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6 October 1940 – 31 December 1940

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

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

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[1]

20th Sunday after Trinity, October 6th, 1940.

A warm blustering morning, bad for the soul & body. Being still not securely presentable to the public by reason of my recent experience in the dentist's chair, I absented myself from the Synaxis of the faithful, & remained in the house. Why am I not really distressed at a spiritual privation, which ought to have cast me into considerable regret?

My ladies dutifully attended Mattins, while I wrote 3 letters viz. 1) To Bell, 2) to Dick: and 3) to Dury [?Mitton].

I have stupidly allowed myself to undertake a "review" of Smyth's Book, and, as usual, it causes a waste of time & thought out of all proportion to the work required. But the issue raised is a large one, very difficult, & inevitably highly controversial. For it is nothing less than the status and future of Evangelicalism in the Church of England. If it be said (and probably with truth) that in the C. of E. as now commonly regarded, & as the ecclesiastical system seems to imply, Evangelicalism has no rightful place, & no hopeful future, does it follow that "Anglo-Catholicism" is a true version, & its dominance secure? Is not the right inference, the failure of the Anglican experiment?

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[2]

Monday, October 7th, 1940.

Last night was mercifully undisturbed, but the air-raids were resumed early this morning, and continued throughout the day. There was brisk fighting in which German planes were destroyed, but the ratio is lessening. Presumably the enemy is gathering wisdom from its misfortunes.

Dashwood writes with reference to the possibility of avoiding the payment of super-tax as a result of my adding the canonical income (£1400 p.a.) to my present income. He suggests that I should receive no income from the D. & C. but only a recoupment of my expenses. He adds

"I think it will be best to leave the matter in a fluid state at present. Would you let me see Hebron or the Dean, & then report to you?"

I think there could be no harm in this;

A gentleman named F. H. Bellamy writes to me. He says that he "used to come & see me in the old days at Dean's Yard, & also at Durham" and that he was in my choir at Ilford.

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[3]

Tuesday, October 8th, 1940.

George Trevelyan is evidently practicing economy in the matter of notepaper, for his letter acknowledging my congratulations is contained in my envelope appropriately corrected & adapted. He writes:

Dear Henson,

Thank you very much indeed for your kind letter which I greatly appreciated. We shall not be in the Lodge till January, after which I hope we may have the pleasure of seeing you there even in wartime, and of often in peace.

Yours ever,
G. M. Trevelyan

I expended the whole morning in writing what is absurdly called a "review" of Smyth's book on that very unattractive Evangelical saint, Charles Simeon. For, indeed, beyond a few conventional compliments to the writer, I made no reference to the book, but made a parallel between Pusey & Simeon, &, then, having declared both their versions of Christianity to be "moribund", I went on to speak of "Evangelicalism" in the Church of England, & its chance of survival in modern circumstances.

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[4]

Wednesday, October 9th, 1940.

A high westerly wind, and distinct rise of temperature. The crimson glory of the creeper is disappearing with the facility of good resolutions in a sentimental sinner's mind.

Being dissatisfied with what I had written yesterday, I wasted yet another morning on the precious "review", and then posted it to the Editor of Theology (Rev. Alec R. Vidler B. D. S^t Deiniol's Library, Hawarden, Chester) who will probably cast it forthwith into his w. p. b!

Margot approves of my tractate, "The Good Fight" & thinks it worth while to tell me so! Well: I must not be ungrateful. She adds

My house is uninhabitable from German bombs, & I have shut it down till the end of the War. The Church has come very poorly out of the War. Fortunately Christianity does not depend on the Church. There is as much snobbishness & red-tape in the Church, as there is in half of the Offices of State: small pay, little promotion, and poor preachers.

[5]

Now why does she explode all this on me, unless she has been at her old trick of promotion-jobbing, and failed in her effort, She is reported to boast of having sent Marriott to one stall in the Abbey, & I strongly suspect that she tried to repeat the performance with Hannay, who, as she was good enough to inform me, is in her opinion "the best preacher in the Church of England". If this supposition be sound, my appointment to the vacant stall must have been highly distasteful, & she is tactfully telling me so!

The Prime Minister's speech last night, when he reviewed the War in the House of Commons was another great oratorical effort. It was lofty, candid, and high-hearted; and it was framed in exquisite English. I am disposed to think that he made a mistake in rebuking with some severity the newspapers which have "let themselves go" on the unhappy blunder at Dakar, & I must needs regret that he did not adopt a higher tone in his reference to the agitation for "Reprisals": but, on the whole, none can fairly deny that the speech was worthy of the man and the subject.

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[6]

Thursday, October 10th, 1940.

I received from Bishop Brilioth a belated acknowledgement of "The Good Fight". His letter, which was deliberately and embarrassedly, non committal, was dated August 1st. There were no indications of its having had a circuitous passage marked on the envelope. I infer that the long delay must have been in Sweden.

Also, I received the Agenda of a Chapter Meeting, arranged for today. I wrote to the Dean, & made a copy of my letter.

The Times reports serious damage in yesterday's air-raid on London.

"More than 100,000 books were destroyed or severely damaged in a fire following the bombing of University College Library during a recent air-raid on London. This was revealed yesterday. Two members of the staff were killed and eight were wounded, & the memorial hall was almost demolished.

One begins to reflect anxiously on possibilities of destruction in Oxford and Cambridge, which are both within air-raiding range.

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[7]

Friday, October 11th, 1940.

Wilfrid of Labrador [Sir Wilfred Grenfell]* is dead. The Times this morning contains an appreciative and justly laudatory obituary notice, and an excellent portrait. He was my junior by rather more than a year, and came of a virile and fertile stock.

"His mother belonged to a family which at the first Delhi Durbar was represented by 48 cousins, all being officers of the Indian Army or Civil Service".

He was converted by "the robust teaching of the brothers J. K. and C. T. Studd", and threw himself into every kind of social-religious activity. He became the Apostle of Labrador, & the founder of its modern development. I made his acquaintance on my first visit to America in 1909, and was much impressed by him. He wrote to me stating his urgent need of a steel bath, which would cost more than £100. I was sufficiently moved by his letter to make an appeal from the pulpit to the congregation of S. Margaret's, Westminster. The money was promptly contributed, and the bath duly sent. Grenfell wrote a grateful & characteristic acknowledgment, but I have lost his letter.

[8]

Yesterday S. Paul's Cathedral was hit by a bomb, which crashed through the roof, & destroyed the high Altar! London will have many scars to show, when at last "this tyranny is overpassed".

I received an interesting & affectionate letter from Jack Carr. Writing from South Nigeria on August 25th, he says:-

The entry of Italy into the War has brought it nearer to us, though still not very near. The Nigerian Regiment is now actively engaged in East Africa, and people out here, I think, realize that the War concerns them. Africans have been asking to be given something to do, & have expressed themselves as willing and even anxious to fight. I believe there w^d be a ready response if a call came. The people of this part are less enthusiastic than most, but they are mainly concerned about their trade & the price of palm oil. Their loyalty fluctuates with produce prices, & they are the most [9] materialistic lot of Africans I have ever met. Even here, however, the more educated ones realize vaguely that there are larger & more important matters at stake; & that their future depends upon a British victory.

It is not inconsiderable that Hitler should alienate the opinion of "educated" Africans, who represent a force that is steadily gaining strength.

I visited the dentist, & he reported well enough as to the state of my jaw, but opined that I must resign myself to yet two months of silent waiting before he could complete the necessary work!

Also, I visited the hair-dresser, & had my Samson-locks curtailed & cleansed. On the way home I called at Abbey Oaks, and had a brief interview with Lord Woodbridge. He was by no means in his best physical form, but insisted on coming to the car & shaking hands with my ladies. He told me that he knew on the best authority that the "famous public school" in London which has been bombed is, as I conjectured, Harrow.

The Provost of Derby invites [me?] to give a Lenten Lecture in 1941 on The English Reformation in his Cathedral, but I felt constrained to decline.

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[10]

Saturday, October 12th, 1940.

I received a letter from the Dean. He writes

There was one point about which I was specially asked to write to you. Several members of the staff have been rendered homeless by the bombs, and we are confronted with the problem of finding some shelter for them. At the moment we have established two families in your house, [No] 4 Little Cloister. I write to ask whether you are prepared to approve of this as a temporary measure, and whether we may continue to use your house in this way until you yourself wish to occupy it. We will, of course, see to it that only careful tenants are put in.

I am thankful to say that neither the Abbey nor the Precinct have suffered any further damage since I last wrote, though we had three incendiary bombs dropped in the immediate vicinity on Wednesday night.

I wrote at once to say "Barkis is willin".

[11]

I finished Cochrane's book, & forthwith wrote to Kenneth Bell asking for information about him. Then, by mere chance, I came across a review of the book in The Guardian (Sept. 27th 1940) headed - "Christianity and the Pagan Thinker" by Edwin Bevan.^{*} It describes it as "Professor Cochrane's new book, and says that it is "a solid bit of work, and makes a useful contribution to the study of thought in the Roman world in the first centuries of the Christian era. This is not very flattering, &, indeed, it is evident that Bevan does not wholly like the book:

On p.171 Professor Cochrane talks about "table-rapping", but the method of divination in question was to hold up a ring suspended on a string which as it swung touched successfully letters arranged below. Where the idea of table-rapping came from, when spiritualists started it a year ago, I should be glad to learn: there is, so far as I know, no allusion to it in classical antiquity.

In the afternoon we visited Capel S. Mary Church, a rather disappointing building with perpendicular nave & decorated chancel, and then we had tea with Miss Crisp pleasantly enough.

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[12]

21st Sunday after Trinity, October 13th. 1940.

I went to church, and there received the Blessed Sacrament at 8 a.m. There was but a small number of communicants, & the Rector [Moulsdale*] sounded to me as rather more aggressively "Catholic" than heretofore. At least, I do not remember that he ever before ministered the consecrated Elements to me with the illegally nuanced formula. But I think he hates obedience to Rubrics, when no "principle" is in question! Thus he will not introduce the Epistle with the appointed formula. "The Epistle is written in the", but in his own phrase "The lesson appointed for the Epistle is taken from the writings of Blessed Paul the Apostle". It is trivial enough, but operates as an unedifying irritant on an old-fashioned Anglican like the Junior Canon of Westminster. The interpolation "Let us pray" before the Collect, and "The Lord be with you" before the Sursum Corda have the same effect, though these he affects (not very honestly) to justify by the plea that they have their place in the Revised Prayer Book, which was rejected by the House of Commons.

[13]

I wrote to 1) Dick, 2) Cecil Ferens, 3) Charles Pattison.

Eusebius is full of curious interest e.g.

"There was a certain Serapion amongst us, an old man and a believer, who lived blamelessly for a long time, but in the trial (sc. of the Decian persecution) fell. This man oftentimes besought (absolution), and no one paid him heed: For indeed he had sacrificed. And, falling sick, he continued for three successive days speechless and unconscious: but on the 4th day he rallied a little, & calling his grandson to him, he said: "How long, my child, do ye hold me back? Haste ye, I pray, & grant me a speedy release; do thou summon me one of the presbyters". And having said this he again became speechless. The boy ran for the presbyter. But it was night, & he was unwell and could not come. Yet since I had given an order that those who were departing this life, if they besought it, & especially if they had made supplication before, should be absolved. That they might depart in hope, he gave the boy a small portion of the eucharist, bidding him soak it & let it fall in drops down into the old man's throat mouth. Back can the boy with it, [14] and when he was near, before he entered, Serapion revived again and said "Hast thou come child? The presbyter could not come, but do thou quickly what he bade thee, and let me depart". The boy soaked it, and at the same time poured it into his mouth, & when he had swallowed a little he straightway gave up the ghost. Was it not plain that he was preserved and remained until he obtained release, that, with his sin blotted out, he might be acknowledged for all the good deeds he had done? Such is the account of Dionysius.

[v. Eusebius ii. 125 Loeb's ed.]

Such was Christianity in the 3rd century. Whatever else it was, assuredly it was not of the Protestant type. The appeal to Antiquity is a double-edged weapon. It disallows many bold

claims, but it discloses much that the appellants cannot comfortably allow. The Papist can make it at least as securely as the Protestant. It will not accord entirely with the interest of any modern version of Christianity.

[15]

Princess Elizabeth, now in her 15th year, is making a start in public service, by broad-casting a message to the children of the empire. She spoke clearly and intelligently. Her little speech was well conceived, well phrased, and well delivered. The longer I live, the more impressed I am by the strength and tenacity of monarchical sentiment among English-speaking folk. The most eminent, learned, & brilliant of living men & women could not command such close & eager audience as this little girl, who, apart from her Birth & Position, has no title of claim to any audience at all! Nor is it mere curiosity that draws literally millions of people throughout the world to listen: it is this half-mystical monarchical sentient, this "divinity which doth hedge a king". We are fortunate, indeed, in being able to yoke that strange Force to the service of civil & political stability. But, while we rejoice in our good fortune, we cannot forget how essentially insecure it is. An outbreak of personal incompetence might destroy it. We were within an ace of that disaster, when Edward viii's abdication saved us.

[16]

Westminster Abbey is evidently "hard hit". The Dean writes rather depressingly:-

We are carrying on week-day services in S. Faith's Chapel, and Sunday services in the Nave. I do not know how long we shall be able to continue to use the Nave. It is miserably cold already, and it is useless to try and heat it until all the windows have been boarded up.

We all felt, very reluctantly, that the time has come to close the Choir School. We have got to save money where we can, and we shall, I hope, save a good deal in this way, though we shall have to give the Matron a pension, & make sure that some sort of provision for the Masters [sic] until they find other work. If any further disaster befall the Abbey (which God forbid!) I have asked the Archbishop for permission to hold our services in the Assembly Hall of the Church House. The most trying part of this life is that we all have to sleep together in the [17] Shelter - char-women, maids, porter's boy and canons. We usually have to go there about 7.15 p.m. and we are not released till 6.30 the next morning. I am sure that at the moment your wisest course is to remain at Hintlesham. There really is no useful purpose to be served by coming to London.

Indeed, it would appear that Hitler has succeeded in bringing to nothing my "piece of war work"! On a wider arena than that of private arrangements, Hitler is a disconcerting phenomenon. [John Bagnell] Bury's* synthesis in his essay "Cleopatra's Nose" published in 1916 sounds rather absurd in 1940:-

A survey of history seems to suggest that as time goes on contingencies will become less important in human evolution and chance have less power over the course of

events... The consequences of the growth of democratic societies are that the destinies of societies are moulded less and less by single individuals [v. J. B. Bury's "Selected Essays" p.69]

Who could have foreseen such a "contingency" or "chance" as the emergence of Adolf Hitler?

[18]

Bury insisted on treating History as a "science" and yet he disclaimed "impartiality and freedom from bias" as "indispensable qualifications in every Historian's ideal of how history should be written". In 1926 he wrote to the Morning Post:

I do not think that freedom from bias is possible, and I do not think it is desirable. Whoever writes completely free from bias will produce a colourless & dull work..... Is there any event or any transaction worth investigating or writing about on which the writer can fail to have a definite bias if the subject really engages his interest? And it will be admitted that otherwise he cannot hope to produce anything that will engage the interest of the world.

I think in all there is some sophistry & some confusion of mind. There is such a thing as a just judgement, as an honest treatment of authorities, as intellectual rectitude: & these are integral to the production of genuine history, & to possess them must enter into "the Historian's ideal of how History should be written".

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[19]

Tuesday, October 15th, 1940.

The post brought letters from Dick [Elliott]* and Kenneth Hodgson – two young men whom I sent to Oxford at my own expense. The one has more than justified my hopes, & rewarded ~~justified~~ my sacrifice. The other has been wholly a disappointment. It is interesting that neither of them came to me, so to say, by my own choice. Both were brought to me from outside. Dick was brought to Auckland Castle by my "nephew" Ernest Henson, *who was then on the staff of Sedbergh School. He was a little red-headed boy, whose father had just died, & who was, therefore, unable to continue his schooling at Sedbergh. I decided to send him to Durham. He pleased me, & in due course, I sent him to Oxford, & then, when he had decided to be ordained, to Westcott House. I myself ordained him, & have been in close contact with him throughout, having, with his mother's consent, taken the position of his Guardian. Kenneth H. was brought to my notice when, after having gained a school exhibition, he was unable to get to Oxford. His mother appealed to me, & when, after enquiry, I received a good report of her, & of him, I sent him to Wadham. But he disappointed me, & got no good from [20] Oxford. His "head was turned", & since taking his degree, he has never succeeded in establishing himself in the educational service. I sent him to Bede College, & to Hatfield for the requisite training, but, though nothing seriously wrong is alleged against him, he never retains any situation, & is now without employment. Now he asks for my "considered advice & direction" as to his best course of action since he is again out of employment, and, as a school-teacher, disqualified for service in the fighting forces. I wrote to him.

I wasted the morning in reading Lightfoot's learned & interesting article in the Dictionary of Christian Biography on Eusebius of Caesarea. In the afternoon Elia and I played croquet together.

The noise of aeroplanes, & their sinister accompaniment – the thud of falling bombs & the rattle of shaking windows – began early, then died away, only to be renewed between 11.30 p.m. and 1.30 a.m., but where precisely they are working their evil will, or what measure of success attends them in their wicked exertions, we cannot tell, but shall learn in due course.

