

**Henson Journal Volume 82**

**1 January 1941 – 10 March 1941**

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]

**New Year's Day, 1941.**

A bright day, but very cold. The Honours List is long, and contains some interesting items. Everybody who respects fine scholarship and reveres high character will be pleased that the O.M. vacated by [Herbert] Fisher's\* death is bestowed on Gilbert Murray.\* Hugh Cecil\* goes to the Lords, adding greatly to its oratorical distinction, & increasing the large representation of the Cecilian clan in that assembly.

I wrote to congratulate them both, though I don't really like the extension of political dynasties. Still, Hugh Cecil will be a notable addition to the House of Lords, & he will "deal faithfully" with the Bishops.

In the afternoon we motored to Little Hawksley with the object of seeing the bomb-smitten parish church. We reached the parish, but failed to find the said church, & were told that it had been reduced to a heap of rubbish.

General Smuts\* has addressed a letter to the world in which he states his conviction that 1941 will be decisive, & that Hitler will be defeated if America enters the War. He expects that America will have to intervene, and that Hitler will have to fling himself against Britain in a final desperate attack.

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[2]

**Thursday, January 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1941.**

A bitterly cold day. I received, and answered, a letter from the Abp. of C. inquiring about Leonard Wilson, who was Vicar of Eighton Banks (1930-35) and of S. Andrew's, Roker (1935-38), and who is now being considered for the Bishoprick of Singapore. I gave him a favourable character.

I employed the morning in considering what I should preach about in the Abbey on Palm Sunday, & I decided that I would preach about Caiaphas as an illustration of false casuistry. "It is expedient that one man should die for the people, & that the whole nation perish not." On this text, I preached in the Abbey on Palm Sunday (March 27<sup>th</sup> 1904), and that sermon, somewhat shortened & revised, might serve again. There is something alluring in the audacity of repeating, after 37 years, what is substantially the same discourse. But it must be given some direct reference to the War. Perhaps, the plea for 'Reprisals' might serve as an illustration of false casuistry.

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[3]

Friday, January 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1941.

There was a considerable fall of snow during the night, and the weather continues bitterly cold. D. Douglas Johnson, in thanking me for a copy of 'The Good Fight' asks me to send him a list of my published writings, and adds,

"I find your writings very stimulating indeed, particularly your method of dealing with history. In fact you have the same touch in Church History as H. A. L. Fisher in his 'History of Europe' .....

I should like to add if I may that I have a special admiration for the way in which you set down objectively what appears to you to be the truth, irrespective of how inconvenient or otherwise such an objective statement may be to your fellow administrators. All loyal Christians must hope that God will continue to give to His Church those who are prepared to be a little detached from the ordinary traditions & prejudices so as to be able to make such objective statements."

What am I to make of this? The writer is quite unknown to me.

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[4]

**Saturday, January 4<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The bitter cold continues, & snow covers the country.

Edwyn Bevan\* replies pleasantly to my letter. He writes:

I agree with you that Vansittart's arraignment of Germany was in some ways unfortunate. The whole idea of permanent race characteristics is unscientific, and it is peculiarly absurd for an Englishman (or Dutchman) to bring in the evil propensities of the ancient Germans when after all we and the Dutch are as much the descendants of the ancient Germans as the present day inhabitants of Germany. His presentation of the case was also extremely one-sided & he left out all mention of the aggressions made upon Germany by the French in the days of Louis xiv. I doubt whether it can be made out that the German people in recent centuries have had any markedly aggressive propensities. The [5] trouble about them has been their docility when thrown into War by their rulers (Frederick the Great, etc.) who had aggressive propensities. That they are easily worked up into feelings of grievance, that they have no great detestation of the evil deeds of their rulers, & tend to admire successful violence is probably true.

I have not yet read Inge's\* Fallen Idols. I remember some one who knew Inge more intimately than I do once telling me he doubted whether Inge had ever had familiar converse with any British working man in his life, but he had in his mind a picture of the British working man, and whenever it came up before him, he saw red.

Ruth Spooner\* writes much to the same effect about Inge:-

I do so agree with every word you say about Ralph & his point of view, & I always feel it is so funnily amateur of a 1<sup>st</sup> class intelligence to theorize, & [6] lay down the law on a subject – the working man's mentality and conditions – about which he knows absolutely nothing.

I received also a letter from Dick, who is still at Weston-super-Mare awaiting orders for departure over-seas. I wrote to him forthwith.

I occupied myself with the Autobiography, which I like the less, as I proceed. How can one reasonably imagine that any sane person can get up the faintest interest in the thoughts & deeds of an obscure person in the time before the Great War? My voluminous Journal might be of some interest to my descendants, if I had any, but I am childless, & it were foolish to suppose that outside my family there could be any desire to know what I thought and did. I am greatly moved to bid [?] James arrange for an Auto da Fe in the Garden, for the final destruction of my papers, Journal & Sermons!

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[7]

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Christmas, January 5<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The weather continues to be cold, but, perhaps, there is a slight rise in the temperature. In spite of the snow on the roads, Fearne elected to adopt the valourous course of motoring into Ipswich, instead of travelling by the bus. We reached S. Mary-le-Tower just as the Church Parade was dispersing. I had a few words with the Padre, a young-looking parson named Birch. There was not a large congregation, but it was very attentive. I preached from the words in Hebrews xi. 27 "He endured as seeing Him who is invisible." After the service, we received the Holy Communion. We lunched in the Vicarage, with the Vicar & his wife & 3 children. Just as we were starting to return to Hintlesham, the 'alert' sounded.

The Vicar told me that there were many Pacifists in Ipswich, partly, perhaps, because the Quakers have been long established in the City. It appears that this foolish doctrine appeals specially to adolescents.

On our way home we stopped to obtain petrol, & the car was damaged by the clumsy violence of the petrol-servers, to Fearne's exceeding indignation!

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[8]

**Monday, January 6<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

Badia has surrendered. The Italians collapsed rather surprisingly at the end, but the bombardment from sea, land, and air, to which they had been subjected, had been appalling. The Australian troops are reported to have acted with great valour. 25,000 prisoners, & an immense quantity of war-material have been captured. Mussolini's position in Italy can hardly be unaffected, nor Hitler's policy.

I received pleasant letters from both the Archbishops. Cantuar: writes

“I do not know how far all these troubles will affect your restoration to your canonry at Westminster.”

The notion that I might resign on the ground that the actual situation provides no opportunity for “War-work” has presented itself to my own mind.

Ebor writes:

The destruction is heart-breaking, but is making us all realize how far less important is the greatest [9] material treasure than the spirit of constancy.

Coventry [Mervyn Haigh]\* attributes to the newspaper reporters most of the ill impression which his speech about ‘Reprisals’ created.

“I was dealing with one specific point. Experience & knowledge alike suggest that the Gov<sup>t</sup> may be minimizing the element of discrimination (as distinct from indiscriminate bombing), and the effectiveness of these attacks on our industrial cities, & that it might be well for us (if we can) to concentrate more planes on larger targets.

Christians, involved in War, horrible through & through as it is, can easily become demoralized. They can give way to the lust for revenge & make light of the difference between one degree of beastliness & another. But they can also become sentimental. They can exaggerate these differences, pretend to an unjustified degree of moral superiority, & let a lot of moral indignation explode in mere [10] words, instead of deeds calculated to discourage evil & avert its worst effects.

I cannot write fully. But this much may be enough to save me from your worst suspicions.

He describes his own experiences very graphically. He has had “two very narrow escapes”. Then he adds:-

Pray God, you do go on with something in the way of an Autobiography. You really owe it to my generation & to posterity. Nobody could give more enduring

impressions of people & things these last fifty years. Pray do, Carpe diem. And may  
be Memory will grow still clearer & impressions still more clear-cut with the effort.

Yours with all respect & affection,  
Mervyn C.



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[11]

**Tuesday, January 7<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The bitter cold continues, & the country is white. Ella and Fearne made their necessary visit to Ipswich in the bus, judging the frozen road unduly perilous for the car.

That queer creature Canon J. A. Douglas, Sec. of the C. of E. Council on Foreign Relations, sends me some extracts from a recent speech in London of the Greek Minister "which though in poor dumb language says precisely the same as you have said." I thanked him for his friendly letter.

Then I resumed the attempt to construct an autobiography, but without success. I can't succeed in distinguishing between what is personal to myself and quite uninteresting to anybody else, and what does really possess some public interest, & is concerned with matters which no longer concern the public! Yet, I am reluctant to abandon the project, and to destroy the entire record of my long and troubled life. Of course Hitler may solve the problem for me. Bombs are decisive casuists, whose verdict may not be challenged!

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[12]

**Wednesday, January 8<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The snow still covers the land, but there seems some likelihood of a thaw.

Old Baden Powell,\* the Founder of the Boy Scout Movement, has died in Kenya at the age of 83. He has left his own memorial. Few lives can have been more exciting, more varied, or more fruitful.

I slept badly last night, and felt the fact all day in a humiliating disinclination to work. However I did resume this foolish essay in autobiography, but made small progress. I am not important enough to justify more than a brief sketch, yet I have in my Journal material for a large work! It might, in more ordinary times, be worth while to run a continuous story in some newspaper, if any Editor could be found sanguine enough to undertake it! But I doubt whether there could be found any sufficient volume of public interest. Only Sex, Socialism, & Spiritualism can attract readers now, and I loathe the entire boring Trinity. Sex is a condition: socialism a blunder: & spiritualism an absurdity!

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[13]

Thursday, January 9<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

There was a brief fallacious thaw in the forenoon, but the roads were slippery in places, & there was promise of more frost. I walked for an hour in the sun-warmed & sheltered walk outside my boundary. It is almost exactly 100 yards in length.

I continued my effort at the Autobiography, but still with little success. Rait's\* volume – “Memorials of Albert Venn Dicey:\* being chiefly Letters and Diaries” Macmillan. 1925 – gives an attractive and readable sketch of a life which extended from 1835 to 1922 – 87 years – in 301 pages. But it is obvious that he had no such volume of biographically worthless material as my Journal provides! And Dicey was, in his curious way, a very fascinating subject. This would mean at least 100,000 words, about the same amount as my Gifford Lectures. I have written about 10,000 words, and have not yet got out of Barking! There yet remain Ilford, Westminster, Durham (Deanery), Hereford, Bishoprick of Durham, Canonry of Westminster (2<sup>nd</sup>), which are probably far more autobiographically important, and from the public's point of view (if it has one) far more interesting.

[14]

Speaking to the boys of his old school in 1900, Dicey gave them, as the product of his own experience, four maxims for the expression of thought:

- (1) Before you try to say something well, take care you have something to say.
- (2) Obtain, if you can, command of a copious vocabulary. To some people this gift comes almost by nature, to others, and to most, the adequate command of words is itself a difficult acquisition.
- (3) One word for one thing. Another word for another thing. This is the whole secret of style. This maxim of Bentham, if properly understood, does not lead to, but in fact is a caution against, repetition. We use the same word because we do not distinguish different things.
- (4) Arrangement of thought more than anything else, is the fundamental secret of a good style. It enjoins going direct to our subject, & it enjoins placing everything in its right place.

v. Memorials of A. V. Dicey. ed. Rait p. 89.

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[15]

**Friday, January 10<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

Dick's promised photograph arrived. It shows the marks of bitter experience on the countenance of an affectionate & high-souled young man. No man could have passed through the 'fiery trial' of Dunkirk without being the better, or the worse, for the ordeal. I hope, and think, that Dick will be spiritually helped, though matured & in some sense, hardened. The saying still holds that it is through much tribulation that we must enter the kingdom.

I received a long & highly characteristic letter from [7th Marquess of] Londonderry.\* He persists in his egotistic retrospect, in which he envisages himself as the one statesman who could, had but his advice been followed, have averted the War. But I prefer Winston\* as a leader, and approve a fight to a finish.

Also, I had a letter from the Dean of Westminster, who is going into Devonshire for a brief rest with his wife: he writes

You are responsible for all the Sunday sermons save those on Easter Day, which is the Dean's responsibility. He also nominates the Preachers during Holy Week, & for the Three Hours on Good Friday.

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[16]

Saturday, January 11<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

I received from Gilbert Murray a felicitously worded acknowledgment of my congratulations on his O.M. He has had it printed for general use, but he adds in his own hand-writing a brief note:

“Your letter does me too much honour, but I value it all the more as a mark of friendship.”

Hugh Cecil also thanks me, & hopes we shall meet in London.

Then I returned, like the Apostolic sow, to “wallowing in the mire”, I mean, my miserable essay in Autobiography. I was interested to read Dicey’s reflection on his own attempt to compile an “Autobiography” when he was 87. He was a considerable figure, both academic and political, & he wrote legal books which have become classics. Yet he seems to have been greatly perplexed how best to proceed. He describes himself as a slow worker, but he had an amazing facility of speech, and utilized it by dictating his books & letters.

[17]

“There has been nothing whatever extraordinary in my life itself or in the work I have done, but I am intensely conscious that the sort of way in which I have looked at life, & the matters which have interested me, have been to a certain extent the inevitable result of being brought up at home by very good and intelligent parents who were earnest Whigs & sincere though not violent Evangelicals. Some people have an exaggerated liking for a personal element in anything which is more or less autobiographical, and others, with quite equal reason, dislike and condemn any personal allusions to the writer himself.

v. Memorials p. 286.

Dicey was, I think, sincerely religious, with a marked admiration for Quakers & Unitarians. He greatly admired F. D. Maurice, but mainly because he was the Founder of the Working Men’s College in London, & his own predecessor in the Presidency of that institution. He once presented me with a little book, “Quaker Strongholds”, which he highly regarded.

[18]

I received the following from D<sup>r</sup> Oxford, to whom I had written a friendly letter.

13 Talbot House,  
98 St. Martin’s Lane,  
W. C.

Jan. 9<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

My dear Henson,

You cannot tell how delighted I was to get your letter. It is many years since we last met, the last occasion was when you dined with Dick Sheppard at the Union Club, and I sat at the same table. I remember very well our visit to Drain at Cardiff. The old man had a vast knowledge of antiquities, as well as a wise taste in food & drinks. He used to get his tea from Shanghai, where he paid 10/- per lb. for it, & then had to pay the customs duty in England. All these years I have often thought of you, & I vividly remember my sorrow when you were not made Archbishop of Canterbury. [19] How different things might have been had you been appointed! I am venturing to send you a little book with which you will probably not agree.

I seem to be living in a sort of dream while this War goes on. It all seems too fantastic. I am not feeling very happy as my daughter has been in a home for nearly a year, suffering from a mental breakdown. She is now recovering, but progresses slowly: and I am 86.

Ever yours,

A. W. Oxford.

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Oxford moved ecclesiastically out of Anglo-Catholicism, to an extreme latitudinarianism. He had been a doctor before his Ordination, & when he retired from active ministry, he did not renounce his Orders, but resumed his medical work, and attached himself as a voluntary curate to Dick Sheppard's staff at S. Martin's. He was a queer creature, but I liked him.

[20]

The booklet which Oxford sends me is called "Masonry, Medicine, and Morals" and was published by Methuen in 1939. On the fly-leaf instead of the usual dedication is the following:

Here are a few stray thoughts by a Blind Octogenarian on three subjects which have occupied most of his Working Life.

A brief "Foreword" by Philip Inman describes him as "a leading figure in the three spheres about which he writes".

"Dr Oxford describes himself as "a blind octogenarian". His long life has been filled with great works. Out of his vast experience he speaks in this book, & many are those who, knowing & loving the man, will wish to read what he has written on those subjects to which he has devoted his life".

I read through the pamphlet with admiration for his lucidity and candour. Free-masons, doctors, and ministers of religion might "read mark and learn" it with profit.

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[21]

1<sup>st</sup> Sunday after Epiphany, January 12<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

It has often been observed by the students of human life that unhappiness has its origin, less in the greater calamities of daily experience, than in the iterated irritation of petty annoyance. Thus I find myself considerably agitated by the vocal exertions of an excellent maid, whom I have call Platipod [?], because she treads with the emphasis of a mammoth, who combines a tuneless voice with an ardour for hymn singing. D<sup>r</sup> Glover tells us that the early Christians were distinguished for their irrepressible cheerfulness, which led them to compose & sing hymns. Perhaps this habit was one reason for their undoubted unpopularity among their pagan neighbours, whose religion was less disposed to ~~xxx~~ the harmless exercise of thanksgiving than to orgies of blood-letting, beastly & human! Be this as it may, the persistent praises of Platipod [?] “get on my nerves”, & carry me into a temper of most unchristian resentment. Yet the moral fault, which ought to determine the measure of one’s indignation, is at a minimum. Enough the consequent exasperation is so great. This is a great mystery.

