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[1]

January 1st, Wednesday 1936.

I celebrated the holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 13 communicants, including Elland & his wife, Lawson and a guest of his. Charles [Pattinson]* and Christina were also there. The chapel seemed dark by reason of fog, though all the lights were "on". I used, in addition to the Collect of the day, the New Year's Day collect provided in the Revised Book. The appointed Epistle is in S. Paul's worst style, & on a repulsive theme.

I paid taxes, wages, and divers bills. Peter and Enis Richardson came to lunch. He is rather apprehensive about the miners. There are resolute men behind the nominal leaders, who care nothing about the economic interests at stake, but are bent on pressing forward their social policy, which requires unrest & economic collapse. How can there be any agreement between two parties, of which one desires to make the industry flourish, and the other desires to make it failure? That is, precisely, the situation when the Mineowners'[sic] Association & the Miners' Federation meet in negotiation.[sic]

[2]

The New Year's honour List is unexciting. Sup^t Headen of Bishop Auckland has been made an M.B.E. I sent him a letter of congratulation.

That old fellow Brig: General Adair writes to me thanking me for "the words ascribed to me in the "Morning Post" today". He appears to be referring to my Rotarian speech. He is evidently a strong Protestant for he expresses himself vehemently respecting the fact that "we have a Roman catholic Ambassador to Rome."

Dick arrived about 6.30 p.m. he seemed fit and cheerful. He started energetically on 'Form-Criticism' before[sic] he had been five minutes in my study. Dibelius* dominates him, and he laps up Lightfoot's Bampton Lecture with the ardour of a thirsty cat encountering cream! At 22 one's argumentative powers are at their best, and one's controversial appetite at its keenest. But Time enfeebles the first, and blunts the last. At 73 any young dogmatist may "play with me"!

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[3]

Thursday, January 2nd, 1936.

A mild dull day, redeemed at the close by a brilliant sun-setting. I received a pleasant letter from Baldwin* ***suggesting that I should breakfast with him again.*** This means, I fear, that I must go to the Meeting of Bishops, which I had hoped to avoid!

Also, I had a pleasant letter from Lord Scarbrough,* and a long and characteristic letter from Ralph [Inge]*.

I worked all morning at the article for the 'Bishoprick', but made small progress. After lunch Dick and I walked in the Park, and, on returning to the Castle, I resumed work on the article. I certainly could not earn my living as a journalist, for my pace is too slow.

Charles [Pattinson]* came to dinner, but made excuses for Christina who has a cold.

M^r Montefiore sent me the "Letter of Resignation of James G. McDonald, High Commissioner for Refugees" addressed to the Secretary General of the League of Nations: *It is painful reading, and makes it almost impossible to regard Germany as any longer entitled to be regarded as a civilized country.*

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[4]

Friday, January 3rd, 1936.

The sweep dealt with my study chimney which he found badly caked. This is one result of substituting wood for coal.

Daphne Radcliffe* went off after breakfast.

The Archdeacons came for our monthly conference, and stayed to lunch. Capⁿ Radcliffe, the Secretary of the Boys' Clubs Association also lunched here, and afterwards carried Dick off to discuss clubs. Rawlinson* and I walked in the Park for an hour. He is full of Derby as might be expected.

Prof. Norman Sykes* has a review of Prestige's Life of Bishop Gore in the Modern Churchman. In the course of it **he refers to the Hereford controversy, and says that I came out of it with credit, and never altered my course. This is the truth, but it has not often been stated so frankly.**

Dick & Charles motored with me to Sunderland where after dining at the Bishopwearmouth Rectory, we went to the parish church. I dedicated the new organ, and preached. After the service there was a short and noisy recital, which we stayed for, and then returned to Auckland.

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[5]

Saturday, January 4th, 1936.

[symbol]

A fine day, growing ever colder. I spent my working day on the Russian article, being interrupted by M^r Thompson, from Binchester, who came to solicit my assistance in an effort ^to^ restore the prosperity of South West ^Durham^ impudently described as "The ideal centre for new industries." **It is unquestionably becoming the cemetery of the old industries!** He said that an important conference was being arranged in February, over which Lord [7th marquess of] Londonderry* would preside. Would I entertain the leading folk at lunch, & generally assist the effort? I gave a benevolent answer, & he departed.

In the afternoon Dick and I walked for two hours in the Park, and discussed "Form Criticism". He has certainly been reading, and thinking on the subject, and is much taken with it. He makes me realize how far behind I have come to be. The books on my shelves are not thought worth reading now! New bright lights reign in the critical firmament, and they direct the mariner over new routes. It is, I suppose, the inevitable consequence of growing old, but it is only realized slowly & painfully.

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[6]

2nd Sunday after Christmas, January 5th, 1936.

A dull wet morning very depressing. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but 8 communicants including Charles and Dick. I read the Epistle ,and Gospel for the Epiphany instead of the (to me) repulsive Epistle for the Circumcision. Ella kept her room with a cold.

Fearne & Dick accompanied Charles & me when we motored to Durham in order to attend service in the Cathedral. I preached the Sermon, and found the loud-speaker less disturbing than usual. There was a considerable congregation. After service we returned to Auckland leaving Dick to lunch with Rawlinson.

During the afternoon, I succeeded in completing the Russian article for the Bishoprick. Charles and I motored to Durham where I preached in S. Cuthbert's Church. The weather was too wet to allow of "a Guard of honour" outside the church, greatly to the disappointment of Cecil Ferens,* who appeared in uniform with about 50 C.L.B. boys. The congregation was not large, no doubt lessened by the weather. After service we returned to Auckland.

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[7]

Monday, January 6th, 1936.

A raw comfortless morning with rain always threatening & at intervals falling. My chancellor sends me a further communication on the subject of "exchanges", from which I gather that the Legal Board of the Church Assembly is changing its attitude. He *also informs me that [William] Dawson,* the Vicar of S^t Paul's, Gateshead, has applied for a faculty authorizing the introduction of an 'gumbry' for reserving the Sacrament! I told the Chancellor that I had not authorized reservation. There will probably be trouble in that quarter.*

I wasted the morning in making preparations for my Scottish visit: and, after lunch, walked for an hour with Dick in the Park. He returned to Scotland by the afternoon train.

Charles Lillingston came to see about the question of his Ordination. His headmaster presses him to be ordained but he is not sure that he could "fulfil his ministry" as a schoolmaster. I hold that the Anglican conception of the ministry, as set out in the Ordinal, is essentially pastoral, and seems to imply parochial work. I said that I should be very willing to ordain him on Letters dimissory from the Bishop of Salisbury.

[8]

[symbol]

The Rev. Edgar Boddington writes:-

I have read with great interest your chaplain's account of the 'Smith' organ. In my days Wilfrid Jupp & Wakefield Willink acted at times as organists:

We have in Oakham Castle – its only remnant- almost a replica of the Old Dining Hall – now the Chapel of Auckland Castle. Its eastern doors are leading to the passage to Kitchen & Buttery, as at Auckland, all blocked. It is now used as a Justices' Court House, & on its walls are arrayed the horse shoes, the tax paid by Royalty & nobility for their passage through the ancient town.

*It might interest you to know that during my days at the castle, Bp. Lightfoot wrote to the Sir Arthur Hazlerigg of his days to ask him if he had amongst his muniments any records of his family's possession of Auckland castle, during the Commonwealth. His reply addressed to J.B. Dunelm Esq informed the Bishop (*mirabile dictu*) that he had no such records, & was unaware that his forbears held that manor.*

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[9]

Tuesday, January 7th, 1936.

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We got away from the Castle, not without some fraying of my temper, which grows more uncertain and irritable with advancing years at the spectacle of no less than 11 pieces of luggage. However, we travelled without difficult, and were met at Leuchars by Veronica with the car, and so arrived safely at S. Andrews.

My lecture was delivered at 6 p.m. – for this hour has been thought preferable to 5 p.m. - a scanty audience of perhaps 25 persons. It was explained to me that this was the first day of term, & that the students were obsessed with the incidental business of arriving, many, indeed, having not yet arrived. One grasps eagerly at any suggestion which may mitigate the stark fact which the absenteeism of hearers forces on the lecturer's attention, but I do not deceive myself. For my comfort, one of the professors assured me that Edwyn Bevan* in Edinburgh, where it was reasonable to expect a considerable audience delivered his excellent course of Gifford Lectures **to less than a dozen students.**

Sir James Irvine* is preparing himself for a visit to India, by being inoculated for all sorts of diseases, & suffers accordingly.

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[10]

Wednesday, January 8th, 1936.