[21]

Pat McCormick's death is announced. He was 63, and had made himself widely known, & greatly beloved. He followed Dick Sheppard at S. Martin's in Trafalgar Square, and, avoiding his absurdities, carried on his work. For some years he was wont to send me at Christmas a cheque for £120 for distribution at my discretion to the poorer clergy in the diocese. When I wrote to acknowledge his bounty, & expressed my sense of obligation, he wrote to thank me for my letter, adding that it was the only word of appreciation which he had received from the clergy. There is beyond doubt a deplorable spirit in the "poorer clergy". They are full of envy & discontent. Any benefaction is greedily taken without any sense of obligation, as if it were a kind of ecclesiastical "Dane-gelt" paid by their privileged superiors to keep them quiet! I cannot doubt that the root of much pastoral failure is this miserable spirit in the

clergy. Because they are poor, they do not realize that they are the slaves of Mammon. The admonitions about "filthy lucre" are, I must needs think, more fitly addressed to them than to those whom they envy.

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[22]

Thursday, October 17th, 1940.

I received the Minutes of the Chapter Meeting on October 10th. The following is important:-

“It was unanimously agreed that for financial reasons the (Choir) School must be closed at the end of the present term, and the Headmaster be informed accordingly. Instructions were given for notices to be sent to the Headmaster & Miss Weston (the matron) terminating their respective engagements on the 25th March next.”

An alteration of the residences for 1940 was made, substituting “Sept. 16th to 30th” for “July 16th to 31st” for Canon Marriott. It was also decided that Chapter Meetings sh^d “remain in abeyance for the time leaving it to the Dean to give instructions for a meeting to be summoned on any of the dates already arranged should occasion arise.”

There being some kind of War-Sanhedrin of patriotic females in the Smoking Room, I remained in my study, and wrote to the Dean of Westminster, and to Charles Nye. The fineness of the weather made indoors rather disgusting, but!

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[23]

Friday, October 18th, 1940.

Between 1 a.m. and 3 a.m. there were many bombs dropped near enough to shake the house, & make the windows rattle. I turned up the light, and read, but to little purpose. The post brought notice of the Bishop's enthronement on November 20th: and an interesting letter from Cecil Ferens.

The Times states that bombs have fallen on Canterbury, damaging the Deanery, but doing little harm to the Cathedral.

The Nazis are very insistent. Our croquet was cut short by an air-raid in the afternoon: and in the forenoon when my ladies with M^{rs} Frazer were refreshing themselves in the interval of shopping, they were interrupted by an air-raid warning. I notice without surprize that a correspondent in the Times raises the uncomfortable question of the danger of infection in air-raid shelters! But M^r Macdonald, the Minister for Public Health gives cheerful assurances as to our present state. It is said that measles is becoming unpleasantly common. Indeed, promiscuity, fatigue, and chronic fear are conditions eminently favourable to every kind of malady physical and spiritual. Eheu!

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[24]

Saturday, October 19th, 1940.

I read through again, mostly in bed last night, the little volume, "Declarations & Letters on the Vatican Decrees 1869-1887" published in 1891. It is an authorized translation from the German. Döllinger's Appeal to History against the Infallibility dogma will serve excellently to illustrate my 4th Warburton. Pastor in the History of the Popes (E.T. vol i. 180) has the audacity to quote Döllinger as if he supported the dogma as affirming a normal and legitimate "historical development" of the authority conferred on S. Peter by Christ. But he omits Döllinger's categorical repudiation of that view. On p. 179f. Pastor's [sic] makes a clear and useful statement of the post-Vatican belief about the Papacy.

I read a searching criticism of the Papist view about S. Peter's connexion with the Roman Church in "Essays in Early Church History" by Prof. E.T. Merrill:-

"The story bears every mark of a myth. It is entirely lacking in support by historical evidence. On it the Church of Rome [25] regards herself as founded. Yet the historical base is not rock, but incoherent sand." (p. 332)

Merrill evidently thinks the I. Peter was written from Babylon in the literal sense of the name; but Streeter holds that "the name Babylon should be understood to mean Rome". This view, he thinks, has 'the balance of probability in its favour'. With this Hort agrees, and Lightfoot.

But, even allowing that there is such a balance of probability on the point of S. Peter's connexion with Rome, there still remains the unproved and unprovable assumption that S. Peter's personal privileges whatever they were, (and it is certainly demonstrable that they were not what modern Roman doctrine insists that they were) were by Divine appointment transmitted to the Bishops of Rome. Moreover, it is difficult to believe that a matter of such vital spiritual importance as the authority of the Roman Pope is now said to be, Christ should have left the Church in such doubt that only after the lapse of more than 18 centuries should the truth have been plainly formulated and made essential.

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[26]

22nd Sunday after Trinity, October 20th, 1940.

This is the anniversary of my marriage. No less than 38 years have passed since Ella and I exchanged vows before the High Altar of Westminster Abbey. All who took part in the marriage ceremony, save only Ella and myself, have passed away, & the great church itself is heavily scarred by the bombs of the German Enemy.

I went to the parish church, & received the Blessed Sacrament at 8 a.m. We have much reason to thank God for His goodness, for though the noblest gift of marriage has been withheld, we have been given much, and now, as aged folk, we are in relatively good health, and permitted to live in circumstances which, though not free from financial anxiety, are honourable, and compare favourably with those which commonly belong to pensioners. By a singular & most surprising turn of fortune, I am again a Canon of Westminster, but it does not yet appear how I can render any public service in that character. I must await more light on my path.

[27]

My ladies went to Church for Mattins, and I remained in my study, and wrote letters. I wrote to Cecil Roth, expressing regret at my inability to be present at his lecture on "The Jews in the Defence of Britain, XIIIth – XIXth centuries" which he is to deliver in the Hall of Magdalen College Oxford, next Sunday afternoon. Also, I wrote to Grant Robertson,* explaining that I could not be in Oxford for the week-end, November 2-4. And I wrote my usual weekly letter to Dick, and answered the letter which I received from Jack Carr on October 11th. The difficulty about keeping up a correspondence with far distant friends, when of necessity the interval between letters is protracted, is to remember what precisely one has already written. Information is certain to be stale, if it has not already been contradicted by events; and comments on political happenings may well have lost point & value before they come to be read. Yet a total cessation of correspondence is hardly consistent with the survival of affection. And Wireless has now brought its influence to bear. It is becoming difficult to perceive any respectable future for letter-writing.

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[28]

Monday, October 21st, 1940.

The Under- Treasurer of Lincoln's Inn writes

I regret to inform you that so much damage has been done to the Inn by Enemy Action (including the Chapel), that the Masters of the Bench have ordered that services in the Chapel, including the Warburton Lecture be suspended until further notice.

The Dean of Westminster writes:

Thank God, the Abbey has suffered no further damage, but the Great Assembly Hall of the Church House, together with the Club Premises, was reduced to dust and ashes, and 6 valuable lives ended by a single bomb. I confess that has shaken us badly.

M^r Kenneth McKenzie writes

I am writing from a sick bed, where I have been for fourteen days, & hope to have an operation this morning. I write to thank you for 'The Good Fight.'

In sending him the cheque for his fee, I had sent him also a copy of the tractate.

[29]

I hardly ever dream, or, at least, so dream as to retain a distinct memory of what I have dreamed. But this morning I waked up with a vivid recollection of a dream. I dreamed that I was a chaplain in an officers' mess, discussing an action. One of the officers described how a German had held up his hand in token of surrender." "But I shot him without a moment's hesitation". "Sir", I said, " you disgraced your country & your cause, by what was nothing else than a base & brutal murder." I was denouncing the wretched man, when I awoke, and behold, it was a dream."

In the afternoon I walked through the meadow which connects the drive of Hintlesham House with the Hadleigh Road, but, being absorbed in my thoughts, I missed the path, & came up against a wire fence. While I was with some difficulty getting over it, a very decent workman[?] hastened to my assistance. On returning home, I discovered that I had lost my episcopal ring, & conjectured that I had probably done so when negotiating the barbed wire fence. Fearne at once suggested an immediate search, and drove [30] me to the place. There mirabile dictu, I recovered my ring. This incident would have worked up well as a miracle!

I read again Salmon's* Lectures on Infallibility in order to renew my acquaintance with the Roman Controversy, which must have an important place in my 4th Warburton. I was again impressed by the extraordinary power of the argument, with its effective presentment. It was old Bishop Reichel, who first put me onto the great Provost, whom he evidently did not

like as a man, but highly regarded as a controversialist. On one occasion, I met the Provost, when I sate beside him at dinner on a Feast at Trinity Cambridge. He disappointed me by his taciturnity, for I had expected many brilliant sallies of his Hibernian humour, & he hardly opened his mouth!

We listened with difficulty (for the deliverance was much interrupting by some interloping German stuff) to the Prime Minister's address to the French people. It was yet another high-souled pronouncement.

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[31]

Tuesday, October 22nd, 1940.

The Times announces the bombing of Holland House, and gives two painful pictures of the wrecked mansion. This is truly a lamentable event. I remember with melancholy satisfaction that I lunched there with the Ilchesters* some two years ago. Lord I. showed me the house, & its treasures. I could not but write to him a letter of sympathy.

Also, I wrote to Parry-Evans* condoling with him on the death of his wife, which is reported this morning. The poor lady was little more than a half-wit, but she was a peer's daughter & meant well!

I called at the Rectory, and had a short interview with the Rector, who was in a dilapidated state, nursing a bilious attack. Since the poor man takes absolutely no bodily exercise, the marvel is that he ever emerges from his bilious intervals!

The Prime Minister's speech is much applauded in the U.S.A. It was in my judgement excellent in spirit, substance, and form, only marred by two lapses from good taste – his description of Hitler as an 'abortion', and his reference to the fishes as no less eager than the British Navy to receive the Nazi invaders. But these are petty faults in a fine effort.

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[32]

Wednesday, October 23rd, 1940.

I received a letter from Miss Anne Collins, in which she said that she was a niece of Bishop Collins of Gibraltar, and asked me for a personal interview in very urgent terms. Her letter was addressed to Westminster, & had been forwarded. I wrote immediately to say that I lived in Suffolk, and suggesting that she might indicate the nature of the subject on which she desired to consult me.

The noble Elizabethan Hall of the Middle Temple has been badly damaged by a bomb.

It was in Middle Temple Hall in 1601 that Shakespeare's Twelfth Night was first performed. Planned & erected in the early years of Queen Elizabeth, the hall escaped the destruction widely wrought by two destructive fires in the reign of Charles II – to fall now a victim to attack launched by the modern barbarians at nothing remotely resembling a military objective.

Happily, the stained-glass windows with their armorial bearings had been removed. And the two treasured tables made, the one from Windsor Forest oaks given by Q. Elizabeth, and the other from the timber of Drake's circumnavigating ship, the Golden Hind.

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[33]

Thursday, October 24th, 1940.

I received the "Weekly Bulletin on the Spiritual issues of the War, issued to the representative leaders of British and Overseas Churches by the Religious Division of the Ministry of Information". There I read a paragraph headed "German Churches' Attitude to the War" which emphasized 'the fact that the German churches in the main have identified themselves with the Nazi attitude to the war.' It quotes a leading article from the Swedish paper "Vecko -Posten. 18/7/40" in which reference is made to the German Baptist paper Wahrheit's Zeuge, and especially to the wild jubilation on the armistice between France & Germany. This German paper humbly thanks God for His blessing, and turns with praise & gratitude to the leaders who have been proved to be the tools of Providence. It praises the Fuehrer [sic] for his insight in providing almost inexhaustible supplies of arms, & calls down blessings upon him in many beautiful phrases. The Swedish paper asks "whether the editor of the above has ever remembered that God is not only the God of the Germans, but also the God of the tortured Jews, the suppressed Greeks, the unhappy Poles – half of whom Germany sold to the Russians; God of the assaulted Norwegians, Dutch & Belgians, these [34] peace-loving peoples who asked for nothing but to live in peace with their powerful neighbours. What did they pay for Germany's victory? It dumbfounds one to read how a Baptist paper after such a victory gives praise in the words of the Angels' song, "Glory to God in the Highest."

This certainly is humiliating. It seems to show that Christianity is powerless against the demented racialism which now masquerades in Germany as patriotism. Loisy* in his booklet, "Guerre et Religion" written during the last War pointed out that the Church in every belligerent country endorsed and blessed the national policy, & he drew the inference that the old national religions, which Christianity was supposed to have conquered and replaced, had risen from their graves, and defeated their conqueror. But the phenomenon in Germany today goes beyond the blind, but natural, preference of patriotism. For there was no such extreme & flagrant repudiation of Christian Faith & Morals then by any belligerent as Hitlerized Germany has made. The Christian conscience seems to be completely paralyzed in Germany now.

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[35]

~~Friday~~ Saturday, October 26th, 1940.

Vernon Storr's death is announced in the Times. He was in his 70th year, and had been miserably ill for some time. This is a very lamentable ~~death~~ event. It removes a salutary influence, and thus weakens the Church of England at a time when it specially needs strengthening. It creates a vacancy – for his canonry carried with it the incumbency of S. Margaret's – which will be specially difficult to fill suitably; and deprives me of the only friend I possess among my Westminster colleagues. I wrote to M^{rs} Storr, what is called a letter of condolence, and in this case my letter more nearly possessed that character than is often the case. And then, of course, my thought ran to the possible successor. ~~Four~~ Five names immediately suggested themselves – Don, who as Chaplain of the House of Commons might seem rather plainly indicated as a suitable Rector of S. Margaret's; Hannay, 'George A Birmingham', Charles Smyth, Norman Sykes, and Bezzant of Liverpool. I suspect, however, that Don is designed for a bishoprick. And there is the Vicar of All Saints, Ennismore Gardens, but he is a Bœotian [sic] though erudite.

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[36]

Saturday, October 26th, 1940.

These German Baptists haunt me. In their case the too-familiar phenomenon of Erastian complaisance can hardly be assumed, for they are sectaries, unpatronized by the State, and under no specific obligation to obey its directions in spiritualibus. Their very existence implies a special regard for the authority of scripture, & a conscientious insistence on the right and duty of 'private judgement'. How does it come about that they perceive nothing morally repulsive in Hitlerite doctrines and procedures? Partly the answer must be found in their profound ignorance of the facts. They illustrate the power of organized Falsehood to pervert and blind the human conscience. The amazing succession of German victories has created in their minds a fever of patriotic pride, and, since they are professedly Christian men, this clothes itself in the disguise of a Divine affirmation of Hitlerite pretensions. They are in this respect where Milton was more than 200 years ago when he spoke of 'God's Englishmen': but he was not thereby committed to the acceptance & justification of such moral paradoxes as Hitlerism embodies.

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[37]

23rd Sunday after Trinity, October 27th, 1940.

I went to the parish church, and there received the Blessed Sacrament at the 8 a.m. celebration. In the forenoon, I remained in my study, and wrote to the Dean of Westminster condoling with him on the untoward death of Vernon Storr.

In the afternoon Ella and I walked for nearly two hours, and on returning to the House, I wrote to Dick, dealing with the contention, which had been advanced in a letter to the Daily Telegraph, that we must not fall "into the error of thinking that Christianity & Western Civilization must stand or fall together". The letter seems to have made a considerable impression on Dick's mind, and, therefore, I thought it worth while discussing, but, in doing so, I was handicapped by the fact, (which I candidly confessed) that I had not myself read the letter in question! I recommended him to read Coulton's* book, From Frances to Dante, and then, on looking at the volume, discovered that I must have done so when he was reading for the History School in Oxford, for there was a sheet of notes in his familiar script, in the volume! So much for my memory!

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[38]

Monday, October 28th, 1940.

Bell replies to my inquiry about Cochrane, whose book, "Christianity and Classical Culture" interested me so much:-

He is Professor of Ancient History at Toronto, and I have known him since 1910, when he was my pupil at Toronto reading History. I had 4 very able pupils in my 2 years at Toronto, 3 of whom came to Oxford, as Cochrane did in 1911: he got a 2nd in Greats from Corpus, & then went back to Toronto. He has done most things there in the way of necessary Residences & Examining & all the rest of it. He has 2 children both being educated & has never had any money, but he has always refused to go in for the niggling kind of research which most people in Canadian Universities affect. He wrote a thing on Thucydides which attracted some attention, I believe; and then started his present work. He got a year off to see it through the Press after it had been read & highly [39] praised by Collingwood; he spent a year in Oxford & I saw a lot of him. He left just before War broke out.

Since then he has done a lot to help with getting children away to Canada, including 3 of mine & 3 grandchildren as well, so I am heavily in his debt. This is one reason why I want to get his book read by people who will appreciate it. I am so glad you think well of it.

The Archbishop of Canterbury writes:-

I only hope that you may find some habitable spot to live in when you come up for your duties. Alas, I can no longer offer the hospitality of Lambeth, because as you know I have been bombed out of it. The living part has been cut in two & rendered uninhabitable. My only anxiety is about the old historic parts; but bombs fall around them. I am compelled to make Canterbury my headquarters.