[Page numbers 20 – 21 repeated]

[20]

I must have contracted a fresh cold when taking my constitutional yesterday, for I had a sore throat when I got up & felt sufficiently dilapidated to send a note to the Rector explaining my absence from Church. I wrote to the Dean of Westminster, and to Dick thanking him for his photograph.

I read through the journal of a little holiday which I took abroad by myself in August – Sept. 1894. I made divers observations, & recorded divers reflections which, though of no interest to anybody else, bring back much to me. It was a brief tour along a much travelled route, but it was new ground for me. From Calais ~~up~~ to Brussels [sic], & then to Cologne up the Rhine to Mainz. Then by way of Wurzburg, Munich, Ulm & Constance into Switzerland to France. Reims, Laon, & Chartres, and so back to Calais & Dover. I wrote many letters to the Barking folk, and after a brief visit to my family in Broadstairs, I returned to the parish, much refreshed in body & mind. There is nothing equal in tonic power to foreign travel.

[21]

Tuesday, Sept. 4<sup>th</sup> 1894.

I spent the morning in visiting Constance, and was richly rewarded. The “General Council” overshadows everything; & Johannes Hass is the patron saint of the place. I went first to S<sup>t</sup> Stephen’s Church, where I observed with interest a priest instructing 5 young boys in the art of “serving”. One is too much in the habit of forgetting the background of drill which is behind ceremonial. A curious evidence of the importance attached to the Council was provided by a tablet to a “honestus vir” who died in 1415. “Tempore concilii generalis” is added to the date.

I heard Mass in the Cathedral, & was again greatly pleased with the large & devout congregation. The Protestant cant about a service in an unknown tongue is blown to the winds by a visit to these Roman churches. I would give much to be able to feel sure that our services were as well comprehended by the "vulgar".

There are fine oak doors with carved panels, & an inscription giving their carver's name, and the date, 1470. The cloisters, of which [22] two sides of the square remain, are splendid examples of rich Gothic work. Then I walked to the house where John Huss lived, & sketched the curious contemporary relief & verses. The collection in the Museum was largely geological and "curious". I was mostly interested in the relics of Huss. The cart in which he & his chaplain were conveyed to the Council Meetings is there, & I made a rough sketch of it. There also was the more painful relic of his prison door & window, & the stone whereto he was chained. His prison was my hotel - the quondam Dominican Monastery. I also noticed with great interest the canopy and chairs used by Martin V and Sigismund on the 21<sup>st</sup> Nov, 1417, the day of the former's coronation as Pontiff. I observed a lugubrious picture of Huss's principal teacher, Wicliffe [sic]. The Mass-book of John XXIII suggested mixed feelings. Unless History has lied [23] most grossly, he must have been a champion rogue. Then I took refuge from a thunder shower in the Curia Pacis where Barbarossa made treaty with the burghers of Italy in 1170. But my greatest delight was the Council Hall. I cannot express the ecstasy with which I walked that famous chamber. The most numerous, most powerful, most futile of Councils! I stepped out the Hall 44 paces by 26 – very low pitched about 14 feet. The roof supported by two rows of stout wooden piers & the walls adorned with modern paintings of the History of Constance.

I sate down, & tried to think the whole wretched business out. Then, as is usual with me when unduly excited, I scribbled helplessly the lines I have set down.

Here sate the Church's princes. Far & near  
The cries of Christendom had smote the ear.  
For that the scandal of the Church's shame  
Through all the West spread wide disastrous fame.

[24]

Here held the princes counsel. Pastors they  
They of all men pledged to read the narrow way.  
The incense of the prayers of all the lands  
Rose daily for the strengthening of their hands.  
Prince, peer, & burger, servant law  
Longed but the sentence of their will to know.  
All loyal hearts flamed high with noble rage  
To end the night, bring back the golden age.  
The princes sate, they counselled, they declared their will.  
Alas (Christ help His Church!) her wounds are bleeding still.

I went on to Shaffhausen, & saw the Falls of the Rhine. They are superb; I did not expect such great things. The prospect from the terrace of the Schweizer Hof is quite



perfect. River, Falls, Pine wood, Hills, town – it is a grand view. A desperately slow train took me back to Basel.

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[25]

**Monday Tuesday, January 14<sup>th</sup>, 1941.** [No entry for Monday, January 13<sup>th</sup>, 1941.]

A cold day, but fine. In the afternoon we motored to Higsley, a hamlet beyond Hadleigh, and called on M<sup>rs</sup> Chevalier, who hospitably insisted on giving us tea. Her brother is the head master of the school at which John Owen was prepared for Eton. Her husband is a soldier. They live in a pleasant old house dating from 15<sup>th</sup> century.

I occupied the day with the rather humiliating task of reading my Ilford journal. It becomes increasingly evident to me that the five years which I spent at the Hospital Chapel in Ilford were of critical importance in my life. Then I reflected on the seven hectic years of my Barking ministry, and realized some grave defects in it. Then, I became generally known as a preacher, and as a controversialist. Then I did definitely adopt a hostile attitude towards the Roman Church, led thereto partly by the Dreyfus case, which I followed with painful interest, partly by my personal acquaintance with its proselytising methods, and partly by my study of the history of the Vatican Council. My faith in the Establishment was much weakened, & my latitudinarian [26] tendency, shaped and stimulated by my reading of critical literature. I began the probably unwise practice of writing to the newspapers, especially the Times. Then also I entered on my uniformly unsuccessful career as a writer of books. The reasons why none of my published writings had the measure of success implied in their reaching a second edition were not wholly discreditable. They served no party interest, and, therefore, gained no party support. They were largely homiletic, and publishers are at one in testifying that there is no public demand for sermons. I lacked the normal auxiliaries of an author's success. No personal aids were available – neither family, nor public school, nor the choice of popular subjects. Moreover, I never failed to provoke the active hostility of influential forces. Add to these more or less impersonal causes, the immaturity and intellectual poverty of the books themselves, & their failure is sufficiently explained.

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[27]

**Wednesday, January 15<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

At the beginning of 1893, I was laid low by a very severe attack of influenza, and, though I succeeded in working through Lent, it was apparent to everybody and to myself, that I must "call a halt". When, therefore, Henry Wakeman,\* who had wintered in San Moritz, asked me to be his guest at Badenweiler in the Black Forest, I gladly consented. On April 7<sup>th</sup>, I left England, and returned at the beginning of May. For three weeks, Wakeman and I were together in the Hotel Römerbad at Badenweiler. My journal records an extremely pleasant & restful time, relieved and enriched by continuous discussions of religious & ecclesiastical questions. He was both a generous host and a delightful comrade. We had much in common for he was a cultivated ecclesiastical historian, and his churchmanship, though more securely orthodox than mine, for he was a convinced Tractarian, and I was certainly not to be brought under that description, was yet so far harmonious that our conception of Anglicanism & the social obligation of Churchmanship were in fundamental agreement.

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[28]

**Thursday, January 16<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The thermometer in my bedroom at 7 a.m. registered 38° degrees. The snow lay white & crisp on the land, and there was all the promise which a fine winter's day fulfilled.

Still I toiled at this preposterous experiment in Autobiography. I think (if it ever emerges) it might be entitled

Memories, personal & professional, confirmed and corrected by a Private Journal,  
by an Outsider.

Whether it would be wise to put the poor thing out under its author's name, I am not sure. The pseudonym would be immediately interpreted. Yet it is as an Outsider that I have lived & worked, and it is as an Outsider's experiences & judgments that the record must be appraised.

I took my constitutional on the 'quarter-deck' which was very pleasant, sun-swept and sheltered from the wind.

Dick writes to say that his troops & he will not move abroad for another month.

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[29]

Friday, January 17<sup>th</sup>, 1940.

The thermometer in my bedroom at 7a.m. stood at 34%. I tremble lest the pipes shall be frozen.

The only letter was one from M<sup>r</sup> Heathcote telling me that his daughter, respecting whom he wrote to me last September, & in whose behalf I then wrote to [John] Simon,\* & received from him a friendly reply, is still interned, & repeating his plea for my intervention. This is very distressing, but it is hard to see what I can do. Yet I am loth to leave the wretched girl unhelped.

Is this episode explicable by the quality attributed to Simon by the French, & styled "fausse bonhomie"

I wasted another morning over the "Autobiography". It occurs to me that separate chapters might treat of

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|--------------------------|------------------------|
| 1. Controversies         | 10. Birmingham         |
| 2. Changes of opinion.   | 11. The Enabling Act.  |
| 3. Letters to The Times. | 12. Diocesan Changes.  |
| 4. Books.                | 13. The Group Movement |
| 5. The House of Lords    | 14. Letters.           |
| 6. Visits to Windsor.    | 15. My Journal.        |
| 7. America.              | 16 "The Bishoprick".   |
| 8. Sweden                | 17. Ordinations        |
| 9. Putumayo              | 18. Coronations.       |

[30]

Probably there ought to be a chapter on the 2 Lambeth Conferences which I attended.

An Autobiography cannot avoid the unpleasant quality of egotism, but it ought not be either conceited or self-advertising, & these are not easy to avoid when an attempt is made to analyse the Author's character & performance. Thus, to give but an example, if I try to explain the reasons why I drew to myself, in a really exceptional measure, the personal devotion of so many working-people in Barking, it is difficult to write decently about oneself. Much must be ascribed to my youth. I was just 25 years old when I was appointed. Much to the fact that I was then (I am not sure now) entirely fearless & unconventional, & most to the fact (there is no other way of describing it) that I really loved them. Explain it how you will, the fact is unquestionable. I felt myself to be trusted & loved by an increasing number of men & lads. The boys were with me from the start, but boys will give their hearts quickly to anybody whom they like.

[31]

M<sup>r</sup> Heathcote (v. Journal for Sept 7<sup>th</sup>, 10<sup>th</sup>, & 21<sup>st</sup>, 1940) writes to say that his daughter is still interned. I replied as follows:-

Dear M<sup>r</sup> Heathcote,

I did write to the Lord Chancellor (Lord Simon) with whom I am acquainted, & he replied to me on Sept. 21<sup>st</sup> saying that he had sent my letter to the Home Secretary, & was sure that attention w<sup>d</sup> be given to it. Since then I have heard nothing, & had allowed myself to hope that all was well. I think you sh<sup>d</sup> prepare a statement of your daughter's case as clearly and concisely as you can, and send it to me. I will then forward it with a covering letter from myself to the Home Secretary. That seems to me all that it is in my power to do, as I have no personal knowledge of the young lady.

You must remember that the pressure of the War on the Gov<sup>t</sup> is very severe, & the problem of dealing justly with suspected individuals is extremely difficult.

Believe me, sincerely yrs.  
H Hensley Henson Bp

F Heathcote Esq.  
54 Wilberforce Road  
Finsbury Park  
London. N. 4.

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[32]

**Saturday, January 18<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

My cousin writes to tell me that Holmcote House Hotel, where he is living with his wife, has been burned to the ground. His wife, though aged and paralyzed, was safely removed to an adjoining farm-house, and appears to have taken no hurt. He writes in a manly, even cheerful way about an experience which must have been terrible. But the destruction of all his boots, clothes, & "treasures" is horribly inconvenient, & distressing. I wrote immediately to sympathize.

Then I went back to the Autobiography, which moves as reluctantly as Pharaoh's chariot wheels when they essayed a "short cut" over the Red Sea.

The severe whether [sic] continues, & after lunch, developed into another snow-storm. I kept in my study.

The war-news is hardly comfortable. Hitler seems to be organizing a formidable attack on our Mediterranean front; & has made a rather disconcerting denouement by sinking a cruiser & damaging an aeroplane-carrier which were [33] convoying supplies to Greece. The Germans are making their presence felt in Albania. The Greeks maintain their offensive, and we are pressing forward in Libya, but there are signs of further Nazi aggressions in the Balkans, & the alliance between Hitler & Stalin has been renewed.

The Prime Minister's speech in Glasgow, as heard on the wireless, has rather a desperate ring as of a man who is fighting with his back to the wall. It struck me as designed rather for U.S.A., than for this country. He said that in 1941 Britain had no need of men, but only of ships, aeroplane, & munitions. This announcement would obviously assist the progress of the Bill in the U.S. Assembly for clothing the President with little short of absolute power in the matter of sending help to Britain short of actually declaring War against the Axis. Churchill did, however, say that, though he could not promise victory, this year, he thought he might say that before its end we should see that the way to victory lay open to us. About 10 p.m. the electric light failed!

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[34]

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Epiphany, January 19<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

There was no electric light to assist the process of getting up, but the maids so far rose to the occasion as to bring me hot water for shaving. The inherent, and apparently incurable, disadvantage of using electricity for so many convenient purposes – lighting, heating, cooking, &c – is that its failure, which must happen at intervals throws all the machinery of civilization into confusion ^was brought home to us^. Of course, provision may, indeed must be made, for some alternative light, but, even so, the inconvenience and dislocation are considerable. This morning though I dressed and shaved, I had to do without a bath. Even cold water was practically unobtainable – for the electric pump, which draws our water supply from the well, was out of action. Civilization will be finally undone by its dependence on electrical gadgets! But I did find a good fire in my study, and we breakfasted by another in the smoking room not uncomfortably.

[35]

I did not go to church, though consciously rebuked by the behaviour of my devout wife who would not be hindered by the snow from her religious duty. On the whole I feel disposed to regard old age as a time of decay, spiritual not less than physical.

I occupied myself in composing a brief letter to the Times under the heading, “The British Army – Officers & Men”. My motives were consciously twofold. On the one hand, I wished to offer an “olive branch” to the Editor, who had rejected my last letter, though with a civil explanation of his reasons; on the other hand, I wished a certain factor in the discussion of Col. Bingham’s denunciation of modern officers, viz. the change in the quality of the British soldier, to be taken into account, if and when the subject is debated in the House of Commons. Fearne, whose social ideas are those of the old Marchioness of Castlewood in Esmond, highly disapproved, but Ella was good enough to give a mitigated approbation, and so the epistle was despatched.

Also, I wrote to Dick.

[36]

Also, I wrote to Tom Elliott in the Isle of Man thanking him, rather belatedly, for his New Year’s good wishes, & his baby’s photograph by which they were accompanied, & inquiring whether it was the case that the Bishop of Man possessed a privilegium which enabled them to override the canon by ordaining men to the diaconate at the age of 21.

About 5 p.m. the electric light again illumined us. The short privation made it doubly welcome. Then I wrote to Stannard,\* the Rector of Bishopwearmouth, who has just accepted appointment to the Archdeaconry of Doncaster in the diocese of Sheffield. To encourage his modesty, and withal to correct his vanity, I related the college story about Alfred Blomfield\* when he was first made an Archdeacon, & thus admitted to Gaiterdom, how he was heard to soliloquize, standing before the Common Room fire, & contemplating



admiringly his truly prelatical calves – “It is said on high authority that the Lord delighteth in no man’s legs; but there are, there must be, exceptions to every rule”!

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[37]

Monday, January 20<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

It is certainly warmer, but not sufficiently so to allow the opinion that the cold spell has ended. In the course of the morning there was a brisk snowstorm, and the streets are reported to be a horrible mélange of slush and ice!

The late American ambassador, Kennedy, has spoken rather unpleasantly about the attitude of his country. He seems to think that that Axis may be victorious after all, but, instead of drawing the obvious inference, that, if the victory of Britain is, as he professes to think, essential to the security of the U.S.A. the aid to Britain ought to be immediate & unlimited, he pleads or seems to plead, for holding Britain at arm's length. The man is a Papist, &, perhaps, models himself on the non-committal attitude of His Holiness!

Pétain and Laval are reported to have "buried the hatchet", but what the effect of this will be is not yet disclosed. Hitler & Mussolini are said to have ^had^ another "heart to heart" conference! The only cheering piece of news comes from Abyssinia, where there really seems to be a hopeful revolt against the Italians under English leading.

[38]

I devoted the whole morning to the autobiography, but with strangely small result. The difficulties accumulate as I proceed, and almost prohibit advance.

At 6 p.m. I listened to the broadcast of the President's Inaugural Address in Washington. It was prefaced, and followed by a vast amount of incredibly foolish & vulgar description of persons and actions. The address itself was (perhaps inevitably,) expressed in flamboyant phrases, & proclaimed with passionate fervour the virtue of democracy, & the unique excellences of the American version thereof. It avoided all direct reference to the War, but of course, could not but be understood with reference to it. The speech was preceded by a prayer, and followed by a Benediction, which was really another prayer. It made very apparent that the absence of an Established Church does by no means involve the irreligion or secularisation of the State. This is a fact which may well be noted by those numerous Anglicans who identify disestablishment with national Apostasy.