St. Andrews

A mild pleasant morning, but I had not slept well in the night and felt jaded.

The two reporters appeared at 10.30 a.m., and I dictated to them so much of my lecture of tonight as seemed to me sufficient to indicate its drift to the readers of the Scotsman.

The Scotsman had nearly a column of last night's lecture, but 'tis poor ragged stuff equally unworthy of a Bishop, an University, and the subject.

After tea I went carefully through the text of my Lecture with the purpose of shortening it, and I succeeded in cutting out about 30 pages, but not to its improvement.

The rain descended in torrents as the hour for my Lecture approached, & its effect on the audience could not but have been great. However, there were a good many more than turned up last night, and I think that if the weather had been favourable, there w^d have been [11] many more. D^r [John] Miller* and Professor [George] Duncan* expressed their agreement and approval, but I suspect that some of the company were scandalized, & many more ~~aff~~ surprised at hearing from the lips of an English Bishop opinions which they had always associated with unbelievers! If the Scotsman prints all that I dictated to the reporters, I think it not improbable that protests will be made. As usual I am in no small danger of falling between two stools. Neither the orthodox nor their opponents is satisfied. For the one concedes too much, for the other, too little.

*There was a dance here which was attended by a number of pretty, prettily dressed girls, and well-grown, well-looking, well-mannered young men, undergraduates. **I am very impressed by the S. Andrews men.** They are superior to the men at Durham, and not inferior to those at Oxford & Cambridge. But, of course, such external impressions are worth little. While the dance went on gaily below, the Principal and I withdrew to the study, and discussed the subject, now becoming prominent, of "Euthanasia". He is on the whole disposed to approve the practice: I am so far unable to find a satisfying justification for it.*

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[12]

Thursday, January 9th, 1936.

[symbol]

Professor Bruce Blyth Webster* called to ask a favour viz. that **I would confirm him and his wife**. They could not abide the Presbyterianism in which they had been reared, and they desired to regularize their position in the Episcopal church, at the service of which they attended. I am never very favourable to changing churches, but I would not contest a man's right to indulge in it, if so his conscience required. However, I said that I would, as a matter of courtesy, write to the Bishop of S. Andrews, and, if he had no objection, would confirm them in the Chapel at Auckland on July 18th, when the annual service of Confirmation for adults is held.

There is no character other than confessedly immoral which I dislike more than that of a presbyterian!

Veronica and I walked on the sands, and had much talk about America. She told me, as an instance of the effect of the gangsters on society, that M^{rs} Carnegie, the multi-millionaire's widow, with whom she and her parents stayed, used to walk in the Park at New York, but dared do so no longer, & that children had to be escorted even across an open space between houses.

[13] [symbol]

At tea our talk turned on sport, & I remarked that I had never been able to construct a satisfying defence of it, and the Principal [James Irvine], rather to my surprize, expressed agreement. "I should not care to have to defend it," he said. We were, of course, speaking of "blood sports". He went on to describe the coursing of a hare, which he thought was horribly cruel. For himself, he took no part in those sports. It would be difficult to find a more manly fellow, or one less open to a change of puling sentimentalism.

After dinner our talk ranged over many subjects. Among the rest we discussed the ability, character, and dramatic success of John Buchan,* now Governor-General of Canada. The Principal said that he had just heard from a correspondent in Canada, that the people were being greatly impressed by the oratory of their new chief. Hitherto the Governor-General had ^not^ been distinguished for their public-speaking. Buchan is a striking and welcome change. Generally, however, ~~th~~ it was plain enough that Sir James was by no means an indiscriminating admirer. He dwelt on the ardour of his ambition, and the variety of his activities, but not on the greatness of his character or the quality of his work.

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[14]

Friday, January 10th, 1936.

Last night there was a furious tempest which compelled us to close our bedroom window, to my general discomfort. In the morning I found myself distressed and incommoded by an attack of lumbago, which led me to remain indoors through the day, after the stormy night was calm, and the appearance of everything outside alluring.

I read though the little statement of the Form-Critical Theory, which has so impressed Dick - "Gospel Criticism and Christology by Martin Dibelius", It is evidently designed to allay the disturbance which has been aroused in orthodox minds, and it emphasizes the more reassuring aspects of a critical method which in the hands of its thorough-going champions is certainly destructive of the historical bases of the Christian Religion. But as I reflect on its bearings, and follow out its suggestions, I cannot avoid a deep distrust. "Faith" is reduced to something which it is hard to distinguish from "self-hypnotism", & its explanation remains quite ignored. Apart from the history how comes the faith?

[15] [symbol]

My 9th Gifford Lecture was on "Racial problems" and was attended by the same tenuous company. For my comfort, I was assured that Edwyn Bevan's Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh were attended by no more than a dozen persons! Considering the known quality of his work, and the size of Edinburgh, this fact appears to be equally surprising and discreditable. My lecture was, perhaps, more acceptable than its predecessors, perhaps, because it was more rhetorical! I indulged in a "peroration" on Christian Missions. Both the Principal and D^r Miller were particularly appreciative, but I myself was rather specially discontented. It did not seem equal to the standard of what even the humblest Gifford Lecture should reach!

The Principal and I had an interesting talk in which he related some passages of Lloyd-George. When L.G., after the War, delivered his Rectoral address at Edinburgh, the students gave him a bad time. He was astonished and humiliated. "Would it have been different if I had still been in Office" he asked Sir James, as they left the Hall after the ordeal had ended.

[16]

How rich and varied an experience of life this excellent Principal has had! I think there is no more loveable man in my knowledge. His account of Lloyd George interested me greatly. He dislikes and distrusts him, but he insists that it is no exaggeration, but bare justice to say, that, in 1916, he saved the country from defeat. He had the power, not merely of grasping a situation, but also of infusing his own demonic energy into everybody who worked with him and for him.

Blyth Webster and his wife come to dine. I did not make any reference to the question of their confirmation. Also, D^r Miller came in after dinner to consult me as to hymns and lessons at the service when I preach at the University. He is a man to whom I am attracted. He has a frank, good, & humourous countenance, and all that I can gather of his record and influence suggests that his character is very justly indicated by his appearance.

He is well-placed as Principal of S. Mary's College.

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[17]

Saturday, January 11th, 1936.

[symbol]

A beautiful day, which, however, I could not adequately enjoy, for the lumbago molested me, and another bad night made me feel "a wreck". My years begin to tell.

I wrote letters until it was time to join Lady Irvine and the ladies. We all lunched with Colonel Balfour and his family. With them was a very interesting Professor from Harvard who was an authority on Chinese and Japanese Art, and who assured me that he had crossed the Atlantic with no other object than to visit the Chinese Art Exhibition in London. We had a good deal of mixed conversation, but I am rather humiliated to find that my memory retains nothing worth recording.*

[symbol]

Mine hostess told me that after one of Lord Balfour's ("my Uncle Arthur's") Gifford Lectures, a man came to him and said, "Excuse me, Sir, but would you mind telling me who this M' A. Priori, to whom you refer so often was?"!

The Principal was subjected to another inoculation but, in spite of this, was very cheerful, and took his fill there in an ~~xxx~~ aminated conversation around the dining-room fire before going to bed.

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[18]

1st Sunday after Epiphany, January 12th, 1936.

A most beautiful morning. The light of the dawn on the coast of Angus, with the silver expanse of the still water in the foreground, was unforgettable. It suggests "the light that never was on sea or land".

I had another sleepless night, and felt "a wreck" as I entered on the day. Insomnia is certainly one of life's major ills, and it is the normal companion of old age.

The chapel presented an attractive & impressive spectacle filled with the red-gowned students, and with the brilliant sun-light streaming through its coloured windows. I preached in my episcopal robes from John Knox's pulpit, which yet preserves the hour-glass which is no longer used. The service was of the semi-liturgical character now common in Scotland, & was excellently conducted by D^r Miller. I preached on "Liberty", taking for my text the words from S. James ii "So speak ye, and so do, as men who are to be judged by a law of liberty". The Principal had read them as part of the 2nd Lesson, which I had myself chosen. I was pleased by the close attention of the students, and flattered by the kind compliments of the professors! As it [19] was the first Sunday in the term, it had seemed to me not unfitting that I should address myself directly to the undergraduates; I was relieved to be assured that my doing so was approved by the Principal & D^r Miller, and apparently not resented by the youth.

In the afternoon I retired to my room, and endeavoured (but unsuccessfully) to sleep. However I was rested.

