whether I did right in leaving the University but the chain of events gave me practically no choice, and my time as Bishop here has not been without encouragement.

He adds that three of his wife's brothers are among the volunteers in Finland. Evidently Sweden fears for her own freedom.

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[75]

Thursday, February 15th, 1940.

This day was wholly, and guiltily, wasted. I say "guiltily" for my inability to work was mainly caused by the excitement & humiliation attending an explosion of ill-temper caused by some characteristic lamentation of F. B. [Fearne Booker] as to possible difficulties which evacuation might inflict on us. There is something deeply shameful about taking so little concern for the vast sufferings of the War's victims, and feeling so strongly about the petty annoyances which we may have to endure. Still. I was humiliated to discover how little self-command I have. My nose started to bleed & this neither sweetened my temper, nor facilitated my work.

I received a letter from Hugh Lyon asking me to preach to the School at Rugby. He writes:*

"Last time that I asked you, you first told me that you could not preach to boys, and then came & gave us one of the best sermons we have ever had".

I suggested that I might come & preach on July 14th, and that Ella would come with me for the week-end.

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[76]

Friday, February 16th, 1940.

Somewhat warmer, & a fine day, but nothing decisive enough to be fairly described as a Thaw.

I worked at the Warburton Inaugural all the morning. It is woefully poor stuff. The Cambridge Press sent me a package of quasi-postcards advertising my book by a selection of eight "Press Opinions", which are piquantly various. Miss Evelyn Underhill's amused me:

"The Establishment as here portrayed is about as exhilarating as a workhouse".

I wonder what value such puffing" & "pushing" really has. I suspect very little
In the afternoon I walked for 2 miles on the road to Ipswich, & then turned back.

[symbol] In the "Guardian" there is a useful letter under the heading "Justa Bella". It is over the signature G. B. Bentley (4, Vicar's Court, Lincoln). He had a good academical record at Cambridge, was ordained in 1933, and seems to be a Tutor at the Bishop's Hostel in Lincoln. He offers strong reasons for giving the full moral significance to the adjective as it is used in the XXXVIIth Article. The Dean of Wells has been "hoist with his own petard".

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[77]

Saturday, February 17th, 1940.

More snow during the night. Where the snow is needed, in Finland, it delays its coming. Here, where it is horribly inconvenient, it will not leave!

Sweden refuses direct assistance to the Finns, & declares that foreign troops may not pass to Finland through her territory. Meanwhile, it is apparent that it is "touch and go" with Finland. There is something morally nauseous about the spectacle of all the "democratic" powers, actively engaged in a War with Germany, in which they affirm with obvious truth that liberty, the very principle of genuine democracy is at stake, should yet, like the Pharisee & the Levite in the Parable, leave the wounded victim of the robbers unhelpt. It strikes a note of almost squalid unreality into the whole contention of the Allies. I suppose they place Finland in the same category with the other victims of tyranny, to be sacrificed now in the hope that victory in the major conflict may ensure their restoration presently. Burke was not so far wrong after all, when he wrote in his famous Letter that "the age of Chivalry is dead".

[78]

I wrote to Malcolm Ross asking him to send me a written statement of his gravamen against Martin Kiddle, as the first step in the process of acting as arbitrator [sic] the two litigious noodles.

[symbol]

I received from the "Spectator" for a short review a book on "The Fourth Gospel" by two Fellows of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge - Sir Edwyn Hoskyns and Francis Noel Davey. I told the Editor that I could not undertake anything which could properly be described as a "review", but only a brief "impression". He says that that is, precisely, what he wants - about 500-700 words.

I started reading Smyth's book on "The Art of Preaching. A practical Survey of preaching in the Church of England 747-1939; and is brightly written. The author disclaims originality, but he has evidently read widely, and thought over what he has read. He appends to his Preface a quotation from my Charge, "Church & Parson in England". Like Canon Peter Young Green,* he was evidently "taken" with that publication.

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[79]

2nd Sunday in Lent, February 18th, 1940.

The road was slippery with ice, when we walked to Church for Mattins. I read the lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. There were only 2 communicants besides ourselves. A. H. served, Peter being hors de combat with chilblains!

The Sunday papers give great prominence to the rescue of some 400 British seamen, who were being carried as prisoners to Germany in the Altmark. It seems to have been a very smart action, recalling the somewhat reckless procedure of the late Lord Nelson. Norwegian neutrality was ignored by the British commander under direct orders from the Admiralty. That is the hall-mark of Winston! The Germans rage furiously, but their pose as the champion of neutral rights has a hollow ring after their latest performances. The Finns are clearly giving ground. Their resistance cannot be maintained much longer without substantial help from abroad. But will that help succeed in arriving soon enough? The outlook is certainly distressingly grave.

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[80]

Monday, February 19th, 1940.

The sweep arrived, & put my study out of use for the morning. I occupied the smoking room, and wrote letters.

The Times announces the death of Canon [John] Creed* at the surprisingly early age of 50. I had supposed that he was much older. He was, I imagine, a sound & painful scholar, but he invested his work with a mortal dullness. The Psalmist might have been describing him when he wrote – “He casteth forth his ice like morsels: who is able to abide his frost?” He married Archdeacon Lillie’s [Lilley] daughter Geraldine, and had several children. I wrote a letter of condolence to his widow.

Yet another publisher aspired to publish something autobiographical from me – Geoffrey Bles. He makes the ninth: but I replied as before, that I had no immediate intention of writing my reminiscences.

The Dean of S. Paul’s writes with reference to the scheme of my Warburton Lectures, which I had sent to him with a request for some requisite information: -

[81]

I like your outline very much. I wish I could hear the first Lecture, but I shall be abroad – doing some good, I hope, to the cause.

I finished reading “The Art of Preaching”. It is richly charged with acute & illuminating dicta, and yet I am not satisfied with the general attitude. Perhaps, the two preachers whom he praises most unreservedly are Robertson of Brighton and Sir Edwyn Hoskyns.

“But the one 19th-century preacher to whom we cannot pay too much attention – the one Anglican preacher whose sermons every clergyman of the C. of E. ought to have upon his shelves, however small his private library – the one religious author whom we may confidently put into the hands of the intelligent agnostic – in a word, the one great preacher in the history of the English Church - is Frederick William Robertson (1816-1853)”* p. 223.

Church & Magee are dismissed with a brief and depreciatory notice. Leighton is omitted altogether. This puzzles me.

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[82]

Tuesday, February 20th, 1940.

An unpleasant day, misty and wet. But (Laus Deo!) an indubitable Thaw!

[symbol]

The post brought me a Press cutting from the Nineteenth Century and After which contains a review of my book over the signature of J. K. Mozley.^{*} It is kind, and even generous in its references to me, critical but not wholly unfavourable to my book:

D^r Henson's close acquaintance with that whereof he writes is matched by an equal ability to stand back from it & view it objectively and dispassionately. This power is made the clearer in this volume by the almost total absence of anything that recalls the brilliant controversialist. Here is no D^r Henson, formidable yet assailable pamphleteer of history, law, and theology, and deeply versed man of affairs.....

Yet D^r Henson is no more the gloomy Bishop than D^r Inge ever was the gloomy Dean."

That certainly is not unfriendly.

[83]

I worked at Warburton, & then (when "fed up" with the portly prelate[]), read some more of Hoskyns's "The Fourth Gospel".

I received a lengthy memorandum from Malcolm Ross, setting forth his gravamen against Martin Kiddle in the matter of their joint production of an edition of the Apocalypse for English Readers. He certainly has much more to say for himself than I had expected. I wrote to Martin asking him to send me a similar statement of his case. My arbitral task is likely to be more laborious than I supposed. However, if it puts an end to a foolish conflict, which might easily develop into a public quarrel, discreditable to both the parties, it will be worth while.

I walked for an hour "pro salute corporis".

[symbol] Am I what the school inspectors call "sub-normal"? I am loath to admit it, yet my total inability to make sense of what Davey and Hoskyns mean by "history" seems explicable on no other hypothesis

"His (sc. S. John's) history, though non-historical, must still be written as history, because the events wh. he relates are not mere symbols"!!

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[84]

Wednesday, February 21st, 1940.

A mild, but sunless day, rather depressing.

I expended yet another morning on Warburton. Mozley writes in reply to my inquiries about the Lecture on the 17th March:

Service is at 11.15 in Lincoln's Inn Chapel: Matins, but not Holy Communion, nor ante-Communion, nor Litany that will not, I venture to think, be regarded as either too long or too short if you lecture for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour.

The Lecturer should wear whatever may be for him the correct vesture when he is preaching a sermon in Church.

I will stimulate one or more of the learned Brethren along with the Under-Treasurer as to announcements of the Lectures. Doubtless you will have been told of the luncheon that follow the Lecture.

The Under-Treasurer (N. F. Marriott) sends me a formal invitation from the Treasurer & the Masters of the Bench to join them at luncheon in the Hall after the lecture.

[85]

I walked to Chattisham in the afternoon. As I was returning, I fell in with two men who were ferreting for rabbits. They were on opposides [sic] of a hedge, the one catching the rabbit ~~with~~ which the other evicted from its hole with the ferret. I asked whether they caught many rabbits. The man said that he had got thirty yesterday and seventeen on the previous afternoon. I inquired about mole-catching, and he said that there were plenty of moles, but the trade in skins had fallen, most being now sent to America.

The Bishop of Durham writes to ask my advice as to filling up the hon. canonry vacated by the death of old Wykes. He seems to favour that idle old blunderbuss, Boland, and probably that appointment would be most approved, but I should appoint, either the Principal of S. Chad's or the Rector of Bishopwearmouth. There is some reason for linking the theological colleges as closely as possible to the diocese, and Sunderland's importance almost requires that its principal incumbent (Bishopwearmouth) should be titled. But, of course, the whole matter is trivial enough.

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[86]

Thursday, February 22nd, 1940.

[symbol]

Mild and spring-suggesting. Snowdrops have appeared, but the vanishing of the snow reveals the destruction of the wall-flowers by the wood-pigeons.

The Dean of Westminster writes to say that “we are counting upon you to preach in the Abbey on the evening of Easter Day”. He adds:

I am delighted, but not in the least surprised to learn that your book has made such a good start. So far as I have been able to gather almost everybody who has any sort of serious interest in ecclesiastical matters is reading it – and even those who do not find themselves in complete agreement with all that it contains do at least find it to be singularly stimulating”!

On the other hand, the Cambridge Review has, over the signature of Wilfred L. Knox a rather hostile review. It opens civilly enough, & then changes its tone:

D^r Hensley Henson has written a brilliant book which ought to have been much better. His account of the Reformation & the first 150 years of Anglican Development could [87] hardly be surpassed for accuracy & lucidity compressed into so short a compass. But when we pass to the present he is less satisfying &c.

This, perhaps, from a pronounced Anglo-Catholic is as much as I could reasonably expect. It occurred to me to work into my opening “Warburton” lecture a reference to Hoskyns’s discussion of the relation of History to Theology.

I called on Lord Woodbridge and had tea with him. There were also present M^{rs} Phillimore and D^r Marsh.

I wrote to Little, the Vicar of Ryhope, condoling with him on the death of his wife. Ella presented me with a Russian novel (translated) entitled “Semi-Precious Stones”, which I started to read but found was heavy reading. It purports to give a trust-worthy account of life under Bolshevik rule, and certainly the prospect is sufficiently bleak. Yet, and this puzzles me increasingly, Soviet Russia makes successful appeal, not only to a section of the labouring class, but also to the sharp-witted “intelligentsia” of our Universities. What is the key to so strange an enigma?

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[88]

Friday, February 23rd, 1940.

A mild day. The birds are starting to sing.

Mozley writes:

I'm very glad you are to talk about History: it is becoming an almost popular subject, which does not necessarily make for wisdom in respect of its relations to Christianity. Your guidance will advantage us. Thank you for your kind words about my notice of your book. I have done a good deal of reviewing and few books have caused me so much trouble. It is too rich in every kind of lore & opens out too many issues of the highest importance for a satisfactory review to be possible – anyhow so I felt about my own. I wish you had not had to sacrifice the chapter of which you speak. I am glad the book has sold well: I wonder if my old friend S. C. Roberts was personally responsible for the card: I like the collection of tributes: also the picture: but a package of them is an overdoing of a good thing.

I quite agree.

[89]

I walked to Chattisham, and after some vain attempts at an adjacent farmhouse, succeeded in finding the lady who keeps the key. She was amiable and good to look at, not only fetching the key, but insisting on accompanying me to the church. It has only one feature of interest - a heavy square 14th century tower (perhaps earlier). I asked if the people came to the service in fair number, & she returned an answer which was decisively negative. On my way home I again met the conversational farmer, who invited me to see his pigs. A vast & rather fierce boar kept company with a harem of corpulent sows in one sty: & three sets of piglets occupied three other sties. He told me that a sow commonly had no more than 15 in a litter, of which she generally reared only ten. He had a strong grievance against the Government, and expressed it strongly, but I could not discover what exactly was his grievance.

Martin writes cheerfully from Darlington, but

"Things are not as they were. People whom I knew before the war seem to have changed & much of the spontaneous joy which used to radiate from their faces has gone."

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[90]

Saturday, February 24th, 1940.

[symbol]

The Times announces the death of my old Durham friend and neighbour, Pemberton,* at the age of 80.

Pemberton was elected a Fellow of All Souls in 1885 together with Headlam, now Bishop of Gloucester. He was then, and always continued to be, a man of handsome countenance, and agreeable manners. But he lacked stability of mind, and, perhaps, decision of character. Thus he was elusive: one never got very close to him, and although one was always attracted, one was never really impressed. He was a curiously bad chairman. His political career, which was short and undistinguished, was, perhaps, responsible for a certain disposition to "play to the gallery", which was generally noticed in Durham, and which certainly had an unfavourable effect on his ~~character~~ reputation. But he was always kind to me from the time when I came to Durham as Dean to the time when I resigned the See, that is no less than 26 years. His death makes another considerable gap in the shrinking circle of my contemporaries, who were also my friends.

[91]

I spent the whole morning in writing a short review of Hoskyns' book on the Fourth Gospel, and dispatched it to the Editor of the Spectator. Then, for some unknown reason, I felt so ill that I could eat no lunch, and afterwards had no heart to adventure even a modest "constitutional". The afternoon post brought me proofs of the pamphlet "The Good Fight": and also a bulky package from Martin Kiddle containing his rejoinder to Malcolm. It seems apparent enough that I have let myself in for a tiresome business in playing arbitrator between these quarrelsome idiots.

[symbol] The proof of the pamphlet was read aloud by the admirable Ella, and did not sound as disconnected and vapid as I feared. It is a piece of indignant invective against a monstrous abomination, and, as such, it must be judged. Is it substantially just? Is its justice effectively displayed? Does it, in short, provide a sufficient and satisfying reason for describing the present War as "a good Fight"? On the whole, (though, of course, I cannot decently pretend to be a wholly disinterested critic of my own work) I think the answer must be affirmative.

[92]

I wrote letters of condolence to M^{rs} Pemberton and Betty. The last-named sent me a telegram, asking whether I could arrange to take part in the service in Durham Cathedral, but I felt constrained to reply in the negative. I certainly could not have gone to Durham and returned on the same day, and I cannot afford to surrender two days to the purpose. If I had been living nearer Durham, I would certainly have been more than willing to pay this slight tribute to one, whom I accounted my friend. But I have never shared the desire to attend marriages and funerals, even of relations & friends. The time, labour, and expenditure could

almost always be better bestowed. And I find the writing of letters of congratulation and condolence difficult and embarrassing. A desire to please or console too often comes into difficult competition with the obligation of sincerity. Indeed, if it were not that silence would almost inevitably be misunderstood, I think I could abstain altogether from those compositions. As it is, I write as rarely, and as sincerely, as I can. Betty I baptised more years ago than she perhaps would like me to say!