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[39]

**Tuesday, January 21<sup>st</sup>, 1941.**

The thaw appears to have set in, and the roads are filled with slush & snow.

My letter appears in the Times, with one or two small editorial embellishments. This pleases me as it may be taken to indicate that the correspondence columns of that great journal are not yet closed to me. Then I returned to the Autobiography, & wrote a few pages.

Harford, the Vicar of [blank] came to lunch, & continued here until about 5 p.m., when he went back to his parish. I read him some extracts from what I had written, &, of course, he applauded them; but in his situation he could hardly do otherwise.

Roosevelt's speech is printed in full in the morning papers. The Daily Herald very pertinently published Lincoln's famous Gettysburg speech. It is not too much to say that the two speeches are equally great.

Fearne is panic stricken by the announcement that more women must come forward to make munitions, & that, if they don't do so voluntarily, the Government will apply coercion. I preach to her the comforting counsel of the Sermon on the Mount. "Be not anxious", but she is oddly inaccessible to that kind of argument.

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[40]

Wednesday, January 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1941.

The thaw continues, & the country is resuming its normal appearance.

I reflected much in bed during an interval of sleeplessness on the subjects of my preaching in the Abbey during April. There are ~~eight~~ six sermons on four Sundays, viz. Palm Sunday and ~~three~~ two Sundays after Easter. I decided that Palm Sunday had best be treated separately, and the post-Easter Sundays devoted to a short course on Christian Civilization. The last would enable me to be sufficiently "topical", and give opportunity for correcting the exaggerated language of people like Murry and the Bishop of Chichester. Four sermons on 'Christendom in the making, a study of Civilization during the Christian era'. I could, perhaps, make my protest against the excessive denigration of modern industrialism which is now fashionable, and indicate my conviction that the post-war world must move forward on the old lines, giving full recognition to the new conditions under which society must advance. These must involve a strengthening of the specifically Christian factors in modern society.

[41]

I made but little progress with the Autobiography, getting much confused as to the precise order of events, thanks to the haphazard & intermittent character of my journal during the Ilford episode. Then I published the following volumes:

1. In 1897. Light & Leaven (Methuen & Co.)
2. In 1898. Apostolic Christianity (Methuen.)
3. In 1898. Discipline & Law. (Methuen.)
4. In 1899. Ad Rem. (Wells Gardner. Darton & C<sup>o</sup>.)

None of these had much circulation, but they served the apologetic purpose which mainly determined their publication. They explained my ecclesiastical attitude, removed some misunderstandings of my teaching, & so far, strengthened my public position. Though they could hardly be fairly described as controversial, being, indeed, mostly historical and didactic, they could not but emphasize the character which I had gained as a resolute opponent of Rome, Ritualism, & so-called "Christian Socialism".

I walked to College Farm, & called upon M<sup>rs</sup> Reid. The twins – Tom and Archy – were there, & I had some pleasant talk with them.

The air was almost spring-like.

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[42]

Thursday, January 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1941.

A thick mist covered the country, dank & dark. The local agents of the Cormorants send me demands for taxes which have already been paid through Dashwood. I had to visit my dentist in Ipswich, and took occasion to call on the tax-collector, at his office in 28 Lloyd's Avenue which is conveniently near to the Car Park. He took Dashwood's name & address, so will, I trust, be able to gain assurance as to his duty and my character!

In the afternoon we motored to Hitcham, & had a sumptuous tea (for our hosts have a plenitude of butter and tea) with the Bishop of Dunwich and M<sup>rs</sup> Maxwell Gumbleton. They were most agreeable, and the Bishop, having learned that I had no stock of razor-blades, & was fearful of being coerced into the adoption of the Cynic's beard, volunteered the information that he had found in Bury S<sup>t</sup> Edmund's a tradesman who had a large stock, from whom he had obtained good store. He presented me with a small packet, and undertook to make an effort to secure me a larger supply from the same source. Bless him!

[43]

I received a letter from Dick, in which he says:

I have been reading your letter in the Times on the subject of Col: Bingham's indiscretion. He is known as a very outspoken, hot-headed, devil-may-care officer, and has certainly got himself into trouble. But there is just a grain of truth in what he says – the public school boy does, as a general rule, command men better than other fellows, & is, in my experience, much fairer & much more considerate to his men. But, of course, in matters of personal capacity or initiative or bravery there is no inferiority on the side of the board school boy. Some one in mess put the thing very well the other day when they said that the Board School boy makes as good (or better) a pilot in the R.A.F. as the public school boy, but not so good a subaltern in the Army. I think the difference is very obvious to the padres, for we find that whereas the public school boy [44] as a rule accepts Church parade and religious observance as a traditional part of social life, the board school boy is very critical of it & wants to know what use it is.

Dick is intelligent, interested, and observant. Moreover, like most boys educated at the less famous public schools, he is disposed to accept the "old school tie" doctrine with ardour: but he is sympathetic and candid, naturally disposed to champion the cause of every variety of that remarkable creature, "the under-dog". As to the attitude of officers towards Church parades & religious observances, I should suppose that, far more influential than the type of school in which the officers had been educated, would be the denomination environment in which they had lived. There is unquestionably a difference of mental attitude towards official religious observances between Anglicans inured to the Laodicean complaisance of the Establishment, and Dissenters trained from the cradle to be religiously individual.

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[45]

Friday, January 24<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

A mild but misty day. I called on Lord W. [Woodbridge] and talked with him for ¾ of an hour. He was more cheerful having received a good report from his doctor. He told me that he had noticed that the soldiers in the neighbourhood of Woodhall Spa in Lincolnshire were drilling with their gas masks on. It is surmised by some of our pundits that the Germans may probably select that district for their invasion, and that they will make extensive use of poison gas. It is certain that Hitler will shrink from no baseness in order to gain his end. Thus my morning was mostly occupied.

Colonel Bingham has been severely reprimanded, and removed from his office of cadet instructor. This ought to make an end of [a?] singularly unfortunate episode, but it will not soon be erased from the memorial tablets of "Labour".

M<sup>rs</sup> Thesiger, the wife of the County Court Judge in Durham (who has now been transferred to Devon) writes to me, giving her son's opinion of non-public school officers. He repudiates Colonel Bingham's view, & thinks his letter deplorable.

I walked to Chattisham.

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[46]

Saturday, January 25<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

The “stars in their courses” are clearly fighting against the ‘Autobiography’, for this morning also produced nothing and thus made a symmetrical conclusion to an intellectually sterile week. The doctor, who had been overhauling Ella, gave a re-assuring account of his investigation. A “fatigued heart”, the result of excessive activity, was, he judged, the main mischief, and this would be remedied by rest and early-going to bed, plus a tonic. D<sup>r</sup> Everett is a friendly and talkative person, who has seen much, and reads much. He says that Figgis\* was his tutor in Cambridge, & that he had formed a great liking for him.

Betty sends me an interesting account of the burning of Holnicote House Hotel. Happily it happened in the day time, a circumstance which greatly facilitated the rescue of old M<sup>rs</sup> Rawle.

Charlie Pattinson\* writes quite hotly about ‘reprisals’, to which he is evidently inclined. And, of course, logically & casuistically, my refusal to sanction them is difficult to justify.

[47]

I have read carefully Sir Robert Vansittart’s “Black Record” Germans Past and Present. It is extremely interesting, and up-to-a-point convincing. He makes his case good against the Germans from the Time of Frederick the Great: but when he appeals to Caesar, Tacitus, & Charlemagne, in order to prove the intrinsic malignity of the German nation, he over-works his argument, and fails. Racially the English and the Dutch are far more German than the Prussians: but we are probably less aggressive than any other modern Europeans. Still he makes good his point that the security of future peace in Europe can only be provided by a real change of heart in the German people, a condition which cannot be quickly or easily created. His references to his own experiences at school and university in Germany are highly diverting and illuminating.

I walked for an hour and a half during the afternoon, and got wet. After I had changed and had tea, I read, and wrote letters.

I wrote at some length to Charles, seeking to dissuade him from his evident tendency to advocate “Reprisals”.

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[48]

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after Epiphany, January 26<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

“Wherever his path led him (Xavier) he sought to preach, and, for this purpose, utilized every case in point which might bring clearly before his hearers the power of God and the danger of eternal damnation. Thus, on the island of Homero, which was covered with volcanoes, he said that these were the chimneys of Hell, & that down below, in the place from which the poisonous smoke arose, the idol-worshippers were burning for ever.”

Fulop-Miller ‘The Power & Secrets of the Jesuits’ p. 207.

Could the Saint have found some authority for his missionary method in the Gospel, which relates that Christ utilized the massacre of the Galileans by Pilate, & the destruction of 18 persons by the fall of the tower in Siloam (v. S. Luke xiii. 1-5) in order to point the moral to His contemporaries, “Except ye repent ~~sh~~ shall all likewise perish”?

Did S. Francis Xavier, a highly educated man in an age which was escaping from medieval notions, scientific as well as theological, himself believe what he said to the Japanese?

[49]

Fearne and I attended Mattins in the parish church. I did not read the lessons, as the old gabbling priest from Ipswich was in attendance, and read them. The Rector preached.

I wrote to Betty, and (at some length) to Dick. The maintenance of a correspondence with these younger folk exacts an amount of time and toil which, perhaps, is not easily to be defended, but it is the only method of pastorate now left to me, and I am loth to let it fall out of my hands.

Cardinal Hinsley\* has an effective article in the Sunday Times on the War, in which he emphasizes the essential conflict between Totalitarianism and Christianity, and takes occasion to advertise the volume just published by Burns Oates. It is a translation from the German of Facts & Documents, & entitled ‘The Persecution of the Catholic Church in the Third Reich’. With sublime assurance he assumes that the Roman church is the Champion of the Christian conscience, & the Bulwark of Christian Liberty! Our Cosmo [Lang]\* seems to fade away in presence of this pontifical dogmatism. Why is it that ancient Canterbury thus yields to modern Westminster?

[50]

My conscience smote me in the matter of [Arthur] Brooke Westcott,\* from whom I have had no letter since I resigned my bishoprick, although he had been often a guest at Auckland, and our relations had been intimate, for his connexion with my famous predecessor, his grandfather, interested me in him rather specially, and his comparative youth when he came into my diocese as Durham School Missioner made me feel towards him a special



responsibility. Against my advice, though encouraged thereto by his uncle the foolish Groupist Bishop of Calcutta, he accepted appointment to his present benefice, in which I understand that he has not done well. The influx of a large artisan population transformed a rural, into an industrial, community, and brought practical problems which he was quite unable to solve. I understand that the parish has now been divided, & its population, as given in Crockford for 1939, is only 1596. He has a full share of the angularity, which did unquestionably distinguish the whole Westcott family.

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[51]

Monday, January 27<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

I occupied the morning in going over the cuttings of my letters to the Times, which earned for me the dubious reputation of a controversialist. I cannot honestly say that I think the reputation undeserved, but I may fairly claim that the occasions of my controversies were not sought by me, but emerged out of my ministry in such wise that I could not evade them.

The Bishop of Dunwich called in order to bring no less than 12 little packets of razor-blades, for which I paid him 15/-. This means that I now possess no less than 70 blades, which ought to serve me for at least the rest of this year.

D<sup>r</sup> Everett visited Ella, and afterwards reported that she was practically normal, & would not need more of his visits.

In the afternoon we went in to Ipswich, & saw the film of Charlie Chaplin's play, 'The Dictators', extremely amusing, very boisterous, & finally effective as a plea for the Good Fight.

I received letters from my brother Gilbert, posted on December 11<sup>th</sup> in British Columbia, and from my nephew Harold, posted from Toronto on December 14<sup>th</sup>.

[51<sup>a</sup>]

I read through for the second time the very interesting volume by Churton Collins, published by John Murray, as long ago as 1886, and entitled, 'Bolingbroke, A Historical Study, and Voltaire in England'. The Preface states that these were originally published as Essays in the Quarterly Review. They are extremely interesting. Bolingbroke, we are told, "was the first of English statesmen who had the sagacity to employ the press as an engine of political power," and also that "His indifference to truth shocked even the least scrupulous of his colleagues." He seems to have anticipated Göbbels, but he did not possess so potent an instrument for disseminating lies as Wireless. "He was as destitute of sentiment as he was destitute of principle. From the moment he entered public life his interests had centred and ended in himself." "He was too well acquainted with the history of revolutions not to know that the first thing generated by them is ambition, and that the last thing changed by them are principles." His influence on Pope and Voltaire is stated to have been immense.

[no page number]

"In conversation Bolingbroke delighted in long monologues, the diction of which was, we are told, as perfect as that of his printed dissertations. "He possessed," says Chesterfield, "such a flowing happiness of expression that even his most familiar conversations, if taken down in writing, would have borne the press without the least correction either as to method or style." In these monologues he dealt at length with the topics which form the substance of his philosophical works. Indeed, it was notorious among those who knew him well, that there was scarcely a theory, an

opinion, or even an idea, in his posthumous writings which had not been repeatedly anticipated by him in conversation. To these conversations Voltaire sat for two years a delighted listener .... He emerged from the school of Bolingbroke the Prince of Iconoclasts and the Apostle of Scepticism."

I read the careful article on Bolingbroke in the D.N.B. It is by L.S. and confirms while it modifies the verdict of Churton Collins.

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[52]

**Tuesday, January 28<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

An unpleasant day, sunless and drizzling. The post brought me a pleasant letter from Stannard, in acknowledgment of my congratulations on his promotion to gaiterdom: and I am really glad that he should have felt disposed to say that the 6¼ years at Bishopwearmouth were “the happiest we (sc. he and his wife) have known

“First, because it was such a joy to work under you, and to know that advice & encouragement were always ready at hand.”

Is it nothing but a contemptible conceit that makes me covet such assurances that I was not universally regarded as the woeful failure which my episcopal ministry seems to me to have been.

I spent the morning in reading my letters to the Times, of which Geoffrey kindly sent me cuttings some while ago. I could express myself much more effectively half a century ago than I can now. They played an important part in my career, for they made me widely known, and earned for me the unenviable reputation of a “bonny fechter [?]”. Probably, they earned for me much suspicion, and not a little hostility?

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[53]

Wednesday, January 29<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

I slept badly, & reflected much on the difficult situation into which I have been carried. Finally, I decided that it would be prudent, if possible, to postpone settling into the canonical house until the general outlook had become clearer. In view of the doctor's insistence that Ella must not "rush about" so much, & must generally take a more restful manner of living, I could not suppose, (knowing her irrepressible habit of getting round to see her friends, as well as the unavoidable strain incidental to preparing & entering into a new house, & remembering how greatly this must needs be increased by her deafness) that I could rightly or prudently allow this while there was no slight probability that London would be bombed, & we should be driven into the poisonous atmosphere of a shelter. Accordingly, I wrote to the Dean, informing him of my desire to postpone until July our formal occupation of 4 Little Cloister, & asking his advice as to the best method of arranging for me during the month of residence, April next. When I know what he thinks on the subject, I can make my necessary arrangements. Also, I asked him to tell me what kind of congregations I might expect.

[54]

This decision was accepted by Ella with an alacrity which seemed to me equivalent to approval. The dear Lady, though amiably fractious on some matters, is better endowed with good sense than most of her sex, and she realizes, though she is naturally not forward to admit, the justice of my decision. Nor do I think that she is wholly unconscious of the fact that my dominant motive is an affectionate concern for her welfare.

The wireless at 1 p.m. announced the unexpected death of General Metaxas, the Prime Minister & (practically) dictator of Greece. This is, I fear, a most unfortunate event, for it will remove the strong man who has held the almost incorrigibly fissiparous Greeks in a working union, and inspired them with valour & enthusiasm. There is evident danger of their falling again into their normal confusion.

The ages 18 – 40 are now to be registered for service, & registration is appointed to be made on Feb: 22<sup>nd</sup>. James was 39 last September, so that he comes within the limit. If he is called up for service, I shall be again 'up a tree'.

[55]

We called on General & M<sup>rs</sup> Kenyon. They were at home, and with them were their son and his wife. He is rather sceptical about the imminence of an invasion, now so much insisted upon by the Government. Then we went on to Ardleigh, and had tea with the Thurlows.

The years from 1888 to 1900, which were passed in the strenuous labour of Barking and the comparative leisure of Ilford were decisive both as to the character of my personal religion and as to that of my public career. The range of my knowledge was greatly enlarged as the opportunity for reading was increased, and its character was determined. Something, indeed, was finally lost – the possibility of an academic life, and something, perhaps, was

gained – a method of preaching, and a literary style which, though undeserving the eulogies which it has received, [*inserted above*] could not truly be described as feeble, or obscure, or ineffective. [[*replaced by preceding clause*!]] was not wholly lacking in vigour, lucidity, and effectiveness.] My reading was persistent and multifarious, reflecting both the preferences of my own mind, and the requirements of my situation. It was governed by the interests, intellectual, social, & religious, which I brought with me from my previous life.