[40]

I wrote to Canon Mozley,* suggesting that, in view of the wreckage effected by 'enemy action', and the general dislocation caused by the War, it might be expedient to cancel my undertaking to deliver the White Lecture in S. Paul's during next Lent.

At 1 p.m. the wireless announced that Italy had presented an ultimatum to the Greeks early this morning, giving them 3 hours in which to decide on their action. The Greek Government treated the ultimatum as practically a Declaration of War, and appealed to Great Britain for assistance. We are pledged to give it to the full extent of our power. Italy is reported to have begun hostilities without delay. The Turks are said to be designing to help the Greeks. I imagine that much will turn on the attitude of Bulgaria; and Russia can hardly be indifferent. Meanwhile, the two archcriminals are holding counsel together in Florence. If the Greeks put up a decent fight (which is doubtful), and if we can make effective use of their harbours

and islands, their entrance into the War ought to tell effectively on our side. But they have an ill reputation and a worse record. Anyway, it is better that they should be with us, than against us.

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[41]

Tuesday, October 29th, 1940.

“Thus Ward’s attitude to encyclicals & allocations was much like the Protestant attitude to the Bible” so writes Dom Cuthbert Butler in his extremely interesting volume on the Vatican Council published in 1930. The parallel is illuminating. What History has done for the Papacy, Criticism has done for the Fundamentalist Protestants. Neither one nor the other can retain hold on a modernly educated mind. In the light of History the Papal claims are seen to be preposterous: in the light of Criticism Fundamentalism is seen to be absurd. This may be usefully developed in my 4th Warburton.

Much to my surprise I received a cheque from M^r Bertram Christian for £10 for the tractate which at his suggestion I expanded out of a letter to the Times last January, under the heading (which was supplied by the Editor) “The Good Fight”.

I was just settling to my work, when a note arrived from Lord Woodbridge, suggesting that I should return with his chauffeur and see him, as he was feeling comparatively fit. So I went, & talked with him for half-an-hour, or so, pleasantly enough.

[42]

Lord Woodbridge told me that Lord de ~~Saurez~~ Saumarez had told him that his cousin, Sir Percy Loraine had been staying with him recently, and had said that, when he (Sir P. L.) was ambassador in Rome, he could never succeed in getting speech with Mussolini, but had always to content himself with Ciano. This he ascribed to Mussolini’s resentment in the matter of Sanctions, & Great Britain’s action therein. But Mussolini is a low fellow, albeit demoniacally clever, & he is said to have fallen into ill habits, which may, perhaps, explain the comparative rareness of his public actions & speeches. Ciano is a base, clever knave, and his wife entirely worthy of her father!

After lunch, Ella and I walked to the church at Washbrook, and returned. The weather is fine & cold.

The sugar-beet and potato harvests are being gathered from the fields, and, laus Deo!, both are said to be abundant. These roots are largely grown in this district. The wheat harvest is fairly good in Great Britain, and excellent in Canada. So long as we can hold the seas, we need not fear starvation.

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[43]

Wednesday, October 30th, 1940.

Lord Ilchester, replying to my letter of condolence writes:-

It is indeed kind of you to have written about my poor old house. It is as nearly wiped out as possible, for all the centre is gone, & with it all the historic rooms. I had fortunately moved my best pictures & was able to get the MSS away, & have lost but few books of value. The Press Association, which was apparently responsible for the statement in the Times has surpassed itself in inaccuracy!

But the house itself, set in the heart of London surrounded by 40 acres of well-wooded Park was itself more precious than its contents. London will never quite recover from such losses as this. But it will have gained another and ~~more~~ imperishable glory for which even the sacrifice of its historic & architectural treasures does not constitute too great a price. London will no longer be what Lord Rosebery called a "wen", but will have become a Stylites pillar of British courage & fortitude!

[44]

With much parade of wifely concern for my interest, my incomparable Ellie insisted on my visiting the 'War Exhibition' opened yesterday by Lord Cranworth in the Ipswich Museum. With some reluctance, such as our original & still unfallen ancestor may have manifested when his wife pressed him with the knowledge-giving fruit in Eden, I yielded, and was carried to the Show, to which, not without some difficulty in discovering the entrance, we succeeded in gaining admission. It appeared to consist almost entirely of pictures cut from the newspapers illustrating the War! A very few minutes sufficed, but the dear Lady, bent on my instruction, if not on my entertainment insisted on a careful inspection of the stuffed birds & beasts, the 'flotsam & jetsam' of traveller's collections, & various antiquarian treasures, which formal [form?] the normal stock of this, as of most other, county museums. Finally, we effected our departure, and returned home in time for tea. I marvelled that it should have been thought worth while opening such an exhibition with so much parade of importance, but I subsequently learned that there was a money-box for contributions to a War Fund.

[45]

About 9. 30 p.m. we were startled by the sound of bombs falling, as it seemed, quite near the house. We were sufficiently alarmed to move to the passage, which we have decided is the most protected place in the house: but, after a short interval, since no more bombs fell, we returned to the drawing-room, and proceeded to play our customary game of cards.

I think the 4th Warburton shall deal with the effect of History on Tradition: and the 5th on its effect on Development. History is the corrective of the one, and the judge of the other. Both characters might be illustrated from the controversy with the Papacy, which would be fitting, since the design of Bishop Warburton in founding the lecture was confessedly controversial.

Then the final lecture might deal with the degree of authority which now attaches to the Appeal in view of the modern developments of historical research, the emergence of the study of Religions, and the new importance attached to the social and economic consequences of religious beliefs, and ecclesiastical policies.

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[46]

Thursday, October 31st, 1940.

This day is the 76th Birthday of my brother Arthur, whose life petered out so sadly in Minehead two years ago. It is also, as the Times reminds its readers, the 76th Birthday of Cosmo Cantuar.

I received from Cecil Roth a very civil letter, acknowledging a note in which I had expressed my regret at being unable to attend his lecture in the Hall of Magdalen College, last Sunday: he says,

I had one sad announcement to make. In the bombing of University College, our head-quarters (sc. The Jewish Historical Society of England) were entirely destroyed, including the entire Mocatta library – every book & pamphlet, & leaf of it, including numerous 17th and 18th century publications, of which no other copy is known. I will be issuing an appeal to our friends, later on, to assist us to reconstitute the collection so far as possible.

Though it is not (as it were) my line of business, I spoke in the synagogue here (Oxford) on the Day of Atonement. [47] My main point was that international events of the past ten years make it clear that one cannot burke one's moral responsibilities, and that it is illogical to protest if the attempt leads one to a highly uncomfortable outcome. I feel almost ashamed of the fact that the discomfort has thus far been, so far as I and Oxford are concerned, so remote. I trust that you will continue to be unperturbed (if not undisturbed).

I read again, and carefully, Harnack's Excursus on 'Catholic and Roman' in his History of Dogma. (vol. ii. p. 148-168. E.J.) It is an admirable piece of historical work, and, I cannot but think, all the more annihilating of Roman doctrine about the Papacy because of its frank admission of all that can be offered as historical justification for it.

Then I read Streeter's* Chapter on 'The Church of Rome' in his book, 'The Primitive Church', which did not please me so much. His contention that S. Ignatius "gave Rome a line of bishops ready later on to make a grander claim upon those Keys [sc. given to S. Peter in the famous verse in Matthew]" is more clever than convincing.

[48]

The weather worsened as the day declined. None the less, I would not forego my 'constitutional', but had not reckoned with the volume and vehemence of the rain driven by a strong wind from the south. After an hour and a half I returned in the state and with the aspect of a half-drowned rat. I had a hot bath, and a generous tea, & then settled, as I thought, for a little work before the 6 p.m. wireless, and the black-out should again drive me from my study. But I had forgotten that the harsher interruptions of War do not avert, or even interrupt the normal inconveniences of Peace. About 5. 30 p.m. the Electric light suddenly failed, & we were driven into a drawing room faintly illumined by candles.

Wireless, of course, did not function. Ella came to the rescue valourously, and for a full hour read to me 'Peveril of the Peak', one of Scott's romances which is, perhaps, excessively criticized. After dinner we played cards, & then went to bed when the electric light again made movement comparatively safe.

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[49]

Friday, November 1st, 1940.

Mozley writes from Amen Court:

I have spoken to the Dean and the Treasurer on the subject of your letter and the White Lectures. The result is a willingness to assent to your suggestion. After all, we aren't necessarily depriving ourselves of the privilege of listening to you: but you don't want to feel under an indefinite obligation, & we shall be free to consider the situation when the War is over.

We motored to S^t Edmund's Bury, and attended the consecration of the new Bishop, Archdeacon Brook. After robing at the Athenaeum, I walked in procession to the Cathedral. There were six bishops who joined with the Archbishop in the laying on of hands viz. Norwich, Coventry, Liverpool, the Bishop Suffragan of Dunwich, the late Bishop of the diocese, and myself. Selwyn, the Dean of Winchester preached an excellent & suitable sermon, not too long, and well delivered. The service struck me as well-ordered, and impressive.

[50]

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Our new Bishop is not an Adonis, but he may [be?] none the worse for that. He is very bald, a fact which was emphasized by a substantial circlet of black hair. "How does a man keep his hair black, when he becomes middle-aged?" whispered Mervyn Haigh mischievously, as we left the Athenaeum for the Cathedral. "You must ask the barber," I replied. "He will do very well for us, won't he?" I inquired of Blagdon, the Bishop of Peterboro: "Yes: he would be well enough, if only he loved people more," was the rather disconcerting reply. He has a strong and energetic face, & will not be a weakling, though he may be obstinate. We must wait & see. His wife looks attractive, and is said to be charming. After the service, we lunched pleasantly with the Mayor (Lake) of the city. I sate between M^{rs} Whittingham and the Bishop of Dunwich. Liverpool & Coventry were very friendly. The latter gave me a distinctly alarming account of the havock wrought by the German bombs on Coventry. There they have an important military objective.

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[51]

Saturday, November 2nd, 1940.

The new issue of the Bishoprick arrived. It includes a Sermon from the Dean of Durham, the Bishop of Durham's Presidential Address to the Diocesan Conference, and the Address on "Men, Money, & Ministry" delivered at the Conference by the Rev. O.S. Tomkins, Vicar of Holy Trinity Millhouses, Sheffield. They are all interesting. & variously noteworthy. [I looked out M^r Tomkins's record in Crockford:

He is from Ch. Coll., Cambridge, and Westcott House. He took 2nd classes in two Triposes – History and Theology: was ordained in the Chelmsford Diocese, & has been five years in Orders.]

He will find a sympathetic leader in his present Bishop, [Leslie] Hunter,* for he exhibits that blend of communistic sentiment & clericalism which is now wide-spread among Anglican clergymen. I suspect that the new slogan – "Men, money, & ministry", will 'take on' in the general madness generated by the War not less rapidly than "Life and Liberty" after the last War. The triumph of the one gave us the 'Enabling Act': that of the other will precipitate "Disestablishment". Indeed, the two agitations are really identical.

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[52]

24th Sunday after Trinity, November 3rd, 1940.

There was much rain during the night, and it had not ceased to fall when I left the house in order to go to the church for the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. The Rector, in a white cope, seemed even more aggressively Roman than usual, and I was abominably irritated by all his little gratuitous departures from the order of the Prayer Book. How far does such irritation express lack of charity? It certainly involves grievous injury to devotion. The slavish conformity of the serving boys adds to my sense of grievance, and, in short, I am about as far from a due Christian mood as it is possible for a Christian to be! [remainder of page crossed out in red] Eheu! Into the Prayer for the Church Militant, the name of the newly-consecrated diocesan was (illegally) introduced. I do not imagine that Moulsdale* will be more loyal or respectful to Richard than he was to Godfrey. Certainly, if he realizes that the said Richard is a Modernist, he will continue to flatter him to his face, but will none the less belittle him behind his back, as was his custom with Godfrey, to whom he was, in my belief, thoroughly disloyal.

[53]

I wrote to the Bishop of Durham making some observations on the paper read at the recent Diocesan Conference on "Men, Money, & Ministry": and I wrote also to Leslie Morrison,* who is now stationed in Yorkshire as chaplain to a Searchlight Regiment. He seems to be happy in his work, which is rendered difficult by the extent of the area over which the men are scattered:

The life of a searchlight unit is very different from [that of] any other kind of unit. It has its own difficulties and dangers. There is the isolation of many of the stations, the inevitable boredom of waiting and waiting, and the danger of slackness & indifference creeping on. I must say that the men for the most part have stood the strain nobly, especially during the severe winter. They get restive from time to time, especially when some action is taking place elsewhere, as for example at Dunkirk. But altogether they have been extremely patient.

..... We try all kinds of expedients to keep them interested. This summer they have all started gardens on their sites, and many townsmen [54] have become enthusiastic gardeners. This winter we are arranging courses of talks and classes in subjects in which they are interested. One man is studying for matriculation, & others are continuing their courses which the War had caused them to break off. It is no easy task to arrange services when the men are so scattered but we do have them as often as we can, & the parochial clergy help very willingly by taking services on the sites in their parishes. I had the great joy of seeing a number of men confirmed a short time ago by the Archbishop of York. He has been a very good friend to us, & has preached for me on more than one occasion.

This War is bringing to the younger clergy, who for the most part are serving as chaplains, an experience which must tell potently, even decisively, on their conception of duty, and their understanding of the human material which, as clergymen, they must be always handling.

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[55]

Monday, November 4th, 1940.

Dick [Elliott]* writes to say that he has received “indirect news about Malcolm Ross” which “clearly suggest[s] that Malcolm has not been fairly treated.” This does not surprise me, for I think that Malcolm Ross is thoroughly wrong-headed, & ill-conditioned. I wrote immediately to correct Dick’s impression, indicating, at the same time, that he would be well-advised to say nothing on the subject.

Salter sends me the proofs of his articles, which are to be published in a small volume, for which I have promised to write a short “Foreword”. I spent some time in reading them. They are not great literature, but they are simple, suggestive, and sincere, lightened by touches of humour and pathos, & evidently springing from an intelligent & sympathetic study of humble life. I must emphasize his special qualifications, and the interest which belongs to a careful effort by an incumbent to extend the range of his spiritual appeal. Since the parishioners will not come to hear the sermons in the parish church, they may be willing to read his articles in the local newspaper. But not every incumbent can be trusted to write what they will read. The editors discover the suitable contributors.

[56]

For the 3rd day in succession rain has fallen almost continuously. We shall soon be hearing of floods. This weather does not favour tanks, and tends to destroy the visibility which aeroplanes desiderate.

I remained indoors, wrote to Betty Bruce-Star [?], and read the revolting History of the Vatican Council. Purcell’s chapter on the Council in his ‘Life’ of Cardinal Manning is very illuminating. The dirty intrigues which earned for the Abp. of Westminster the proud title of the ‘diabolus Concilii’ are described with (apparently) no suspicion of their moral repulsiveness. “It is not too much to say,” observes Purcell, “that Abp. Manning and M^r Odo Russell were the human instruments in God’s hands.” It is a strange theory which links together the devil’s methods and the Divine Intention. Manning himself seems to have discovered a confirmation of his faith in the defeat of the more respectable elements of the Episcopate. “Strange to say,” he recorded, “it has turned out that the wise men were always blundering, and the fools always right.” At least the fools were in the majority!

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[57]

Tuesday, November 5th, 1940.

Three great liners have been sunk by U-boats in the Atlantic within a single week. It is a reasonable assumption that they were bringing munitions to this country, a supply which is more than ever needed now that the Nazi bombardments have grown in effectiveness, and we have notably added to our commitments by implementing our promise to Greece. Today, the Presidential Election in U.S.A. is taking place, and, if Roosevelt is re-elected (which seems very doubtful) we may be more effectively helped. The general outlook has certainly become darker. And Winter will make everything more difficult, especially this terrible business of evacuating children, mothers, and old people from London. The confusion is already appalling.

I wasted the morning in writing a "Fore-word" for Canon Salter's little collection of sermonettes: walked round Chattisham in the afternoon, and wrote to Leslie Green, who was one of 3 brothers in the Cathedral Choir when I was Dean of Durham. He is now married to "a French girl", and has a son 15 months old. He must now be at least 40 years old.

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[58]

Wednesday, November 6th, 1940.

In 1872, there appeared the following paragraph in a Somersetshire paper:

S^t Paul's Cathedral. A few weeks since one of the vergers of the Cathedral accosted a poorly clad, threadbare looking individual who stood scanning the alterations of the sacred edifice with "Now then move on, we don't want any of your sort here!" It was D^r Newman!*

Newman, when challenged by Dean [Richard] Church, confessed the substantial accuracy of the paragraph. His letter is printed in Wilfrid Ward's "Life" vol. ii p. 385, and runs as follows:-

My dear Dean,

Yes, I was morally turned out and I told you at the time. I did nothing but what you might have done at Chester or Carlisle, where you might not be known. I stood just inside the doors listening to the chanting of the Psalms, of which I am so fond. First came Verger one, a respectable person, inquiring if I wanted a seat in the choir, half a mile off me. No, I said – I was content where I was. Then came a second, [59] not respectful, with a voice of menace – I still said No. Then came a third, I don't recollect much about him, except that he said he could provide me with a seat. Then came No. 2 again in a compulsory mood, on which I vanished.