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[93]

3rd Sunday in Lent, February 25th, 1940.

The clocks were changed last night, a fact which reflected itself in a certain drowsiness and reluctance in the household's uprising. The morning was mild and misty.

I occupied the forenoon (having decided to be an absentee from the Synaxis of Worship) in revising the proof of the pamphlet. It is a poor windy thing, but must serve. It certainly expresses what I think: and, when all is said, sincerity is the soul of good writing, as conviction, the secret of great oratory. The Laodicean can never persuade, or convince, or inspire, he can at most please and amuse.

Then I wrote a long letter to Dick, in reply to one from him which I received on Friday. He writes:

It interests me very much to note the difference in attitude displayed by the R. C. priests here with that displayed by R. C. priests at home: here, being in the majority, they are good-willed & tolerant toward us Protestants, while at home, being in a minority, they are hostile and exclusive.

He rejects my suggestion that he should content [94] himself with the "Home University Library" and the "Penguin Series". I was mainly thinking of the cost.

Then I sat to read the copious budget of self-protecting material which Martin Kiddle sends me as illustrative of his Memorandum in answer to Malcolm Ross. It consists mostly of copies of letters which have passed between them; & which express both harmonious collaboration and personal friendship. Then the question of securing Malcolm's share of the Royalties in the event of Martin's death on active service, is raised, and, finally, Malcolm launches a demand that his name shall be printed on the title-page as co-author of the Commentary, & supports it by injurious belittlement of Martin's work, & much magnifying of his own. He exchanges the tone of confidential friendship for that of a menacing litigant, & in fact, creates against himself a strong suspicion that he is both greedy and false. But, I am not at all clear what precisely the position actually is, nor what is the point on which I am to decide? I wrote to Martin asking for some information which would help me to understand the real situation &c. That Malcolm has no case in law appears plain enough but has he any case in equity?

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[95]

Monday, February 26th, 1940.

Yet another of my friends has passed from the scene – one of the most brilliant, reckless, impulsive, perverse, elusive, and affectionate men I have ever known – Bain. He was born in April 1863, and was, therefore, about six months my senior: but I was five years his senior in College, having been elected in 1884, and he – not until 1889. I had a real affection for him. He was vehemently scornful of the Christian missionaries in India. His temperament, interests, and sympathies were entirely with the cultivated "heathen" to whom they addressed themselves with such pathetic absurdity. He greatly admired Lord Beaconsfield, & desired to be his biographer. In some respects he was unusually well-fitted for the task. However, he could hardly have accomplished it more successfully than Money Penny & Buckle, though probably his work would have been more sparkling & suggestive. The Times has a very appreciative obituary notice. It quotes his lines on the occasion of W. P. Ker's death:

Death watched his climbing. "Does he love the Hill
Scorning the meadow or my precipice?
Then I love him, & Jack shall have his Jill,
There, on the top, I'll greet him with a kiss".

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[96]

Tuesday, February 27th, 1940.

The Quarterly describes "D^r-Hensley Henson's book" as "one of the most interesting of the non-fictional publications of the past few months"! I am mightily flattered: but why "non-fictional"? The "Monmouthshire Beacon" has a "review by the Rev. Gordon Lang which is good enough to say that the "whole is written with that exceptional eloquence and directness which are associated with all the publications of this distinguished servant of the Church". I am much obliged, and should be still more so if M^r Lang would explain why the British Public exhibits no desire to read the said "distinguished servant's" works! All the books that I have been fool enough to publish have been received with eulogies, which have seemed to me extravagant, and a neglect, which has impressed me as unmerited.

A civil letter from the Editor of the Spectator tells me that the book which he wanted to know whether I would review was "a small but very interesting book of essays by Gilbert Murray called "Stoic, Christian & Humanist". It is on the whole well that I should not review G. M.

[97]

I walked to the College Farm, and had some talk with M^{rs} Reid. While we were conversing, my friend Archie returned from Ipswich, where he had been attending the market. He showed me the trap which was used to catch the moles, who are making their presence very apparent in the meadows. I asked whether many were caught. He said as many as 3 or 4 daily. He told me that the large mounds which were visible in the fields were their breeding places, & if one dug into them, the whole domestic economy would be disclosed.

I received a long & interesting letter from Charles Smyth in reply to my observations on his book "The Art of Preaching": and I spent the whole morning in answering his enquiries.

I wrote to the Bishop of Southampton declining his suggestion that I should write to the Bishop of Fond du Lac respecting the American attitude towards the War.

Also, I wrote to Sir Fred^k Kenyon consenting to his proposal that I should not resign from "The Club" for the present. But I indicated that another increase of taxation w^d compel my resignation.

[98]

[symbol]

The Times devotes its first article to the great speech delivered yesterday by Lord Halifax [Edward Wood]* in the Sheldonian at Oxford, and gives prominence to a full report of the speech itself. Both as Chancellor of the University and as Foreign Secretary, the orator commanded attention. It is difficult to overpraise the restraint, dignity, and exalted moral tone of the speech, which must surely do something to cleanse the academic atmosphere of the low-toned sophistries with which it has been recently so strangely & seriously charged. Halifax moves "from strength to strength". He is the most astonishing example of mental &

moral development that I know. He is only 59. At this moment he probably stands higher in the respect of the nation than any other living statesman, and, like Lord Grey of Fallodon (who, also combined the Chancellorship of Oxford and the Foreign Secretaryship) he owes this glorious pre-eminence nether to his gifts nor to his achievements, though both are considerable, but to his character, which is known to be strong & righteous. He loses nothing in England for being frankly Christian, in belief and habit.

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[99]

Thursday, February 29th, 1940.

I cannot concentrate my mind on my work, but wander on whenever I am interested, so that my time is frittered away in discursive reading, which has but slight, if any, bearing on my real purpose. Thus, I was led by a general intention of gathering material for my 2nd Warburton Lecture to look at Magnus's book on "The Jews in the Christian Era", & was led on to read the passages in Tacitus & Cicero, which he adduces, and then proceeded to read Mommsen's account of the Jews in the Roman Empire ("The Provinces of the R. E. vol III ch xi). The pages bristle with thought-provoking dicta e. g.

"The history of the Jewish land is as little the history of the Jewish people as the history of the States of the Church is that of the Catholics: it is just as requisite to separate the two as to consider them together." (p. 160)

"The Jewish Diaspora had already, before the destruction of the temple, extended in such a way that Jerusalem, even while it still stood, was more a symbol than a home, very much as the City of Rome was for the so-called Roman burgesses of later times." (p. 142)

"The Judaism of the older time was anything but exclusive." (p. 166)

[100]

I received a letter from Frank Pember. His mind had been turned to me, as mine to him, by Pemberton's death. He, as I, finds life in the country, in present circumstances, very isolating. He suggests that, if the Finns can per miraculum hold out until the summer, they will probably have to meet a new, &, perhaps, fatal danger viz. "that the Russian Air Force might try incendiary bombs, with the aid of a favourable wind, start forest fires on a scale which w^d denude the Finnish whole Eastern frontier sufficiently to give them a clear field for advance". It does not sound improbable, but I have not yet seen it suggested by any of the military pundits. However, much must happen before the summer, & we must hope for the best.

[symbol] Jack Boden Worsley* writes to say that he is about to publish a volume of "Memories of Modernist" in which he will use Alfred Fawkes as a "pivot" and, in connection with him, quote "a few delightful things" that I said about him. A. F. appears to have compared me and Pope Leo xiii! I have been compared with many persons, but never, to my knowledge, with a Pope!

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[101]

Friday, March 1st, 1940.

I did not sleep well, and my nocturnal ruminations were neither salutary nor exhilarating. Thus the day (and the month) made an ill start. Then the morning post brought a letter from Miss Crisp asking me to write a "letter of introduction" to a brace of Austrian refugees, whom she has had living with her at Little Wenham Hall "off and on for over a year". Beyond seeing them on one, or two, occasions I have had no contact with them, &, in fact, know nothing about them except the single fact that they are (said to be) Austrian refugees, & that they have been sheltered by the admirable lady in her house. Now I dislike particularly writing letters of introduction for anybody unless I know them sufficiently well to speak with confidence, & unless they stand toward me in a relation which entitles them to ask for my assistance in that matter. Here neither condition can be honestly said to exist. Yet I did not care to disoblige Miss Crisp, & Austrian refugees have some claim on any help that one can give, & therefore, though with an uneasy conscience, I did write an ambiguous letter, which dwelt on the honourable significance of Miss Crisp's friendship!

[102]

The two ladies, who, as Barnardo Governors, hold our evacuate matron under a severer discipline than that of the Pharaoh who forced the Israelites to make bricks without straw, came to lunch, and were most amiable – the Hon. Miss Macnaughten was lame, & Miss Picton-Turberville had the aspect of a Guardian Gorgon. But they were most amiable, and, after their departure, I betook me for a walk around Chattisham. The wind blew sharply from the East.

[symbol] I wrote a long letter to Frank Pember* in answer to his, reminding him of the kindly attempt which he and his father made to secure my appointment to the Preachership of Lincoln's Inn, and how it was defeated by the suspicious Protestantism of Lord Grimthorpe, who had made up his mind (mainly I suspect because he didn't like the look of me) that I was a crypto-Jesuit. That was some 40 years ago, when I was slim and ascetic in aspect! At the time I was not a little cast down by this defeat, but almost at once I was nominated to the Canonry of Westminster with the Rectory of S. Margaret's, and my way was made clear.

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[103]

Saturday, March 2nd, 1940.

A bright sunny day, but a bitter east wind. I spent the morning in making a final revision of that preposterous Lecture for Norwich, which has already consumed an infinity of time. We lunched early, and then were fetched by the Rector & his sister, and motored to [gap in text, no place name] *in order to attend the funeral of the Vicar, Haslewood. There was a considerable gathering of the local clergy including the diocesan and his suffragan. The little parish church, a poor, much modernized building, was crowded.*

Just outside the entrance gate of the churchyard stood an aggressive monument, the inscription on which informed the world that it commemorated a sale of farm stock, effected under legal order for the payment of tithe-rent charge. Goods to the value of £1200 had been sold in order to satisfy a claim for less than £400. I was told by one of the company that the monument had been erected by the ringleader of the anti-tithe agitation, [a disreputable man, who had now "gone to his own place".] Local opinion did not approve his action, &, indeed, the monument had been overthrown more than once. But the whole trouble had now ended.

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[104]

4th Sunday in Lent, March 3rd, 1940.

A sharp frost, and a brilliant morning.

I read in bed a curiously interesting account from the Papist point of view of the controversies over Jesuits in China and Jansenists in France which convulsed the Papist communion during the Pontificate of Innocent X. Pastor's continuator impresses me as an honest but stupid & pedantically "orthodox" annalist, in no intelligible sense an historian. He dilates on ceremonial & vestments, and has a low estimate of the personal character of all non-Papists, in fact, he "toes the line" of Papist "history".

Before going to church for Mattins, I wrote to Dick, urging him to read, and appreciate, Halifax's speech at Oxford. I am distressed to hear from many sides that the prevailing temper of our troops is a half-cynical boredom, as remote as possible from the high crusading fervour which the situation authorises and requires. They are not pacifist, or disloyal, but "bored stark". Religion makes little appeal, and patriotism no appeal at all. These have neither the enthusiasm of youth, nor the deliberate purpose of age, but just acquiescence in an absurd and unwelcome necessity.

[105]

We went to Church for Mattins: I read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Communion. The congregation was composed of Barnardo evacuates, together with 5 women & 2 men from the parish, the choir-boys, James, & our selves. This was a sorry 'turn-out' on a fine Sunday morning in Lent, and about 700 parishioners apart from the evacuates. The sermon from the great words of the Johannine Christ, which are carved on Westcott's grave in Auckland Chapel – "I came that they may have life" – [was a pitiful ramble consisting as I imagine of reminiscences of a lecture on the Prayer Book originally addressed to the callow youths of S. Chad's. It] must have been totally unintelligible to the congregation. However, the Lessons were unusually suitable – Genesis xliii and S. Luke xv – and the children listened well to them. The desolating impression gathers strength in my mind, that Christianity, as represented by the Established Church in rural England, has definitely lost hold. "Can these dry bones live?" Here there are 'full Catholic privileges', a Church school, and a fair endowment for the parson – but the people just leave it alone!

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[106]

Monday, March 4th, 1940.

A misty morning developed into a glorious day. We left the house at 11 a.m., and motored to Norwich, arriving at the Deanery at 12.45 in good time for lunch. The Bishop and M^{rs} Pollock were also lunching, and the Secretary of the Diocesan Branch of the Society of Sacred Study, which had organized the Lectures. He was a local parson, named Pickering. After lunch we went to the Cathedral, **and at 2.15 p.m. I delivered my lecture, habited as a D.D. of Durham**. The Bishop made a few civil observations by way of introduction, and I then I [sic] discussed, "Parish Life as centred round the Parish Church during the period from the Reformation to 1832." I spoke for 45 minutes: the Bishop thanked me, and said a prayer. Then we went with Jack Clayton* to his prebendal house, and had tea. It is a smaller house than I had expected, but quite sufficient for a celibate canon: and he has furnished it comfortably, & introduced central heating. On our return journey we left cards of sympathy on M^{rs} Fisher, who is a daughter of John Pemberton.* We reached home at 6.45 p.m. Fearné drove with courage and caution.

[107]

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I received from Harold Knowling* a letter which it is difficult to answer according to my conscience, impossible to answer according to my wishes. He and his wife have been invited to lunch with one of the Benchers at Lincoln's Inn on March 17th, when I also shall be lunching after the Warburton Lecture. He wishes to know whether he "ought to refuse the invitation:

"If we attend, it is certain that we shall meet, and although you have talked to me since Elsie and I parted, I have a feeling you might refuse to meet Muriel, & I am sure you realize I could not put her in that position.

She's been a wonderful wife & companion to me, and has done well for her country. She was twice decorated for bravery by the late Czar, and has now put her name down to go to Finland as a nurse.

Rex is a "Tommy" training for a Commission in the Camerons, & seems to like soldiering.

Will you please let me know if Muriel [108] [page crossed out in red] and I may accept Christie's invitation?"

What ought my answer to be? There are some factors of equitable judgment which may not be ignored:

1. Muriel is legally married, and she is entitled to claim that the Law of England is the only alternative to an ecclesiastical dispensation from the Law of the Church which she could have. She is equitably entitled to be treated as a Wife, not as a 'mistress'.

2. I have no jurisdiction over Harold and Muriel, & my personal disapproval cannot justify a public affront.
3. So far as I know they have lived respectably together as man & wife; for the injurious slander about their pre-nuptial relations was successfully contested in the law-court.

On the other hand, I am responsible for the effect of my example. If I appear publicly to recognize Harold's marriage, is it not certain that I shall be thought to approve it? And can I imagine a situation in which, Elsie still being alive, I could, as a Bishop, approve Muriel's marriage?

Then there is something due to their son, who is wholly innocent.

[109]

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I told Harold that I saw no reason why he and his wife should not accept an invitation to lunch with the Benchers on March 17th: that, since she was legally his wife, I should treat her as such: that I had no jurisdiction over either of them: & that my personal opinion had only so much weight as he chose to give it: & that, in any case, I should desire to congratulate M^{rs} Knowling on being willing to accept the labour & danger of helping Finland.

