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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]
Tuesday, March 11th, 1941.

I received [a letter?] from Alington in which he urges me to go on this foolish venture in Autobiographical exhibitionism!

> "I don't want to join the "hustlers" or the "cajolers", but I do want to say, I hope you will produce the Autobiography – by whatever name its [sic] called! I don't agree that the events in which you have played a part have no interest for posterity and you must allow that some events, not in themselves of first-rate importance, can acquire it by the method of their telling, and even Modesty itself can't refuse to remind you that that's a gift which you possess in excelsis. The antiseptic of style will assuredly keep alive anything you write, and I do hope you will let yourself be persuaded".

This is very kind, and flatterous, but ought one to listen to "the voice of the charmer"?

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[2]
Wednesday, March 11th [sic] [12th], 1941.

I went to Abbey Oaks, and sate with Lord Woodbridge* for more than half an hour. He did not seem to me so well and cheerful as before.

I received from Dick [Elliott]* a rather distressing account of a C. O. who, I trust is not representative. He asks my advice as to the manner of his dealing with "the problem" which it presents to him and the other chaplains:-

> Our Brigadier who is a very forceful and virile soldier, and whom I like personally, has developed the habit of delivering lectures to the Battalion in which he makes mocking & derogatory references to Christianity, & also (though this is, perhaps, less important) uses the filthiest possible language. I have not myself attended the lectures, but I have been told by both officers and men that his tone & words were particularly offensive, e.g. "You are not fighting for Christianity", or any bunkum like that, but because you have it, & you don't want to **[3]** trust in God. He does not give much help etc." You can imagine the feelings of us padres who have to serve under him. Tomorrow I ought to go and see the Brigadier, and have the matter out with him: if my courage does not fail me, I shall tackle him with the facts, & discover his intentions. I should not mind, if it were not that in many ways he is a very likeable man.

This is an almost grotesque situation, for the King has just called the Nation to prayer on the 23rd of this month, and the Army will certainly be expected, even ordered, to take a prominent place in the special services. It is atrociously unfair to the Chaplains that they should be, in some sense, belittled & contradicted by their own Superior office. The man ought to receive a severe reprimand from the W. O. I hope that Dick's tact is equal to his courage. If the Brigadier is, in any tolerable sense, a gentleman, he ought to apologise & express regret.

[4]

Lord Stamford writes again about Abyssinia. He thinks that influences hostile to a frank acknowledgment of the Emperor as our ally may come from the Foreign Office or from the Govern[t] of S. Africa. He suggests that I sh[d] write to the Times on the subject, but I don't feel disposed to take that course. If I were still Bp. of Durham and, as such, a Peer of Parliament, I might, perhaps, be entitled to address the public on such a subject, but as a retired bishop, I hardly can claim a locus standi. He encloses for me to read a copy of a letter sent to the Times a month ago, and not published. The letter begins – "As an Ethiopian of Galla race and sometime Secretary of the Ethiopian legation in London", and it is signed "Emmanuel Abraham". He thinks that the fear that the Italian women & children may be massacred is without foundation. He accuses the Italians of organising outages by tribesmen in their service on the Ethiopian villager. He is sure that, while gladly welcoming assistance in their fight for independence, the Abyssinians will never consent to surrender that independence.

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[5]
Thursday, March 13th, 1941.

A bright morning, but very cold.

I worked at the Abbey sermon all the morning.

In the afternoon, since the day was brilliantly fine, and Fearne announced that there was sufficient petrol, we motored to Chelmsford, and called on the Bishop, who was absent. Mrs Wilson was at home, and received us with almost excessive affection, but she is a noisy, talkative woman, and displeased me by her railing against the Germans, & her exultation in her husband's "paganism", as she very properly described his recent utterances. "He isn't a Christian any longer but a pagan", she said proudly. I indicated my disapproval, and quoted our Saviour's words – "Father, forgive them for they know not what they do" – were the Germans excluded from the protection of His Divine Charity which considered and allowed for their woeful situation as the victims of despotism and their own ignorance? Could we ourselves pretend to have any other hope that the discerning compassion of the Redeemer which His sublime magnanimity in the Crucifixion disclosed?

[6]

Declining an invitation from the hospitable but unChristian dame, we went into Chelmsford, and had tea comfortably enough in a restaurant near the Railway station, recommended by a policeman, whose counsel we had invoked.

Then we motored to Pleshy where Ella wished to call on the lady who, as sub-warden, lives in the diocesan "Retreat House" hard by the church in the village. While she and Fearne were engaged with Miss Earle, I went into the church, which was a most disappointing building, being indeed practically a not very good work of the later xixth century. There were some older monuments from the church which had been "restored" out of recognition. I rejoined the ladies at the Retreat House, and was shown the chapel, a devotional little place with a crucifix on the Altar, and another for professional use in the vestry. These "popish" ornaments commemorated the original purpose for which the Retreat-House had been designed viz. the home of an Anglican nunnery. It now serves usefully the purposes of an Evangelical diocese.

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[7]
Friday, March 14th, 1941.

Another brilliant day. I continued work on the Abbey sermon, but with little result. My design is too big for my powers!

In the afternoon I was walking to Chattisham when I fell in with Tom Reid. He was walking to his farm, and offered to show me his house. It was rather attractive with three rooms below, and as many above: He showed me the farm buildings. He rents 160 acres from Sir Gerald Ryan, owns 16 cows, and 3 horses, employs 2 labourers, and hopes to get another. He intends to grow barley, and wheat. He only needs a good wife to be established as a settled substantial farmer: and this constituent of secular well-being is, I gathered, already coming into view. I asked where he went to church, and was told that, like so many of his coevals, he was religiously an Ishmaelite, going now here, now there, as the mood of the moment suggested, & often enough probably, going nowhere at all. "I don't care for Moulsdale's* preaching" he said, and I changed the subject.

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[8]
Saturday, March 15th, 1941.

I completed the Abbey Sermon, but whether I improved its quality by adding to its length, I have my doubts. It is sometimes with sermons as Beveridge or Patrick (I forget which) proved to be the case with collects viz. that they are more easily lengthened than improved!

I received, whether from the Author or from the publisher, I cannot tell, a very odd and very suggestive book:-

> Prolegomena to the Logic which searches for Truth by Sir Almrothe [Almroth] Wright* M.D. William Heinemann, Ltd.

I remember meeting the Author at the time of the Suffragette agitation in which he figured as a vehement & impressive opponent of "Votes for Women", and I agreed with him. In the preface he is at the pains of emphasizing the amount of time which he had devoted over a period of 10 years. He says that he worked at the book an average of five hours a day, and this works out to the rather remarkable result "at rather more than 120 hours a page"!

[9]

The day developed nobly. In the afternoon I strolled for more than an hour in the garden and in the fields adjoining it. Everywhere there were proofs and promises of the Spring. If only this threatening cloud of War could be taken away, we might yet rejoice in the habitable earth. As it is we move about with our ears expectant of the groaning of hostile aircraft, and the rattle of anti-air guns. And all for the mad egotism of one demented fanatick!

Two ladies – Mrs Frazer and another (*inserted above* Mrs Pye) – came to tea: conversation was provided by the variety and mystery of the viands! "Rationing" is so far making talk irrational, as to substitute for subject, food for domestics!!

There is a spate of official oratory, but it is not easy to discover its true significance, for the orators speak in conflicting terms. Some use language of such urgency that it were not extravagant to suppose that they thought the victory of the Axis powers no unlikely event: & some speak with such confidence that we might imagine Britain's triumph within sight!

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[10]
3rd Sunday in Lent, March 16th, 1941.

Before being called I read Milman's account of Dante's de Monarchia, and recalled Stubbs's lecture, which I heard.

> "An universal Monarchy is absolutely necessary for the welfare of the world. Peace, universal peace is the first blessing of mankind. The angels sang not riches or pleasures but peace on earth: peace the Lord bequeathed to his disciples. For peace One must rule."

But, says Milman, "Dante's monarch is no arbitrary despot, but a constitutional sovereign: he is the Roman law impersonated in the Emperor: a monarch who should leave all the nations, all the free Italian cities, in possession of their rights and old municipal institutions." By fantastic reasoning, which the xivth century would [*have*] appreciated, Dante clothed the ancient Roman emperors with the attributes of Christianity. "All that the most ardent Christian could assert of the best of the Saints, Dante attributes to the older Romans." **[**… Latin Christianity. vii. 315f.**]**

[11]

The news at 9 a.m. was most heartening, for it included Roosevelt's speech promising prompt & plenary supplies of ships, aeroplanes, ammunition, guns, and food, and a wonderful Greek victory in Albania. The consignments from U.S.A. are already on the way. This is bad hearing for Hitler.

We all attended the service at 11 a.m., when I read the lessons, and celebrated after Mattins. The Rector preached from the text in S. Matthew, "For He taught them as one having authority, and not as their scribes", and he demonstrated, to his own evident satisfaction, that Christ has in episcopal ordination renewed the authority of the scribes in His church! But, though, indeed, he made a good noise, I could not disentangle more than a few sentences from his discourse, & may not have caught his full meaning. But I am sure that I was not mistaken as to his general drift. Such teaching is unwelcome where it is intelligible, an[*d*] cannot be edifying where it is not understood. The ^small^ congregation was composed almost wholly of village women.

[12]

I wrote at some length to Dick [Elliott] on the matter of the irreligious Brigadier, suggesting that he and any other like-minded chaplains should seek counsel from the Chaplain-General. Then, with that before them, they could consider what they ought to do in the very difficult situation into which, through no fault of their own, they have been brought. I made it clear that in my judgment they could not rightly acquiesce in the grotesque position of being officially commissioned to teach Christianity to the troops while their superior officer made open mockery of their teaching: and I allowed myself to express the opinion that, if the Brigadier's conduct were brought to the knowledge of the Government, he would be

severely rebuked. But I feel rather base, as pushing Dick forward into a conflict, from which I myself am excluded. I fear that the Brigadier represents no small volume of opinion in the Army. The old regular Officers are not well disposed towards spiritual claims.

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[13]
Monday, March 17th, 1941.

A dull, damp morning, chilly rather than cold. Fearne motored me to Ipswich, where I visited the chiropodist, and was rectified in my understanding.

On my return, I looked again at Middleton Murry's "Europe in Travail" which I propose to place with Bell's "Christianity and World Order", as illustrating the now prevailing habit of excessively denigrating modern civilization as the natural and apparent root of the present War. The disgusted, disillusioned mood of society makes men generally disposed to accept this view, but none the less I must needs think that it is both false and mischievous. It misconceives the distinctiveness and the true tendency of modern civilization, and it induces in its victims a fierce and indiscriminating resentment which may too easily carry them into the violences of destructive revolution. And thus it actually increases the social evils which it denounces, & arrests the wholesome tendencies which mitigate and might ultimately destroy them. The mood of exasperation is not favourable to just verdicts, or intelligent action.

[14]

In answer to my inquiry, [George] Bell writes:

> The best information that I have is that Niemöller has not gone over to Rome. Those in close touch with his circle here, including his former curate, are sure of this. On the other hand, it is true that Niemöller has been reading some Roman theology and considering the Roman position for some while. That we had heard through his wife and Swiss sources. But I very much trust that Niemöller himself will be robust enough to hold fast to his Protestant faith.

I suspect that the Papists are at their old tricks, using false reports (which they themselves put into circulation) in order to bring a certain coercion to bear on their intended victim, who, even if he escapes their clutches, will be more or less discredited in the opinion of his friends. At best, it is the product of their "wishful thinking".

[15]

I read the full report of Roosevelt's speech in the Times, and also a fairly full report of General Smuts's comments on it. Both are notable pronouncements. We are, indeed, happy in having, at this fearful crisis, as exponents of our Cause three such orators as Roosevelt, Churchill, and Smuts. The blatant & bloodthirsty vapourings of the Dictators have a sufficiently absurd appearance by comparison with the speeches of the democratic champions. It is a painful reflection that France, the chosen land of political orators, & the prophet of modern democracy, is exiled by her own suicidal choice from joining in the chorus of democratic protest.

I read in the Times the announcement of the death of a quondam Fellow of All Souls (Cruttwell) Principal of Hertford. He and I were always good friends, but we were never intimate. I was his senior by a quarter of a century.*

In the afternoon I walked to Burstall Church, where I visited the parish church.

The East Wind was bitter, and had its usual baleful effect on my mind.

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[16]
Tuesday, March 18th, 1941.

A bright day, but cold. Wind in the East. I worked again at the Abbey sermon, but made disappointingly little progress.

I wrote to Bell, thanking him for his angelic reception of my savage comments on his Penguin special, 'Christianity & World Order',[1] and also for his information about Niemöller's alleged secession to the 'Scarlet Woman'.

In the afternoon Fearne motored us into the county with the object of obtaining pictures for some calendar. These she was able to purchase in Helmingham and Parham. We had tea comfortably at 'The Anchor' Hotel in Framlingham. We visited the parish church, and found the tombs smothered in sandbags, and the painted glass removed from the windows. The little town seemed to be full of soldiers, and on our homeward journey we encountered a fleet of tanks. These are most evil-looking craft, but said to be extremely effective.

Parham parish church was locked, which was the more disappointing as it has an attractive aspect, & is said to be interesting.

[17]
[symbol]

Durrant sends me a Press Cutting of a review of the Archbishop of York's Lent Book, 'Citizen and Churchman'. It is by Professor Maurice Relton, and contains the following:

> Some who were critical of Bishop Hensley Henson's advocacy of Disestablishment are now wondering whether in this as in other respects the Bishop as not right after all.

I have no high opinion of Relton who, though well-read and industrious, is in my opinion a 'climber', whose views are mainly determined by what he imagines to be his professional interest. But, of course, I have no real grounds for that judgment, & it may have no more respectable authority than that of the ill impression made on me by his bearing & conversation. It is, perhaps, a 'sign of the times' that the Editor of a 'church paper' should publish such an obiter dictum.

The losses of shipping for last week are lower than those of the previous week, but still alarmingly high – nearly 100,000 tons.

[1] See Henson to Temple, 12 Nov. 1940; Bell MSS 209, Lambeth Palace Library, ff. 253-4 and Henson to Temple, 5 Mar. 1941, Bell MSS 209, Lambeth Palace Library, ff. 255-6.

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[18]
Wednesday, March 19th, 1941.

A severe frost and early mist led in another brilliant day.

I spent most of the day in finishing the 3rd of the little quartet of sermons on Peace.

In the afternoon I walked in the fields, & found the ground wet & miry. On my way I had some conversation with a young man evidently of a superior class. We discussed the War, and he expressed himself with intelligence. He said that 25/- an acre would be a good rent for land in these parts.

Mrs Cooper and her sister came to tea, very garrulous and giggling. I found them tiresome.

Mr Munro Cautley, the diocesan architect, was also having tea, and with him it was possible to hold some reasonable discussion. He said that his book, 'The Churches of Suffolk', was now unobtainable, the surviving copies having been destroyed by the German bombs on Paternoster Row. The Bishop had with difficulty secured a 2nd hand copy for a gift to the Dean of Winchester, who preached at his conversation [*sic* = consecration?]. And for this he had to pay 25/-.

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[19]
Thursday, March 20th, 1941.

Last night until the early hours of the morning was disturbed by the frequent shaking of the windows occasioned by another air-raid. No papers had arrived when I descended to my study, and I was told that there had been a raid on London.

I read round the subject of my 4th Abbey sermon –"The Cosmic Hope", and, though I did not gain much 'grist' for my homiletic 'mill', I enjoyed renewing my acquaintance with some old friends. I read through Browning's 'Easter', and felt again the delight which it stirred in me half a century or more ago. I turned to Dean [Richard] Church's* fascinating volume, "Pascal and other sermons", and read with renewed appreciation the beautiful little discourse on 'The living hope'. This was preached on Easter Day, 1875 in St Paul's Cathedral, and is a perfect specimen of the great Dean's method of thinking and preaching. I read again the brief concluding chapter of Ecce Homo [J.R. Seeley*], but did not find as much satisfaction as I expected. The "Humanitarian" point of view lends itself to effective rhetoric, but does not assist conviction.

[20]

Ella had a working party of patriotically minded ladies in the smoking room, & while this was proceeding, I received in my study a visit from Major Yorke, one of the vergers of Durham Cathedral, who is stationed at Felixstowe.

He told me that they had information of a large amount of grave discontent & breach of discipline in the German Army. Court-Marshals [*sic*] were frequent, & there were said to be many suicides and desertions. Among the German prisoners, bad behaviour was limited to the young 'Nazis'. One of these brutalized youths kicked his guard, & shouted out that the Führer was greater than Jesus Christ! He said that the Australian troops were, as in the last war, very troublesome by their lack of discipline. They had 'painted red' the towns where they had been stationed. The 'Times' publishes a letter about the shocking behaviour of the troops billeted in this country. They damage their billets shamefully, & the unfortunate owners have practically no compensation. These are British troops stationed here at home. It is shameful & humiliating.

[21]

Major Yorke said that the British Government had warned the Italians that, if Athens were damaged, Rome would not be spared. This, if it be the case, and he seemed confident that it was, would be "reprisals", intelligible and, perhaps, excusable, but none the less regrettable.

He says that British Israelitism has a considerable hold on the troops. When educated men like Colonel Smith can become devotees of that absurd doctrine, who can wonder that the ignorant 'Tommies' absorb it readily! It can appeal to the 'Fundamentalism' which inheres in British Protestantism, and it authorizes a racial conceit which is, if possible, even more

ridiculous than the prevailing German nonsense about the Germans as 'Herrenvolk'. But War, especially such a war as this, stimulates every variety of superstition, and goes far towards inhibiting the action both of reason and conscience.

The birds were singing Evensong divinely when the good Major boarded the omnibus at my gate in order to return to his military duties at Felixstowe.

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[22]
Friday, March 21st, 1941.

Another brilliant day, and again no letters.

I continued work on the Abbey Sermon, but with woefully small result. The fact is that I am trying to cram into half-an-hour an argument which properly requires at least two hours. And it is too hastily put together: and in fact is unworthy both of the subject and of the pulpit. However, such as it is, I suppose that it must serve.

In the afternoon, I walked to Chattisham, and on my way encountered Tom Reid, who was ploughing by the road-side. He was evidently pleased to see me. He told me that his marriage was on the way to be arranged, and would, he hoped, take place in October or November. I said that I would myself tie the knot, if I could conveniently arrange to do so. Then we discussed agricultural questions. He does not expect to be required to kill his cows, as the Government needs more milk for cheese-making. He proposed to sow barley in the field which he was ploughing, & he would use a sowing-machine, as hand-sowing, still often used in Scotland, **[23]** was not well-suited to Suffolk, where the land was heavier. He meant to come one day next week to see me.

The Italians appear to be making a determined fight in Keren, where thy hold a position of great natural strength which has been powerfully fortified. They are under the command of the Duke of Aosta, who is said to be the most efficient of the Italian commanders. In the recent fighting in Albania, the Greeks are stated to have taken 3000 prisoners, and to have inflicted on the Italians a loss of 25,000 killed and wounded. At 6 p.m. the news from Jugo-Slavia was rather disconcerting. There are persistent rumours that the Government will sign a modified Treaty with the Axis: but, of course, this may be manufactured in Germany. Last night the Germans bombed Plymouth. Their settled policy seems to be directed towards wrecking our ports, and sinking our ships, & they have succeeded in both efforts to an extent which is certainly enough to cause anxiety, though not enough to justify panic.

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[24]
Saturday, March 22nd, 1941.
[symbol]

A dull wet day, dark and depressing.

Mary Radford* would have me go on with this precious Autobiography. She writes:

> I for one should like enormously to see your Autobiography. I am quite sure Sir Humphrey Milford was right when he encouraged you to go on with it. For not only have you a very large circle of friends, but what you have stood for in the world is of permanent value, probably more permanent than much we all think of at the present time. So I shall look forward to seeing it in print very much indeed.

Dick writes to the same effect:

> But I hope that, in addition to the chapters you outlined for me in your letter, you will give us a chapter on Barking, & that you will not forget to say something about your visit to Sweden, & your attendance at the Coronations, & especially your **[25]** [symbol] connection with Hatfield, which I have often heard very falsely reported. As to quotations from your Journal, I rather hope that you won't use too many of them: I always feel then [they] spoil an Autobiography, & reduce it to the status of a Diary.

[symbol] He is probably right in this matter. Extracts are almost always annoying. They tend to give a 'scissors and paste' character to the book which admits them: & they are necessarily destructive of literary quality.

He has "had it out" with the Brigadier:

> 'He was very agreeable & friendly, assuring me that he meant no harm, & authorizing me to deny his hostile attitude to religion: in consequence I did not feel able to say one or two of the rather unpleasant things which I perhaps ought to have said. At any rate the air has been cleared: he knows that we will not sit by placidly, if he takes up his cudgels again.

[26]

The Times Literary Supplement includes a short review of "an interesting study of Milton's contemporary (i.e. not after 1674) fame" by an American writer ("Milton's Contemporary Reputation" by William Riley Rorker. Columbus: The Ohio State University Press.) I extract the following:

> The broad result is that for many years Milton had an unenviable reputation as a controversialist and that those who may have admired his poetry were far less vocal than those who objected to his prose theses.

'Most of the references [to Milton's works] are hostile to the author, and not a few taunt him brutally with his blindness.' Political prejudice and the odium theologicum are not favourable to literary judgment, & destroy chivalry when opponents are concerned. Both these distorting factors were at their strongest in Milton's time: and it may not be denied that the great Poet was himself a very brutal controversialist.

[27]

Braley and his wife called to see us after tea. They motored yesterday all the way from Durham, bringing that 'heavy-weight' Miss M. with them. He sate for an hour in my study, and gave me all the gossip about Durham. Bede College is hard hit by the War, and may have to 'put up its shutters' for a while. There is a scheme under consideration for housing the undergraduate members of the College in the Deanery. This is suggested by the Dean. Alington has many admirable traits. He is brilliant, versatile, and kind-hearted: but he has no adequate loyalty to the great buildings which come into his trust. I disapprove of his leaving the Deanery vacant, and I dislike the notion of filling it with the students of a Training College for elementary school teachers. But he is, and always has been, hag-ridden by financial worry: and, of course, he has, like the rest of us, much cause for anxiety at the present time. But surely the last economies should be those which affect the tradition of the great Buildings, which embody the tradition of the historic offices for which they exist.

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[28]
4th Sunday after Easter, March 23rd, 1941.

The weather became cold about 9 a.m., and some small essays in snow-fall. I wrote to Charles Nye,* who must, I fear, be financially embarrassed by the loss of his Diocesan directorship.

We attended the service of National Prayer at 11 a.m. I read the lesson. Braley officiated and preached. The church seemed to be well-filled, for it included the local British Legion and A.R.P. men as well as the tiny normal congregation. I liked Braley's address. He had no text, and seemed to be speaking extemporaneously. His voice is not pleasing and he has a jerky rather irreverent, manner, which spoil his delivery: but his matter was sound, his words were not ill-chosen, and the broad effect of his discourse, if lacking what the Evangelicals call unction, was not unedifying. He is, I think, making himself something of an authority on the very important subject of Education, & he has certainly proved by his rule at Bede College that he has real gifts of discipline and administration.

[29]

In the afternoon I wrote a long letter to Ruth Spooner.* Also I wrote to my cousin at Minehead.

Braley and his wife came to tea. He is, I think, beginning to feel anxious about his own future. If, as seems probable, his College has to be closed, what will be his own position? I said that educational issues were more likely to gain importance in the near future than to lose it; that he was well-advanced to publish his views on educational reform; and that I could not doubt that his services would be required either in the State service, or in ecclesiastical office. He spoke about my successor [Alwyn Williams]* in terms of personal regard, but expressed a certain surprize that being a man of such academic distinction and varied experience, he had not made more impression on the diocese. He seemed to lack personality. This accords with my own opinion. But, of course, the untoward circumstances in which his episcopate has begun, may well explain a larger failure than any that can justly be credited to him.

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[30]
Monday, March 24th, 1941.

A hard frost introducing a cold & clouded day which turned to rain in the afternoon.
I frittered away the morning on the Autobiography and only succeeded in writing three pages! It is inexplicable that, with a plethora of material, I find it so difficult to shape anything which seems to me more tolerable!

Braley had himself proposed that we should walk together after lunch, but he failed to come, and I lost my expected exercise. Was this not an exhibition of bad manners, which I might fairly resent? But a retired Bishop is like a deposed monarch – unable to count upon even the customary courtesan!

Dick arrived about 6 p.m. Fearne met him at Ipswich with the car. He seemed wonderfully well and cheerful. He expects that he will shortly be sent abroad, probably to Egypt.
I was distressed to learn from him that in their extensive training on Exmoor, no less than 8 men died from exertion or exposure. The weather was terrible - & two nights without cover on Exmoor was too much.

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[31]
Tuesday, March 25th, 1941.

Dick sate in my room, and read aloud to me so much of the Autobiography as has been completed. I desired to ascertain how it impressed him since he probably represents a considerable proportion of those who might be thought likely to be interested in it. He expressed appreciation and approval, & scouted the notion of my abandoning it.

In the afternoon, while Ella and Fearne went into the village to attend a meeting, and visit the Hall, now become a Hospital, Dick and I walked to Burstall, where we ~~xx~~ went into the parish church, and sate together, debating religion. We returned to Hyntle Place in time for tea, coinciding with the ladies at the gate. Dick has read the official report of General Wavell's campaign in Africa. He says that only the almost inconceivable incompetence of the Italian troops made his swift and dramatic victory possible. While the regulars did occasionally fight well, the "Black Shirts" invariably "shewed the white feather". He said that Wavell's whole army did not exceed 3 British divisions, & 1 Indian. It is difficult to think that we can give effective help to the Greeks if the Germans attack them.

[32]

At 6 p.m. the wireless announced that Jugo-Slavia had joined the Axis. So Hitler scores yet another success. We have sent many messages of admiration and goodwill to the Greeks, but it is still doubtful wether [sic] it is in our power to translate our professions into adequate action.

The amount of shipping lost last week is substantially reduced This at least is consoling. That brutal soldier, Marshal Graziani has been relieved from his command, & replaced by a commander named Garibaldi.

Braley told me that the real cause of Nye's dismissal (for that is what it really was) from his diocesan inspectorship was his own incredible folly in writing an official paper to the Prime Minister at the time of the French collapse exhorting him to make terms with Hitler without delay!

This precious effusion was sent by the P.M. to the Bishop of Durham with the request that he wd tell him (the P.M.) whether he would deal with Nye as his Bishop or would prefer that he, as P.M. should deal with him! The Bishop decided to act himself, & hence Nye's dismissal. Braley told **[33]** me that Nye had become a fanatical pacifist, and that he had been careless over his diocesan work, and that the Bishop had received many complaints from the clergy. All this came to me as a complete surprize. I certainly had no reason for suspecting anything of the kind, and I deplored it the more, since it cannot but affect most injuriously Nye's prospects in the Church. I cannot doubt that his diocesan critics, and they were neither few nor fair among the senior clergy, who resented his appointment and disliked his methods, have eagerly embraced the opportunity which his folly has given them. He is now a married man, and his domestic responsibility must gravely emphasize his public failure. I was very sorry, indeed, that he should have brought himself into so untoward a situation,

but I do not see how there is any power or possibility of helping him. I cannot think that he would have been so foolish, if I had remained at Auckland. But this ghastly War has undone him, as so many others.

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[34]
Wednesday, March 26th, 1941.

Dick went away after breakfast. Shall I ever see him again? He goes to Edinburgh to bid farewell to his mother & sister, & then expects to be sent abroad, probably to Egypt, but nothing is certain.

Then the silliest incident conceivable occasioned an explosion between my life's partner & myself, in which I, being what and where I am, must acknowledge the principal share of blame, but even penitence fails in front of the barbed-wire entanglement of deafness on one side, and total unintelligibility on the other. Anyway, I was ashamed, distressed, and perplexed in equal proportions, &, under the burden of this triplicated incapacity, wasted another morning. Yet I never started a day with more generous intentions, or what seemed to be a more definite sense of duty. "Who can tell, how often he offendeth? O cleanse Thou me from my secret faults. Keep thy servant also from presumptuous sins, lest they get the dominion over me; so shall I be undefiled, and innocent from the great offence".

[35]

Then I wrote to the Dean in a vein of jocose penitence for my absenteeism from yesterday's Chapter Meeting. Yesterday I received the quarter's canonical income tax less income tax (£201.5.0) and forthwith returned £100 to the D & C. I am still in the dark as to the super-tax.

Lord Woodbridge fetched me soon after noon, and I talked with him until lunch-time, when we were joined by Ella and Fearne. His brother, a solicitor, and his Secretary, a papist, the first rather glum and the last very garrulous. Also ^she was^ a Papist which made conversation difficult. Anxiety not to offend prejudice on my part co-operated with anxiety not to reveal it on hers combined to limit the range & chasten the manner of discussion!

Immediately after lunch we returned to Hyntle Place. Braley & his wife arrived at 2.30 p.m. and Fearne motored us all to Schole where we had tea. On the way we visited Eye, and two other churches. Rain set in as the evening drew towards nightfall. There were many evidences of the recent rains, and in some places incipient floods were observable.

<!270341>
[36]
Thursday, March 27th, 1941.

A mild, bright morning, very welcome.

I wrote to Egerton-Swann* in reply to his letter about Malvern v. Rochester, that is what he describes as the conflicting "manifestoes" of ecclesiastical policy expressed by the Conference at Malvern, and by the Bishop of Rochester. I wasted my time, but I didn't like to snub the good man.

At 1 a.m. came really heartening news. There had been a revolution in Belgrade. The young king, Peter – 17 years old, & educated in England – has taken over the government, & issued a valorous proclamation to his subjects. Prince Paul & his miserable "skunks" who joined the Axis, have fled the country, or are in gaol. Winston Churchill has made no delay in promising full British support to the new Government, & this blessed change has been carried through without bloodshed.

THE EUROPEAN WORM HAS TURNED AT LAST

This will wonderfully ease the pressure on the Greeks and stimulate the slumbering patriotism of all the Balkan populations.

[37]

I walked for an hour & a half with the Braleys, but I did not ask them to return to Hyntle Place for tea, being in fear of Fearne's reproachful glances and a shortage of the requisite victuals. When I arrived unaccompanied, I found the Commandant of the Hospital in Hintlesham Hall sitting at tea with my ladies. She was pleasant to look at, and seemed to be both amiable and intelligent.

I received a letter from Professor Grey Turner.* He refers to "the very good picture" of myself in the Evening Standard of a few days ago, which he makes as "excuse" for writing. He says that he and his son Elston continue their Hospital work in London, & that he is "plagued to finish some literary work".

The Times reports the death of Alexander Grant K.C., and publishes an obituary notice of his career. "He was the son of a pitman of Bolton and attended the British School in that town from the age of five until 1878". He was elected to an All Souls Fellowship. It was thus that I became acquainted with him. He never "fitted in" to the Society into which his election introduced him. **[38]** Accordingly, he was not popular, &, of course, the roughness of his class did not assist to commend him. But the fault, if fault can be fairly attributed to the victims of very difficult circumstances, lay mainly with himself. He illustrates the crucial importance of being within reach of a really good school. In his case he was carried by a scholarship from an elementary school to the fine school in Manchester from which he passed to Oxford. He had excellent ability, great perseverance and admirable industry, but these would not have secured him success, if he had not been given the teaching & training

of a good school. My last meeting with him was unfortunate. He was Treasurer of the Inner Temple, and in that capacity welcomed me to lunch when I had preached in the Temple Church. I thought his manner was repulsive to the point of actual discourtesy. The Master told me that the Benchers groaned under his behaviour as their official representative.

<!280341>
[39]
Friday, March 28th, 1941.

Another mild, bright morning, but uncertain.

Keren has fallen at last, and Gondar in Abyssinia. These are important stages on the road to complete victory in Africa. The revolution in Serbia appears to command enthusiastic popular approval, but it is not yet clear how it will find expression in the sphere of international politics. It is inconceivable that so prompt & emphatic a repudiation of the surrender to the Axis should not mature to the advantage of Britain & its Allies, but Germany is reported to be demanding from the new Serbian government an explanation of its attitude, & Germany is on the Serbian frontier with vast, perhaps irresistible forces. It would be interesting to know what impression has been made by these dramatic happenings on the mind of the Japanese Foreign secretary, Matsuoka, who witnessed the signing of the Axis Pact by the Serbian Quislings. It is certain that the judgment of that cold and cunning Oriental (who, however, is said to be a Christian) will be unaffected by any nobler idealism than that which inspires the cynical aggression of Japanese policy.

[40]

The weather degenerated as the day declined, and by the end of the afternoon it had reverted to rain. I walked for ¾ an hour after lunch. At tea-time Colonel Smith and Archie Parker-Smith arrived, and stayed until nearly 6 p.m. They both possess 'considerable staying power'!