I am sure if I was a dissenter, or again one of M^r Bradlaugh's* people, nothing would attract me more to the Church of England than to be allowed to stand at the door of a Cathedral – did not S^t Augustine, while yet a Manichee, stand & watch S^t Ambrose? No verger turned him out.

Of course, knowing the nature of those men, I was amused, and told you and Blackford in the evening. You were annoyed, and said it was just what you did not wish, and that you would inquire about it.

I have not a dream how it got into the Papers – as mine is a Somersetshire one, I thought the paragraph had trickled out of from [sic] Whalley.

Ever yrs. affly., J. H. N.

[60]

I suspect that this incident is the origin of the story I often heard at Westminster about one of the Abbey vergers who chased from the church a devout visitor whom he found on his knees in the choir. "It would never do to allow that sort of thing here," he observed almost proudly, "we should soon have them flopping down all over the place!" But it does seem extraordinary that Church should have totally forgotten such an incident about such a man, within a few months of its occurrence.

The Prime Minister's review of the situation, which is reported in this morning's newspapers, does not lie open to the charge of excessive confidence. He uses very grave language about the U-boat sinkings of our merchant vessels, emphasizes the waxing measures of our commitments, and envisages a War which may yet continue for several years. His references to our efforts to assist the Greeks were disappointingly meagre. The Times leader almost reaches the point of hostile criticism.

[61]

That somewhat bumptious person, Nicholson, has a letter in the Times criticising rather rudely the decision of the Dean & Chapter of Westminster to close the Choir school. I wrote to the Dean assuming that he would think it proper to send some answer to the Times, and explaining that I should not be present at the Memorial Service for Vernon Storr.* I made a copy of my letter.

The one o'clock wireless announces the victory of President Roosevelt in the U.S.A. election, by a substantial majority, and newspaper comments in America & Europe. The former emphasize the duty of universal support of the victorious President, and the latter affect an indifference which quite apparently they do not feel. I cannot doubt that the result is importantly favourable to the British cause.

The Greeks are reported to be continuing their successes, while the bombardment of Monastir in Bulgaria is shown to be the work of Italian aeroplanes. What precisely this new aggression portends it is not quite easy to see. Certainly some vigorous action on our part against the Italians would be heartily approved in Britain and America.

[62]

M^{rs}. Vernon Storr acknowledges my letter of condolence rather movingly thus:-

My dear Bishop,

Your letter is wonderful – as I re-read it, I feel as if Vernon were reading it with me, saying in the humility, which was one of his greatest characteristics, "I never could have believed he thought that of me."

But I think you know how greatly he rejoiced in your friendship, & that his talks with you were among the great intellectual refreshments in his life. And he was looking forward with such pleasure to having you as a colleague in the Abbey.

Your letter is among the few that I shall keep, as part of our children's heritage.

I am so thankful to God for all He enabled him to accomplish for Him, and for sparing him the months of increasing weakness and discomfort which the doctors feared

would be his, & for our 38 years of perfect love [63] and comradeship, that there is room for little else in my heart.

My children wish me to thank you for your message.

May I ask you to remember them & me in your prayers?

Yours affect^{ly},
Katherine Storr.

My Birthday has ever seemed a decisive line in my life, and I have ever made it the occasion for taking decisions, and framing resolution. Neither, I fear, have been followed up adequately, but I think the process has had a stabilising influence on my pitifully disorganized life, and incoherent, unstable character. As I walked out in the rain for the “constitutional” which becomes ever more indispensable as I decline into the decrepitude of old age, I reflected on the uses to which I might most wisely devote such leisure as I now possess. Shall I write anything autobiographical? Or, shall I, perhaps more wisely, commit to the flames the voluminous MSS. of my private journal which ranges over the years from 1885 to 1940 – 55 years.

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[64]

Thursday, November 7th, 1940.

Lady Baillie, the widow of the late ~~Principal~~ Vice-Chancellor of Leeds University [James Baillie*] sends me a reprinted Hibbert Journal article on "Spiritual Religion", reminding me of "the happy days when you paid a visit to us in Leeds. I read it through with much enjoyment, & shall send a copy to Dick.

Hitchcock, the Vicar of Escomb, sends me an excellent picture of his precious little old Church, with good wishes for my Birthday.

Jack Clayton and Dick send me affectionate letters.

M^{rs} Greenland, until lately our nearest neighbour on the road to Ipswich, came to lunch. She and her husband have moved away from this parish, and established themselves, in East Bergholt.

My major hindrance to my proper & pressing task of completing the Warburton Lectures, (which ([sic]whether delivered or not, must, I imagine, be published) is my incorrigible vice of desultory reading. Thus I have, yesterday and again today, squandered hours in reading the muddled and squalid story of the Vatican Council, as told in Butler, Bury, Salmon, Manning, & Newman.

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[65]

Friday, November 8th, 1940.

I complete 77 years of life together today. It is a solemn reflection that within 3 years, I shall have arrived at the "labour and sorrow" of fourscore years. Almost every night bombs are falling in this neighbourhood, even within this parish. It is a rash assumption to suppose that even three years yet remain for me, before the curtain falls on the last act of my life.

[remainder of page crossed through in red]

But two things I must make an attempt to accomplish before I "pass hence and am no more seen" viz. (1.) These precious Warburton Lectures, and (2.) something auto-biographical collected out of this foolish and mostly quite worthless Journal on which, during nearly half a century, so much time, ink and paper, has been wasted. Then, there still remains to be handled the little book on "The English Bible" for the Home University Library, which was postponed on Herbert Fisher's death, but I am vaguely pledged to write. And there are the undefined but substantial requirements belonging to my stall in the Abbey.

My failing memory and eyesight warn me that I must reckon with Senectitude, if not Senility!

[66]

The post brought me several kind letters of good wishes, and a telegram from Linetta.* My ladies overflowed with affection.

In the afternoon we motored to Scole, and had tea in an interesting old hotel, built in 1655 (if the landlord's assertion be true) & looking rather more modern, perhaps William III's reign. We had tea in a charming room with a generous open hearth, nourished with logs of wood. The said landlord, a round, cheery & bandlegged fellow, disclosed a keen appetite for conversation. He told us this was his 54th Birthday. His cheery optimism as to the War was infectious, and we came away from his hostelry refreshed in mind and body.

In our outward journey, we visited two interesting churches, Yaxlee and Thorham Parva. The last is straw-covered, & very small.

The wireless announced a message from M^{rs} Chamberlain stating that her husband, the late Prime Minister, was gravely ill.

<!091140>

[67]

Saturday, November 9th, 1940.

More Birthday letters, from Mary Radford, Linetta, Nancy Wynne-Wilson, Alfred Spelling, and a telegram from Kenneth Hodgson.

Perforce my morning was devoted to acknowledging these kindly epistles, and after lunch I walked for an hour and a half. I met Archie Reid bicycling home from Ipswich. He said that he had seen a number of our planes, & "doing the victory roll".

To my inquiry what precisely the victory roll was, and what it was meant to indicate, he replied that the plane performed an evolution in the air, fairly described as "rolling over", and that it meant that German planes had been shot down. This was new to me, and I may have misunderstood him.

There was much shooting in the fields by Chattisham, and I learned from the pig-keeping farmer that Sir Gerald Ryan was shooting pheasant. Are there any to be shot? I asked. He said there was a fair number. "They got 30 in the field in front of your house this week", he added. But "preserving" game has largely ceased. Income tax and war are not favourable to sport. The great houses are filled by non-shooting tenants, or stand empty.

<!101140>

[68]

25th Sunday after Trinity, November 10th, 1940.

I went to church at 8 a.m., & there received the Holy Communion, but with little comfort, for my mind had been frayed & secularized by the celebrating manners of the priest, a stranger who was officiating in the Rector's place. He gabbled the service so that the congregation could not keep the pace; he genuflected at frequent intervals & for no intelligible reason; he made the Sign of the Cross in the Air, when he administered the Wafer, & presented the Chalice to the lips of the communicants. Add, that he detained us for the formula which the Rector repeats with the Server en route for the Vestry. In effect, I was much perturbed, realizing as never before the grievance which these Romanizing incumbents inflict on their rural parishioners. Perhaps rashly, for villages are great in magnifying gossip, I expressed my displeasure as I walked home to the school-mistress, who, however, expressed dislike of the priest's gabble.

The Sunday papers report that the R. A. F. bombed Hitler's beer-cellar in Munich, & nearly caught him in the mid-course of a speech! It is wrong to regret that the man had not met his richly-deserved fate?

[69]

I wrote to Linetta, Charles Pattinson, and Dick.

At 1 p.m. the wireless reported the death of the late Prime Minister at the age of 72. Neville Chamberlain* impressed me as a strong and large-minded man. He illustrated the strange vicissitudes of human fortune. When he returned from Munich he was acclaimed throughout Europe as the Peacemaker. I suppose the scene of almost hysterical enthusiasm in the House of Commons when he produced the famous piece of paper bearing Hitler's signature is without parallel in our history. That was in 1938; within a year War had broken out, & Chamberlain was being reviled as the presumptuous dupe, who had weakly surrendered to the bullying & cajolery of the German dictator. The honour of Britain had been compromised and Czecho-Slovakia had been betrayed! He never recovered his hold on the nation, which turned to Churchill as the man who had alone stood out against the pacifist fashion which swept the country. Chamberlain bowed to the storm without loss of temper, & loyally supported his successor, but "the iron had entered into his soul", & he never really held up his head again.

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[70]

Monday, November 11th, 1940.

The Dean of Westminster writes:

I saw Alan Don yesterday,* and asked him whether he w^d be prepared to consider the offer seriously if it were made to him. He told me that you had already put to him a similar suggestion. I doubt very much whether we w^d find anyone more suitable. Tomorrow I am to see the Prime Minister's Secretary, & I shall certainly suggest Don's name.

I went in to Ipswich, and saw my dentist. But he would not accelerate his work, and insisted that months might pass before my jaw was fit for his action. This is sufficiently disheartening. I wrote to the Dean, and kept a copy of my letter.

Sir Gerald Ryan sent us a brace of pheasants. As rain began to fall after lunch, I remained in my study, and employed myself in acknowledging "Birthday" letters. I wrote to Canon Jordan, Alington, the Rev. Arthur Lancefield (Pudsey's admirer), M^{rs} Braley. The weather has become very cold.

<!121140>

[71]

Tuesday, November 12th, 1940.

An unpleasant morning, stormy and damp. We had been warned that the electric light would be "liable to interruption" between 9.30 a.m., and 5 p.m. and I wasted an hour after breakfast in the foolish expectation of imminent darkness. I wrote to the Bishop of Chichester acknowledging with gratitude trimmed with scoffing, his little extravagant "Jeremiah" in the "Penguin Special" series, entitled "Christianity and World Order"; and then I was interrupted by a telephone call from Westminster asking whether I would attend Chamberlain's funeral in the Abbey at noon on Thursday. I replied that I would do so if the trains permitted.

Then I went through a packet of letters which came with me from Auckland with a view to a possible autobiographical volume. They are, perhaps, hardly fit to be published, since they were, for the most part, written in the freedom of friendship, and the writers have nearly all passed away. Of course, nothing that could injure the writer's credit could in these circumstances be made public, but these letters are not likely to contain anything that could be so described.

[72]

In the afternoon Ella and I walked to Chattisham Hall in order to thank Sir Gerald Ryan for his pheasants. We found him at home. He said that he had retired from work, and would in future be resident in Hintlesham.

I wrote to Ruth Spooner* after a disgracefully long interval since her last letter. But I find private correspondence increasingly burdensome. I suppose it is the lethargic illness which marks senectitude, and heralds senility! But in part it is explicable by a less humiliating fact. In my present isolation, I have no sufficient community of experience and interest to provide material for a cheerful gossip of properly private letters. I can but write about the large impersonal subject which affect citizens as such, so that my letters read more like leading articles in the Times than really private compositions. They are, therefore, both tiresome and superfluous. The recipient must needs wonder why it could ever have been thought worth while to write on such matters, and in such a manner!

<!131140>

[73]

Wednesday, November 13th, 1940.

Churchill's speech in the House of Commons last night was a noble effort – great oratory inspired by fine feeling, and genuine personal attachment.

I received from the Editor the ^proof of the^ foolish little “review” of Smyth's book on Charles Simeon which I wrote for “Theology”. It reads disappointingly!

In the afternoon I again visited the dentist who is quite firm in his verdict that at least another six weeks must elapse before my jaw is fit for his attention!

I called on Sir Bunell Burton, and found him improving & cheerful. At his advanced age, any illness must needs be serious. His death would be a considerable misfortune for the new bishop; for he is rich, pious, and influential. He has been a generous supporter of the new diocese from the first, and would be invaluable to a diocesan, necessarily ill-informed as to the persons and interests in the dioceses.

The news from Italy is most welcome. That half the Italian fleet should have been put out of action without any serious British losses is indeed, a “crowning mercy”, and will have wide effect.

<!141140>

[74]

Thursday, November 14th, 1940.

James motored me to Ipswich, where I took train for London. The journey was fairly comfortable and the train no more than half-an-hour after time. I drove to Westminster by a zig-zagging route, & robed in the Deanery. The Funeral of Neville Chamberlain in the Abbey had been kept secret, but, though there was no crowd, the service was very impressive.

After the service I exchanged a few words with M^{rs} Chamberlain.

I could not but reflect on the profound significance of the fact that an avowed Unitarian was buried in the Abbey with full rites as if he had been an orthodox Christian. The form in the Prayer Book was, indeed, not used, but the prayers substituted were such as assumed the completely satisfactory Christianity of the Departed. The truth is that nobody any longer takes ecclesiastical discipline seriously or attaches any real importance to doctrinal orthodoxy. Yet one must draw the line somewhere, and I cannot see any other defensible line than that which makes belief in Christ's Divinity the unum necessarium of Christian belief. But I dare not act even on this assumption!

[75]

The Dean gave me lunch at the Athenaeum. There we found Sir Charles Peers* and Dashwood, with both of whom I exchanged a few words. Peers had not been injured by the bombs, and Dashwood said that he was still seeking a solution of my supertax problem. That pragmatical divine, Canon Douglas, introduced me to a garrulous Scottish general, who said (but I don't believe it) that he had met me in York some 30 years ago & that I reminded him of the late D^r Temple, Abp of Canterbury! He said many amazing things e.g. that he himself possessed "second sight"; that he had met Hitler in Germany & been appalled by his blasphemous language about Christ; that there were 2 persons whom Hitler hated beyond all others viz. Winston Churchill as the incarnation of William Pitt, Napoleon's mortal enemy, and himself as the direct descendant of the Scottish general, who had captured Napoleon after Waterloo. (This seemed difficult to harmonize with the known history). He was quite sure that Hitler would come to final disaster in February. Unfortunately I cannot recall this comfortable prophet's name. Molesta Senectus!

[76]

It is remarkable how successfully the Government can conceal its procedures. Chamberlain's burial in the Abbey was kept a secret from the public; and I learned with surprise that the Government had taken over the Church House in its damaged condition, and that the House of Commons held its sittings in the Hoare Memorial Hall since the large Assembly Hall had been destroyed. The Prime minister had a private flat in the Church House, & his great memorial speech on Neville Chamberlain had been delivered within the aforesaid Hoare memorial Hall. The Archbishop said that he hoped that some financial advantage would come to the church from these arrangements. He said that Lambeth was uninhabitable. It would never be rebuilt [sic] on the old scale. He had transferred his headquarters to

Canterbury. The Abp, the Dean, and I discussed the question of [Alan] Don's appointment to the Canonry & Rectory vacated by Vernon Storr's* death, and agreed that it was desirable. The dean had been in communication with the P.M.'s Secretary, and thought the appointment almost un fait accompli.

<!151140>

[77]

Friday, November 15th, 1940.

I wrote at length to the Dean on the subject of the Choir School which, in my opinion, ought to be closed for the duration of the war, and until we know what the condition of the Abbey will be after the general re-construction of the ecclesiastical system will be [sic].

~~In 2~~ We lunched with canon & M^{rs} Wilkinson very pleasantly, and were shown the skull (alleged) of Oliver Cromwell, and told its story. Karl Pearson made a most careful examination, and decided that the genuineness amounted to "moral certitude". Canon W. lent me the large volume in which his conclusions were stated and justified. Then we called at the house of M^{rs} Pritty, and were directed to the site in which had been recently discovered the Viking Ship, filled with archaeological treasures, &, boldly but not absurdly, thought to be the ship of Rædwald, King of the East Angles, respecting whom the Venerable Bede has much to say. We admired the view from the high ground where this site was found. Then we returned to Hyntle Place, well content with an afternoon's experiences.

<!161140>

[78]

Saturday, November 16th, 1940.

I received notice from the ~~Secretaries~~ Hon. Treasurers of 'The Club' (Sir Frederick Kenyon,* & Lord Mackinnon) that the meetings are suspended since, it is stated "present conditions in London make the holding of the regular dinners of The Club in any tolerable fashion impossible." But "The treasurers hope that members will, if possible, maintain their annual subscriptions." They suggest that the money so received sh^d be lent to H.M Government for the period of the War, and thereafter sh^d be available as a fund to finance a new edition of the Annals". But in the world which the War will have left, will there be any place for "The Club", or any interest in its Annals? It is sufficiently apparent that there is no practical reason for my living in London for the present.