I am not quite satisfied, but the confusion into which sexual relations have now fallen is such that it is impossible equitably to impose any kind of discipline on those who break the law & custom of any branch of the Christian Church. Inasmuch as I am myself by no means clear as to the bearing of Christian principles on modern marriage, I cannot reasonably demand of anybody that they should accept those principles as competent to disallow the law of the State. Yet, there is something intrinsically revolting about acquiescence in a situation which allows him to move about in society with one discarded wife, and another cohabiting with himself, & on loving terms with Both!

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[110]

Tuesday, March 5th, 1940.

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The weather has become much colder. I spent the morning in revising the first Lecture, which is woeful poor stuff.

In the afternoon, we went to Little Wenham Hall, and had tea with Miss Crisp. There was quite a pleasant company, including the Vicar of Capel S^t Mary & his wife, a soldier & his wife, and two youngish ladies of whom the youngest and prettiest was the young Austrian, for whom, at Miss Crisp's request, I wrote a letter of commendation, which may possibly (though, I must needs think, improbably) be of some use when they get to America.

Sir Neville Henderson['s] narrative of his experiences in Berlin on the eve of the War is being published in the Daily Herald. The first instalment made its appearance today, & is good reading. It gives a most repulsive picture of Hitler, & especially of his evil genius, Ribbentrop, whose preposterous hatred of England was displayed by his refusal to speak in English, although he knew the language well!

[sentence crossed out in red] I made a copy of my letter to Harold Knowling, & sent it to post in the afternoon.

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[111]

Wednesday, March 6th, 1940.

The ground was covered with a thin coating of snow, which disappeared as the day advanced, but the weather was so cold that I did not leave the house, being incommoded by a touch of lumbago.

The Times publishes a horrifying account of German outrages in Poland as witnessed by an English woman. Boy scouts were lined up, and shot in the square, before her eyes! Racial arrogance, military license, fear of reprisals, and a brutal policy combine in atrocities for which history hardly provides a parallel. The post-war problem is being rendered indefinitely more difficult of solution by these abominable procedures.

[rest of page crossed out in red]

I spent the day in continuing my revision of the Warburton Lecture.

Miss Headlam arrived for a visit early in the afternoon, having been fetched from Ipswich by Fearn.

I received from M^r Bertram Christian an acknowledgment of the revised proofs. He has made some minor corrections, and "does not think there is any need to submit a further proof."

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[112]

Thursday, March 7th, 1940.

Frost, but a bright morning, though cold.

I received an affectionate letter from Dennis, the Vicar of Howden, now a Chaplain with the B.E.F. in France. He allows himself to express his sense of loss at my absence from the diocese.

"I cannot hope adequately to describe to your Lordship the sense of desolation with which I went home after that last great service in the Cathedral. Nor has the passage of a year reconciled me to your Lordship's absence. And in parochial affairs, especially at this time, we miss your Lordship at every turn. The fact, however, that we were chosen & nurtured by your Lordship is an abiding comfort & inspiration..... I work quietly among my troops here, and not wholly without reward – I had the great gratification of presenting for Confirmation last week twelve young men who had fallen away altogether from the church. In addition, several lapsed have become weekly communicants, & that is not so easy in the Army as in civil life. [113] Indeed this small unit seems to be experiencing a real revival of religion.

Dennis was trained for the Baptist ministry, after he left the Navy, & he had charge of a Baptist Chapel in Newcastle when he applied to be accepted for Ordination in my diocese. I received such strong commendations, as well from the Baptist authorities, as from the Anglican clergy, that I ordained him, & after he had served as an assistant curate in South Shields under Shaddick, I appointed him to the Vicarage of Howden, where he worked excellently. He has ever impressed me as a genuinely devoted Christian pastor.

I started on a sermon for the Abbey on Easter Day. It is something to have chosen the text – "Whom, not having seen, ye love." (1 Peter I.8.) I begin by referring to Sherlock's "Trial of the Witnesses" published in 1739, in order to set the true evidence for the Resurrection, the living demonstrations of Christ's personal contact with His disciples in contrast with the false evidence – the affidavits of soi-disant eye-witnesses, who have been long dead, & whose testimony cannot be effectively sifted and appraised.

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[114]

Friday, March 8th, 1940.

I received a letter from Dick Elliott].* He has promptly secured the two books which I suggested – Smyth's Art of Preaching, and Roper's Life of Laud. They will be sufficiently remote from the routine of his present duties to keep his mind from rusting. He is evidently very fully occupied with his work.

It is not easy work, & it is often very fatiguing work, but it has widened my horizon & enlarged my experience enormously. Incidentally it has taught me not to take an over-pessimistic view of the condition of religion in England, for I have seen with my own eyes how deeply the average Englishman, even the non-churchgoing Englishman, values & respects religion. Consequently I have come to believe that T. C. [sic] Eliot was exactly right in claiming in his "Idea of a Christian Society" that England is not yet a non-Christian or pagan society: it is no more & no less than a neutral society."

Of course, as is inevitable in an ardent Youth, he finds that the "the Chaplain's Department needs a good deal of dust and ashes."

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[115]

Saturday, March 9th, 1940.

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M^r Frazer telephoned to say that the Rector was unable to officiate on Sunday, & to invoke aid. I could not but offer to take the services at 8 a.m. and 11 a.m. With difficulty I discovered an old sermon which may, perhaps, suffice for evacuates. Then I continued to work on the Easter sermon for the Abbey.

Ella had a tea-party which assimilated our little dining room to the Black Hole of Calcutta in the article of atmosphere. The Bishop of Dunwich and M^{rs} Maxwell-Gambleton, M^{rs} Corfield, M^{rs} Hempson, M^r & M^{rs} Powell, & M^{rs} Frazer were among our guests.

The news from Finland has an ill look. Sweden seems to be deserting the Finns, & striking hands with Germany. Russia is to make peace on terms which are little different from surrender. The unspeakable Ribbentrop is going to Rome, and the ambiguous American pursues his inquiries. He is due to arrive in London tomorrow. Meanwhile, the American ambassador, Joseph Kennedy, (a Papist,) assures the world in general and Britain in particular that Americans are more than ever before resolutely isolationist!

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[116]

Passion Sunday. 5th Sunday in Lent, March 10th, 1940.

Milder, but clouded and threatening rain. But there was a feeling of spring in the air, and the birds were practising their voices.

I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. A. H. served. He is 19 years old, and looking forward to the time when he will be called up for service in the Army. I can well understand that he longs for a new environment for his life. There were about a dozen communicants, including Miss Headlam.

We all attended Mattins, where I officiated without assistance. **I was much incommoded by the bad lighting of the lectern, the small type of the prayer-book provided for me** in the Rector's stall, and the persistent coughing & fidgeting of the choir-boys. **My spectacles were curiously inadequate. I fear that the failure of my eyesight cannot reasonably be questioned. It has already reached the stage of extreme inconvenience.** I preached uncomfortably: the sermon was tiresome: & it was badly delivered. The congregation, (which was woefully small,) was apparently uninterested, and probably bored! **Yet I am still reluctant to admit the definite failure of my capacity as a preacher. Vanity dies hard!**

[117]

What excuse can be offered at the bar of history for rulers like Hitler and Stalin in the year 1939? They found nations emerging painfully with the fears and hesitations of people afraid to be true, from the savagery of war into the sunlight of peace and sanity. It seemed possible that the reign of law was at hand. In one generation they have plunged mankind back into the darkness of the cave-man, and exalted his ethics as the true, the only "realism". Here, if ever man committed it, is the sin against the Holy Ghost.

[= From a review headed "Finland's Case" in the Observer, March 10th, 1940.]

I wrote at length to Dick. He seems to be really pleased to receive letters from me: and he is certainly traversing a period in his life, when he needs every stabilizing influence that he can gain. Probably, my letters are to this extent deserving of such a description that my sardonic reflexions operate as a drag on the wheels of his youthful impatience of what is old, and ready acceptance of what is new!

[118]

The death of Earl Crawford and Balcarres at the age of 65 removes yet another contemporary with whom I had some personal acquaintance. He was a haughty and not very well-mannered person, who, perhaps, took his nobility a little more seriously than was always pleasant. But his career, without being in any respect great, was in all respects creditable. He was a friend of Cosmo Cantuar:, [and, as such, not disposed to think too

highly of the late Bishop of D. for whom his Grace professed more affection than he felt, or, at least, gave that impression to the said Bishop.] Lord C. & B. was rather pompous and dictatorial: but pomposity and a dictatorial habit are easily condoned in a noble of such ancient and distinguished ancestry. He was a stiff Tory, and probably regarded me as politically dangerous. My opinion on Disestablishment would have been highly offensive, & perhaps, my speech on Abyssinia confirmed his suspicions. Latterly, however, he was more amiable, & we were always civil.

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[119]

Monday, March 11th, 1940.

A spring day, warm and windless. The farmers are busily at work, and the ploughs are followed by a host of sea-birds, bent on devouring the worms &c. in the furrows. Their outlook and method are Hitlerian!

I set myself to the tiresome business of determining as arbitrator the issue between Martin Kiddle and Malcolm Ross. The latter has plainly no case at all in law, and (since the publishers consent to have his name on the title-page as Kiddle's assistant,) none in equity. Considering the personal relation between the two men, and the generosity with which Martin acted, first, in seeking his assistance, and, next, in facilitating his work, finally, in allowing his name to be placed together with his own, on the title-page, I must needs think that Malcolm has behaved with surprizing baseness. But, how to set this conclusion out in a formal statement is not easy. However, both the duellists have bound themselves in writing to accept my decision, so though I must needs make a mortal enemy of one of them, I must proceed to formulate it.

[120]

While "browsing" among my books, I pulled down the vith volume of Nichols's Literary History, and was fortunate enough to light on "the Autobiography of William Gifford Esq.". It is an exquisite piece, and illustrates the kind of autobiography which seems to me really worth writing.

He was apprenticed at the age of 15 to a dogmatic, ignorant, & controversial shoemaker:-

"He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter controversy He was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, & he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, & then to get by heart the synonym or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book: this he constantly substituted for the other, and, as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on Algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging house. I considered it as a treasure, but it was a treasure locked up."

The whole narrative is amazingly interesting.

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[121]

Tuesday, March 12th, 1940.

A dull, and rather depressing day, not cold.

I wasted the whole morning on this tiresome work of Arbitration. In the afternoon I walked in a mild drizzle for an hour and a half, and on my return wrote to Veronica Irvine, who is to be married in the University chapel at S. Andrews this week. I declined an invitation to conduct a Quiet Day for the clergy, on the ground that I was over-busy, and also temperamentally unfitted for the task.

[symbol] **The news about Finland forecasts a surrender to** Russia. Great Britain and France were ready to send help on a large scale if Sweden and Norway would grant them passage. To their eternal shame they refused, and, as a consequence, Finland is to be overwhelmed. The lamp of liberty burns dimly in Europe. Is it destined to complete extinction? Austria, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, and now (the best and bravest of them all) Finland – all blotted out of the list of free nations within four years, not to mention Abyssinia and Albania – what is the creeping paralysis which has befallen civilized mankind, that on the side of their oppressors there was power, and there was no comforter? And the great Republic of the West?

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[122]

Wednesday, March 13th, 1940.

The blow has fallen. Finland has made peace, by agreeing to terms which leave her helpless before Russia. It is the case of Czecho-Slovakia over again. First, strip the victim of his defences by treaty, and, then, destroy his liberty by War! Perhaps, the most sinister suggestion of the woeful record is the light it throws on the estimate which the "neutrals" have formed of the probable outcome of the War. They envisage a German victory, and are providing for it.

[remainder of page crossed out in red] I wrote to Sir Bernard Lomas-Walker, inquiring whether anything more needed to be done in order to clothe my arbitration with full legal authority. Also, I wrote to both the litigants, telling them that I wished to see them within the next few days since my decision had been provisionally settled. Finally, I have requested the Dean of Westminster to lend me a room in his house where I might summon them both to meet me.

["It is only in matters of trade where people use themselves by degrees to kiss the thumb instead of the bible, but few men are perjured who swear rarely"]

Nichols. Literary Anecdotes. vi. 86.]

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[123]

Thursday, March 14th, 1940.

[pp. 123 and 124 crossed through in red]

To the general consternation, there was a quite considerable fall of snow last night. The country resumed an Arctic aspect.

I spent the morning in revising the first Warburton Lecture, of which I am already heartily sick. If the Lincoln's Inn benchers enjoy it as much as I do, their Lenten penance is assured!

In 'browsing' in Nichols's Literary History I lighted on a reference to Trevor, Bishop of Durham, which I thought worth extracting, and sending to my successor. (vol. vi. p. 141)

"A little before this time, there arrived from Salisbury a new Vicar of Grantham, the Rev. Richard Easton: of whom Bishop Hoadly was the patron With a fine figure, and a set of features as grand & dignified as I ever beheld, his manner was popular and attractive, and he was consequently a much admired preacher. D^r Trevor, then Bishop of Durham, a man also of handsome form and dignified deportment – so much so as to have acquired for himself the [124] appellation of the Beauty of Holiness – was a great admirer of M^r Easton: and, in passing between London and Durham, he would generally contrive to attend the Church at ~~Durham~~ Grantham on a Sunday. On such occasions the Vicar, in his full canonicals, always waited upon the Bishop at the inn: and to see these two revered personages (the Bishop being also in his robes) walking side by side to the Church, was a spectacle which is said to have struck the beholders with awe and reverence. M^r Easton was also exceedingly well seconded by his clerk, a person of the name of Hutchinson, who had been of long standing in the town as a musician, then filling that station: who not only made the responses, but gave out and led the Psalms with becoming propriety & grace."

I can picture the scene: it presented the Hanoverian Church in its glory. And who can deny the impressive ceremonialism of the public worship prefaced by such a procession?

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[125]

Friday, March 15th, 1940.

A cold, unpleasant day with vestiges of snow. My little review of Hoskyn's "Fourth Gospel" appears in the Spectator.

Finland's tragedy fills the papers. *It is everywhere seen to be a heavy disaster for the Allies: but its inevitableness becomes ever more apparent. Even if Sweden and Norway had played a worthier part, the difficulty of transporting to Finland a force adequate in number and equipment to defeat the Russian hordes, assisted and directed by the Nazis would have been very great, & the result by no means certain. But the whole business is deplorable, humiliating, & filled with menace. Sir Neville Henderson's account of the proceedings at Munich, when Hitler cheated Chamberlain, is painfully interesting. Was there ever collected such a gang of scoundrels as these Nazi leaders?*

Major Yorke, the verger from Durham, called to see me, & had tea in my study. He has offered himself for service, & is stationed near Felixstowe. We had an hour's talk about Durham, & then he went off. Ella & Fearne were at some meeting.

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[126]

Saturday, March 16th, 1940.

A sharp frost. After an early breakfast, Fearne motored Ellie and me to Ipswich. There I caught the train at 9. 3 a.m., which arrived very punctually at Liverpool Street about 10.45 a.m. I drove through a weirdly empty & disinterested City to the Athenaeum, where I deposited my bags: then went to the hair-dresser, & was professionally clipped and washed. I lunched in the Club, and afterwards had some interesting talk with the little Swede, who was Minister for Sweden, & is now living in London on some commercial business. He was very depressed about Finland: much ashamed of his own country: very angry with Norway, which he regards as "the villain" of the piece: and very gloomy as to the general outlook. He thought that nothing could have saved the Finns, for the severe winter had made the ice so strong that the Russians had an easy entry into the country. He said that, if the Allies had sent a mechanized force to Finland, they could hardly have overcome the difficulties of climate & country. He said that Winston Churchill had been opposed to the intervention as really impracticable.