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[56]

Thursday, January 30<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

Another dark, damp, and very cold day!

Fearne motored me to Ipswich, where I visited the dentist and the hair-dresser. The last occupied rather a sumptuous subterranean room, arranged after the London model, with young men whose foreign extraction was sufficiently indicated by their youth, & whose politeness and efficiency seemed to certify metropolitan training. My capital problems were swiftly & successfully solved by a sleek young man, who told me that he was 37 years old, and lived in Felixstowe. I conjecture that he was a Belgian. He expressed the utmost detestation of the Germans, & a robust assurance in British victory. While I was "in medias res", the alert sounded. "Do the Ipswich people betake themselves to the shelters?" I asked. "You are in a shelter now," he answered, perhaps supposing that I meditated immediate flight to safety. We got home just in time for the wireless at 1 p.m.

I received an interesting letter from Dick in answer to mine of last Sunday. He is evidently "up against" the essential paradox:-

[57]

What does puzzle me is to decide what is the true and proper method of dealing with Nazi Germany. Is the use of force to deal with it justifiable on Christian grounds? You say that the war is not so much a war between nations, as a war between ideologies – Christianity and Paganism. And I agree. But are you sure that the use of force to destroy paganism is either wise or Christian? Is not the Christian weapon suffering rather than the sword? I admit to the greatest confusion of mind.

This is fairly spoken, & not easily answered with equal directness and lucidity. The particular issue cannot be separated from certain large, general considerations which must determine its treatment e.g. The Divine method in the government of mankind includes the use of physical coercion in the interest of moral advance.

The self-respect of the individual requires him to resent, to oppose, and to overcome organized & aggressive evil when it comes within the range of his personal responsibility.

[58]

War is the only known method of enforcing morality in the international sphere, and must therefore be reasonably regarded as part of the Divinely ordered scheme of human progress. Christianity is uniquely the Religion of Humanity, and as such must accept whatever conditions of existence & influence are integral to humanity itself. Christ does not prohibit War, but requires (i) right motive, (ii) congruous method of warfare, (iii) right use of victory.

The Will of God for Man requires that he should live in freedom, justice, and love, but this cannot be if the Forces opposed to freedom, justice, & love are allowed to prevail. These evil Forces [*inserted above* become aggressive and seek to] prevail by physical force, and only by physical force can they be restrained & overcome. Opinions you must overcome by reason & argument. Armed opinions must be stripped of the armour before reason & argument can become relevant. "Inter arma silent leges." Only when the conflict of armies has been ended, can the machinery of righteous order begin to operate.



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[59]

Friday, January 31<sup>st</sup>, 1941.

It is at once calamitous and humiliating that my time is occupied by trivialities, imposed on me without my consent, which are neither really important nor actually interesting. Thus my whole morning has been wasted because an ardent lady, Miss Muriel A. Blundell, the Hon: Sec: of the Abyssinia Association thinks it desirable that I should write an "Epilogue" to a pamphlet entitled 'The Tragedy of Abyssinia', which she has written, & hopes to "publish almost immediately." In this she has included an extract from my speech in the House of Lords, and requests me to correct. I read through her typescript. The composition is not worse than most, better than many, of its kind. But whether the cause of Abyssinian independence will be served by such well-intentioned pronouncements I am very doubtful. The combined influence of Italian sympathizers and Papists is very strong, and the eviction of Italy from Abyssinia involves humiliation and discomfiture to both. Moreover, the black skin of the Ethiopian still serves to exclude him from the righteous conventions of civilized humanity in the average man's opinion.

[60]

I walked through Chattisham, and, seeing that the little old parish church stood open, I entered and had some talk with the old lady who was cleaning. She was full of the lamentable contrast between the situation since Chattisham had been united with Hintlesham, and the previous situation when it enjoyed parochial independence. Then there was a Sunday School containing as many as 30 children, now there was no Sunday School because there were practically no children in the village. One service on the Sunday with a fortnightly celebration of the Holy Communion was provided, but hardly anybody attended. It was a melancholy lament, but, I fear, has its echoes in many rural parishes. I fell in with the conversational pig-owner, who insisted on shewing me his swine. His stock was rather smaller than usual, but amounted to 105 pigs. He is an intelligent man who yet told me that he can neither read nor write. His age could hardly exceed fifty years. He asks me many questions, and seems really anxious to gather information. He has a son just leaving for service in Africa.

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[61]

Saturday, February 1<sup>st</sup>, 1941.

I received from the Dean of Westminster a very generous tentative suggestion that I should be housed at the Deanery during April.

[quotation crossed though in red pencil]

Provided that we still have our present staff in April (and this depends very largely upon M<sup>r</sup> Bevin's demands) we sh<sup>d</sup> be proud to have you as our guest (not p.g.!) in the Deanery. We could in that event hand over to you the little "Islip Wing" which you probably already know. There you w<sup>d</sup> have your own bedroom, study, & bathroom whe<sup>d</sup>re you w<sup>d</sup> be, I think, quite comfortable & almost entirely independent. We c<sup>d</sup> provide breakfast & some sort of primitive evening meal, but it w<sup>d</sup> greatly ease the domestic situation if you c<sup>d</sup> get your midday meal either at the Athenaeum or the Army & Navy Stores. The real difficulty arises in connection with sleeping accommodation. Neither the Deanery, nor any of the Abbey houses are safe during Air raids. You c<sup>d</sup>, of course, sleep in the Abbey shelter, but you w<sup>d</sup> hate the communal sleeping arrangements, and [62] frankly I do not think that you c<sup>d</sup> be expected to endure them. I think we might extemporize a sleeping place for you at the foot of the nearest staircase of the S.W. Tower. It is a much better place than it sounds. We have had it decently boarded in, & there you w<sup>d</sup> have a little chamber or cell where you w<sup>d</sup> at best be both safe & private, though it is apt to be rather noisy at times.

This is a very attractive suggestion, and indicates a real kindness and concern for me.

I wrote at once to thank him and his wife, and to accept their (tentative) suggestion.

He gives an ill account of the present state of 4 Little Cloister:-

Your home in Little Cloister would be miserably uncomfortable at the best, nearly all the glass in the windows has gone, and has been replaced by "Zabberoid", which admits no light at all. In addition to this, I think you w<sup>d</sup> have found it difficult to [63] procure even a skeleton staff, to say nothing about food.

Ella wrote to M<sup>rs</sup> de Labilliere, and our 2 letters went to the Deanery in the same Envelope.

[remainder of page crossed through in red pen]

I walked to Hintlesham Hall, and returned in time to join Colonel Smith and M<sup>rs</sup> Barry who were having tea with us. I gave Mrs B a copy of my (now obsolete) pamphlet on "Abyssinia". Then I read my Journal for the year [1892], & was surprized and impressed by the variety of the experiences which it records and describes. It was clearly an important year in my ministry at Barking for it included occurrences of more than ordinary importance e.g.

**The “emissaries of Satan” speech at Brentwood (May 17.)**

Banns of Marriage stopped (May 22.)

**I meet Lord Halifax, & refuse to join the E.C.U. when invited to do so by the Secretary (June 18<sup>th</sup>)**

I preach at S Alban’s, Holborn (June 24<sup>th</sup>)

The Dog Show in my field (July 7<sup>th</sup>)

The Grindelwald Conference (Sept.)

The Excommunication of Yallop (Sept. 16.)

Ordination in S Margaret’s (Sept 22<sup>nd</sup>)

Scott Holland preached in Barking (Oct. 6).

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[64]

**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Epiphany. Feast of the Purification of the B.V.M. February 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1941.**

Twenty-three years have passed since I was consecrated to be the Bishop of Hereford, in the Abbey Church of Westminster in circumstances which were both extraordinary and unpromising. The large congregation which witnessed the ceremony was in great part composed of friends & sympathisers whose minds were divided between satisfaction and anxiety. They rejoiced at the failure of the discreditable agitation against my appointment, and they feared that, at the last moment, some demonstration of hostility would disturb the service. This fear was certainly shared by the Archbishop and his assistants, and by the person, who had become such a "stone of stumbling and rock of offence". Even as I knelt before the Archbishop to receive the laying on of Hands, I was listening for some protests. I learned afterwards that, even while the Consecration was proceeding, a Cowley Father had been preaching in St Matthew's about the insult to Christ which that Consecration involved, and calling for Masses of "Reparation"! Well, well! He knows all, and His opinion is the only one that matters.

[65]

I often reflected on the difference to the whole course and colour of my episcopate ^which^ might have been effected if my accession to the Bench had not been the occasion of such an explosion of ill will on the part of the religious partisans, both Anglo-Catholic and Evangelical, & such an ignoble complaisance on the part of most and actual hostility on the part of many, or the Bishops. It was not without difficulty for ^my^ consecration, and these did not include the Bishops of London, Winchester, and Oxford, who might seem rather specially required to assist in consecrating one, whom they knew personally, and with whom they were specially connected. Lang prudently absented himself, and, though his absence might have been sufficiently explained by the fact that he was the Metropolitan of York, yet his silence could not be thus excused. In view of the attacks, to which I had been exposed, I do not think his abstention from any word or action which could indicate his personal dissent was easily consistent with the friendship which he had always professed for me. At least, I felt his action, or [66] to speak more exactly, inaction, as something like a desertion. Perhaps, the incident which most wounded me at the time was the Archbishop's request that I should, contrary to the invariable custom, refrain from attending the Bishops' Meeting at Lambeth until my consecration was un fait accompli. This was an insult and a humiliation which I deeply resented, and, while I acquiesced I felt injured. The Bishop of Chichester ([George] Bell)\* who was then living as Chaplain with the Archbishop, assures me that the Archbishop never suspected that he was doing me an injury, but, if so, his capacity for understanding character was less than has been generally supposed. My relation towards the Bishops who had explained to the public that they were conscientiously unable to take part in my consecration could not be other than extremely difficult. I regarded their conduct with contempt, not resenting, indeed, their low opinion of my orthodoxy, which was their private concern, but despising their procedure, which did all that was possible to destroy my influence in advance of my new and difficult position.

[67]

I attended Mattins, read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Communion. The Sunday Papers appear to represent an attempt an [sic] invasion of this country on the largest scale as so probable as to be not unfairly described as almost inevitable. It may happen within a few weeks, but will certainly take place within the next six months. Hitler is reported to be pressing Pétain hard, and making evident preparation for a great “drive” through Bulgaria to Salonica. He is plainly beginning to realize that his only chance of victory is rapid action. The key to the future is Pétain’s decision. If he would return a firm non possumus to Hitler’s pressure, betake himself to Africa, and resume the alliance with Britain, Hitler might soon accompany Mussolini to ruin. But Pétain is 84 years old, & greatly discredited.

Patrick Dennistoun, bringing with him a young lady named Pearson, came to tea. He is engaged on some kind of war-work, and she does some kind of nursing.

I wrote to Dick and to M<sup>rs</sup> Murray of Murraythwaite.

[68]

Under date, October 7<sup>th</sup> 1892, my Jornal contains the following:

“Tennyson died yesterday very beautifully. He is nearly the last of the giants. As Scott Holland said to me yesterday “We are on the verge of a vulgar age of iron, with no heroes, only a high level of dull excellence all round”. I hate the time and the generation.

I want to preach on Sunday evening on “Nature as the Revelation of God”, taking S. Paul’s words in Romans I as my text. Especially I want to drive home Magee’s great point about the reasonableness of Nature, as it bears on the prevailing cant about the Divine love. As if, forsooth, it matters nothing at all, whether or not the revelation of God be understood and obeyed by men.

Scott Holland had been the special preacher on October 6<sup>th</sup>, and had drawn a surprisingly small congregation. The Offertory was the smallest Harvest Festival on record.

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[69]

**Monday, February 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1941.**

A bitterly cold day. I received from the Vicar of Barking a civil letter; giving me Tom Nicholson's address in Barking, and also the address of the house in Hertfordshire, to which he has been evacuated. I wrote to Tom, sending him a copy of the Abyssinia pamphlet. I started on a sermon for Palm Sunday in the Abbey, but was almost immediately arrested by the failure of the electric light. When this interruption had ended, I resumed work but with small success.

D<sup>r</sup> John Murray, the Principal of the University College of the South West, sends me the Fortnightly for January & directs my attention to an Article in it entitled "The Querist". In a covering letter he says "The matter is taken from Bishop Berkeley's book 'The Querist' on the Irish troubles of his day". His theme is "Democracy" and he raises, in an interesting way many points of real importance, which are certainly exercising the minds of considering men now. But it is easy enough to formulate questions, the difficulty is to find answers which are both satisfying & practicable.

I walked for two hours in the course of the afternoon.

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[70]

**Tuesday, February 4<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

Another bright, calm, very cold day.

The Dean of Westminster writes:

I confess that I find it very difficult to answer your question about the character of an Abbey congregation. The numbers, of course, are very small. Most of them are grey-headed, and, so far as one can judge, rather humble folk. The other type have either migrated to the country or are working in Government offices, and have little time for church-going on Sundays. My own impression is that those who do come are not anxious to make any very sustained or strenuous mental effort, but how far it is right or wise to concede to their desires in this respect is a question which you are far better qualified to answer than I am. Of one thing I am sure, that your month of residence will be eagerly welcomed, & that even in these days you will draw to the Abbey very many who seldom come at other times.

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[71]

Wednesday, February 5<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

Bitter, bright day. An uncommonly hard winter must add enormously to the woes of War. Underfeeding and lack of fuel are now prevailing conditions of life over most of Europe. The fighting in Albania is carried on over mountains half as high again as Ben Nevis, & the R. A. F. has to fly high enough to cross the Alps!

[Arthur] Brook[e] Westcott\* writes to tell me that he has joined the Labour Party, which will, he thinks, make me angry. But why? He can hardly benefit "Labour", and his ministry could hardly fail more completely than it has failed already. He has inherited a full endowment of cranky individualism from his illustrious grandfather [Brooke Foss Westcott]\*, and from his father a certain obstinate stupidity & quarrelsomeness, which aggravates it. Nor have I discovered in him any signs of special ability in any direction. He adopts with favour & urges with persistence courses of action which are not in any sense heroic, and are sometimes plainly foolish. In addition, he married when he was barely of full age, a rather feckless foreign woman, ill-adapted to be a clergyman's wife, and especially unsuited for him. Beyond the name which his grandfather made famous, he appears to have no assets.

[72]

Fearne motored us to Ipswich, where I had an interview with the dentist, after which we went to lunch with Lady de Saumarez. There came to lunch also one of the soldiers stationed there, and the Rural Dean (Wordsworth) with his wife. We had some interesting talk on politics, and military affairs. We discussed the case of Colonel Bingham, and then a difference disclosed itself between the officers and myself, but I was Jesuitically complaisant & we preserved a polite harmony. I was interested to hear him speak rather slightly of the retreat to Dunkirk, of which, he said, the official account had just appeared. He said that there was much confusion, most of the troops having no notion that a return to England was designed, the general belief being that they were retiring to meet the enemy again. He confirmed from his own observation the statement that the German soldiers, largely very young men, faced the fire of the British guns with fanatical valour, and were mowed down in numbers. He had heard that they had been "doped" before going into action, but on this he could pronounce no opinion.

[73]

Lord [George] Lloyd's\* death was announced today. He had just been appointed leader of the House of Lords in succession to Lord Halifax. He was a man towards whom I felt strongly attracted, and he showed me civility when we met in the H. of L. He was, like Halifax, a convinced Anglo-Catholic, and I have heard rumours that he was meditating secession to the Papal Communion, but whether there was any real basis for these I cannot say. His death following so quickly on the departure of Lord Halifax is a serious personal loss to the Prime Minister.



Lord Lambton, the heir of the Earl of Durham, only 20 years old is reported to have been found dead from a gunshot wound. Beyond the fact nothing is yet stated. There is a strange fatality which attaches to the Lambton family. The present Earl [John Frederick Lambton],\* father of this unfortunate young man, is rather a foolish person, who was (and, perhaps, is still) a fanatical spiritualist. My friend, his uncle, Jack Durham [John George Lambton],\* had some difficulty in holding him back from marrying some cunning medium, who had gained great influence over him.

[74]

Epitaph on a very Young Airman

By Maurice Healy

(The Sunday Times. February 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1941)

Think not of valour – the pain  
That never deflected my course:  
Limbs would have mended again:  
Wavering brings but remorse.  
But I think of the heart that lies cold –  
The singer whose songs are unsung:  
For I, who shall never be old,  
Hardly knew what it was to be young.