The news from Africa, though no longer exciting, continues to be favourable. The Italian garrison in Keren, stated to number about 40,000, succeeded in getting away, and retiring towards Aswara. They are being closely pursued by the British forces, but may be able to improvise some formidable 'stands' on their way to the capital. We are warned against supposing that the fall of Keren involves the collapse of the Italian resistance [sic], and we are assured that the British losses will be far heavier than in Libya and in Cyrenaica. A large amount of war material has fallen into British hands. The R.A.F. has been active in Germany, an attack by the aeroplanes on a British convoy has been repulsed, & in the Mediterranean some Italian ships have been sunk.

Serbia continues to be orderly & enthusiastic.

[41]

Character sketches of the following must, perhaps, be included in the Autobiography.

Ingram?	Pearce
Abp. Davidson	Barnett
Abp Söderblom	Burkitt
Raleigh	Principal White
Ker	D. MacGregor

Dicey	Principal	Storey
Rashdall	"	Marshall Lang
Beeching	"	George Adam Smith
~~Beech~~ Welldon	"	Irvine

Haldane
Lady Frances Balfour
Bishop Lawrence
Kirschbaum (Knight)
Gordon
Sir Henry Craik
Rutherford
Gow
Prothero (Lord Ernle)
Talbot?
Moule?

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[42]
Saturday, March 29th, 1941.

Mild, but clouded and threatening to rain. I received a long and affectionate letter from my namesake and godson Herbert Nicholson,* from whom and about whom I have heard nothing for many years. His father had told him that I had inquired about him, and was concerned about his long silence.

Patrick Dennistoun writes to tell me that he is engaged to be married to Miss Pearson, the young lady whom he brought here some few months ago. He is 25 and she is 23. I congratulated him, & said that absolutely & relatively they were of the right age for the great adventure? Is this the case?

I wasted more than an hour in a vain search for the letter which I wrote to Asquith, after declining his offer of the Oxford Professorship in 1908, and also for the letter in which I explained to Strong,* then Dean of Christ Church the reasons which determined my refusal. It is heart-breaking to discover when too late the disastrous carelessness about the keeping of letters which has been a characteristic fault of mine throughout my long life.

[43]

In spite of the weather which had become cold and wet by the middle of the day, we carried out our purpose of shewing the Braleys Framlingham. Fearne wisely suggested that we should also see Dennington which is only about 2 miles distant. We visited both these very interesting churches, and then had tea very comfortably at the Crown & Anchor. We visited also the ruined castle at Framlingham. The guardian inquired affectionately after "Canon Perkins" having recognised me as Canon of Westminster! The 'Skiapod' carved on one of the bench ends in Dennington church is certainly a very curious carving. The woodwork and recumbent figures in the transepts and the three-decker pulpit are also noteworthy. It does not attain to the excellence of Kedington or the majesty of Long Melford or Lavenham, but it so far approaches these supreme churches as to be hardly less rewarding to the intelligent & educated visitor. On our return journey we visited Parham, which we had found locked when we came to it some weeks ago. It has a fine screen, a font, & the arms of the earls of Ufford. Otherwise it is bleak and mean building unequal to the Suffolk standard.

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[44]
5th Sunday after Easter Passion Sunday, March 30th 1941.

A calm morning, and bright, after yesterday's rain. I went to the parish church at 8 a.m., & received the Blessed Sacrament. Braley celebrated and was 'served' by the Rector. I was pleased by the reverent manner in which the service was read, by the omission of sundry little but irritating interpolations, and by the sensible posture of the Celebrating minister when he read the Epistle and Gospel. He faced the congregation, and did not present his back to them.

I have heard it objected against Braley, that he has an unpleasing and uncultivated pronunciation, but I do not think that the objection is well founded. His manner of speaking is not refined or cultivated, but it is not vulgar or exasperating. He speaks naturally, read with intelligence and is quite free from what is called "the parsonic voice". I cannot think that his pronunciation provides any important obstacle to his preferment. He provokes against himself a certain amount of academic jealousy in Durham among those who dislike and envy his remarkable success as Principal of Bede College.

[45]

We all went to church for Mattins. Braley read the service and preached. I read the lesson. The congregation was, indeed, woefully small, but, by comparison with that which usually attends, good. Braley's sermon was, in my judgement, excellent. Of course my ladies delivered a hostile verdict, but, then, the one is too deaf to hear, & the other too uninterested to appreciate. Then one hardly understands what will be the standard of excellence which the female mind accepts in the matter of male performances. I must needs listen critically as an old preacher, who, in the course of a long ministry has preached often, & bestowed great pains & much time on the difficult problem of sermon composition & delivery, and I judge Braley's sermon to have been excellent, and likely to have been edifying.

The afternoon was miserably frittered away in preparations for my departure tomorrow. I selected a number of letters belonging to two important episodes in my Westminster ministry – Putumayo and the Oxford Professorship. These with the controversy about education and the preaching at the Digbeth Institute in Birmingham cannot be omitted from **[46]** my Autobiography. That chapter of my life was concluded by my appointment to the Deanery of Durham in the Autumn of 1912. I was in U.S.A. when I received Asquith's offer, and his cablegram did not finally reach me for 2 days. It took me completely by surprize. Indeed I did not know that the Durham deanery had been vacated by Dean Kitchin's death. He was known to be frail and ailing when I left England, but there was no particular reason why his death should have been expected. I think my decision to accept Asquith's offer was facilitated by the unexpected and improbable character which attached. I remember saying to my wife "Well, no one can accuse me of having 'pulled strings' to secure this appointment"; and the whimsical notion that my own fortunes were indicated by the Psalmist when he said 'promotion cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South', leaving the North as the quarter from which it would come, told in the

same direction. Anyway, I took my decision without consultation of any kind, and sent a cablegram announcing it to the Prime Minister. It was a fateful choice.

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[47]
Monday, ~~April~~ March 31st, 1941.

Westminster Abbey

Ella and Fearne went with me to Ipswich station, where I took train for Liverpool Street. I had a comfortable journey for the train was not crowded, & my only compagnon de voyage was a khaki clad warrior with "Irish Guards" on his arm. We soon got into conversation, and I found him friendly, intelligent and interesting. He had fought in France in the desperate conflict outside Calais and Boulogne at the time of the Dunkirk evacuation. He described the Nazi troops, mostly young men as 'like Arabs and Indians', rushing in close order to certain death. The one thing which the Germans could not stand up against was the bayonet. He told me that he came from Wexford; that his father was an "old loyalist"; that he was a Roman Catholick; that he was 30 years old, & had married an English wife, also a R.C., that he had come to England in 1933; and was still in the service of the London Transport Cy when he joined up in 1938; that he liked the Army in time of War, but not in time of peace; that he preferred England **[48]** to Ireland; that he looked forward to the end of the War when he would resume his former work, his employers having guaranteed his original situation, and live in his own home with his wife and baby child. I was much impressed by his clear perception of duty, & at the same time his simplicity of character. His name was Malone. I gave him my card. We parted with mutual regret at Liverpool Street. I deposited my bags at the Club, and went to the hair-dresser. Then I had lunch in the Club, and sate beside poor [Thomas] Strong,* who told me that his sister had died, & then went on to maunder sadly. The Dean of Westminster came in to the luncheon room, and I had a few words with him. Then somebody introduced me to the new organist of the Abbey! I wrote to Ella, looked in on Hugh Rees, and had tea in the Club. There was some revival of interest in my appearance, aroused probably by some reference to me in the Evening Standard, which I have not seen, but which had been read by Grey Turner who said that there was also what he calls "a very good picture" of me. There has been another considerable change in the Club servants. I noticed a fresh invasion of young women and boys.

[49]

March 31st, 1941.

My dear Mr Editor.

I do not think that I have anything to add to what I have been saying more or less lucidly, but always unavailingly, for nearly 40 years, i. e. from the time when Balfour's Bill was being discussed. There is no effective step which the Church of England can take towards securing the Christian character of our State-provided education until it can give up the futile effort to maintain the Dual System, and definitely prefers the spiritual interest of the English people to its own denominational privilege. I have really "fired my shot" in the book on The Church of England which saw the light two years ago.

Let me take the opportunity of saying how notably improved the Guardian has become during the last few months. If success bore any secure relation to merit, I should have considerable confidence in its future, but in this strange modern **[50]** world I must needs doubt the possibility of success in the case of even the best ecclesiastical paper.

With all good wishes
Very sincerely yours,
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop

Paul Shuffrey Esq
Editor of the Guardian
6 Playhouse Yard
Blackfriars Lane
London, E.C.4

The Dean & his wife received me with much kindness at the Deanery where they had made ample provision for my comfort. If there shall be an air-raid, there is convenient security in a queer little bed-room under one of the western towers. This I can reach without going into the open air. The latest news about the naval battle in the Ionian Sea shows that it was a complete victory.

<!010441>
[51]
April 1st, 1941.

A quite but sleepless night. I made a bad start at 10 a.m. when I attended Mattins in S. Faith's Chapel ~~at.~~ The lighting was so defective, and the type of the Bible provided for the Canon in Residence was so small that I could not see to read the lessons. I flew back to the Deanery & fetched my hand-held magnifying glass & with that added to my spectacles, I stumbled through my duty. The congregation consisting of two ancient Vestals and the vergers must have been edified by this exhibition of senile decay! After Mattins I went to the Chapter Clerk's office, and saw Hebron, then I called on Dashwood who gave me rather an alarming account of my finances. He was, as usual, running over with entertaining (if not always trustworthy) information. He spoke within his own knowledge, since he was present at the ceremony, of the marriage of Lady Montebatten [sic] to a Papist in a parish church, under authority of an Archbishop's license, and with the King's permission as required by the Royal Marriage Act. This marriage had been duly announced in the newspapers. Nevertheless, the Papists celebrated the marriage more or less cryptically, & **[52]** announced the marriage as celebrated in the Roman Church, ignoring the legal marriage altogether. Dashwood had urged the Primate to protest: but Lang would do nothing sheltering himself under the plea that it was primarily the King's concern! This has an ill look.

I lunched at the Club sharing tables with a sleek well-groomed young man, who evidently knew who I was for he told me that he had just been visiting Alington,* his old Headmaster, at Durham. I was favourably impressed by his conversation.

I read the lessons at Evensong, where the service was held in the Chancel & I had the use of the Lectern. There was a gathering of about a dozen people.

The Dean, having read through so much of the Autobiography as I have written, expressed his warm approval, and strongly urged me to complete it. He really seemed to have been interested & impressed. Inter alia, he told me that [William] Jackson,* the rector of Exeter, used to express his pride in my connexion as Catechist with that College.

<!020441>
[53]

Wednesday, April 2nd, 1941.

Another bomb-free night. I slept well, and felt much the better for it.

Christie the Headmaster of Westminster School, was at breakfast. Tall, slim, brisk & with a humorous twinkle in his eye – he is a typical pedagogue of the public-school type, shaped largely by the continuing familiarity with boys of the best type. He reminded me curiously of Alington.

I inquired after Alan Henderson, and was told that he was now in India with his parents (c/o Mr Justice Henderson,* the High Court, Calcutta). The young knave ought not to have slipped away without letting me know, but such is Youth! I found the greatest difficulty in reading the lessons at Mattins. It is humiliating & also alarming!

After service I went over the house, 4 Little Cloister, being accompanied by Hebron, the Chapter Clerk ~~of the Works~~, and Bishop, the Clerk of the Works. The only survivor of the refugees, who now remains in the house, is one of the Abbey workmen who has been there with his wife & child of 5 since he was bombed out of his home. He has other children, but they have been evacuated intro the country. I liked the look of him, & ascertained **[54]** that he would be willing to act as caretaker & perform some useful services more proper to a man servant than to female. He said that his wife would be able to cook, & that she was "hard of learning". I postponed any further discussion of this matter until my ladies could take it in hand.

Colonel Perowne had an interview with me in the Athenaeum. He wanted to arrange for a service in the Abbey on June 24th for the Order of S. John. I bad[e] him write to the Dean. Then I wrote to my Godson, Herbert Nicholson, and had a scare that my overcoat & gas mask had disappeared from the hook in the entrance Hall, where I had hung them. Subsequently I found both in the Deanery!

I attended service in the Abbey Church, & read the lessons:

Canon Marriott sent me a small package of Turkey quills: which were most welcome. This was extremely kind of him, & indicates a desire to be in fraternal relation. He is not just now living in his house, but in Oxford with his wife & family.

[55]

Dick wrote to me from his mother's house in Paisley the following letter:

28 March 1941

My dearest Guardian.

To thank you for letting me see you again, & secondly, for allowing me to read the autobiography, which I enjoyed enormously & look forward to seeing completed. We may not see one another for some time, but I shall write each week & hope to hear from you in return. Meantime "in precibus juncti: samus", & I bear about with me the remembrance of a very generous guardian.

Always yours most lovingly
Dick

Good luck at Westminster.

<!030441>
[56]
Thursday, April 3rd, 1941.

I celebrated in S. Faith's chapel at 8 a.m. Perkins* served. There were 3 communicants beside the clergy.

A larger-typed Bible had been provided for me at Mattins, but, even so, the difficulty of reading was very [?]. The light is quite inadequate.

After breakfast, I began to prepare for a section of the Autobiography which should deal with the matter of Putumayo, which had an interest and importance of its own, & attracted considerable attention both in England and in America. Incidentally, it for the first time brought me into contact with Söderblom.* He had been in the congregation when I preached on August 4th, 1912, the notorious sermon in the course of which I read out from the Abbey pulpit the names of the 3 English directors of the Peruvian Amazon Co. He encountered me in Dean's Yard after the service & rushed up to me, clasping my hand, & exclaiming – "Thank you, my dear Sir, thank you: it was a great act of national righteousness." Putumayo, Abyssinia, and the Jews – they moved my deep sympathy, & I made no secret of the fact. The sermon in the Abbey concerning the first, the speech **[57]** in the House of Lords about the second, and the speech in the Church Assembly about the third were, perhaps, deserving a place in any record of my life.

Ralph [Inge]* and Kitty [Inge] * arrived at the Athenaeum in good time, and we went to the Automobile Club, which is understood to deputize for the Athenaeum in the matter of ladies at lunch with members. But the crowd was appalling, and the porter [said?] that there was a queue of at least 50! So we abandoned our project of lunching there, and betook ourselves to Galli's restaurant in the Strand. This was so over-crowded, and under-staffed that out lunch was a dilatory business and the provender as uninviting as the atmosphere was asphyxiating. Then we parted, & I walked to the Abbey and did my duty at Evensong.

At tea, Mrs Murray Smith[2] called – a quaint little ancient body, but withal as full of fight and interest as ever. She is now living in the Rochester diocese, but retains her fondness for the Abbey services, though by no means enamoured of the more elaborate ceremonial. She brought back to my mind the memory of many kindnesses.

I wrote to Ella and to Dick.

[2] See Alexander Murray Smith

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[58]
Friday, April 4th, 1941.

We went to bed with air-raid warnings, but about midnight there seemed to be an end of danger. I slept fairly until 7 a.m. having edified myself for two hours with a little book on Voltaire by Maurois.

I attended Mattins, & read the lessons from a lectern which the verger had provided for the relief of my eyes. It assisted, but did not remove my discomfort. After service I walked down the Embankment in order to see the devastation in the City. As I went I tried to recall the aspect of the roads, which I used to traverse so often with Beeching* 40 years ago. After vainly trying to get admission to the Deanery of S. Paul's, I walked round the Cathedral. The destruction of the North & North-East is considerable. Paternoster Row has disappeared. I could not get into Amen Court, &, being fatigued, returned to the Club by the omnibus.
I lunched pleasantly with Hannay (George Birmingham)* as my table companion. Then I walked to the Abbey, & read the lesson at Evensong: after which Don* came to my room & discussed the situation at S. Margaret's. He certainly has a difficult job.

<!050441>
[59]
Saturday, April 5th, 1941.

I received the dentist's charge (£15:15:0) which seems to me amazingly little for all the time he expended on my jaws. I sent him a cheque forthwith.

Also, Braley's* book, "A policy in religious education arrived. He makes several quotations from the late Bishop of Durham, which in view of that gentleman's unpopularity with the clergy, is not wise.

I attended Mattins, and thanks to the light, which has been brought to my seat, was able to dispense with the hand-holden magnifying glass.

I walked to the Club, & on the way called in on Rees, and provided myself with some necessaries in the way of note-paper.

I lunched in the Club, joining tables with [Launcelot] Percival,* who looked to me distinctly more aged. He told me that Bishop Creighton* was wont to say of the long letters which he received from Abp. Davidson, that he could say all that they contained on a postcard! This accords with what was said to be the verdict of the Press Gallery on his Grace's speeches in the House of Lords viz: that the gist of them was spoken in the first quarter of an hour, all the rest was just repetition: what I am wont call prophylactic verbiage.

[60]

The Dean showed me the type-written letter which I wrote to the Dean **[**Bishop Ryle ~~Armitage Robinson~~**]** on August 12th, 1912, when I was on the point of leaving England for America. In this letter I discuss the question of General [William] Booth's* interment in the Abbey, and refer to the prospect of my being prosecuted by the Putumayo Directors. It is an interesting document, and must appear in the Autobiography.

Percival told me that Bishop Creighton had himself made careful preparation for his own Autobiography. He was wont to collect in separate envelopes the materials for the history of specially important incidents.

The Dean showed me the letter which I addressed to Bishop Ryle, his predecessor, in August 1912, when I was about to leave England for U. S. A., being then in conflict with the Putumayo directors. In this letter I discuss the question of General Booth's interment in the Abbey, and conclude in its favour. Both the Dean & I thought that this letter shd be published in the Autobiography.

<!060441>
[61]
Palm Sunday, April 6th, 1941.

I began the day with a truly humiliating disclosure of my incipient blindness. The light in the Nave was so inadequate that I was really unable to read the service coherently! I was also incommoded by the cope (a hideously disturbing vestment) and the cumbrous size of the service book. The charity of my friends led them to minimize my failure, but I myself could be under no delusion. As we left the Vestry, I said to the Dean – "I regard this month as probationary. If I can do no better in the pulpit than I have done in St Faith's Chapel and in the Nave I shall resign the canonry forthwith." He made no comment and, I doubt not, applauded my decision.

At 10.30 a.m. the service was Choral Eucharist with a sermon, which followed the Gloria. Thus the preacher assisted at the administration, before embarking on his task. This arrangement was not helpful to the throat and voice of an ancient! I was certainly not comfortable in the pulpit for neither my eyes nor my teeth were quite trustworthy, but I managed to get through without an absolute collapse. There was by no means a **[62]** large congregation, but larger than I had expected. The sermon did not, as I preached it, seem to interest or edify, but who can tell?

At noon there followed a popular service with Barry as the preacher. This arrangement would tend to lessen the preceding congregation. I looked in just as the service was ending, and observed that there was a considerable congregation. Barry was in the pulpit, and, though he was quite sufficiently audible, I could not disentangle his words into anything intelligible. He seems to have some difficulty in utterance, which when added to his deafness, must woefully damage his efficiency. This is the more regrettable, since he is far above the average level in learning, thought, and capacity to express his mind.

At Evensong there was a very meagre congregation. I preached again but with little satisfaction either to myself, or (I imagine) to my hearers. Why is everything so strange & uncheering? Is the change in me? or is it in the Abbey? Or is the effect of this fearful War on everybody? We are all hypnotized.

[63]

Palm Sunday, 1941, marked another stage in Armageddon. Early in the morning, without any declaration of War, but with another spate of lies from Goebells [sic] and Ribbentrop, the German Army attacked Jugo-Slavia and Greece. Belgrade had been declared an open town. Nevertheless it was bombed twice.

At 1 p.m. came the news that Addis Ababa was in British hands: and that Mussolini had announced that Italy would co-operate with Germany in the latest offensive. Russia has signed a treaty of amity with Jugo-Slavia, but its terms are too vague to justify any cheerful interference. The Germans in Libya are reported to possess 500 tanks, but this is probably a propagandist exaggeration.

The gravest news comes from America, where the strikes in the Armament works are continuing. Ford is forced to close down his vast factory because he can no longer obtain the indispensable tools. The influence of the Axis powers in U.S.A. is unquestionably very great, and the “Fifth Column” is formidable.

<!070441>
[64]
Monday, April 7th, 1941.

The weather has become very cold, the wind being in the north. After Mattins, I started to go to the Club, but turned back for my thicker coat. I wrote to Dick, and lunched at the Athenaeum. The sleek well-groomed young man, with whom I had converse on Tuesday, joined me again. I ascertained that his name was Wangel: that he worked at the College of Arms: & that he was living in London. In the smoking-room I found Anthony Deane,* who accompanied me to the Abbey, where he gave an address at Evensong. George Trevelyan* hailed me, and I promised to propose myself for a short visit in the early summer. A member, who was unknown to me, told me that he had been in the Abbey yesterday, & had heard me preach. He expressed himself very civilly. Then I had some talk with Sir Humphrey Milford,* who was most friendly, & pressed me earnestly to go on with the Autobiography. "Send me another consignment as soon as you can", he said. I suppose that I really must go forward with the precious thing, though truly it grows repulsive!

[65]

I listened to Anthony Deane with interest, because not only do I like him, but also I have been much impressed by the excellence of his articles in the Times both in form and in substance. He is taking for the subject of his Holy Week addresses the "Lord's prayer" in S. John xvii. He began by offering reasons for thinking that the prayer was genuinely Dominical, and may have been repeated the [sic] S. Mary by the beloved Apostle when he had led ~~fr~~ her from the Cross to "his own home". This, he admitted, was pure conjecture, but he submitted that it "rang true" to human nature, & in his view might well be accepted as true. This did not please me: indeed, it seemed to indicate a quite inadequate understanding of the Johannine Problem. His delivery was so slow as to suggest that he was improvising; but his sentences were well phrased, his manner reverent, and his voice pleasing. He told me that the Times Office, which was bombed, has been repaired, and is now again in fair working order. Also, I had a few words with Lord Reith,* who seemed really pleased to see me.

<!080441>
[66]
Tuesday, April 8th, 1941.

A bitterly cold day. I received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m.in the nave. [Alan] Don*celebrated. He has a clear, pleasant voice; a reverent manner, and a distinct enunciation.

Ella and Fearne came to the Chapter office about 11 a.m., & then, accompanied by Hebron and Bishop, we went to the house, which has a desolate aspect. There we decided on the rooms to be furnished; allocated the telephones; and interviewed Mr & Mrs Wicks who impressed us well. Then I arranged that they should stay on until July, when we could settle on some plan for having his services &, perhaps, also his wife's. Finally, we discussed the formidable question of "blacking out" the windows, & Bishop undertook to give me a rough estimate of the cost. It will hardly be less than one hundred pounds.

We lunched at the Army & Navy Stores, and then parted, to meet again at the Athenaeum. Then we drove together to the Athenaeum, and parted. The ladies returned to Hintlesham, and I to the Club. There I received a characteristically effusive letter from Kitty Inge; and wrote to Mrs Carruthers and Walter Buchanan Smith.

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[67]
Wednesday, April 9th, 1941.

In answer to a request that I would write a 'tribute' to Bishop Manning of New York, on the occasion of the 50th Anniversary of his Ordination, I wrote the following to the Suffragan Bishop.

Hyntle Place.
April 9th, 1941.

My dear Bishop,

I have to acknowledge receipt of your letter of March 19th, in which you are good enough to suggest that I should unite with others in expressing regard for Bishop Manning on the occasion of his threefold anniversary. It needs no saying that I should gladly associate myself with any project which would attest the high regard in which that eminent church leader is held in England, but it has never been my good fortune to be so personally associated with him as would make it fitting for me to offer any tribute to him: You will, I am sure, understand that in standing out of the company who will unite in honouring him, I am solely **[68]** influenced by my regrettable lack of any sufficient right to do what otherwise I should have gladly done. I have long held Bishop Manning in honour as a wise and courageous leader of the Episcopal Church in America, & regretted my lack of personal contact with him. But it has ever appeared to me indefensible for one who has no title of personal knowledge to assume the privilege of offering either counsel or compliment.

Believe me,
Yours v. faithfully,
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop.

The right Reverend,
Bishop Gilbert
Bishop Suffragan of New York.

[69]

I went to Mr Houl, my oculist, as arranged, and he examined my eyes very carefully. The left eye is practically out of action, but the right eye is not much worse than it was three years ago. I inquired as to the liklihood [sic] of my being able to fulfil my preaching duties in the Abbey, and he was discouraging. "You would find the work increasingly uncomfortable, and would lose the self-confidence which is no small part of the secret of the preacher's success." These were not exactly his words, but they give their substance. He was definitely opposed to my going on, and counselled my immediate resignation. My eyes would do better service when employed in my own study. Reading & writing would not harm them; nor was electric light injurious. I came away with my mind made up as to my duty. After Evensong I consulted the Dean, and he was quite clear that I ought to follow the oculist's advice. He rang up the Prime Minister's secretary who at once volunteered to come to the Deanery. There I had a frank discussion on my duty, & he urged immediate resignation, & suggested **[70]** that I should write to the Prime Minister, promising that he himself would make sure that the letter should get into the P.M's hands. Mr Brendan Bracken was very friendly and frank. He said that it was apparent that, in the present dislocation caused by the bombardment, there was really nothing for me to do in Westminster, & that it certainly was not worth while going to the expense of occupying the house in Little Cloister when, at longest, my tenure would not exceed two years. We discussed the episcopal appointments which must shortly be made, and I supported the suggestion that [Russell] Barry might be well suited for Newcastle in spite of his deafness, since that see, being the home of an important university, did really need a man of some intellectual distinction. I took occasion to say that Braley seemed to me well suited for preferment especially in view of his competence in the matter of education. He would, I suggested, be well suited for one of the smaller bishopricks. Thus the threads of individual fortunes are interwoven.

<!100441>
[71]
Maundy Thursday, April 10th, 1941.

I went to the Abbey Church at 8 a.m., & received Holy Communion. The Dean celebrated in my place. At Mattins, I attended & read the lessons. The 'Royal Maundy' was observed at noon. The Archbishop as Lord Almoner, distributed the gifts. I attended as one of the canons The service was simple & impressive, but the church was mortally cold. On returning to my room I completed my ~~journal~~ letter to Ella, and then lunched in the Deanery. The Archbishop was present, & Sir Reginald Wingate and his wife. With both the Archbishop and Wingate, I had some interesting talk.

After attending Evensong, & listening to the concluding address of Anthony Deane I went to the Athenaeum, and there wrote to the Prime Minister resigning my canonry, & stating my reasons for doing so. I showed the Dean the rough draft of the letter, and he approved. When I reached the Athenaeum, I could not find most of the said draft, and had to write the letter with such recollection as I could provide. I cannot imagine what can have become of the draft.

[72]

Barry sent me the following note:-

> My dear Bishop,
>
> The Dean has told me in confidence of your decision, and as the publicity of Jerusalem Chamber gave me no chance to say a private word, may I send a line to say how very sorry I am – and we shall all be – that we have to lose you again so soon, indeed almost before you have arrived. It is, if I may say so, a courageous and honourable decision: tho' I am most sorry about the cause of it, & much hope that your eyes aren't going to be a source of real unhappiness to you. Meanwhile for a few brief months you have brought a touch of distinction to the Chapter, which we badly needed. It is a severe blow ~~we have to lose you again so soon~~ you cannot continue to be of our number.
>
> With kindest regards & wishes,
> Yours sincerely
> J. R. Barry

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[73]
Good Friday, April 11th, 1941.

From before 11 p.m. to past 4 a.m. last night, the noise of guns was incessant, entirely disruptive of sleep. I started, therefore, with the disadvantageous enfeeblement of "a bad night". I went to Church at 8 a.m. and read the lessons. If there were any lingering doubt in my mind as to the rightness of my decision to resign the canonry, it was removed by the difficulty with which I "negotiated" the passage from my stall to the lectern, & back. The multitude of steps in the Abbey Church is alarming to an old man with failing eyesight.
At 10 a.m. I walked in procession for the Litany, and read the Ante-Communion service from the High Altar. Don preached an excellent sermon from S. Paul's words in the Romans, "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice unto God". I had never heard him preach before, and was very favourably impressed. He has a pleasant voice, and a clear enunciation. His discourse was well phrased, and well delivered. Good Friday is a difficult day for preachers, but he avoided the twin rocks of sentimentality and dogmatism, & was orthodox without being also offensive.

[74]

I discovered at last the name of the Dean's son-in-law, who is staying here – Captain J. Dunbabin. It is an unusual name: if I make no mistake he hails from New Zealand, and has been living in Greece.

I spent the morning, after the Abbey service, at the Athenaeum in writing to Dick and Charles Pattinson,* telling them, under the usual futile conditions of secrecy, of my approaching resignation. Also, I sent a letter to Ella telling her that the fatal missive had been sent to the P.M. There for the present the matter stops.

While I was washing my hands before lunching at the Club, I was hailed by [Geoffrey] Dawson,* the Editor of the Times. He has become white-haired, and is becoming inconveniently deaf. We sate together at lunch, and talked with as much freedom as the crowded state of the luncheon room permitted. He said that the Buchmanites had been besieging him, but had received no encouragement, and expressed his great dislike and distrust of Buchman himself. He related an interview which he had with the **[75]** man after his return from one of his triumphant "campaigns" in Europe. He bragged of his influence with the monarchs, with whom he affected to be on terms of intimacy. "Boris said to me", when we parted, "that he could not govern his kingdom without the aid of Buchman's Oxford Movement". I asked whether it was the case that the infamous head of the Gestapo ^Himmler^ was himself a Groupist, and he said that he believe it was true. He had been bombarded with letters from Groupists, but consigns them to the w. p .b. The old Countess of Antrim has become a fanatical disciple, and the Marquis of Salisbury [James [Gascoyne-]Cecil]* continues his infatuation. Certainly these absurd religious movements have a curious fascination for men who ought to be superior to them. Geoffrey said that Halifax [Edward Wood* was getting a number of All Souls fellows about him at the Embassy in Washington. He asked me what was my view about the succession to the Primacy, and when I named Mervyn Coventry, [Haigh]* he agreed that he would be very suitable, but was surprized

when I credited him with “a streak of genius”, not to be found in other occupants of the Episcopal Bench.

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[75]
Easter Eve, April 12th, 1941.

Last night was quiet, & I slept without disturbance from 11 p.m. to 6 a.m. The weather is milder.

I received a letter from Charles Nye,* but he is mainly concerned with the iniquity of the Govt in making Good Friday a working day!

After service I made a vain attempt to visit the optician **[**Myrovitch, 1A Old Bond Street**]**, to whom Mr Houl directed me to go for yet another pair of spectacles. There was a notice on his locked door saying that on account of the Easter holiday, he wd not be accessible until next Tuesday.

Then I went to the Club, and began to write something for the Autobiography. Also, I wrote to Ella and Fearne, and lunched.

I attended Evensong in the Abbey & read a lesson.

In the afternoon I received a letter from my wife, expressing much resentment at my deciding to resign without first consulting her, but without any word of sympathy for my disappointment & humiliation! I wrote to her as mollifying a letter as I could, but I could not but feel sympathy with Job on his dunghill!

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[77]
Easter Day, April 13th, 1941.

A bright morning following an undisturbed night. "For this relief much thanks".

I went to the Abbey Church at 8 a.m., & I received the Holy Communion, and assisted in administering the Sacrament to nearly 150 communicants, among whom were a good many officers and men in uniform. The great height and large spaces of the Nave add a certain mystery to the service. It is I think the first Easter since my Ordination to the priesthood on which I have not myself celebrated the Holy Communion. These thing are without importance, yet they wield a curious influence over us. "What is man that Thou art mindful of him?" What indeed?

The Dean preached at Mattins, but I was ill placed for audience, being in fact immediately behind him. The "loud speaker" magnified his voice, but seemed to confuse it with the result that though the sound was almost disconcerting, the sense conveyed was very small. I could not disentangle his words into intelligible and connected sentences. However, the congregation, which was considerable, appeared to be very attentive, & must be supposed to have heard. **[78]** Forty years ago we had no loud speakers, yet the great congregations, of whom many were standing, listened with wrapt [sic] attention. Then much turned on the preacher's delivery; now all preachers are in subjection to a noisy impersonal machine. I suspect that there has been more lost than gained by the introduction of this acoustic auxiliary.

The choral celebration was very impressive and the number of communicants very large. I was particularly impressed by the sight of so many uniformed men coming up to the communion rail. Their demeanour was movingly sincere and devout. The final singing of the the Easter hymn, "Jesus Christ is risen today", was a challenge to the powers of darkness, now so terribly embodied in these infamous dictators.

After lunch, since Donaldson had most kindly volunteered to take my place at Evensong, I walked to the Athenaeum, and there wrote to Lord Woodbridge, and had tea.

As I was leaving the Club, a member whom I did not recognise, ~~Dr~~ Macdonald, spoke to me. He said that he no longer contributed to the **[79]** Record, but had transferred himself to the Guardian. He spoke with some vehemence against the pacifist-communist wave which is sweeping the younger clergy, but I remembered that he was hungry for preferment, and was said to aspire to a canonry of Westminster, and discounted his language as probably designed to give me a favourable impression! Is this an evidence of sinful uncharity? Or is [it?] the inevitable conclusion of observation & experience?