[127]

He claimed to have good information about the state of opinion in Germany, and was persuaded that the nation as a whole was assured of victory. His friend, Stinnes, (son of the well-known industrial magnate,) who had known Hitler personally, **was convinced that the Führer was really insane.** He went on to affirm his own conviction that the amazing outburst of almost incredible wickedness, which now darkened the world, was only to be explained as the result of Satanic activity. He was disposed to think that the Spiritualists had got hold of a truth, which the Churches could not explain away, and ought to investigate. I did not manifest much sympathy with these opinions.

I walked to Westminster, and attended the service. The East end was draped in white, which threw the purple-coloured altar into great prominence. The Dean observed me, and asked me into the Deanery, where I had tea very pleasantly with him and M^{rs} de Labillière. Our conversation turned on the dispute between the Dean of Canterbury (Hewlett Johnson)* and his canons, which has broken out in the Times.

[128]

He told me of his own conflict with the said Dean, who, when invited to preach in the Abbey, had seized the opportunity for advertizing his political opinions by praying in the pulpit that God would vouchsafe to this country the blessing of a Communist Revolution! This was too much for the Abbey's Dean, who wrote a terse & well-merited protest to the preacher, pointing out that his behaviour in that place was "almost an outrage", and was in any case a gross abuse of hospitality. The Dean read the letter to me, and I pronounced it excellent. The Communist Dean wrote a brief & canting acknowledgment, indicating that his "apologia" would follow in due course. Nothing more had, however, arrived. I said that it would reduce Hewlett Johnson's letter in the Times, answering that of his 5 canons, to a patent absurdity, & that it should be sent to that journal.

The Abp. of Canterbury had told his Dean that he ought to resign, but that the Dean had replied that he regarded his Deanery as a God-given instrument for the propagation of his (Communitic) opinions!

[129]

Rather to my consternation I was informed that the Club would be closed on Sundays, & that I must betake myself to the United Services Club for my meals, though still free to sleep in the Athenaeum.

Mr W. L. March, a representative of the Press Association sent his card to me. He wanted to borrow the MS. of my Warburton Lecture. I would not let him take it away, but suffered him to sit down in the Hall, and make some extracts.

[*symbol*] Bishop Strong* (or, rather, his ghost) is flitting about the Club, as restless and as ubiquitous as ever.

I looked in on Hugh Rees, and was told that the price of my book had “gone up a shilling”, and that, though copies were still being purchased, the sale had “slowed down”. I enquired whether the War had much affected his business: & he replied that nobody could now afford to buy books, save in the little cheap editions such as Penguin.

The streets contain many Canadian soldiers in khaki.

[130]

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The aged Scottish ~~cousin~~ relation, Miss Joanna Gore-Booth ("Aunt Joe") has died at the age of 97. Ella was informed that the aged lady had bequeathed to her the house in Helensburgh, where she was living at the time of her death, together with its contents, and an old diamond brooch. Houses are rather alarming forms of property just now, for they involve considerable expenditure in rates and repair, and are generally neither lettable or saleable. Still, if it should become impossible for us to continue living at Hyntle Place, & if Ella liked to return to Helensburgh, there is something to be said for holding on to the house. When I "go the way of all flesh", an event which, (even without Herr Hitler's assistance) cannot be long postponed, she would probably be able to maintain herself in the house; and she would be in familiar surroundings, and, perhaps, (if any of her contemporaries survive) among old acquaintances. The problem of disposing of ancient people, who have neither wealth nor importance is never easy to solve, but in the black times, which the War is introducing, it is almost insoluble. I do not wonder that the moral legitimacy of "euthanasia" is being discussed.

[131]

[symbol]

Percival was in the Club, and we joined tables for dinner. He has a ludicrous legend about a number of evacuated Barnardo children, who were taken to the "Solemn Mass" at an Anglo-Catholick Church, & when the incense filled the church with its "sweet savour", immediately put on their gas-masques!

[remainder of page crossed through in red pencil]

My mind inclines to the conclusion that in this tiresome matter of Ross v Kiddle, I should decide

That Ross demand [sic] must be refused because

- (α) It is not really borne out by the facts of the case.
- (β) Because it was advanced too late to make its concession reasonable.
- (γ) Because Mess^{rs} H & S decline to alter their contract with Kiddle.
- (δ) That the Commentary sh^d be described as by Kiddle "with the assistance of" Ross.
- (ε) that Kiddle sh^d make suitable reference to the extent & quality of Ross's assistance.

I think also that Ross ought to withdraw his letter.

<!170340>

[133]

Palm Sunday, March 17th, 1940.

Rain was descending in torrents when I left ~~xxx~~ the Athenaeum, and drove in a taxi to Lincoln's Inn. There, (after some difficulty in finding the Chapel, for the taxi-driver had assumed that the Hall was the Chapel, & deposited me there.) I was joined by the Preacher, Mozley, and in due course delivered ~~th~~y my inaugural course lecture. To my great surprise, there was *a considerable congregation*, but ^it had been^ allured, I must needs think, less by the prospect of a Warburton Lecture, than by that of an extremely good lunch afterwards. I was (so Mozley says) exactly 51 minutes in delivering the lecture. The attention was close & sustained, and I was assured by several Benchers that I was audible and that they were interested. The acoustics of the Chapel have been greatly improved, but they are still by no means satisfactory. After the service, there was lunch in Hall. The Benchers & their guests made up a fairly large company, & the "good cheer" suggested anything rather than the privations of War. I sate between Vaughan Williams & his wife. And at one remove were M^{rs} Carnegie and M^{rs} Atkinson. The former looks more blooming and attractive than ever, though I did not at first recognize her.

[133]

The toast of the King's health was drunk sitting. It was explained to me that Charles II was so favourably impressed by the hospitality of the Benchers that he commanded them hence forward so far to submerge the Monarch in the Guest, as to drink his health without rising. I was told that Nell Gwynne left a bequest to the Inn to provide oysters for the lawyers. She designed them for the students, but her gift has been monopolized by the Benchers!
[symbol]

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Harold Knowling* and his wife were there. He has become so stout as to be unrecognizable. Indeed, I did not recognize him, but thought that he was Ella's cousin, Sir Walter Smith! He has rejoined the Army, and says that his son (by Elsie), is now a man of 25, is also a soldier. His younger son (by Meriel) a boy of 12, is at school. Harold gave me the impression of being unhappy, & is enormously anxious to get back to friendly relations with me. But, the difficulty of recognizing two wives at once is really insuperable. There was ^at Lincoln's Inn^ a very pleasant and friendly feeling, and I was assured on all hands, that my next lecture – on May 26th – would be awaited with interest. Chancellor Errington was most attentive.

<!180340>

[134]

Monday, March 18th, 1940.

Heavy, depressing, almost sultry atmosphere, and pouring rain! Hitler & Mussolini are to have a hastily ✕ improvised meeting in the Brenner Pass! This can only mean that they are hatching some new villainy – probably another peace offer for Transatlantic benefit!

[remainder of page crossed out in red pencil]

At 11 a.m. precisely, M^r Gould, the representative of Mess^{rs}. Hodder & Stoughton arrived, and I carried him to the big drawing-room for a talk about the tiresome business of Ross & Kiddle. I ascertained that (α) the publishers would not object to the title-page stating that the Commentary was by Kiddle assisted by Malcolm Ross. (β) that they would have no direct dealings with Ross. (γ) that they would desire a joint assurance that the dispute was definitely concluded. I see no reason why these requirements should not be included in my verdict.

Incidentally Gould said that Malcolm Ross had done himself considerable injury in the opinion of the publishers. I fear that this is equally certain and irreparable. What can have possessed him to act with such precipitate folly? Has he been egged on by his wife?

[135]

[page crossed through in red pencil]

As I was leaving the club, I was hailed by Lord [Hugh] Macmillan,* and we stopped to talk. He said that he was now “out of a job”. I expressed some surprize that he had accepted appointment as Secretary of Information, & he said that the manner in which it was proposed to him hardly left him free to refuse it. He had been summoned to 10 Downing Street by an urgent message from the P.M. On his arrival, he was at once shown into the P.M.’s room, “I want you to undertake work of urgent public importance.” “What is it?” I asked. “To become Director of Information: will you do it?” “Yes.” “At once?” “Yes.” “May I announce your appointment in the House tonight?” “Yes.” So he found himself committed to a task which he soon ~~found~~ discovered to be impossible. Now he was “enjoying an interval of retirement”. But, for the time being, he had no work at the Bar; & was, indeed, “at a loose end”.

I asked what he thought of the general situation and he shook his head.

M^r [Maurice] Bonham-Carter* introduced himself to me, He said that he was now engaged in commerce. I had not the faintest recollection of his appearance though I remembered his name.

[136]

[page crossed though in red pencil]

I went to the oculist, M^r J.A. Williamson-Noble (27 Harley Street, W.1.) who had been so warmly recommended by the Bishop of Norwich. He hails from Newcastle, & was connected by marriage with the clan of Nobles in that city.

[symbol] *He examined my eyes with care; dismissed as of little importance the statement that I had cataract ("most men after 60 have cataract, not far advanced but it should not be so described.") He thought that I had better go on using the lotion which M^r Houli had recommended. ("It will do you no harm and may be of some little use.") He advised some more spectacles, & sent me forthwith to an optician at 47 Wigmore Street, who undertook to provide them. I placed (ruefully) the conventional three guineas on the table, not particularly benefitted, but at least assured that there was nothing immediately wrong with my eyes. I mentioned my headache, and he thought it might be connected with eye-strain, in which case it would probably be relieved by the new spectacles. I think, perhaps, he inspires more confidence than M^r Houli, but neither of these pundits quite realizes my expectations.*

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[137]

Tuesday, March 19th, 1940.

[page crossed through in red pencil]

A windy, restless day, with intervals of sunshine and a rise in temperature.

It is, perhaps, not insignificant that, contrary to the practice of former years, no report of my first Warburton lecture has, so far as I know, appeared in any newspapers. There is, of course, an obvious explanation which one's self-esteem is reluctant to accept.

My tables have been re-arranged in my study. They are still dreadfully inadequate substitutes for the table which I had to leave behind at Auckland, and which was sold for 5/-, though it cost me £40, when I took it over from Armitage Robinson at Westminster in November 1900. But it was too solidly constructed to be taken to pieces, & as a whole, it could not have been brought into this house.

I telegraphed to Martin Kiddle suggesting that he and Ross should meet me at the Westminster Deanery at 3 p.m. on Easter Monday, & asked for a reply. This was affirmative, & I wrote to the Dean of W. and to both these "litigants" summoning them to me [sic] meet me there at the time & hour stated. Also, I wrote to the dean informing him of the arrangement.

[138]

[first paragraph crossed through in red pencil]

In the afternoon, we went to Felixstowe in a violent wind, & there had tea with old M^{rs} Barker. There were also present Major and M^{rs} Carr and another lady. We had some discursive & sprightly talk, and then returned to Hyntle Place.

The world is agog with curiosity as to the course and conclusion of the confabulation of the Gangsters in Mussolini's bullet-proof car. Rumours and contradictions of rumours form the staple of the foreign news. My own opinion, (which is simply based on an estimate of probabilities) is that Sumner Welles's "fact-finding mission" is only an election stunt in the interest of President Roosevelt, and that Hitler's interest in it solely connected with his desire to damage the Allies by forcing on them the character of war-mongers. It must be apparent that, unless Britain and France, are prepared to cover themselves with ridicule they cannot possibly consent to negotiate with Hitler, nor with any German government except on the basis of restitution and reparation for the victims of his abominable policy. The pope's peace-bleating is natural and innoxious.

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[139]

Wednesday, March 20th, 1940.

[The whole of this page is crossed through in red.]

Ella and Fearne went to London for the day. I completed a sermon for the Abbey on Easter Day, and wasted more time in considering Malcolm Ross's really monstrous claim against Martin Kiddle. It is unfortunate that the latter has expressed himself with quite excessive admiration of the former's work, disclosing in his private letters rather the excess of a sentimental attachment than the considered opinion of a responsible scholar. Malcolm has made use of these private letters to justify his claim to be announced as the sole author of the Commentary, and even to belittle in very injurious terms Martin's part in it. Certainly, his attitude and attempt to justify it leave an extremely unpleasant impression on my mind. Still, I cannot ignore the fact that Martin and D^r Moffatt were prepared to allow Malcolm's name to appear on the title page along with Martin's. His vanity disdains the position of a co-author, & insists on being recognized as the sole author of the Commentary, leaving to Martin only the introduction. This appears to me quite unwarrantable. Nor did he advance his present claim until December 1939, when the work had been completed.

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[140]

Maundy Thursday, March 21st, 1940.

A milder day. A pair of thrushes displayed themselves in the garden as I was dressing.

The belated pamphlet, "The Good Fight" arrived by the morning post. It is priced preposterously one shilling, which will effectively kill its success! The cupidity of publishers is as blind as it is incurable. It would have paid Nisbet & C^o better to have charged sixpence.

[The section from here to the end of p. 143, is crossed through in red.]

Yet another morning was "frittered away" over this tiresome arbitration. Malcolm Ross does not appear to have a leg to stand on, and, quite apart to the specific issue which he has raised, his tone and attitude towards Martin Kiddle are amazingly unworthy, when it is remembered that Martin has stood by him, and helped him, when he was in a very difficult situation. His American experience must have debased him more than one realized or suspected. He has acted with great unwisdom from the point of view of his own interest, for he has certainly alienated the publishers, whose favourable opinion is of the utmost importance to him, if he is to make any headway as an author.

[141]

Copies of the pamphlet were sent to the following:

1. ✓ Lord Scarborough
2. ✓ " de Saumarez
3. ✓ " Cranworth
4. ✓ The Dean of Durham
5. " " " Westminster
6. Dick
7. The Bishop of Durham
8. The Warden of All Souls
9. M^r Chancellor Errington

Martin Kiddle sent me the draft of the Preface to the Commentary. I approved it with one alteration viz: that he should at a place which I indicated substitute "collaboration" for "assistance". I fear that the state of Malcolm Ross's mind is such that for the present it is vain to hope that friendly relations between the two can be restored. It is very distressing, & probably rendered the more difficult to remedy by the fell influence of M^{rs} R. I do not know, & can but conjecture that this is the case. In any case the breach is lamentable.

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[142]

Good Friday, March 22nd, 1940.

We all attended the service at 11 a.m. – Mattins, Sermon, and Ante-Communion. I read the lessons.

The congregation was almost entirely composed of Evacuated Barnardo girls. Beside ourselves I think there were but two parishioners, both of the female sex. There were no Choirmen, and only six choirboys with James and A.F[?]. This surely is a very poor show for a parish worked on Anglo-Catholick lines. But I doubt if even the tiny fraction of the people who are in touch with Moulsdale either understand his doctrine, or approve his ceremonialism.

He preached from the words “Behold the man”, and his sermon, evidently an old one designed for a very different kind of congregation, could have been quite incomprehensible to the girls who heard it.

I wrote at some length to Mozley* respecting his article in this week’s Guardian on “History and Theology”. Also I wrote to Clarence Ward, from whom I received a letter last week: and to Eric Dawson-Walker.

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[143]

Easter Eve, March 23rd, 1940.

Fearne motored Ella and me to Ipswich where I took train for Liverpool Street. It was an uncomfortable journey, for the train was crowded with soldiers and holiday-makers. On arrival I drove to the Athenaeum and found the Club closed until next Tuesday. So I went to the Hair-dresser, & was trimmed. I lunched at the United Services Club. My meal was assisted by the friendly talk of two other refugees from the Athenaeum, one of whom was the brother of the former Provost of Queen's, Walker; & the other an apparent Scot.