There is nothing [sic] brings home to the aging man the fact of his agedness so effectively as the company of the young. Certainly I have never felt so definitely an old man, as I have this week past with Nigel and his sisters always in presence, and the students emerging everywhere. Perhaps, in my own case, the sterility and emptiness of my earlier years are thrown into vivid prominence by their contrast with the vigour & joy which seem to exhale from the young men & women in S. Andrews. I feel so extremely remote, and yet so strongly attracted. So it might have been with myself also, and so it was not. Nothing in later life can make up for the mishandling of those glorious years of boyhood and adolescence.

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[20]

Monday, January 13th, 1936.

An unsatisfactory night, too windy for open windows and with heavy rain. Ella was indisposed to my great alarm, for the resources of our room (though a comfortable and ample apartment in other respects) are curiously inadequate for an emergency. However there was no crisis, and she breakfasted in bed.

Alexander writes to report the damage wrought by last Thursday night's storm. It seems to have been considerable, including the blowing down of the thorn-tree at the entrance, and the blowing in of a window in the dining room. The Park, which has suffered much already, during this winter, again loses many trees. All this will finally express itself in heavy bills!

We spoke at breakfast about the poor attendance at the Gifford Lectures and the University summons, which is evidently arousing concern, and Lady Irvine connected it with the "apathy" which was creeping over S. Andrews. Last week a mass meeting of the Union could not even provide a quorum of 100 members out of a membership of about 1200; only 47 actually appearing. This suggests that the Union has about as effective a hold on the students as a Parochial Council on the parishioners!

[21]

The two reporters from the "Scotsman" came for their extracts from tomorrow's lecture. They are intelligent, but hardly educated young men, for when, having used the tag "Fiat justitia, ruat caelum", I asked whether they knew what it meant, they owned that they did not. But they are evidently anxious to be accurate, and, I think, are personally interested in the matter they report.

After lunch I walked for more than an hour on the sands. There was ice on the roads, and a bitter wind, but, though lumbago embarrassed my movements, I was the better for the exercise.

At tea the scientific lecturer, Taylor, with whom I struck up an acquaintance in October, but whom I had missed from the lectures, made his appearance. It was the usual story – he could not attend because he was himself lecturing. The students of S. Andrews are evidently over lectured.

I write to Dick.

Professor Williams sent his M.S. on the Death of Sir Edmund Berry Godfrey. He works out the theory that it was a case of sudden natural death, which happened in circumstances which made its requisite to represent it as suicide.

[22]

After dinner Sir James Irvine and I went to the study, and had together a comfortable and comforting talk. He told me that he had become an elder in the Presbyterian Church here, and found the meetings of the kirk-session not merely interesting but also spiritually stimulating. The elders are required to visit regularly the church-members within the district assigned to them, & to report to the minister anything that, in their judgement, required his visitation. This part of the elder's duty he could not undertake, & had therefore long refused to accept office, but when the kirk-session unanimously asked him to do so, accompanying the request by assuring him that they would arrange for the visitation in his district, he had yielded.

We discussed again the subject of "euthanasia". He urged that my view of the sanctity of human life, which led me to oppose the practice, ought also to lead me to condemn capital punishment, but I replied that murder involved such a violation of the implicit covenant of social life that it stood quite alone. In the interest of the sanctity of human life the murderer may not live, & suicide may not be allowed.

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[23]

Tuesday, January 14th, 1936.

Robin [Edward [Robin] Vane-Tempest-Stuart]* writes:

My father's retirement from the Cabinet will, I hope, have the result of a return to Wynyard. This I regard as essential. Unluckily my Mother & sister both hate the place, which is most unfortunate, as too many houses are closed already. Romaine & I would like to do our bit in the county, but we are no longer allowed to live here in the absence of my Father. We are looking round for a house in the country, preferably in Oxfordshire where we can keep the children and start out on a new life of our own.

There is a dissidence in the family that has deeper roots than I know, and which makes any expression of opinion on my part likely to be used in domestic controversy with results nowise desirable. Therefore I must say nothing: but I am with Robin in wishing that Wynyard were again occupied.

[24]

The reporters again visited me, and took down so much of my Lecture on "Industrialism" as they imagined would satisfy the demands of the Scotsman.

In the afternoon, I walked to the ruins of the Cathedral, and, while watching the workmen who are uncovering the (much-broken) floor of the nave, I was interested by the uncommon tameness of a thrush and a blackbird, which boldly snatched the worms exposed by the spade within a yard of the digger. No doubt the sharp frost has made the question of food-supplies acute for them. After a second vain attempt to gain admission to the Museum, I strolled through the graveyard attached to the cathedral ruins, and my eye chanced to fall on the headstone of "The first resident Roman Catholic Priest in S. Andrews" who died in 1908. (The Principal subsequently told me that the Papists have recently made much progress in S. Andrews). Continuing my walk to the quaint little harbour, I encountered on the pier Professor Duncan. He was almost effusive, expressed much regret at having seen so little of me, and volunteered to be the companion of my walk. We talked of the obvious, nay inevitable, topic – reunion of the Churches.

[25]

The supply and quality of Ordination candidates, and the working of the recent Union of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland. I noted that, while he affirmed that the Union was working "better than might have been Expected", he exhibited an obvious lack of enthusiasm which suggested to me that he himself had probably been one of the opposition. He pointed out the very extensive buildings of the girl's college, S. Leonard's, including the attractive house in which Mary, Queen of Scots, lived, which is now used as the school library. I happened to observe how much I admired & liked the Principal, when the Professor exploded in language, which made it evident that my views were certainly not shared by him! I remembered that the Principal had expressed no very exalted opinion of

the Professor, and I began to connect in my mind their mutual antipathy with the conflict over D^r Miller's appointment to the headship of S. Mary's College. Was Duncan the defeated candidate? And did his resentment over his defeat extend to the Gifford Lecturer, whose appointment was promoted by the Principal? I strongly suspect that, unwittingly, I have become a factor in a keen and continuing academic feud!

[26]

My Lecture was delivered to a rather more numerous company, though small enough in all conscience. The subject – dealing with the civic duty of Christians – has become “actual” through the proceedings in Germany, to which, however, I made no direct allusion. As I spoke of the difficult and always urgent question of military service, I was conscious that I trode [sic] on dangerous ground. It will not surprise me, if I become the victim of “patriotic” denunciation.

The Times has on its front page an excellent letter over the signature of George Macaulay Trevelyan,* protesting against the creation of a “bombing ground” in the neighbourhood of Holy Island. He states with force and eloquence the outrage on religious sentiment, the injury to the nesting sea-birds whose principal breeding-place is on the Farne Islands and the injury to a favourite holiday-resort. It is certainly very astonishing that the Official Authorities should so soon repeat the blunder which has brought them into great odium in Dorsetshire.

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[27]

Wednesday, January 15th, 1936.

Yesterday's lecture was evidently more acceptable to the newspapers than its fore-runners, for it is reported more effectively. The "Glasgow Herald" indulges in leaded type for its more salient passages: and, for the first time, a report appears in the "Times". I suppose the discussion of the moral legitimacy of War, and the duty of the Christian in the matter of military service – gave a "topical" interest to the lecture.

I had tea with Professor & M^{rs} Williams in the very interesting house (partly XVth century) which they occupy. It belongs to the University.

My 11th Gifford Lecture on "Industrialism" did not wholly please mine host, who, as the friend of Harkness, the benevolent millionaire who restored the Chapel and founded the Pilgrim Trust, is naturally sensitive on the subject of millionaires! We had a considerable and interesting talk on the subject. I must own to being myself extremely discontented with this lecture, which lay open to the charge of incoherence, and left in much obscurity the contribution which it was required to make to the general argument of the Course.

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[28]

Thursday, January 16th, 1936.

The two reporters came for the last time, & gathered their material for the Scottish papers. When they had gone, I walked to S. Mary's College, and was met by the Principal and his colleagues. The students were collected, and I addressed them. Then ~~one of the~~ I was shown over the college buildings. The foundation dates from 1557 when it was founded by Cardinal Beaton in a vain effort to beat back the Reformation. I visited the University Library; & then, under the escort of one of the Principal's daughters, I was shown Queen Mary's House, now owned by S. Leonards College, and used as a library for the girls. The unhappy Queen's bedroom is preserved in its original condition. Of course the whole place reeks with Mariolatry.

Ella and Fearne lunched with me at S. Mary's College with D^r Miller, his wife, and three daughters, of whom one, Lois, is beautiful in a weird witch-like way.

Professor Baxter, who holds the chair of Ecclesiastical History, informed me, in answer to my inquiry, that the Burning Bush was adopted as the symbol of the Church of Scotland, probably about 1670, under Huguenot influence.