The account in the newspapers of the bombing of Coventry is most distressing. I wrote to the Bishop to express my horror for the crime, and my personal sympathy for the calamity. Last night London appears to have suffered much ~~for~~ from an unusually heavy bombardment.

[79]

Then, I worked for an hour and a half on Warburton.

In the afternoon I took my 'constitutional' by way of Hintlesham Hall and the Hadleigh Road. The weather was fine, and the country has not yet lost its autumnal beauty, though this is visibly yielding to the insidious onslaught of winter. It occurred to me that I might return Archie Reid's visit. While I was talking with him, his father appeared. He introduced himself as the friendly man who helped me over the wire fence, when I lost my episcopal ring. We went into the house, and I talked with him & his wife and daughter for nearly half an hour, before returning to Hyntle Place for tea.

I wrote to Prebendary Wynne-Willson.*

About 10 p.m. there was an explosion which sounded alarmingly close at hand. The droning of hostile planes was persistent, and created an uncomfortable sense of imminent danger. There seems no possibility of any effective defence against the attack of single night- raiders, who may, or may not, have some military objective in view, but who cast about their bombs without any apparent aim. We must look forward to seeing the precedent of Coventry frequently followed.

<!171140>

[80]

26th Sunday after Trinity, November 17th, 1940.

Much rain fell during the night. The road attested the fact by many puddles, when I walked to church for the service at 8 a.m. The darkness, thanks to the continuing of summer-time, concealed the approach of day. The weather steadily improved, and had developed into a bright day by noon. My ladies went to Mattins, and I fell to writing to Dick [Elliott],* and making some observations, which were hardly criticisms, on the sermon which he had preached to the Green Howards, and had sent to me with a request for my opinion on it. He certainly has ability, and gives promise of becoming more than average preacher. He is much at the mercy of the books he chances to read, and moved, 'not wisely but too well' by the attitude and temper of the men. But he is is [sic] 'in deadly earnest', extremely devoted to his charge, and plainly ambitious, in the best sense of the word, namely, not that he should 'get on' on his profession, but that he should become a really successful pastor. I can observe in him some traces of the Buchmanite phase, which he traversed when an undergraduate.

<!181140>

[81]

Monday, November 18th, 1940.

I worked, but fruitlessly, at the woeful Warburton. The day being dark and damp, and I myself feeling by no means efficient, I kept indoors after lunch, and read through Lord David Cecil's charming book, "The Young Melbourne". It is a brilliant literary achievement, and extraordinarily informing and illuminating. What a society he depicts! Triumphant Whigs in the last phase of their long monopoly of power had declined into a gross & conceited Paganism. They have "gone under" before the advance of "Democracy"; and I suppose, they can never enjoy a resurrection; and yet, as one reads the book, one is arrested at every turn by similarities between that society and our own. Even now rank and station count for vastly more in Britain than reason can justify or religion condone. The "class war" is hateful and calamitous, but so long as ~~long as~~ "the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong, neither yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favour to men of skill" it will not lack plausible justifications in a society which is divided & shadowed, not by the large inevitable factors of "time & chance" which concern all alike, but by the arbitrary forces which men themselves create & maintain.

<!191140>

[82]

Tuesday, November 19th, 1940.

I resumed work on the Warburton, but again with pitifully small effect.

In the afternoon, I walked round Chattisham. There was an 'air-raid warning' and an 'all-clear warning' in the course of my walk. An old shepherd with his dog, whose name as I learned afterwards was Damant, held some converse with me. He had 4 sons, and 2 daughters. Of the boys 3 were now serving in H.M. forces. I fear that families of that size and quality have now become exceptional. The old man expressed a strong opinion about the degeneracy of the people, but could not but agree with me when I observed that the behaviour of our young airmen disallowed this melancholy judgement. Perhaps it is rather the decline in the quantity of British youth, than any deterioration in its quality, which provides the strongest ground for anxiety. I incline to think that the problem is acutest in the case of the girls. The feminist movement has improved their physique, but lowered their morale by disgusting them with their primary and incommunicable function as wives & mothers.

Tuesday

[83]

I received a letter from the loquacious general whom I met in the Athenæum last Thursday, & was thus enabled to learn his name, and (with the aid of "Who's Who"[]) to learn something about him. He is Brigadier General Marcus Mowat C.B.E. and is a distinguished Engineer. He is also a Fellow of King's College London. He was born in 1875, and is, therefore my junior by 12 years.

He writes:

Well do I remember you preaching in Westminster Abbey more than 40 years ago: you left us to go to Hereford, & then to Durham; but you hardly look a day older.

He invites me to call on him at his house in East Sheen, & "when he is next in Suffolk would like to come and see me". "There is much I can tell you". That I can well believe but whether the quality of his conversation would be commensurate with its quantity is not, perhaps, as certain as might be wished. But, plainly he means to be civil to me, and [I?] must write to him civilly, but as to exchanging calls, that is not easy at present.

<!201140>

[94] [sic] [84] [Henson's misnumbering, which he retained from p. 94 onwards]

Wednesday, November 20th 1940.

A woefully wet morning. We attended the enthronement of our new Bishop in the cathedral at S. Edmundsbury. There was a great gathering of the diocesan clergy. The service was impressive, well-arranged, and well carried through. The Bishop's sermon from the famous words "Thou art Peter and on this rock, I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it", was excellent & well planned, well phrased, and eminently appropriate. I was treated with consideration, & placed beside the Bishop of Dunwich in the procession, & in the service. He and M^{rs} Maxwell-Gumbleton entertained a numerous company to a (stand-up) lunch in the Angel. We drank the health of the new Bishop & his wife, and were all most friendly. The Bishop made a "felicitous" speech in reply, & the Lord Lieutenant thanked the host and hostess. Then we returned to Hintlesham, taking with us the Rector, whose car had come to grief in the journey to S^t Edmund's Bury.

[95]

As I was reflecting in my bath this morning, it occurred to me that I might develop my Warburton Lecture on the Appeal to History somewhat differently than I had originally planned. Thus, I might devote one lecture to the question of ecclesiastical infallibility, emphasizing as the crucial illustration the bearing of the Appeal on the Papal Claims, and another lecture might discuss the effect of the theory of Development on the force and range of the Appeal; and here, of course, Newman's sophisticated argument would come under review. Finally, I should have to deal with the use of the Appeal to History in the present and growingly urgent controversy with Secularism. Lecky* and Buckle,* in the XIXth century formulated what amounted to a challenge to Christianity. What has sober History to say on their argument? Thus the course would be made up somewhat in this fashion,

1. Why is the Appeal to History inevitable?
2. The Appeal in Antiquity against the Jews
3. " " " " " " Non-Jews
4. " " " " against ecclesiastical Infallibility
5. " " against Secularism
6. Present value of the Appeal.

[96]

The Portraiture of Oliver Cromwell

With special reference to the Wilkinson Head by Karl Pearson F. R. S., and G. M. Morant D. Sc (with 107 plates)

Off printed from Biometrika Vol XXVI

Issued by the Biometrika Office, University College, London, and Printed at the University Press, Cambridge. 1935

If I could purchase a copy of this curious production at a reasonable rate, I should be well-pleased to get hold of it. The proximity of this piteous monument of one of the greater tragedies of English History makes it almost obligatory on a loyal Suffolk man to possess a skilful and patient consideration of its claim to be what it pretends to be. Mess^{rs} Pearson and Morant are quite decided in their favourable verdict. This volume is an impressive example of meticulous research, & throws light on the exactitude of modern historical method.

<!211140>

[97]

Thursday November 21st, 1940.

There is a correlation between the creed of a society & its political & social organisation. . . . If the belief is modified, the order becomes unstable or disappears. The forces of cohesion by which men are held together take a different form. Society may thus be radically altered by the influence of opinions which have apparently little bearing upon social questions. It would not be extravagant to say that M^r Darwin's observations upon the breeds of pigeons have had a reaction upon the structure of European society. It is, however, as clear as it is more important, to remark that the social development reacts upon the creeds.

V. Leslie Stephen.* History of English Thought. Vol. I. p. 12.)

I "worked" (i.e. read discursively) at the Warburton. After lunch I walked to Washbrook, in order to see the craters made by the bombs which fell near the Church a few days ago. There were ~~about~~ 4 of them, about 12 feet across, & 3 feet deep. The Vicar, Kirkpatrick, made his appearance, & talked with me.

[Henson misnumbered the following page, and retained the sequence from here]

[198]

I received a memorandum from Grillion's. It states that "Meetings held since hostile action in and about London has become noticeable have been sparsely attended and recently no members have come at all" [sic] Members were requested to indicate their wishes on certain points. I voted for the following: viz. that

1. Meetings should be suspended until daylight lasts until about 9.30 p.m. (This will be early in May.
2. "Paul" sh^d receive a pension of 10/- a week from the Club's funds.
3. The portraits sh^d be removed to a position of greater security.

"Paul", it is stated, is 77 years of age, and being an unnaturalized alien (Swiss) is eligible for no form of public assistance. He has no employment & no form of livelihood other than his occasional attendances upon Grillion's. He tipples grossly, and "has been observed on one occasion to consume no less than 8 glasses of Grillion's port while the attention of most of the Members & Secretaries was engaged upon conversation". But there is another side; [199] "On the other hand, he has served the Club for over 40 years, and has made some contribution to its atmosphere, & he is now an old & desperately poor man. The Secretaries believe that 10/- a week would make a great difference to him". What would the Charity Organisation Society advise on this "case"? I can have no doubt that Charity Incarnate would have said to the poor old wretch, with a nobler largesse than the weekly 10 shillings, "Thy

sins are forgiven. Go in peace; from henceforth sin no more". The picture of the Members, sitting in judgment on their miserable servitor, offends me, especially as the price for the dinner has now become fifteen shillings!

The Oxford Press sends me the latest "Oxford Pamphlet on World Affairs viz. 'Britain's Blockade' by R.W.B. Clarke. Its conclusion is sombrely optimistic:-

"It does seem that from the summer of 1941 onwards open weaknesses may begin to develop, & that by 1942 the position of the Axis Powers may have been weakened to a sufficient extent to enable the British Forces to take the offensive on a decisive scale.["]

Another two years of War is rather a bleak prospect, even though we may count on victory!

<!221140>

[200]

Friday, November 22nd, 1940.

My only letter is an inquiry from the Bishop of Sheffield (Leslie Hunter) as to the fitness of Stannard* for appointment to the import [sic] parish of Doncaster.

I wrote a careful and considered reply very favourable to Stannard, and also to his wife. I like and trust them both, but I felt bound in fair-dealing to Leslie Hunter to qualify my commendation by adding that I did not think he possessed any considerable initiative ability, nor yet what is called a “dynamic personality”. Indeed these are rarely found to accompany the qualities which evoke love & trust. Also, I made some comments about Braley,* who might in my opinion be fairly considered for a seat on the Bench.

Then I fell to reading again Newman’s sophistical book on Development. Everyone of his seductive paragraphs embodies some cunning trap to ensnare the incautious and bemused reader into accepting some proposition which is not really either reasonable in itself, or properly deducible from its ~~off~~ pretended premisses!

[201]

I walked for an hour, and was given a lift home by M^r & M^{rs} Reid returning in their little car from the Ipswich market.

The news from the seat of War continues to be very heartening. Today, we learn that the Greeks are in full possession of Koritza, and that the Italians have been driven back, with considerable loss in men and material. The R. A. F. appears to be giving effective aid to our allies, and we are pouring in weapons & ammunition. For some reason, not very easy to understand, the Italians are slow to make use of their great superiority in number and equipment. Meanwhile, there seems to be a reason for thinking that public opinion in Italy is becoming restive & sceptical.

[The calendar of saints and martyrs is, perhaps, the earliest form of ecclesiastical history. The one stands towards the other as the great chapter of “witnesses”, Hebrews xi, stands in the New Testament towards the Book of Acts. And the purpose of both was the same viz, the edification and encouragement of the Church militant here on earth. The Appeal to History is always being made in the interest of Truth against Legend in the Revision of the Calendar.]

<!231140>

[202]

Saturday, November 23rd, 1940.

The Dean of Westminster writes to say that the Chapter declined a generous offer from the Dean of Christ Church to receive 12 of the Abbey choirboys for the period of the War at a cost of £500 per annum

["but, fortified by your letter, we were unanimous in feeling that we sh^d not be justified in launching out upon this expenditure".]

Then the question of helping M^{rs} Storr with Tony's medical education was raised; & £100 was voted from the corporate funds towards an estimated expenditure of £500. ("and this we ~~xxxx~~ hope to augment by our own personal donations".) Poor dear Storr wrestled with poverty & ill health all through his life. His wife & and children were physically feeble folk. He certainly must be helped i.e. his widow must be. But this is an evil time for raising even so petty a sum as £500 for such an obviously good purpose.

The Bishop of Southwell (Mosley) announces his intention to resign his bishoprick, and at the same time states his desire that no presentation should be made to him. This is excellent, and strengthens the precedent which I created.

<!241140>

[203]

Sunday next before Advent [27th after Trinity] November 24th, 1940.

I went to church for the service at 8.30 a.m. and received the Holy Communion, but my spiritual benefit was woefully lessened by the irritation provoked in me by the behaviour of the celebrating priest – the same as the man who provoked me a fortnight ago. He “let himself go” with an impudent freedom, which could hardly have been unintentional. As a parishioner I have a right to complain; as an ex-Bishop I have a right to hold an opinion on the main issue; as a Christian, what is my duty? Have I in that character any rights at all? How hard it is to be a Christian! exclaims Browning and never harder than when the hardness emerges from within the Sanctuary. I remember how the late Bishop of Jarrow, when he yet called himself by his own embarrassing name, Kirshbaum,* (which he subsequently found it prudent to exchange for Knight) found himself unable in the interest of his own soul to remain a worshipper in his parish church in N. London because the aggressive “Catholicism” of the incumbent irritated him beyond the possibility of devotion, & almost beyond the boundaries of decorum! I am beginning to feel like that myself.

[204]

I wrote at some length to Dick, in answer to his “explosive” letter. It may, perhaps, be some spiritual service to him at a time in his life which must in many ways be critical both for his character and for his career, though, indeed, I am hardly competent to offer guidance to him, or to anyone, being myself no better than “a reed shaken by the wind”. However, it is all the service now left within my power.

Also, I wrote to my Godson, John Radford, who is now stationed at Meerut in India, where he appears to be happy, interested, & useful.

Also I sent a rather belated letter of thanks to Verna Ellingsen, Martin’s sister, who sent me congratulations (!) on my Birthday.

The news from Greece continues to be almost exhilarating, for the Italian defeat is seen to be more extensive than first was supposed. No one credited the Greeks with so much steadiness and valour. Few suspected that Mussolini’s Italians were such poltroons. The co-operation of Great Britain has given the Greeks confidence, & the achievements of the B. E. F. have dazed the Italians.

<!251140.

[205]

Monday, November 25th, 1940.

A dank unpleasant day, but not really cold. I “worked” at the Warburton, but to small effect. In the afternoon, I walked for 1¾ hours, and in the course of my walk I came upon Tom Reid, Archie’s twin brother, ploughing a roadside field. We had some friendly talk about farming in America, and he expressed himself as much inclined to go there, but his parents were opposed. Indeed, I think steady, hard-working young men like these Reid brothers are even more needed in this Island than in the Empire.

Then, after tea, I fell to reading my Journal for 1888, which covers my brief residence in the Oxford House in Bethnal Green, with a view to constructing the auto-biographical volume so insistently urged by publishers & my ladies, but so extraordinarily difficult to justify as serviceable from any point of view, personal or public.

In the world as it now stands, & still more in the world as it will stand in the post-war period, what interest any longer attaches to the petty efforts and still more petty conflicts, which seemed almost important, half a century ago?

<!261140>

[206]

Tuesday, November 26th, 1940.

Why should I not devote a Warburton Lecture to the subject of Development, as it is affected by the Appeal to History, illustrating my discussion by the Vatican Council.

Newman's famous Essay was occasioned by the issue raised by the Papal Claim, and settled for the Papists by the definition made dogmatic and de fide by that Council?

If one lecture were devoted to the bearing of the Appeal on Tradition, the other might logically follow with its bearing on the theory of Tradition as the result of a natural & therefore Divinely intended Development. The chasm between fact as certified by Tradition, and ~~xxx~~ the chasm as interpreted by History and by Development would be interesting in itself, & in its relation to religious belief suggestive. Moreover, anything connected with the Papacy would fairly come within the ambit of Warburton's controversial activity, &, therefore, be suitable for inclusion (if reasonably or decently possible) within a Warburton lecturer's concern. If I were not so bestially ignorant, and also so disastrously idle, something might be done in this direction.

[207]

I worked at the Warburton lecture for two hours but my mind moves like Pharaoh's chariot in the Red Sea!

The post brought me a pleasant letter from Lord Woodbridge from Woodhall Spa, Lincolnshire. He seems to be more cheerful about himself.

In the afternoon I walked for 2¼ hours, having essayed a new road for my "constitutional", and, of course, misjudged its direction!