About 6 p.m. the Dean received information that his older brother had died. He also was a clergyman, and was 10 years older than himself. This disparity of age, and his frequent absences abroad, had, perhaps hindered the closest intercourse between him, and his younger brother, but their relations were genuinely fraternal, and the Dean was evidently distressed by his bereavement.

I attended the evening service, walked in the procession, and listened to an excellent sermon from Don, who had “come to the rescue” by taking the place of Cunningham, who had been “billed” as the preacher. Don’s preaching capability is equally surprising and welcome.

<!140441.
[80]
Easter Monday, April 14th, 1941.

Another quiet night. Laus Deo. As usual on Sunday nights I did not sleep well. I relieved my wakefulness by reading a life of Abp Williams rather absurdly entitled, "Musket and Mitre" written by a lady named Roberts, and published by the Oxford Press. I had not realized before how much and how unfortunately Williams was mixed up with his multitudinous Welsh relations, nor yet how base and vindictive was Laud's hostility. Both men were capable of very sordid intrigues. But W. Neither [sic] seems to have possessed any fragment of chivalry. The Sovereigns were entirely worthy of their spiritual advisers, & peers vie with prelates in pride and perfidy. It was from this disgusting age that we derive our Prayer Book and our Authorized Version! No legacy from the Medieval Church was more treasured and potent than its complete divorce between Religion and Morality, devotion and fair-dealing.

After Mattins, I walked to the Athenaeum. There I was handed a letter from Dick informing me that he & his Battalion would be proceeding abroad in a few days. I wrote to him, and **[81]** sent his letter to Fearne to be handed to the Lady, to whom I had already posted a letter.

The friendly club-man who is, I think the secretary of the Privy Council, or something of the kind, but whose name I have not yet discovered, got into talk with me, in the course of which he told me that [Thomas] Strong* was descended from a natural ~~daughter~~ son of Chateaubriand, which (he said) would explain the ability of Strong & his brother.

The Dean, Mrs de Labillière, and I walked to the flat at the end of Victoria Street, and lunched with Sir Reginald & Lady Wingate. It was a pleasant company, among whom was Captain Crookshank, the Financial Secretary of the Treasury, with whom I had some interesting conversation. Am I getting deaf? I found great difficulty in hearing the lady who sate beside me at the table; but mine hostess consoled me by saying that the said lady was very difficult to hear. Probably, I am [at?] the stage euphemistically described as "a little hard of hearing"! Then I returned to the Club, and dined there, joining tables with Don, who told me the story of his own career, & how he come to be the Abp's chaplain.

<150441>
[82]
Tuesday, April 15th, 1941.

Don* sent me the following letter:

April 14, 1941.

My dear Bishop,

The Dean has just told me in confidence the lamentable news of your impending resignation of the Canonry. I cannot tell you how sorry I am, and how deeply I regret the cause which has led you to this decision.

Your membership of the Chapter brought a distinction to the Abbey which many will greatly miss, and which your remaining colleagues cannot supply. But I daresay that your decision is the right one – it is none the less to be deplored by us younger men who had looked forward to having the privilege of your guidance and friendship.

With much sympathy,

Yours dutifully & affectlly,

Alan C. Don.

[83]

After Mattins I walked to the optician. He wanted me to leave my spectacles with him, but this I could not do, until I had ascertained whether I had brought an alternative pair from Hintlesham. When I got back to the Deanery after lunching at the Club, I found that this was the case.

I wrote to Ella, sending her Don's letter to read. [Frederic] Kenyon* was in the Club, and, without telling him that I had actually crossed the Rubicon, I told him that I had received an ill report concerning my eyes, and was beginning to wonder whether I could hold the canonry. And to Prebendary [Wynne] Willson* also I wrote in the same suggestive but non-committal manner.

I shall be devoutly glad when this unpleasant cat is at last out of its inadequate cage!

I went carefully through the two poor little sermons which I have prepared for use next Sunday. They are woefully inadequate, and yet I think that, if I can manage to deliver them effectively (which is doubtful, when I can't clear[*ly*] see what I have written) they might serve to start some people thinking on lines which are, perhaps, more useful than accustomed.

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[84]
Wednesday, April 16th, 1941.

There was sound of anti-bomber guns at 11 p.m., 1 a.m., and 3 a.m. Then I slept until 6.30 a.m. when I read Macneile Gibson's [Dixon] Gifford Lectures, 'The Human Situation', until I was called. It is a fascinating book, brilliantly written, and uncomfortably thought-provoking. I do not wonder that men whose minds are normally exercized on such literature find the sermons in the churches pitiably unsatisfying.

I received a letter from Linetta,* who is vastly pleased with the actual publication of her husband's tactlessly heretical book, for which I was ass enough to write a commendation!

After service I walked to the Optician in Old Bond St, and left my spectacles as arranged. Then I went to the Athenaeum, and wrote to Ella. Pickard-Cambridge* was there, and we had some talk together. Inter alia we discussed the approaching vacancy in Canterbury, and I was interested to find that he shared my opinion about the undesirableness of translating the northern Primate, and the suitableness of Mervyn [Haigh] C. [Coventry]* for the succession to Cantuar. He did not desire the appointment of Winton [Cyril Garbett],* who was, in his judgment, dull and commonplace. He quoted incidentally the mot of some Scotchman that **[85]** he desired 'Heaven for music, & Hell for company'. It is a brief summary of a sentiment which has often found expression among the Christian laity.

The Bishop of Portsmouth was in the Club. He said that the great Hall of the Church House, which was totally destroyed by bombs, would be rebuilded without difficulty, and (he assumed) at the Government's expense. But I suspect that he is unduly sanguine, for it is said by some high authorities that if expectants receive from the Government 12/6 for every £1. of their claims, they may esteem themselves fortunate.

The 6 p.m. wireless carried dolourous tidings. Jugo-Slavia is reported to have 'thrown in her hand'. There is no longer any regular opposition, the utmost that can be looked for is some continuance of guerilla warfare. Thus yet another State comes under Hitler's heel. The effect of this dramatic victory following so quickly on our reverse in Libya will be very serious. The position of the Greeks becomes extremely precarious: & the Turks are not likely to abandon their ambiguous neutrality. Our losses of shipping in the Atlantic continue to mount, and now form a serious menace.

<!170441>
[86]
Thursday, April 17th, 1941.

About 9 p.m. last night the air-raid began, and continued with extraordinary violence until nearly 5 o'clock this morning. The noise of German bombs and British guns was terrific and incessant. I was established in my little refuge under the Tower, but sleep was impossible. I read Dixon's Gifford lectures until the deafening noise made reading impossible. The noise of crashing glass added a sinister suggestion to the intolerable clamour. Shortly after 5 a.m. I returned to my bedroom, but could not sleep. Shortly before 7 a.m. I was called, as I was responsible for the celebration in S. Faith's Chapel at 8 a.m. There was happily slight damage to the fabric of the great church, but undesirable destruction of windows. None of the large coloured windows in the nave appear to have suffered. The church was uncomfortably cold as a result of so many empty windows. There was but one communicant to represent the Christian laity. Much inconvenient injury was inflicted on Little Cloister, many windows being again destroyed. The raid is said to have extended over the whole area of London. Christ Church in Westminster has been "burnt out".

[87]
I received the following letter from the Prime Minister:

10 Downing Street
Whitehall
16th April, 1941.

My dear Bishop,

I received your letter of resignation with deep regret. I am very sorry to hear of the personal grounds which have led you to take this course, but I appreciate that the inevitably small congregations at the Abbey in war conditions mean that your gifts cannot now be used to the full.

I keenly appreciated your willing return from retirement at my request to take on again the burden of active work, and you have my sympathy and good wishes now that you wish to lay it down again.

Yours very sincerely,
Winston S. Churchill.

The Right Reverend,
Bishop Hensley Henson D.D.

[88]

Ella sent me for my comfort (!) a letter from Walter Buchanan Smith* in which he reports an almost grotesque appreciation of my 'oratory':-

> I heard a very nice thing said about the Bishop the other day. Lord Clanwilliam is one of our many distinguished members of the Admiralty Home Guard. One of them asked him in my presence who was the best orator he had known. He said, "By a long way the late Bishop of Durham," & that there was no one who even nearly approached him, not even Winston, and that the Bishop was a really great orator."

This has a ridiculous sound; yet something very like it was expressed to me by Duff Cooper* and Lord Scarbrough.* On my confessed assumption that "the value of a compliment consists not in what it says, but in who says it", I fear that I can draw little satisfaction from such opinions. But they at least indicate that I must have made an impression on some of my hearers in the H. of L.

[89]

At lunch in the Club, I shared a table with a pleasant little old gentleman. When some rhubarb was placed before me, and I expressed some regret at the sugar ration, he at once volunteered to give me as much sugar as I desired. He was as good as his word, for, producing a fairly substantial bag filled with sugar from his pocket, he amply satisfied my need. Detecting in my embarrassed expression of obligation some astonishment & curiosity as to the origin of his store, he said knowingly, "I keep a bag here at the Club". I conjectured that he credited himself with the tiny permitted portion, & accumulated it when personally absent. Bu this did not wholly explain his supply. Nevertheless, I enjoyed the sugar.

The accounts of last night's air-raid show that it was exceptionally severe, persistent, & destructive. Lord Stamp* with his wife and eldest son were among those who were killed. This is an untoward event which deprives the country of a singularly able and high-minded public servant. The streets are thickly littered with broken glass & other débris: and there are a good many ugly gaps created by complete demolition by the high, explosive bombs.

[90]

I fetched my new spectacles from 1^{A} Old Bond Street, and, when I returned to the Athenaeum, and pulled them out of their sheath, one of the glasses shot out from its socket on to the floor. I replaced it carefully in order that I might not be wholly destitute of power to read, and then dined in the Club.

The news from the Balkan front is increasingly grave. It is already apparent that the German forces are so overwhelming in number & machinery that neither the sturdy patriotism of the Serbs and Greeks, nor the indomitable courage of the British and Imperial army can permanently hold back the advance. The collapse of the Serbs restores the Italians to activity, & reduces the power of the Greeks by depriving them of one of their principal assets – the difficult character of the Albanian country.

From the African front the news is more consoling. Again the British fleet has struck a heavy blow, by destroying an important convoy of 5 ships, escorted by 3 Italian destroyers. All 8 ships have been sunk at the cost of one British destroyer. The convoy was carrying a large supply of mechanical transport to Libya.

<!180441>
[91]
Friday, April 18th, 1941.

I went to the optician, and he manipulated the loose optic into its groove, assuring me that it was henceforth secure: but I am not quite satisfied. For, as Sir Henry Lee observed in Woodstock, "Confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom."

Hebron came to me, and expressed the hope that my wife should not (as was arranged) come up again next Tuesday, as the damage caused by the air-raid to 4 Little Cloister invalidated whatever had then, provisionally, been decided. On arriving in the Club, I wrote to this effect to Ella, adding the personal opinion that only the plea of genuine necessity could justify her coming to London under such conditions as now obtain, and are likely to obtain while the War continues.

I visited Hugh Rees, and instructed Wheatley to provide, and have fitly bound, two of my own books for presentation to the Dean and Mrs de Labillière. To the first, I propose to give my Gifford Lectures on "Christian Morality", to the last, my little biography of Sir William Anson. Then I lunched in the Club, and went back to the Abbey in time for Evensong, when in the Dean's absence, I read both the Lessons. On the way I fell in with Dashwood, & told him of my near departure.

[92]

The old church in Chelsea, ~~S. Luke's~~ All Saints, which on account of its interesting monuments, Dean Stanley used to call "Little Westminster Abbey", was totally destroyed by a high explosive bomb, and is now represented by a heap of débris. Prebendary Austin ~~Taylor~~ Thompson, the Rural Dean of ~~Kensington~~ Westminster, was killed, while trying to assist A.R.P. men to save his church, S. Peter's Eaton Square.

The Times publishes a highly laudatory obituary notice of Lord Stamp. He certainly appears to have been a man of remarkable character and ability.

I drafted a statement about my resignation, and, at the Dean's suggestion, made some amendments. Then, I decided to hold it up, until I had satisfied myself on the point, whether I ought to obtain the King's permission before announcing that I had resigned a position to which he had appointed me.

The Sub-Dean [Frank] Barry* appeared, and dined. His deafness is a great handicap to conversations, and his manners have more of the roughness of the camp, than of "the amenity of a gentleman". But these times explain and excuse everything.

<!190441>
[93]
Saturday, April 19th, 1941.

The night was quiet, but I did not sleep well, perhaps because I had been worrying myself over the terms in which my resignation should be announced in the Times. If I had been wise enough to keep a copy of my letter to the Prime Minister, it would, perhaps, have been best to publish it together with his reply, but I hardly care to do this without his consent, and I don't care to bother him again in this hectic hour.

I walked through falling rain to the Athenaeum, and there wrote to Ella and to Linetta. After lunching in the Club, I returned to Westminster, & read the first lesson at Evensong.
That foolish fellow, Fortescue, who became a Buchmanite in Bombay, where he is now a 'Venerable Archdeacon', sends me a brief note from Brighton, asking whether I shall be "in" next Tuesday, & informing me that [*he*] expects to be in town on that day! I sent him a brief letter saying that I was but a guest at the Deanery, and had no home in which to receive anybody.

Wynne-Willson* writes to me, giving me some account of his & his family's experiences during the recent raids on Bristol. They seem to have been in 'many and great dangers'.

[94]
He refers to my impending resignation thus:-

> The decision which your letter indicates you are about to make, is the right one. You will be able to write, and the written word has in the long run more influence than that spoken, even though it be in the Abbey, especially in these days, when reports of war news fill up the diminished newspapers. It requires more moral courage to resign than to continue, and no "white feather" idea is conceivable in your case.

My letter to the Prime Minister was posted on April 10th and the "Blitz" did not take place until the night of April 16th/17th. It could have had no place in my reasons for resigning, though it did unquestionably emphasize my reluctance to embarking on the expense of coming into residence in the much battered canonical house, and still more to my feeling that this is no time for bringing my wife and Fearne to live in Westminster. Yet I doubt not that there will not be lacking the suggestion that my fears rather than my frailty lie at the root of my decision to resign.

[95]

The Government have informed the Axis powers that if Athens or Cairo is bombed, the British will systematically bomb Rome, while doing everything possible to spare the Vatican City. It is also stated that there is reason for thinking that the Germans mean to discharge captured British bombs on the Vatican in order to enable them to give plausibility to their lying report that we have insulted His Holiness. Surely Hitler is the dirtiest enemy we have ever had to fight.

I spent an hour in carefully going over the two little sermons which I have prepared for tomorrow. They do not please me, and yet there is something suggestive in them, which may start men thinking. I imagine that they will not exceed 25 minutes in delivery – an amount of time which, in these degenerate days, may be regarded as excessive!

The extent of the destruction effected by last week's air-raid was very great. S. Paul's Cathedral was again bombed, and suffered badly. Indeed, churches and hospitals appear to have been specially injured. If this process of destruction continues, London will have lost most of its historic treasures, & the cry for revenge in like kind will become irresistible.

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[96]
Low Sunday, April 20th, 1941.

From 9.45 p.m. to 4.40 a.m. I was in my Refuge under the tower, and with the exception of an hour & a half before midnight, I was awake, reading Dixon's Gifford Lectures and listening to Hitler's bombs. The noise of the latter, & that of the oppugnant gun-fire which they evoked, was incessant & alarming. But, though terrifying enough, the raid was not so appalling as its predecessor last week. There was an absence of the whistling, which heralded the fearful uproar of the larger bombs. I got to my bed shortly before 5 a.m., and was asleep when I was called at 7 a.m.

Before going to Church for the Choral Eucharist, I read over again my poor little Homily, & wrote to Fearne, & posted my letters with my own hand.

The violent discomfort of the night was reflected in the size and aspect of the congregation in the morning, & the wet, thunderous weather reduced the congregation in the afternoon to the smallest proportions. I myself felt fearfully jaded and sleepy. Thus everything combined to make my two sermons a quite disastrous failure. The only compensating circumstance was the fact that I did succeed in delivering them without a breakdown.

[97]

A military friend of the Dean [*inserted above* named Edwards], who had been in my morning congregation asked the Dean to tell me that he had "enjoyed" the sermon, which he described as an "intellectual treat", but, since I have no assurance that the gentleman was competent to pass a judgment on sermons, I could take no comfort from his compliment.

I attended the "popular service" at noon in the Nave, where the congregation did not amount, on a liberal estimate, to more than 80 persons. Maricoll preached. He has a good voice, an imposing presence, & an effective if rather theatrical delivery. He certainly has the qualities of a considerable popular preacher, though I can well believe that he may fall into rhetorical extravagances.

After Evensong, I had tea with [Frederick] Donaldson* and his wife – a rather comical pair. A smart thunderstorm escorted me through the cloisters to their house – No. 3, where dear Beeching* once lived, and I was often with him. The Donaldsons can speak of nothing but their socialistic experiences when he was Shuttleworth's curate, and afterwards made himself notorious as a leader of a "hunger march of unemployed men" from Leicester, where he was incumbent of S. Mark's.

[98]

They reminded me of the Christian Socialist meeting in the Holborn Town Hall, when I was in a minority, and, though much shouted against, insisted on making my speech. I expect that my open opposition to Socialism, forty years ago, still determines my reputation in "Labour" circles.

I was surprized to hear both these good people protest energetically against any interference with the City churches. They declaimed with eloquence on their priceless value as places of prayer & rest for the crowds of City workers, but allowed that they were mostly deserted on Sundays. I suggested that incumbents and the considerable endowments which provided their incomes were hardly requisite for the week-day functions which they were alleged to fulfil. Probably they are only echoing the hollow conventional pretences by which the City clergy obstruct a salutary ecclesiastical reform.

There is a horrid rumour which connects the victory over the Italian fleet and the (otherwise rather inexplicable) passage of troops and tanks from Sicily to Libya, and suggests that the Italian fleet lured the British away to the East precisely to facilitate that passage. If there be truth in this, the ruse cost the Italians dear.

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[99]
Monday, April 21st, 1941.

Beyond an 'alert' about 11 p.m., there was no more disturbance during the night, and I slept until nearly 6 a.m. My reasons for retiring from the Abbey have been much increased by the two air-raids since I wrote to the P.M., and the further damage to the house. It could not be reasonable to embark on large expenditure, when so short a period as two years was all that could be contemplated, and it could not be right to bring my ladies to London in the circumstances which are almost certainly likely to prevail for most of that time. The question that still requires answer is, how to escape from an impossible situation with the least loss of cash and credit?

After Mattins I walked to Printing House Square, and saw the Assistant-Editor, Hamilton, an old Westminster. I gave him the Memorandum for publication, and he said it should appear tomorrow. On my way, I had looked in on Dashwood, & asked whether he thought it was necessary to obtain the King's permission to resign. On his answering in the negative, I proceeded to act at once, being anxious to correct in advance any reports as to my reasons and motives, which might get into circulation.

[100]

The devastation on the left side of Ludgate Hill from the west is terrible, and also in the Strand near Charing Cross Station. I lunched in the City, and then walked to the Abbey for Evensong. After service I told Perkins of my impending resignation, and he expressed much regret, though not able to disallow the reason for my decision.

I drove to 8 Gower Street and had tea with Violet Markham (Mrs. Carruthers).* She says that on Sunday morning she went to the Abbey a quarter of an hour before the time of service in order to get a seat! She found to her surprise that the Church was nearly empty! "Ah, Ma'am, you're thinking of the old times," said one of the vergers.

I received an Easter card from that much afflicted lady, Mary, Countess of Limerick,* and also a letter very pathetically expressed. She is wonderfully patient albeit bed-ridden with neuritis, & in chronic pain. But she reflects on the sufferings of our sailors and airmen, & will not allow herself to complain. I must write to her.

The demolitions in the neighbourhood of the British Museum are very extensive. If this horrible bombing continues much longer, London will be little more than a waste of ruins.

[101]

I wrote to Jack Clayton* and Martin Ellingsen.* And then, but with difficulty, [*I*] wrote to poor old 'Mary, Countess of Limerick', who had sent me an Easter card. I fear that, as a Minister of Christ, I am at my very worst in writing letters of sympathy, condolence, and congratulation. Almost inevitably one uses language which is excessive, or merely conventional, or simply and consciously unreal. Yet, what else can be done? It were hard if

the reasonable expectations of the faithful were ignored & disappointed for no better reason than the quixotic sincerity of the person, from whom they were justified in looking for spiritual assistance. Yet, even with the best motives, to indulge the tendency to divorce language from its true intention and meaning, sets the man who yields to the temptation on the descending path which lands him finally in the abyss of Hypocrisy. "Woe unto you, Scribes & Pharisees. Hypocrits"! Perhaps it is the case, that there is such an inner contradiction between spiritual ministry and professional office as compels a measure of unreal assumption. And when there enters also the disgusting incongruity indicated by the Apostolic phrase 'filthy lucre', is not the case hopeless?

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[102]
Tuesday, April 22nd, 1941.

Another quiet night. Laus Deo! I read in bed that very charming and valuable work:

What a word! by A.P. Herbert (Methuen & Co)

I must certainly buy it.

The announcement of my resignation appeared in this morning's issue of the Times. It gives the substance, if not entirely the language of my own statement, and reads well enough. I was called to the telephone by the "Associated Press Association" during breakfast, and I made a brief reply to the effect that the Times spake the truth: then oblivious of my duty at Mattins, I went off to the Athenaeum, and wrote letters to my wife, to Kitty Inge to Mary Radford, to Ernest Henson. Several Club members expressed regret at my retirement, and a Daily Telegraph [reporter?] managed to slip past the porter, and get hold of me, rather to my annoyance. I walked back to the Abbey, & attended Evensong, reading both lessons as the Dean was absent. Linetta wrote to enquire whether I had survived Saturday's 'Blitz', enclosing a stamped envelope for an immediate reply – a performance only redeemed from apparent fatuity by its obvious good motive. So, I had to expend the time for writing yet another superfluous letter!

[103]

The dean and I walked for an hour: on the way he pointed out to me the great gap in the Admiralty buildings which was made by the recent Blitz. In all directions men are busy removing rubbish, boarding up windows from which the glass has been blasted out, and striving to restore some appearance of normality to the devastated districts. It is a painful reflection that all their efforts may be rendered nugatory by another 'Blitz'. We called in at Hugh Rees's bookshop, and I ordered him to send me Herbert's 'What a word!"

After dinner I went to my room and revised the sermon, which I propose to preach next Sunday morning. Ought I to make any allusion to my resignation? Probably there will be some expectations among my hearers that I should. But, on the one hand, it is difficult to see what could wisely or suitably be said; and, on the other, there is something suggestive of an assumption of personal importance in my saying anything. After all, what difference does it make whether I am holding a canonry of Westminster, or not? It may interest a handful of individuals, but certainly nothing that could be called important or noteworthy.

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[104]
Wednesday, April 23rd, 1941.

The night was quiet save for an alert, which did not last long, but I could not sleep, but counted the "impracticable hours" from 10 p.m. to 4 a.m.

Then I drafted a letter to Mrs Thompson-Elliott telling her that, after May 1st, I had no right to allow the furniture of my predecessor's study to remain in the Little Cloister, and suggesting that if she desired that it should remain, she must obtain the Dean's permission. I showed this letter to the Dean before dropping it into the pillar-box.

I wrote to Ella and to Fearne.

Jimmie Adderley* writes a characteristic letter.

> My dear Herbert,
>
> I am so sorry to hear the reason of your immediate retirement but glad that you will have a long rest. I shall be 80 if I live to July 1.
>
> Your autobiography must have reached an enormous volume by now if you still keep those big books you began to write in Bethnal Green.
>
> The House of Lords & the Church Assembly must miss you very much. If you have done nothing else, you have made us uncomfortable and happy at the same time. God rest you merry gentleman.
>
> Your Affectionate
> James Adderley.

[105]

I attended the Memorial Service for Lord Stamp,* and ~~red~~ read the Lesson. There was a considerable number of men in the congregation, mostly, I imagine, railway men and politicians with a large contingent of his Nonconformist co-religionists. After the service, the dean and I, drove to the Athenaeum, and joined the Dean of S. Paul's at lunch. We had much vivacious conversation. [Walter] Matthews* was in excellent spirits in spite of the damage done to his Cathedral, and great part of the City. He said that in his belief, at least half of the City of London was already in ruins. The impending resignation of two bishops – Southwell and Worcester – is announced. Winston will have the responsibility of creating a new Episcopate for the Church of England. Perowne* joined us after lunch. He is now engaged in house hunting probably in Bucks. After the two Deans had departed, I continued in the Club, and wrote to Jimmie Adderley and to Ella. Then I had tea, after which I walked to the optician, and recovered the spectacles which he had repaired. Philip Baker-Wilbraham* joined tables with me at dinner, and gave me a curious account of the bombing of the Ecclesiastical Commission's Office.

[106]

In the Board Room the windows were all blown in, and the doors opposite sucked towards them. They were carried across the room, and destroyed the Archbishop's chair, but left the ink pots on the large table unmoved. The prints which hung on the walls were not disturbed. Baker-Wilbraham and Geoffrey Dawson* had been on the point of establishing themselves in the Church House when it was bombed. If they had had time to carry out their intention, they would probably have perished. Is this accident? Or is it the hand of God?

I received a letter from Moulsdale assuring me that "a warm welcome awaits me at Hintlesham." It is never comforting to receive sympathy from those for whom one has no genuine regard; yet one cannot wisely reject anything that has the appearance of kindness in this hard world. So I must acknowledge his letter as civilly as I can.

Dick sent me a short, affectionate message of farewell.

> "Only a few more hours here. I only wish I could have seen you again. You will be constantly in my thoughts."

Shall I see him again?

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[107]
Thursday, April 24th, 1941.

Another quiet night, and I slept well. Donaldson had volunteered to take my duty at 8 a.m., and I did not emerge before breakfast.

I wrote to Alexander, and then attended Mattins, & read (with difficulty) the lesson in S. Faith's Chapel, which was mortally cold by reason of a window blown out at the last blitz, and not yet boarded up.

Then I attended my first, and last, meeting of the Chapter. I explained that the furniture in the Little Cloister, which I purchased from Mrs Thompson Elliott, having been paid for out of my capitular income, was, by my gift, the property of the Dean & Chapter. Then I went to the Athenaeum, and lunched, joining tables with Prebendary [John] Ellison. Lord Reith* was sitting near, & with him I had a short talk. He said that he never worried about anything. I observed that worrying was largely a matter of temperament, and that we were all, more or less, completely the slaves of our own temperament. But surely, he objected, we can master our temperament, and it is our duty to do so. No doubt, I rejoined, and there are helping forces, among which has been Religion, but since the creeping paralysis ^of dubiety^ has invaded the sanctuary, that Force has been greatly enfeebled! He smiled grimly.

[108]

I enquired about the Prime Minister's health, which, in present circumstances, was a public interest of the first importance. He said that Winston goes to bed after lunch, & devotes the afternoon to slumber. Reith is a 'son of the manse', and has the unshaken stability which we associate with Calvinism. Lord Stamp gave me a similar impression, and he was a Methodist. Sincere religion ought to secure to its professors some immunity from the fretful anxiety which agitates the minds which have no anchorage in faith. "Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee, because he trusteth in Thee". The words of the prophet are echoed in the Saviour's exhortation – Be not anxious; and S. Peter's counsel to the presbyters, "casting all your anxiety upon Him for He careth for you." Still, it does make an enormous difference what kind of temperament one has by nature. In this matter, for many, perhaps most of us, the Dominical dictum applies; "A man's foes are they of his own household."

I walked to the Roman Catholic Cathedral, and noticed with interest that Cardinal Bourne* had erected the pulpit to commemorate inter alia the restoration of the Pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham.

[109]

[Paul] Kirk,* the Vicar of Christ Church, Victoria Street, had made no provision for 'Fire - watchers' at his church, when he went off to Brighton. During his absence the church was set on fire by incendiary bombs, and nine persons were killed. Now, the Dean tells me, Kirk is severely criticized. It is difficult to acquit him of negligence, though the primary obligation in

the matter of providing for the safety of the church fabric rests on the church wardens, but he ought to have made sure that they had done their duty. Mainly he was less faulty than unfortunate. That the calamity should have befallen just when he chanced to be absent from his parish could not have been anticipated, and was just a piece of ill-luck. "Therefore be ye also ready for in an hour that ye think not the Son of Man cometh." How naturally the words of Christ suggest themselves as congruous with our experiences in this terrible time! Why is this? Perhaps because this also is a "Day of the Lord, and we are being suddenly confronted by His demand when we least expect His approaches. We do well to interpret in terms of present duty, His searching words, "Watch therefore; for ye know not when the Master of the house cometh."

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~~108~~ [110]
Friday, April 25th, 1941.

A quiet night, but none the less I could not sleep, but lay awake thinking over the squalid, insistent personal problem how best to order my life, now that I know that my certain income will be halved by the taxes, and my power to eat new income has been practically abolished by the dislocation caused by the War and by the apparent & developing failure of my own physical powers. I did not find a solution!

The Dean asked me to express my opinion on an inscription to be placed on a memorial tablet designed for the Chapel in the Church House in memory of two of those who were killed when the building was bombed – Messrs Hichens and Buxton. When he told me that it was the composition of the B — p of P — th [Frank Partridge*], I knew what to expect. But indeed it was worse – flatulent, feeble, and vulgar. It is worse, far worse, than the verbose inscription on the grave of the Unknown Warrior in the Nave of the Abbey Church, which was composed by the Dean, Bishop Ryle, and certainly added nothing to his reputation. D. S. MacColl's criticism in the volume "Confessions of a Keeper & other Papers" p. 339-341 is equally just, sensible, and devastating.

~~109~~ [111]

I received the following from Ralph Inge.*

> April 23rd, 1941.
>
> My dear Herbert,
>
> I was very sorry to see that you have decided to give up Westminster, all the more because the Dean told Kitty that your sermons are "as good as ever". But no doubt you have thought it over carefully, and no one would choose to live in London just now. I hope you will get Ella and Miss Booker to read to you. Few people realise the great pleasure & advantage of reading aloud. Only good books are tolerable, & one is taken along at the right pace. In reading to oneself one goes much too fast. Do you remember Augustine's astonishment when he found Ambrose reading silently? He thought it must be to spare his voice. And compare the Ethiopian eunuch, who was reading aloud to himself.
>
> Yours affectly
>
> W. R. Inge.

[112]

I visited the hair-dresser, and received his professional attentions. Then I called on Dashwood, & inquired as to the probable charge for income tax & super-tax which will fall on me this year. He undertook to send me a statement after studying the Budget. Then I

walked to the Athenaeum, lunched there, and wrote to Ella. After this, I walked back to Westminster, and attended Evensong in the Abbey Church.

It occurred to me that it might, perhaps, be wise to publish the 8 little sermons which I have preached in the Abbey since I became Canon for the second time. I might write a Preface which could not but be also an Apologia. But would it not be more dignified to subside into oblivion without any further movements?

M^{r} Green and one of his sons – there were three of them in the Choir at Durham, when I was Dean – called to see me after the service. I did not ask them in, but talked with them in the Hall. Eustace, the eldest is with Sir Sydney Nicholson in Herefordshire, the youngest is something in the City, the second is in Holy Orders, and serving as a Chaplain in the Royal Navy. He is married, and a father.

[113]

Mess^{rs} Hutchinson & C^{o} (Publishers) Ltd. write to enquire whether I "might consider writing a volume of reminiscences", and to say that they "would be honoured to make me an offer for the rights to publish such a book". But I don't think I care to "discuss the proposal".

Harold Anson writes rather dolefully: -

> "I wish I could ask you to preach to us again, but I see no prospect of regular services again before the time comes for me to make way for a younger generation."

Sir Humphrey Milford informs me that "the sales of the [?5/-] edition of the Oxford Groups have ceased. Would you like any of the remaining 86 before we get rid of them? The 2/6d book still goes on selling fairly steadily".

I wrote 1) to Charlie Norcock, 2) to Sir H. Milford, 3) to Harold Anson, 4) to the Bishop of Derby.

The Dean returned to me Braley's book (A Policy in Religious Education) with emphatic expressions of approval. I suggested that Braley was a very suitable person to be invited to preach in the Abbey. He made a note if his name.

[114]

Before getting up I read the book which the Dean, himself an old Harrovian, strongly recommended – John Smith of Harrow. It records the reminiscences of the brothers Rendall, and is curiously interesting. John Smith was the victim of hereditary insanity, of which he was fully conscious, and against which he contended valourously. His last years were spent in an asylum. His captivating absurdities of speech and manner had a twofold root - deeply sincere Christianity linked with mental derangement. To these influences must be added that of a singularly sweet and generous nature, and a personal history of rather unusual difficulty. I was interested in the picture of the man, but still more in the light cast on that strange & much criticised institution – the Public School. I cannot think that the

conscientious and devoted governess-method, sublime in its self-dedication, and Pharisaic in its scrupulosity, can be altogether wholesome for the development of character. And, of course, the silent assumption of social & ethical superiority which is the strength & the weakness of the public-school conception of the gentleman's personal & social obligations, is fully disclosed.