[29]

The proofs of my Bishoprick article arrived from Charles. I forthwith corrected and returned them.

Charles reported the damage done by the recent storm in the Park.

Bryden will be kept busy for some time. Fortunately only two of the trees in the beech grove are down. On the whole I am glad we were away on the night of the gale, for the lime trees outside seem to have behaved in an alarming way.

A car fetched me about 5 p.m. and conveyed me to Dundee, where I was given some dinner at a queer rambling building, the Student's Union. Four youngish professors entertained me: and then followed the Lecture. I repeated my Gifford Lecture on "Sexual Morality" **to an audience of perhaps as many as 20 persons**, mostly men. Some were students: most were townfolk. I was determined to catch the 8 p.m. ferry-boat, so I excised much of my lecture, & hustled through the rest! I caught the ferry-boat but had to pay the Charon's obol of my reputation! However I got back to S. Andrews about 9 p.m., & joined in pleasant talk round the drawing-room fire.

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[30]

Friday, January 17th, 1936.

A bright morning, but bitterly cold!

Ella and Fearne went off to Helensburgh by the 9.33 a.m. train. I accompanied them to the station. And then settled down for a quiet morning in the study.

I wrote to Dick, and then walked into the town. I visited the town church, and looked at the vast monument of Archbishop Sharp. The scene of the murder is realistically depicted in stone, but the Archbishop is represented as wearing his rochet, which surely when travelling in his coach he would hardly have done. The sexton was dusting the pews, and I had some talk with him. He said that the church could seat 1850 persons, & that he had known all the seats to be filled: but of late years there had been, thanks to motors &c, a great falling-off in church-attendance. It is the same story everywhere, & it is difficult to imagine any escape from the disaster to which organized Christianity is so evidently drifting. I went on to the Book Shop near Cathedral ruins, and bought Trotsky's History of the Russian Revolution for reading in the train tomorrow.

[31]

Since the eighteenth century the developments of natural science have completely altered that conception of the nature of the universe **which, vague and unquestioned, underlies the ideas of the average person.** The earth is conceived of as a minute atom, among millions of other atoms, evolving from no one knows what, in a manner no one knows how, and in a direction no one knows whither; while man himself, sadly fallen from his former dignity, is become merely an animal, like other animals, a late, haphazard, and ephemeral development of some automatic principle of life unknown. **The consequence is that religious ideas are now confined to religion.** His reason working on his usual assumptions about life no longer leads a man to search for a religious explanation of any phenomenon he does not understand. But it did in the eighteenth century. The visitation of God seemed to him the most probable explanation of an epidemic, as defective sanitation might seem the most probable explanation to us. A hundred and fifty years ago those who rejected Christianity [32] believed in a first cause. Voltaire himself would have been surprised at some of the views held by an orthodox clergyman of the Church of England in 1929. Cowper's conviction of God's personal interest in him, and his fears of immediate damnation if he disregarded it, may have been morbid, but they were not unreasonable. And they were perfectly consistent with the conception of the Cosmos held by everyone of his day.

v. Lord David Cecil. 'The Stricken Deer' p. 51.

Veronica and I walked on the sands for an hour in a biting wind and a brisk snow-storm. My last lecture was rather better attended than the others in spite of the bitter weather, and, when I had finished, D^r Miller made some polite remarks in which of course, he spoke

of the “bonny fechter” as dear to Scottish hearts, & cautiously guarded against any danger of his being supposed to agree with the Bishop of Durham!!

Professor Baillie* and Dickie came to dinner, and were both very agreeable. The latter has but recently arrived here, & is likely to be popular.

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[33]

Saturday, January 18th, 1936.

Another bitterly cold day. Two evil announcements dominate the newspaper: the King is ill, and Rudyard Kipling is dead. If, (which may Heaven avert!) His Majesty were taken away just now, another, and a formidable blow to European security would be given. But, when I recall what the Queen said to me at Windsor about the anxiety which the King's coughing fits cause, I cannot but feel alarmed at a bulletin which talks darkly about "cardiac trouble". The Principal spoke to me about the grants which the Pilgrim Trust are making towards the housing and care of the muniments of Westminster & Lincoln. He inquired whether a similar grant would be welcomed at Durham. I replied that that matter lay with the Dean, and said that, if he had no objection, I would mention the matter to him. He agreed that I should do so. It is a grave loss that Meade-Falkner* is no longer in charge of the library: for the new Librarian not only is necessarily ignorant of the contents of the library and muniment room, but is not himself a trained librarian. I hadn't the courage to mention again the needs of the Castle!

[34]

Taylor came in to see me, & to bid me farewell. I left University House shortly before noon, and caught the train which left S. Andrews at 12.10. Nigel came to the station to see me off. At Leuchars I changed into the London train, which carried me to Newcastle, where I was met by Charles and Leng, arriving at the Castle about 5.30 p.m.

Braley* came to see me at 6 p.m. with reference to the project for making Bede College a constituent college of the University. When he had departed, Charles and I went through a considerable accumulation of letters, until dinner. After dinner I wrote cheques for a number of bills: and went through the items of my Bank book.

The evening papers give no comforting reports of the King's illness. There is an ominous gathering of the Royal Family at Sandringham, and an army of doctors. It is impossible not to fear the worst. I caused the prayer for the King to be added to our Evening devotions.

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[35]

2nd Sunday after Epiphany, January 19th, 1936.

A brilliant sun shining on a country which was striving to “hide its guilty front with innocent snow”,¹ and a most bitter frost. I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. in the Chapel. Charles and Christina were among the communicants. Before the Prayer for the Church Militant, I called for special prayer for the King’s recovery.

I wrote my “Collins” to Lady Irvine, and wrote also to Ella. Then I prepared notes for tonight’s sermon.

The view from my study disclose [sic] with horrible emphasis the destruction of the two red-thorn trees in the recent storm.

Charles and Christina accompanied me to Fatfield where I preached to a fair congregation, which, considering the severity of the weather, was certainly creditable. I preached from Romans xii. 16 “Set not your mind on high things; but condescend to things that are lowly.” There was a large choir of men and boys. The service was both hearty and reverent: and I said some laudatory things to the Vicar and churchwardens in the Vestry. McLeod is evidently making progress.

[36]

I wrote to Charles Griffith-Jones saying that I was pleased to learn that he would be ordained, and that I would (if no obstacle hindered) ordain him at Trinity. He is rather an odd young man, but I think his hesitation arose from a genuine scruple of conscience, & will therefore turn ultimately to his spiritual advantage.

Also, I wrote to the Duke of Northumberland in answer to his inquiries as to Sharpe, the Vicar of S. Cuthbert’s, Bensham, whom he meditates appointing to the Vicarage of Chatton. I should certainly be glad to get Sharpe out of Bensham, where he has been as nearly a total failure as is possible for a well-meaning man, without the assistance of positive vice, to arrive. Chatton has but 700 inhabitants: Bensham, more than 15,000. He will probably be ‘bored stark’ by the rustic solitude, but the area of failure will be considerably reduced.

D^r Popham writes to say that he has been offered a position in the Diocese of Sheffield, and that he is considering it. Consideration almost invariably preludes acceptance. The personnel of my diocese is changing rapidly.

¹ John Milton, ‘On the morning of Christ’s nativity’ (1629).

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[37]

Monday, January 20th, 1936.

Charles accompanied me to Darlington where we drove through a snow-storm over treacherous roads on which the car skidded uncomfortably. I caught the Silver Jubilee express, which left at 10.40 a.m., and arrived in King's Cross at 2 p.m. On entering the Athenaeum I encountered [Humphrey] Milford and [Robert] Chapman,* the representatives respectively of the Oxford University Press and the Clarendon Press. "We were just speaking of you," said Milford. I inquired to whom the MSS. of my Gifford Lectures should be sent, and was told that they should go to the Secretary of the Press in Oxford. As I was talking with these pundits of publishing, I was hailed by Geoffrey Dawson,* who was accompanied by Canon Anthony Deane.* The Editor of the Times was evidently in conference with the ecclesiastical leader writer. I went to the Hair-dresser, & received his professional attentions: and then I called on the bookseller. While I was there talking with Wheatley, Canon Vernon Storr* and his wife came in, and had some talk. He said that he feared that the Bishop of Birmingham [Ernest Barnes]* was rather seriously ill. From the bookseller, I walked to Burlington House, and [38] looked at the Chinese Exhibition. It is certainly an amazing collection. I think that I was most impressed by the beauty of the paintings, the cruelty of the grotesques, and the remarkable absence of anything gross or obscene. A deeply veiled heartlessness is the note of Chinese Art. I was hailed by Lord Ilchester [see Helen Fox-Strangeway*], whom fortunately I recognized. "Have you succeeded in saving your swans?" I asked: and this question evidently pleased him. "The bother is," he said, "that there are people who maintain that the birds don't really mind bombing, but nest as before. But they don't tell us whether the broods are successfully reared." Scarcely had we parted, when I came upon Lord [David] Crawford,* and had some talk with him. Then I returned to the Club, had tea, & wrote to Ella.