I wrote at some length to Ella, and also to Dick.

Then I drove to the Deanery at Westminster where I was to stay for the week-end. The Dean and his wife received me with kindness. Before dressing for dinner, I walked for an hour looking at the changes which have been recently made in this part of Westminster. The new Church House is vast, ugly, and pretentious.

[144]

[symbol]

There came to dinner Latham, a Fellow of All Souls, an Australian by birth, a lawyer by profession, now working at the Foreign Office; and the high Commissioner of South Africa, Waterson, and his wife. Waterson was an "Old Westminster", and for part of his school career, he co-existed at the Abbey with me. He was very interesting in his account of the situation in South Africa. His admiration for General Smuts was unbounded. For Hertzog his feelings were mingled. He said that the Nazi movement in South Africa had been serious, and had exploited the anti-Semitic feeling in the country. He said that the Jews, who in considerable numbers had been drawn to Johannesburg by the bait of the gold-mines, were mostly Polish & Lithuanian Jews of an unsatisfactory type. He spoke with decision on the reality of the antagonism between White & Black races, and upheld the inequality of the laws as essential for the protection of the White minority. He was fairly optimistic about the War, & seemed to be more hopeful of anti-Hitlerite movements within Germany than I had expected. He shared my feeling towards the cant & cowardice of U.S.A.

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[145]

Easter Day, March 24th, 1940.

I went to the Abbey Church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. The Dean was the Celebrant, and he used the appointed Service with only two variations. The Dominical Summary replaced the Decalogue, & the Prayer for the Church Militant was taken from the Revised Prayer book. de Labillière* has a pleasant voice, a clear intonation, and a devout manner. There was a considerable number of Communicants, including a sprinkling of khaki-clad soldiers.

I lunched in the Deanery, and then walked to the United Services Club, and wrote to Charles Nye.*

I drove to 41 Lennox Gardens, and had tea with M^{rs} Carnegie, solus cum sola. She spoke about her letters from her husband &c. of which she had a large collection, and the disposition of which puzzled her. Should she leave them to the British Museum, under trust that they should not be made public until after fifty years had passed. I supported this procedure very strongly, & suggested that she should consult Sir Frederick Kenyon,* if she desired to know anything about the practice of the B. M. in such matters. She spoke about her famous husband [Joseph Chamberlain]*; & said that he was invariably fit, that he had been a fisherman in his early life, & took moderate exercise daily. I tried to get her to express her views [146] about American opinion & probable action with respect to the War, but in this my success was small. She limited herself to harmless generalities about the Presidential Election, the amazing ignorance of the Americans about European politics, and the effect of Nazi propaganda. But she thought that in the end America would join the Allies.

M^{rs} Carnegie endorses with eagerness my dislike of the new Church House, reflecting no doubt the views of her late husband, the Canon [William Carnegie].*

I returned to the Deanery in good time for the service at 6 p.m. My nose started to bleed while I was dressing, but mercifully called a halt before I had to go to Church. There was a large congregation, far larger than I had expected. My sermon took exactly 25 minutes in delivery (by the pulpit clock), and was listened to very closely. The Dean remarked on the closeness of the attention. I joined in the Procession, wearing the Cope that I had worn at Edward vii's Coronation (the label bearing my name still remained on it). The service was devout and heartening; it made a suitable ending to the Festival.

[147]

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There came to supper Canon Barry and his wife, and Canon Thompson Elliott. We had much and interesting conversation. I had not realized how small physically Barry is, nor yet how lamentably handicapped he is by his deafness. The infirmity detracts from his undoubted ability as a preacher for he is acquiring the toneless monotony which commonly distinguishes the utterance of deaf folk. The Dean told me that he greatly desires to be

raised to the episcopate, but for a Bishop's work also deafness would be a formidable handicap. His success as a parish priest is said to be lessened by the same circumstance.

Barry expressed disapprobation of Hoskyns's book on the Fourth Gospel.

I had never met M^{rs} Barry before. She is younger than her husband, & is said to be intelligent & energetic. Barry and Thompson Elliott spoke with some irritation about Marriott, who is making a name for himself by the easiest of all methods, and the least finally effective – incessant and embittered gibing against modern industrial civilization. He combines extreme “Anglo-Catholicism” and Communism – an odd combination!

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[148]

Easter Monday, March 25th, 1940.

The Dean had thoughtfully suggested that I might like to celebrate in the great church with which in the past I have been so closely associated. I was, indeed, pleased to do this: and, accordingly, celebrated the Holy Communion at the High Altar. Perkins* assisted: and the Dean was among the communicants.

After breakfast, I walked to the United Services Club, and read the papers. Poor [Thomas Banks] Strong* was already there, flitting about aimlessly.

I returned to the Deanery for lunch: after which the Dean showed me the elaborate refuge which has been constructed in the College garden at a cost of more than £3000. It is thought to be capable of withstanding even a "direct hit". The roof is constructed of layers of alternating cement and sand. The Interior arrangement is complete. There is an arrangement by which the air is purified before being admitted from outside. It is intended that after the war the Refuge shall be transformed into garages for the Canons to replace those which were destroyed to make way for the new Choir-house in Dean's Yard.

[149]

[symbol]

The sale of these had produced about £2000, which went towards the cost of the Refuge. The Dean also showed me the "first-aid" hospital which has been provided in the Norman undercroft. Then we went into the new Church House, which is nearing completion. It is a sumptuous building, and effectively symbolizes the policy of vainglorious centralisation which now dominates Ecclesia Anglicana. A large board invites offers for the hiring of flats & offices in the Building. There is the fish's tail of the fair Mermaiden! I recalled Hackeray's description of the wine-cellars underneath the elegantly appointed chapel of the Rev. Charles Honeyman! How I do hate this blending of business & religion! "But my people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof?"

[following paragraph and page 150 are crossed through with red pencil].

At 3 p.m. I had an interview with the two disputants, Martin Kiddle and Malcolm Ross, between whom I had most foolishly consented to be arbitrator. It was a most painful interview for Malcolm disclosed a very evil temper. Indeed his face & manner even more than his words were eloquent of positive hatred. He is so entirely in [150] the wrong that only the blindness of anger could make him expect any other than an unfavourable verdict. It is a sad ending to a friendship which has been intimate and constant for the last seven years; I dismissed them with the statement that I would have my decisions expressed in due legal form, & sent to them.

After tea in the Deanery, I "took up my carriages", and drove to Liverpool Street, where I took train for Ipswich. There was a vast crowd of tourists returning home from London, & the journey was extremely uncomfortable. Four young women of the lower middle class, who

had evidently been attending some Sectarian gathering, & were in a state of almost hysterical excitement, gobbled chocolates, talked in shrill voices, & screamed with laughter without intermission until we reached Ipswich, where Fearne met me with the car. Ella also was there, and so we returned to Hyntle place, where I found awaiting me civil acknowledgements for my pamphlet from Lords de Saumarez & Cranworth.

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[151]

Easter Tuesday, March 26th.

A woefully wet day, but not particularly cold.

I copied out, and sent off to the solicitor, recommended as competent and ready to undertake the task, the draft of my verdict as Arbitrator in the great case of Malcolm v. Martin, and dutifully sent to M^{rs} de Labillière a grateful "Collins".

Alington's* pamphlet "The last Crusade", with a "foreward" by Lord Halifax & published by the Oxford Press, arrived. It reads well, and may be useful.

Also, I sent my annual contribution of two guineas to the S. Peter's-in-Thamet Churchyard Fund. Both my parents, and my elder sister, are buried there, and even in my present poverty, I must not neglect the pious duty.

Braley* called to announce that he with his wife and daughter had arrived safely at the Rectory. He has arranged with Mouldsdale* to be responsible for the parish during his (Mouldsdale's) absence at Brighton. He gave me some account of affairs in Durham. The paucity of students in the Durham colleges is becoming serious. The Newcastle branch of the University seems to be flourishing under Lord Eustace Percy.* His name is a valuable asset in Northumberland.

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[152]

Wednesday, March 27th, 1940.

The weather had become very cold, though the rain had ceased, and the sun shone. Moreover, the birds sang cheerfully at 5.30 a.m., when I started to read in my bed.

I read Claud Montefiore's* Introduction to his excellent Commentary on "The Synoptic Gospels". It is a very notable and suggestive composition, and as the work of a devout & learned Jew very interesting and valuable. It is full of good things:

"If Jesus preached the Kingdom, his followers preached him...

[following paragraphs and page 153 are crossed through]

To prove to the Jews that Jesus, though he died on the cross was none the less the Messiah – this was the task that was now imposed upon his disciples".

Lord Scarbrough* wrote pleasantly in acknowledgement of the pamphlet, which he calls "my very appealing message – The Good Fight".

"Looking ahead to the inevitable change in the mode of life of the well to do, which all who live through these times will have to face, these [sic] I am most sorry for are the middle-aged".

[153]

Referring to the recent outrage in the Caxton Hall, when O'Dwyer was murdered, he writes:

Zetland had a miraculous escape. I saw him the next morning, and after he had been X-rayed at S. George's Hospital, the Doctor told him he was sorry he would have to operate to remove the bullet, when at that moment the nurse who had been fiddling with his clothes, exclaimed, O, here's the bullet in his jacket!

Lamington, who is a cousin of mine came off less well as he had an artery in his hand severed.

Ella had a tea party, which included the following:

Lord Thurlow

M^r & M^{rs} Herbert Cobbold

Miss Crisp

Canon and M^{rs} Braley

Archdeacon & M^{rs}[sic].

Malcolm Ross wrote protesting against my decision in the case with Martin Kiddle, & asking for some revision of the same: but I refused to reconsider my verdict.

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[154]

Thursday, March 28th, 1940.

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The snow has returned! May this be "positively the last appearance". How sick of it I am!

I read, and made notes, about S. Matthew, whom I propose to bring into my 2nd Warburton as an apologist, who illustrates the earliest form of the Appeal to History.

In the afternoon Braley and I walked to Chattisham, and afterwards attended Ella's second tea party. There were present

Sir Gerald Ryan and his cousin
Canon & M^{rs} Braley
Major Francis Cobbold & his wife
Our three selves.

I suspect that the exhibition of my study must be in process of becoming wearisome. I told Sir Gerald that I wished to see his ducks, which are now in the beauty of the spring plumage. He suggested that I should come on Sunday afternoon and I promise to come if the weather were tolerable, and if I could bring my "tail" with me, by which I meant my Wife, Fearn, and the Braleys. Everybody seemed friendly, and nobody seemed unduly eager to get away.

[155]

Copies of the Pamphlet were sent to the following (p.141)

10. Sir Bunnell Burton
11. The Master of the Temple
12. The Rev^d Charles Nye
13. The Archbishop of Canterbury
14. York
15. The Master of Magdalene, Cambridge
16. ~~Sir Bunnell Burton~~ Charles Pattisson
17. E. H. Blakeney Esq.
18. Arthur H. Rawle Esq.
19. Miss Ruth Spooner
20. Sir Gerald Ryan
21. G. Aubrey Henson Esq.
22. Jack Langland
23. Cecil Ferens
24. Bishop Brilioth
25. Canon Braley
26. J. B. Lazenby
27. Sir Cuthbert Headlam
28. Philip Tallents
29. Lord Roche

30. Sir Charles Peers

31. General Kenyon

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[154] [sic]

Friday, March 29th, 1940.

A hard frost, which later gave place to rain.

I read Claude Montefiore's charming little book "Outlines of Liberal Judaism", which has real value for my next "Warburton".

We lunched with Lady de Saumarez. Her husband was abroad, in Rome. There came to lunch a Finnish parson. He said that the Finns were very reluctant to leave Finland: that the expropriated population cherishes the expectation ^hope^ of restoration to their properties: and desires to be located as closely as possible to the new frontier. [remainder of the paragraph crossed through in red] A Finnish lady was also at lunch who had been much in Germany and knew the foolish Hitlerite fanatic, Unity Mitford, whose wounds, she said, were self-inflicted. She had "sat her cap" at Hitler with such pertinacity, that the inevitable jealousies were aroused in his "court", and her position became intolerable.

[symbol] The Bishop of Chichester [George Bell]* has a foolish letter in the Times, thanking the Pope for his latest canting about peace, and calling on the Allies to announce their determination to make peace on Christian principles! I am afraid that Bell is not quite big enough for the rôle for which he has cast himself.

<!300340>

[155] [sic]

Saturday, March 30th, 1940.

A dull morning developed into a fine day. In the afternoon the Braleys joined me in an expedition to the great churches of Lavenham & Long Milford which looked magnificent under the sunshine. We had tea in the Rectory, & then Ella and Fearne went to another of these preposterous entertainments – a whist-drive in the parish hall. I was left to the extreme felicity of dining with the unmitigated companionship of the Barnardo matron!

The spectacles arrived the optician [sic] – S. Davies Keeler, 47 Wigmore Street, London, W1 – but to my grievous disappointment they seemed of very small assistance. [symbol] **The problem of my failing eyesight is as far from solution as ever!**

It is a sign of the times that the Editor of the Cambridge Review informs me that “pressure on space usually prevents him from printing the complete Sermon”. And “invites me to “mark those paragraphs which I consider of chief importance & would most wish to see reproduced”. He anticipates thus the sermon which I am to preach to the University on May 12th. It is not yet even begun!

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[156]

Low Sunday, March 31st, 1940.

Winston Churchill's* broadcast, (which through sheer forgetfulness I failed to hear last night), is fully reported in the Sunday papers, and is a notable and heartening pronouncement. He makes it quite clear that considerable developments in the conduct of the War have been decided upon by the Allies, & will immediately appear. He tells the neutrals quite clearly that their timorous [sic] & partial attitude will no longer be tolerated: & indicates that there are probable signs of a German invasion of Belgium & Holland. The dignity of his language was entirely worthy of the importance of his argument.

Sir John Gilmour's sudden death is announced. This vacates a seat in the Cabinet, and so far facilitates the Prime Minister's task of reconstruction. I think there would be general, & even enthusiastic approval of an arrangement which would place Winston Churchill in supreme direction of the conduct of the War. But Chamberlain* is hardly the man to retire from the leadership, & his position in the country is very strong. He is not so placid & self-effacing as was Asquith* in the like situation.

[157]

[page crossed through in red pencil]

We all went to church for Mattins, and heard an excellent sermon from Braley on the incident of S. Thomas's doubt and its removal. I was rather surprized to hear him declare his belief [symbol] *that the Fourth Gospel was the composition of the Apostle John: and that the record of S. Thomas's incredulity & his confession of belief was in the fullest sense, historical. The Evangelist, he told us, gave us the facts. I fear this heroic orthodoxy will breed more doubts than it can remove. If we are to imagine the risen Christ as literally a resuscitated man of flesh & blood (and as S. Luke has it, also bones, and able to eat broiled fish) what are we to make of His power to pass through walls & locked doors, to appear & vanish &c? Braley evidently remains at the point where Westcott left us: but he has few companions in that position. Even the substantially orthodox students of the Johannine problem have generally abandoned the apostolic authorship, & cast about for some other John than the son of Zebedee, who may suffice. I thought Braley was more modern.*

[158]

Braley and I walked and our ladies drove to Chattisham Hall, where we saw the interesting collection of water fowl which Sir Gerald Ryan has gathered. They are now looking resplendent in their breeding plumage.