[115]

I attended Mattins in S. Faith's Chapel, & read the lessons. Then I walked to the Athenaeum, & spent the morning in writing to 1) the Archbishop of Canterbury, 2) Lord Scarbrough, 3) Bishop Whittingham, 4) General Kenyon, 5) Ella, 6) Braley. I lunched in the Club, and then walked back to the Abbey & attended Evensong. Don walked with me to the Athenaeum. On the way we fell in with M^{r} Beever, the Prime Minister's secretary **[**the 3 secretaries of the P.M. are named Seal, Beaver & Martin**]**. I asked how the P.M.'s health was standing the strain, & he replied that he was extremely fit. Don and I had tea together. He gave me a curious account of the bombing of Lambeth, very similar in the perverse action of the bombs to the account which Baker-Wilbraham gave of the bombing of the Eccl: Commission's building. **/** Arthur's Headlam's nephew **[**Headlam-Morley or Morley-Headlam, I forget which**]** joined tables with me at lunch. He thinks that his episcopal uncle has no intention to resign his see in spite of his age and deafness. He expressed his belief that the Germans were really opposed to Hitler's regime, but were helpless to resist it. I remembered that his mother was a German, & that he himself had even championed the Germans. **/**

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[116]
2nd Sunday after Easter, April 27th, 1941.

There was an"Alert" about midnight, and a little gunfire, but thereafter all was quiet. About 6 a.m. I read through the concluding chapter of Dixon[’s] very remarkable Gifford Lectures: Mrs de Labilliere, who slept in the Abbey Shelter reported a less comfortable experience, for a shell-shocked colonel roused everybody by his night-mare shrieks! What a picture of widely distributed and persisting calamity as the product of War does such an incident present. I went to the Abbey Church at 8 a.m., & celebrated the Holy Communion. There was but a small company of communicants. The Gospel included that glorious declaration of the Incarnate - "And other sheep I have which are not of this fold: them also I must bring and they shall hear my voice, and they shall become one Flock, one Shepherd". Donaldson offered to relieve me of responsibility for the Evening service, but as I had given my word to the Dean that I would take it myself, I did not feel free to avail myself of his kindness. [following sentence struck through.] After breakfast, I went to my room, and read over again the poor little discourse I was about to deliver.

[117]

There seemed to me but a petty congregation when I preached at the Choral Eucharist, but mine hostess told me afterwards that it was unusually large. My sermon took exactly 25 minutes in delivery, and was, so far as I could judge, listened to with close attention. **/** After the service, Don and I were starting for a walk round the Park, when Ernest Henson* appeared, and, taking no heed of calculated incivilities by which I endeavoured to shake him off, insisted on accompanying us! He is richly gifted by nature with the distinctive capacity of a bore, & he adds a characteristic loquacity, which unites irritation with fatigue! I admired the flowers in the Park, and the spring plumage of the ducks. **/**

There was again a pitiably small congregation when I preached at Evensong. At the end of my sermon I allowed myself to make a few personal observations suggested by the fact that my official ministry would end when I came down from the pulpit. The congregation was, I think, impressed, and so was I myself, so much so that I could hardly command my voice for the final Benediction. Several people wanted to say - Goodbye, and made pretty speeches, but I was no case for sentiment and "got rid of them" quickly.

[118]

Mrs Murray Smith[3] and Miss Rose Bradley[4] came up from their country homes, to attend the service, and bid me farewell. We had some talk in the Drawing Room at tea after service. A parson named Charles Scott* was in the Abbey, and called at the Deanery to see him. I did not recognise him, but he explained that I had ordained him in Hereford. Then I

[3] See Alexander Murray Smith

[4] See Journal, 27 April 1941.

remembered him as the young man who gave me some trouble, by a quaintly individualistic brand of "Ritualism", though not as destitute of brains as young "Ritualists" commonly are.

Donaldson and the Minor Canon asked me to have my four sermons printed, but my judgement inclines to reject the notion, and certainly my experience in the matter of publishing sermons is not encouraging. It might, of course, give me an excuse for writing an Introduction, in which I might say something about the circumstances which have induced my resignation.

I attended the service at 6.30 p.m., and, as the Dean was absent, read the lesson. The preacher, [Paul] Kirk,* was vicar of Christ Church, Victoria Street, well known as the leader of the Christian Industrial Fellowship, an association deeply infected with Socialism and Communistic sentiment.

[119]

His church was "burnt out" in the last blitz. He told me that "his life work had been destroyed" for he had expended no less than £20.000 on the internal fittings and adornments of the Church. The bench-ends alone, hand-carved, and no two alike, had cost £5000. It was odd to hear him begging for contributions to his society, when he could thus engage in such great & unnecessary expenditure. I was not favourably impressed by him. He represents a type which is unpleasantly common and prominent at the present time. The repulsive hypocrisy which discredited the fashionable Puritanism of the xviith century has its modern counterpart in the no less repulsive hypocrisy of the fashionable social reformers of the xxth. In both cases the accredited language has lost real meaning, and degenerated into the conventional humbug of charlatanry.

The Prime Minister's broadcast at 9 p.m. was unusually declamatory and vague. It seemed to me, as I listened to it, to disclose grave perturbation of mind. He had nothing re-assuring to say, but hinted darkly that we must expect further successes by the Germans. He seemed to assume that the Turks would offer no opposition to their seizure of the Asiatic oil-supplies.

<!280441>
[120]
Monday, April 28th, 1941.

The Times describes the Prime Minister's broadcast speech last night as "heartening"!

I attended Mattins for the last time as Canon-in-residence, and read the lessons. Then I walked to Hugh Rees ad paid my bill. I went to the Athenaeum & was reading the Times, when Mervyn Coventry came in, and talked with me for an hour. He is very insistent that we ought to realize that by their incessant and indiscriminating bombardments of our cities the Germans have in view a military objective if the first importance viz. the total disorganisation of our urban life, whereby we should be rendered incapable of continuing the war &c. and we ought to meet them by the same procedure. He said that the desolation of Coventry was so complete as to menace indirectly the maintenance of the numerous munition factories by making it impossible to provide workers. He may be right, and it is difficult to rebut his arguments. None the less, it is lamentable that we should [sic] dragged down to the most debased procedures which the Nazi adopt.

The Daily Telegraph has a curious description of Mussolini by an Italian writer who claims to possess first-hand information. According to this account **[121]** the Italian Dictator had a stroke some two years ago and has never recovered from its effect. He is now dominated by a woman half his own age, and has really lost control of policy. His policy and himself are now execrated in Italy.

Mervyn and I lunched together: and, when I had coffee in the smoking room, I saw in the evening paper the announcement that Richard Inge* had been killed. He was only 25, and had just made a most promising start in his career as a clergyman. It is a cruel blow to his parents, but to him an honourable departure. From my heart I envy him.

I walked back to the Abbey, and, for the last time, officiated as Canon by reading the lesson. The 2nd lesson was Acts ix.1-31, the narrative of Saul's conversion on the road to Damascus; how he was stricken with blindness, and received back his sight when Ananias laid hands on him. I shook hands with the Verger, and bade him goodbye. Perkins was very kind in his expressions of regret, and, of course, I am sorry to retire, but I cannot doubt that I have decided rightly. There is nothing for me to do in Westminster.

[122]

I went to the Abbey Church, and received the Blessed Sacrament in the new Chapel in the south-west corner of the Nave. Don celebrated. The maid, Joan, packed my bags, and, after breakfast, I bade farewell to the Dean and Mrs de Labilliere. Barry turned up at the last moment to say Goodbye. Lawrence Candy went with me to Liverpool Street, and saw me into the train. I travelled without incident, arriving at Ipswich about a quarter of an hour after scheduled time, and was met at the station by my ladies and the car.

I received a rather charmingly expressed letter from Mr Wilfrid Dykes Bower, which I even thought worthy of insertion in this journal.

Ruth Spooner writes to me about her nephew's death.

> "Yesterday, Richard [Inge] lost his life – his plane crashed at Cranwell R. A. F. camp. His body is to be sent here (Brightwell Manor) on Monday, & the Funeral will be on Tuesday .... You will know how full of thankfulness we are for Richard's spotless, lovely, joyous life".

The young man disdained the relative security of a chaplain's function, &, though ordained, was serving as an airman.

[123]

> 24 Hans Crescent
> London S. W. 1
>
> April 28th, 1941
>
> Dear Bishop Henson,
>
> I hope that you will be very gracious and consider this letter, coming as it does from a young man and a stranger to yourself, not as an act of impertinence but of gratitude. I was one of those who was privileged to listen to your farewell sermon in Westminster Abbey yesterday afternoon. At the risk of appearing impudent may I say that the few words which you spoke thrilled deeply & left me with the conviction that the spirit of this country is indeed of "rocky stability & indeterminate duration". (I have not, I hope, misquoted Dr Johnson).
>
> As you may notice from my name, I am a brother of John Dykes Bower, [&?] therefore, an ardent admirer of Durham Cathedral.
>
> Yours Sincerely,
>
> Wilfrid Dykes Bower.

The weather is horribly cold, but the daffodils & primroses make a brave show in the garden, & the tulips are breaking into their brilliance.

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[124]
Wednesday, April 30th, 1941.

A bright day but a cold wind from the East.

Sir Humphrey Milford writes:

> I am very much relieved by your letter of 25 April, saying that you will be able to continue your Autobiography. I feared after I had seen the notice in the Times that you might have to give up; now that I know that you can and will proceed I can bear even the news from Greece with more equanimity!....
>
> Perge! And the sooner I have another batch to read the happier I shall be …..

I wrote a "Collins" to Mrs de Labielliere, and a brief message of condolence to Ralph Inge. Then I essayed to continue the Autobiography, and dictated to Fearne for an hour.

In the afternoon, I called at College Farm to enquire after Archie Reid, who has been ill with pneumonia. He hailed me himself as I was approaching the cow byre, & declared that he was fully recovered. I went in to see his mother, and then returned Hyntle Place for tea.

The Rector and Mrs Frazer called to "welcome me back to the parish". They vanished before the 6 p.m. wireless like ghosts before the day-dawn!

<!010541>
[125]
Thursday, May 1st, 1941.

A bright day, but still cold. I wrote to Frank Pember* and Kitty Inge.*

Then I returned to the Autobiography, but made little progress. The problem of selection from the Journal is far more difficult to solve than at first I supposed. It is complicated by my ignorance of the relative importance of the experiences which the Journal records. What interested me determined inclusion in the narrative, but why should it interest anybody else?

"Few autobiographers, and not all biographers, realise how often halving the length mean doubling the interest" (Spectator, Ap. 4, 1941 from a review of Lord Mersey's Autobiography).

Perhaps I had better go straight forward, &, then, cut down what has been written. But the amount of my Journal is so great that the process will be protracted, and the subsequent cancellations extensive.

I worked in the garden weeding the path. When I returned to my study, the electrician appeared to put right the electric light which had gone astray. He was civil and pleasant, but these adjectives are not often applied to workmen who are also intelligent & efficient. However, one must hope for the best.

<!020541>
[126]
Friday, May 2nd, 1941.

I received from the Dean & Chapter the following extracts from the Minutes

> The Dean referred to the impending resignation of Bishop Hensley Henson and the keen regret of all at his decision to take this step for reasons of health and the honour they felt it was to have had him in their midst again.
>
> Bishop Hensley Henson expressed his wish on his retirement to hand over to the Dean & Chapter the furniture he had purchased from Mrs Thompson Elliott so that they might sell or deal with it as they thought fit. This offer was gratefully accepted, a vote of thanks being moved by the Treasurer, seconded by Canon Don.

I worked on the "Autobiography' during the morning: and, in the afternoon, made a vain attempt to see Sir Gerald Ryan. In my absence, the Turnbulls called, & brought welcome gifts of gingerbread & marmalade!

<!030541>
[127]
Saturday, May 3rd, 1941.

I received a very sad, almost heart-broken, letter from Ralph Inge, who takes his son's death very badly, and, I fear it must be said, unchristianly. He can see nothing more in the War than criminal fatuity, nothing greater in the sacrifice of life than criminal waste. It is strangely unworthy of so great a thinker, and so distinguished an exponent of Christianity. I find it very difficult to understand. I wrote to him a short letter disclosing, but most kindly, my sense of the non-Christian character of his present mood. Perhaps his deafness has increased a naturally self-centred tendency in his character. He seems unable to get away from the direct bearing on his own fortunes which the War is having – its drastic lessening of his income, and now the death of his son. The latter, indeed, was only indirectly the consequence of the war, being caused by a flying accident. This, or some other fatal accident, might happen to any, even the least militant, of us. I suspect that Ralph was inwardly much distressed by Richard's determination to serve in the fighting forces of the Crown, and refusal to take advantage of the exemption implicit in his clerical character. But, when all allowances are made, I am greatly perplexed by his lack of magnanimity: for he is certainly a great man.

[128]

Cardinal Hinsley has a well-written letter, to which the Times give prominence. He emphasises the need of religion if liberty, in its true sense, is to be preserved, & discreetly veils under general phrases his meaning, which is, of course, the old familiar demand for control of the State schools by the Popish Church.

My incomparable wife was very insistent that I should forthwith send to the Editor a letter supporting his Eminence, but this I could not think it advisable to do. For, I could not honestly accept a Papist in the rôle of a champion of Liberty; & I could not wisely, as matters now stand, say this to the British Public. I should only be credited with the vulgarest Protestant prejudice, and the Cardinal's ridiculous assumption assisted. But I must needs admire the astuteness of these Papists, who are adepts in a Protean versatility. In fact, as the whole history of the last 4 centuries proves, the Roman church is the unsleeping enemy of Freedom, intellectual, religious, political. None the less, Vatican advocates [?they] never fail to pose as the true champions of ordered liberty, whenever the revolutionary reactions, which their own tyranny has provoked, have alarmed ordinary citizens. They are busily playing their accustomed game of make-belief now, and with large success.

<!040541>
[129]
3rd Sunday after Easter, May 4th, 1941.

A bright morning, but very cold. Are we to have the fruit blossom blasted by a May frost? I began the day badly with a protracted conflict over my gaiters! At length I collected no less than ~~seven~~ five left legs, for which no partners were to be found! These, of course, are totally useless: the well-intentioned distribution of presumably superfluous garments by some unreflecting female has squandered what cost me more than 10 guineas! And income-tax now ten shillings in the pound!

The news this morning is mainly bad. The situation in Iraq appears to be more serious than at first was realised. Liverpool was again raided badly last night, and, though we brought down ~~12~~ 16 German planes, it is evident that the result of the bombardment was very considerable. Tobruk is still holding out, but the enemy continues to press it hard.

The Sunday Times publishes two letters commenting on the hard & fatuous epistle of "the Lincoln handicap" on the subject of poor Virginia Woolf's suicide. The foolish woman, Mrs Hicks, unimaginative and conceited, perhaps, rather than unfeeling and tactless, has brought considerable discredit on her episcopal husband. But Bishop [Nugent] Hicks* is complaisant and somewhat pachydermatous.

[130]

I attended Mattins, and read the lesson. Also, I celebrated the Holy Communion. The Rector preached. But for the most part of his discourse, my understanding was “unfruitful” for the very sufficient reason that I could not disentangle more than a fraction of his words. He has an unhelpful “brogue”, speaks too fast, and manages his voice very badly. So much of the sermon as I did hear displeased me. His reference to his parishioners, who had died during the week, seemed to me in extremely bad taste. He bade us all pray for the repose of their souls in the accustomed manner of the Papists. It is not, perhaps, surprizing that the congregation was very small including, so far as I could see, but two men, both officials.

I wrote to Dick, and to old Canon Patterson in answer to a letter which he sent me. He reminded me that he was now ninety years of age. His generation had more pluck and industry than its successor. But, it must be added, that the exploits of these young heroes of the R. A. F. some of whom have hardly emerged from boyhood disclose a spirit of adventurous courage which has never been surpassed, rarely equalled by any previous generation of English folk. It is odd that where mechanism is most plainly supreme individuality should also be gloriously apparent.

<!050541>
[131]
Monday, May 5th, 1941.

A very cold day. I worked at the Autobiography, but am increasingly doubtful as to the wisdom of including letters, & at the same time increasingly reluctant to exclude them. I suspect that interest in the controversies, educational and doctrinal, which excited so many people in the nineties of the last century, have now almost completely disappeared, yet those controversies were too prominent in my life that an honest autobiography can hardly omit them altogether. It is difficult problem which doesn't grow easier to solve as I proceed.

In the afternoon I started for my "constitutional" but, encountering the Farmer, Mr Gray, who owns the pigs, I fell into conversation with him, and so passed most of the time which had been better devoted to exercize. He appears to have been badly wounded in the last War. He seems to be farming on a large scale, and to have "many irons in the fire". His complaints against the numerous restrictions imposed by the Government were many, & not wholly unreasonable.

The Germans were again insistent in air-raiding Merseyside. Belfast also was violently attacked. Ipswich was once more bombed. They are "tuning up" for some new onslaught.

<!060541>
[132]
Tuesday, May 6th, 1941.

I received an inquiry about Guillaume from the Prime Minister's Secretary. I suppose that he, like Braley & other Principals of Training Colleges, is getting nervous about his position in view of the extensive closing of such institutions by the War. I replied at once, & posted the letter myself. It was marked "confidential".

Then I put together some sermons preached since the outbreak of the War, which, with the little quartett [sic] of discourses preached during my last residence, would suffice to make up a small volume – "Last words in Westminster with some other Wartime Sermons, and an Introduction". I sent the list of "contents" to Hodder & Stoughton with a covering letter in which I inquired whether they would care to accept them for publication. In any case their decision would assist me to solve the problem of yielding to the request that the last sermons should be published. I gravely doubt whether anybody can be found to purchase and read sermons now.

I walked round Chattisham. Tom Reid was sowing barley by the roadside. He has been doing double work while his brother Archie was ill, and has fallen somewhat behind with his own work. And he admits to being "rather tired". Certainly he has the look of a man wo has been taking too much out of himself.

<!070541>
[133]
Wednesday, May 7th, 1941.

The Times prints in extenso the remarkable speech in which the American statesman, Stimson, argues the employment of the American Fleet in the "battle of the Atlantic", and describes the present danger of America in almost "sensational" terms.

After the recent pronouncements of the President, McCordell Hall, Colonel Knox, and other leading Americans, it is difficult to think that this appeal can be without effect. But there is an evil habit among Americans to indulge in "heroic" words without any serious ~~xxx~~ intention of following them up with congruous deeds ^so^ that one dares not indulge much hope!

I employed the morning on the Autobiography, and walked to ~~Water~~ Washbrook Church in the afternoon.

The vote of confidence in the Government was carried in the House of Commons by an enormous majority – more that 400 to 3. Lloyd George seems to have made a winning & mischievous speech, and Hore Belisha was sly & poisonous. But the Prime Minister made a vigorous defence of the Government in a seventy minute speech summing up the debate, & sate down "amid a storm of cheers".

The 're-actions' to Stimson's speech in America seem to have been satisfactory so far; that is the rest of the world has not yet been reported. Meanwhile, the actual position in the theatres of War remains anxious.

<!080541>
[134]
Thursday, May 8th, 1941.

I visited Lord Woodbridge* whom I found reclining in a low chair in the garden, well wrapped up against the cold. But he appeared glad to see me, and after we had been refreshed by a biscuit and a glass of excellent sherry (A. D. 1857) we walked for half an hour in his gardens, which are just now resplendent in their spring-time beauty, so fresh and various & prophetic. He spoke sadly about the probability that the heavy taxation compelled by the War would render it unlikely that he himself would be able to go on living in his fair house, & that his daughter would certainly not be able to do so. "But I don't complain", he said, "if only we can overcome the villainous tyrant, and, after all, I have had a fairly long life, have seen much, & enjoyed much for which I should be thankful". He thought that one assured consequence of the War would be the disappearance of the very wealthy individuals, who have been so conspicuous during the last two generations. It will be practically impossible for anybody to have a clear income of more than £5000. I observed that with an effort, perhaps one might get along with that! I like Woodbridge. He is simple, good-hearted, generous, &, I think, in his own way, religious.

<!090541>
[135]
Friday, May 9th, 1941.

I worked at the Autobiography, but find myself uncomfortably limited by the Journal, which must of necessity adopt a flat persistence of daily record, which both expanding its size unduly, and depriving its total effect of lucidity & impressiveness. How far can I substitute a better method? Would it be practicable wholly to desert a consecutive narrative, and to group my material under specific subjects?

Thus, I might deal with the different controversies which have filled so much of my life e.g.

1. Home Reunion
2. "Ritualism".
3. Christian Socialism.
4. Marriage (Divorce & Deceased Wife's sister)
5. Church Schools.
6. Prayer Book Revision.
7. The Enabling Act.
8. Disestablishment.
9. Small Bishopricks.
10. "Spiritual Healing".
11. Confession
12. Clerical Subscription.

Would this method not imply intolerable repetition?

[136]

Then there is the question of private, personal experience. How far ought I to attempt to describe the development of my own thought, and thus offer some explanation of my public action? Ought I to include estimates of character, descriptions of episodes, records of holidays etc? How far can I rightly, or wisely, narrate conversations with others, or include letters which I have received, and written? It is, I think, certain that documents introduced into Biographies lessen the Reader's interest, while increasing the demand on his attention. The Autobiography of a confessedly great man, or of one whose career has had manifestly a decisive effect on human affairs, or who has produced some book of great & permanent value, may, perhaps, safely be lengthy, but ~~hardly~~ assuredly this could to reasonably be assumed in the case of an Autobiography composed by one who possessed none of these claims to importance. It is very doubtful whether such a man can prudently or reasonably produce any kind of personal record, but if he is vain enough, or yielding enough to make the venture, he is surely bound to keep his record of himself within the narrowest limits consistent with lucidity & self-respect.

<100541>
[137]
Saturday, May 10th, 1941.

This is my wife's Birthday. She is 72 – an indisputably old woman, but still by the mercy of God, save for this deplorable deafness, physically strong, and good to look at. I wrote a short Birthday letter, and went with her & Fearne to Lavenham, where we looked at the great church, and had an excellent tea in the little refreshment house opposite the church. The weather continues to be uncommonly cold, but the sun shone, and the country now in the freshness of spring was good to look at.

This is the anniversary of the German invasion of Holland, Belgium and Luxemburg. The occasion was marked by a special notice in the Times, and by addresses from leading representatives of the three victims of Nazi duplicity and violence.

The amount of tonnage sunk during April is nearly 500,000 tons, but it is stated that this includes the destruction in the Mediterranean, which was very considerable. And the Axis powers have lost a large number of ships. Still, when all allowances are made, the loss is disconcertingly great. The Emperor of Abyssinia & our Prime Minister exchanged warmly expressed messages.

<!110541>
[138]
4th Sunday after Easter, May 11th, 1941.

A brilliant morning, but a white frost. I went to Church, and received the Holy Communion. There were about a dozen communicants.

I wrote to Professor Grey Turner,* who is in his own Hospital, recovering from a major operation, and the Bishop of Wakefield.

We all attended Mattins, when I read the lesson. Before the service began, the choirboys made so much noise as they stood talking together round the stove, that I stepped out of my pew, and went to them in order to rebuke their ill conduct. They were quiet for awhile, but whatever good effect my words ^may have had^ could hardly survive the noisy jesting & joking of the Rector after the Vestry prayer. His deafness makes him indifference to the disturbance, & his silly sentiment in the matter of children & choirboys makes him indulgent to ^the^ disorder. The standard of reverence is not exalted. Moulsdale's sermon was enriched by some rather astonishing specimens of Scriptural exegesis. Thus he told us with dogmatic certitude that the words **[139]** of the Angel to the Apostles on Ascension day – "This Jesus who ye saw going into Heaven shall so come in like manner as ye beheld His going into Heaven – were prophetic of the Eucharist, in which Christ was again present with the Church in flesh & blood! There are few texts in the New Testament which he does not twist into a reference to the Eucharist. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed".

The Sunday Times comments severely on Bishop Barnes's condemnation to pay £1600 in damages & costs in the libel action which the cement manufacturers of Birmingham brought against. He did not attempt any defence, but suffered judgment to go against him. I like the Bishop, and am sorry that he should be impoverished and put to shame, but I cannot doubt that he deserved the punishment which he has received. He is a good man au fond, but too ready to think evil of his opponents, and is a thorough-going political partisan. His condemnation will give immense delight to all the fanaticks of "Anglo-Catholicism", with whom his diocese is well-stocked.

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I wrote at some length to Charles Nye,* who is now wearying of parochial work, and longing to get back to educational employment in a college if possible. I asked him to tell me whether it was true, as I had heard, that he had become a 'defeatist', if not actually a 'pacifist', & that his "resignation" of his 'Directorship of Religious Education in the Diocese of Durham was not unconnected with the fact. It is certain that the dislocation caused by the War has compelled such extensive economies in the educational sphere, that there will be many a headmaster, principals of colleges and other didactic officials seeking to find employment. It is not less certain that nothing could be more disadvantageous to any aspirant for appointment than the reputation of defeatism or pacifism. Charles Nye has ability and ambition, but it is questionable whether the last is not in excess of the first. He has had considerable success early in his career, & this may have "turned his head"; it will certainly have aroused many resentments. My retirement from Durham was probably

unfortunate for him, for I perceived his danger, while I recognised his merit; and I liked him, & desired his success.

[141]

Then, instigated by my wife, I wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs Campbell Fraser,* whose husband, the Rector of Rokeby, was buried yesterday. He was a good man, and a decided Evangelical. I made his acquaintance when I was Dean of Durham, and was attracted by his religious sincerity and rather whimsical humour. The last quality did not always save him from absurdity. Thus he composed a book of prayers for special occasions among which were included athletic contests which appeared sufficiently remote from devotional exercises. But his religion impressed me as genuine to sustain the amusement which it sometimes occasioned. Thus it was with a reasonable measure of sincerity that I assured his widow of my regret at his passing, and my sympathy with her in the personal sorrow which it involved. But I dislike greatly the task (it is almost a duty,) of composing these epistles. They almost compel a measure of eulogy which can never be adequately based on personal knowledge, & they may then inflict deeper wounds than they can relieve. Eulogy, not less than condemnation violates the Divine command, Judge not. I wrote to Dick.

<!120541>
[142]
Monday, May 12th, 1941.

The weather has become distinctly warmer, & there is a real suggestion of spring at last.

Saturday night's raid on London was protracted and destructive, especially in Westminster, where both Westminster Hall and the Abbey were badly damaged. If the reports in the Times be not exaggerated, the Deanery has been totally destroyed, and much of the roof burned in the church. The House of Commons has been wrecked, and the Clock Tower with "Big Ben" injured. This is described as "revenge" for our raids in Germany. It is difficult to see any intelligible connection between the two. The Nazi logic would require that we should now proceed to bomb Cologne Cathedral! There is an element of vulgar spite in the German character which makes the whole conception of fair and, still more, of chivalrous warfare altogether unintelligible. How long shall we be able to avoid the disaster of being dragged down to the Nazi level of senseless brutality by the inevitable exasperation of our people. The British Museum also was bombed. It is impossible to doubt, that the simultaneous attack on these famous & beautiful buildings, none of which have any military value, do ~~not~~ express a deliberate purpose. I am distressed for the Dean and his wife.

[143]

Mr S. Percy Hodder-Williams replies to my enquiry about publishing the Abbey Sermons thus:

St Hugh's School,
Bickley, Kent.
9th May, 1941

Dear Dr Hensley Henson,

I think we must decide for you in the affirmative.

On the face of it, it is not a good time for a volume of sermons, but we must not let the times get on top of us, and Last Words in Westminster Abbey is a good title, especially without the sub-title, which I suggest might be dispensed with. Will you let me have the typescript as soon as you can, as printing has now become a very much slower process?

Yours sincerely,

R. Percy Hodder ~~Stoughton Williams.~~

I packed up the sermons, with Fearne's assistance, and despatched them with a letter in which I promised to send an Introduction. This is a piece of folly which I ought to have been wise enough to avoid!

[144]

What can fitly and effectively be said in the Introduction to this volume, "Last Words in Westminster Abbey"?

I might re-affirm my objection to "topical" preaching, or, in the Puritan phrase, "preaching to the times", but I have always recognized that there are occasions on which such preaching is not so much fitting as quite unavoidable. And Westminster Abbey is of all English churches the one in which the preacher can least neglect the pressure of such occasions. It may be his obvious duty to give expression, as best he can, to the general sentiment, whether of sorrow, or of joy. There are moments when the Christian preacher must seek to guide public opinion, to quicken the national conscience, and even to rebuke and protest against public policy. There are certainly 'many and great dangers' which surround the performance of the preacher's duty when he finds himself in face of a situation which requires him to conflict with the general feeling and oppose the polit~~t~~cy of the State. Perhaps the dangers, though different, are even more formidable, when he shares the general feeling, and applauds the policy of the State. He may more easily fall into an unworthy complaisance, than indulge an excessive individualism.

[145]

There can be no doubt as to the prevalence, strength, & sincerity of "pacifist" feeing in the country, and especially among adolescents and young adults of both sexes. If that feeling has not seriously affected the general mind with respect to the present War, it is mainly owing to the unprecedented cynicism of German policy and the atrocious brutality of German warfare. Probably there are few clergymen who are not aware of the perplexity of mind , & trouble of conscience which the acknowledged obligation to take an active part in the war have occasioned; and few considering clergymen will doubt ~~the duty~~ the right of those who are thus perplexed and troubled to claim from the official exponents of Christianity some guidance and help. I have myself received many appeals for advice, and I have felt myself bound to make such response as I could. ~~I fee~~ When I was invited to accept appointment for a second term to a Canonry of Westminster, I had hoped to be able in the pulpit of the Abbey-Church to assist in making clear the essential character of the War, and to encourage my hearers in the loyal & cheerful fulfilment of their duty as patriotic citizens. For **[146]** reasons which are sufficiently well-known, I was compelled to resign my position after a brief tenure. After I had concluded my April residence, I was urged to publish the sermons which I had preached, and which were understood to be my 'last words in Westminster Abbey', and I did not feel that I could rightly refuse, for though the sermons themselves had small intrinsic value, they served to emphasize the unique character of the War which dictated the subject.

Shall I make some observations on Sir Robert Vansittart's* furious pamphlet "A Black record"? and repeat the observations of Sir John Ross (of Blakensbury) when I lunched with him in Ireland. He was speaking of the Celtic Irish. "You English people don't understand that they are not civilized, but savages. You should read your Spencer. What the Irish were in Elizabeth's time they are still – savages." "But what is your definition of a savage?", I inquired, & he replied, "There are two unmistakable marks of savage man; mutilation of the

enemy, living or dead, & smashing for smashing's sake." Both are conspicuously presented by the Celtic Irish today. May we not say that the Nazi Germans also satisfy this definition?

<!130541>
[147]
Tuesday, May 13th, 1941.

I lunched at Abbey Oaks to meet Lord & Lady Roche.* It was a very pleasant lunch – excellent food and drink, & conversation, both friendly & vivacious. Roche returned with me to Hyntle Place, in order to see my little house, and my wife. He expressed much approval of the one, and much friendship for the other.

The Times in describing the damage to the Abbey has the following:

> A book had fallen on some steps in the choir stalls. Dust and ashes lay thick on the opened leaves, but even so the big type in this volume of the Book of Common Prayer was easy to read:
>
> 8. They have set fire upon Thy holy places: and have defiled the dwelling place of thy Name even unto the ground.
>
> 9. Yea, they said in their hearts, Let us make havock of them altogether; thus have they burnt up all the houses of God in the land.
>
> At this point, now strewn with wreckage from the roof which fell in, the kings and queens of England are crowned. The Dean & most of his clergy lost everything.

[148]

In the place where, as Canon, I witnessed the coronation of King Edward VII, and King George V; and as Bishop of Durham, "supported his Majesty King George VI on his right hand, when he was crowned; where I was myself consecrated as Bishop of Hereford, where I was united in marriage to my wife; where, at the Dean's request, I confirmed the boys of Westminster School, and took part in the solemn Commemoration of the 1600th anniversary of the Council of Nicaea, & in so many other notable services; in this place thus hallowed to me by many memories, I learned that there was now only a mass of débris. It is hard to perceive any national justification for seeking to destroy one of the greatest architectural and historical treasures of civilized mankind. Assuredly the military strength of Germany could not be increased by its destruction; & it cannot be prudent to alienate the goodwill of the world unnecessarily, for even the most self-satisfied Nazi must allow that the time may come when Germany will need desperately whatever assistance such cosmic goodwill can provide. Even a victorious Germany, confronted by the practical problems created by the War, can hardly hope to dispense with that assistance in the spere of finance, if in no other.

<!140541>
[149]
Wednesday, May 14th, 1941.

The weather has become distinctly warmer, and perhaps this circumstance explained a rather restless night. I occupied the morning in writing a short 'Introduction' for the volume, "Last Words in Westminster Abbey". This was registered and posted in the afternoon. Also I wrote to Arthur Rawle.