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[75] [page not numbered]

The thermometer at 7 a.m. stood at 34° in my room, and the ground was covered thickly with snow.

One is ashamed to be warm, well-fed, and safe when the population of the continent shivers & starves and our men, in air, on land, & on the sea, carry on night and day in sufferings which are extreme & cruel. The hardship & discomfort of the bomb-evicted people at home must be terrible. Usquequo Domine?

Fearne having heard that the Women's institute Lecturer could not fulfil his engagement to address the local branch tonight, I suggested that I might "fill the gap" by talking about a visit to the Yellowstone Park. This fatuous proposal having been promptly accepted, I wasted yet another morning in preparing notes, & refreshing my memory by reading my journal. Ella and I went to the Parish Hall and there I talked to a select company of the village dames, who listened for half an hour to some disconnected prating, which could neither have increased their knowledge, nor warmed their hearts. Then I walked home being plentifully splashed with muddy slush by the motors. But the snow seems to be rapidly disappearing.

[76]

It is reported that Niemöller\* has seceded to the Popish Church, and the fact that he has shared with a Popish priest his confinement in a Concentration camp is suggested as a probable explanation of the fact. He may well have despaired of Lutheranism in view of its facile surrender to the anti-Christian Erastianism of the Hitler régime. The priest will have had little difficulty in demonstrating the superior fidelity of his own church, and shown that Church as the only effective champion of Christianity. Moreover Niemöller, a [sic] ill-equipped theologian, having been trained as a naval officer, would have been quite unable to meet the well-practised controversial arguments of his Popish companion. The secession of so prominent a Protestant will be very damaging to German Protestantism, and very disturbing to M<sup>rs</sup> Niemöller and her children. His admirers in England, among whom the Bishop of Chichester [George Bell]\* has been so prominent, will be immersed in some humiliation. The Church Times will exult in one more demonstration of the intrinsic weakness of Protestantism.

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[77]

**Friday, February 7<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The temperature rose during the night, and as the day advanced a rapid thaw set in. The snow became slush, and disappeared with welcome rapidity. At 1 p.m. there came the surprising news that the last Italian stronghold in Lybia [sic] had been captured. The message from B. H. Q. in Cairo was curt and clear – “Benghazi is in our hands”. From France and Bulgaria it is reported that Hitler is pressing hard, & appears likely to get his way. If so we may be confronted with yet another crisis of grave character. But after surmounting the capitulation of France, is there anything that we dare not face?

I took a brief “constitutional”, & as I returned was overtaken by a young man, slim, pallid, & shabby, who was walking to Hadleigh. He told me that he had been rejected as physically unfit for Army service; that he was 31, & returning to Hadleigh, where his mother lived. I gave him a shilling to pay the bus-fare. He looked honest, and was evidently much dejected. To be young and useless at such a time as this must be bitter indeed.

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[78]

**Saturday, February 8<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The thermometer at 7 a.m. registered 47° – no less than 13° above that registered on Thursday. The country resumes its normal aspect.

I received a letter from Dick [Elliott].\* He writes:

“I would like to tell you what a tremendous help and encouragement it is to me to read in your letter that you too feel even a little perplexity about this pacifist business. For me it is a constant subject for thought, and a most perplexing one.

He has just seen Charlie Chaplin's film, “The Great Dictator”, and been much impressed:-

How clever it is, full of the most damaging satire, the best kind of propaganda, but “au fond” terribly serious!

He is “oppressed” by the report of Pastor Niemöller's conversion to the Roman church.

I could have wished that the man whose name is now symbolic of the Church's stand against the Pagan state of Germany should have been & remained a Protestant.

[79]

The papers are full of the Italian collapse at Benghazi, but the reports from France and Bulgaria are not re-assuring.

As the details of the campaign are reported from Cairo, it becomes apparent that it was a very great achievement both in conception and in execution. The incapacity of the Italian command, and the poor quality of the Italian soldiers must have permitted General Wavell to take risks, which he would hardly have ventured otherwise. Still, that he did take risks argues exceptional ability.

In Abyssinia there is good progress being made. There the South Africans are doing most of the work. In Eritrea & Somaliland, the Indian troops are most in evidence: while in Libya the Australians form the “spear-head” of our offensive. Thus the victories in Africa are genuinely imperial achievement, & will have an excellent effect in strengthening imperial loyalty. There will be much need for every available strengthening factor, if the British Empire is to live through the evil times, to which this fearful War will, in the retrospect of history be seen to have opened the door.

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[80]

Septuagesima, Sunday, February 9<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

"Heaviness endureth for the night, but Joy cometh in the morning. I woke at 5 a.m., and found myself heavily clouded with doubts and fears. The certainty of new taxes when I can hardly pay the old, the failure of any prospect of adding to my income by my pen, for the War has destroyed the demand for everything that it could write, my wife's deafness and the evident failing of my own eyesight, together with the fearful uncertainties and anxieties of the time – all cast me into a great sadness: and then, when morning came the cloud lifted. I remembered the abounding mercies of God, which had never failed though the years of a long life, and recalled the gracious assurances of the Gospel. I asked myself with the Psalmist, "Why art thou so troubled, "O my soul? and why art thou so disquieted within me?, and with him I replied "I will put my trust in God, for I will yet get Him thanks, which is the help of my countenance, and my God". And so I faced another day.

[81]

After breakfast. Mr Hammond the butcher, who controls our local defences, came to inspect our gas masks. We obediently put on these abominable devices. May they, if actually needed, prove to be as effective in protection as they are hideous in aspect! There is something actually debasing in having to wear such things, "mais que voulez vous? Needs must when the devil drives.

I went to Church, and read the lessons at Mattins. The Rector preached at inordinate length an extemporaneous discourse which was, in my deliberate judgement, disfigured by every possible fault. It was obviously unprepared; it was unconnected, allusive, and confused: it was almost grotesquely inappropriate to the type and condition of the audience, and it raised many questions which could not have been serviceable and might have been mischievous. Why could he not have devoted a little thought on what is, when all is said, the highest function of his ministry? But nothing seems to matter but the trivialities of ceremonial, and the poor little essays to emulate the Roman method!

[82]

I wrote letters to the following:

1. Brooke Westcott
2. Gilbert
3. The Vicar of Barking
4. Dick
5. The Head of the Oxford House

I read through the "Short Guide to the Church & Parish of Hedenham, Norfolk", which the Rector (Gordon Paget) sent me this week. It only rises above the average of such publications by its quotations from the "Annals of the Parish of Hedenham during the Incumbency of John Peter Chambers A. B. Rector of Hedenham". He held the benefice for nearly half a century (1812-1850) and is described as "a veritable Parson Woodforde in the

way in which he noted down every little detail (minus the meals!) of village life in his time".  
This curiously interesting record is still in manuscript. It certainly ought to be edited by somebody who, like Norman Sykes,\* has a thorough acquaintance with the xviii<sup>th</sup> century Church of England, and no prejudices against it.

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[83]

Monday, February 10<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

A beautiful day, mild bright, & spring-like.

I received from the publishers the advance-copy of the commentary on the Revelation , which is described on the title page, as I directed in my arbitral verdict between them, to be "by Martin Kiddle, assisted by M.K. Ross". I shall be surprised if Ross is not moved to some fresh explosion of ill-conditional resentment. He has harmed himself sufficiently already by his silly conceit.

Also, I received a belated Christmas letter from Jack Carr,\* dated December 8<sup>th</sup> from S. Nigeria. He writes cheerfully, though the War has destroyed his hope of getting a holiday in England this year.

In the early days of the Mission in Isoko – only 20 years ago – there was something of a mass movement into the Church, but the early enthusiasm soon began to wane, when the full implications of the Christian Faith became better known, & many sank back into their old paganism ... One does not often get the spectacular conversions, which Missionaries delight to tell of. It is now the slower but perhaps more certain process of steady teaching & educating the people [84] especially the young, in the ways of Christianity.

This might be paralleled from the record of the Venerable Bede. I suspect that the English in the 7<sup>th</sup> century were not much more civilized than the Nigerians in the 20<sup>th</sup>.

Jack (Carr) tells me that he and his wife are looking forward to the birth of their first child, and that his plans have to take account of the physical needs incidental to the prospect. This is well enough. The crown of marriage is the family, & its disciplines are requisite if the character and service are to be fully secured. Yet, in the case of a missionary to the heathen, it is difficult to resist the practical argument for celibacy. Nor can I conceal from myself the comparative failure of ex-missionaries, married men & fathers of families, who have left the mission field and obtained appointment to parishes in England. Their acquired habits are unhelpful, they have largely lost touch with English life, and they very often give the impression of having no heart for their parochial duty.

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[85]

Tuesday, February 11<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

The temperature fell during the night, and in the morning there was frost; but the day developed well.

I received a long and interesting letter from Sir James Irvine. \* He and his family are busily engaged in war service, of one sort or another. Lady Irvine sends supplies of all kinds to the bombed towns. Felicity runs a club for the soldiers.

Nigel is in the Navy:-

Felicity's Club has become a kind of League of Nations. For some months the whole of this coast has been guarded by Dutch Fleet Air Arm and the Polish Brigade: very naturally the men turn to the Club where they can capture for an hour of two the atmosphere of home. Most of these Poles are well-educated men, &, indeed, we seem to have the entire staff of one of the Polish Universities, & I must say I admire them greatly. They have been gathered from every corner of Europe, having escaped down the Danube though the Adriatic or from Dunkirk. One thing is certain – they will never give in & another [86] is that they will give a good account of themselves if the German invasion effort is made in this neighbourhood.

The Officers are a fine set of men, and their one idea is to make their watch & guard efficient, while the ordinary rank & file are a sturdy, well-behaved lot, who have made firm friends with old & young – more especially with children, & it is now no uncommon thing to hear street urchins hailing their friends in the Polish tongue.

It is pathetic to see the way they cling to their native customs, & nothing pleases the local Brigade more than to be given the use of the Graduation Hall, where they can have a Concert of Polish music, dance the peasant dances, & indulge their taste for elaborate symbolic decoration. On Christmas eve I attended their traditional Feast in the officers' Mess; this began at 6 o'clock with a ceremonial breaking of bread, & then [87] followed twelve courses, one for each of the Apostles. At intervals the younger Officers at the other end of the long table broke into boisterous song, & I remarked to the General sitting next me, that surely these were tap-room ballads rather than Christmas carols. On the contrary, he replied, these are Christian hymns and he went on to ~~xxx~~ give a most interesting account of how sacred music varies from country to country according to the temperament of the people. He was a little severe on the gloom of Calvinist music, or the severe formalism of the Russian Church music, all of this leading up to his claim that in Poland religion is a happy thing to an extent which make it difficult, when the words are not understood, to distinguish between a drinking song and a festival hymn. This extraordinary evening was brought to an end at a quarter to twelve, when my



host whispered to me that no one would leave the table before I did, & that there was just time [88] to get the service of the Midnight Mass. So we all trooped into the night, and Christmas Day was rung in from the Clock Tower as I entered the house.

This island has again, as in the time of Elizabeth, become the Refuge of the Oppressed. I cannot doubt that this fact will have happy consequences when the Tyranny of their Oppressors has been broken, & the tremendous task of rebuilding civilization in Europe has to be undertaken. In all the rescued countries, there cannot but be many who will remember Britain with affection, and something will have been achieved in Britain itself. Our inordinate insularity, which makes us too often misunderstand and misrepresented by foreigners can hardly be unaffected by our personal intercourse with Hitler's martyrs, who have refused no sacrifice ~~xx~~ in order to keep the Flag of Freedom flying. We may build the New Order in Europe securely, if we lay its foundation in mutual confidence & respect. That is rock; all else is sand.

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[89]

Wednesday, February 12<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

From his personal loss  
He has come to hope for others what they lose,  
And wear a gladder faith in what we gain –  
Through bitter experience, compensation sweet,  
. . . . I am quiet now, -  
Content, henceforth, to do the thing I can;  
For, though as powerless, said I, as a stone,  
A stone can give shelter to a worm,  
And it is worth while being a stone for that;  
There's hope, Aurore.

E.B. Browning

I received a pleasantly-worded letter from Tom Nicholson, in which he gives me some account of himself and his wife, together with his family of four girls and six boys:-

I left Beckton [gas works, nr. Barking] when I was 64: I should have liked to have stopped another 2 years to have made up my 50 years service, but I had a bad attack of Arthritis which has left me weak on the left leg, but I can get about with the aid of a stick. The Gas Company gave me a pension of 30/- a week, [90] so I am pleased to know that I shall not be a drag on my children. The Vicar of this parish is a Gentleman named Jeffries; he was at I[L]ittle Ilford during your time in Ilford. I very often have a talk with him. My eldest son, Herbert, is well, and in the Home Guard, & wishes to be remembered to you.

One of my boys has been down here this week end and he tells me that things have been quieter at Barking lately, and that S Margaret's is still all right. I should like to see you, & have a talk about old times.

I first came into contact with Tom when I was head of the Oxford House, & he was a member of the Boys Club. He was superior in type & aspect to the other boys, and indeed belonged to a superior class. He accompanied me to Barking in 1888 as page-boy, and we became much attached to one another, but we have lost touch in the long interval since I left Barking in 1895. I am glad to recover touch.

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[91]

**Thursday, February 13<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

A chilly, damp unpleasant day, brightening a little at the close. I went into Ipswich and had an unsatisfactory interview with the dentist.

In the afternoon we motored to Kedington, and had tea with the Rector and M<sup>rs</sup> Turnball. The snowdrops and aconites in the garden made a brave show. Turnball has just been made a Rural Dean, and is evidently mighty proud of the fact. There is an aerodrome about two miles from the village, a fact which may explain and perhaps, justify the bombing which has visited this remote parish. The Rector is also the head air-warden, & finds his duties in that capacity by no means slight. There are many Scottish soldiers in the place, and a number of evacuees from Stepney. M<sup>rs</sup> Turnball spoke with severity about the behaviour of the girls some of them hardly out of school. They besiege the soldiers with their impudent attentions. It is the same story everywhere. Temptation comes mainly from the petticoats. The Rector spoke highly of the troops, most of whom are, of course, Presbyterians. But there are some Episcopalians, & these attend the parish church.

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[92]

**Friday, February 14<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The day was calm, and, for February, mild.

I worked at the Abbey sermon in the forenoon, and, in the afternoon, I walked round Chattisham. On the way, I fell in with Sir Gerald Ryan and his son Derek in the queer-looking yellow car. They had guns with them, and designing [?] patriotically to shoot pigeons. Derek is a delicate looking lad of nineteen, & is now working in Ipswich at an engineering works, but, so I was told by his popish cousin, doesn't like ^his employment^ & means to get into the army shortly. Sir Gerald said that the hovering hawks are kestrels, and that he knew of a badger within seven miles of Hintlesham, & that the farmer, on whose land he dwelt held badgers in respect, and would not suffer him to be molested.

After tea, I wrote a long letter to Sir J Irvine, and a frivolous letter to M<sup>rs</sup> Turnball, thanking her for her Valentine of Marmalade & snowdrops! I sent to the new Rural Dean a copy of my anti-Unitarian speech in the York Convocation on June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1934. It is hard to realize that seven years have passed since I made it.

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[93]

**Saturday, February 15<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

I read through in bed Madelin's account of Robespierre in his book "The Revolutionaries", and was almost startled by the curiously close resemblance between "The Incorruptible" and Adolph Hitler. Both were enormously egotistic, chaste, temperate and inordinately ambitious. Both were enormously vain, hag-ridden by theory, impersonal, amazingly cruel.

"I can think of nothing more terrible than the way this sincere man, through his imperturbable, boundless vanity, shed blood without any scruples and almost callously.

Two differences, however, are apparent. Hitler is a mob orator: Robespierre was not. His indifference to the tricks of the tub-thumper suggest Parnell. Robespierre, we are told "had a strict regard for truth, & obtained from this a calm serenity of manner 'like that of a priest, which struck all those who from 1790 came into contact with him'". Hitler appears to be incorrigible and shamelessly mendacious. Both men were hypnotised by a theory, learned from another. Robespierre by the humanitarian egalitarianism of John Houston Chamberlain.

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I occupied the morning by working on the 2<sup>nd</sup> Abbey Sermon. In the afternoon, I walked for an hour. The air was mild, and there is a suggestion of the approach of spring.

Sir Ernest Benn\* sends me his pamphlet "The Political Method" which is No 1 of a series on "Post-War Questions" He accompanies it with a letter, which is characteristic of that valourous champion of individualism, and very suggestive.