[symbol] On our way I discussed the Johannine problem with Braley, and I think did succeed in making him see that his decisive language in this morning's sermon was hardly to be defended. He gave me the impression of never having understood its character. He would like to be frankly receptive of critical truth, and at the same [time?] he likes to think that he is securely attached to the orthodox tradition. I doubt whether that position is finally tenable.

I wrote to Gilbert, to Martin Ellingsen, to Charles Pattison, and to the Rev. Herbert Williams who had sent me a letter criticising my book on the C. of E., and written by an old Papist priest, aged 93. It was civilly expressed, but not very profound or effective. Papists have no reason to complain of my references to them.

<!010440>

[159]

Monday, April 1st, 1940.

[symbol]

A bright day, rather warm, & windy. I tried to make a start on the 2nd Warburton but made no progress!

In the afternoon I walked with Braley, and talked much with him. He thinks that religious knowledge ought to be one of the options for the Higher Certificate. But while this requirement might go some way towards providing security for competent knowledge in the teacher of religion, it will do nothing to secure his sincere belief in the religious teaching which he imparts. Yet it is the latter point which is commonly most insisted upon by the religious critics of the existing system. The denominationalists exact formal membership of the denomination to which the school belongs, but this provides no trustworthy guarantee of the teacher's sincerity. Like the subscription to the Thirty-nine articles by the Anglican clergy it is more effective in manufacturing hypocrites than in securing doctrinal orthodoxy ['orthodox believers' inserted above]. The more the problem is reflected upon, the more impossible it appears to discover a solution which shall be sound in principle & effective in practice.

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[160]

Tuesday, April 2nd, 1940.

[symbol]

A close, sultry day, marked by a considerable thunder-storm. We motored to Hadleigh in the afternoon for business purposes. Save for that exception, I remained in my study. I received from Blakeney a very kindly expressed acknowledgement of the pamphlet.

"As soon as it reached me, I sat down and read it through. If I may say so, nothing could have been better set forth than your case for the Allies in this deplorable War. I only hope the pamphlet will be widely studied. I should like to think that some copies might even reach Germany itself. I was dining with one of the Times editorial staff on Saturday, & warned him to look out for your pamphlet. His comments on Chamberlain – and he has opportunities of knowing things that are veiled from most of us – were not altogether comforting, to me at least. He reasons well, of course, but – I fancy that the French w^d know what that "but" signifies."

[161]

[symbol]

In ruining the Empire, he (Innocent iv) had ruined also the future of the Papacy. Was this a victory?

Dante puts in the black starless air of the outer circle of the Inferno the shade of him che face lo gran rifiuto [sic]. Of all Dante's tremendous verdicts, none has such a bitter ring of scorn as this. It is generally interpreted of one individual Pope; but it might well stand as judgement on the whole Papacy of the thirteenth century, when it bartered spiritual leadership for temporal rule, the legacy of S^t Peter for the fatal dower of Constantine.

A. L Smith "Church and State in the Middle Ages". The Ford lectures for 1905, p. 245.

I meditate making my sermon in the Temple on the occasion of the 700th anniversary of the consecration of the Inner Church, a comparison between the 13th century and the 20th, and drawing some inferences, more or less relevant to the present crisis.

<!030440>

[162]

Wednesday, April 3rd, 1940.

A damp, drizzling, demure, depressing day.

I read A. L. Smith's* Ford Lectures, not for the first time. He makes effective criticism of the traditional Anglican theory about the medieval Papacy, showing cause for holding Grosseteste's famous anti-papal letter to be a forgery, and Mathew Paris, a better raconteur than historian! He is, perhaps, even excessive in his philo-papalism. His account of Innocent IV is illuminating.

Chancellor [Francis] Errington* writes to thank me for the pamphlet.

"I am sure the Christian position needs the explanation you give, particularly in view of the idealising ardour & reckless procedure of Youth to which you refer, and which are capable of exploitation here as in Germany."

We lunched with the Braleys at the Rectory, and then Fearne motored them & me (Ella seceded to Hyntle Place) to see Kersey, Boxford, & Hadleigh. I called at the Deanery, & was kindly received by the Dean & M^{rs} Downes, who showed the house & garden. We returned to Hintlesham under a hesitant & belated evening sun.

<!040440>

[163]

Thursday, April 4th, 1940.

The day was rather overcast & threatening to start with but improved as it advanced, and the afternoon was fine, but rather blustering.

Braley and I walked to Burstall, and visited the parish church. It was locked when we arrived, but a pleasant, youngish woman, apparently the school-teacher, perceived our case, & immediately ran off to fetch the key. There was nothing of note within the church, save, perhaps, the remains of a rood screen, and the arcade of the nave. We returned to Hyntle Place, and had tea together. Ella and Fearne had gone with the Mothers' Union to Ipswich in response to an invitation of our Papist Squire to see his works.

I wasted the day in reading about the 13th century with a view to the Temple sermon on May 5th, but the more I read, the less clearly can I see my way. The interest of the subject is so intense that it is difficult to detach oneself from the alluring distraction of mere reading for its own sake. Powicke's* little book – "The Christian Life in the Middle Ages & other Essays" (Oxford, 1935) is priceless, worth its weight in gold a thousandfold.

<!050440>

[164]

Friday, April 5th, 1940.

We breakfasted at 7 a.m., and then Ella and Fearne went off to Ipswich to catch the train to Durham, where they had arranged to spend the week-end with M^{rs} Peile, and to attend Joan Alington's wedding in the Cathedral, before going on to Helensburgh. I accompanied them in the car to the station, & then returned to the house to fritter away another morning in desultory reading.

The Bradleys called for me after lunch, & we spent two hours in motoring, but the temperature had fallen sharply, & the weather was too cold to allow of any pleasure. We passed the fine & extensive building of the great naval school, to which Vincent Baddeley was so anxious that I should accompany him. It has an attractive appearance, so much so that I mentally resolved not to decline preaching, if I am again requested to address the boys. I had tea with the Braleys at the Rectory. *Braley showed me a type-written statement about the duty of parish priests in war-time, drawn up presumably by Mouldsdales, and circulated on his own authority to the clergy. It is an impudent document, urging the duty of reserving the Sacrament &c.*

[165]

W^m Hines sen., having as he affirms finished the pleasant [sic] but indispensable task of emptying the cistern or cesspools which serve Hyntle Place came for his reward: 25/-, which I gave him forthwith. He assures me that the work will not require to be done again for at least 18 months.

I was relieved by receiving a telegram from Ella saying that she and Fearne had reached Durham after a comfortable journey.

["Where Protestantism was an idea only, as in Spain and Italy, it was crushed out by the Inquisition: where, in conjunction with political power and sustained by ecclesiastical confiscation, it became a physical force, there it was lasting. It is not a pleasant view to take of the doctrinal change to see that, where the movement towards it was pure & unworldly, it failed: where it was seconded by territorial greed & political animosity, it succeeded. But so it has been with many of the changes by which in the long run both Church & world have been benefited". Stubbs Lectures p. 268].

<!060440>

[166]

Saturday, April 6th, 1940.

[symbol]

A fine day. I lunched with the Braleys at the Rectory, and then motored with them to see the churches at Kedington, Clare, and Cavendish. The country, just beginning to put off the wintry sternness & yield to the gentler influence of the spring, looked very attractive. We put up a good many mating partridges.

Kedington church is extraordinarily interesting. While we were looking at it, a lady came in with two dogs on a leash. She explained that she was the Rectory cook. I commented on the three-decker pulpit with its hour-glass still in position, and provided with sand. I asked whether it was now in use, & said that I thought in such a pulpit even I could preach. I must get the Vicar to ask me to do so. "O yes", she replied pleasantly, "anybody would be welcomed for a change!" We were all vastly entertained by so tactful an allusion to my extreme and apparent unimportance! We had tea comfortably enough at Cavendish in the Tudor Teashop. In Cavendish Church there is a chained copy of Jewel's* Apology. The church seemed to be well-kept.

[167]

Miss Bridge (our "evacuate") informed me that she was going home for a few days before taking up her more enlarge[sic] duties. Would I mind another of the "workers" coming in, & looking at her letters. Of course I gave permission, being inwardly pleased at the prospect of Miss B's absence! She proceeded to tell me that there were two unpleasant "sex" cases in the district, one of which was coming into court. I made a non-committal remark about the danger of imaginary complaints by young girls who often had very unfortunate domestic experience. But she was confident that the cases are genuine, & I said no more. But I shall be greatly relieved when we have seen the last of the Barnardo children & their "matrons" & "mothers"! Miss B's description of the shocking behaviour of lads in the Rectory garden "boiled down" to nothing when I asked the Braleys what had actually happened. It appears that the Rector has been accustomed to allow the younger children to play in his garden. They do not seem to have been in any sense a nuisance.

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[168]

2nd Sunday after Easter, April 7th, 1940.

A brilliant morning with a white frost and without wind. Sabbathic stillness rested on the place when I walked to church at 8 a.m. in order to celebrate the Holy Communion at that hour. The Rector being absent, & Braley being his alter ego, I was for the first time invited to celebrate then; and I was glad to resume a habit which has been almost unbroken since I was ordained to the priesthood nearly 52 years ago. There were 17 communicants, all females except James & the two servers.

I wrote to Dick, and to Ella. I attended Mattins, and read the lessons. Braley preached from S. Paul's words - "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither has it entered into the heart of man to conceive, the things which God had prepared for them that love him". He spoke with a severity, which it would not be quite easy to justify, of the change which had taken place in Christian notions about the life hereafter: quoted some characteristic extravagances from Jonathan Edwards & our popular hymns, & rejected with decision the traditional notions of Heaven & Hell. Then he proceeded to what we actually had been taught in the New testament [169] on the subject of the Hereafter, & ended by insisting on the present significance of the risen life. The sermon was able, effective, interesting, and risqué. It held the congregation (to which it probably sounded like audacious novelty) and, indeed, it could not but contrast sharply with the clear-cut medievalism to which they are accustomed from the Rector.

But I was not quite pleased with it: There was little attempt to mitigate the sharpness of the unquestionable breach with conventional teaching: nor was there left on the hearer's mind any sufficient sense of the terrific gravity of the subject.

We had the hymn "Glory be to Jesus" - which we were always accustomed to sing in procession in Durham Cathedral after Ordination. I was almost overwhelmed by the tide of reminiscence, & the sudden consciousness of the total dereliction into which I have now fallen.

The Sunday papers very confident that dramatic events are about to happen in the War, as a consequence of the new & stronger attitude towards the neutral powers, announced by the Allies. They may be right, but I am not convinced.

[170]

I wrote to Brilioth, sending him a copy of "The Good Fight", and expressing my opinion of the neutrals with a frankness which was, perhaps, more sincere than prudent. However, if they do manage to read what I have written, the Germans will be neither assisted nor flattered.

The Braleys called to say Goodbye. They are off tomorrow. I told Braley that I didn't think that he had allowed enough for the conception of Divine Self-vindication in his sermon, & that there was truth, value, and comfort in it.

The Psalms owe much of their holding power to the conviction, which penetrates them, that through all the seeming anarchy & apparent paradox of experience, "The Lord is King", and that somewhere, sometime, somehow His Kingship will be triumphantly & finally demonstrated. "Clouds & darkness are round about Him; righteousness & judgement are the habitation of His seat".

After the Braleys had departed, I wasted the time until dinner by tearing up the letters which now overflow my receptacles!

<!080440>

[171]

Monday, April 8th, 1940.

A fine day. In the afternoon I walked through Chattisham, and essayed a walk across the fields. On my way I encountered a young man ploughing with a pair of fine horses. I asked whether they were the famous breed of "Suffolk Punches", and he replied in the affirmative. I observed that presumably they were solely used for farming purposes. He agreed but said that there had been a "Suffolk Punch" which had distinguished itself in racing. "I think that you are a friend of my brother, Archie". It pleased me to meet another of the Reids. He told me that he and Archie were twins, that his name was Tom, and that he was the elder. I enquired about his work. He said that he started at 5.30 a.m. by milking the cows: that he then proceeded to plough, and kept at it until the sunsetting, i. e. about 8 p.m. Then he "slept like a top". These young Scots deserve to get on, for they are steady, frugal, and hard-working. I wish that as much could be said for the young English.

I received the draft of my decision in the great case of Ross vs Kiddle, & told the lawyer that there was no fee for the arbitrator, & that I would [172] hold myself responsible for the legal charges. Malcolm deserves to be fined, but he is desperately poor, and his defeat will be punishment enough. It is the first, and will be the last official arbitration for me! When I recall the expenditure of time, and vexation of mind, to say nothing of waste of money which this matter has cost me, I am amazed at my folly in putting hand to it. But it grieved me to see what I knew to have been an intimate friendship so suddenly and ignominiously broken, & I hoped to effect a reconciliation. But I fear that I have laboured in vain.

Last week the newspapers announced the death of Canon Peile who had been Archdeacon of Worcester. He was my senior by 3 months. His Bampton Lectures in 1907 made a sensation, though they hardly merited the approbation they received. They led me to offer him the Vicarage of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens (of which I held the patronage as Rector of S^t Margaret, Westminster) when Ralph Inge resigned that benefice in 1907. He seemed destined for great & rapid preferment, but he disappointed the expectations of his friends & quickly became a complete nonentity.

<!090440>

[173]

Tuesday, April 9th, 1940.

Events are moving quickly towards a crisis. Early this morning the Germans invaded Denmark and Norway in great force, and the afternoon wireless reported that they were in possession of Copenhagen and Oslo. They announce that this fresh aggression is determined by the action of the Allies in laying bombs in Norwegian waters, but this is too preposterous to secure acceptance outside Germany. It is announced that a German transport has been sunk while conveying troops to Norway and, as the Prime Minister pointed out to the House of Commons this afternoon the invasion is so considerable & well-organised that it must have been prepared long before the Germans could have learned of the mine-laying. We have informed Norway that we shall give her all possible assistance, but even so, it is apparent that the unhappy country must first suffer conquest by Hitler's savage hordes. Denmark does not appear to have made even a show of resistance. It is more than ever regrettable that the Finns were left unhelped. Scandinavia lost its honour fist, & then its freedom.

[174]

[symbol]

The evening wireless announce that the Nazis are in full possession of Denmark, and that the Danes have accepted "protection" under protest. The Norwegians are of sterner stuff, and are shewing fight. But Oslo, Bergen, and every other important position have been occupied. The Norwegian government has removed from the capital to some place about 80 miles distant. The Swedes are still "sitting on the fence". Reports from the Balkans indicate something like stupefaction. Only Italy applauds the latest Nazi aggression. It resembles the Albanian affair too closely to make criticism possible. **The Vatican organ alone condemns Hitler's last outrage.** It will be interesting to see whether there will be any movement of repugnance among the Lutherans of Germany at this brutal oppression of the Lutherans of Denmark & Norway. It hardly seems possible that there should not be much "searching of heart".

[symbol] The Prime Minister spoke with firmness in the H. of C., & declared that we were determined to help Norway effectively. But how? and when?

<!100440>

[175]

Wednesday, April 10th, 1940.

[symbol]

The news from Scandinavia is rather perturbing. A vigorous attack on Narvik failed, with the loss of two destroyers, one sunk and another run ashore. There are ugly rumours that Norway is negotiating with Germany, and whatever likelihood of yielding there is in that unhappy country, will be vastly strengthened by any British set-back. As the instruments of information are now in German hands, we can know nothing except what the enemy desires that we shall believe! It is, indeed, a woeful situation, filled with extremely uncomfortable possibilities. The attitude of Italy is ambiguous and unfriendly: that of Russia opportunist and cynical. She means to get Sweden, as she got Poland, but is biding her time. America, of course, prates and preaches, but is quite clearly determined to do nothing. The Gestapo is said to be already active in Denmark! It is daily becoming more evident that Hitlerism must be defeated & destroyed if there is to be any security for Freedom anywhere in the world. How different the outlook would have been if Scandinavia had not betrayed Finland! Nemesis in their case has moved quickly.