The monotonous course of the War has been interrupted by a startling incident. Rudolph Hess, Hitler's deputy and intimate friend, has descended in a parachute from an aeroplane in Scotland, & surrendered himself with a damaged ankle to a Scottish ploughman. The Nazis are evidently much disturbed by his flight, and are putting out a smoke screen of lies. It is alleged that he is insane; that he had been forbidden to fly; that he was obsessed with all manner of absurd notions etc. But he has been examined by our doctors, who declare that he is both healthy and sane. He is said to be in excellent spirits, & to talk freely about himself. Meanwhile, the true explanation of his flight is being eagerly discussed, and there is a plethora of rumours. It seems safe to assume that it must indicate acute dissension in the little knot of gangsters who form the immediate entourage of the Führer. So far, so good.

<!150541>
[150]
Thursday, May 15th, 1941.

The weather has become cold, clouded, & gusty.

I expended the morning on trying to write an account of the episode in 1908 when I received, considered and rejected Asquith's proposal that I should succeed Bigg as Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in Oxford. What would have been the result if I had followed the advice of my friends, & accepted the chair? I very nearly did so.

After lunch, and desiring to avoid the female Sanhedrin in the smoking room, I walked round Chattisham, and fell in with Tom Reid, who insisted on shewing me his foal with her mother (a fine Suffolk Punch). He talked about his farming, & the various complications which the War has occasioned. He has his full share of traditional prejudice against rooks, as "the farmer's foes". "See how the black devils have destroyed the barley", he cried, pointing to a corner of the field, which was black with depredating birds. I essayed to persuade him that they did, by their destruction of vermin, more good than they did harm by their consumption of crops, but my generous plea was received with polite but apparent scepticism. I am becoming well informed on practical farming in Suffolk.

<!160541>
[151]
Friday, May 16th, 1941.

To my surprise and satisfaction I received from the Cambridge Press, I received [sic] a cheque for £46:2:1 on account of Royalties due to me as author of "The Church of England". I don't wholly understand the process by which this amount is determined, but from the statement which accompanied the cheque, I learn that 1677 copies have been sold, and that 1327 are "on hand". This, considering the desperate conditions under which we have been living, and which make the purchase of such a book almost unthinkable, appears to me satisfactory.

I worked at the Autobiography, and finished the rather difficult piece which is concerned with the Birmingham episode.

We motored to Ipswich, and made three unsuccessful calls. The Bishop, and General Massey-Lloyd were absent, and Sir Bunnell Burton* was playing croquet. It seemed cruel to interrupt the old man's recreation, so we refused his polite insistence, and (doubtless to his considerable relief) "took ourselves off". We returned to Hyntle Place, and had tea, after which we played croquet for the first time this year. The potato plants are beginning to appear in the patch of ground under my study window.

<!170541>
[152]
Saturday, May 17th, 1941.

An official reminder about my income tax statement arrived from the Ipswich Office, and afflicted me with the apprehensive gloom which every hint of taxation creates in the taxpayer's mind.

Mr Hodder-Williams acknowledges receipt of the sermons which are to constitute the volume "Last words in Westminster Abbey". He added:

> I passed the Abbey on the Monday after the raid. It is a grievous sight all round and in Dean's Yard, but the thought that came uppermost was that it still stands.

Then I returned to the Autobiography, and read through the Journal of my first American visit – April to August 1909. It is extremely hard to decide how much can be fittingly introduced, having regard to the object and scale of the book. What is most interesting to me may well be least so to everybody else, and the personal sketches and comments which throw most light on my personality might well be unsuitable for publication. It is apparent that the Americans did not impress me well, and that, while I admired the natural beauties of the country, I was revolted by its social & political phenomena.

[153]

We motored to Shrublands, and had tea with Lady de Saumarez and her two daughters, Victoria & Veronica. The agent, Arnold Forster, joined the party, but unhappily, I did not know his name. If I had realized that he was the son of our quondam neighbour in Dean's Yard, when his father was Secretary for War [H.O. Arnold-Forster], I should have understood his interest in Westminster, and had some common ground for conversation.

Perhaps it would be best that I should contract my account of our visit to America to a naked record of its course, and some sketches of the more interesting occasions which we witnessed, and personalities whom we met. My journal might be sparingly quoted to illustrate the narrative.

Left Liverpool in the Carmania on Tuesday, April 13th.
Arrived in New York on Wednesday, April 21st
" " Newhaven, Thursday " 22nd and stayed with Prof. Williston Walker.
Left Newhaven for Boston, on May 1st and were entertained by Prof. Ed. Moore.
Preached 1. In Holy Trinity, Boston
2. " Appleton Chapel, at Harvard Univ.
Returned to Newhaven on May 3rd & stayed with Anson Phelps Stokes.

[154]

Left Newhaven for New York on Saturday, May 8th where we stayed with Dr Huntingdon, the Rector of Grace Church.

On May 9th I preached 3 times
" " 10th I returned to Newhaven and delivered the final lecture of the course: then we went to Boston, and were entertained by Bishop Lawrence.

- May 11th I attended the opening service of the Church Congress, read the Gospel, & helped to administer the Holy Communion.
- May 12th we lunched with Dr Edward & Mrs Hale and **I dined with the Cosmopolitan Club**.
- May 13th Met Bishop Doane of Albany. I addressed the Church Congress.
- May 14th I rent a fanatic, perhaps too severely at the Congress.
- On May 15th (Saturday) we moved to the Rectory of Trinity Church ~~for the~~
- On Sunday 16 May I preached 3 times
- 1. Trinity Church 2. The Church of the Epiphany
- 3. The Wellesley Ladies College
- Monday 17th May we moved to Cambridge with the Kellmans.

[155]

Wednesday May 19th. We went to **Lake Mohonk Mountain** House to stay with Mr Smilie.
Saturday, May 22nd, we went to **West Point**, and stayed with Colonel Scott for the week-end.
Sunday, May 24th. We went to New York & stayed with Milo Gates.
Thursday May 27th. We went to Philadelphia, & stayed with Mr & Mrs Toland at Wynnewood.
Friday May 28th. We went to **Washington**, and sayed [sic[with Bryce until June 1st when we left Minneapolis via Chicago where we stayed on June 2nd.
June 3rd. We left Chicago for **Minneapolis**, where we stayed with Mr Hovey Clark.
June 4th. We left Minneapolis for **Fargo** where we stayed with Bishop Mann from June 5th until June 10th when we went to Bismark & stayed the night of June 11th.
June 12th. We go to the **Yellowstone Park** and stayed until Monday 21st June when we went on to Seatle, & stayed with Josiah Collins, until Monday June 28th.

[156]

June 28th, 1909. We left Seatle, and went to Victoria where we stayed at the Empress Hotel, until
July 1st (Thursday) when we proceeded to Vancouver, where we visited Stanley Park and New Westminster
July 3rd (Saturday) we left Vancouver, & wen [sic] to Sicamous, and stayed for the night in the Hotel miserably plagued by mosquitoes
July 4th (Sunday) We left Sicamous, and went on to Lake Louise, crossing the "Great Divide" of the Rockies, and put up at the Lake Louise Hotel.
July 5th (Monday) we went on to Banff, where we stayed 2 nights.
July 7th (Wednesday) we went on to Calgary, and were met by Harold Henson, Edith Ripley, & Mrs Walter Henson, their mother. We were much impressed by the crowd of immigrants at the railway station, when we left Calgary at 2.30 a. m. (July 8th, Thursday) and went to
July 9th (Friday) Winnipeg where we were met by Gilbert & Lois, with whom we stayed until
July 16th (Friday) when we went to Keewatin to visit Max Dennistoun & his family at their country house on the Lake of the Woods.

[157]

Monday, July 19th, we left Keewatin and travelled to Toronto where we stayed with Mrs Macdonald visiting Goldwin Smith and the Niagara Falls.
Frida,. July 23rd. We left Toronto and went on to Ottawa, where we put up at The New Russell Hotel being mightily plagued & amused by a crowd of "The International Women's Conference".
Saturday, July 24th. We proceeded to Montreal, and were met by Mr Fleet, with whom we stayed until
Wednesday July 28th when we went on to Quebec where we put up at the Chateau Frontenac.
Thursday, July 29th. The Laval University. We visited Mr Price at the Montmorency Falls, and dined with Mrs Macpherson.
Friday, July 30th. We visited the Heights of Abraham and embarked on the Empress of Ireland ~~Britain~~ and left for England.
During the voyage I had much interesting conversation with Dr Denny. And Sir Valentine Chirol, and made some record of it in my Journal.
On Saturday, Aug. 6th, I was again in Westminster and preached in the Abbey on Sunday, Aug. 8th.

<!180541>
[158]
5th Sunday after Easter, May 18th, 1941.

A brilliant spring morning, and pleasantly warm.

We all attended Mattins in the parish church, when I read the Lessons, and afterwards I celebrated the Holy Communion when there were about a dozen communicants.

The Rector preached for nearly half an hour on prayer, taking his text from the Gospel "Verily, verily, I say unto you. Whatever ye shall ask the Father in My Name, he will give it to you". Prayer is an extremely difficult subject to handle in the pulpit, and, perhaps, beyond any other, demands in the Preacher thought, caution, and personal devotion. Moulsdale evidently gives no thought to the dishevelled, grasping extemporisations which constitute his sermons. He poured out a volume of confused & heterogeneous information about forms of public prayer garnered, I imagine, from the half-forgotten substance of addresses to the students of S. Chad's. He raised a host of formidable questions which he did not answer; & cannot have left on his hearers any clear and edifying impression. And all was put forward with the insufferable dogmatic assumption of the priest. I was the more distressed by this display of homiletic ineptitude because there was a larger congregation than usual, and because it included several young men. They will hardly come again, I fear.

[159]

I wrote to Perkins, to Turnbull the Vicar of Kedington, and to Dick. I haven't the least notion whereto Dick has been sent, and that makes letter writing rather difficult.

The news this evening is good viz. that the Duke of Aosta has asked for terms of surrender. This, however, does not necessarily mean that the Abyssinian campaign will have been ended, for it is stated that he has only about 7000 troops with him, and that, perhaps, as many as three times that number will still be holding out in other parts of the vast territory. Meanwhile, the rains are in full progress, & campaigning in that most difficult country is normally held to be impracticable.

The Croation Crown, has been solemnly offered to the King of Italy, and his Majesty has solemnly accepted it at the hands of the Quisling who is known to have been one of the gang which achieved the assassination of King Alexander at Marseilles some years ago. Mussolini emerged from his protracted retirement in order to take part in this contemptible performance. The King of Italy has fallen very low.

<!190541>
[160]
Monday, May 19th, 1941.

High temperature, and rain. This ought to be good for fields and gardens.
Hodder-Williams acknowledges receipt of my "Introduction" to the Sermons, which he has read, and finds "very interesting".

I tried to write about the visit to America, but made no progress, though I persisted for two hours. But it was no good. "My understanding was unfruitful".

We motored to Elmsett, in the hope of calling on the new Vicar (Smith). This parish was bombed, & no less than 10 persons killed by the explosion of a "land-mine". This makes a considerable gap in the community of a little rustic parish. We then went to Hadleigh and called at the Deanery, but Mrs Downes was not at home. Just as we were going away, the Dean, who had ben presiding at a meeting of district visitors made his appearance. We returned to Hyntle Place, in good time for tea.

The 1 p.m. wireless brought news of the surrender of the Duke of Aosta's forces.

Last night there was a considerable fall of rain, the effect of which is apparent in the garden. This will be heartily welcomed by agriculturalists of every kind.

<!200541>
[161]
Tuesday, May 20th, 1941.

The day is clouded and cold, very cheerless.

I received a letter from George Nimmins,* addressed from Hotel Daendels, Batavia, Java; and dated Good Friday, April 11th, 1941. It had been "Opened by Examiner". His wife and children have been sent to Perth in West Australia, where he has visited them. "Perth is a beautiful ~~city~~ place situated on the wide Swan river. The climate is delightful, & I must say my wife & the children looked very brown & well. I had to leave them early in January".

I continued to work at the Autobiography, but with curiously meagre result. There is much that I should like to say about our impressions of America which could not be wholly agreeable to most Americans, not because they are untrue, but because they are unflattering. Just now, when we are clinging to America with the terrified adhesiveness of a drowning man to his would-be rescuer, it might well be thought imprudent and even unpatriotic to say anything, however relevant, interesting, and true, which might ruffle the sensitive self-approval of Americans!

The Nazis have managed to invade Crete from the air in considerable force.

<!210541>
[162]
Wednesday, May 21st, 1941.

The weather has become so warm as almost to be sultry. By no means favourable to honest work. Yet I toiled at the Autobiography, becoming ever more doubtful as to the worthwhileness of going on with it.

Miss E. Sylvia Pankhurst,* the Editor of something called "New Times and Ethiopia News" writes to request something from me for publication therein. I have no great opinion of these reforming females, and the name "Pankhurst" is unpleasantly associated in my mind with Suffragettes. Still, I am all for giving Abyssinia any support that it is my power to give. So I wrote a short message expressing goodwill and hope, & sent it to Miss P.

Also I wrote to the Rector of Kedington, definitely promising to preach in his Three-decker pulpit in the evening of Sunday, July 6th.

The Germans are evidently making a big effort to seize Crete. They have landed 1500 men by air-carrier and parachute. Of these some are reported to have been "rounded up", but not all: and it is said that more are being sent. The strategic position involved is so important that we may expect heavy fighting.

[163]

The news at 6 p.m. was on the whole reassuring. The Duke of Aosta has surrendered with his staff, and more than 18,000 men together with much military material. In Crete the Germans are sending heavy re-inforcements, but they are being vigourously [sic]resisted: and the situation is described in hopeful terms. The Americans and Turks appear to be maintaining their several positions, the one to assist, the other not to oppose Britain.

Derek Ryan had tea with me, and afterwards played croquet with me and my ladies.
I received a message from the Rectory asking me to celebrate the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. tomorrow, and I promised to do so.

<!220541>
[164]
Ascension Day, Thursday, May 22nd, 1941.

We all went to church, and received the Holy Communion. I celebrated, and was "served" by Norman, the unconfirmed brother of Peter Baalam. The little lad had evidently been told to abstain from "Catholick" ceremonial when I was the Celebrant; he did his best, and mostly succeeded. There were only 8 communicants, including we three and Mrs Frazer & the Rectory maid. Thus the parish contributed only three communicants in spite of the Rector's exhortations. But surely these rustics must be spiritually perplexed by observing that a Bishop ignores the practices which the Rector teaches them to be almost the essentials of religious behaviour!

I continued to labour at the Autobiography, but am not yet clear as to the right method, scale, or tone! My account of myself tends inevitably to be an Apology for myself, and that cannot be a censure on my opponents. Well, well!

We motored to Ipswich, and had tea with the Bishop & Mrs Brook. They gave us the account of their experiences during the recent air-raid, when bombs fell close to their house, and shattered many of its windows.

[165]

The news from Crete is disconcerting. It is plain that we are quite unable to give adequate support to our troops from the air, and that, though we are putting up a great fight, yet the Germans are so superior in number & armament that the prospect of our victory is doubtful.

The Vichy Government has evidently given way completely to German pressure, and is now placing all its resources at Hitler's disposal. Those resources are very considerable.

[Anthony] Eden's* statement in the House today shows that we are now practically at war with France. Old Marshal Pétain has yielded to the disabling influence of old age, & the brutal menaces of Germany. It is a woeful ending of a great career.

The Rudolf Hess incident seems likely to provide more entertainment (to use the Prime Minister's word) than political assistance. It is now stated that the Duke of Hamilton has never met him, nor has any correspondence passed between them. But the mystery of his 'flying visit' remains unexplained.

<!230541>
[166]
Friday, May 23rd, 1941.

A clouded and gusty day, Laodicean in temperature 'neither cold nor hot', but unrestful and unpleasant.

I received a letter from the Abp. of Canterbury. He says that the "chief treasures" of the Lambeth Library had been 'sent away', but 'half the roof' has been burned, and many books: "The roof of the Chapel has been entirely destroyed, and much other damage done, and much of the old Lollards Tower has been gutted."

> "When I think of the years that remain, I am, like you, oppressed by the fact that the new taxation will make the pension, all on which I can rely, wholly insufficient. But it is useless to be anxious for the morrow.

I continued to work on the Autobiography.

The scale is almost as difficult a problem as the arrangement. My Journal is so voluminous that to follow it steadily would require not one volume but several: and this is out of the question. Would it be excessive to make two volumes, the one dealing with my Ministry [*inserted above* as priest] in the South of England, and the other with my Episcopate in the North?

<!240541>
[167]
Saturday, May 24th, 1941.

A bright morning, and rather colder. No letters.

I read through some more of the Journal with a view to finding some suitable material for the Autob: Perhaps the following ought not to be omitted:

My opposition to R. J. Campbell's "New Theology"
My visits to both the General Assemblies
My evidence before the Divorce Commission
My opposition to the Welsh Disestt Bill
My attitude towards the Education Bills
My preaching in the Crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, on the 360th anniversary of Edward vith's grant of a Charter to the Huguenot refugees.
Publication of "The Road to Unity".
Our visit to the Continent.
My speech at the Stoke Church Congress.
My sermons on Biblical Criticism
My intercourse with Sectaries
My Letters to the Times
The Coronation of King George V

The wireless at 9 p.m. gave dolorous tidings – the great battle-cruizer, Hood, with a complement of nearly 1400 officers & men has been sunk off Greenland by an explosion of her magazine.

<!250541>
[168]
Sunday after Ascension Day, May 25th, 1941.

Much rain during the night, but a calm, mild morning, though clouded.

Ella and I went to Church for the 8 a.m. service. The Rector having developed nettle-rash, I celebrated in his stead. Peter served, and there were about a dozen communicants. I was requested to remember Michael Erskine Ryan, who was killed in the air just a year ago: and I said as much before the 'Prayer for the Church Militant'.

I read the Service and preached at Mattins. The sermon was, of course, an old one, and I took some pains in revising and delivering it: but my little congregation, though it tried hard to be attentive, gave me the impression of being more puzzled than edified, and I had to suppress a coughing choir-boy! So my preaching was a comfortless experience. How should I fare if, year in and year out, I had nothing more interesting to deal with as pastor and teacher than such a company of unresponsive rustics? Would one succeed in maintaining any intellectual standard at all? The rural incumbent is certainly not without his cross.

[169]

The Thurlows*and Philip Tallents came to tea. My Lord is as feeble and fumbling as ever, & my Lady as stridently & discursively loquacious: but, in their own fashion, they are friendly folk, whom one likes without coveting their company. This is ungenerous, and hardly represents my real regard for them. Tallents is dull and conscientious, the very model of a painstaking & patriotic public servant. He takes endless pains in the dreariest types of "war work". But, though he is not a fluent conversationalist, he has seen much of the world, & formed judgments of men & matters which, when he can be persuaded to express them, are worth having. He was at Harrow and Magdalen & possesses both the excellence and the weakness of the conventional "public school and university English gentleman." In all these respects he is curiously like his father [George Tallents*], who was Mayor of Westminster, while I lived in Dean's Yard. I showed him the portraits of the Members of Grillions, many of whom he had encountered in the course of his life. He made notes of various books which I recommended.

<!260541>
[170]
Monday, May 26th, 1941.

Cold, gusty, clouded, and comfortless!

I received a telegram from Dick [Elliott]*, saying that he was all right, but giving no hint as to his whereabouts. But it is something to know that he is alive and active.

Also, Martin Kiddle sends me a short letter stating that he has been "selected for service overseas", and bidding me farewell:

> I shall often think about you, and shall always remember your friendship with gratitude. From you I have learned some of the big lessons of life, but most of all have enjoyed your affection.

He adds, "I am going to a tropical climate".

Freddie Macdonald writes from Edinburgh, where he is still carrying on with his school work, but is registered, & expects to be called up.

I wrote to Milford saying that there was some more of the Autobiography ready, & that I would send it on if he would read, & advise.

Bishop Linton Smith* on his way from Colchester, where he had been preaching yesterday, to Overstrand, where he & his wife are now living **[171]** came to tea, and afterwards talked with me for an hour in my study. He was in excellent spirits, and seems to be settling down happily enough to the life of a retired Bishop. He said that Chavasse, who succeeded him in the See of Rochester, & forthwith broke his leg, is still badly handicapped by his accident, but none the less was getting about the diocese, and making an excellent impression everywhere.

I asked him whether, in his judgment, I could rightly publish the letter in which Asquith offered to nominate me as Bigg's successor in the Regius Chair of Ecclesiastical History. He was strongly in favour of my doing so. I proceeded forthwith to add the letter to my record of the episode. Even now, nearly 33 years after the event, I wonder whether I took the right course. It was the only occasion on which I turned to others for advice, and then I rejected the advice which they gave. It is certainly the case that, in refusing the Chair, I went against my own strong inclination. Largely I was influenced by my reluctance to accept a position for which [Edward] Watson* was far better qualified, & which I knew that he greatly desired.

<!270541>
[172]
Tuesday, May 27th, 1941.

Another cold and clouded day, & depressing. I received no letters at all, perhaps an indication of the frightful obsession with the War which is paralyzing the normal & natural process of life.

I worked at the Autobiography both in the morning and in the afternoon: and I walked round Chattisham for a 'constitutional'.

At 1 p.m. came the heartening news that the Bismark [*sic*] had been sunk. The Germans boasted that it was unsinkable. It was much smaller than the Hood but much newer, swifter, & more heavily armoured. So, perhaps, we are quits. But our hearts sank again at 6 p.m. when we learned that the Germans were making progress in Crete, where the fight still rages in waxing fury, and, though we have prevented any landings of troops from the sea, our own losses are very heavy, including two cruizers, several destroyers. Some of the crews have been saved. And the latest news from Libya is not quite comfortable. The Germans are evidently pressing Egypt more closely than we had allowed ourselves was the case.

<!280541>
[173]
Wednesday, May 28th, 1941.

A glorious spring day, sunny and mild.

I wrote to E. H. Blakeney,* acknowledging his letter of May 14th, in which he expresses himself thus:

> I think you already know with what admiration and affectionate remembrance I think of you, and shall think. Your going from 'active service' means a loss to the nation. Cranage will feel that too, and hundreds more. That you may be spared to enrich us & enliven us with your counsel, is our hope and prayer.

After an hour's work on the Autobiography, James motored me to Abbey Oaks, where I sate for an hour talking with Woodbridge in his lovely garden, and then returned home in time to hear the wireless at 1 p.m. The President's "fire-side talk" includes a Proclamation of a state of emergency in U.S.A., and asserts very positively that the food and munitions needed by Britain shall not only be sent, but delivered.

At 6 p.m. we learned that in the recent raids on London, the Temple Church and Gray's Inn Hall were among the historic buildings which were bombed and badly damaged.

<!290541>
[174]
Thursday, May 29th, 1941.

A clouded day, but mild, almost "muggy". Nothing in the post but a letter from Braley, saying that, for lack of sufficient students to "make both ends meet", Bede College is to be closed.

I went into Ipswich, and had my hair cut &c. The work was done, efficiently I think, by a very young lady in breeches, very neat in her white uniform. She said that she had previously been employed "with ladies". Anyway, though rather longer over the business than the masculine artist, she did her duty creditably enough.

Ella had a tea-party, and Fearne surpassed herself in producing a "spread" which did not suggest that we lived und[er?] the rationing severities of War.

Mayal, the bird-loving Etonian, Colonel Smith, bringing with him his niece (one of the Cheltenham houris) and a retired civil servant [*inserted above* Barnes,] who had been nerve shattered by bombs, (and looked it, poor wretch!) [*incomplete sentence?*]

I was gratified that Mayal did really seem to be impressed by my study. There can be no doubt that, by re-arranging the furniture, I have done better justice to the room. The party arrived soon after 3.30 p.m., and did not depart before nearly 5.30 p.m.!

<!300541>
[175]
Friday, May 30th, 1941.

A dark and dismal morning after a wet night. The weather became almost sultry as the day advanced.

I received from Milford the following:

> "My dear Bishop,
> Splendid! Send me what more you have written, and I will read it with speed, and, I have no doubt, enthusiasm.
>
> Yours sincerely,
> H. Milford.

I went over what I had written, &, with slight amendments, caused it to be sent under registered cover to Sir H. M. This second consignment will bring the total up to about 260 type-script sheets, which, I assume, would be sufficient to make up about one third of a volume of about 350 pages, such as, in print & size, was the volume of my Gifford Lectures. Then I wrote to Sir H. M. stating that this additional consignment had been sent, and raising the difficult question of the scale of the completed work. I suggested that possibly the work should be divided into 2 parts. The first covering the period from my birth to ~~my arrival in Westminster~~ leaving the Deanery, 1863 – 19~~20~~18, a period of ~~36~~ 34 years: the last, the period of Episcopate, 1918 to 1939.

[176]

My clerical career – 1887 to 1939 – extending over 52 years would be divided into my pre-episcopal ministry, 1887 – 1918, 31 years, & my episcopate, 1918 – 1939, 21 years. I suggested that if the poor thing had sufficient success to justify the venture, a supplementary volume of Letters might be issued. But this appears to me so improbable a contingency that it need not be contemplated.

The chaplain, stationed at Long Melford, who had been commended to me by Jack Clayton, called in response to the cards which we left on him some days ago. His name is Wallace Francis Cox, he came into contact with Clayton at Bristol where he took his degree in the university in 1934. He has an assistant curacy in Cradley, dio. Worcester, and was ordained in 1936, on a title from that parish. He was a well-built upstanding young man, with an honest face to look at, and a frank manner. On the whole, he impressed me well. I gave him a copy of Abyssinia, and asked him to see me again, when he came to visit the Hospital in Ipswich.

I noticed with satisfaction that the swallows seem disposed to build on my study.

<!310541>
[177]
Saturday, May 31st, 1941.

A dull morning with a light drizzle, very depressing.

I filled up the form of application as James's employer asking that he might be released from military service as being now usefully employed as my gardener. Also, I enclosed a statement from the Rector stating that James was the parish clerk, and requisite in that capacity also. I doubt whether this application will be successful.

Also, I wrote to the Dean of Westminster, saying that, unless some prohibitive calamity should emerge in the interval, I hoped to carry out my promise of preaching in the Abbey on Sunday, the 22nd June to the members of the St. John's Ambulance Brigade, and that the trains would enable [*me*] to come and return without having to arrange for passing the night in London.

The weather cleared about midday, and we were able to play croquet during the afternoon. The fighting continues in Crete, but the German forces are continually being reinforced, we are unable to give effective air-support to our troops, and it seems probable that, though inflicting heavy losses, we shall be forced to give up the island.

<!010641>
[178]
Whit Sunday, June 1st, 1941.

A warm day (62° in my bedroom) but overcast. The birds sang cheerfully as I was dressing. We went to Church for Mattins, when I read the lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. There were about a dozen communicants.

The sermon was preached by a little, withered guinea-pig named Porter. He was evidently a "Catholick" after Moulsdale's heart, & his sermon was marked by the archaic orthodoxy and voluble dogmatism which distinguishes this parochial pulpit. It was amazingly discursive, and, under colour of explaining the Holy Spirit's work in the Church, the preacher reviewed the entire Catholick scheme of the Redemption from the Fall to the present time! As I listened, I reflected that such a discourse might well have been delivered by a Franciscan friar in the 13gh century. It appeared to be entirely unconscious of any change in the intellectual outlook and standards of 20th century Christians. Probably, to use Charles II's phrase about a popular Presbyterian preacher of his time, "His nonsense suited their nonsense." But I wondered what a brace of Canadian airmen, whom Sir William Brass had brought to church, could **[179]** have made of it all. They could not have been edified; if they were thoughtful & religious, they might have been "offended". But what element of pastoral concern can find admission into the discourses of 'guinea-pigs'? The "Alpha and Omega" of their pastoral responsibility is exhausted by their performance of their hireling's task. Is it possible to imagine a more degenerate phase of the "Ministry of the Word"?

I wrote to Dick, from whom I received a curt and cryptic telegram last week.
Also, I wrote to Braley, and to Jack Clayton.

This morning I was pleased to hear a Farmer maintain that rooks are more the friends than the foes of agriculturists. It was the Churchwarden, Mr Parlett, who is a local farmer, & whom I entangled into a discussion of crop prospects. He was quite emphatic in his favourable estimate of the rooks. I asked him whether badgers were also called brocks in this part of England, and he said that he had never heard the word.

After tea, I carried the letters to the post, and falling in with a lad wholesome to look at, who saluted me politely, I showed him the swallows' nests on my study.

[180]

His name was Ronald Grant: he is 16 years of age: & is apprenticed as a fitter in Ipswich. He had been in the choir. He bragged of his quality as a Suffolk-born boy descended from generations of Suffolk folk. I was amused when we parted at the gate, by his saying in the most natural way, as a prince condescending to a yeoman, "I dare say I'll pop in one day when I'm passing"! It is regrettable that there seems to be no provision, religious or social in the parish for lads of his age. Too many of them decline through boredom into loaferdom. The 6 p.m. wireless announces that 15,000 British troops have been withdrawn from Crete to Egypt, and speaks darkly of the very heavy losses which we have sustained. Emphasis is placed on the salutary effect which our 12 days stand in the island against overwhelming

odds has had on the Iraqui campaign. The Germans were so hard pressed that they were unable to implement their pledges to the rebels, who are now reported to have collapsed. Also, they had to leave the Italians in Abyssinia to their fate.

Sir Hugh Walpole's death is announced. He was 57, and is described as a 'second Anthony Trollope'.

[181]

The Sunday Times has the following:-

Lindberg
By Sir Robert Vansittart

This was the head that fame
Soon touched and turned.
This was an honoured name
Conferred, not earned.

His was the Age of Stunt,
Boost, "stars". Hot News.
Thrust pigmies to the front
To air their views.

We had it too ___ and Him
Ah, the sublime
Was glib and slick and slim
In "Lindy" time.

We shall look back and blush
For years of fuss.
We gave tin gods a "rush".

Peccavimus.

<!020641>
[182]
Monday, June 2nd, 1941.

A chilly and clouded morning. I resumed the 'clout' which, greatly daring, I discarded yesterday.

The post brought letters from Arthur Rawle, Noel Lamidey, & an invitation to preach from Gordon Paget.

The evil news that we have been decisively defeated in Crete dwarfs everything else. I fear that it will tell badly on the prestige of the Prime Minister, whose determined pugnacity, hitherto & rightly held to be a priceless quality, may well be thought to have led to so considerable a calamity. The comments of the Times are conceived in a vein of melancholy criticism which may prelude expressions of actual censure.

I tried to write a sermon for the St John's Ambulance Brigade on June 22nd, when I have promised to preach at the Abbey service; but I did not make much headway.

In the afternoon I walked through Chattisham. Tom Reid was working in his garden, and while I talked with him, who should arrive but his fiancée, to whom he introduced to me by her Christian name. Evelyn is a wholesome young woman to look at, what the Scots would call 'a sonsy lass'; and as she is a 'farmer's daughter', she ought to suit Tom well enough.

[183]

I find in my Journal, under the date June 28th, 1914, that Beeching sent me a cutting from "The Oxford Review (Oct. 26th 1887) of a letter of mine, headed "The Gladstonian Meeting in the Corn Exchange from a Home Ruler's point of view." It is a very curious document which I had totally forgotten. In it I say:

> "I believe firmly that the permanent solution of the Irish problem will only be found in the concession of self-government to Ireland. I held this view before Mr Gladstone brought forward his delusive and inadequate proposals, and I hold it still. But I hate and scorn the Parnellite tactics, all the more because they have retarded and disgraced so worthy a cause.
>
> … It is certain that until Home Rule becomes honourable, it will not succeed."

On June 22nd 1914 the Times published a letter over my signature which I had headed 'Novissima Hora', but which appeared in the Times under the less attractive heading "Dean Henson's Appeal to Patriots". In that letter I say "I have ever been persuaded that Home Rule is an impracticable policy, capable indeed of very effective rhetorical presentation, but incapable of effective adoption **[184]** save at a cost ruinously great, alike to Ireland itself, and to the British Empire." These utterances, separated by a quarter of a century, are hard to reconcile, and yet I am wholly unable to recall the earlier letter. In the interval I had come

under Dicey's* influence, and the later letter expressed the effect of my visit to Ulster. But it is a humbling reminder of one's unsuspected potency of volte face.

If I did not possess my meticulously tiresome Journal to hold me inexorably to the truth, what strange perversions of it might be carried into my Autobiography by my unchecked memory! And what a distressing dubiety is brought into all statements which have no other basis than recollection! One reads back into the past unconsciously the products of experience, & the unregarded influences of circumstance. We forget that we are forever changing, & our points of view never continue quite unaltered. Events, seen from new angles, come to be wonderfully different, & we think of them most often in the aspects which please us most. And so a steady process of perversion enters into the course of recollection, & finally what we deliver on that authority is nothing better than a travesty of truth.

<!030641>
[185]
Tuesday, June 3rd, 1941.

Dun. This castle hath a pleasant seat; the air
Nimbly & sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Ban. This guest of summer,
The temple haunting martlet, does approve
By his loved mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here: no jutty, frieze,
Buttress, not coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed & procreant cradle;
Where they most breed & haunt, I have observed
The air is delicate.