After tea, I resumed investigation of my Journal. It is rather a melancholy employment, bringing back so much that one would fain forget, & reviving so many hopes which the years have disappointed. I become ever more doubtful of the worth-whileness of writing anything autobiographical. At best, it is but an exhibition of stuffed birds – the most tiresome spectacle in the world! And at worst? Perhaps the most dismaying fact which a reading of old records of one's life discloses is the failure of friendships to maintain vitality through the pressures of changing experience. Names which once stirred interest and even genuine affection in one's mind now make no impression whatever. They mean no more than tombstone epitaphs!

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[208]

Wednesday, November 27th, 1940.

Mervyn Haigh* acknowledges my letter of condolence on the destruction of his Cathedral in Coventry.

The loss of the Cathedral & many of other churches ^parsonages, etc^ is dreadful. The exodus from the City is enormous. The deaths are probably many more than will be known. But against this the Spirit revealed in countless people & not least the clergy has been an inspiration, and the big arms factories on the outskirts have alone been little hurt.

This morning I was wakened by a bomb about 7 a.m. It must have fallen somewhere between Ipswich and Hintlesham. It is evident that the successful bombardment of Coventry is being followed up by similar attacks on the larger provincial towns. Leicester, Southampton and Bristol have already been similarly visited, and unquestionably much destruction of life and property has been effected. But, if the fortitude of the civilian population can hold out under the strain, the miliary advantage to the enemy does not appear to be considerable.

[209]

The morning was fruitless, for I yielded to the temptation (always difficult for me to resist) of reading without due regard to the precise object which I have in hand. It occurred to me that the Great Mogul and the last "Holy Roman Emperor" provided interesting and illuminating parallels to the Pope. How far could either ^of^ them be regarded as the development of the great institution which expired with him. But I found the Cambridge History of India in the one case, and Bryce's* "Holy Roman Empire" in the other, so interesting that I could not leave them until the morning had passed! In the afternoon, we motored to [sic] and had tea with Sir John and Lady Tilley. We talked pleasantly, until, too soon, we had to come away in order that we might get home by day light.

Ella and I utilized a short delay at Wetherden where Fearne had some ~~G.I.S~~ W.I. parcel to leave, in visiting the parish church. There were some interesting 16th century monuments, & some carved bench-ends, mostly modern. The exterior of the church was dignified, & promised a more notable interior. We reached Hyntle Place just as lighting-up time fell due.

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[210]

Thursday, November 28th, 1940.

I wrote to the Rev Hugh Martin accepting his suggestion that I should write an article for the Ministry of Information (Religious Division) for use as propaganda in such U.S.A. and other neutral countries.

Then again I fell to disinterested reading, and so continued until it was time to listen to B.B.C. In the afternoon we called on Canon Rendall at Dedham, a charming old gentleman with a bee in his bonnet about the authorship of Shakespeare's Plays, and then went on to Ardleigh, where we had tea with Lord & Lady Thurlow.^{*} They are now alone, for all the boys are absent – Harry & Aleck in Palestine, Rowaleyn in ~~Australia~~ ^{the Army in the North}, and Fancis in ~~Scotland~~ ^{New Zealand}. They do not take kindly to their Vicar, a bachelor who was a head master in Manchester, and carries the unamiable severities of paedagogic convention into his parochial procedure, to the indignation of his parishioners, who do not like to feel that they are in his eyes but as callow & ignorant boys! How very rarely does one hear the local parson well spoken of! "A prophet is not without honour save in his own country", says the Lord.

[211]

The interest of history lies not least in this, that it shows us how men have at different times entertained wholly different notions respecting the relation to one another of the same ideas or the same institutions.

[Bryce H.R.E. p 47 note]

A revival is always more or less a revolution.

Ibid. p 79

Restorations are always delusive. As well might one hope to stop the earth's course in her orbit as to arrest that ceaseless change & movement in human affairs which forbids an old institution, suddenly transplanted into a new order of things, from filling its ancient place & serving its former ends.

Ibid. 101.

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[212]

Friday, November 29th, 1940.

The weather has become colder; the wind has gone round to the north.

I did not sleep well last night, & accordingly was fit for nothing this morning. However, I continued my inspection of my Journal. It is very, and very humbly, revealing of my mind and method at the beginning of my ministry. The one was disastrously ignorant and confused; the other, almost incredible, crude and arrogant. I must have been an extremely exasperating person. The marvel is that not only did the parishioners as a whole tolerate me, but to a considerable section of them, especially of the Beckton gas-workers, I became an object of pride and affection. They called me "the little parson", and supported me in my numerous conflicts with remarkable loyalty. It is, indeed, obvious that I did not spare myself, but threw all my energies into the work. That work was incessant, varied, and exhausting, but I never gave in until influenza came to re-inforce the menaces of my doctor and the entreaties of my friends. I was working myself out.

[213]

In the afternoon the Bishop of Dunwich and M^{rs} Maxwell-Gumbleton came to tea bringing with them two friends and a chauffeur.

M^r Gillen is M^{rs} M.G's brother, and M^{rs} Gillen is a daughter of Ella's cousin, ^Charles^ Smith, formerly in the diplomatic service. He is curiously like his father-in-law, equally observant and silent. The Gillans live in Surrey, ^Reigate^ and have had the unpleasant experience of bombs in their garden. The sudden destruction of glass in all the windows must be inconvenient at any time, but in the winter also extremely uncomfortable. Yet this is the invariable consequence over a large area whenever bombs fall. To add to the nuisance, the business of getting even urgent repairs carried out has become extraordinarily difficult, since all the younger men have been "called up" for military service, and the elderly men, who alone are now available, are in many cases incompetent, almost always slow, and overworked. What a margin of bother & discomfort is created round the central tragedy of War! And all by the crazy and criminal ambition of two gangsters!

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[214]

Saturday, November 30th, 1940.

The Times has an article headed "Church Militant", which highly extolled the parish clergy for their "war-work", and pointed the moral of the priceless value of the Establishment. I was so far exasperated that I devoted a morning to writing a letter to Times [sic] urging the opposite view viz. that the War was providing the suitable occasion for ending an ecclesiastical situation which was is pretentious, effete, and practically mischievous. Ella protested vigorously when I rashly showed her what I had written. She seems quite unable to distinguish the Church and the Establishment, so that a condemnation of the political arrangements appears to her as nowise other than disloyalty to the spiritual society! Herein she is probably representative of the general body of Anglican Churchfolk throughout the country. Her religious development was arrested at the stage in which Miss Yonge's Tractarianism provides an attractive and satisfying version of Christian [sic]. A natural amiability holds her back from embracing the Pharisaic exclusiveness of the Tractarians, and that is a matter for thanksgiving.

[215]

After posting my anti-Establishment letter, I walked for an hour through Chattisham. A young man was driving a tractor in a road side field. He was escorted by a great crowd of sea-gulls, busily engaged in devouring the worms which were exposed in the fresh furrows. I had a short talk with him, & was again impressed by the politeness and intelligence of these Suffolk rustics. I could not but reflect on the moral superiority of his employment to the military preparation in which most of his coevals are engaged. In the present state of affairs, he is probably more usefully employed on the land than in H.M. Forces.

The Abyssinian Association write invite [sic] me to become one of their Vice-Presidents, of which the Presidents are rather cranky folk – Sir Norman Angell, Sir Hesketh Bell, and Sir George Paish. And the Vice-Presidents don't appear to be much better – Miss Eleanor Rathbone M.P., Noel Baker M. P., Vyvyan Adams M. P., Lady Layton, and the Dean of Winchester. The Secretary, Miss Muriel A Blundell makes flattering allusion to my speech in the House of Lords, and my pamphlet on Abyssinia, but I do loathe societies, associations, Leagues, Union etc. However –

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[216]

Advent Sunday, December 1st, 1940.

A sharp frost. I went to church, & celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m., the Rector being absent on account of illness.

Fifty two years have passed since , on Advent Sunday, December 2nd, 1888, I was instituted to the cure of souls in Barking. It was on my part a daringly presumptuous action, for I had been in priest's Orders but a few months, and I had had no parochial experience whatever, having been ordained to the diaconate on the title of my fellowship. But I can plead in self-defence that I did not seek nomination to Barking: that the Bishop of Colchester (Blomfield) who had himself been Vicar of Barking, & might therefore be supposed to know the requirement of the parish, pressed me to go there, if the appointment should be offered to me by the College, and that the Bishop of S. Alban's (Cloughton) told me that he had never been so pleased with any parochial appointment as he had been with mine. Also, my removal to Barking brought Arthur Ingram to the Oxford House, a circumstance which made [217] possible his remarkable career, which is generally held to have been exceptionally beneficial to Religion. If it be permissible to interpret consequences of doubtful actions as determining their rightfulness (a question which I cannot see my way answering in the affirmative) then I can make use of that argument in self-justification for an action which might fairly be regarded as culpably temerarious. Be this as it may, I "crossed the Rubicon", and, by doing so, gave decisive direction to two careers – Ingram's & mine own: and, now, as I review the fifty two years since that fatal Advent Sunday, I can but beg forgiveness for my presumption, & for the many ill-consequences which flowed from it, and thank God for His infinite compassion and forbearance. The seven years (1888-1895) of my ministry in Barking determined the whole type & course of my career. I made many & grave blunders, but I learned much, & I drew to myself, in quite exceptional measure, the love and loyalty of the people. I discovered both my defects and my capacity.

[218]

I wrote to the Sec. of the Abyssinia Association consenting to become a Vice-President of that society, & enclosing a donation of one guinea. Also, I wrote to my cousin, Arthur Rawle. In the afternoon I walked for more than an hour in the interest of that "patient ass", the body, and then returned to my regular Sabbatarian task of writing letters.

Then I wrote to Dick, and to my brother Gilbert.

The Sunday Times prints in full the wireless address by Sir Rober Vansittart under the heading "Germany's Black record". He argues that from Tacitus to Hitler the Germans have revealed a character definitely hostile to civilization, & that only by the almost inconceivable transformation of that character can international peace be made secure.

"Force & fraud, fraud and force: that is the old German Gospel. Before the world can ever be at peace something will have to happen that has never happened before: the

Germans who do not believe in that Gospel will have to predominate over those who do”.

[219]

But the singular history of the Germans made its own considerable contribution towards the growth among them of that racial arrogance of which Hitler is the prophet and embodiment. The imperial tradition created by Charles the Great and exaggerated in his characteristic fashion by Otto III counted for something. So Bryce writes (Holy Roman Empire p. 141): -

Under him (Otto III) the Germans became not only a united nation, but were at once raised on a pinnacle among European peoples as the imperial race, the possessors of Rome and Rome's authority. The connexion with Italy, while stirring their spirit, brought with it a knowledge & culture hitherto unknown, and gave the newly-kindled energy an object. Germany became in her turn the instructress of the neighbouring tribes, who trembled at Otto's sceptre: Poland & Bohemia received from her their arts & their learning with their religion. If the revived Romano-German Empire was less splendid than the Empire of the West had been under Charles, it was, within narrower limits, firmer & more lasting, since based on national & social forces which the other had wanted.

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[220]

Monday, December 2nd, 1940.

Linetta's* husband, the little eager Modernist parson, Canon Richardson, sends me a proof copy of his forth-coming volume, "Christian Belief & Practice", and desires my commendation. The sub-title describes it as "Lessons for the Guidance of Clergy and Teachers", and a short Preface connects with "the need for more thorough & systematic instruction in Christian belief and practice "which has been awakened under war conditions. I dislike commending "Modernist" books because I have a rooted suspicion that they are probably inconsistent with Christianity, & certainly incompatible with Anglicanism. But I don't want to wound Linetta's feelings by refusing her husband's request, and I am reluctant to disappoint Ralph Inge, who had suggested to Canon Richardson that he should seek my condemnation. So I wasted the day in reading through the proof, which is, perhaps, less objectionable than I had feared. So I suppose that I must try to put together some commendatory paragraph, which shall be both favourable and non-committal!

[221]

Canon Richardson has put his hand to a work, which is urgent and extremely difficult viz. to set out a version of Christian Belief and Practice which shall harmonize tradition and knowledge. That these have now fallen far apart is apparent, & that the fact is forced on the notice of all who are directly charged with the duty of teaching Christianity cannot be seriously questioned. Responsible C^{hristian} teachers will be grateful for a book so thoughtful, so courageous & so genuinely devout. Among them none will be more grateful than the military chaplains, who have been compelled to realize, more completely, perhaps, than the rest, both the fact & the gravity of the urgent need for such a re-statement as this book attempts. Canon Richardson suggests that his volume will be specially serviceable for the teaching of confirmation candidates, but he hardly realizes how severe are the limitations of the children 13 years old or even younger, who are now generally presented for Confirmation. They are unconscious of the problem for which he seeks to provide a solution, & could not be edified by its consideration, however candid & even complete. But their preparation will be the better, if those who are entrusted with it have read, & considered what this ~~this notable~~ book contains.

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[222]

Tuesday, December 3rd, 1940.

An unpleasant day, damp and foggy.

I sent Canon Richardson a mitigated & hardly sincere “puff” for his heretical book! What conceivable advantage the poor thing, or its publishers, can bring to author or publisher, I cannot imagine. If Richardson is wise, he will consign it forthwith to the w. p. b.! Probably the only effect of my name being associated, however slightly, with the ~~p~~-book, will create, or confirm, the conviction in the orthodox mind that I am an impenitent heretic myself!

In the afternoon we motored to Ipswich, and attended a concert organized by Lady de Saumarez in aid of the air-raided victims. There was a large & appreciative audience. The concert was quite up to the average level of such entertainments. There was but one item which seemed to me incongruous & almost profane. It was a parody of Handel’s Messiah music with the words of the song “Old Mother Hubbard”. Handel has come to hold a place of his own in Christian minds, so that to parody his sacred music hurts the Christian conscience, or, at least, ought to.

[223]

What sheer assertion will do is shewn by the success of a forgery so gross as the Pseudo-Isidorian decretals, accepted at first because it occurred to no one, nor was it obviously anyone’s interest, to contest their genuineness, accepted afterwards, when their tendency was perceived, because they had by this time found general currency, recognized ultimately as valid because they had passed into authorized collections.

Bryce. H. R. E. p. 193.

Is it unreasonable to argue that the very considerable part played by forgeries in the growth of Papal power has an important bearing on the question of the legitimacy of Infallibility? How can a true development be accepted as the explanation of something which is demonstrably due to calculated falsehood? When I reflect on the degree in which Papal Authority has been extended by false exegesis, forged documents, interpolations ~~of~~ in patristic texts, and cynical statecraft, which did not refrain from assassination and massacre, I cannot tolerate the claim that it expresses the Purpose of God or the advancement of His righteous Kingdom among men.

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[223] [sic]

Wednesday, December 4th, 1940.

I received the following from The Times

The Acting-Editor much regrets that he does not see his way to make use of the letter which you have been kind enough to submit to him. The pressure on the now heavily restricted space of the Times is such that there is no hope of being able to publish a letter of this length, and for the same reason the Acting-Editor cannot undertake to open at present a correspondence on the future of the Establishment.

It is civil of the Acting-Editor to explain his rejection of my letter, and I cannot deny that his reasons are weighty and probably adequate, but I cannot avoid a sense of regret, and perhaps of humiliation. Such is the incorrigible conceit of an undisciplined Egotist! Meanwhile, I have only to lament the loss of valuable time, and to digest the unpalatable medicine (not unfamiliar to me) of defeat. At least I have escaped the nuisance of another newspaper correspondence!

[224]

Fearne motored me to Ipswich, where I had an appointment with the dentist. He kept me for more than half an hour, and then we returned home. Ellie kept at home, having contracted a slight chill yesterday.

Dick writes to me from Weston-super-Mare, whereto he has been transferred from Weymouth. He is evidently much "taken" with the Franciscan craze: he might do worse.

I have been very busy making preparations for the Mission which begins next Sunday. The missionary who is coming to stay in this Battalion is Brother Douglas of the Order of S. Francis of Assisi:- You can imagine my pleasure in having him to speak to my men. I am told that he is a remarkably fine missionary, & that his curious clothes, which might be expected to cause the men alarm, do in effect interest & intrigue them immensely. We are remarkably lucky to have the unqualified support of all the Senior Officers in the Division & Brigade.

He writes almost enthusiastically about the parochial clergy whom he encounters.

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[224] [sic]

Thursday, December 5th, 1940.

I had a “bad night”, and felt so dilapidated that I caused the doctor to visit me. He talked darkly about laryngitis, and counselled me to keep indoors for some days.

So I spent the day in my bed – the first occasion since my resignation, and employed myself in reading Bryce’s Holy Roman Empire. The more often I turn to that book, the more I admire the author’s range and power. Was there ever a more brilliant début than that which Bryce made in that volume, published while he was yet in his twenties?

D^r Everett was in a gossiping mood, and talked “large”. He expressed something like admiration for my book on “Spiritual Healing” which I had given him.

Following the pundit’s counsel, I remained in doors, & even fell in the disgusting expedient of breakfasting in bed on Friday & Saturday, December 6th & 7th very unwisely, as I think, for I doubt if I should not have recovered more swiftly, if I had persisted in my normal course.

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[225]

Saturday, December 7th, 1940.