One of our difficulties is that there is no money to be made out of individualism, and we cannot therefore attract the youth from the universities in the way that socialism does, with the prospect of all sorts of jobs in an ever-growing State machine.

He inquires whether I might feel myself able "to write a pamphlet on some aspect of the subject of freedom". "If so, you know that pleasure it would give to all of us who think your way". But I am not quite clear as to what really is my way!!

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[95]

**Sexagesima Sunday, February 16<sup>th</sup>, 1940.**

Fearne unearthed some volumes of newspaper cuttings concerned with my appointment to the canonry of Westminster in the last months of 1900. While my ladies were absent at a parochial whist drive, I amused myself by looking at them. On the whole the appointment, though rather startling, was received with approval.

The rain fell briskly in the forenoon. None the less I walked to the church for Mattins, read the lessons, and Celebrated the Holy Communion. Apart from a very attenuated choir, there was a tiny congregation, only 10 persons. Yet more than 100 attended the parochial whist drive last night!

Before the service there was in the vestry a rather regrettable clash between the Rector & myself. It arose from his admiring observations on old Darwell Stone,\* whose death was reported last week. I was foolish enough to say that he and Father Puller\* had been at the pains of studying my writings with the object of obtaining from them materials for a prosecution for heresy, and had failed in their object. Whereupon he made an unpleasant rejoinder, which caused me to speak with more candour than caution! So we [96]

[98] [sic] arrived in church, more dishevelled than devout, a situation which might have stirred questionings in the mind of the serving lad, Peter, who had listened attentively! The lesson was the grotesque account of the Fall which seemed to emphasize the clash, & the Rector's sermon did not mend matters! After service, he resumed the conflict, but I was not well-disposed to its continuance, & so came away. "Can two walk together except they be agreed?" asks the Prophet. I think the inevitable answer is disclosed in Hintlesham. Nevertheless, I blame myself for the folly of yielding to irritation, and am disposed to think that a month's absence from the parish may be a relief to both the Rector and myself. His sermon was a weird ramble over the whole field of traditional theology, & could hardly have been spiritually serviceable to anybody. The choirboys were inattentive, &, the tiny congregation impassive!

I wrote to Grant Robertson,\* and to the Dean of Westminster. I agreed with the latter that a biography of Vernon Storr\* had better be limited to a single volume.

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[99]

Monday, February 17<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

The "British Survey" describes the Nazi methods in German Occupied Poland. The blended cunning and cruelty is hardly believable e.g.

#### Degradation

There is no doubt whatever that the Germans are trying to demoralise, in the sense of corrupting the Polish population. For the educated classes in the towns they are opening gambling houses; at the same time they have put a stop to all the theatrical entertainments in Polish which are not extremely "light". In a secret circular it has been laid down that such performances may be tolerated even if they are immoral, but that no serious play can be allowed. In Polish bookshops no books on politics or religion are allowed, For the working classes who cannot be approached through literature, the theatre or gambling, the Germans have the bright idea of encouraging the consumption of "vodka" – potato spirit – and increased the number of persons licenses to retail it.

It would appear that that Nazis are imitating with respect to the Poles, the policy which the Japanese are pursuing with respect to the Chinese. Vodka is not less debasing than opium.

[100]

I spent the morning on my 2<sup>nd</sup> Abbey Sermon. In the afternoon I walked for more than an hour. On the way I had some conversation with two men working in a roadside field. Both were friendly and intelligent. They had both served in the last War, and held strong and sound views on Hitler.

M<sup>rs</sup> Frazer brought a very belated letter of thanks signed by the choirboys, and demurely expressed. They thank me for the Christmas Box of a shilling apiece which they had received from the Rector on Christmas Day! Is this one consequence of yesterday's incident? Certainly it would almost make it worth while to lose one's temper, if thereby one could break through the crust of professional conceit which hinders a "priest" from perceiving the essential futility of his procedures! If, instead of fashioning these choirboys into well-drilled "servers", who know precisely what to mutter, and when to genuflect, he would address himself to the more difficult task of making them obedient, and reverent, he would succeed better in the business of his task.

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**Tuesday, February 18<sup>th</sup> 1941.**

The night was much disturbed by the sound of bombs.

Betty writes from Selworthy Farm to tell me distressing news that my cousin, Arthur Rawle, has had a stroke. He is said to be doing well, and the doctor 'feels confident that in a few weeks time [sic] he will be as well as ever'. Betty is not so hopeful:-

I somehow feel he will never be quite the same, but I trust I am wrong. I have nursed him myself as D<sup>r</sup> Bain & I both felt that a trained nurse would only worry him, but he is now able to do everything for himself, & can go out in the car, so you can see what a splendid recovery he is making. I think the fire at Holmicote was a much greater shock to him than appeared at the time.

My cousin is 80 years old, and probably the worst man in the world to recognize the absolute necessity of yielding to the claims of his age. His life-long devotion to out-of-doors exercise esp. hunting, will not make his case easier.

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Count Reventlow, who made himself notorious in Germany by his violent attack on Christianity, is now reported to have made a public recantation of his opinions. If the man be sincere, we may rejoice over a penitent: if (as, perhaps is more likely) he be a time-server, only anxious to 'worship the rising sun', we may hail his latest effort in calculated accolation as a hopeful indication of the direction in which the German cat now inclines to jump! There must be a very great multitude of troubled folk in Germany, and vastly greater in the enslaved nations which constitute its new "Lebensraum", who loathe the Nazi regime and outraged by its anti-Christian programme.

I devoted the morning to the Abbey sermon and then wrote to my cousin and to Betty. I decided to have the piece of vacant ground behind the house, dug up, and planted with potatoes and started James at the digging of the same.

Bulgaria & Turkey have signed an agreement not to attack one another. It is hard to discover what precisely is designed. These pacts appear to have no influence whatever on the action of the signatory States. They only intensify the shortage of paper!

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General subject of the Preaching during April.

The Humanity of the Incarnate as set forth in the Epistle to the Hebrews.

April 6<sup>th</sup> Palm Sunday.



1. Morning – Hebrews ii.10
2. Evening Hebrews v. 7 – 10

April 20<sup>th</sup>

3. Low Sunday. Morning Heb xii. 2.
4. “ “ Evening Heb xiii. 8.

April 27<sup>th</sup> 2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Easter

5. Morning Heb xiii. ~~17~~ 13
6. Evening Heb xiii. 14.

These texts are suitable, but the order in which they had best be handled is not clear; and, indeed, the whole scheme is the merest sketch, & will probably expire when seriously considered. The Palm Sunday sermons may stand, but the post-Easter Sermons must be reconsidered. How far I can usefully be “topical”, and how far I can avoid being so in the circumstances which will condition preaching by me in that place & time are questions hard to answer.

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[104]

Wednesday, February 19<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

General Wavell's lectures on Generalship are completed today. I have rarely read anything more interesting, suggestive, and persuasive. He certainly gives the impression of a good man, a keen thinker, and a wise counsellor. We know already that he is a great soldier.

About 10 a.m. snow began to fall, and had covered the world with its hypocritical pretence of purity by noon. Its "saintly veil of maiden white" is like the canting glosses by which diplomacy seeks to conceal the crimes of ambition. I hate snow: its beauty is fleeting, and its promise of damp and dirt is sure.

I worked, but with pitifully small result, on the Abbey Sermon. Has my right hand really lost its cunning? I begin to suspect it.

In the afternoon, I walked to College Farm where I found the Jarvis Brothers hard at work. They had been ploughing all the morning and ~~not~~ now making a start at the milking. I inquired how many hours they worked in the day, and they replied "Twelve"; and how many did the hired labourers put in? They said, Eight.

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But the Twin Brothers are working for themselves; and the hired labourers for their employer. There is the whole secret of the difference. For the ^whole^ results of labour are in the one case gained by the labourer, & in the ~~xxx~~ other they are limited to his statutory wage. Not the generous employer but the shirking workman appoints the same wage for the day's work, however few be the working hours it includes. The most enigmatic of our Master's parables seems to point a moral very acceptable to our Socialists.

I observed that the moles were becoming active. Yes, said Archie, we have the traps out. How many do you expect to catch in the season, I asked. About a hundred, he replied, and added that the moleskins fetched sixpence a piece. The adroit & industrious farmer neglects nothing that can bring some contribution to his income. Rabbits, moles, & pigeons have their value.

The twins have their Birthday on March 14<sup>th</sup>. Then, on March 14<sup>th</sup>, they will enter the thirties. It is an odd reflection that, in point of time, those fine young men might be my grandsons, and they might already have been fathers.

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[106]

Thursday, February 20<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

A very cold day, though not actually freezing.

I received from my brother Gilbert a photograph of himself. It is nearly 30 years since we saw one another, and Time has changed him much. It was only with an effort that I could recognize him. He is two years younger than I but he hardly looks 75. He has the whimsical, kindly, sadly-disillusioned expression which is characteristic of this age. It suggests Matthew Arnold's description in the Scholar Gipsy ~~xxx~~ & has the look of one who has struggled with life, and found it intolerably enigmatic and without worth, not the face of ^an ascetic^ saint, and though melancholy & severe, neither^ ~~xxxx~~ unkind nor hardened. The men of the XXth century, even the young who seem to anticipate the harvest of experience are not, like the Scholar Gipsy of our Oxford poet.

Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,  
Which much to have triad, in much been baffled brings.

I called on Lord Woodbridge,\* and talked with him for half an hour, on my way to Ipswich for yet another interview with the dentist.

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We got on to the subject of Religion, and I was impressed for his readiness to discuss it. It is always painfully difficult for me to "talk religioun" with sick men. Their minds are probably filled with all sorts of unfortunate misconceptions, so that what one says in one sense, they most probably understand in another, and my own habit of ruthless recklessness in talk, may but too easily be misinterpreted by more normal & conventional persons. Moreover, I have always a certain suspicion that one may be taking a mean advantage of the situation, when one speaks of Eternity to one whose concern with Time is obviously lessening.

*I wrote to Sir Humphrey Milford asking **whether, he would read what I have written of my Autobiography, and would counsel me as to the worthwhileness of completing it, and whether if it should be completed, the Oxford Press would care to publish it.** In the light of what he may say in answer to my request, I shall be better able to make up my mind on the main question. In any case, I have committed myself to nothing.*

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[108]

Friday, February 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1941.

There had been yet another fall of snow in the night and the aspect of the world was wintry. At 7 a.m the thermometer in my bedroom registered 38 degrees Fahrenheit.

The post brought me nothing more consoling than a demand for the property tax on 4 Little Cloister and an appeal from an old S. Margaret's chorister named Walker now in the R. A . F. begging for "books, games or comforts" for his cadets! I cannot remember his name, but, in any case, I have nothing to send.

I wasted the morning on the Autobiography which grows more perplexing & unsatisfactory as I advance. I doubt if I shall go on with it. But much will turn on Milford's answer to my letter of yesterday.

In the afternoon, I took a short walk, and in the course of it, talked with a man who was cutting with a cleaver the tall, succulent stalks of the kail. He said that the roots were left in the soil to be ploughed in, and the stalks were for the cows. The adjoining field, he told us was planted with linseed.

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The death of Henri Bergson has revealed that this great Jewish thinker became a Christian in the last years of his life. Madame Maritain has written in the Commonweal an account of his conversion. Shortly before his death, Bergson had been offered favours by the Vichy Government which w<sup>d</sup> exempt him from the ill treatment to which all French Jews are at present subject. Bergson refused to sever himself from his own people: yet he had been baptized. It was consideration for his fellow-Jews which prevented his making this fact public, but Madame Maritain says that Bergson's conversion began with the study of Plotinus, & when they visited him he used to speak much about Christianity. He spoke of how certain Jews found in Catholicism the fulfilment of Judaism. "When at last this summer we had assurance that he had been baptized, we were in no way surprized to be asked at the same time to keep it secret while he yet lived.["]

The Guardian. February 21. 1941

This week's issue of the Guardian is uncommonly good. It devotes itself to the Greeks, ancient & modern.

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Saturday, February 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1941.

A fine day, though still cold.

I received from the Head of the Oxford House (Clutton Brock) a very badly written letter in answer to mine. Why will not men realize that clear hand writing is an integral important part of that duty towards our neighbour which is an integral part of Morality? In this case and I suspect not in this case only, the unreadable script ~~manages~~, when with an infinity of labour and much waste of good time, it has been read, conveys nothing better than the muddled thinking of a good man endowed ^indeed^ with a facility of phrase making, but destitute of any adequate corrective sense of humour. He may pair off with the admirable Bishop of Chichester [George Bell\*], and the late Bishop of Ripon (Burroughs\*). Both these good men are prolific of pious phrases, and incapable of clear thinking. Bell's Life of Davidson raise him high in my estimate, but he has been climbing down ever since. Burroughs had a considerable fund of puerile conceit, from which Bell is happily free. And both were genuinely good men.

[111]

I finished the second Westminster Sermon. Thus Palm Sunday is provided. The four post Paschal sermons ought to form a series having some definite connexion with the situation created by the War; but it is not easy to achieve anything effective. Everyone is platitudinarianing ad nauseam about the lessons of the War!!

We motored to Bealings, calling on the way to see Miss Burton, Sir Bunnell's sister, and then had tea with M<sup>rs</sup> Batty. Her house was recently bombed when she was in it! The damage is now being repaired. Colonel Smith was there, and fell to work with Ella on the cousinhood! Providence has been kind to him in providing him with a vast company of relatives to form the staple of his talk, for, indeed, he seems to have no other, except British Israelitism of which he is an ardent disciple. M<sup>rs</sup> Batty had much conversation with me on the subject of Christianity, its relation to other religions, and its competence to become the universal religion. We got on to the inevitable Roman question, and the prospect of Papistry in such a world as it [is?] taking shape in this strange age.

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**Quinquagesima Sunday, February 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1941.**

A mild, calm morning. Temperature 44°.

I reflected on the post-Paschal sermons, & inclined to take my starting point from a reminiscence of the course of sermons with which I began my residence in 1901, and which were published in the volume – “Godly Union and Concord”. Forty years ago the subject was forced on the public mind by the furious agitation against “Ritualism”: now, it is even more solemnly emphasized by the fearful War, which has the apparent character of the failure of the divided Church to maintain the Christian tradition within Europe. The failure is evident in the spheres of education, of economic order, of international politics. The formula of any effective effort to create a new order in Europe after the War must be “Back to Christ”. Yet, there can be no return ✕ to the conception of “Christ’s kingdom” which the Pope still represents, and which still wields curious fascination over many who might be supposed to be secured by knowledge & conviction against Papistry.

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We all attended Mattins, and I read the lessons. The congregation was swollen by a number of young men, who were friends of a seaman named Ward, who belonged to the parish and died last week in Hospital at the age of 41. The Rector made the most of his opportunity by inviting prayers for the soul of the deceased. I have no kind of prejudice against praying for the departed, and I supported the introduction of suitable prayers for the dead in the Revised Prayer Book: yet I could not avoid a certain feeling of repugnance at this procedure. It seemed very like taking a mean advantage, and I am sure he aroused surprize and suspicion, rather an awakened devotion or ministered comfort. The sermon was on Charity, the subject of the Epistle, and he must have confused, rather than edified, his rustic audience by dilating on the various words, Latin and Greek, which are rendered into English by the single word “love”. The sermon sounded like a discourse or lecture to the youth of S. Chad’s.

I wrote letters to my brother Gilbert, to Dick and to the Dean of Bocking.

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Monday, February 24<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

I received the following from Sir H. Milford

Southfield House,  
Hill Top Road  
Oxford.

23<sup>rd</sup> Feb. 1941.

My dear Bishop,

Your letter of 20<sup>th</sup> February which reached me this morning was most interesting. Please send me what you have already written. I will read it myself with as little delay as possible & will then give you my honest advice.

I look forward very much to the privilege of reading your Autobiography

Yours very sincerely  
H. S. Milford.

So now I must await Achitophel's counsel!

I spent the morning in reading through again and slightly amending the stuff which I propose to send him. It is regrettably unrepresentative of what, if it ever comes into existence, the complete Autobiography will be.

[115]

The famous English condottiere of the xiv<sup>th</sup> century Sir John Hawkwood had 'a sense of humour. In the D.N.B. I find the following:-

Two mendicant friars presented themselves at Montecchio, and greeted Hawkwood with the customary, "God give you peace", to which he curtly replied. God take from you your alms". The friars disclaimed all offence; Hawkwood rejoined. 'How when you come to me & pray that God would make me die of hunger! Do you not know that I live by war, and that peace would undo me?