(Macbeth, Act I scene vi)

The swallows building on Hyntle Place may be taken as evidence of the truth of Shakespeare's suggestion that swallows are the tokens of good air.

Wednesday, June 4th, 1941.

A glorious summer day. Ella and ~~???~~ Fearne went to Ipswich to catch an omnibus to S. Edmund's bury where some G.F.S. Sanhedrin was to be held.

I worked at the Autobiography until 1 p.m.; when the wireless brought the news that the Kaiser had ended his full & mischievous career at Doorn, where he has lived since his ignominious flight to Holland after the débacle in 1918.

[*Pg. 186 omitted*]

<!050641>
[187] [sic]
Thursday, June 5th, 1941.

The night was restless, partly, because of the heat, and, partly, because of the sound of bombs & guns in the early hours of the morning.

I tried to write a summary of our impressions of Canada, when we left it in September 1912 in order to go on to the States; but I am badly handicapped by 3 considerations, which can hardly be ignored:-

1. My Journal largely consists of records of private conversations. How far can I rightly make these public since those who spake with me, being now for the most part dead, cannot have any opportunity of checking, or explaining my allegations?
2. In view of the present situation, can I prudently or patriotically publish the unfavourable impressions which I certainly received, and which an honest account of my life ought not to omit?

3. Can I, in charity and fairness, give publicity to opinions & estimates of character which might give pain to living persons? Yet, if I omit these, do I not thereby strip my narrative of much of its interest, more of its importance, & most of its candour?

These are almost paralyzing considerations.

[188]

I walked by Hintlesham Hall to the Hadleigh Road, and there encountered a friendly but loquacious farmer, who held me so long in talk, that I was late for tea! He hails from Ayrshire, & says that Rudolf Hess descended in his parachute on the field next to his brother-in-law's farm. I inquired whether the rankly growing weed, known as sheep parsley, was injurious to sheep & cattle, sand he said, 'No, but there's another weed like it, called wild hemlock, which is poisonous.[']

I received a letter from Donaldson, who is now established in one of the two flats into which the late Receiver's house, 21 Dean's Yard, has been divided. He says that "it has been extremely cold in the Abbey, with its lantern roof open to the skies." The old fellow writes more cheerfully than I expected. It is no joke for a rather frail octogenarian to be bombed out of his house, and all his domestic treasures destroyed. Betty Bruce Steer writes from Minehead, saying that my cousin, Arthur Rawle, has 'made a wonderful recovery from his stroke,' and is now again able to mount his horse, and take his accustomed rides. Also, I received a letter from Preb. Wynne Willson, who wants me to write about the Doctrine of the Holy Ghost!

<!060641>
[189]
Friday, June 6th, 1941.

A wet day. What about the "Fete" tomorrow?

I received 3 censored letters from Dick. He would seem to be en route for the Far East, probably Singapore. But this is mere guesswork.

The worst news this morning is domestic.

There is something like a revolt against the Govern[t] in the Daily Herald, where the leader trembles on the verge of defeatism; and from U.S.A. comes information of formidable strikes in the munitions factories. The strain of protracted failure is evidently telling badly on the morale of the much battered democracies. And men are everywhere nauseated by being spoon-fed with vainglorious optimism about "ultimate victory".

I worked at the Sermon for the Abbey on the 22nd, but it will be but a brief, skimpy thing, for the occasion hardly admits of anything more considerable. A long experience has taught me that the congregations, which come together for public demonstrations, are in no mood to listen to sermons. They are largely in uniform, & have done some preliminary marching. The first disinclines for attention, and the last disposes to slumber. Neither tends to edifying audience!

[188] [*sic. pages 188 and 189 are repeated*]

Dick makes some observations which may be worth my heeding:-

> I have great opportunities for getting to know the men, and much more time than usual for getting on with my reading. Incidentally I have been reading amongst other things, Sir Ronald Storr's Autobiography, which he calls 'Orientations', & having read it, feel obliged to urge upon you even more strongly than before not to use too many quotations from your Journal in writing y[our] own 'Life', for Storr's book is completely spoiled by his lengthy quotations from old journals.

I am dispose[sic] to agree with this counsel. There is an unavoidable obsoleteness about writings which had their occasion, their conditions of composition, & relevance to occurrences & persons which have passed away. And they interrupt the main text. If extracts from the Journal were excluded, I should have gone some way toward solving the problem of scale, and it would be easier to maintain something which might be called as a literary standard. Extracts are destructive of proportion and finish.

<!070641>
[189]
Saturday, June 7th, 1941.

The sun has returned. Laus Deo!

Oxford writes sadly to tell me that his daughter has died, and he blind, aged, and infirm, is now alone in the world. What can I say to him? He appears to have definitely parted company with any religion that could be reasonably described as Christian. And he is clearly now a very unhappy man. Is there no balm in Gilead?

I have been looking over and reading again, the letters which came to me at the time of my going to the Deanery, and during the Great War. It is humiliating to discover how many of the writers, who then addressed me in terms of warm affection are now dead, or alienated, or lost from my knowledge. And it is humbling to discover how greatly one's own importance and utility have declined as the years have deprived me, both of public office, and of personal power. I can even sympathize with Kaiser Wilhelm who has fallen so far from his high estate, as to pass away in the bleakness of exile, unlamented and almost unnoticed. What is man?

<!080641>
[190]
Trinity Sunday, June 8th, 1941.

Fifty-four years have passed since I was ordained in Cuddesdon Parish Church, on Trinity Sunday, June 5th, 1887. It was just such a glorious summer's morning as this. I think Headlam is the solitary survival of those known to me who witnessed my Ordination. He, with Raleigh & W.P. Ker walked over from Oxford to witness the service. What a different face the world presented to me then! One resemblance between the newly-ordained deacon and the retired Bishop there is which is both sinister and suggestive – his capacity for sudden changes of attitude! Then I was heavily weighted by my unexpected desertion of the Layman's League, which I had founded , organized, & served with energy and enthusiasm; Now I am heavily weighted by my desertion of the Cause ~~for~~ which that League was created to champion – Establishment: Then I was assumed (though mistakenly, to be a High Churchman): now, with better reason , I am known to be one who can hardly, in any recognizable sense, be described as any kind of Churchman! No one, then, trusted me without large reserves; no one now trusts me even with the largest!!

[191]

It is sufficiently apparent that my Autobiography must, intentionally and confessedly or not, take the character of an Apologia pro Vita Mea. For it is the case that in spite of the evil aspect of my career, I have never been consciously false to my convictions, and never deliberately concerned with my interests. Before the Court of my own Conscience, which is the only one that really matters, I see the key to my strange & vacillating career, not in personal insincerity or secular ambition, than in a certain temperamental recklessness and in the mood of what I can only describe as a Quixotic candour. This is clear to myself; but it is not easy to make it equally clear to others. The recklessness has made many enemies, who have their own reasons for resenting it; the Quixotic candour has been equally apparent and unintelligible. The marvel is that in spite of both, I have retained so many friendships, and still command so large a measure of public respect. After 54 years, self-study is unavoidable, and, if it humiliate and even shatter the student, it may not be wholly without power to console him.

[192]

[continued from p 189. v. i.**]**

I accompanied my ladies to a Fête in the grounds of Hintlesham Hall, organized in the interest of the convalescent Hospital, which has been there established. It was opened by Commander Perrin, and then, at Mrs Stokes's request I made a short speech thanking everybody for their voluntary contributions. After this, we had tea in the Lady Superintendent's room. Lady de Saumarez and her daughters were there, but mostly the company was drawn from the immediate neighbourhood of the Hall. I left Ella to come on in the car with Fearne, and walked home.

[N.B. I turned over by mischance 2 pages instead of 1, and therefore, the above must be read in continuation of p.189**]**

Ella and Fearne did not return from the Fête until nearly 8 p.m. The [they?] reported that more than £23 had been received from tickets, side-shows, and refreshments. This seems to me a surprisingly large amount from so small a district, & it goes to show that the War has brought into the hands of the poorer people an amount of money much greater than that which, “in the piping times of peace”, they commonly possess.

[191]
Trinity Sunday (continued).

I went to Church, and received the Holy Communion. The celebrant was the guinea-pig, Porter, a man after Moulsdale's heart. His illegalities, not being restrained even by the caution which an incumbent never wholly forgets, were more frankly aggressive than the Rector's. I could not but contrast the moderate and reverent Anglicanism of the Bishop of Oxford at my ordination, when he celebrated, and the lawless fuss & hustle of this hedge-priest! I walked home in company of the School mistress (a devout "Anglo-Catholick", if I may infer her type of Churchmanship from her habit & manner in Church,) and I confessed my inability to "keep pace" with the swift & senseless gabbling of the Celebrant. She said that she had now abandoned the attempt to do so! Moulsdale's physical infirmities impose some limitations on the pious acrobatics of his "Catholicism", but the Guinea-pig, unhampered by such disadvantage was able to gesticulate, kiss the alter [sic], & make the Sign of the Cross in the air to his heart's ~~???????~~ content, & to the bewildered admiration of Peter Balaam the "server". I am really learning something as a parishioner!

[*Page numbers 192– 199 omitted*]

[200]
Trinity Sunday (continued)

We all went to church for Mattins, when I read the lessons, and the Guinea-pig, Porter, preached on the subject of the Festival – the doctrine of the Trinity. It was another naively medieval diatribe, which must have flustered the modest wits of his rustic hearers, mainly women and children. He went through the "Athanasian" creed, which, rather surprisingly had been (illegally) omitted, and exhorted the people to rehearse it privately, at least once a month, and to commit it to memory! Having done this, they were to make an "act of faith", & thank ~~Him~~ God for the priceless knowledge which Holy Church had been "inspired" to teach in this incomparable formulary! I was irresistibly reminded of Huss's exclamation when he saw the old crone hasting with faggots to his burning. "O sancta simplicitas!" such crones, thus edified, to that kind of zeal, are likely to be the only hearers left to that kind of preaching! But one's heart sinks when one reflects on the inevitable effect on intelligent & thoughtful adolescents, if by chance any should come within earshot. Happily there were no young men in the congregation, and the choir boys & church officers were "inoculated" against injury by ignorance & stupidity!

[201]

I devoted the afternoon to writing letters to

1. Dick
2. Sir John Tilley
3. The Provost of Bury S. Edmund's
4. Prebendary Wynne-Willson
5. D^{r} A. W. Oxford
6. Archdeacon Donaldson

There was no "wireless" at 1 p.m. and 6 p.m. for the precious machine inexplicably refused to work, and we ~~xxxx~~ were left to the belated intelligence of the "Sunday Times", and the "Observer". Both were rather depressing. Evidently, they are working up for a considerable debate in the House of Commons on Crete. The strikes in the U.S.A. are distinctly alarming. In the munitions factory the Nazi conspirators can do vast injury to Great Britain with small risk to themselves. There are symptoms of a reaction in America against the facile & overwhelming dominance of the President; and Nazi propaganda, increasing and mendacious, is far more effective than it might reasonably have been supposed that now, after so many revelations of its character and method it could have been outside Germany.

<!090641>
[202]
Monday, June 9th, 1941.

British and Free French forces have entered Syria, & are being supported by the R.A.F. Shall we succeed better in Syria, than in Norway, Belgium, Greece, and Crete? Even the most patriotically optimistic among us must begin to feel a certain anxiety. We must, perforce, follow Asquith's sapient counsel. "Wait and see"!

We essayed to play croquet, but had hardly begun our game before the rain compelled us to give over.

Then, I tried to write something autobiographical, but made no progress.

<!100641>
Tuesday, June 10th, 1941.

The rain continues, not steady or violent, but like that which Israel's philosopher compares to the continuous irritation of a nagging female – a persistent dropping.
~~I donned my mackintosh, and walked for half an hour on xxxxx before dinner~~. The "wireless" machine is still "off duty".

The "Times" publishes a rather fierce letter from Lord Wolmer denouncing Hore-Belisha for his attack on the Government, and suggesting that, if anybody ought to hang for the disaster in Crete, it is none other [than?] himself, since he was the War-Minister who left us so miserably equipped with weapons!

<!110641>
[203]
Wednesday, June 11th, 1941.

Sir Humphrey Milford writes from Oxford:-

> 9th June, 1941.
>
> My dear Bishop,
>
> I have now (with some delays due to a succession of visitors) read the whole of the new instalment (returned under separate cover by registered post): it continues to interest me continuously – you are such a stormy petrel! Surely you must have far back some Irish blood as wherever there is a row there you are on the spot. It all makes excellent and to me exciting reading.
>
> Just occasionally I think you might shorten, but not often and not much: an instance occurred at the very beginning of this instalment – the two letters about the Westminster Canonry; and I could, I think spare some of the American notes – perhaps this is because I do not much like the Americans as a nation! (Nor do you).
>
> The question of length is indeed difficult. I suggest that you continue in this style and on this scale until you reach 1917, then send in the whole to "cast off", and after that let us meet on one of your London visits and discuss possibilities.
>
> Please continue. Do not think of stopping.
>
> Yours very sincerely
>
> H Milford
>
> P.S. I am on your side in most of your crusades but emphatically not in your attitude to feminism as far as you have sketched it. After your eloquent tribute to your wife I am surprised at you! Women could not have made a worse mess of the world than men have.

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[205]

> Had Dr Johnson written his own life, in conformity with the opinion which he has given, that every man's life may be best written by himself; had he employed, in the preservation of his own history, that clearness of narration and elegance of language in which he has embalmed so many eminent persons, the world would probably have had the most perfect example of biography that was ever exhibited . . . . . Indeed, I cannot conceive a more perfect mode of writing any man's life, than not only relating all the most important events of it in their order, but interweaving what

> he privately wrote, and said, and thought, by which mankind are enabled as it were to see him live, and to "live o'er each scene" with him, as he actually advanced through the several stages of his life.

v. Boswell. Life of Johnson ed. Birrell p1. 5.

[206]

The Prime Minister made a vigorous, and effective reply to the criticisms of the conduct of the Cretan campaign, but the perturbation of the public mind remains. If the sufficient explanation of the disaster in Crete must be found in our shortage of munitions, and of the extreme difficulty of transport, what guarantee is there that these fatal disadvantages have been, or are in process of being, removed? The P.M. was on this matter more nebulous than satisfying.

Ella and Fearne went off to another parochial Sanhedrin, gathered to debate the solemn & perplexing mysteries of making jam without sugar, & keeping respectable order in the dances of convalescent soldiers from the local hospital and flappers from the parish!

I walked for two hours round Chattisham, & across the fields, and on my return returned to Milford the answer set out in the letter, here recorded.

I am afraid that the obsessing interests of this fearful war will destroy any possibility of success for my Autobiography which it could in the most favourable circumstances have possessed, and this in no circumstances could have been more than meagre. "The times are out of joint".

[207]

June 11th, 1941.

Mr dear Sir Humphrey,

I am greatly bound to you by the care & thought which you have bestowed on the poor stuff, and I am well content to follow your counsel. The circumstances in which my consecration to the Bishopric of Hereford, on Feb 2nd, 1918, took place were highly abnormal, and gave a stormy send-off to my Episcopate. They may well thought to bisect [sic] the record of my ministry. I will complete the story up to the day of my Consecration, and send it on. I am rather anxious to have published my own narrative of those hectic weeks, as there have already appeared narratives (e.g. in Bell's Life of Davidson) which do not wholly satisfy me. My Journal at that time was very carefully written, & strictly contemporary with the events.

I am me judice the most placable and peace-loving being that ever carried **[208]** but the occasions of conflict have "sprung out" at me in such wise that I could not ignore or escape them. Not the instincts of ancestral Hibernian pugnacity, but the

necessities of my actual situation, and the cursedness of the times have stamped me with the ill-sounding reputation of a “stormy petrel”.

Again thanking you,

I am
Ever sincerely yours
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop

Sir Humphrey Milford

I think that my mind is not quite made up as to the actual character of the book I intend to reproduce, whether a singular volume work which shall have some literary quality or a more elaborate work which would constitute something which would in effect be my Apology for a stormy and faithless career, which has left me at its close in a position of enigmatic isolation. I am in danger of “falling between two stools”.

<!120641>
[209]
Thursday, June 12th, 1941.

I received a formal reply from the local Committee to the effect that "after a full investigation of all the circumstances," the Committee have decided that James "should not be treated as a market garden worker for the purposes of the schedule of reserved occupations". What is to happen to the garden? I was not surprized, for the need of more men for the Army has become menacingly urgent; but I am much puzzled as to my best course. If I were not personally so incompetent, I might do something myself, but it is unfortunately but too evident that, as a working gardener, I am not worth much!

We played croquet for an hour after lunch, and then we entertained a tea-party – Mr Hinde and his sisters from Ipswich, and two old sisters, named Barnard. They were shown my study, and manifested much interest in Nancy's wonderful biography in photographs, which she presented me on my Birthday some years ago. By the time we had come to the end of our "entertainment", the weather had worsened, it came on to rain, and our guests took their departure.

I paid bills, worked at the Autobiography, and sent off my letter to Milford: Voila tout!

<!130641>
[210]
Friday, June 13th, 1940.

The weather continues to be unseasonably cold. But, as the day advanced, the temperature rose, and when I lost my way, while walking after lunch, I found it almost uncomfortably warm. This county is extraordinarily perplexing to a stranger, for the roads turn & twist in the most baffling manner, and there ae but few obvious landmarks. Even the parish churches are so embosomed in trees that they give the pedestrian slight assistance, and, now that the War has obliterated the sign-posts, there are hardly any other guides, Moreover, the rural population is either in the fighting forces, or out on the fields, and ^consequently^ there is almost complete absence of humanity, so that oral directions are unobtainable.

I spent more time on the Autobiography, but with woefully small result. My voluminous Journal both delays my advance, and confuses my purpose. It is far too detailed for public reading, and too often far too scandalously frank for publication. Probably, my best course would be to arrange a penitential Auto da Fé in the garden, & therein make a Christian end to a most unchristian compilation. But to do this goes against my parental instincts!

<!140641>
[211]
Saturday, June 14th, 1941.

A dull day, chilly and yet inclined to be stuffy.

I occupied myself with the Autobiography, and, in connexion with it, read Prestige's Life of Bishop Gore. It is well-arranged, and well-written, but has the grave fault of almost indiscriminating sympathy, and admiration This is so obviously the result of the author's personal acceptance of Gore's conception of Anglicanism, and method of enforcing orthodoxy, that it is hardly censurable: but it is nevertheless a grave fault. Gore had splendid gifts and a noble character. He was almost morbidly conscientious and was betrayed by his conscience into really serious violation of fundamental morality. He was hard, overbearing, and unscrupulous in his treatment of individuals, whom he regarded as "insincere" because their "liberal" departure from orthodox tradition did not precisely coincide with his own. He was boundlessly energetic, and an indefatigable wirepuller. Indeed, in his temper and methods, he reminds me of the leaders of the "Counter-Reformation". Hence his calculated versatility which captivated "all sorts & conditions of men", and hence also his "remorselessness" in crushing individuals.

[212]

When Gore was Bishop of Birmingham, I visited the city, and was entertained by Sir Oliver Lodge. Our conversation ~~xx~~ turned on the Bishop, and I remember being much impressed by an observation which my host made about him. "When the Bishop first came to Birmingham", he said, "he took us by storm. We never imagined that an Anglican Bishop could be so liberal, many-sided and friendly. But, after awhile [sic], we discovered that these ~~xx~~ attractive qualities were only the façade of a very different kind of man than they seemed to disclose. We seemed to come up against a brick-wall in his mind, through which we could never penetrate". The "brick-wall" was, I imagine, what Gore himself called "principle", but which was really nothing better than a fanatically cherished opinion of his own, which he would neither examine nor discuss. He does not appear to have seriously thought-out what precisely is meant by an "historical fact". It cannot mean anything conceivably happening, but only such things as History certifies to have happened. The "historical statements" in the creed cannot be accepted as such unless the evidence for this happening is in the judgment of historians (not philosophers or theologians) adequate.

<!150641>
[213]
1st Sunday after Trinity, June 15th, 1941.

We all attended Mattins when I read the lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. Porter ministered the clergy to the 9 communicants, and the Rector himself preached the sermon. His text was "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith", and his subject was the bearing of creed on conduct. Every article had a practical value, for Christianity was dynamic. He would illustrate by that article which some people objected against, the Virgin-Birth of Jesus. The power was proved by the multitude of churches, including many cathedrals which had been dedicated to the B. V. M. He had himself lived under the shadow of one, Durham Cathedral. The Benedictines who built it , took the three vows which were illustrated by the B. V. M. – poverty ~~faith~~, chastity, & obedience. It was just a hundred years since sisterhoods had been established in the Church of England, & now England was covered with communities of men & women bound by their vows. This rigmarole, as sapless as it was incoherent, lasted for 20 minutes: & then ended. "The hungry sheep look up and are not fed." And it was delivered with the plusquam pontifical dogmatism of a Popish priest laying down the law for the guidance of ignorant Irish peasants!

[214]

I wrote letters to Dick, Grant Robertson, & Ferens.

The more I read of Prestige's[5] book, the more confirmed is my belief, that the dominating influence in our ecclesiastical government during the first two decades of this century was that of a little company of Oxford men, Tractarians, of whom the leaders were Talbot and Gore. They had Paget, Ingram, Lock, & Illingworth as lieutenants, and kept a firm hand on Davidson, who disliked and distrusted them much, but dreaded them more. Gore did not scruple to bully the timorous Primate by threatening to resign, whenever he seemed likely to be thwarted. My consecration was more of a battle than I had supposed. Gore did his utmost to persuade the bishops to join him in opposition, and threatened to resign from the episcopate when his protest was unavailing. 'Talbot & other theologians were strongly of opinion that a definite charge of heresy wd be extremely difficult to sustain". It is plain to me that ~~he~~ Gore eagerly jumped at the opportunity of escaping from a false position which Davidson provided by cunningly getting me to sign, though with my own amendment, the ambiguous letter which he himself had drafted.

[5] George L. Prestige, *The life of Charles Gore: a great Englishman* (London, 1935).

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[215]
Monday, June 16th, 1941.

A glorious day, and the country under the bright sun showing resplendent in the wealth of its summer garments!

I laboured at the Autobiography, which becomes embarrassingly difficult as I draw toward the crowning collision with Gore over my consecration, and the curious problem of our personal relations. In some respects we were curiously alike, and in none more apparently ^so^ than in our freedom from venom in conflict. We both succeeded in combining an almost fierce public strife with an almost extravagant private affection; and yet we were temperamentally discordant, and we moved towards different objectives: He was an institutionalist to the finger tips, I was an individualist. He inclined to Authority, I to liberty. His true home, though he never actually crossed its portal, was the Roman Church; mine was – what?

Both of us were Quixotically sincere; and both of us suffered for the excesses of those whom we Quixotically defended.

[216]

The Times announces the death of Philip Usher, who at one time edited the church Quarterly and was one of Headlam's chaplains. In that capacity I first made his personal acquaintance, and we had some occasional correspondence, I certainly liked him, though I could not share his devotion to Eastern ecclesiastics, who are, I think, valued in England rather for their polemical utility in the continuing strife with Rome, than for any merits of their own. They impress me as crafty, ignorant, fanatical, greedy, & physically rather repulsive, but I suspect that I should have found all these unattractive adjectives even more plainly suitable in a description of the eminent ecclesiastics of the "primitive church". When one gets to grips with the Christianity of the first 6 centuries – that venerable epoch which good Anglicans accept as their Model of Faith & discipline – one finds it quite disgusting, intellectually and morally! But, "distance lends enchantment to the view", and most of us only see in the past what we want to see!

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[217]
Tuesday, June 17th, 1941.

Another glorious day! After an early breakfast, Ella and Fearne went off to London for no intelligible reason that I could discover. It was just a case of "Sic volo sic jubeo!" and we still prate of the "equality of the sexes!"

I called on Woodbridge, and sate with him for more than an hour in his garden which is glorious in opulent and various beauty. He did not seem to having [sic] one of his good days but became more cheerful as we talked, and, before, I left him, had caused a bundle of asparagus to be placed in my car. "You will endanger the purity of my motives in coming to see you, if you do that sort of thing", I observed to him as we parted.

Ella and Fearne came back from London in time for dinner, and reported an active & interesting day. They had carried out their programme without hitch, and had seen the relations, and gazed on the ruins. In their absence, I walked to the post, and had some conversation with the postmaster, an ex-soldier, who served in the last War and then succeeded his father as Postmaster.

<!180641>
[218]
Wednesday, June 18th, 1941.

Another very hot day. The Times reports the death of Dr Whittingham, the late Bishop of this diocese. He was in his 79th year, and had only retired from active duty a few months ago. He was a skilled entomologist, & an excellent man of business. He did much useful work on Committees, both as Archdeacon & then as Diocesan. Ecclesiastically, he was a rather old-fashioned Protestant, and, therefore, was belittled by the "Catholick clergy, among whom the Rector of this parish must be counted. He went out of his way to express deference to his Bishop, whom he names in the Communion Office, but whom, none the less, he never lost an opportunity of denigrating. He was not either intellectually distinguished or devotionally prominent, but he worked hard at his task, and did his duty faithfully so far as he could see & understand it. He received us with much kindness on our arrival in the diocese, and we shall certainly regret his death.

I wasted much time on the Autobiography but with strangely small result. The task becomes increasingly difficult.

<!190641>
[219]
Thursday, June 19th, 1941.

The Nazis have scored yet another victory. This morning comes the news of the Treaty of Friendship between Germany and Turkey, negotiated by the notorious & case-hardened rogue, von Papen. It is stated that Great Britain has been informed of the whole course of the negotiations. The knowledge of this very considerable diplomatic defeat may perhaps explain the ominously gloomy language which has been employed both by the Prime Minister & by the Colonial Premiers, not to say also ^by^ the Americans. It may also go some way towards explaining the increasingly vigour of the Vichy resistance in Syria. I fear that de Gaulle* & his "Free Frenchmen" will be found as useless as the Emigres in the French Revolution. Once join the foreigners, and France will have no dealings with Frenchmen! Everything turns on our ability to hold on for this year, that is, until the U. S. A. can really come effectively into the War, and, in order to hold Britain, the doubt begins to grow in one's mind as to our ability to keep our position in the Mediterranean, if Suez, Egypt & Gibraltar are lost, what becomes of the British Empire?

[220]

The hot weather continues. I worked at the Autobiography. I find that Kikuyu was more considerable than I had realized. It brought the two episcopal zealots into the field against me – Gore of Oxford and Weston of Zanzibar. Both have had their views very fully & sympathetically set forth in flatterous biographies by admiring friends – Gore by Prestige and Weston by Maynard Smith. There is also Bell's careful record of the whole episode from the Lambeth point of view. It is certainly high time that the central criminal should also have his case stated, and since he has no admiring friend who will put hand to the business, the poor man must undertake it himself, if it is to be presented at all!

A pleasant-looking young lady named Mrs Moore, who lives on the Chattisham Road was the solitary member of the Sewing Sanhedrin which met in the smoking-room, and she stayed to play croquet, &, though she disclaimed acquaintance with the game, shewed by her performance that she had some acquaintance with athletics. She had straight legs, a free motion, and graceful carriage. She lives near enough to be accessible.

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[221]
Friday, June 20th, 1941.

The brilliant weather continues, and, though rather too warm, is very delectable. Birds and flowers make the garden dangerously alluring! If only the cloud of public apprehension could be removed, & we could look forward to the future with some reasonable confidence we might still find some happiness in this poor battered world, for, let Hitler & his villainous crew shout their loudest & lie their brazenest, it is the fact & they will have to learn that it affects them nearly, that "The Earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof", not the "swag" of a gang of beastly & brutal bandits! They are the deputies and instruments of that vile usurper who is called "The Prince of this World", & is so far successful that he can plausibly say as he contemplates the glittering fabric of civilization "the Kingdoms of the World" – "It hath been delivered unto me; & to whomsoever I will I give it". But He who repulsed his impudent advances in the wilderness is still with us, & still maintains His contemptuous protest. It is a strengthening and exalting assurance that, in resisting Hitler & his fellows unto death, we are renewing our Master's warfare, & shall in due time renew His victory.

<!210641>
[222]
Saturday, June 21st, 1941.

The wonderful summer weather still holds. It makes one very reluctant to stay indoors & work! However, I did continue to labour at the dreadful "Autobiography", where I am sill immersed in the Kikuyu controversy. It would have led to some legal conflict, if it had not been arrested by the outbreak of the Great War. That terrific crisis broke on the nation when the forces of disruption which had been gathering volume for some time seemed on the verge of violent explosion. The epidemic of strikes in England, the imminence of Civil Strife in Ireland, the domestic feuds of the Church all appeared to be passing out of control; and then all were dwarfed into triviality by the shock of War – unknown in character, unlimited in rage. The vainglorious ambition of the German Empire wrecked one Empire, and saved another. The Empire of Germany sank in the exhaustion of defeat; the Empire of Britain gained the unity of patriotic self-consciousness in the exhaustion of victory. Time alone could disclose the full meaning of its experience to either combatant. Both would make some surprising discoveries.

[223]

I received a letter from Jack Clayton. He adds a P.S. – "I hope you will complete your Autobiography at no distant date." But I wonder what notion of its character he has. The more I toil at it, the more sceptical I become as to its worthwhileness. Who cares now for the details of an unimportant person in an obscure lot, who achieved nothing, save for the public odium which, from time to time, he drew down on himself in the interest of causes for which the public has long since ceased to care? I cannot see where any readers are to be reasonably looked for, since the record can assist no cause, and must run counter to some interests. If I were writing "Confessions", designing, by the disclosure of my own spiritual experience, to provide an explanation, which might even constitute an Apology, for my public course, I think my task would be easier, and the result more intelligible and interesting. But for that a man must be more saintly than I am, and less immersed in egotistic concentration. As it is, I am shut up to the wearisome trivialities of a career which was never central in sphere, nor distinguished in achievement, nor attractive in type!!

<!220641>
[224]
2nd Sunday after Trinity, June 22nd, 1941.

Another glorious day. It is difficult to remember that this foul War is wasting the world night & day always under the unremitting observation of the Almighty Judge: before whose 'bar severe' all men, & all they are and do, must finally be appraised and sentenced. And always this mass & ever multiplying violence of suffering lies 'naked and laid open' before the Eyes of the All Compassionate Creator, whose 'delight is with the sons of men'!

The news came on the wireless at 9 a.m. that Hitler, by another prodigious perfidy, has invaded Russia, covering his aggression by another smoke screen of lying.

I travelled to Liverpool Street by a train, which left Ipswich at 10.5 a.m. and reached its destination shortly before 1 p.m. Then I drove through the woefully shattered City to the Athenaeum, & there lunched. Sitting next to me was a pleasant man, who, in the course of conversation, said that he had been Head-master of a school in Sydney, & was now engaged in Government work here. He was evidently a man of academic distinction & of independent opinions. We had some interesting talk about Australia.

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After lunch I wrote to Dick, and then had some conversation with Lord [Henry] Snell,* who has a dejected appearance. He has been bombed out of his house, and lost all his books and papers. We discussed the present leaders of the Labour Party. He said that Attlee was intelligent, & honest, but had no personal imagination. He could not be a great leader. Herbert Morrison & Bevin had no adequate education. He could not see among the younger men any who seemed likely to develope [*sic*] into leaders.

The S. John's service in the Abbey was attended by a large number of nurses in uniform. I was assured that as many as 850 were present. They sang the hymns very effectively. My sermon did not seem, so far as I could judge, to "grip" the congregation. I was not comfortable in preaching for my prolonged experiences with the dentist have not been altogether successful: and the heat was rather exhausting both for preacher & congregation. A taxi waited for me after service, and I went to Liverpool Street, & took the 8.50 p.m. train for Ipswich. There I was met by my ladies with the car, and so got home a few minutes after 10 p.m.

<!230641>
[226]
Monday, June 23rd, 1941.

The Times announces the death of L. J. Percival.* He was 5½ years my junior. As the son of my predecessor in the Bishoprick of Hereford, he came into personal contact with me when I became Bishop: and we became friends, and met frequently when I was in London for preaching. He was a considerable athlete, and a close friend of Budworth,* also so to be described. His devotion to his father always impressed me as both deep and admirable. My "table round" of comrades is rapidly emptying.

The Prime Minister lost no time in making known the British attitude towards this surprising development of the War. Britain will support Russia against Hitler to her utmost capacity. Every opponent of Hitler can count on Britain's help. Germany appears to have made a successful start by bombing the Russian aerodromes. I fear that Russia's ineptitude and fumbling hustle will be found quite helpless against the victory-flushed hordes of Germany: we may well have to witness her swift and complete collapse. And, then, I suppose it will be our turn.

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Sir Humphrey Milford writes to say that the Oxford Unity [*sic*] Press "have just acquired the Home Univ: Library", and has heard that I "had agreed to write a book on the English Bible" for the Series.

> "I do not know how far this has gone, or whether you still have it in mind to write it. This is only to say that we will of course gladly take over your contract, & shall welcome the book if it ever arrives."