For dinner, I joined tables with the Bishop of Gloucester, who was more affable than usual, but with whom conversation becomes more difficult as his deafness increases. He said that the Archbishop of Canterbury had not been present at the Meeting of the Bishops in Lambeth, and that the proceedings had been very dull. I evidently lost little by absenting myself.

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[39]

Tuesday, January 21st, 1936.

Death of the King

The first news that met me when I descended from my bedroom was that the King was dead: and already the flags were flying at half-mast.

I walked round to 10 Downing Street to inquire whether the Prime Minister [Baldwin*] expected me to breakfast with him: and was told that he did. After a short term in the Park, I joined the great man at breakfast. He was most affable, and spoke with real feeling of the King's death. **"After the jubilee celebrations, I noticed a change in him. There was a new calmness, as if he felt that his course was run, & that he had but a short time."** I inquired about the Queen, and he spoke warmly of her courage & resource. [~~None of the sons cared much for their father. They feared him too much. The only one that "gave way" was the Princess.~~] **"The great question now is, How will the young man carry himself? I had him here yesterday, & talked to him gravely. I told him that the King's life was really "a dog's life", so incessant and monotonous were his official tasks. His intentions are admirable."**

[40]

We went to breakfast and discussed the Durham business. I gave him the following names: Canon Owen. * 2. Canon Bezzant. * 3. Costley White. * 4. Campbell. 5. Norman Sykes. * and undertook to write to him setting out my nominees in the order of my preference.

Then our conversation turned to the Bishopricks, and, to my amazement, he inquired what was my opinion of Partridge! * **I said that he was an excellent man of business to organise & raise money, but to suggest that he was suitable for a bishoprick seemed to me grotesque. I submitted that, in choosing bishops, two considerations must be kept in mind – first, the particular requirements of the diocese, next the intellectual quality of the Episcopal Bench.** I pointed out that Salisbury had a tradition of learning, and suggested as fitting for its tenure, the Master of Pembroke [Dudden] and the Bishop of Coventry [Mervyn Haigh*].

Incidentally, Mr Baldwin gave me an account of the Laval-Hoare crisis, which has evidently weighed much on his mind. He was really very friendly, almost affectionate, and so we parted, he helping me on with my coat.

[41]

The Prime Minister asked me point blank, what was my opinion of the Bishop of Jarrow [James Gordon*]. I said that he had proved himself an excellent colleague: that he had become very popular: and was, I thought, admirably placed. [I doubted his competence for an individual position i.e. a diocesan bishoprick, wherein he would have to take the initiative, and run risks.] **"I am so much attached to him personally that I loathe the thought of injuring his prospects; but since you ask my opinion, I give it you."** He said that he thought it was a mistake to move a man from a position for which he was obviously well-fitted. Then I went

back to the Athenaeum, and wrote out this brief account of the interview with the Prime Minister.

I walked to Westminster, and, as I drew near to the Abbey, was much offended by the appearance of the great Northern Entrance, which has been "white-washed" with some stone-preserving stuff, and looks vulgarly garish. I called on the Dean, who, however, was attending a Chapter-meeting, and saw M^{rs} Norris, who asked me to lunch. I promised to do so, after calling on the Costley-Whites, whom I saw for a short time, & then returned to the Deanery.

[42]

The Dean said that, before Rudyard Kipling's death had been announced, but when its imminence was apparent, he had taken the precaution of consulting some eminent literary men as to the fitness of offering burial in the Abbey. Among these was the Provost of Eton, Monty James; who replied at once that he was doubtful about many things but not about the propriety of burying Rudyard Kipling in the Abbey. "He has been the prophet of two generations of English Folk." Last night when the news arrived that the King was visibly sinking, the Dean improvised a short service of intercession in the choir, at which the King's Scholars attended at their own request. Boys are naturally both loyal and emotional. From the Deanery I walked to the Athenaeum, and there continued for the remainder of the day, writing letters and reading. The "Daily Herald" writes about the late King with respect, emphasizing his readiness to accept changes, and his large service to the people. He had "worked" loyally with two "Labour" governments. And, of course, they speak well of Edward VIII.

[43]

I asked Baldwin ^the Prime Minister^ what view he took of returning objects of interest to their original possessors, and mentioned the decision of the Dean and Chapter to return to Hexham the Acca Cross. He at once adduced the leading case of the Elgin Marbles, and expressed his opinion that trusteeship was inconsistent with restoration.

While I was writing to the Bishop of Jarrow, I received a telegram from Canon [Oliver] Quick:*-

Dean and I much hope you may be able to preach Cathedral next Sunday morning. Letter following.

So the letter I wrote to the Dean this morning was superfluous.

The Bishop of Chichester [George Bell*] suggested the cricketing parson, Gillingham,* as suitable for my vacancies. He also promised to inquire and inform me about the specific merits of Canon Bezzant.

Matthews,* the Dean of S. Paul's, came into the Club, and I talked with him. We discussed the supply and the quality of Ordination candidates. He was more optimistic than I. He promised, if possible, to give the Addresses & preach at the Trinity Ordination.

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[44]

Wednesday, January 22nd, 1936.

Baldwin's broadcast address last night is given prominence in the morning's papers, and most notably in the Daily Herald, where it appears in the most prominent position under the heading, "The Prime Minister speaks for the Nation". It is quite admirable in its simplicity, dignity, and pathos; and cannot but make a deep impression. [He relates that shortly before the end, in a moment of consciousness asked, "How is the Empire?"] and being assured that all was well with the Empire relapsed into unconsciousness. The flags are flying today for the new King, and guns are firing salutes in the Park. When the proclamation has been made, the flags will be again half-masted.

I travelled to Darlington by the 11.20 a.m. which arrived at 3.55 p.m. Charles met me with the car. At 6 p.m. Charles and I left the castle & motored to Chester-le-Street where I instituted the new Rector (Wilkinson). There was a large congregation, a good muster of the clergy, a reverent service, & an asphyxiating atmosphere. The roads were dangerous with frozen snow.

Ella and Fearne returned from Helensburgh while we were absent.

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[45]

Thursday, January 23rd, 1936.

The snow lies on the country, and there is every indication that the bitter frost, which preserves it, will continue. The roads are dangerous for motoring. I wrote to the Dean, cancelling my acceptance of his invitation to dine tomorrow: and I refrained from attending the Convocation which meets in York today. After dictating many letters to Charles, I wrote to the Prime Minister, setting down the names of five clergymen, who were in my view suitable for appointment as Rawlinson's successor, and placing them in the order of my preference. After lunch I discussed with Elland what trees should replace the five which had perished in the policies during the recent storm. We agreed to substitute a copper beech for the cherry tree: a beech for the poplar: a thorn for that which has perished: and a silver birch with laurels for the large thorn in the bowling-green border. I ventured a short walk in the Park, and noticed that three trees had been blown down on the slope to the bridge over the Gaunless. A new flag-staff has been set up on the roof, and carries the Union Jack at half-mast.

[46]

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*Baldwin, in moving a vote of condolence in the House of Commons this afternoon, made another most admirable speech. He succeeds in being original without becoming irrelevant. Every utterance on the same inevitable subject of the late King's excellence "breaks new ground", & has an interest of its own. When he does retire from public life, he will step by an unquestionable title into the position of the Nation's Public Orator, which was held by the late Lord Rosebery.**

Dick's [Derek Elliott*] last letter has a curiously introspective character. I told him of my talk to the Ordination Candidates in S. Andrews, & he applies it to himself.

"Your address fits my own case up to the hilt. I have not now, & I never have had "the still small voice". My confidence lies entirely in signs that are as you say "cumulative". I sometimes think that I have almost reached some kind of balance, but only through years of conflict – frightful at the time, but immensely valuable in retrospect...Our friendship has been the greatest event in my life."

May God bless him, and grant that such influence as I have may help, and not hinder, his discipleship!

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[47]

Friday, January 24th, 1936.