I breakfasted in bed – a disgusting performance – and then got up, & descended to my study. The doctor arrived about noon, and civilly acquiesced in my repudiation of his medicines. He spoke of his experiences during the last War, where he had served in the East. He was led to the subject by observing Lawrence's "The Seven Pillars of Wisdom" on my book-shelf. He descried Lawrence himself as a weird little insignificant man, with an uncanny power of bending everybody to his will, and agreed to my suggestion that he was probably not quite sane. I dozed in the arm-chair most of the afternoon & then roused myself to write to Dick.

Also, I wrote to Percival explaining my refusal by "return-paid telegram" last night to accept his invitation to preach in the Chapel Royal.

The resignation of Badoglio, which was announced on the wireless yesterday, & commented on in this morning's papers, has a promising appearance. The 1 a.m. wireless announces another resignation, that of the General in the Dodecanes; both these resignations are stated to have been voluntary. They can hardly strengthen the Duce's hands. And the Greek victories continue.

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[226]

2nd Sunday in Advent, December 8th, 1940.

I started to read again the book which, on a first reading I found so interesting – “The Vatican as a World Power” by Joseph Bernhart. It is published by Longmans, & may, therefore, be presumed to be well thought of by experienced judges. And it forms a suggestive companion to Bryce’s Holy Roman Empire, which I have also been reading again and with deepened admiration.

I occupied myself with writing letters to Charles Pattinson, Lord Woodbridge, & the Dean of Westminster.

M^{rs} Frazer came to tea, & withal to deliver her soul on the subject of Fearne’s increasing commitments in parochial work, respecting which I had written to her in terms sufficiently decisive. She does not, or at least does not adequately, appreciate the importance of the matter, but I think she received some illumination in the course of our conversation. And we parted with a clearly-expressed understanding, that, while I cared nothing about the precise redistribution of Fearne’s employments, their amount must be reduced.

[227]

Respecting the Vatican decree Döllinger writes:-

This new interpretation stands in reference to the old doctrine in no way as a rightly drawn sequence, but as a contradiction, as the negation of the earlier doctrine, and as the affirmation taking the place of the former, wholly different from it, and altogether incompatible with it.

There is therefore “no reason for asserting that the

doctrine which transfers the infallibility of decision to the pope arose in the Church by means of a dogmatic process of development which fulfilled itself of internal necessity”.

(v. Declarations & Letters on the Vatican Decrees 1869-1887, by Ignaz von Döllinger, authorized translation, Edinburgh 1891)

Salmon (Infallibility p. 31) says pithily

“The theory of development is, in short, an attempt to enable men, beaten off the platform of history, to hang on to it by the eyelids”.

Newman’s theory is criticized by Salmon with devastating effect.

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[228]

Monday, December 9th, 1940.

A comfortless night with much droning of aeroplanes to assist slumber. "So He giveth His beloved sleep!" No papers at breakfast but a wireless announcement of another raid on London. However some letters arrived, and among them one from Linetta's husband thanking me for the "puff" for his book, and seeking alterations! I mangled the poor thing and sent him the ashes! My dislike of expressing an opinion on other peoples' work deepens. You cannot decently be sincere, and you are almost bound to be offensive.

Then I dictated what was designed as a sermon for the Cathedral next Sunday: but I much fear that her [Fearne's] labour was ill-bestowed. In the course of my ministry, I have acquired a certain fastidiousness, which dislikes the ragged loquacity of dictated composition, but, of course, there is considerable economy of time in dictating. Nevertheless I doubt if I shall be able to bring myself to follow the fashion by adopting. Headlam and Lang write so villainously, that they really have no choice. Only typed letters from them are legible.

[229]

The intolerance of Protestant rulers, though the forms it took were less cruel than those practised by the Roman Catholics, were also far less defensible: for it had seldom anything better to allege on its behalf than motives of political expediency, or, more often, the headstrong passion of a ruler or faction to silence the expression of any opinions but their own.

Bryce H.R.E. p 379.

It is precisely because Roman Catholics persecute on principle, while Protestants persecute on lower grounds, that the former is so much more difficult to restrain. The best men are precisely those who most govern their action by principle, and if the last is wrong, nothing can keep the other right. "If the light that is in thee, be darkness, how great is the darkness!" Principle admits of no compromise, & disdains to take account of circumstances. Therefore saints who act ever on principle are the worst politicians in the world, the least equitable judges, the most impracticable & imprudent rulers. Fanaticism is nothing else than a passionate devotion to "principles" cf Gore.*

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[230]

Tuesday, December 10th, 1940.

The day, wet and unpleasant, made a bad start, the hall-fire, now for the first time lighted, protested with volumes of smoke, & the sickening stench of multitudinous candle-ends, with which reluctant maids had vainly striven to coax it into a blaze! The kitchen stove "went wrong", and accordingly went "out of action", to the serious derangement of breakfast arrangements, and when at last a comfortless meal had been finished, my incomparable wife, with a fine display of diplomatic affection, announced that one of her young friends with husband & infant would like to visit us for a few days next week! This is the last straw, and, after a hectic discussion, the sweet lady agreed that she must tell the thoughtless correspondent that this evil time prohibited the normal procedures of hospitality, & that we were really bound to give obedience to the earnest admonitions of the Government, urging total abstinence from travel & postage until the present pressure was ended. And yet, though convinced that this decision is right, I feel distressed at once seeming to play the part of "wet blanket" on my wife's wishes!

[231]

Like the Papacy, the Empire expressed the political ideas of a time, and not of all time; like the temporal power of the Papacy, it decayed when those ideas changed; when men became more capable of rational liberty, & the spiritual nature shook itself more free from the bonds of sense.

Bryce l.c. 423

From the Reformation onwards Empire & Popedom fought no longer against one another for supremacy, but side by side for existence.

Ibid. p 432.

Yet one prediction may be ventured. No universal monarchy is likely to arise.

Ibid. p 435.

As there is a sense in which the papacy is above explanation, because it appeals to emotion, not to reason, to faith not to sight, so of the Empire also may this be said, not that it is impossible to discover the beliefs which created & sustained it, but that the power & fascination of those beliefs cannot be adequately apprehended by men whose minds have been differently trained & whose imaginations are fired by different ideals.

Ibid. p 439

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[232]

Wednesday, December 11th, 1940.

Two press notices from U.S.A. were sent to me by the Cambridge Press. They are very characteristic, very pontifical, entirely futile. I confess to a certain feeling of resentment, perhaps exasperation, at the oracular stupidity of "reviewers". But, of course, their only real value is that of symptoms & authoritative indications of the general mentality! Yet I cannot avoid a certain astonishment that any reputable journal should think it worth while [sic] to give publicity to the following canard, which is as absurd in itself as it is on the writer's admission "probably apocryphal":

'There is a story, probably apocryphal, that when Abp. Maclagan resigned the see of York in 1908, the Prime Minister suggested the name of Canon Hensley Henson of Westminster Abbey as the successor, & that King Edward VII replied "D--- it all, man, I am Defender of the Faith!" There are some including your reviewer, who wish that the story, the answer alone excepted, had been true. The work before serves only to confirm the regret.

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[233]

Thursday, December 12th, 1940.

A letter from Gladys Scott-Thomson,* who is now living in Edinburgh since the death of the old Duke of Bedford has deprived her of her refuge at Woburn, gives me grievous tidings about Bishop Strong,* whose condition has for some time past caused distress to his friends. This is an illustration of a private tragedy, played often in these woeful days, but for the most part unknown, or unsuspected or unrealized:-

I fear that poor Bishop Strong is very sadly. He and his sister Mary refused to leave their London flat, I think because they had never really faced up to the idea that London might be bombed. In one attack the flats were hit, although not much damage was done. Shortly afterwards the windows were blown in. The maid, who had been with them for many years, and who had been well treated by both, left at a moment's notice, saying her nerves could not stand it. Both the Bishop & Mary were found alone, & almost helpless by a friend. They had not received any physical [234] hurt whatsoever, but the shock had been very great. The friend took matters in hand, and moved them both to a very nice nursing home, and there within a few days dear Mary died literally of shock. But the Bishop did not at first appear to know either that she had died or that he was in a nursing home. Now he has grasped the death. He has written that he intends to move back to a flat near the one formerly occupied. I do not know what will become of him for he is quite incapable of managing his own affairs, and the only relative he has is M^{rs} Arthur Strong still in Rome. It is very sad.

Strong was my senior by two years. I made his acquaintance at the time of my election to the All Souls Fellowship in 1884, and we became friends. Our paths crossed more than once. It was, I think, his influence that decided me to decline the Regius Professorship of Eccl. History at Oxford in [there is no date inserted here][1908], & thus determined the [234] character of my subsequent career. I was staying with him at the Christ Church Deanery at the very time that Asquith's letter offering the Professorship was yet unanswered; and, naturally, I consulted him respecting the reply I should make. He expressed himself in terms of personal regard, and even affection, but I took the impression that he did not really desire my presence in Oxford; and, this circumstance, according but too well with my own hesitation, led me to refuse the Prime Minister's offer, and thus to close the door for me to an academic career. Sir William Anson* was displeased with my decision, and so I think was Archbishop Davidson for both (for somewhat different reasons) thought that I should do less mischief in Oxford than elsewhere. But to this day I have never been able to make up the mind on the question whether I decided rightly. It is a curious ~~quest~~ problem, whether as an Oxford Professor I should have been a succès fou, or an abject failure, probably the latter. Anyway, I refused, & went back to the Abbey, thence to proceed to the Durham Deanery, & the Bishopricks of Hereford and Durham.

[236]

I remained indoors, occupying myself under Fearne's severe oversight, in inhaling hot vapours from a poisonous-looking liquid, heated like Nebuchadnezzar's furnace beyond its wont, and held in a horribly stained & battered jug. This uncomfortable performance was suppose [sic] to assist in getting rid of a continuing and clamorous [sic] cough, which threatened to hinder me from fulfilling my promise to preach next Sunday in the Cathedral. I wrote to the Dean of Westminster describing my unhappy situation, and making apologies & excuses for my absence from the Chapter Meeting next Tuesday. There does not appear to be an Agenda of any importance, but I can well believe that my capitular brethren are beginning to reflect on the inconveniences of canonical senility. It is apparent that, even if I could establish myself in my official house, there would be no public advantage to set against the private cost and inconvenience. There has been a considerable Exodus from London, & those who remain are obsessed with bombardment fears & problems.

[237]

The 6 p.m. wireless brought heartening accounts of the fighting in Libya. The Prime Minister in the House of Commons did not hesitate to describe it as "a victory of the first order". Already the prisoners taken exceed 20,000; and with them a vast amount of material. It is emphasized that the Black Shirt 2 battalions made a very poor show. General Smuts,* in an enthusiastic telegram of congratulations to the British commander, described it as a "most acceptable Christmas box". I think so rapid and complete a victory must needs have considerable repercussions in Italy, and put new heart into the friends of liberty throughout the world.

This happy news was shadowed by the announcement that Lord Lothian,* the British ambassador in Washington has died. The morning newspaper gave great prominence to a remarkably outspoken address, which was read for him, as he was too ill to deliver it himself. Its effect can hardly but be increased by his regrettable death, just at the moment when his presence in U.S.A. seems to be more than ever needed.

I wrote at some length to Robertson.

<!131240>

[238]

Friday, December 13th, 1940.

A sharp frost. The death of Lord Lothian seems to displace the victory in Egypt from in the ~~med?? ?????~~ judgement of the newspaper editors; and, indeed, it is a considerable public calamity. It is stated in an obituary notice that he was a Christian Scientist, and that he was, at the end, attended by one of the accredited healers of the sect. That a man of his great ability, and wide knowledge of the world, should have found it possible to tolerate a sect so irrational, and associated with so dubious a personality as that of M^{rs} Eddy* is to me very astonishing. He was a New College man, & can hardly have been unacquainted with the Warden's [Herbert Fisher]* devastating criticism of "our new Religion". Yet, none the less, he accepted the almost unbelievable nonsense which the Christian Science system includes. I have often heard it said that there was in his family a streak of oddity, which may have "come out" in an odd religious hobby. Apart from his religion Lord Lothian appears to have been singularly sane & balanced. And by general consent he was a great Ambassador.

[239]

Having witnessed the collapse of intelligence in the case of distinguished and learned men in the notorious example of Buchman's "Oxford" Movement, I ought not to be surprized by anything, however absurd, in the religious sphere.

Then I set to work on the sermon for next Sunday, and brought it to some kind of completion. It will not much exceed a quarter of an hour in delivery, but I much doubt whether I shall be able to make myself audible.

I received back from old Canon Rendall the little book, "Heil Hunger!", which I had lent him. He says "I found your marginal linings most interesting and helpful". Then I sent the volume to D^r Everett, as a substitute for Fisher's book on Christian Science, which cannot be found. The news from the Western Desert and from Albania continues to be satisfactory but unexciting. It is pointed out that the British troops have been continually fighting for many days in a singularly unhelpful country, & that we must not expect to keep up the pace of their pursuit of the Italian Army, which continues its flight in considerable disorder.

<!141240>

[240]

Saturday, December 14th, 1940.

The Dean of Westminster writes:

Your house in Little Cloister will, of course, be available for your use for your April residence. It is at the moment serving as a refuge for members of the Abbey staff who have been bombed out of their houses – but they are there only by your grace, & they quite realize that they must vacate it when you need it. M^{rs} Henson will no doubt make the necessary arrangements nearer the time. Meanwhile I am thankful to say that we have suffered no further damage either in the Abbey or the Precincts.

He says that Don's* appointment as successor to Vernon Storr,* both as Canon & as Rector of S. Margaret's will be made next week. On the whole, this will be, perhaps, the best we could hope for. Indeed, I myself first "sounded" Don on the subject. He is yet another Oxford man in the College, having been educated at Rugby & Magdalen.

[241]

Then I made an effort to write the little article which I promised to the Ministry of Information, – but I made little progress. I have plenty that I want to say, but, for some strange reason I can't say it. This is ~~stran~~ oddly contrary to my usual experience.

The house has been rendered almost uninhabital [sic] by the gross misconduct of the cat, Felix. In spite of open windows, in ~~spite~~ teeth of a lowered temperature & a bitter easterly wind, the filthy stench persisted, making the house comfortless & offensive. My cough was noisy & persistent, so that I did not think it prudent to adventure out of doors, & so continued in my study filled with wrath & disgust. Dogs appear to be not wholly inaccessible to discipline and decency, but Cats!!

I wrote to the Warden of All Souls.

The communiqué from Cairo at 6 p.m. stated that the prisoners in British hands now exceed 27,000, and that an immense amount of war-material has been captured. It is difficult to imagine a defeat more spectacular and complete, nor yet to see how Graziani is to maintain his position now that he has lost his stores, & is cut off From Italy.

<!151240>

[242]

3rd Sunday in Advent, December 15th, 1940.

The dies fatalis was not specially propitious. A heavy mist hung over the country, damp and depressing; but the wind had fallen, & it was not actually raining.

I read, and revised my sermon, and then read the Sunday papers, which were of course filled with Libyan Victory, and the death of Lord Lothian.

The 9 a.m. wireless reported the dismissal of the infamous traitor, Laval, and the appointment of Flandin, a rather misty person, in his place. Old Marshal Pétain seems, though rather late in the day, to be shewing some signs of life.

Fearne motored us successfully to our cathedral city, (28miles) arriving in good time for the service at 3 p.m. There was by no means a large congregation which, perhaps, was not surprising since there had been a special service already in the morning, and the population of S^t Edmundsbury is neither large nor specially famous for its church going. A Baptist minister read the lesson: the Provost read special prayers [243] from the pulpit; and I preached for 21 minutes. Ella assures me that, as I did not cough during the delivery of the sermon, ~~??????~~ it is evident that coughing is no more than a private hobby of my own, indulged superfluously for my personal enjoyment; and, of course, having once formulated the theory, she repeats it ad nauseam! There was almost a fog for the last 10 miles of our journey, but the fact did not interfere with Fearne's driving. We had tea comfortably with the Provost in his house, which has the Pharasaic perfection, & unpleasing odour, of fresh paint etc.

It is difficult to think the time spent on the preparation of the sermon, & the petrol consumed in going to & fro to S. Edmundsbury, in order to deliver it, were really worthwhile; yet I can hardly repudiate all exercise of my ministry, & preaching seems to be the only thing left for me to do!

Moreover, it is probably a wholesome discipline for me to learn by the tenacity of the congregations which are attracted by my name, how unimportant, & even unknown the late Bishop has become. Apart from his office his Lordship counts for nothing!!

<!161240>

[244]

Monday, December 16th, 1940.

The weather has become distinctly milder. In the afternoon I adventured a short "constitutional". The county newspaper printed most of my Cathedral sermon, and happily used the MS & not the reporter's notes, so that the report was fairly accurate.

I returned to that ridiculous little essay, and again made strangely little progress. Why?

Miss Channing came to lunch. She is a lady of the type which "flourished" in the last half of the XIXth century.

The news from the fighting front in Libya and Albania continues to be favourable. In both countries enormous quantities of military stores have been taken, & crowds of prisoners. The wretched Laval is reported to be in prison. His shameful practice of "double-crossing" has been found out at last and his intended victims do not seem disposed to deal gently with him. From Roumania [sic] there are reports of many acts of sabotage, involving large destruction of petrol. On the whole, the "stars in their courses" are not benignant to dictators just now.