I wrote to say that I had signed nothing. & doubted if I should be able to "honour the bill", if I had. The "Autobiography" must take precedence of everything.

Also, I repeated to Sir Ernest Benn* my refusal to contribute a Tract to his Individualist series.

Also, I declined a request from Canon Browne that I would write an Article for some diocesan publication.

In every case I made reference to the disabling disadvantage of my failing eyesight. The fact is certain, and the excuse grounded on it is valid. I cannot afford to fritter away on side-shows such working power as remains to me.

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> He recommended me to keep a Journal of my life, full and unreserved. He said it would be a very good exercise, & would yield me great satisfaction when, the particulars were faded from my remembrance …… He counselled me to keep it

> private, & said I might surely have a friend who would burn it in case of my death. From this habit I have been enabled to give the world so many anecdotes which would otherwise have been lost to posterity. I mentioned that I was afraid to put into my journal too many little incidents. Johnson, 'There is nothing, Sir, too little for so little a creature as man. It is by studying little things that we attain the great art of having as little misery and as much happiness as possible.'
>
> Boswell's Johnson, ed. Birrell. ii. 97-8.

The Prime Minister's vigourous statement about Russia appears to have been well received throughout both the British Empire and the United States. Turkey has declared her neutrality, and Finland is said to be intending to do the same.

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[229]
Tuesday, June 24th, 1941.

The wonderful weather continues, and the croquet lawn is going brown. Also the patriotic potatoes are visibly wilting!

A foul little white insect on the leaves of the two copper-beeches, on whose apparent vigour I had allowed myself to rejoice, threatens their destruction.

I worked at the Autobiography, but with small effect. My beastly Journal impedes by its bulk more than it assists by its information. If it were stored for 2 centuries, and then published in extenso, it would, perhaps, interest the curious as a revelation of a long-vanished phase of English life, but for a generation obsessed by the tragically urgent problems of survival in a world of exploding bombs & littered with 'scraps of paper', it is inconceivable that any sane person can be bothered to read such a record as could be produced by such a man as I am!

We played croquet for an hour after tea.

I am completely at a loss to know how to preach to the boys of Edward VI. School at St Edmundsbury on July 3rd, and then there is the sermon on S. Peter's Day at Hedenham church. These "side-shows" of intermittent preaching are suicidal!

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[230]
Wednesday, June 25th, 1941.

Another very hot-day, expended (uselessly) on the Autobiography, and relieved (exhaustingly) by croquet!

I received a long letter from that valourous martyr, May, Countess of Limerick,* who has been bombed.

The news from Japan and Spain is uncomfortable, & rather looks like fresh accretions to Hitler's forces from those countries – the one cynically pagan, the other brutally papist! There is, I suspect, deeper repugnance than, perhaps, is generally recognized against our association with the bloody Atheism of the Soviets: and Goebells with his gang may be trusted to make the most of it. The news from the Nazi-Soviet war suggests much violent fighting, but, of course, the High Commands have only mendacity in common. In all the arts and crafts of "Total War", the Nazis are superior, and they are flushed with pride of almost continuous victory. On the other hand, the mere fact that the Russians are putting up a considerable resistance must compel them to lose planes, waste oil and ammunition, and lose whatever supplies they had been receiving from and through Russia.

Sir Stafford Cripps has returned to Moscow with the prestige of a Privy Counsellor.

<!260641>
[231]
Thursday, June 26th, 1941.

Rather cooler morning after a hot night.

Hodder-Williams asks for a recent photograph in order that he may adorn the little sermon-book with a "medallion head & shoulders for the wrapper". I sent him the only two which Fearne could unearth – both repulsive! He says that he is about to send me proofs. I hope he will be as good as his word: for the publication without revision of proofs is indeed terrifying.

I expended the morning on composing a sermon for next Sunday.

I finished a sermon for S. Peter's Day when the parish church at Hedenham observes its Patronal Festival, & I have undertaken to be the preacher.

It is humiliating to discover how great is the difficulty I find in preparing such trivial things as a short sermon to school-boys. My elaborate mode of composition clothes what I say with a deterrent coldness, and must be most repugnant to such youthful auditors: & my lack of [*inserted above* the ordinary] puerile experiences hinders me from such a measure of sympathetic understanding of their point of view, as a normal man, even as old as I am, may be assumed to possess.

<!270641>
[232]
Friday, June 27th, 1941.

The summer weather still holds, but there are apprehensive murmurs about an imminent drought.

Lord Scarbrough writes pleasantly:-

> "From a letter from one of those present [at the S. John's service in the Abbey last Sunday] I quote the following:
>
> > "Hensley Henson gave us a wonderful sermon, & I think most of the congregation were able to hear it, except a few, perhaps, behind the pulpit."
>
> I understand that the whole nave was a solid block of our people ….. 21 Park Lane got a bomb just in front of the door in the last big raid, and is uninhabitable, & much damage to furniture, etc. So alas the prophet's chamber & other happy memories are passed and gone.

Sir Humphrey Milford writes:

> "I do hope, very sincerely, that your eyesight lasts out, not only for the Autobiography and the Warburton Lectures, but the Home University Library book as well."

I wish I could share his hope.

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I wasted the morning in reading my Journal for the years, 1915 – 1916, when the so-called National Mission was organized and carried through. It brought me again into direct conflict with the "official" policy of the Hierarchy. At that time I criticized the fatuous superstition which gave wide currency to a trumped-up story, afterwards proved to be a journalistic invention, of an intervention by Angels in aid of the retreating British troops: and, generally, I opposed what I called "episcopal prayer-wheels". I earned for myself some public denunciation by preaching against what was described as 'Reprisals', and the inculcation of hatred against the [*sic*] Germany. I published a volume of 'War-time Sermons', which was highly approved by persons whose judgment I respected, & strongly condemned by others, whom mainly I despised.

We motored to Bury St Edmund's, & attended the Memorial service for the late Bishop. There was a smaller congregation than I had expected. After the service, we had tea in the Provost's House, and then returned to Hintlesham. The weather, though hot, was comparatively "fresh".

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[234]
Saturday, June 28th, 1941.

The morning is fine, but the day is cooler.

I spent the morning in going through the volume of the St Margaret's, Westminster, Parish Journal, which Fearne unearthed, rather belatedly, last night. It is so rich in autobiographical material that I fear it is requisite to devote a chapter to my ministry in St Margaret's. I discovered with surprise that on October 23rd,1901, I preached in S. Mary-le-Tower, Ipswich, to the members of the St Luke's Guild, and included the sermon in the November issue of the Parochial Magazine. A serious attempt to write a narrative of one's life with the aid of a Journal, regularly kept, is certainly a disproof of anything that depends solely on unaided memory.

We went to Ipswich, and lunched pleasantly with General Massey Lloyd and his daughter. Colonel and Mrs Hutchinson made up the party. He had met Jim in India on the hunting field at Ootacamund. Incidentally, the General said that he was 74 years old, & thus my junior by 4 years. Neither of the two soldiers has much confidence in the military quality of the Russian, but both acknowledge that their knowledge of it is too slight to authorize a judgment.

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[235]
3rd Sunday after Trinity, June 29th, 1941. S. Peter's Day.

While I was in my bath I had a "brain-wave" which suggested the lines on which I might frame a sermon for the boys of King Edward's Grammar School, Bury St Edmund's, who keep their annual Festival next Thursday. They are privileged to belong to a Foundation which is linked with the Early A.S. Church (St Edmund), with the Medieval Church (the ruins of the Great Monastery, which surrounds them in Bury), with the Reformation (Edward VI,) and with the Modern World (Education). And the moral to be drawn is that History ought to be particularly important in their studies & interests. Some specific illustrations of the value of History as the discipline of national character might be found in ancient Greece, modern Scotland and Switzerland, and modern Russia (where the absence of an ancient & inspiring tradition has been painfully disclosed by their brutal arrogance and ethical backwardness.) I might, perhaps, indicate my view of Sir Robert Vansittart's "Black Record". It exaggerates a truth so grossly as to obscure its real importance. Of nations, as of men, the saying holds, "To know all is to pardon all".

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We left the house at 8.50 a.m., and motored to Hedenham, where the patronal Festival of the parish was being observed. The little rural parish has less than 300 inhabitants. The Rector, ~~Arthur~~ [*corrected to* Gordon *in different hand?*] Paget is a Durham man, a friend of Culley, & a discipulus of Moulsdale at St Chad's. The church is an interesting building of the 13th & 14th centuries, with an elaborate Font, & some 15th centuries [*sic*] windows. The service was shortened Mattins, followed by the Eucharist and a sermon. I preached from the famous Petrine text, "Thou art Peter", but not polemically, save for an unavoidable repudiation of the Popish misuse of the words. After the service we lunched at the Rectory. This is a very commodious building surrounded by ample garden & glebe, & endowed with about £400 p.a.! Of course it is absurdly excessive. The present incumbent is unmarried, & musical. After lunch we went on to Norwich, & attended Evensong in the Cathedral, after which we had tea (sumptuously) with Jack Clayton. The Dean & Mrs Cranage, the Sub-dean (Green), and the Precentor (Thurlow) were also at tea. Then we returned to Hintlesham, and arrived about 7.15 p.m. Fearne drove in masterly fashion.

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[237]
Monday, June 30th, 1941.

Rather colder, and a clouded sky. Depressing. That school sermon hangs about my neck with the unrelenting pressure of the defunct albatross about the Ancient Mariner's!

The D. N. B. has an article on St Edmund by W.B. (The Revd Wm Benham) which states that the royal saint was born in Nuremberg in 841, i.e. just 1100 years ago: that he was adopted as his heir by Offa, king of the East Angles: that he learned his Psalter in the Saxon tongue, & that the book was preserved at St Edmundsbury until the Dissolution of the Monastery by Henry VIII: & that he began to reign on 25 Dec. 855. He was martyred by the Danes on 20 Nov: 870.

> "The tree at which tradition declared Edmund to have been slain stood in the park at Hoxne until 1849, when it fell. In the course of its breaking up an arrow-head was found embedded in its trunk."

I made a beginning of the sermon, but decided that it would not work out satisfactori[al]ly, & tore up what I had written. I wrote to Ernest Henson, and to Derek.

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That King Edward VIth School should be observing Founder's day in the very place where the famous monastery once stood in magnificence, & where its ruins are treasured is a thought-provoking fact.

Finally, I decided to preach from the text which I have handled so frequently on similar occasions, & which lends itself to many local references, Psalm 119. 96, 'I see that all things come to an end, but Thy commandment is exceeding broad.' An allusion to the pulpit in Westminster Abbey which I occupied when preaching to the Red Cross Nurses on June 22nd, and which is said to have been that from which Archbishop Cranmer preached at the Coronation of Edward VI, the "Founder" of the School in S. Edmundsbury, will suffice to give a touch of actuality to my discourse.

The Editor of the Bury Free Press writes to ask for "a duplicate copy" of the MS. of my sermon. It is a modest request, yet I must so far grant it as to send him something in order to protect myself from the mangling of the sermon by his reporters!

<!010741>
[239]
Tuesday, July 1st, 1941.

There was a brief fall of rain about 8 a.m.: but the day developed into sunshine and heat. I wasted the whole morning in composing the School sermon, and, in the afternoon, **I went into Ipswich, & had my hair cut &c.** The artist was loquacious, and, as I gathered from his conversation, was partly a Pole by race. He told me that he was 28 years old. He had a younger sister now living in Switzerland who ^according to his account^ was a miraculous linguist, & was now studying Hebrew. She was employed by the British Government in some "spying" capacity. (This was not his word, but my understanding of it.) She had had only an elementary school education to begin with, but had gone forward by scholarships &c., & been much helped by some prominent folk in England. I suspected that he was a Jewish refugee from Poland or Germany. He commented on the strength of my hair. Instead of being thin & silky, as became my age, it was strong & well-rooted! "The man who had to cut your hair when you were young, must have had a hard job!" He was now living in Ipswich with his wife & children, but didn't like the town. There was no career in hair-cutting. He wished to get to America, where there was a more open road for a man. And so forth.

<!020741>
[240]
Wednesday, July 2nd, 1941.

The news this morning contains some items of interest.

General Wavell becomes C. in C. in India, and is succeeded by General Auchinleck, the present C. in C. This is surprising, and will be disturbing. There must be good reasons for it, but these have not yet been disclosed.

Oliver Lyttelton becomes Minister of State and a member of the War Cabinet. He will be some kind of assistant to Auchinleck.

Old Lord Parmoor* is dead in his 89th year. I was not attracted by him: and he was not trusted or liked either by the Conservatives, whom he deserted, or by the Socialists whom he joined. And he was the father of Sir Stafford Cripps.* Parmoor "swept the board" at Oxford, where he took 4 firsts. He had very strong legal backing, and soon obtained a large & lucrative practice. His first wife was Theresa, sister of Lady Passfield [Beatrice Webb]* & Lady Courtney, by whom he had 4 sons and 1 daughter. It is easy to see how Sir Stafford Cripps came by his political opinions.

I came into contact with him when, as Vicar General, he had to deal[y] with my 'confirmation' as Bishop.

<!030741>
[241]
Thursday, July 3rd, 1941.

A glorious summer day, brilliant, calm, & very hot. The garden cries out for rain. I moralize the self-indulgence of my daily bath by using the water in watering the garden. James was busy at the task when I was shaving.

The Times reports the death of Archie Fleming,* who had but recently retired from his active ministry in London. His church, S. Columba's, Pont Street, was the "spiritual home" of the Scots living in London. He was my junior by about 3 weeks. We were both born in 1863, I in November, he in December. We met frequently in London, mostly in the Athenaeum, where he was often to be found, preparing (as I imagine) his sermons. He drew to me as one, a rara avis among Anglican ecclesiastics, who was willing not only to allow the validity of Presbyterian Ordinations, but also, to receive the Sacrament in Presbyterian churches. But he regarded me as a dangerous temptation to the Scots, who were unwholesomely disposed to have resort to St Margaret's for marriage and worship! However, we were friendly enough, & had much in common.

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He was a typical Scot – industrious, very complaisant to his social superiors, fluent rather than eloquent, pushing, and kindly, intensely devoted to his nation, & disposed to 'magnify his office' as the representative, not of Presbyterianism as such so much as of the Established Kirk of Scotland. He was almost indecently proud of the prominent and titled Scots who were ~~included~~ to be found in his congregation, and vied with the late Sub-Dean [Egar] Sheppard* in the assiduity with which he attended such social & ecclesiastical functions as they [*added above in a different hand?* were] also included. This typical Scottish twist towards "tuft-hunting" amuses even more than it offends me. S. Columba's shares with S. Margaret's and Westminster Abbey the melancholy honour of having been bombed by the Germans. I wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs Fleming.

That admirable and loyal Dunelmian, Cecil Ferens, writes an interesting & affectionate letter. He is now in command of the Durham squadron of A. R. P.

[243]

The car arrived in good time to take me to Bury St Edmunds; and, after lunching pleasantly in the Club with Sir John and Lady Tilly, I went to the Cathedral, where "Founder's day" was being observed by King Edward VI School. The headmaster, Mr Elliott, said that he was born in Bishop Auckland, that when he was a student at Bede College, Braley had brought him and some other students to the Castle, and that I had confirmed him in the Chapel. There was, I was assured, a good congregation, and the boys, to the number of about 140, were conspicuous in it. Sir John Tilley [sic] read the lessons, and I preached from Ps:119. 96. The headmaster begged for the M.S. in order that he might print the sermon in the School magazine. After the service, I had tea with the Provost, and then was motored back to

Hintlesham, where I arrived about 5.30 p.m. Then we played croquet for an hour after listening to the news, and so filled the time before dinner.

[Here, the page numbers jump from 243 to 344. There are no missing pages in the journal]

<!040741>
[344] [sic]
Friday, July 4th, 1941.

There was some rain in the night which mitigated the heat, and freshened the country.

I received a long self-exculpatory letter from Charles Nye, which, however, leaves me dissatisfied. He desires my support of his candidature for appointment to the Headmastership of the Choir School at Lichfield. This, no doubt, is the real reason for his writing!

~~Salter~~ The Publisher sends me ~~the~~ Salter's booklet, "An Englishman's Faith", in which some of the "War-time Talks" which he (Salter*) wrote for the local newspaper have been collected". The publisher, "Frederick Muller Ltd" sends with it a note in which he says anglingly:-

> May I say that I am very happy to be thus in touch with you again after so many years, for while I was with my old firm, Methuen, I remember we had several links, although you would not have known me personally.

Methuen published my first two books viz "Light and Leaven" in 1897; and "Apostolic Christianity", in 1898. Both were, from the publisher's point of view complete failures!

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Mr Saward, the Bank Manager, has been bereaved of his son, a youth of 20, by a fatal accident when flying. I wrote to sympathize with him in what must needs be a heavy stroke of trouble.

Also I wrote to Charles Nye telling him that he might give my name as a reference.

Also, I wrote to Ruth Spooner, indicating my melancholy surprize at the lack of fortitude which marks the behaviour of his family with respect to Richard's [Richard Inge*] death. It reminds me of Chrysostom's protest against the excessive grief which the Christians of his day expressed at the death of their friends, to the scandal of the Christians of Antioch, who shewed greater fortitude under their own bereavements although, unlike their Christian contemporaries they had no comfortable assurance of resurrection. It was observed that during the last war, Christians, &, among them, notably the clergy, exhibited less fortitude under bereavement, than non-Christians. Why?

We had tea with Sir Gerald Ryan, who was reclining on a sofa in the garden, and evidently much improved in his health. Derek turned up at the same time.

<!050741>
[346]
Saturday, July 5th, 1941.

Another warm day. The proofs of "Last Words arrived from Hodder & Stoughton. They make up a meagre booklet of 142 pages. I wasted the morning in reading them, & found them ever duller than I had feared. They cannot possibly interest anybody, unless indeed the world is fuller of noodles than I have commonly thought!

Two of the Cousinhood came to tea – Colonel Smith and Archie Parker Smith – and they discoursed with animation & persistence on the features & fortunes of the Cousinhood. Ella & Fearne were absent when they arrived, and I was at the end of my conversational tether, when, happily, they returned, & took up their accordant parable with zest.

I read through the sermon, which I preached at Hedenham, & revised it for use tomorrow. It can hardly be thought inappropriate to deal with the Petrine Text on the octave of S. Peter's Festival, though the rustics of Kedington may well wonder what their concern with it can be! Probably a little extemporaneous talk would please them more, and even do them more good!

<!060741>
[347]
4th Sunday after Trinity, July 6th, 1941.

I wrote to Dick, and sent him a report of my sermon in Bury St Edmonds, which appeared in the local paper.

Fearne and I united our corrections of the Proof. The punctuation, which is completely chaotic, I left alone, save for a few errors & omissions which endangered the sense.

Then Ella and I went to church, where I read the lessons at Mattins, and celebrated the Holy Communion.

Moulsdale was in a state of high jubilation. As soon as I appeared in the vestry he poured out the glorious news that "Richard, our Bishop" had accepted a gift of cope, mitre &c from a body of subscribing clergy in the diocese! The information was coldly received by the late Bishop of Durham.

"Indeed", observed his lordship, "I am sorry & surprized. I thought the bishop had more sense."

The ground has hardly settled down on the grave of his Lordship, Richard's predecessor, before he lends himself to a procedure which cannot but be, and certainly will be interpreted, as a deliberate insult to his memory. If the fact be as Moulsdale affirmed, I must revise my estimate of the ~~Bp of~~ Bishop.

<!070741>
[348]
Monday, July 7th, 1941.

We motored to Kedington, and had tea in the Rectory before going to the glorious church for Evensong. I was startled to find that most of my congregation consisted of the Home Guard, men in khaki. My sermon was, of course, dismally inappropriate, so, while retaining the text, & a few more or less suitable passages, I put it aside, and preached extempore, a procedure which I heartily dislike. And here I blundered by assuming that the Home Guard was composed of young men, whereas many, perhaps most of them are grizzled ancients!

However they listened very attentively, and the Rector (who had been the guilty cause of my failures) was copious in assurances that my sermon had been everything that such a sermon should be!

Incidentally, he told me that he had received a circular, signed by Moulsdale & the Provost, inviting contributions towards the cost of providing mitre, cope etc. for the new Bishop. Evidently, Moulsdale engineered the whole foolish business, & has succeeded in almost forcing the diocese into the "Catholick" camp.

[349]

July 7th, 1941.

My dear Bishop,

When I appeared in the vestry of Hintlesham Church yesterday, the ~~Bishop~~ Rector was bursting with the news that "Richard, our Bishop" has accepted a gift of mitre etc. from his clergy." He really seemed to think that the Kingdom had been notably advanced! And last night when I was preaching at Kedington, the rector told me that he, and presumably the other incumbents, had received a circular from Moulsdale and the Provost, inviting contributions to the cost of the gift.

I did not know whether it was the mentality of the clergy, or the complaisance of the Diocesan, or the successful tactics of Moulsdale that most moved my wonder. Indeed, I was rather startled by all three. That in this grim time the thoughts of Christian Ministers (not to say also, **[350]** considering patriots) should turn to such a matter as the ceremonial clothing of their Bishop, distressed me, and I was not a little offended that, before the earth can have well settled over the ~~grave~~ coffin of Bishop Whittingham, they should agree together to do something which they knew would have been disapproved by him, and which could not but be interpreted as a reflection on his episcopate.

Frankly, I am sorry, and disappointed, though, of course, neither my grief nor my disappointment has the slightest importance; and there is no doubt that Moulsdale and his type will be vastly pleased.

Always sincerely,

H. Hensley Henson
Bishop.

The Lord Bishop of
S^{t} Edmundsbury & Ipswich,
Ipswich

[351]

I wrote to Donaldson inquiring what might be the reason why I had received no income from the Westminster canonry on account of my residence last April. What would be my position in the matter of the super-tax?

The bound volumes which I designed as gifts to the Dean & M^{rs} de Labilliere, having arrived, I wrote into them suitable inscriptions, and covering letters. Fearne packed the volumes, and sent them off.

The proofs of "Last Words" were returned to Hodder & Stoughton in a registered letter.
Ella & Fearne went off to see the giggling female's rabbits. I remained in my study.
We attended the public meeting in the parish Hall at 8 p.m., to consider the question of protecting the crops against fire in the event of "enemy action". The Rector provided [?] with his usual fumbling ineptitude, assisted by his increasing deafness. There were about a [?] of men attended, & a few female. M^{r} Warth was the principal speaker, & impressed me as sensible and bent on the business. I made a few observations designed to strengthen his hands, and to shorten the meeting!

<!080741>
[352]
Tuesday, July 8th, 1941.

Great heat. The temperature in my study at 3 p.m. was 82° Fahrenheit.

I worked at the Autobiography, but still very unsuccessfully.

The newspapers report a fact which may be of cardinal importance viz. the occupation of Iceland by U.S. A. and the President's brusque declaration that communications in the Northern Atlantic are to be kept open. As this is the main route along which food & armament come to us from America, we are deeply concerned. The whole proceeding has been carried with a scrupulous avoidance of any suggestion of depredation. The Icelandic Government requested the occupation & laid down 8 conditions. These have been accepted by U.S.A. The British troops are to be withdrawn, & American troops are to take their place. The latter are to be removed at the close of the War.

The Russians appear to be still maintaining a valorous opposition to the German invaders, &, though it would be foolish to believe all the success they claim, it would be idle to deny that they are doing much better than we dared to hope.

<!090741>
[353]
Wednesday, July 9th, 1941.

Saward writes a grateful acknowledgment of my letter of condolence, respecting his son's death. I am glad that I wrote to him.

I received from the Home Secretary's private secretary a note informing me that the Great Man

> "has been giving further consideration to the case (of Mrs Heathcote) & he has now decided to suspend the operation of the detention order in respect of Miss Heathcote.

So far, so good: and I hope the young [noodle] will give British Fascists a wide berth for the future!

Donaldson writes to me respecting the non-arrival of the cheque due to me from the Abbey on account of my residence during April. It was certainly overlooked, and he apologises most amply! So I am glad that I so far overcame my reluctant pride as to write about the matter!

<!100741>
[354]
Thursday, July 10th, 1941.

I received the belated cheque from the Abbey on account of my April residence. It amounts to £69:1:6, after the income-tax (10/) has been deducted. It was worth waiting for!

Ella and Fearne went to Ipswich on business. I worked at the Autobiography, but to little effect.

The heat seems to become daily more intense. However, we played croquet for an hour after tea.

<!110741>
[354]
Friday, July 11th, 1941.

I received from the Bishop of the Diocese a courteous and careful explanation of his behaviour in accepting mitre &c. from a self-appointed body of Fanaticks, organized by Moulsdale: and I lost no time before acknowledging his Lordship's "apology". It is apparent enough what has happened. Moulsdale has adopted the same astute tactics as earned for him in Durham the well-merited reputation of a cunning and unscrupulous wire-puller, whom everybody feared, and nobody either liked or trusted. I inserted into this journal, a copy of my letter.

[355]
Friday, July 11th, 1941.

July 11th, 1941.

My dear Bishop.

Thank you. It was good, even magnanimous, of you to be at the pains of replying to a very impudent letter!

I knew that Bishop Hodgson was a High Churchman, and that Bishop David's capacity for complaisance was unlimited: and, of course, I could not but know what I have often lamented, and, in some measure, as opportunity came to me, resisted, the drift towards Episcopalianism (which I distinguish sharply from Episcopacy) which has for some years been apparent in the Anglican Episcopate, and has proceeded at a Gadarene pace under the present Primates, but I had thought you were otherwise minded. The method of posing as representative of the **[366]** [**Friday, July 11th, 1941**] diocese when really no more is represented than a small well-organised clique is both familiar and – successful.

But, perhaps, I indulged in "wishful thinking" when I credited you with sentiments which, in point of fact, are not yours.

Ever sincerely
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop
The Lord Bishop of St E. and I.

I visited Lord Woodbridge, whom I found resting in his garden, rather sorry for himself as the heat was ~~rather~~ trying in his present distress. I stayed with him for an hour, & did my best, first, to amuse, and, then, to edify him. He really did appear to be pleased with my visit.

[357]
Friday, July 11th, 1941.

I had an unusually interesting talk with Woodbridge about money. I spoke severely of the evil influence of multi-millionaires in America: and insisted that even the admittedly good use to which some of them devoted their enormous wealth, could not make up for its morally debilitating effect on society He said that attaining success in business gave a genuine satisfaction, quite apart from the money motive: I did not dispute the point, on which, indeed, he could speak with the authority of an expert, but I allowed myself to suggest that, perhaps, the creation of this interest in the successful business-man's mind was itself a chef d'oeuvre of Mammon. We agreed in condemning bazaars & that kind of holy business as morally suspicious & religiously degrading. But we admitted reluctantly that, perhaps, there was a distinction to be reasonably drawn between these organized Mammon markets and the sale of work which enabled poverty-stricken saints to supplement their Exiguous resources by their personal labour. But even these were bound, sooner or later, to be dragged down to the Bazaar level.

[358]

Shortly after my return to the house I made the horrifying discovery, that I had lost my note-case, which, not only contained £5: and a supply of stamps, but also had my identification card, the loss of which would render me suspect by the authorities! After a prolonged search the wretched thing was discovered under the sofa in my study by the indefatigable and lynx-eyed Fearne.

In spite of the heat – 85° in my bedroom at 7.30 p.m., we played croquet. The lawn under the burning sun has become as slippery as glass.

One of the little dwarf beaches [sic] is clearly giving up the ghost! James is trying to avert the catastrophe by copious watering, but I fear his efforts will be unavailing. The drought is working havock with the vegetables, and even the corn harvest is menaced. Unless we have copious & gentle rain soon, our hopes will be mainly disappointed, & most of our gigantic effort to make British agriculture once more a considerable contribution to the production of the nation's food will be defeated. It is an anxious prospect.

<!120741>
[359]
Saturday, July 12th, 1941.

The heat last night was exhausting, and made sleep difficult and inadequate. Thus I started the day badly. At breakfast, a trivial incident broke down the enfeebled rampart of my self-control, and I lost my temper badly and indefensibly. My conscience compelled me to express regret to my Wife, but it could neither restore my equanimity, nor mitigate my humiliation. "We are betrayed by what is false within". My working power was reduced to a minimum, and the total result of my morning's effort was practically nothing. Eheu"!

I made little progress with the Autobiography, respecting which, indeed, I am becoming despondent.

In the afternoon the two ladies went off to a missionary meeting at Little Wenham: I stayed in my study, and wrote my weekly letter to Derek [Elliott]. It is no easy task to write every week under two capital disadvantages. On the one hand, there can be no answering letters from your correspondent. On the other hand, you have a very reasonable suspicion that your own letters will never reach him!

<!130741>
[360]
5th Sunday after trinity, July 13th, 1941.

The brilliant weather continues, but the fear of a disastrous drought grows stronger as the countryside withers under the relentless sun. I went to church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Co110mmunion, striving hard the while to overcome my resentment at the Rector's fussy illegalities, & my dislike of the man himself! "How hard it is to be a Christian" wrote Browning, & truly.

We motored to Ipswich, where I preached at Mattins in S. Matthew's Church. There was a fair congregation, in which young men were conspicuous by their absence. This may be fairly ascribed to the demands made on them by the War. My sermon was only 19 minutes in delivery teste Fearne, and it was listened to very closely. After service, we lunched in the Rectory. I had a good deal of rather intimate conversation with the Rector, Day, who impressed me as candid and more intelligent than most of the professional brethren. Incidentally, he said that he had been at Westcott House.

[361]

Day had read my book on the Church of England and appeared to be eager to talk about the "modernist" problem as there presented. He pressed me to speak about the question of the "Village Birth", & gave me the impression that his mind was beginning to be exercized with respect to it. I think that I made clear to him (or at last clearer) my own attitude of agnosticism, and the normal modernist attitude of disbelief.

His garden, though much burnt up, has a well-kept appearance, and produces a good supply of vegetables. He told me that he employed a one-eyed gardener aged 25, for one day a week, at a wage of 8/-: that this young man had been trained by a really good gardener, and was himself both industrious and intelligent. He had registered for military service, but would probably be exempted on the ground of his defective sight. I suggested that he might possibly come to my assistance in the event of James being called up. He undertook to "sound" the man, and let me know what was his 'reaction' to the suggestion. It might be a possible arrangement for tiding over a crisis.

[362]

I wrote to Judge Dennistoun in Winnipeg acknowledging (belatedly) a kind letter which he wrote to me as long ago as May 17th; and I sent him the tract on the War which I wrote some months ago, "The Good Fight".

Also, I wrote to Alexander and to Alington sending him a copy of the verses which Raleigh wrote in October 1913, when he stayed at the Deanery, Durham, and was lodged in the beautiful room said to have been occupied by James I when he first came into England, & halted at Durham. I also congratulated Hester on the political advancement of her cousin, Oliver Lyttelton.

The heat was mitigated by a wind from the East, as the afternoon advanced. At 7.30 p.m. the temperature in my bedroom was 74°, just 10 degrees lower than last night. The change is welcome, though wind is always rather fretful and irritating.

The birds are beginning to discover the pan of water set out for their refreshment. Three were drinking together at 8.30 p.m.

<!140741>
[363]
Monday, July 14th, 1941.

I received two letters from Dick, dated May 19th and 26th. I infer that they were written from the African coast, as he talks of landing & being favourably impressed by the Missionaries and their work.

I listened to the Prime Minister's speech in the County Hall where he was being entertained at lunch. It was an eloquent laudation of London's behaviour through the long & bitter experience of bombardment: and it was also a clear & vehement declaration that henceforward the policy of "Reprisals" would be adopted by Great Britain. He was loudly cheered, but there must have been many who heard the speech, to whom this declaration was saddening. It is one more evidence of the degrading influence of "Total War". The Prime Minister spoke of a renewal of the bombardment of London as so probable as almost to be certain, and urged the necessity of maintain & extending our defensive arrangements. The total effect of the speech was depressing.

<!150741>
[364]
Tuesday, July 15th, 1941.

S. Swithun's Day –

The drought was broken last night by a considerable fall of rain which continued with slackening intensity until the afternoon. It was enough to arrest exhaustion, but not enough to avert calamity. However, if the saint will be intelligent & benevolent as well as potent, we may yet save the Harvest.

The campaign in Syria has been definitely concluded, and the final phase was marked by a curious, and perhaps significant exchange between the British and Vichy-French commanders. This will relieve considerably our position in the Mediterranean. It remains to be seen whether the Independence of Syria will work out tolerably.

Salter sends to me his little booklet – "An Englishman's Faith", which I had already received from the publishers, & also his Broadcast address. He writes without enthusiasm of the kind of revived "National Mission" which is now proceeding in the Durham Diocese.

<!160741>
[365]
Wednesday, July 16th, 1941.

I worked at the Autobiography all the morning, wrote letters to Bailey and Salter during the afternoon; and played croquet after tea. The day was clouded, and cool. As the night drew on it inclined to rain.