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The bitter weather continues. I spent the working day on next Sunday's sermon. These "special" occasions are particularly difficult, and when, as in this case, they are highly charged with emotion, the difficulty is greatest. The amount of purely conventional feeling waxes from hour to hour, and becomes almost unendurable. I think I am at my very worst in memorial sermons.

George Nimmins* with his wife and son came to tea. The boy, now 2½ years old, is a bright little fellow. George himself returns to Java on April 18th. He gave me a vivacious account of the mutiny on board one of the Dutch warships in Java. He says that the Dutch have a good many submarines, but that their ships are quite obsolete. He told me that the pilgrimage trade to Mecca had again started, but on a much reduced scale. Not lack of faith, but lack of money caused the falling off in the number of pilgrims. There was not much fear of Japanese aggression. The great distance which parts Japan from Singapore, the absence of any Japanese base, and the provision of the British naval base at Singapore were regarded as effectual protection.

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[48]

Saturday, January 25th, 1936.

A thaw set in, and began to clear away the snow.

A short letter from me appears in the Times supporting "wholeheartedly" the protest which George Trevelyan is [sic] organized against the sacrilegious proposal to establish a bombing practice ground near Holy Island. A weighty letter signed by several well-known men of science takes the same view, mainly on grounds ornithological.

I started to read through the Gifford Lectures, numbering the pages, before sending the MS. to the Clarendon Press. They are poor stuff.

M^r Battiscombe, the new Chapter clerk, and M^{rs} Battiscombe called, and I showed them the Chapel and State Room.

The Rev C. Stimson, an eccentric person, with whom Lomax* is in treaty, came to see me. I judge him to be "mad as a March hare". Nevertheless, I said that, if he & Lomax desired it, I would give him permission to officiate at Ferryhill for 3 months, at the end of which we might reconsider the whole situation.

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[49]

3rd Sunday after Epiphany, January 26th, 1936.

The thaw continues, but the snow passes very slowly.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m., and mistakenly prayed for George instead of Edward in the Prayer for the Church militant. Charles and Christina were among the 8 communicants. Whether it was the darkness of the Chapel or the darkening of my eyesight, I don't know, but I found difficulty in reading the service, & desired my spectacles!

It is difficult to speak fittingly about Monarchs, never safe to speak frankly when they are alive, never decent to do so when they are dead! The late King, like Queen Victoria, was a god-living Christian, an honourably constitutional sovereign, and genuinely hardworking in his monotonous duty. There was a simplicity about him which was very appealing. He talked so recklessly that one could not but feel that he was throwing himself on the honour of those with whom he talked. His tastes were normal & wholesome: and, though he was neither brilliant nor well-read, he did not lack intelligence. He was a martinet at home, and his sons rather feared than loved him. [50] He is the first of our Sovereigns who has had at his disposal the potent instrument for extending personal influence and manufacturing popularity rapidly, which Science has provided in "wireless". It is, therefore, impossible to make a fair comparison between George V and his predecessors. The overthrow of the great Imperial Thrones of Russia, Germany, and Austro-Hungary has carried the Monarchy of England into illuminating and glorious prominence. It stands out as the only survivor from the general wreckage, for the Monarchy of Italy is completely overshadowed by Mussolini, and the little monarchies of Scandinavia, Belgium, & the Balkans are too petty to come into comparison with the Monarchy of Britain.

We all motored to Durham for the morning service, which was arranged as a kind of preliminary to the Funeral of the King on Tuesday. I preached from Proverbs X.7 "The Memory of the Just is blessed" which was the text of my sermon in the Abbey on January 27th 1901, the Sunday after Queen Victoria's death. There was a large congregation.

[51]

The Dean showed me a letter which he had received from Canon Mayne, who is evidently discontented with his position as Greek Professor. He would like to be considered for the Archdeaconry of Auckland! But, even if I had not already sent to M^r Baldwin a list of my candidates, I hardly think that I could wisely appoint, or promote the appointment, of so definite an Anglo-Catholic as Mayne. Rawlinson's churchmanship has been far more "advanced" than that of his Bishop, and the effect has not been altogether happy. Neither Mayne nor Rawlinson would be consciously disloyal, but their view of "loyalty" would hardly accord with the Bishop's. Alington* evidently finds himself rather embarrassed by the difference of churchmanship between himself and these two colleagues; and he would not regret a change. The Dean spoke alarmingly about the finances of Durham School, & even suggested its closing as a possible contingency. Budworth* bequeathed a desperate situation to Luce,* who has probably made mistakes; but the main cause of the trouble lies

deeper than the faults of the headmasters. The falling birth-rate is contracting the area from which boys can be drawn.

[52]

*After dinner we listened to yet another address on the late King by the Archbishop of Canterbury. He spoke with extraordinary facility & confidence, adopting the tone of a life long and intimate friend, quoting repeatedly observations which, he said, the late King had addressed to him. He was very effective, and **yet it aroused a certain repugnance in my mind**. One gets the impression that an unusually good opportunity for advertising religion having been provided by the fact that King George was personally religious, an astute Prelate was making the most of it. Indeed, there is some danger that the sentimental Religion of the moment may be overworked. We hardly yet realize the power of this new device for obsessing the popular mind. ~~[It would not be unimaginable that a George cultus should be started, as we are assured a Lenin cultus has been establish in Russia]~~ The multitude who are flocking to Westminster Hall to see the King 'lying in State' are being worked up to a state of mind in which any laudatory legend is credible. I shall be glad when Tuesday's function is safely over.*

[pp 53 and 54 have blue cross at top of p. 53 and blue line drawn through p. 53 and p. 54]

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[53]

Monday, January 27th, 1936.

Before getting up, I read through Ralph's paper on "Plato & Ruskin" which is in the new volume of the Royal Society of Literature's publication. It is of course, brilliant but **is it tolerably Christian?** He so exalts Plato, & so steadily ignores Jesus, that one has an uncomfortable suspicion that while the first means much to him, the last means very little. He does indeed tell us that he has "sometimes thought that Wordsworth has only one fore-runner in his homage to Nature – the author of the Parables & of the exhortation to "consider the lilies"

[“]What is the Catholic Church of the West but a terribly distorted realization of his (Plato's) Republic ruled by propertyless Guardians, chosen for their wisdom & piety?["]

It was, he thinks, only our incorrigible insularity that made the Oxford Movement possible.

[“]The main currents of European thought passed us by; for instance, the Oxford Movement would otherwise be inexplicable.[“]

Was there then, no activity of the Holy Spirit in that Movement?

[54]

I dispatched the MS. of the Gifford Lectures to the Secretary of the Clarendon Press, Oxford. What will be the result? I fear the worst.

The Bishop of Jarrow came to lunch, ad to transact some matters of business. He went back to Durham with us when we all motored hither in order to attend the service of Commendation. There was a small congregation, no doubt because of the various arrangements for the King's funeral. The service was excellent, but the sermon by the Bishop of Blackburn [Percy Herbert*] was confused & protracted. He is a good man, but certainly not a good preacher.

Sir Charles Peers* arrived about 5 p.m., we talked with me until dinner at 8.30 p.m. He is very cheerful, & pleased with life. Since his retirement, under the civil service rules, from the Office of Works, he has found an abundance of remunerative work, so that his present income in his superannuation is larger than his official income in full work! He agrees with me that there is some danger of "overdoing" the popular sentiment over the late King. It is certainly a misfortune that the Archbishop's normal foible lends itself so easily to self-advertising sentimentalism.

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[55]

Tuesday, 28th January, 1936.

[symbol]

Funeral of King George

I received from Dr Charles Singer* a letter calling my attention to the fact that the representatives of Universities and Learned Societies in Great Britain **were being invited to take part in the celebration of the 550th anniversary of the founding of Heidelberg University**. He suggests that this provided the opportunity for an effective protest against the brutal treatment of "non-Aryan" professors and students. The idea so far appealed to me that I caused Charles to make copies of the letter, & then wrote to Inge, George Trevelyan, Grant Robertson,* the Warden of New College [Herbert Fisher*], and to the Bishop of Chichester [George Bell] addressing one of the copies to every-one.

We all motored into Durham, & attended the Memorial Service in the Cathedral. There was a very large congregation. The Dean gave a brief address in excellent taste. Instead of the familiar "Dead March" we had the "Last Post" & "Reveille" on the bugles which was very impressive. After the sermon we all returned forthwith to the Castle.

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[56]

Wednesday, January 29th, 1936.

A miserably wet day, unspeakably dull and depressing.

W. Vereken called for Peers at 10.30 a.m. and almost immediately Ella, Fearne and I in the poky new Morris car set off for Durham in order to attend meetings.