This is in effect the answer that Hitler & Mussolini return to the appeals of clergy and pacifists; and is the unconfessed attitude of armament manufacturers and professional soldiers. The "pluto-democratic" countries, Britain & America, having in their own case exhausted the advantages of War, are now insistent on the blessings of Peace! Their righteous zeal in the good cause only has the effect of demonstrating that they are not only cunning, but also hypocritical! "Doth Job serve God for nought for good?" asked Satan. It is a hard question to answer.

[116]

Fearne motored me into Ipswich, where I had a brief interview with the dentist.

Miss Crisp & her aunt, & M<sup>r</sup> Stokes & his wife came to tea, and did not depart until we had missed the 6 p.m. wireless. They were all very friendly, and not even the undisguised papistry of the Stokeses, detracted from the general good will. Stokes was at great pains to make me understand that his brand of “papistry” was Benedictine and not Jesuit! He spoke with emphasis against Sir Robert Vansittart, and was rather frigid when I spoke highly of the Prime Minister. But there I could not but perceive the cloven hoof of his Socialist prejudice. M<sup>rs</sup> Stokes is bright and cheerful. She is fond of the adverb “terribly”, and I inquired whether she had connexions with Hampshire where that word is commonly used among the peasantry. She told me that she belonged to an old Hampshire family.

The temperature is very low, although in my study at 6.30 p.m. the thermometer (lyingly) registered 64°.



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**Shrove Tuesday, February 25<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

A bright but cold morning.

Ella and Fearne went to Ipswich to attend the annual meeting of the Women's Institute. I wrote to Sir Humphrey Milford telling him that the MS had been sent off to him yesterday, & registered.

Also, I wrote to Braley, and to Cecil Ferens.

On my way to the post, I looked in on Hammond, the butcher, who is our Air Warden, and inquired why ~~xx~~ the stirrup-pump, which he undertook to procure for me, had not arrived. He promised to inquire, and hurry the matter. He is a civil, obliging man, though his meat is dismayingly tough; but, then, "Put not your trust in princes, nor in any child of man" says the Psalmist, & I opine that butchers are not exempt from the general sentence.

Mussolini and Hitler have both delivered orations, evidently designed to hearten their supporters. But the gangsters are verbose, discursive, boastful, and threatening, neither is truthful or persuasive. The natural inference from their noisy vapouring is that they are in a tight place, that they know it, and that they are beginning to suspect that their dupes and victims know it also.

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M<sup>r</sup> Swinthinbank, the Vicar of Clare, and his wife brought M<sup>rs</sup> Turnbull, the wife of the Vicar of Kedington (who was hors de combat with a malarial chill) to call & have tea. M<sup>rs</sup> T., remembering the flattering reception of her previous gift, brought gifts of home-made jam & marmalade, & some snow-drops & aconites for planting forthwith in the garden. Swinthinbank is a Durham man, ordained in 1909. He was a student at S. Chad's, under Mouldsdales. He said that his father was at Queen's College, Oxford, & that he (his father) had known me. My memory has become so untrustworthy that this may well have been the case although it is the fact that I cannot remember his name. M<sup>rs</sup> S. is a Scotswoman: she says that the parishioners of Clare do not attend the parish church at all satisfactorily, being in truth mostly sectaries of one sort or another. It is a curious comment on the religious value of "our incomparable Establishment" that one so often hears the same testimony to the disregard of the people, where it might be supposed likely to be at its best.

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M<sup>r</sup> Ramsbotham, President of the Board of Education, told the annual meeting of the Surrey Nat: Un: of Teachers, at Surbiton yesterday, that all German teachers had to swear the following oath:-

|| Adolf Hitler, we swear that we will train the youth of Germany that they grow up in your ideology, for your aims and purposes, in the direction set by your will. This is

pledged to you by the whole German system of education, from the primary school through to the University.

Could a more effective contrast be found than that oath and the complete freedom which teachers in this country enjoyed? asked M<sup>r</sup> Ramsbotham.

[From the Observer. Sunday, Feb. 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1941]

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Enson's Oxford Tract on "Main Kampf" must be read alongside Sir Robert Vansittart's Broadcasts published under the title "Black Record".

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Ash Wednesday, February 26<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

A sharp frost. I went to church, and received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. M<sup>rs</sup> Frazer was doing all the preparatory work, commonly done by the serving lads, who did not appear. There were, I think, 8 communicants. As I entered my gate, a thrush was valourously [sic] essaying a song, but the music had an attenuated sound, suggesting that the musician was half-frozen.

I occupied the morning in preparing a sermon for use in Ipswich on March 9<sup>th</sup>.

In the afternoon I walked through Chattisham, & on my way encountered Tom Reid, who said that he was busily engaged in threshing. I asked what might be the reason that so much threshing was going on. He said that it was important to employ the labourers thus since at present there was little else for them to do, and it was desirable not to be cumbered with threshing when the busy time came on. Since prices were now fixed, there was no longer any object in keeping the wheat on the prospect of price rising. I encountered Miss [B.(?)-Ray], who was accompanied by Colonel Williams.

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The violation of the safe-conduct which brought Hus to Constance was a fine precedent for breaking faith with a heretic. When Luther came to Worms to answer for himself before Emperor and Diet, the Pope's representatives reminded Charles of the principle which had lighted the fires at Constance and ridded the world of a dangerous fellow. Fortunately Charles had German subjects to consider, and the Germans had a reputation for good faith of which they were proud. Let us credit him too with some generosity: he was scarcely 21, and the young find the arguments of expediency difficult. Anyway, Luther with the help of his friends got off safely. The intrigues and subterfuges of diplomatists are still very often revolving to honest men. But there is some excuse for them: they act on behalf of nations, who have to look to themselves for protection & can rarely afford to be generous & aboveboard. But so barefaced a violation of faith to an individual before the eyes of the world w<sup>d</sup> no longer be tolerated, not even in the name of the Lord

v. The Age of Erasmus by P. S. Allen p. 79

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[122]

Thursday, February 27<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

I received a formal printed acknowledgement of my MS from the Oxford Press. It is unauthoritatively, but perhaps suggestively, described as "Retrospect of thought and life". It might serve well enough as a title, if the poor thing were ever completed.

Dick sends me an account of the exercises in which he and his Battalion have been engaged.

"We spent two nights in the open: one of them on the top of Exmoor (height 1300 feet, frost all night & snow on the ground, food of the scantiest: shelter non existent, pleasure nil). I can honestly say that I have never been through anything like it in my life; apart altogether from the nights in the open, which at this time of year and at that altitude are an agony, we covered on foot about 35 miles, & we waded through 3 streams until we were soaked to the skin. But we are now very pleased with ourselves, & surprised at our own roughness. Coming here I got caught [123] in a snow blizzard with the Second in command & about a dozen men, & had to take shelter in a cottage for the night.

These experiences make one think a good deal about the body, & the need of keeping Brother Ass under control. When I got home I took pains to read & compare Calo's attitude to the body as reported in Plutarch, and S<sup>t</sup> Francis's as recorded in Fioretti. The difference is rather striking: Francis is so much more unselfconscious in his treatment of Brother Ass: you feel that he has caught the spirit of our Lord's words "Take no thought for the body, what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink." Calo on the other hand is horribly self-conscious about it all.

This experience must needs have considerable effect on Dick's character and outlook on life. He ought to be a far better parson for his war-time life. But I hope he will not come to grief physically, for he is none too strong.

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The weather was so detestable, and I was myself developing a cold, that I kept indoors, and finished the sermon for Ipswich. Ella had a pleasant little tea-party – the Bishop and M<sup>rs</sup> Brook, M<sup>rs</sup> Caulfield, and M<sup>rs</sup> Hempson. We had much conversation. The Bishop disclosed a state of mind in the Bishops' Meeting on the subject of Religion in the schools, which suggests that there will be difficulty in getting their Lordships to take a strong line against the unteachable majority of the clergy. They will still "hang on" to the "Dual System". However, such movement as there is, is in the right direction.

The Bishop gave me a horrifying description of the shelters both at the Abbey and at the Athenaeum. I do not think that I could face such an experience as sleeping in either. The atmosphere is asphyxiating, and the snoring intolerable.

He said that if I ploughed up the croquet lawn, I should be able to get James exempt from military service on the ground of food production.

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[125]

Friday, February 28<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

The weather has become milder. The thermometer in my bed-room at 7 a.m. registered 52°. A letter from Gilbert was my whole "post".

I started the sermon for Low Sunday, but did little beyond writing out the text, & reading the chapter on "Homicide in General" in Westermarck's\* book "The Origin & Development of the Moral Ideas", and the observations on Peace in the de civitate Dei of S. Augustine, I made no progress. Here is a fair account of Hitler's peace-making method:-

Even wicked men wage war to maintain the peace of their own circle, and wish that, if possible, all men belonged to them, that all men and things might serve but one head, and might, either through love or fear, yield themselves at peace with him. It is thus that pride in its perversity apes God. It abhors equality of other men under Him: but instead of His rule, it seeks to impose a rule of its own upon its equals. It abhors the just peace of God, and loves its own unjust peace: but it cannot help loving peace of one kind of other.

bk. xix. c.12

[126]

In the afternoon we motored to Kersey & called at the Vicarage. The Vicar, Tempest, was out, but his mother, who normally lives in Ipswich, with her other son, a solicitor and commander of the Home Guard, has been evacuated "for the duration", & ~~she~~ received us with courtesy & invited us into the house. There she introduced us to her daughter who is a gifted artist, and earns money by her work in illustrating fairy tales & children's books. M<sup>rs</sup> Tempest said that she had been photographed in a group with me which was taken when I came to Ipswich to preach to the Church Congress. Her husband was then Mayor of Ipswich. She showed us with legitimate enthusiasm the fine show of snowdrops and aconites in the garden.

As we returned we stopped in Hadleigh for Fearne to "fill up" with petrol, and obtain her domestic supplies from the grocer.

The little town seemed to be running over with evacuated children, and men in khaki. When we returned to Hyntle Place, I noted with disgust that the manure-heap was rising again!

[127]

The Prime Minister, as M<sup>r</sup> Butler informed the House of Commons last week, replied to the Japanese Foreign Minister's suggestion that Japan was ready to mediate between the Belligerents:-

"In a cause of the kind for which we are fighting – a cause which is in no way concerned with territory, trade, or material gains, but affecting the whole future of humanity – there can be no question of compromise or parley".

These words provide a luminous commentary on the sombre and enigmatic saying of Christ: "Think ye that I am come to give peace in the earth? I tell you, Nay: but rather division". (S. Luke, xii, 51).

It is in the invigoration of the human conscience by Christ that we must find the key to the great achievements, and also to the great scandals, of Christian history. The saint, the martyr, the persecutor, the crusader, the reformer - all embody the same dominance & divisiveness of the Christian conscience

### [128]

I walked in the garden for  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an hour before dressing for dinner in order to get a modicum of exercise, and I was rewarded in sight and hearing, for the sunset was delicately beautiful, and the birds have started their spring-time song. In his fascinating lectures on "The Age of Erasmus", [Percy] Allen\* points out the apparent ~~silence~~ difference of the great scholar to the beauty and charm of Nature:

"Erasmus tells us nothing of what he saw only what he heard and said. This lack of enjoyment in Nature, lack of interest in topography and archaeology, was probably personal to him. It was not so with some of his friends but.[sic] On the whole the enjoyment of Nature formed but a small part in the outlook of that age as compared with the prominence it receives in modern literature & life: but we should be wrong in inferring that it was wholly absent".

Yet it was the golden age of Art and scholarship, in short, of the Renaissance.

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[129]

Saturday, March 1<sup>st</sup>, 1941.

A blustering day, with episodes of rain.

Martin Kiddle writes to me from Bristol, where he has been staying on sick leave. He writes:

The destruction of Bristol is tremendous. It will be many years before the damage is made good. So far the Cathedral has escaped with only slight damage, & S<sup>t</sup> Mary Redcliffe is untouched, but over 20 others have been destroyed wholly or in part. The spirit of the people seems good everywhere, which seems to prove that common courage does not depend on religion.

I don't quite trace his reasoning.

Grant Robertson\* writes interestingly from Oxford.

The new world that is to come after the War in Germany does present a baffling enigma. I am sure that Vansittart is right in stressing the character of the tradition & the record in which the governing class has for long been steeped. That governing class is now trying to make good what it failed to do in 1914-18, & Hitlerism is **[130]** not a new product, but the latest growth of an old & tough tree. The German people has been slowly doped & hypnotised into the Hitler & Nazi creed; they haven't willed Hitler's methods, but they want his ends, & they condone the means while rejoicing in the attainment of the ends, & I am certain that everyone under 30 is a convinced, possibly a rabid, Nazi: nothing but brutal & unmistakable facts will convince the German people that they have been led by the Nazi creed & methods to disaster. Hitler's cunning & strategy have so manipulated the situation as to make the struggle one "for the existence of Germany, & that once again it is world-power or downfall – & that victory can only be won by the downfall of Great Britain & all for which she stands. Hitler's Germany can in fact only be realised on the ruins of an impotent British Empire.

[131]

The military struggle is one thing – but how can 80.000.000 Germans be "decontaminated" & converted into sincere good Europeans? I can get no answer from history to help in solving that problem. Military defeat may produce disillusionment, a purely negative result: but unless it is accompanied by a rising of the conquered countries, the conversion to a different creed of life won't follow disillusionment. The ten years after the War will be so critical that I shiver when I think of them in an exhausted & starving world.

All this seems to me as sound as it is alarming. At midday came the news the Bulgaria had joined the Axis powers.



I walked during the afternoon as far as the house of Smith, the carpenter. He was standing by the road, & insisted on showing me his workshop, & telling me his autobiography. He said that he normally employs 14 men, but 5 of them have been "called up" for service in the Army. Ella & Fearne failed to return in time for tea.

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[132]

**1<sup>st</sup> Sunday in Lent, March 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1941.**

A wet and windy day. Temperature [52°].

I reflected in bed on the Warburton Lectures which the War has interrupted, and, perhaps, cancelled. Two have been already delivered viz. An Introductory Lecture, and the Lecture on The Appeal to History against the Jews. A 3<sup>rd</sup> has been written, but not delivered viz: The Appeal to History against the Gentiles. There remain yet 3 to be written. The 4<sup>th</sup> would be "The Appeal to History against the Christian Tradition". The 5<sup>th</sup> would give this appeal a specific reference to the Papacy. The final Lecture would carry the Appeal from the ecclesiastical to the social plane, The Appeal against Secularism. The change effected in the Roman controversy by the general acceptance of the theory of Development would be the main topic of the anti-Papal discussion, & its bearing on the impudent claims now advanced by the Popish advocates as if the older objections against their heresy had been stripped of relevance would call for treatment, and give a touch of actuality to the course as a whole.

[133]

There has been a great earthquake in Northern Greece, and the R. A. F., which is now urgently needed for use against the invading Germans in Bulgaria is actively engaged in dropping food and medical supplies to the stricken population. Could anything more unfortunate have happened at this juncture? Even if, as is probable, the extent of the calamity has been exaggerated in the first reports, the sudden disaster cannot but upset the plans, & disturb the nerves of our Ally, just when all its thought and steadiness are urgently required. Passi graviora.

A well-written, cogently argued, & very persuasive article appears in the Sunday Times under the signature "Q", urging the policy of following the German precedent by bombarding the great German industrial cities, and no longer limiting our attacks to specifically "military" objectives. This, of course, is "Reprisals": and it will appeal readily to the waxing multitude of war-weary and exasperated people. And, to be just, although I loathe it, and feel that it is wrong, I find it extraordinarily difficult to frame a satisfying argument against it.

[134]

The morning was wet, but before noon the sun had conquered the clouds, and the day had become brilliant and springlike. Birds & Crocuses. We went to church for Mattins. I read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Communion. Ella and Fearne were the only Communicants apart from me. There were said to be 14 com<sup>ts</sup> at 8 a.m. The congregation apart from Com<sup>ts</sup> was 10. There were 3 youths and James in the choir, & 4 boys. Add the 3 girls & the organist, and there was a grand total of less than 40 persons, out of a population of between 600 and 700 persons. It would be roughly true to say that only five per cent of the population attended the parish Church on the 1st Sunday in Lent. If the number be doubled in order to allow for reasonable causes of absence, and doubled again to allow for non-

Anglicans, then no more than 20 per cent of the people are personally concerned in the religious observances of "organised Christianity". This is a situation which provides material for much reflection on the vigour and efficiency of English Religion.

[135]

I wrote to Dick: and also to Marriott, at the Abbey, thanking him for the "Chronicle Notes" which have been sent me from the Chapter Clerk's office, and which, though necessarily bald & meagre, will be of real value to the man who will at some future time write a history of the Abbey during this tremendous chapter of its long life. Also, I sent him a copy of "Abyssinia". Marriott is rather a "dark horse" to me. He is known to be rather an impracticable "Anglo-Catholic", and also a popular preacher. Beyond that I know nothing, save that his appointment to the Abbey is currently stated to be due to Lady Oxford's insistence.