The news from Russia is ambiguous. Both sides claim extensive success. Berlin is more pontifical [?]: Moscow more detailed; but, it is safe to assume that neither speaks the truth. It is, perhaps, safe to conclude that the Germans are meeting with much greater opposition that they had expected; that their time-table has been seriously deranged; and that the wastage of their stocks of oil and ammunition must have been very great. But it is probably true that they are advancing and that the strain on the Russians may at any moment cause a dramatic breakdown. The Romanian oil field is stated to have been heavily and frequently bombed; and if our own bombardments in France & Germany have been as successful as the official statements affirm, the difficulty of supplying the troops in Russia must be very difficult.

<!170741>
[366]
Thursday, July 17th, 1941.

A fine day with rising temperature.

I worked at the Autobiography. But I am still quite unsatisfied as to its form and extent. If my meagre & obscure personality could reasonably be supposed to interest any considerable number of my contemporaries sufficiently to make it worth while to publish the Journal in extenso, the result would not be wholly without value, as disclosing an individual experience in the period & place of my life; and if one could assume that our civilization would survive so long, & preserve its framework & governing ideas unchanged, then two hundred years hence, the curious student of thought & manners in the past would be delighted to come upon the record, but these are vain imaginings, & I must reckon with the hard fact that this precious (and voluminous) "Journal" threatens to "cramp my style" even more effectively than it swells my narrative! A short and flowing story written boldly on mere reminiscence, unchecked and unaided by documents would probably have produced something less trustworthy, of course, (but then "What is truth?) but far more readable, & from the publisher's point of view vastly more acceptable. I am still wondering whether I shall bring any (literary) fruit to perfection!

<!180741>
[367]
Friday, July 18th, 1941.

The Times announces that Geoffrey Dawson* will resign the Editorship in September, & be succeeded in that famous office by the Assistant editor, R. M. Barrington Ward, D.S.O., M.C.

When I consider the many letters over my signature which have appeared over my signature [sic] in the columns of the Times during the editorship of Buckle* and Dawson, both Fellows of All Souls, and when I reflect on the amount of such "success" as I have obtained in the course of my life has probably been due to those letters, I cannot avoid the conclusion that the Times must be bracketed with All Souls as the most decisive factor in the shaping of my career. The new Editor is an "Old Westminster".

The rain started to fall in the afternoon, and I remained in my study. Mr & Mrs Sidgewick who are dwelling in a caravan in this parish and Mr Lee the Rector of Sproughton, came to tea, and stayed talking almost until 6 p.m., when the wireless brought its message. The only fact which can be fairly deduced from the conflicting reports from the Russian Front is that the Russians are still "keeping up their wicket".

<!190741>
[368]
Saturday, July 19th, 1941.

My dearest Geoffrey,

I was on the verge of writing to you on the point of the use I am allowing myself to make of some of the letters which have appeared over my signature in the Times during recent years. You generously caused me to receive cuttings of most of them, and these have formed a not unimportant part of the materials out of which I am endeavouring to compile something which might (preposterously) be called an "Autobiography". I propose to include some extracts, and, in a few cases, an entire letter. In the Introduction I propose to make grateful acknowledgment of the kindness of the Editor of the Times in permitting me to do this. Will this be adequate & satisfactory?

Then came the shock and stupefaction of the statement in **[369]** yesterday's issue that you are on the point of retiring from the position which you have adorned and exalted.

I have gone mourning [sic] ever since for it is difficult for me to think of anybody else being Editor of the Times. In reviewing my life, and trying to take account of the factors which have influenced its course, and determined its character, I find myself driven to the conclusion that among them high place must be given to All Souls and the Times. And, perhaps, the two identical, for the two Editors of the Times whom I have known, and numbered among my friends, were Fellows of All Souls.

Now, in the deepening dereliction of old age, I am using the dregs of life, and such eyesight as I have in recalling the past. It is a humbling process, and, in the **[370]** darkened world of today, extraordinarily futile: yet it warms my heart with some memories, and, among them, none pleasanter to recall than my contact with you.

Always affectionately and gratefully your friend,

H. Hensley Henson,
Bishop

Geoffrey Dawson Esq.
Editor of the Times

Also it occurred to me that it would perhaps be advisable that I should ask Mr Lloyd George's permission to include in the Autobiography the letter in which he offered me nomination to the Hereford Bishoprick.

[N.B the following should be at the end of page 371 i.e. at the end of the letter to Lloyd George]

escaped, & will escape loss and injury at the hands of the Enemy & beg leave to subscribe myself.

Sincerely yours,
H. H. H.

[371]

Dear Mr. Lloyd George.

I write to ask your permission to include your letter to me, of which I include a typed copy, in the so-called "Autobiography" which I am now engaged upon.

The process of rifling the cemetery of one's own performances & experiences can hardly be other than humbling, but, in such times as these, it must needs be also tiresome and futile. Nevertheless, I have been foolish enough to embark on it, and, since my appointment to Hereford (for which you were primarily responsible) occasioned a considerable commotion in the "religious" or (since the terms are not coextensive) "ecclesiastical" world, I desire to make my record as complete as possible.

I hope that you have *[see above p. 370]*

<!190741>
[372]
Saturday, July 19th, 1941.

I received from the Secretary General of the Order of St. John a formal letters of thanks from the Council for my sermon in the Abbey on June 22nd:-

> "All accounts of the Service which have reached me show how much your Sermon was appreciated, and how thoroughly the whole Service was enjoyed by the large congregation of St John members who filled the nave.

This is kindly meant.

I worked all day on the Autobiography, but I am still considerably puzzled as to the fitness of publishing in extenso the record of the conflict over my Consecration, as it is contained in my Journal, and how much of that record could fairly be omitted.

In the afternoon, I walked to College Farm, and was welcomed by Archie Reid. His father had gone to Scotland for a holiday, and his mother was in Ipswich. He showed to me the hay gathered in perfect condition, and the crops of oats and wheat, rapidly ripening, and looking most abundant.

<!200741>
[373]
6th Sunday after Trinity, July 20th, 1941.

A clouded, uncertain day, with interludes of sunshine, & little minatory droppings of rain.

We went to Mattins, where I read the lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion.

The Rector was full of the discussion on Modernism, which had engaged the clerical gathering at his Rectory last week. I am glad that I had the wisdom to stay away. What with his sophistical "Romanism", his sly suggestions that Modernists are linked up with "Nazi" Germany, and his evident wish to be as insolent in speech towards the late Bishop of D. as he is in feeling, I could hardly have avoided an unpleasant encounter. Just now he is flushed with his success in "roping in the Diocesan by his cunning plan of presenting him with Mitres "from the clergy". Add that his deafness is becoming a serious hindrance to intelligent conversation.

His sermon was almost inaudible to me where I sate within the Communion rails, but I heard enough to be assured that it was yet another of his essays in plusquam-medieval dogmatism!

[374]

I wrote to Dick, and to Grant Robertson, and posted the letters myself.

Mr Parlett, the churchwarden, spoke cheerfully about the prospect for the coming harvest. The recent rain has worked a blessed change in the crops, but, of course, we hope that S. Swithun will heed the wise saying of the Greeks, [Greek.] Continued rain would wreck everything. There will be no plums, and few apples.

The road-side footpath between Hyntle place, and the cottages, is so over-grown by nettles, sheep's parsley, and rank grass as to be almost unusable, and the pedestrian, forced to use the road, is exposed to the risk of being destroyed by motor vehicles driven recklessly on the winding road.

Just now, presumably in order to economize in petrol, soldiers are incessantly rushing to and fro on motor-cycles & in cars. By what miracle will these many thousands of young men be brought again under the normal, unexciting conditions of civilian life? What power shall exorcize from their minds the demons of restlessness, irresponsibility, and, in a perilous measure, impunity?

<!210741>
[375]
Monday, July 21st, 1941.

> July 21st, 1941.
>
> My dear Mr. Brendan Bracken,
>
> I allow myself the privilege of sending you a message of hearty congratulations on the announcement in this morning's issue of the Times.
>
> I shall always recall with pleasure my brief contact with yourself, which left on me so deep an impression of your kindness and sympathy.
>
> With all good wishes, & hoping that you may long be able to interpret the course of events under the greatest (not even excepting Pitt) War Minister, Great Britain has ever been given.
>
> Believe me
> Yours most sincerely
> H Hensley Henson Bp.

The Times report changes in the Government. Duff Cooper* becomes Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Brendan Bracken succeeds him as Minister of Information.

<!220741>
[376]
Tuesday, July 22nd, 1941.

I received from Dick a "Airgraph" dated 30th June, 1941, and addressed from

4th Bn., The Green Howards.
Middle East Forces.

I continued work on the Autobiography, but made slow progress. The year 1917 was clearly one of critical importance in the record of my life: and its course is mirrored in an unusually full & reflective part of my journal. If this could be published in extenso, it would be both informative and interesting, but it can only be summarized with difficulty and great risk of misunderstanding. It is apparent that the storm of hostility which broke with such violence against me when I was nominated for the Bishoprick of Hereford had been accumulating force through a highly contentious year, in the course of which I had come into collision with many and various movements of opinion. My preaching in the City Temple, and in connexion with it, the interchange of letters between Ingram and myself exasperated the Fanaticks greatly, all the more since it was becoming apparent that my influence & example were beginning to tell to their disadvantage.

<!230741>
[377]
Wednesday, July 23rd 1941.

Lady Starmer went away after breakfast. She is a kind but rather noisy guest, warm-hearted and loquacious, deservedly loved by a large circle of friends, and, I imagine, having no enemies. I gather that my successor in Durham is liked, and respected for his industry, but generally thought to be "dull", especially in the pulpit. Mrs Williams is shy, as is often the case with deaf people, and takes no part in the life of the diocese. This will be more felt, since Ella threw herself with generous unselfishness into parochial and diocesan activities, and was rewarded by an uncommon harvest of affectionate goodwill.

My ladies being engaged in Sanhedrin business, I remained at home, and took some modicum of exercise by playing a nakedly individualist game, the two sides being equally matched, since I myself represented both.

Then I read through the rest of my Journal for that fateful year, 1917, which, the more I reflect on it, becomes the more important in my career. My growing disgust with the Establishment began to crystalize in my mind into a definite decision.

<!240741>
[378]
Thursday, July 24th, 1941.

I finished reading for the second time a rather unpleasant American novel, which together with a very disconcerting picture of American Protestantism, contains ~~an~~ illuminating descriptions of a negro lynching in Alabama, of the limitless corruption of American municipal and judicial procedure, and of the ecclesiastical methods, financial and evangelistic, of Methodism. Perhaps it may be added that, if the ethics (especially in the matter of sexual relations) and the tone of cynical scorn adopted towards Christianity may be accepted as providing a trustworthy account of any considerable section of American society, then there is no avoiding the conclusion that Religion and Morality are deeply unsound in the great Republic. The book is entitled Unfinished Cathedral. It was first published by William Heinemann in 1934 and its author is T. S. Stribling, who appears to have written other novels.

Also, I finished reading Professor Keith's Presidential Address to the B.A. (1927) published in 1927 by Watts & Cº under the title – "Concerning Man's Origin".

<!250741>
[379]
Saturday, July 25th, 1941.

The hot weather continues, and the Harvest is reported to have begun in some parts of Suffolk.

The Russians are said to have a bumper crop, which they are partly destroying lest the Nazis shall seize it, and partly are gathering into barns.

I received from Lloyd George a civilly expressed letter granting me permission to include his letter conveying the offer of nomination to the Hereford Bishoprick, in my Autobiography. He says

> I shall be one of the multitude who will look forward to the appearance of your volume. The letter recalls an unpleasant exhibition of "Ecclesiasticism", episcopal and layical, which I came up against on that occasion.

I suspect that L. G. received some rather wonderful letters during those hectic weeks. Political hostility would in his case have gone along with the tide of panic stricken orthodoxy and frantic sectarian hatred.

The Japanese are reported to be sending war-ships and transports southwards; & Eden declares that we are taking defensive measures.

<!260741>
[380]
Saturday, July 26th, 1941.

A sultry morning with clouded sky, and spittings of rain, menacing with thunder, not audible indeed but felt.

My post consisted of a letter from Ernest Henson,* written with some feeling and expressed with some literary skill. He is a queer amalgam of contradictories. Some people would say as much for the late Bishop of Durham! And truly?

The Japanese situation is "developing". Our Government has "frozen" Japanese credits; and Roosevelt has announced his intention of making another pronouncement.

Meanwhile the Russians keep on fighting, and the Germans are evidently about to use "poison gas" for they are ascribing such usage to their enemy. What a foul thing Hitlerism is! Foul in idea; foul in method; foul in its exponents; foul in its effects! "When the Son of Man cometh, shall He find faith on the earth?" Certainly not good faith if Hitler's [sic] continues to befoul the earth with his defiling personality much longer. His brazen perfidy is a greater obstacle to Peace even than his brutal violence.

[381]

I frittered away another morning on this hateful Autobiography, which will probably go into the w. p. b. after all. There is no other suitable receptacle.

We all walked to the Rectory to attend a garden-party (war-time) at which an armchair & a ring were presented to Miss Muffitt, the assistant school mistress at the National School, who has just retired. The Rector [Moulsdale]* in Doctor's Robes made the presentation, and the Fat Lady made a suitable reply. Then I came away, but my ladies stayed to see the conjurer!

Both in Great Britain and in U.S.A. anti-Japanese measures are announced. They are economic rather than military, and since Japan depends on imports from the British Empire & U.S.A. for nearly the whole of the oil and other military requisites, economic hostility ought to hit her hard. It is probable that an attack will be made on the Burmah Road, which is China's main gateway for military stores & armaments. It is difficult to see how we can do anything effective to help the Chinese. We shall have our work cut out to hold HongKong [sic].

<!270741>
[382]
7th Sunday after Trinity, July 27th, 1941.

There was some rain during the night. When I walked to church for the 8 a.m. Celebration, I wore a macintosh, but unnecessarily, as there was no rain, but the sky was clouded and there was in the air a generally damp feeling. There was but a small number of communicants, and all the usual (and devotionally disturbing) illegalities!

We attended Mattins, when I read the lessons. I wrote to Lillingston in consequence of Lady Starmer's statement that he was seriously ill.

The Rector's sermon on the great text from the Epistle for the Day, "The wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord", sounded like a lecture addressed to the fledgeling "Ritualists" of S. Chad's, who would think it profound and learned. To the rustic congregation in the parish church of Hintlesham it could hardly have been either intelligible or edifying. To me it was rendered disgusting by the ineffable arrogance of plusquam prophetic certitude with which its half-truths & apparent platitudes were delivered. It had, however, one redeeming virtue, & that by no means an inconsiderable one. It was brief.

[383]

I wrote to Charlie Pattinson,* from whom I received a cheerful letter last week. There is in the North, it would appear, the same reluctance to accept au pied de la lettre the minatory language commonly used by our leaders. It seems to be inconsistent with the cheerful accounts which come in from the war-fronts. Personally, I find myself unable to "make sense" of the conflicting statements which are authoritatively issued. The coming week ought to bring news of important developments in the Far East. Meanwhile, the outstanding fact is that, after five weeks, the Russians are still holding up the Nazi hordes, and the consumption of German supplies is proceeding at a quickening pace. The 6 p.m. wireless announces that de Gaulle has been welcomed with enthusiasm in Beirut, and has made a vigorous speech, which, if it could be brought within the knowledge of the French people, might well have large effect. These contemptible Vichy traitors are thought to be engaged in organizing a French Army to assist Hitler in some venture in Spain.

I wrote to Arthur Rawle.

<!280741>
[384]
Monday, July 28th, 1941.

The Dean of Westminster writes to thank me for the bound copy of my Gifford Lectures which I sent him as a memento of my stay at the now-wrecked Deanery during the first & last "residence" which I kept as, for the second time, Canon of Westminster: He writes

> Both the book and the letter will find a place alongside the memory of your stay with us, amongst my most cherished possessions. I am, indeed, most grateful to you.

[Henry] Major* has lost his son, a flying man. I wrote a letter of condolence, but what can one say that is even tolerable, let alone also consolatory?

Braley* writes to say that both Bede College and the Deanery have been leased to Whitelands for the period of the War. He is "surprised" that the leasing of the Deanery should have been "allowed to happen". So am I.

Principal Duncan of S. Mary's College, St Andrews, writes to invite me to preach to the little University between October 1941 and May 1942. But I hardly see how I can do so.

[385]

We motored to Little Bealings, and had tea with Philip Tallents. There came also a military doctor, now stationed at Woodbridge. His name was Edleston, and he had been at New College, where he had met Martin Kiddle, &, through him, had come to know my name. He struck me as rather dull, but doubtless eminently respectable. Philip's garden is full of vegetables, which he gives regularly to the mine-sweepers on the coast. He is a very active functionary in all the local war arrangements and, indeed, is playing his part as a loyal citizen very admirably.

On our way, I stopped in Ipswich, and had my capillary attractions abbreviated & emphasized by a young lady. The shortage of male hair-dressers has compelled the employment of females.

I am autobiographically bogged in the insoluble problem how to be both honest, which is the essential condition of my own self-respect, and interesting, which is the essential condition of literary "success". Honesty is difficult to achieve without hurting feelings and perhaps damaging reputations; & to be interesting is to be indiscreet or scandalous!

<!290741>
[386]
Tuesday, July 29th, 1941.

Rain fell heavily during the night, and continued until the afternoon today. I caused (in the interest of personal tranquillity for my ladies kept up a bombardment of protests against the obscurantist effect of the large laburnum) some branches of the laburnum to be cut off.

I worked at the Autobiography, not very effectively. The 6 p.m. wireless reported Winston's speech in the House of Commons. It was uncompromising in its refusal to make any concession to those persistent critics of the Government who are pressing for some devolution of his enormous responsibilities. He announced that an alliance between Russia and Poland had been agreed upon, and said that "by the grace of God" we could look forward to perhaps ["?]the best harvest ever recorded". But he deprecated optimism, reminded us that the "invasion period" had now arrived, and said that our Armed Forces within the island had been ordered to be at "concert pitch" on September 1st, & thereafter not to relax.

Mrs de Labilliere writes to thank me for my gift of the little book on Sir William Anson, and expresses herself very appreciatively.

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[387]
Wednesday, July 30th, 1941.

The day is uncertain, but mainly fine & cold.

I continued work on the Autobiography. The story of the petty ecclesiastical disputes in which I was immersed at the time of my consecration is almost insufferably unworthy, when read now in the midst of this fearful carnage in Russia!

I attempted to describe the view of Disestablishment which Gore and I held respectively at the time of the Life & Liberty agitation. Here I must needs give my own interpretation of his mind, and must be on my guard against doing him injustice. But my own attitude towards the Autonomous movement is only intelligible when it is seen as the result of my belief that it had, as its real but unconfessed object, the organization of the Church of England before Disestablishment on the "Anglo-Catholick" or episcopalian theory with the reasonable assumption that that organization would be carried over to the Disestablished Church. I wanted the Establishment to "go down fighting", because the pressure of the conflict would force the Laodicean majority to "declare itself": & it is certainly not "episcopalian".

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[388]
Thursday, July 31st, 1941.

Geoffrey Dawson writes pleasantly in answer to my letter about his retirement from the Times, adding in a note the permission to make use of the transcripts of my letters to that Journal.

> Of course reprint what you like of your inimitable letters to the Times, which will be honoured, in an Autobiography, to which I shall greatly look forward.
>
> Yours ever, most affectly
>
> Geoffrey Dawson

I wonder whether I shall ever send another "inimitable" letter to that great Paper.

Lillingston writes to thank me for my letter, which seems really to have pleased him.

> It is not easy always to remember that, like you, I am approaching my 77th Birthday. Something is sure to crack as you get on. I am sorry, indeed, about your eyesight. It is a great blow for you, & means a loss to the whole Church where your words and writings are so much valued.

But he is my junior by almost exactly a year. He was born on Nov 24th, 1864. I on Nov 8th, 1863.

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[389]
Friday, August 1st, 1941.

Major thanks me for my letter of condolence on his son's death in a long and almost "exuberant" letter, which reflects the expansiveness of the colonist, rather than the reticence of the Englishman, but certainly assures me that he was not displeased or wounded by what I wrote. I had not known that in his family, he had become so closely bound up with Papistry. But Australia is saturated with Irish Romanism, and no doubt the atmosphere tells.

I continued work on the Autobiography, and completed (after a fashion) what I imagine might suffice for the first volume, assuming that the beastly thing extends to two volumes. This will bring the story as far as my arrival in the Hereford diocese. The record of my episcopate, first, in Hereford (1918-1920) and then in Durham (1920-1939) would be included in the 2nd volume, and a brief "Epilogue" would follow. But the more I write, the more doubtful I become as to the worth-whiliness of publishing what I have written. Where could any readers be reasonably expected to appear?

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I wrote to Charles Pattinson in response to a letter in which he begged me to give him suggestions for an address on "Leadership", which he has undertaken to give to a company of female students who are encamped in his parish. It was a foolish request, and I was foolish to waste time and labour in satisfying it. But friendship also has its rights which may not be ignored.

Professor Allison Peers has an [sic] useful, and to some extent, re-assuring article in the "Spectator" on "Spain, Russia, and the War". He advises us to judge Spaniards by their acts, not by their words: points out the extreme provocation to their not-unnatural prejudices involved in our alliance with Bolshevist Russia: and reminds us of our support of the Spanish rebels, which is not forgotten. What neither the Spaniards nor the apologists appear to understand is that, horrible as were the barbarities of the Spanish Communists assisted by the Russian Bolshevists, they are not, in the judgement of most Englishmen, more horrible than those of Franco's faction which prevailed with the assistance of the Fascists of Italy and the Nazis of Germany.

[391]
Saturday, August 2nd, 1941.

Another clouded day with threatenings of rain.

I occupied the morning in going over my MS. of the Autobiography, which disgusts me the more every time that I look at it! I wrote to Milford suggesting that he should read what I have written, and then arrange time & place for meeting me in London, & talking over the final arrangements.

The fact is that such an Autobiography as I originally contemplated (viz. a bold but brilliant improvisation, suggested by, rather than composed of, my reminiscences, but takingly readable) might conceivably have been worth publishing; but anything, weighted and limited by a pedestrian scrupulosity, which adheres to recorded facts must be verbose, jejune, and infinitely boring! My voluminous journal disturbs my conscience, hampers my imagination, and cramps my style! Improvisation unchastened by record is the secret of literary success in this department of literature.

I received no letters at all, which lightened my labour, but weighted down my mind. War is increasingly hostile to humane intercourse. It is absorbing, isolating, and estranging.

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In the afternoon a fête took place in the Rectory garden with the laudable object of raising funds for the purchase of wool by which patriotic members of the Women's Institute would be enabled to knit for the troops in the winter months. The weather, which had been threatening in the forenoon, cleared by noontide and developed into a brilliant afternoon. Fearne was very active, & Ella played in the whist drives. I put in an appearance about 4 p.m., and was pleased to observe a numerous company happily engaged in tennis, whist, etc. I had some tea, and then walked home through the fields. It pleased me to see the fine appearance of the wheat, barley, and sugar-beet, which have been vastly benefitted by the recent rains. If S. Swithhun [sic] will now draw rain, and stop sending rain, we may look forward to a bounty harvest. The Times reports that the Russians are actively engaged in harvesting the crops in the Ukraine. When that process has been finished, one principal purpose of the Nazi invasion will have been defeated. Hitler will have nothing to show for all the vast slaughter and havoc, which he has perfidiously inflated on his unoffending neighbours.

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[393]
8th Sunday after Trinity, August 3rd, 1941.

In bed before being called I read again Lord Rosebery's brilliant and fascinating sketch of Lord Randolph Churchill. How well I remember the political happenings of those years, 1880-1895, which witnessed his meteoric career, & sudden eclipse! Winston is assuredly the son of his father, only greater & more fortunate.

> "It was Randolph's personality that was so winning: his audacity, his extravagance, **[**his reckless party spirit:**]** his physical qualities, his slight form, his modulated but penetrating voice, **[**even his perpetually twisted moustache**]**: & above all, perhaps, the fact that this stripling had come to stir the dry bones of party and to divert the jaded attention of the audience from actors, however eminent, of whom they were rather tired, to a fresh young character. He was in a word supremely interesting.

Omitting the "party spirit" & the "moustache" the description was curiously like that which was applied to me during the earlier decades of my ministry. With what justice?

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Fearne remained in her room, resting after her lucrative labours at the Fête, were she had been "wool-gathering" with such success as to rake in no less than £60 for the purchase of patriotic knitting wool! Ella and I went to church for Mattins when I read the lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion.

The Rector preached from S. Luke xx.iii.26 "And when they led Him away, they laid hold upon one Simon of Cyrena, coming from the country & laid on ~~Him~~ him the cross, to bear it after Jesus". After some innocent generalities, he carried as to S. Paul "thorn in the flesh" & the guesses of the learned as to what it was. Here he got away from his "Catholick" obsessions, and embarked on reflections evidently born of his own physical infirmities. He was more natural and, therefore, less unintelligible than usual: and he was laudably brief! We got back to Hyntle Place in time to hear the 1 a.m. [sic] Wireless. The Nazis are now entering the 6th week of their Russian adventure and they don't seem to be making progress. The Russians (who also are adepts at drawing the long-bow) say that the Nazis have already lost 1500000 – 2000.000 men.

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I wrote a long letter to Gilbert, though truly it is difficult to find material for correspondence when the condition of the world has become so unstable that what I write in England today may have become absurd or incredible when he reads it in British Columbia 3 weeks later. Not to say also that there is considerable likelihood that my letter may never get across the Atlantic.

Also, I wrote to Martin Ellingsen,* who continues in Darlington, useful and, so far as I can learn, happy and successful in his work.

I finished Rosebery's study of L^{d} Randolph C. There is a scarcely disguised egotism in it, as if the writer was classing himself in the same category of pathetic paradox:-

> I cannot forget the pathos of the story: I mourn, as all must mourn, to whatever party they belong, that he had not time to retrieve himself, not time to display his highest nature. I grieve, as all must grieve, that that daring & gifted spirit should have been extinguished at an age when its work should only have just begun.

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[396]
Monday, August, 4th, 1941.

I received a very impressive and perplexing letter from Dr Josiah Oldfield, who recalls my acquaintance with him when I was an undergraduate in Oxford, & some occasional contacts since. He gives a brief sketch of his own career, which discloses a strong personality with an ascetic bent, more akin to the medieval, than to the modern, mind. He is oppressed (as I am) by the dominating influence of financial considerations within the Christian Church, by the low and lowering quality of Anglican clergyman and by the difficulty of discovering a remedy. He consulted Archbishop Benson & by him was advised to "go into the world & do work in the world first" to "find out what the world has to say to you & test your theories & your character & your power of self-conquest in the battle of daily life, & daily strife".
"Prove that you can be successful practically as well as theoretically. When you put all this thoroughly to the test, if you are still imbued with the same ideals, come back to me".
[The advice was sufficiently astonishing, but still more astonishing was its acceptance**]**.

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> "I followed his advice and in each step that I took I tried to do better than the ordinary run of men. I was quite successful at the bar. I think I am acknowledged as quite a wise teacher in that part of medicine and diet healing which I made my own. In connexion with law I hold the degree which Oxford values most highly. In my work in the last War I attained the permanent rank of Lt-Colonel".

[This record demonstrates a strength of will, a tenacity of purpose, & a measure of intellectual power & versatility which are rarely found in combination**]**.

The long notice of him in "Who's Who" omits to mention the year of his birth, but he must be older than myself. He may safely then be described as an octogenarian. He is evidently a crank and a leader of cranks. The mere statement of his activities shows him to have been a Vegetarian, an opponent of Capital Punishment, and an apologist for aggrieved Indians.

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He is, for the nonce, exercised in mind on the admittedly urgent matter of clerical education, and he suggests that

> "there is a future open for hundreds of these young men who will come back from the War disillusioned, broken in health, pessimistic in their outlook of life, to be inspired with the future possibilities for the Church in our land to build up a branch of its living Priesthood from men whose only object in life is to devote their talents to the making of a better world.
>
> Nucleus would commence with an empty Rectory or Bishop's Palace so long as it has grounds attached to it, and therein a community would commence without money but with the definite recognition that every man would be able to earn not only his

own living (that is food, raiment, and lodging) but also have ample leisure for courses of study of all those subjects which are so essential for **[399]** teachers in the religious life.

He wants to know what I think of all this.

I sent him a civil and even a sympathetic letter, but abstained from expressing any confidence in the practical results of such a project; and I copied my letter into my letter-book.

Philip Tallents sends me a neat little edition of "The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan" by James Morier; published by the Oxford Press in "The World's Classics".

Ella and Fearne, taking with the, Miss Brisco Wray went to Shrublands, where the gardens had been "opened" in the interest of some War work. They had tea with Lady de Saumarez, and seemed pleased with their afternoon. I remained at home, & took exercise by playing croquet alone! Rain began to fall as the evening drew on.

"The Bishoprick" for August arrived. It is no longer a "one man" composition as it was under the late Bishop, and no doubt gains greatly in interest by the change. My successor seems to have a fair number of episcopal "irons" in the diocesan "fire".

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[400]
Tuesday, August 5th, 1941.

I received a charming letter from [Charles Grant] Robertson* writing from All Souls. He says:

> So glad to know you are writing your Memoirs. They will be a real contribution to understanding the evolution of the last fifty years. May I live to read them!
>
> But for us over 70 this is an evil time. There is little we can do, and we have no future to work for. I still can dig a bit - but not much, & domestic life is most uncomfortable, & I dread the autumn, & hate the coming winter with its black-outs & its cold, & its natural darkness, & the lack of service and one's pension diminishing to a miserable pittance.
>
> But difficult as it is, I still do believe that right and truth and justice will prevail, that the cosmic system is a spiritual one, & that faith in God is, & will be justified. So, dear Friend, let us keep our **[401]** spiritual lamps burning – it is all we can do, and it is the one thing to do.

One cannot despair of Christianity in the country when an educated layman, who is also a distinguished historian is able to write thus.

Professor Lightfoot sends me a post card requesting me to write a review of Powicke's little book on the Reformation in England for the Journal of Theological Studies. I was fool enough to consent! I can dwell on his sureness of touch, range of knowledge, sanity of judgement, & sympathetic insight into perplexing situations & complex temperaments, & decisive verdicts on the greater issues. Powicke an impressive illustration of a dictum attributed to Bishop Stubbs, & conspicuously illustrated by himself that "it takes a great man to write a small book". Powicke's account of Cranmer is equally just, acute, illuminating and charitable. I like it none the worse for noting its agreement with my own.

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I note that Grant Robertson was born in 1869 and elected to an All Souls Fellowship in 1893. Thus he is by six years my junior in age, and by nine years my junior in the College.

In the afternoon I called on Sir Gerald Ryan, and had some talk with him. He said that in the City of London the general feeling about the War is optimistic. It is thought that the end may come this year. Robertson thinks the end will not be reached before next spring, and that is my own opinion, based however on nothing more substantial than the Oxford War tracts, the newspapers, & my own view as to the probabilities. Sir Gerald is interested in the announcement that Lord de Saumarez is about to sell nearly 3000 acres of his property in Suffolk.

There is a letter in the Times calling attention to the fewness of interests which has been noted this year. The exorbitant malice of mankind leaves no sufficient margin of evil to

employ the usual insect pests! I have myself observed that insects have been less offensively importunate than in former years, and would be glad to hear of some reasonable explanation of so welcome a phenomenon.

[<!060841>
[403]
Wednesday, August 6th, 1941.

I started to read again Powicke's Ford lectures on Stephen Langton, delivered in Oxford during 1927. They are admirable and display his remarkable quality of sympathetic insight into moods and motives which explains his power of delineating character in complex personalities such as were peculiarly numerous in the Age of the Reformation. What he says of Stephen Langton marks his own historical work. He "shows a reverent sobriety":

> His touch is certain, as though he had lived, both at home and in the schools, among sensible people who were accustomed to discuss serious problems in an independent practical way. And it is characteristic of him that his sagacity is best displayed when he is dealing with problems, especially problems of everyday life, which would ~~ordinarily~~ naturally occur to the ordinary man. If he cannot solve a question, he says so and passes on. He is not frightened by a dilemma,"

This [sic] no bad description of himself.

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An~~d~~ inadequately-cooked, possibly medieval, fish at dinner last night caused a measure of inner discomfort which robbed me of my night's rest, & started me on the day in a physically dilapidated condition which disinclined, and possibly incapacitated me for serious work. Accordingly, I spent the forenoon in reading Powicke, and, in the afternoon (my wife & Fearne having betaken themselves to some tea-drinking Sanhedrin) I carried out the purpose, which has gathered strength for some while past, and set James to the perilous venture of cutting off the dead top of the fir-tree, fronting my study window. The cause of this capital disaster i.e. the dying of the fir-tree's top was disclosed when he came upon the surviving fragments of the wireless installation which the dentist, from whom I bought the place, had wickedly established in the unhappy tree. This performance having been achieved without accident, I had tea, and returned to Powicke.

> "I doubt if he insularity of English historical inquiry from the days of William Prynne onwards has had as misleading consequences in any matter as in its treatment of this quarrel" p. 79.

He is referring to John's conflict with the Papacy.