First I presided over a meeting of the Moral Welfare Association in Cosin's Library; after its conclusion I lunched with the Bishop of Jarrow. Battiscombe was there also, and we discussed certain matters referring to the Chapter Library. John Newsom* came in after lunch.

Then I attended Evensong in the Cathedral. After the service there was a little service in the "Feretary" at which the Dean dedicated a carven oak door which has been set up in memory of the late Chapter Carpenter, Jobling. Very happily the Dean caused to be inscribed on the description of Bezalel (Exodus xxxi. 3) "filled with the Spirit of God in all manner of workmanship to ~~xxxx~~ carving of wood. After that, I presided at a meeting of the Bede College Governors in the Deanery & after tea, recovered the ladies & returned to Auckland.

[57]

The diocese has obviously arrived at some thing like a crisis. Rawlinson's departure opens the door to all the virtues and uncertainties of a new appointment. If the Prime Minister adopts my suggestion of appointing Canon Owen of Lincoln and if Canon Owen accepts the appointment, I think that obstacle will have been surmounted, but these "ifs" are very formidable. If Canon Owen refuses, & the offer is transferred to the second name on my list, & the appointment of Canon Bezzant should finally be made, I shall be making an experiment, of which only time can certify the effect. My 3rd name provokes the trickiest resentments in the Dean, and its owner's appointment could hardly but be unsuccessful. Then I set down [Frank] Sykes of Whitby, bland and beefy, of whose capacities I really know nothing. The last name that I suggested was Braley's, and, for some reason or other that name seems to command little favour. So the outlook in that quarter does not seem to be promising. Then Popham is leaving the diocese, & the question of a successor for the post as Director of Religious Education is not easily answered. Would P.P. be possible? I could wish that he were other than he is, but even so, it would be worth something to get him away from his present position! Eheu!

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[58]

Thursday, January 30th, 1936.

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I received from the Prime Minister's secretary a letter informing me that the Archbishop & Canonry vacated by the Bishop of Derby would, if His Majesty approved, be offered to Canon Owen of Lincoln. I wrote privately to Owen telling him what prospect lay before him, & expressing the hope that, if he were offered these preferments, he would accept the offer. Also, I received from Farnell a typed balance sheet of his receipts & expenditure for the Unemployed audited by Oliver, the Manager of Mess^{rs} Barclay's Bank in Bishop Auckland. I stepped across to the Bank and had some talk with Oliver. He assured me that the accounts presented to him were complete, & that his auditing has been exact; but, of course, he knew nothing outside the statements placed before him, and the amount paid into his Bank, & expended as indicated in the vouchers & receipts. There is something extremely unsatisfactory about the whole business.

An anonymous complainant directed my attention to the fact that in Witton Park there was no service held in connexion with the late King's Funeral last Tuesday.

[59]

I received replies to my letter respecting Singer's suggestion that the Heidelberg invitation to the projected centenary celebration should be refused by the British Universities.

Mouldsdaile* says that Durham has not yet received an invitation, but that if it comes, he will "have much pleasure in moving that it be declined".

Grant Robertson says that "some ten days ago an official invitation reached him, "but that at his instigation it had been declined by the Senate of Birmingham Univ^{ty}.

"I led Senate to understand that I felt very strongly on the subject, with the result that I was authorized to reply to the invitation to the effect that we did not see our way to appoint any such representative, & that we certainly would not send them any congratulatory address."

George Trevelyan writes sympathetically, and says that he is calling the attention of the authorities to the question "but doesn't know what they will decide.

"I am not in favour of boycotting or being rude to the present gov^t of Germany, much as I detest it. But we must keep up reasonable criticism. This is an academic affair only."

[60]

I motored to Durham, and presided at a meeting of the Lay Workers' Association. The business was important, being indeed the final determining of the revised system for lay work in the diocese. Poor old Canon [Alexander] Patterson* is really too old for efficiency, &

with him as Secretary we make slow progress: but he is so keen, & has worked well for so long, that he must be kept in office as long as he wishes.

Leslie Morrison* came to see me. He is going to spend some days at Westcott House, & will bring me a report of Dick's health, about which I cannot avoid a certain anxiety.

That helpless parson, Howe,* Vicar of S. Hilda's, Darlington, is reported to have "broken down", and must go away for a prolonged holiday! What is to be done with him? He is an advanced "Anglo-Catholick", & therefore, quite unacceptable to the people in the North: he is penniless, & therefore, unable to accept any parish but one that is fairly endowed. Even if we can arrange to give him the holiday, what prospect is there of his ever "making good" in Darlington? Add that he was ordained as recently as 1922, & the problem is seen to be insoluble!

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[61]

Friday, January 31st, 1936.

D.A.C. Bouquet of Cambridge has a letter in the Times which interests me as an affirmation of my argument in the Gifford Lectures. Commenting on the world-wide homage paid to the late King, he writes:-

“Amid much that has been spoken & written I have so far failed to find the following point precisely urged - i.e. that the human character thus esteemed and praised is in essentials the product of the Christian religion.”

It would appear then that Communists, Buddhists, Moslems[sic], agnostics have all united at the present juncture to honour a life which has resulted from believing and practising Christianity as a simple layman. Does not this confirm in a startling manner the claim which Christians make that he who genuinely holds their faith is “more at home in the Universe” “than anyone else”? And does it not tell us a profoundly impressive truth about the nature of that Universe, and about the quality of that Self-Existent Being, Who is the ground & basis of its Existence?”

[62]

[symbol]

My speech on the persecution of the Jews has made me so prominent that I am afraid the Jews will be disappointed when they realize how little weight the Bishop of Durham carries in any quarter! This morning I received a letter from M^r Leonard Montefiore* asking me to consider giving a short address at the West London Synagogue in support of his appeal for help to the refugees from Germany. I told him that the only possible free day was next Thursday, which I imagined would be inconvenient for him. I suspect that my popularity with the Jews will vanish as quickly as it has arisen, when they read my Gifford Lectures!

Lady [Grace] Thurlow* & a quaint little wizened missionary female named Russell came to lunch, and afterwards addressed a meeting in the State Room, convened for the assistance of the Zenana Mission, of which Lady T. is now President. There appeared to be a good attendance. Miss Russell spoke after her kind effectively, & then there was a crowded tea. I hope good was done, but there is no form of religious activity, which is less successful in moving me to suitable Christian feeling, than any form of foreign mission except Schweitzer's.

[63]

The Hibbert Journal for January has an article by E. Sylvia Pankhurst*, entitled “Women under Fascism”, which, if its statements may be accepted, is a truly horrifying revelation of brutal & cynical oppression. I should doubt the accuracy of the following:-

 | The law, in fact, does not seriously contemplate punishing any husband for
 | adultery: indeed, by the accommodation of the Church, arrangements are

actually made to lend the odour of sanctity to concubinage. The Roman Catholic Church theoretically regards marriage as indissoluble & prohibits divorce, except in the case of important personages, who obtain it by special dispensation of the Church, a costly business!

Nevertheless, since the Concordat with fascism the Church in Italy may, & actually does, authorise a religious marriage, carrying no civil rights, between persons one or other of whom is already married to someone else. This extraordinary procedure is authorised and explained by the Government circulars, and the instructions of the Church to its officers.

There is clearly some misunderstanding of the Roman position as to divorce, & the distinction between dissolving a marriage for nullity, & allowing divorce.

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[64]

Saturday, February 1st, 1936.

[symbol] publish an interview

I received from the Dean a rather angrily worded letter protesting against my appointing, or rather, suggesting the appointment of a Canon without first consulting him and the Chapter! This was really a piece of impertinence, which annoyed as well as surprized me; but I returned an answer which was, in my intention & belief, both firm & kind. [The above sentences are crossed through vertically with a blue line] The local papers (& other papers e.g. the Daily Telegraph) publish an interview with the Dean in which he says that he meditates following the example of the Dean of York, and abandoning the Deanery as too large & costly a house for his income! I reminded him that I had been requested as Visitor to decide whether a Canon was free to abandon his prebendal house, & reside outside the College, and that I had ruled that he could not do so. I pointed out that the same reasoning would apply in the case of the Dean. I am sure that much resentment will be caused at the mere suggestion of the Dean's vacating the famous house: & even allowing for Weldon's pension, I do not think that it will appear obvious that an income of £2000 p.a. is so utterly inadequate.