Christmas cards came to me from several friends.

<!171240>

[245]

~~Wednesday~~ Tuesday, December 17th, 1940.

A fine day fresh but rather cold. In the afternoon I walked round Chattisham, slowly and feebly, as becomes an ancient man, still "on the sick list".

I wasted another entire morning over this ridiculous article. But my mind is sterile; my hand falters; & my back aches. Yet I cannot honestly plead illness; but my eyesight is certainly failing.

I received a terrifying demand for taxes, a first instalment amounting to nearly £200, from some local agent of the Cormorants. I sent the papers to Dashwood forthwith.

I wrote Blakeney* thanking him for his "Seven Epigrams" which he had sent me as a Christmas Card. Also, I wrote to a certain M^r Douglas Johnson who, some days ago, had written to me a civil letter enclosing a memorandum by himself on the tiresome yet extremely important subject of clerical training. He has travelled much on the Continent, & made himself acquainted with the clerical training systems of the Lutheran & Calvinist churches, & he is appalled at the relative slightness of the theological instruction given to candidates for Holy Orders in the Church of England.

<!181240>

[246]

Wednesday, December 18th, 1940.

A fine day, but cold, &, at first, misty. Fearne motored me into Ipswich, where I had an engagement to see the dentist. The poor man was in confusion, through the unexplained failure of his assistant to appear; &, by consequence, the interview was hurried & unsatisfactory.

Then I called on Woodbridge – my ladies waiting in the car. He seemed distinctly better, & had got rid of his nurses.

We were back at Hyntle Place by noon.

After walking for half-an-hour in the garden, I settled down to this precious article, but to no purpose. My understanding is unfruitful; my imagination sterile; & my gift of literary expression completely paralyzed. I have not yet succeeded in shaking off that abominable chill, and my eye-sight has failed to an extent which has become practically inconvenient. Meanwhile, the days pass, and the time draws near when I must accept the necessity of fulfilling the duty of my position as canon of Westminster. That means a series of sermons in the Abbey, and an indefinite amount of emergent talking!!

<!191240>

[247]

Thursday, December 19th, 1940.

The day was not cold, but damp, &, steadily degenerating until at nightfall it was definitely wet and nasty. I received a notice, marked "very confidential" announcing a Memorial Service in the Abbey for Lord Lothian at noon tomorrow. I telegraphed to the Dean that I could not attend, & wrote to him explaining the reason why.

Then I wasted another morning on that impossible article.

In the afternoon we motored to Ipswich, & had tea with the Bishop and M^{rs} Brook. They were very pleasant & welcoming.

I read through the "fuller report of Lord Lothian's last speech" which was published in the Times. It is a very impressive pronouncement, frank, lucid, & persuasive. Also, at this juncture timely, & not unlikely to be effective. He thinks that Hitler will make an attack on Britain very shortly, & that for this purpose he is now making the most formidable preparations.

"We have no illusions, therefore, about 1941. It is going to be a hard dangerous year. But we are not in the least dismayed. With help from you we are confident that we can win, & win decisively, by 1942, if not before."

<!201240>

[248]

Friday, December 1920th, 1940.

I did succeeded in completing the Article and sent it off.

The Times announces Alan Don, to be Canon of Westminster, and Rector of St Margaret's. It might have been worse.

A horrible stench in the lavatory, filled me with fears. Was it the blocking of the drain? Was it the avenging carcasses of poisoned rats? James made inspection, and reported that all was well! but he left my questions unanswered.

I wrote to Lord Scarbrough,* to Oman* and to Cecil Ferens.*

Veronica Gaudy (née Irvine) writes to me a long and affectionate letter, but between her and myself there has come the most [word illegible] & barricade[?] in the World – a husband! But she seems to have made a happy start on the difficult venture of married life. Her picture of the little home where the young have not yet lost the illusions of courtship, nor yet encountered the problems of matrimony is pleasant & promising. May Heaven bless them!

<!211240>

[249]

Saturday, December 21st, 1940.

Canon Charles Smyth* writes to tell me how much he has enjoyed my review of his book, "Simeon and Church Order" in Theology. He adds:-

I have just been re-reading your War Time Sermons (1918) & was most struck by the Preface, which might have been written yesterday, except that, perhaps, pacifist sentiment before 1939 was less woolly & more embittered than it was 24 years before. But that is a detail; in more than one respect what you wrote in 1915 seems no less apposite, & no less important in 1940.

I wrote to Ernest Henson, Braley; Perkins, and Sir James Irvine.

Ella and Fearne disappeared after breakfast, and did not re-appear until nearly 5 p.m.; when they brought the exhilarating news that they had been to an auction & bought furniture! Of course, it was a wonderful bargain, but it does not ~~appear~~ seem to have occurred to them that, the cost of transporting it to Westminster (even if, in present circumstances, it can be managed at all) will be probably far more than the rubbish cost.

<!221240>

[250]

4th Sunday in Advent, December 22nd, 1940.

An extraordinary post brought a few cards and letters. Among them was a card from William Elliott, who was so long in Wolsingham sanatorium, and a letter from John Redfearn, who is again with the school in Sunderland. It has something rather "Groupy" about it. He is an unusual type, which might develop in the Groupist or Barthian direction. Duncan, the Vicar of Dawdon", sends me a "Seaham Souvenir" "Story of an Air Raid", in which he gives in much detail and with a full compliment of the indispensable "sob-stuff", an account of the bombing of his parish. His church & house were both hit. The pamphlet has a highly characteristic "Foreward" by Lord Londonderry. It is regrettable in his own interest that he cannot avoid a reference to the lack of statesmanship before the War. "It is necessary for us to bear the consequences with fortitude & determination." This of course, means that the noble Marquis would have the world understand that, if only his advice had been followed by the British Cabinet, there would have been no war!

<!231240>

[251]

Monday, December 23rd, 1940.

Woodbridge sends me a book which is attracting much notice – “The last Days of Paris” a Journalist’s Diary by Alexander Werth. It purports to be the unrevised diary kept from day to day, &, though quite destitute of literary grace, is painfully interesting.

I made an attempt to resume work on the Warburtons, but with only the depressing result that much of what I have already written seems to me quite impossible, too thin, crude, & incoherent!

I wrote to Ralph Inge,* thanking him for his latest book, and indicating as tactfully as I could my disapproval of his attitude towards the War, & his references to the working people. But I doubt if he will take even such mollified & mitigated dissent without resentment.

The Wireless reports that Manchester has been heavily bombed, with great loss of life, & damage to public buildings & house property. There appears to be no effective measure of defence against these night raids, and the injury which they inflict is mounting quickly. Lord Halifax’s [Charles Lindley Wood]* appointment to succeed Lord Lothian as an ambassador in Washington is announced. Eden is to go to the Foreign Office, and Capt. Margesson to follow him as Secretary for War.

<!241240>

[252]

Tuesday, December 24th, 1940.

A dull misty morning, damp & chilly. I received from Dashwood a demand for my half year's taxes. (£294: 15: 8).

I sent £100 to the Treasurer of the Abbey as a prae-gustatio or "stay-stomach", being all it seems prudent to return of the quarter's income, at this stage. Then I wasted much time and temper over a futile attempt to set out clearly my statement of income and expenditure for the year. A premature effort to explain my procedure to my wife ended in demonstrations on her part, & exasperation on mine. The net result of all this exhausting activity was that yet another day was totally wasted.

Jack Clayton tells me that the Bishop of Bristol when he returned home from London, found his palace in ruins, & his possessions destroyed.

Bardsley, the retired Bishop of Leicester, whose engagement at the age of 70 to enter into matrimony for the 2nd time had just been announced, has died suddenly before he could achieve his purpose. He certainly made the worst of both worlds, for he damaged his reputation by his engagement and did not restore it by his involuntary failure to carry it into effect.

[253]

The Rector called to see me; and stayed for a full hour and a half, during which he rehearsed again, & in much detail, the history of his physical distresses, the "phenomenal" success of his financial policy at S. Chad's college, the intimacy of his friendship with Lord Halifax, and so forth ad nauseam. Finally, he announced that he must take his departure in order to hear the confessions of the recently confirmed boys. I welcomed his departure more sincerely than I had welcomed his arrival!

"Shall two walk together except they be agreed?" I sent, as a Christmas card, to Lord Woodbridge, a surviving copy of the pamphlet, "Continuity", which was occasioned by Cardinal Bourne's aggression in Sunderland, and has a certain congruity with the end of the year. I don't suppose he will read it, but he may be gratified to receive it none the less. Also, I gave twenty shillings for the choirboys to James with charge to distribute them; and gave Fearne the money for the customary Christmas boxes for the tradesmen's boys &c. Then I wrote letters to Ella and Fearne to accompany the meagre gifts which were chartered with my good wishes.

<!251240>

[254]

Christmas Day, 1940.

Before being called I finished reading "The last Days of Paris." It is painfully interesting, and most informing. The Epilogue in 2 sections. (1) The Seeds of Vichy, (2) Vichy, is a convincing sketch of moral, intellectual, & physical decline, culminating in the most abject collapse. It is sad reading, & throws a sinister light on the course of national development on our side of the Channel. The only hope for France and for Europe is British Victory. It is curiously pathetically suggestive that Christianity does not seem to count in the woeful tragedy, except so far as the Roman Church is seen to have been heartily in sympathy with the Fascist tendencies in France. Pétain and Waygand are ardently clericalist and, at the same time, advocates of the Latin Union. They heartily hate England.

How shockingly the English public has been deceived about France!

The book throws much light on French politicians. Laval and Bonnet appear to be vile traitors, Pétain is prejudiced, vain, and apparently senile, Waygand a defeatist to the core.

[255]

Fearne motored us to church for the service at 11 a.m. I read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Communion. There was a very small congregation.

At 3 p.m., we all listened to the King's broadcast. His Majesty's utterance was clear, & not more embarrassed by his slight stutter than on former occasions.

I begin to suspect that B.B.C. is rather overdoing its rôle of giving expression to the popular mind. These workmen, mothers, & children who ~~exp~~ speak with such unanimity in the language of patriotism and loyalty, give the impression of being ventriloquist's dolls! If once that suspicion roots itself in the general mind, the effect of B.B.C. will quickly lessen. Increasingly, I grow impatient of the subtle and unceasing pressure of ~~subt~~ cunningly arranged propaganda. There is not yet such shameless lying as the Dictators employ, & the hand of the Government is not placed so heavily on B.B.C. as it is placed on the wireless systems of the continent. But I feel that the pressure is growing, & that we are rapidly losing such liberty as once we possessed. Nor do I see any way of escape. We are locked into a process of developing bondage.

<!261240>

[256]

Thursday, December 26th, 1940.

I finished in bed the book which Ella gave me as a Christmas gift – “Family Homespun by Blanche E. C. Dugdale”. I found it extremely interesting, & curiously illuminating. It brought home to me the measureless gulf which separates the privileged few from the unprivileged multitude in Britain. The marvel is that the Few should be able to maintain their position in society, as it is now constituted. Really, the great Heritage of History is mainly the monopoly of a small class, which owns, & enjoys, & understands how great the treasure is. There is a core of truth in the popular contention that patriotism is the virtue of the tiny fragment of the nation which profits by the Father-land. Of course, there is a vast amount of falsehood along with this core, but the existence of the last is certain, & enfeebling, when the country needs patriotism. The horrifying character of Hitler's rule, & especially his suppression of the Labour movement in Germany have terrified our democrats into supporting the present War, but with Victory, the actual situation will again be apparent, & more formidable than ever.

[257]

[Charles] Oman* writes in reply to my Christmas greeting:

How few there are now of our generation, with whom one can renew the old affectionate message! Oddly enough, I have been having you in my mind considerably this week, for I have been writing an account of All Souls under the kindly reign of Anson, as part of a kind of Autobiography – and you figure largely in reminiscence. I shall never forget the Laymen's League, and how you sent me out to lecture, & to speak in Victoria park, also later to dwell for some stray nights in Oxford House. Those were great days, & few of us are left to think over them. Pember & Cosmo are about the only ones whom one occasionally sees.

Also I received an affectionate letter from the Warden [William Adams].* He is hopeful about the War, and much pleased at Halifax's appointment to the Washington Embassy. Also, that ardent & ambitious young lady, Mary Rainbow,* writes to me from Kelloe. She is teaching English and Classics at a girls' school at Malvern Abbey in Worcestershire.

<!271240>

[258]

Friday, December 27th, 1940.

I expended some time on the Autobiography, but even now I cannot quite persuade myself that its publication would be justifiable.

In the afternoon Fearne motored us to Little Bealings where we had tea with Colonel Smith. The poor man is still immobilized by the absence of his car which has been sent to the works for repair. The works have been bombed, & cannot promise completion of the repair. There are some grave disadvantages attaching to life in 'the Machine Age'. The machine becomes so indispensable that when it 'goes wrong', one is helpless.

Don acknowledges my letter of welcome on his appointment to the Abbey, & subscribes himself, rather superfluously, 'Yours dutifully & Gratefully'. Lord Woodbridge signs himself "Your affectionate Friend", Shore, now living in York, demurely signs "Yours respectfully": and the Dean of West^f holds to "Yours affectionately". In these forms, how much significance is encased in convention? I wrote to Jack Clayton,* who is as indefatigable as ever in multiplying services and sermons. He has never learned the Greek wisdom [two Greek words follow].

<!281240>

[259]

Saturday, December 28th, 1940.

I received from Ralph a letter, which was a kind of apology for his last book, or, at least, an answer to my criticisms of it. I have long suspected that he is like Seneca, a philosopher with his head in the clouds & his feet in the mud. Both men were great ethical teachers, & both were curiously entangled by that love of material possessions, which S. Paul does not scruple to call "idolatry". It is very perplexing: with regard to the War, he is a thorough-going defeatist. How can I wonder at Dick's deadness to the moral aspect of the conflict with Hitlerism, when an exalted Christian divine, takes an even lower attitude! Is it physical timidity? Or actual cowardice? or the blinding influence of alarmed cupidity? It is quite certain that the most exalted spiritual theory is no effective safeguard against the vulgarest vice. The apostle's word finds frequent illustration, "They that desire to be rich fall into temptation and a snare and many foolish & hurtful lusts, such as drown men in destruction & perdition".

I continued to waste time on the Autobiography. In the afternoon I walked slowly through Chattisham, taking an hour & a half over 3 miles!

<!291240>

[260]

1st Sunday after Christmas, December 29th, 1940.

I had intended to go to church, & read the lessons, but my jaw was too uncomfortable to make public speaking prudent, and I remained at home and occupied myself in writing to Edwyn Bevan,* thanking him for an excellent letter in the Spectator, and indicating my own opinion as to Sir Robert Vansittart's views about the German People, and Inge's "Fallen Idols".

Also I wrote to Sir Charles Peers, and to the Bishop of Coventry, and also to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

Keith Feiling* has a brilliant Article in the [name missed out] on the year 1940. Ella read it aloud, and I was moved to look up his record in 'Who's Who'. He was born in 1884, the year in which I was elected to a Fellowship at All Souls. He was elected to a Fellowship there in 1906. Thus he was 22 years old at the time of his election, and I was not quite 21 at the time of mine. He has done a good amount of historical work, and has played his part in the War of 1914-1918. I must make an effort to identify him when I do at last manage to get to Oxford.

<!301240>

[261]

Monday, December 30th, 1940.

A dull wet morning, and milder, but depressing. The only letter was one from Salter. He tells me that nearly 1000 copies of his pamphlet have been sold. I wrote to the Archbishop of York.

I wasted the morning on the Autobiography, and ended in greater dubiety than ever on the question, whether anything of the sort ought to be published. If I were a person in whom the public was interested to know everything that can be known about me, there might be some reason in satisfying the appetite; but since I am really an obscure person in whom no general interest can reasonably be imagined to exist, what justification can there be for offering information which nobody wants?

The day was so wet & uncomfortable, that I kept indoors, & occupied myself in revising an old sermon for use in Ipswich next Sunday.

Roosevelt's "fireside talk" was a vigorous [sic] and impressive pronouncement, which if strong words could ever take the place of strong action ought speedily to bring Hitler to over throw. But the repetition of the determination in no circumstances to send troops to Europe will take the force out of the language.

<!311240>

[262]

Tuesday, December 31st, 1940.

I sent to Dashwood a cheque for £294.15.8 on account of half a year's taxes due tomorrow. Also, I received from Donaldson acknowledgement of the £100 which I returned to the Abbey out of my quarter's canonical income.

The newspapers are filled with accounts of the new "Great Fire of London" caused by the air-raid. Eight Wren Churches, the Guild Hall, & many other historic buildings have been destroyed. What senseless madness possesses these Nazis! They are making sure that when the Day of Retribution breaks, they will be without a friend in the world. All the bleatings of the Ecclesiastics, & the sighings of Saints, & the sob-stuff of the pacifists will avail nothing against the hoarse insistent clamour for revenge & reparation which will rise from the victims of Total Warfare!

Always [sic], I wrote to Woodbridge a short letter of New Year's greeting.

I walked through Chattisham, & had a few words with Tom Reid who was driving a tractor in a roadside field. He promised to come & see me next Monday about 6 p.m.