[176]

[page crossed through in red pencil]

I received the formal document declaring my award in the arbitration between Ross & Kiddle, and forthwith signed it. James witnessed my signature. I registered, & dispatched the said document together with a cheque (£5:15:0) for the legal charges of the solicitor. Later in the day I received a long letter from Malcolm Ross protesting against my award. I replied briefly to the effect that my task was completed, & that I did not intend to concern myself further in the matter.

The wireless at 9 p.m. reported vigorous fighting in which the Germans appear to have suffered some severe losses. The Norwegians are said to be organising resistance: and the Danes are having full experience of "Nazi" protection". The German position in Norway is described as, from a military point of view, very unsatisfactory.

William Elliott, one my butler's boy, who has been for more than a year in the Sanatorium at Wolsingham writes to tell me that he has been discharged, and certified to be "able to undertake light work."

<!110440>

[177]

Thursday, April 11th, 1940.

A white frost, and a sunny morning.

I resumed work on the Temple Sermon: but, in these hectic times, I cannot but think it doubtful whether I shall ever deliver it.

The news on the wireless is most exciting. A fierce conflict is in progress on the Norwegian coast, & there are heavy casualties on both sides. It is extremely difficult to judge what is happening, but I get the impression that the Germans are having the worst of it. *Churchill's speech in the House of Commons was more declamatory than informing, but he was very positive that Hitler had blundered badly in strategy, by his latest crime.*

The Italian papers are extremely anti-British, indeed abusively so. Does this mean that Mussolini means to join the other villain after all? It would be a serious matter for the Allies to have war on three fronts: and Japan might find the chance of defeating Britain too attractive. But if she came into the War, even the sluggish self-respect of the U. S. A. might be stirred, & we might have something more serviceable than preachments from the greatest Democracy on earth!

[178]

I called the Rectory. Moulsdale was very enthusiastic about the crowded congregation at "High Mass" in S. Bartholomew's, Brighton, which he has been attending. "Is that how they describe the Holy Communion?" I asked. "Of course", he replied. "Why not?" "They ought to be ashamed of themselves." I said shortly, & changed the subject

Braley was much impressed by the Roman character of Moulsdale's books. I suspect that in my presence he still "hides his light under a bushel", though less carefully as "familiarity" with the ex-Bishop of Durham, breeds "contempt" for his judgment!

Braley told me that, at the Saint's day celebration which fell to him last week, there was only one communicant (a maid from the Rectory), and that the "server" **rang a bell at the Consecration!** We are getting on. How soon will ^it be before^ incense makes its appearance. Moulsdale is apparently well contented, though, so far as attendance at the services goes, his ministry hardly affects the parish. This type of churchmanship is both unintelligible & to the majority of English people unwelcome.

<!110440>

[179]

Friday, April 12th, 1940.

A dull morning, and a fine afternoon.

I walked for nearly ~~hou~~ two hours during the afternoon, and, for the rest, had a very fruitless day. The expectancy and apprehension, with which the atmosphere is charged, makes every kind of serious work enormously difficult.

The "Spectator" is characteristically sombre in its comments on the War. It was, of course, at the disadvantage, which attaches to all weekly journals viz of being rather behindhand with its "intelligence".

[symbol] Winston Churchill's statement was in the main re-assuring. His opinion, that by his invasion of Norway, Hitler has probably made a strategic blunder identical in character - & not improbably equal in gravity to that which Napoleon made when he invaded Spain, ^seems to me probable.^ Assuredly, he has destroyed whatever kindly opinion lingered in neutral countries, and it is always possible that the moral isolation in which he has immersed himself may find practical expression in the sphere of political and military action.

<!130440>

[180]

Saturday, April 13th, 1940.

A delightful day of spring, mild & bright. The singing of the birds and the freshness of the dawning verdure are heavenly.

[symbol] Dick writes to say that he never received the letter with the pamphlet, which I sent to him as long ago as March 23rd. He says:

I have learned a lot during these past months, a lot about me, & a lot about God. I have had to discard a good deal of false ecclesiasticism which parish life allows one to accumulate & to understand that the way in which most men are called upon to serve God is, not so much by undertaking works of religion as by doing their ordinary everyday work in a religious spirit.

I have learned too to recognize that Christianity has sunk deeper into the minds & hearts of English people than we parsons sometimes allow ourselves to believe, & that the average Englishman is far from being forgetful of the claims of religion.

[181]

I did actually make a start, though a poor one, on the 2nd Warburton Lecture.

[symbol] In the afternoon, I went to College Farm, & observed Archie Reid engaged in milking the cows. I had not realized how meticulous are the precautions against any defilement of the milk. When it is brought from the cow, it is cooled & passed through no less than 3 strainings. For the first time I saw the mechanical milkers at work. They fit on the teats perfectly, all four at a time, & are so far from being resented by the cows, that the beasts seemed to desire them. There are about 60 cows at the farm, & the milk is regularly sent to Ipswich. I was much impressed by the quiet efficiency of Archie's work. He seemed to know everything, & to do everything without fuss or confusion. An unusual mischance had happened 3 weeks ago – a cow had broken its neck! I asked whether this was covered by insurance, & I was told that it was not. The accident was extremely unusual. So the suicidal beast was a dead loss.

<!140440>

[182]

3rd Sunday after Easter, April 14th, 1940.

The day started badly, for Nancy failed to call me. However, I managed to get to the church in time for the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. Then, after breakfast my nose started to bleed, so that I thought it advisable to send a note to the Rector telling him that I should not attend Mattins. Accordingly, I stayed indoors, & wrote a long letter to Dick.

[symbol] The Sunday papers report excellent news from the Norwegian coast. Narvik has been captured by the British Fleet with heavy loss inflicted on the Germans. Seven destroyers were destroyed.

The King has sent a heartening message to the King of Norway, who is reported to have had some narrow escapes.

I wrote to Tom Elliott, who has informed that, in a few weeks' time, he hopes to attain the proud status of paternity. That is as it should be. The child is indispensable to the perfection of Marriage. Without that Factor there cannot be a family, and, without a Family, not even conjugal love can create a Home.

[183]

[symbol]

I had supper at the Rectory. It was a rather uncomfortable meal for Moulsdale was plainly resentful of my comment on the fewness of the parishioners who attended service in the parish church, & had been counting them. Indeed, he was almost insolent, & his woman-kind, the two sisters, more than supported him in everything that he said. Especially, offensive were their observations on the Bishop of I & E (Ipswich and St Edmundsbury), who as a "Modernist", they suggested, was the cause of the weakness of the Church in the diocese! M^{rs} Frazer was especially insistent on his scandalous observation when there was difficulty about providing clerical provision during the Rector's illness. "Why don't you utilize a lay-reader?" "What about the celebrations, my Lord?" "They must learn to do without them" was the Bishop's (alleged) reminder. It is, of course, clear what he meant, and, also, that his meaning was both reasonable, & religious. **But these people have reduced all religion to the single point of communion, & if that be provided, they are quite content to let everything else go.**

<!150440>

[184]

Monday, April 15th, 1940.

A gusty, uncomfortable April day with showers.

I worked at the Warburton, &, perhaps, as much as one quarter of No. 2 is now written; but, if ever I get to the stage of publication, it will have in great part to be re-written. It is being brought home to me daily, with increasing clarity, that I am not only naturally inferior to my tasks, but also that the imbecility inseparable from old age is rapidly overtaking such natural powers as I have!

Dashwood, acknowledging the tractate, writes

"How good of you to send me a copy of "The Good Fight". The title is not a bit like you. If the top line of the cover was missing, I should imagine the book ~~has~~ was a tract issuing from the "Protestant underworld".

I read "the Church of England" with great interest, since when my copy has been on a round of visits.

Also, I received a long letter from Lionel Trotman. (The Parsonage, Shillong. Assam). He writes cheerfully and is evidently pleased to get into the bracing mountain air of Assam. His absurd Metropolitan is as crazily Groupist as ever.

[185]

"At the Episcopal Synod in February, the Bishop of Assam told me that the Metropolitan & The Bishop of Rangoon tried to get a resolution passed saying that "Frank Buchman was the prophet raised up by God for the present situation, "The other Bishops w^d have none of it. [I must tell you that just before I left Calcutta, the Metropolitan had me "on the mat".] The house was always full of Groupers travelling round the world, & one female American journalist was there for some months, who used to talk in her broad American about "we all got together, the Hindus, the Moslems, & the Mohammedans". Well, we were always talking about the Bishop in a teasing kind of way, gently ragging him for his Peter Pannish way of refusing to grow up. He has the competitive spirit of a schoolboy, & always likes to win. He confessed on one occasion that his keenness sometimes led him to give himself the benefit of the doubt in [186] a decision about a point at tennis. One day the Bishop sent for me to see him on the roof, and said, "I hear you say I cheat at games". "Peggy has been sharing with me, & told me". He was so humble & decent about it all that I could not take offence. The only thing that irritated me so much was that it was not safe to say anything in front of the Groupers. One of them who was at school in Bath with my wife, went up to see Gandhi, & said that she had come out from England to India (for three months), in order to make reparation for the people who came out from England to India & so cruelly exploit the Indians! It was difficult sometimes to keep a civil tongue.

This side-light on Groupist procedure makes an ill impression on my mind. It is certainly surprizing that insistence on "absolute sincerity" &c & should work out to a habit of "corner-creeping" espionage. But that habit is the very hall-mark of the lower kinds of sectarian Christianity.

<!160440>

[187]

Tuesday, April 16th, 1940.

A beautiful day, though the wind was cold. I walked for over 2 hours, and, indeed, rather over-exerted myself. The country-people seem to be friendly, and disposed to talk.

I worked again at the Warburton Lecture, but still without any inspiration.

It occurs to me that I might "work in" a paragraph about Julian the Apostate's attempt to re-build the Temple at Jerusalem. Gibbon's narrative is vivacious & scornful.

"The blind superstition and abject slavery of those unfortunate exiles must excite the ~~fecundity~~ contempt of ~~the resolutions~~ a philosophic emperor, but they deserved the friendship of Julian by their implacable hatred of the Christian name.

.... As the Christians were firmly persuaded that a sentence of everlasting destruction had been pronounced against the whole fabric of the Mosaic law, the imperial sophist would have converted the success of his undertaking into a specious argument against the faith of the prophecy and the truth of revelation.

Warburton's interest in the episode was controversial.

[188]

A characteristically caustic account of Warburton's defence of the "miracle" which defeated the Apostate's design may be found in Sir Leslie Stephen's book, "English Thought in the Eighteenth Century" I. 365.

Warburton, he says, "argues valiantly for the truth of the main incident, but he is almost equally anxious to prove that some of the subsidiary incidents were not miraculous. It is stated that crosses appeared in the sky and on the garments of the spectators. Warburton produces some curious parallel instances, in which such crosses are said to have actually appeared in consequence of a thunderstorm, & of an eruption of Vesuvius. These he attributes to natural causes"

In his article on Warburton in the D. N. B. the same writer (L. S.) says:

"The book was less arrogant in tone than some others, perhaps because revised before publication by his new friend Hurd. It was well received in France, as was shown by a letter from the Duc de Noailles. Montesquieu also, in a letter to Charles Yorke, politely expressed a wish to make the Author's acquaintance.

[189]

In the D.C.B article Julianus, Emperor, by J.W. (i.e. John Wordsworth,* afterwards Bp. of Salisbury) there is a careful discussion of the whole episode, which the writer regards as properly considered to be miraculous.

“It seems probable that his (Julian's) chief motive in wishing to restore the Temple at Jerusalem was the desire to increase the number of divinities who were propitious to him, & to gain the favour of the Jewish god in the prosecution of his Persian campaign. This is substantially the account given by Socrates.....¹ There is, however, an air of great probability in the statement of Philostorgius that he wished to falsify the prediction of our Blessed Lord as to the utter destruction of the Temple.”

(v. Ammianus Marcellinus² XXIII, 1-3. Loeb. II, 311. Bury* in his note on Gibbon's account throws doubt on the whole episode. “The whole story seems to have been ... a deliberate fiction of Gregory Nazianzen, from whose invective against Julian it passed to into Ambrose, Chrysostom etc.”)

But Bury had his axe to grind!

¹ I.e. Socrates of Constantinople, whose *Historia ecclesiastica* covers the years 305–439 and is one of the few early sources for Hypatia, the female mathematician and philosopher of Alexandria.

² Ammianus Marcellinus (c. 330–c. 391–400), Roman soldier and historian, whose *Res gestae* chronicled the history of Rome from the accession of the Emperor Nerva (96) to the death of Valens at the battle of Adrianople in 378.

<!170440>

[190]

Wednesday, April 17Th, 1940.

Sharp frost, cold wind, disguised but hardly mitigated by bright sun.

I received from the Under-Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn a cheque for ten guineas, being the payment for the 1st Warburton Lecture. I sent it at once into the Bank.

I dissipated the morning in revising what I had written of the 2nd Lecture. It was horribly confused, thin and largely irrelevant!

I went with James to Ipswich station, and met Ella and Fearne on their arrival from Darlington. They had travelled in long & crowded trains, and on the journey they had lost their luggage.

[symbol] The news from Norway is vague, & rather incoherent. It is evident that there has been much treachery among the Norwegians, more, perhaps, than we know even yet; that the Norwegians are dreadfully ill-equipped for serious war; that they are unable to withstand the German forces, where these are in strength; and that there is so far no evidence of any military competence in their actions. The Germans are plainly exerting themselves to strengthen their hold on the country.

<!180440>

[191]

Thursday, April 18th, 1940.

[symbol]

The wireless reports that the Warden of New College has died in hospital as the result of his accident. Fisher was born on March 21st, 1865, and was, therefore, my junior by about 18 mos. He had a very successful career – academic, literary, political. Of course he had “all the cards in his favour”, and, being intelligent, industrious and adequately ambitious, he played them well. I do not think that he was in any true sense what ~~his~~ called “a genius”, but he was eminently talented. He was, on the whole, fortunate in his opportunities, and he made the most of them. I never knew him well, nor could count myself one of his friends. But I liked him, & within the last years, after he became Warden of New College, we tended to draw together. It was at his invitation, that I undertook to write a volume of the “Home University Library” on “The English Bible”; but whether I shall ever succeed in achieving that performance becomes increasingly uncertain. The War disinclines me for exertion; and the developing weakness of old age discourages the attempt.*

[192]

After lunch we went into Ipswich in order that the ladies might recover their luggage, that Fearne might replenish her domestic supplies, and that I might get my hair cut and washed. These purposes having being [sic] fulfilled, we returned home. The weather had become wet, but the birds sang their Evensong with courage and persistence.

[symbol] I read through the “Fragment of a Letter to a Priest” which is included in Loeb’s edition of the works of the Emperor Julian. His reference to the Jews, and to his own design to rebuild the Temple, is curiously interesting.

He exhorts his readers not to give heed to those who infer the helplessness of the gods from the fact that they ~~also~~ have not saved their temples and images from profanation.