Cicero de Officiis i.0. propounds an excellent casuistic principle:-

Not to do a thing, when there is a doubt whether it be right or wrong: for righteousness shines with a brilliance of its own, but doubt is a sign that we are thinking of a possible wrong.

c.f. S. Paul (Rom. Xiv. 23)

"He that doubteth is condemned if he eat, because he eateth not of faith: & whatsoever is not of faith is sin".

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[136]

**Monday, March 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1941.**

A bright, uncertain day, rather windy.

Gladys Scott Thomson writes at some length to urge me to go on with the Autobiography, and to entrust it for publication to her publisher, M<sup>r</sup> Jonathan Cape. The good lady has an absurdly exaggerated notion of what my Autobiography could be, and what reception it could receive!

I know well what inspiration your words from the pulpit and platform have been to many. Will you not give us something of the background of your teaching? But I want the autobiography for another reason also, & here, perhaps, I have a little more right to speak than in the other instance. The span of your life has coincided with so many social changes. We are now in a period in which destruction is preceding what I fully believe will be a great work of social reconstruction. We want more than ever the same, considered judgement such as is yours on the social scene as you have viewed & do view it.

But I am in this sphere only a "back number".

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[137]

**Tuesday, March 4<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

A fine day. In the afternoon I walked to Chattisham Hall, where I joined my ladies at tea with Sir Gerald Ryan, & his. [sic] ~~Gerald~~ Derek his son & Sir William Brass made up the party. Before tea we witnessed the feeding of the ducks, now in the brilliance of their hymeneal plumage.

I was glad at least to make acquaintance with Sir William Brass M.P., who, though a new neighbour, has co-existed with me for more than two years without returning my call! He seems a pleasant, rather casual man, who expressed himself with civility, & said that he had not received my card! We had some interesting talk on Africa, which Sir Gerald had visited, & of which he had taken many interesting photographs, notably of the Victoria Falls & Central Africa. He described the wild beasts, visible to the tourist as numerous and wonderful.

I received a letter from the Dean of Durham who is staying in Edinburgh. He related the following:-

A Buchmanite was asked by an Oxford man what he thought he was doing. He replied that he hoped to see Oxford. "Go to hell, & save Cambridge" was the retort!

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[138]

A brilliant morning.

Sir Humphrey Milford replied to my questions about the projected Autobiography in a friendly and encouraging manner, which almost makes me decide to go on with it.

3<sup>rd</sup> March 1941.

My dear Bishop,

I spent an all too short hour or hour and a half yesterday reading the **delightful beginning of your 'Retrospect of an Unimportant life'** (By -the bye this title won't do at all: it is much too modest.) There is no doubt at all in my mind as to the "worth whileness" of your book, and **I do beg you most earnestly to continue with all possible speed along the road on which you have set your foot.** So on that point, 'whether it w<sup>d</sup> be worth continuing', I have absolutely no doubt at all, **nor that we sh<sup>d</sup> like to publish it.** Even if it is not complete – and I very much hope it will be – we could [139] perhaps publish a fragment as we have done successfully with Herbert Fisher's delightful fragment of autobiography which I expect you have seen.

Whether you sh<sup>d</sup> continue making quotations from your Journal in the body of the book as you have done, or should leave them to a chapter with an appendix of relevant quotations it is not easy to ~~say~~ answer until I see some of the later part to compare with the earlier. In this section, which is of course all I have seen, **I think that you weave your quotations and the few letters very skilfully, and at present I am inclined to advise that you continue this method.** I think you will probably find that some very important subjects such as the Prayer Book Revision will be best handled apart from the continuous record. I rather think that Bell in his admirable life of Davidson followed this plan, but I have not the book here to refer to.

[140]

I see that you hide the name of our late Secretary Gell under the initials P.L.G. Perhaps this is to spare the blushes of his aged relict with whom we have had business relations for nearly half a century! I was amused to see that you had not found my late brother-in-law Charles Mackarness very inspiring when he preached to you. He was an amiable creature, but dreadfully dull. He afterwards became Archdeacon of one of the Ridings of Yorkshire.

Forgive these frivolous points, but they will at any rate show that I have read every word of your scrap & only wish it was five times as long which I gather it may be at the end.

**Please put everything else aside and continue the good work – I think you will 'make your soul' – sh<sup>d</sup> it need any making – thereby better than by any other occupation.**

Yours sincerely,

H. F. Milford

[141]

I replied forthwith as follows:-

My dear Sir Humphrey Milford,

I am greatly bound to you for the pains which you have taken, and for the very kind letter in which you answer my inquiries. I shall certainly resume labour on the "Autobiography", and in due course bother you again.

Yes, I have read the published fragment of Herbert Fisher's Autobiography, which I thought charming; but then he was both eminent and charming, and I am neither.

However, although being in some sense (like S. Paul!!!) an ἐκτρωμα I have been curiously (and scandalously) public, & that must serve, in the absence of more considerable titles, for the disgusting rôle of self-portraiture!

Believe me,  
Sincerely and obliged,  
H. Hensley Henson  
Bishop.

[142]

I wrote also to Gladys Scott-Thomson,\* telling her that I was 'morally bound' to offer my 'Autobiography', if I ever succeeded in writing it, to the Oxford Press, and could not, therefore, accord with her wish that I should entrust it to M<sup>r</sup> Jonathan Cape.

Thus, I am definitely committed to the attempt to write what it is none the less extremely repugnant to me write[sic]viz: an honest account of myself and my career. It would, I imagine, be easier to write a history of one's opinions, for then one would not be inextricably mixed up with one's contemporaries, at least not in the same measure as one must be when giving an account of one's actions. I suppose it is inevitable than [sic] one should offend many, and wound some, though one's complaisance and restraint may go to the utmost permissible length.

After lunch Ellä and I walked together for an hour. On the way we noticed the clamorous[sic] activity of the nesting rooks, & the horde of greedy sea-birds which were escorting the tractor over the field next to Hyntle Place.

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[143]

Thursday, March 6<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

A wet day. Fearne and I motored to Ipswich where she did her housekeeping business, and I went to the hairdresser, & had my Absalom-locks cut, cleansed, & trimmed.

The Times failed to appear, through the enigmatic incompetence of our local paper-seller, who bears the grotesquely inappropriate name of "Speed", being indeed the most dilatory tradesman I have ever encountered. He illustrates the principle, 'lucus a non lucendo'.

I received a pleasant letter from Cecil Ferens,\* who is almost brought to desperation by the calling up of youths. His office is now wholly stripped, & the terrifying introduction of girl-substitutes has been necessarily resorted to.

But the march of the normal follies does not slacken. Ella sweetly informs me that her Goddaughter Daphne Radcliffe is about to be married, and she proposes to send her a cheque 'from us both'! After a brief irrepressible cry of agonized protest (for the new taxes have not yet been announced) I wrote a cheque. It is nothing less than domestic Danegelt! The MS of the fragment of the Autobiography arrived safely from Milford.

[144]

I remained in my study during the afternoon with the intention of utilizing the time for the composition of an Abbey sermon. But I found myself in the situation described by the late Dean [Richard] Church when he comforted Bishop Festing who had bewailed his inability to compose sermons, by assuring him that he himself was familiar with the experience as he sat helplessly at his study table of 'feeling like a hen contemplating a chalk egg'!

I wrote to Ruth Spooner,\* & in my letter suggested for her criticism a course of 4 sermons on the subject: Christianity in History, or Christ in Human Life. The text might be "He is our Peace", and the several sermons would deal with

1. The Historical Paradox, Christianity the most bellicose of Religions except Mohammedanism.
2. The Spiritual Fact. The indestructible serenity of the Saints. "The Peace of God which passeth all understanding".
3. The Social Revolution. The social relationships have gained a security and depth within the sphere of C<sup>ty</sup> [Christianity] which have no equivalent elsewhere.

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4. The Cosmic Hope. This transformation is ultimately to extend to all human relations. "The Kingdoms of the World are to become the Kingdoms of the Lord & of His Christ."

Under these headings it might be possible to introduce the requisite number of gibes and criticisms! The dullness of homiletic might be relieved by the flaying of Pacifists and the slaughter of Bolshies!



I think it would be advisable that I should introduce the chapter dealing with my life in Westminster with some account of my conception of the preacher's duty under modern conditions & in that place. It is certainly true that I gave much thought to this matter, and that I had reached some important conclusions e.g. I regarded myself as commissioned to mediate between the tradition, mainly "Fundamentalist" and the new views, critical & historical. I held myself bound to mitigate the inevitable shock of novelty by pastoral sympathy, exercising therefore, a deliberate but never an insincere "reserve". I resolved to be, so far as I could, entirely honest and candid.

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[146]

Friday, March 7<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

Another wet day. I remained indoors.

When I came to my study, my mind was filled with virtuous purpose, and I was eager to get to work on my Abbey sermon: But that ill-conditioned cat had succeeded in getting there before me, & so misconducting itself as to render the study almost “unfit for human habitation”. My thoughts were distracted, my intentions defeated, and not least, my temper was disastrously disturbed. With my windows open, the room was just tolerable, but deplorably cold. In effect, my morning was mainly wasted. To add yet another constituent to my discomfort, the “Spectator” again failed to appear, M<sup>r</sup> Speed remaining loyal to his reputation.

I received a letter from Lord Stamford inviting me to lunch on March 18<sup>th</sup> to meet Lady Barton, the wife of Sir Sydney Barton, our former Minister at Addis Adaba. I had to telegraph my refusal, and I wrote to Lord S. explaining that I could not conveniently be in London on the 18<sup>th</sup>. Also, I wrote at some length to Dick.

[147]

The Preface to the volume “The Creed in the Pulpit” is dated “Westminster Abbey, July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1912”, and it opens with the statement that on Trinity Sunday in that year “I completed twenty-five years of a ministry which (for reasons little connected, ~~with~~ perhaps, with my own will or competence) has mainly taken the form of a preaching ministry”. It goes on to claim that “For good or for evil, a preacher will have determined his main positions by the end of a quarter of a century, and that experience, personal and official, has answered many questions which once clamoured for answer, & could find none that was satisfying”. That there was peril in the process was admitted.

“Partly, perhaps, this must be ascribed to the indolence and apathy of advancing years, but partly it may fairly be thought to have a more respectable origin, and to express the juster balance of mind which thought and life can bring to any honest and considering man.

After the lapse of more than another half-century, I do not find it necessary to change or qualify, this.

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[148]

**Saturday, March 8<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

A fine morning after the rain, the sun shine was most welcome, and the birds jubilant.

I ordered James to make an end of the cat Felix, now adjudged to be an irreformably bad beast. I occupied the morning in finishing the Abbey Sermon for Low Sunday morning. In the afternoon we motored to Bealings, and had tea with Tallents. There came thither also, a neighbour of his named Kilburn with his wife. He was one who had spent many years in Assam, and had now returned home for good. We spoke of the recently announced Census returns in India, which show that the population of that country has now reached the gigantic total of 400,000.000. This means that there has been an increase of no less than 15% during the last decade. The main reason for this unprecedented growth is said to be the notable improvement in the health of the people. Tallents has been busily employed on his garden, which is very productive, enabling him to make generous gifts of vegetables to the mine-sweeps' fleet on the adjacent coast. We got home just in time for the 6 p.m. news.

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[149]

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday in Lent, March 9<sup>th</sup>, 1941.**

The earlier hours of the night were disturbed by gunfire and bombs, but for the rest all was peaceful. The morning was mild, windless and misty.

I read over once more the sermon which I had prepared, and added yet some final touches with a view to increasing its lucidity, since the parish in Ipswich where it is to be delivered is mainly industrial.

At 9 a.m. came the cheering news that at least the "Land and Lease" Bill had been passed in the American Senate by a majority of 2 to 1: that an Italian raider had been sunk in the Indian ocean by a N. Z. cruiser: that the Greeks had had more successes in Albania, and the Abyssinians in their own country. On the other hand, there was a murderous raid on London last night. "Scrutator's" article in the "Sunday Times" headed "Where shall we fight?" is excellent, and expresses admirably my own conviction viz. that we must in honour support Greece by invading the Balkans, and that probably our interest will in this event be finally found to coincide with our honour: but we must risk it.

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We motored to Ipswich, where we attended Mattins in the Church of S. John the Baptist, when I preached the sermon: afterwards we lunched the Vicar and his sister, Miss Hinde. The church is a fairly large building of red brick, in the Gothic style of architecture. There was a considerable congregation, which contained an unusual proportion of men, almost all on the "shady side" of forty. The acoustics of the building seemed to be excellent, and this may go far to explain the close attention of the congregation. The service was reverently read & intoned by the Vicar, and the lessons fairly read by the curate. My text was S. John x 16, and my subject was suggested by the protest of some prominent non-Christians against the common description of the War as a Crusade in defence of Christianity. This has appeared in a recent correspondence in the Times. The patronage of this benefice belongs to the Simeon Trust. None the less I observed that the Incumbent bowed to the Altar as he crossed the Chancel to guide me to the Vestry! But he announced Evening Communion!

[151]

The Sunday Times publishes an article on "Private Patronage" written by the Bishop of Norwich. It branches out into an apology for the Establishment on the too familiar lines of pragmatic Erastianism. I was strongly inclined to answer this curiously obsolete effusion: but I decided that the time is too unpropitious. It is sufficiently apparent that the flood-tide of national sentiment occasioned by the War will be utilized to preserve the Establishment, and that the unsolved problems of clerical anarchy and spiritual freedom will survive to disturb and degrade Anglican life when the War has ended. It is much the same with the other unsolved problem – Religion in the school. Here also the purblind conservatives whose citadel is the "National Society" will endeavour [to] exploit the popular loathing for continental secularism in order to prolong the rickety life of the Dual System. The assured

result of this ostrich-like policy will be, in the not distant future, Disestablishment with drastic Disendowment and Secularisation of the elementary & secondary schools.  
Opportunism on the bench, serving Bigotry in the parishes will give triumph to the enemies of Religion in the Nation.

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[152]

Monday, March 10<sup>th</sup>, 1941.

There was snow on the ground at daybreak but it soon disappeared, and the day, though cold, was fine.

James reported that the condemned malefactor, Felix the cat, had been executed, and buried. His carcase will serve to fertilize one tiny patch of the garden.

I received a letter from Charles Nye telling me that the post of Director of Religious Education in the Durham diocese "is not being continued during wartime", and that he has "been asked to offer his resignation". This decision may be unavoidable, but it will severely reduce his income, which is rather hard. He sends me a "copy of the first complete draft of the Durham County Agreed Syllabus of Rel. Instruction". Braley\* and he, who have collaborated in producing this document, are now "compiling a service book for Juniors which will be used in the schools of Country Durham". All this is good and useful. It is alarming to be reminded that "it is some months since he had the pleasure of receiving a letter" from me!

[153]

I occupied the morning by resuming work on that precious "Autobiography". The Journal is more extensive than serviceable, but it cannot be ignored: yet how far it can fitly or prudently be quoted is hard to determine. What is interesting to me, and illuminating to the student of my mental and moral development, may well be merely tiresome to everybody else. Only a confessedly great man can clothe the details of his personal record with perennial interest, and I assuredly do not come within the description of such confessed greatness. Indeed, I have a growing doubt whether my personality or my career is sufficiently considerable to be interesting.

The article on "Reminiscences of Westminster Abbey 1900-1912", which I contributed to the (now extinct) "Westminster Abbey Quarterly" may, perhaps, be drawn upon for my chapter on the life in Westminster.

Ella had a tea-party – Col. Smith, M<sup>rs</sup> Johnson, her sister Miss Drummond, Mave Markevitch were the guests.

[154]

I spent much time in reading my Journal covering the first years of my life in Westminster. They were filled with the controversies aroused by my sermons on Reunion, and by my championship of theological liberty within the National Church. They included my marriage on Oct. 20<sup>th</sup>, 1902, and the crowning evidence, as was malignantly affirmed by my numerous opponents, of my "instability". My marriage created a new link with Scotland, & thus strengthened the affection for the Scots, which I had formed in College, where the Scottish Fellows were my most intimate friends – Raleigh, Ker, Goudy, Grant Robertson. I think that

there must be a chapter on Scotland, and some attempt of the explanation of its attraction for me. This would involve a comparison with England, and an analysis of the two distinctive marks of the English governing class – the class bias, and the heresy of the “old school type”, neither of which ~~are~~ is paralleled in Scotland.