“Therefore let no man deceive us with his sayings or trouble our faith in a divine providence. For as for those who make such profanation a reproach against us, I mean the prophets of the Jews, what have they to say about their own temple, which was overthrown three times, & even now is not being raised up again? This I mention not as a [193] reproach against them, for I myself, after so great a lapse of time, intended to restore it, in honour of the god whose name has been associated with it. But in the present case I have used this instance because I wish to prove that nothing made by man can be indestructible, & those prophets who wrote such things were uttering nonsense, due to their gossiping with silly old women. In my opinion there is no reason why their god should not be a mighty god, even though he does not happen to have wise prophets or interpreters. But the real reason why they are not wise is that they have not submitted their souls to be cleansed by the regular course of study, nor have they allowed those studies to open their tightly-closed eyes, & to clear away the mist that hangs over them.”

This Fragmen[sic], it is stated, "was probably written when Julian was at Antioch on the way to Persia."

<1190440>

[194]

Friday, April 19th, 1940.

[first two paragraphs crossed through in red]

An uncomfortable gusty day, the wind cold, and being largely from the West, it made my study chimney smoke.

I worked at the 2nd Warburton, but am increasingly dissatisfied with my work.

[symbol] The Times has a leading article on Fisher, and an Obituary notice. Both are emphatically laudatory, and, I think, justly so. He was put to the test in many difficult & arduous positions, and acquitted himself well in all. And, throughout an active career, he preserved intact his intellectual interest, &, when he died, divided with George Trevelyan* the title to be described as our greatest living historian. Both of them were honoured with the O.M.

[following paragraph also crossed through in red.]

Harold Knowling informed me that he had given my name as a reference to his character. I told him that I would say as much for him as I honestly could, and no more.

I received from Lazenby* a characteristic letter of thanks for my war pamphlet. He is specially pleased with my description of neutral America as "a belligerent with limited liability."

<1200440>

[195]

Saturday, April 20th, 1940.

The day was at first wet, but it developed into a warm & pleasant evening, when the Birds sang their Evensong divinely. The flowers are making the garden bright; & if only we could shut out the consciousness of the War, which is ever being renewed by the rattle of war aeroplanes, we could be happy. But, as it is?

I worked again at the Warburton lecture, which has now attained a bulk, not wholly insufficient, but its quality!

I walked for two hours, losing my way, and making a cork-screw course through Chattisham. Dick writes cheerfully about his work, and about himself, - But he has not even yet received the copy of "The Good Fight." Why?

The Bishop of S.E. and I. sends me another request to preach at Felixstowe. But the day is Whitsunday, & I had to explain that I was pledged to preach to the University at Cambridge. I received a request to distribute prizes at Bungay in June, and to preach at Gabstone on Trinity Sunday.

<!210440>

[196]

4th Sunday, April 21st, 1940.

A brilliant morning, with a slight frost. Before going to church I wrote letters, and sent "The Good Fight" to

Di Darling
The Bishop of Hereford
Missen, the Director of Education
D.J. Dick

I attended Mattins, read the lessons, & celebrated the Holy Communion. The rector's sermon from the words in the Gospel of the Day, "He shall not speak of himself" was pretentious, incoherent, & mediievally orthodox. It could hardly have been intelligible to the Barnardo girls who formed the bulk of the congregation.

After lunch I wrote to Dick and Lionel. Colonel Smith, his sister-in-law, Philip Tallents and his sister came to tea, & then strolled about the garden. The air was balmy; the sun shining. I wrote to Charles Pattinson,* and sent a copy of "The Good Fight" to Cuthbert Headlam.*

This is really the first genuinely spring [sic] that we have yet experienced. The thermometer registered 63% [sic] in my bedroom.

[197]

Not life but death was the constant subject of his (the Stoic's) meditations. His religious director was summoned to his side, not to prepare him for eternity, but to teach him how to die. This defect alone w^d have rendered Stoicism utterly powerless with the masses of men, for the enormous demands which it made on the faith and self-denial of its adherents c^d not be sustained without the sanction & support of such a belief. The Epicurean motto, "Let us eat and drink, for tomorrow we die," base though it was, had at least this recommendation, that the conclusion did seem to follow from the premisses: but the moral teaching of the Stoic was practically summed up in the paralogism, "Let us neither eat nor drink, for tomorrow we die," where no wit of man c^d bridge over the gulf between the premisses and the conclusion.

(Bishop Lightfoot's Essay on S^t Paul and Seneca, in the Commentary on the Philippians. P. 325.)

<!220440>

[198]

Monday, April 22nd, 1940.

I wasted the morning in the preliminaries of a sermon on 2. Cor: iii. 17., which led me to look at Seneca's Essay, de Vita Beata in Loeb. His phrase "In regno nati sumus: Deo parere libertas est. (c.f. "Whose service is perfect freedom) caused me to read again Lightfoot's admirable Essay on 'S^t Paul & Seneca'.

In the afternoon, I exercised myself in weeding the paths, but an hour and a quarter was as much as I could stand. It was apparent that molesta senectus has effectually banned any personal exertions in the national cause on my part. It is humiliating, but unquestionable. I have been re-reading Feuchtwanger's rather disgusting novel, "Success. Three years in the Life of a Province". It gives a vivid description of the moral disintegration of German society after the War, and sketches vigourously [sic] and, I must needs think, truthfully, the rise of Adolph Hitler, and the cynical manoeuvres by which it was made possible. The complete chaos, mental & moral, of Young Germany is powerfully pictured.

<!230440>

[199]

Tuesday, April 23rd, 1940.

The Warden writes to acknowledge receipt of the pamphlet which he approves, and to ask me to preach in the College Chapel on June 9th. This date is fortunately vacant, so that I was able to accept his invitation.

A telegram from M^{rs} Dennistoun asking me to officiate at her daughter's marriage in S. Michael's Chester Square on Saturday next at 2.30 p.m. I didn't want to do so but was driven into consenting by an explosion of "nepotistical" sentiment on Ella's part. She has certainly made intelligible to me the strange & brazen persistence of nepotism in the history of the Christian Church. The most tenuous claim of relationship is irresistible in her eyes. Nothing is allowed to outweigh it, not convenience, or economy, or a husband's wishes, or an author's anxieties & apprehensions!

Relations are sometimes expensive as well as inconvenient, for they are inclined to assume that relationship automatically pays for railway tickets and cab-fares., to say nothing of other incidental expenditure involved in journeys to and from London.

<!240440>

[200]

Wednesday, April 24th, 1940.

I received a letter from Joanna Dennistoun about her marriage, which I have been hustled into promising that I will celebrate in S. Michael's, Chester Square, next Saturday. [symbol] The young lady is evidently of the type described by Juvenal's formula, 'Sic volo, sic jubeo':-

We would like to use the R.V of the Marriage service & w^d rather just our first names were used, Desmond & Joanna – as both of us have rather long ones. We have obtained permission from the vicar to use the R.V.

The hymns are as follows &c.

I have never yet used any other service than that which is alone legal; but, since the responsibility for obeying the law in a parish church is vested in the Incumbent, I avail myself of that casuistic plea in order to break the law under the incumbent's authority! A minor difficulty, but not negligible, is that no Revised Prayerbook is printed in type adequate to the need of my failing eyesight. Why can't people have sense enough & modesty enough to obey the Law?

[201]

The atmosphere was sultry and thunderous, very hostile to exertion. Accordingly, yet another morning was frittered away in reading, & writing letters.

In the afternoon we motored to Little Bealings, and had tea with Alington's friend, Mayall, and ex-Eton master, whose hobby is birds and flowers. The afternoon had turned out wet, so that our visit to the garden was brief & comfortless but I could see that, under more friendly sky, it would be abundantly worth looking at.

[symbol] A letter was forwarded from the Popish Archbishop's House in Westminster, to which it had mistakenly sent [sic], although it was addressed plainly enough to me, "Church House, West". It pleaded for a cheap edition of my book on the Church of England "so that my many admirers among the laity could have the inestimable pleasure of reading it!!" He said with unquestionable truth that the price is prohibitive. I could not but reply that this was a question which only the publishers were in a position to answer.

<!250440>

[202]

Thursday, April 25th, 1940.

A warm spring-like day. The flowers have rushed into opulent self-expression, and the birds are singing with impudent cheerfulness. If only this accursed War did not overcast the world, how tolerable life might be even for an aging man in the dour obscurity of retirement!

I occupied the morning in trying to write a sermon for Cambridge on Whitsunday.
I sent copies of the pamphlet to the following:

A. Mayall Esq.
Brig. Gen. Massey Lloyd
Captain J. McNeil
Bishop of Dunwich
Archdeacon Buckley
The Bishop of Chichester

I weeded the walks for an hour and a half, but even this trivial essay in manual labour demonstrated the practical ineffectiveness of the combination of inexperience and senility. At 76½, I suppose one may fairly plead one's age as an excuse for taking no active part in A.R.P. I should certainly be more troublesome than helpful!

<!260440>

[203]

Friday, April 26th, 1940.

Another fine, warm day. The swallows are flying about the house, but they have not yet shown any clear intention of building on my study.

I worked again at the Cambridge sermon, and again weeded the walks in the afternoon. The Times Literary Supplement has a long review of the last 6 vols. of Pastor's "monumental work". It is well written, and extremely astute, but quite markedly sympathetic with the Papist position. What would I give if Mark Pattison could be resuscitated, and charged with a criticism of this review!

I received from that quaint creature Tom Elliott a long letter, which only his oddity redeems from being a monstrous impertinence! He, a callow parson, whom I myself ordained only seven years ago, adopts the tone of an experienced senior counselling and criticising a rather foolish youth! Well: if, as we are assured, "praise" is "perfected" even "out of the mouths of babes and sucklings", we must not wonder if wisdom issues from the lips of the "inferior clergy". But it is rather astonishing!

<!270440>

[204]

Saturday, April 27th, 1940.

We travelled to Liverpool Street, arriving there in a long and crowded train fairly up to time, that is, at 11.35 a.m. We drove to the Athenaeum, where I arranged that we should lunch in the Carlton Club room, which gives hospitality to the Athenaeum in the present distress. I visited the hair-dresser, and the book-seller, and then re-joined my ladies for lunch. After this function, we drove to S. Michael's, Chester Square, where I officiated at the marriage of Desmond Martin and Joanna Dennistoun. There was a gathering of the cousinhood, to which I "crumbled the bread of comfortable doctrine["?], for 6 minutes. (by Fearne's reckoning) We attended the inevitable "reception": and then proceeded in a thunderstorm for our return to Liverpool Street, by the 5.12 train. We arrived at Ipswich very punctually, & were back to Hyntle Place about 7.20 p.m.

I was interested to meet Goss-Custard,* who was the organist of S. Margaret's West^t, when I was Rector, and is now organist at S^t Michael's, Chester Square.

<!280440>

[205]

5th Sunday after ~~Trinity~~ Easter, April 28th, 1940.

I received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. There is much muttering at the altar, which I suppose to be "secret" prayers, probably belonging to the Papist Mass, which Moulsdale now thinks that he can introduce without evoking protest. **He is certainly more "Roman" in aspect & manner than he was, and I find myself growing more consciously "Protestant"!** And where does Religion enter either into the Popish innovation, or into the Protestant reaction?

We attended Mattins, & listened to a sermon on Prayer, which was prefaced by the reading of a letter from the Diocesan. Moulsdale told us that prayer, like music, had to be learned by practice. The comparison discloses a curious confusion of mind, but, of course, it expresses well enough the mechanical conception of Religion which expresses itself in legalism, as well Christian as Jewish & Pagan. "They think they shall be heard for their much speaking". There was a flutter of sympathetic horror when, on turning about to receive the offertory, the Rector slipped & fell: I said a prayer, & pronounced the Benediction!

[206]

[symbol]

I read through the "Penguin Special" = "Why Britain is at War" by Harold Nicolson – which I bought to read in the train, & finished in bed last night. It is quite excellent – strong, sane, and lucid. It is having, as it deserves, a wide circulation. He is very severe on Chamberlain,* and the Times, and acknowledges the justice of Winston's unregarded warnings. It seems difficult to disprove his argument. The fatuity of "Munich" is apparent.*

No sane person can doubt the purity of the Prime Minister's intentions. The only thing that was lacking was an understanding of the true nature of the Nazi movement. M^r Chamberlain imagined that he was dealing with a national revival; he was really dealing with a world revolution, led by an almost demented fanatic. He & his adviser, Sir Horace Wilson stepped into diplomacy with the bright faithfulness of two curates entering a pub for the first time; they did not observe the difference between a social gathering & a rough house; nor did they realise that the tough guys therein assembled did not either speak or understand their language.

[207]

Monday, April 28th, 1940.

[page crossed through in red.]

A fine day, but overcast, and much colder.

I continued work on the Cambridge sermon.

In the afternoon James and I dug up the piece of turf in the kitchen garden with a view to planting it with potatoes.

I sent back to Sir Bernard Lomas-Walker, the book on the Law about arbitrators, together with a note thanking him for lending it to me, and sending him a copy of "The Good Fight". M^r Mayall wrote civilly to thank me for the War pamphlet, which he had read "with the greatest interest and enjoyment", and which his family are "now absorbing".

Archdeacon Buckley, also thanks me for his copy, and adds

"I was interested in your reference to the Encyclopaedists because I have been studying them a good deal lately: though they were not Christians, Diderot at any rate was a professed Atheist. I cannot help feeling that they were more on the side of the angels than the autocracy they were attacking."

[208]

I started to read Sir Neville Henderson's* book "Failure of a Mission", and found it almost painfully interesting. His Prologue ends thus:-

[following quotation crossed through in red.]

True to our own spirit of freedom, we are fighting for the moral standards of civilised life, in the full realisation of our responsibilities and of the cost which we must pay for shouldering them. All that is best in this generation of the British nation, and particularly of its youth, has dedicated itself to the higher cause of humanity in the future, and it is in humble recognition of that marvellous fact that I myself dare to dedicate this book to the people of the British Isles, to the men & women of its streets and factories, shores, & countryside."

[symbol] I cannot but think that this candid & thoughtful picture of the final phase of pre-war diplomacy will do much to instruct and encourage the British people, and to protect them from the cunning & degrading sophistries of the mingled crowd of shirkers & defeatists.

<!300440>

[209]

Tuesday, April 30th, 1940.

[following two paragraphs crossed through in red]

A close thunderous day, hostile to work. I continued to work on the Cambridge sermon which displeases me increasingly.

The Bishop of S.E. & I. writes to tell me that [William] Hodgson,* the Vicar of Hartest, died a few weeks ago. He had been 33 years in Orders, and of these six were spent in Hartest. His appointment was a gross scandal, and was made by Ramsay Macdonald* in the teeth of full knowledge of his unsatisfactory character and unworthy record. He illustrated the grave risks which attach to the Ordination of ignorant men of the working class, and the scandalous exercise of political patronage.

[symbol] Dick [Elliott]* tells me that he has at last received the copy of "The Good Fight", which I sent him.

"I have read it carefully, & enjoyed it immensely, & can say truthfully that I agreed with every word of it. Out here, I think, we tend to become a little cynical &, remembering that the last war was described at the time as a Crusade on the part of the allies, doubt whether this war can be rightly given the same description [210] it was therefore both refreshing and encouraging to read your pamphlet.

Yesterday we listened to the broadcast of the speech which M^r Duff Cooper* made at the S^t George's Day banquet. It was, I thought, a deplorable performance for it contained just those statements which the public wants to hear, but which are thoroughly wrong & mischievous e.g. that the Germans are all cads, & that they are entirely responsible for the War, & that the sooner they are exterminated the better.

I am interested in Dick's account of the feeling at the Front, because I cannot doubt that it is a true picture of the general feeling of the British troops. The men have definitely moved beyond the plane of noisy "patriotism", and they are morally more advanced than the professional politicians like Duff Cooper can understand. I felt repugnance when I heard the S. George's Day oration, & though it quite recklessly unwise as well as unfair.