[65]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to the following:

1. *Lord Passfield	23. *Claude Montefiore
2. *J.A. Spender	24. *The Lord Chancellor
3. *Dick	25. Walter Runciman
4. Lord Roche	26. *Martin Kiddle
5. **Lord Macmillan	27. Lord Sankey
6. **Lord Hugh Cecil M.P.	28. D ^r David Russell
7. Sir Cuthbert Headlam B ^t	29. D ^r Miller
8. *Canon Cunningham	30. *Prof. Duncan
9. **Arthur E. Henson	31. " Baillie
10. **Arthur Rawle	32. " Blyth Webster
11. Canon Owen	33. * " Dickie
12. **The Dean of S ^t Paul's	34. Sir James Baillie
13. **Canon Bezzant	35. *Veronica
14. **Canon A. Deane	36. Professor Morrison
15. W.R. Inge	37. *Principal of Cuddeston
16. **Dean of Exeter	38. Prof. Grey Turner
17. **Sir Charles Peers	39. Archbishop of Dublin
18. D. E. W. Watson	40. *Sir George Hill
19. **Canon Vernon Storr	41. *Viscount Fitzalan
20. *Dean of Norwich	42. Sir Frederick Kenyon
21. " " York	43. *Lord Castlereagh
22. Master of Magdelene; Cambridge	44. Sir Walter Raine
	45. *Canon Peter Green

[The above marked * have a tick beside the name.]

[66]

John Newsom came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me in the Park. He certainly is an unusually intelligent, and, for so young a man, experienced man, whose conversation is vivacious, informing, & well-informed. M^r Nigel Porter, an undergraduate at Hatfield College, who was recommended by Lady Carmichael, came to tea. He has been trained for work in the Church overseas in S. Boniface's College, Warminster, where Jack Clayton* has been lecturing. He expressed great admiration for Jack's ability as a teacher. This did not surprise me, for I have never known his equal for 'lifting lame dogs over a stile'. Petitjean* is a living proof of his skill! Porter is the son of a London policeman, who retired some years ago from active service, & is keen on his parish church.

I received a long letter from D^r Charles Singer, sending a bundle of notes as to the ill-treatment of Jewish professors & lecturers in Heidelberg: and urging me to write to the Times. The Bishop of Chichester [George Bell] writes also tendering the same counsel.

"Is it not a case for a rocket in the 'Times' from the Bishop of Durham?"

I am half-inclined to follow this advice.

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[67]

4th Sunday after Epiphany, February 2nd, 1936. Purification of the B. V. M.

[symbol]

Eighteen years ago I was consecrated in Westminster Abbey to be Bishop of Hereford. It was the most controversial consecration since that of [Frederick] Temple* as Bishop of Exeter. The memory of the conflict has just been renewed by Bell's Life of Abp. Davidson, and the old wound bleeds afresh. A curious change in my position has taken place. Then I was most odious to the "Catholics"; now I am probably most disliked by the "Modernists". The Protestants probably suspected me then, & abhor me now. **Yet I do not think that I have really altered**, though of course the general situation has been transformed, & nobody seems to stand as before. The issues on which men felt deeply and spoke fiercely then have fallen out of general concern, & new issues have replaced them, with respect to which I do not feel much concern. Moreover, I am now an old man: many of my contemporaries have passed away, and a new generation has come on the scene. This generation knows little, and cares less about the Bishop of Durham who is for them no more than an obsolete bore!

[68]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. William Bryden and his two sisters were among the communicants.

The morning was occupied in writing a letter to the Times, which I headed "The Heidelberg Commemoration". It did not satisfy me, but, if it be published, it will serve well enough to direct public attention to the issue raised by the invitations to British Universities to send representatives to Heidelberg.

I received a note from the Bishop of Jarrow [which] informed [me] that he had been in telephonic communication with Canon Owen, and that "after consultation with his Bishop and with his Doctor he was without hesitation accepting" the Prime Minister's offer of the Archdeaconry and Residential Canonry. I sent back to the Bishop of Jarrow a note, expressing my satisfaction, and at the same time expressing my alarm at the report in the newspapers yesterday that the Dean was meditating abandonment of the Deanery.

I wrote to [Cuthbert] Parry-Evans* suggesting that he might accept appointment as Director of Religious Education in succession to D^r Popham.

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[69]

Monday, February 3rd, 1936.

[symbol]

Charles accompanied me to Darlington, where I caught the early train to King's Cross. My companions on the journey were Archbishop and Mrs Temple.^{} Rather rashly, perhaps, I raised the question of the Dean's statement in Saturday's newspapers as to his possibly vacating the Deanery, and was startled to find that they regarded it with evident sympathy. Evidently, he has discussed it with them: &, from their point of view, (in spite of his Grace's socialist sympathies) an income of £2000 p.a. was quite pathetically inadequate!*

[The remaining paragraphs on this page are crossed out with blue pencil]

Leaving my bags at 21 Park Lane, I drove to the Athenaeum, visited the hairdresser, and the bookseller, and then went **to the Church House, where the Church Assembly was in session**. The proceedings were mortally dull but I sate [*sic*] there for more than an hour, & then returned to the Club, and had tea.

The weather became exceedingly cold: about Newark, and then southwards, the ground was covered by snow.

[Ernest] Alexander^{*} seems to have forgotten to pack any under-garments: and I must somehow manage to make shift with what I am actually wearing! This is unlike him.

[70]

[This page crossed out with blue pencil]

"Bobby" James and Serena^{*} were alone save for my company. He was crossing to Jersey tonight in order, as he said, to do his duty as a trustee for a great fortune left by a Newcastle shipowner, ultimately for the benefit of Tyneside. The amount of the estate was about £3,000,000. There was no will: the estate being vested in a company, and the company's minutes declaring the owner's intentions.

After James had departed, Serena and I sate in the study, & talked until 10 p.m, when I went to bed, leaving her to await Lord Scarbrough's arrival. Of course, we spoke of the King's funeral, which had "thrilled" her. She said that the story was current that when the Prince of Wales,^{} who had flown to Sandringham from abroad when he learned of his father's serious illness, entered the King's bedroom, His Majesty turned, & said, "You look just as big a cad as ever!" It is the case that there was no love lost between father & son. Happily his relations with the Queen were more cordial, & it is thought that she will have much influence on him. Serena was more conversational and friendly than I have ever known her to be. I was much amused by her description of Parry Evans and his family: it certainly cannot be called flattering.*

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[71]

Tuesday, February 4th, 1936.

[symbol]

***My letter on the Heidelberg Celebration** is prominent on the front page of the Times and reads better than I feared. In the course of the day I received a good many expressions of approval. It pleased me to be assured that Sir Frederick Kenyon* and Anthony Eden* approved, as I judge the one to be representative of academic, and the other of political opinion.*

I had intended to lunch with M^{rs} Carnegie, but, when I heard that Anthony Eden was to lunch at Park Lane, I cancelled my engagement, & came to meet him. I drew him aside, and spoke to him about the condition of his mother, Sybil, Lady Eden. He took it very well, and thanked me, but I could see that he was mortified. However, he became very friendly, and we parted most amicably. The other members of the luncheon party beside Scarborough,* Serena, and me were Romaine [see Viscount Edward [Robin] Vane-Tempest-Stuart*], M^{rs} Anthony Eden, M^{rs} Sankey (a daughter of the lady Grosvenor, & a connexion of Lord Scarborough) and the two politicians, Anthony Eden and Roger Lumley.* Then I went to the House of Lords where I took the oath, and listened to an admirable speech by Lord Sankey* on a resolution [72] [symbol] advocating the abolition of the peer's right to be tried by his peers for treason and felony.*

I found myself in a very friendly atmosphere: one peer was good enough to say that my absence was regretted by the House. Lord [James] Salisbury sate beside me, and I taxed him on his alleged sympathy with the Groups. He denied that he had cast in his lot with the man Buchman,* but had plainly been much impressed by the fanatic [Logan] Roots.* However he promised to read my Charge, if I would send it to him: & I undertook to do this.*

The Lord Chancellor [Douglas Hogg] sate beside me on the episcopal bench, and talked about appointments to benefices. "The worst-administered patronage in my diocese" I observed pleasantly, "is the patronage of the Crown." He was evidently startled, but agreed when I added: "The reason is that the Crown has, perhaps unavoidably, to depend on written testimonials: & these are, almost invariably, quite worthless."*

I caught hold of Lord Halifax [Edward Wood] in the tea-room, & told him of my intention of asking him to address a meeting of the Oxford Society in the Hall of Durham Castle. He promised to do so, if it were at all possible: and added that he would like to stay with me.*

[73]

[symbol]

Sir Frederick Maurice came into the Athenaeum just as I was about to leave, & started talking about my Letter to the Times, **with which obviously he was little disposed to agree.** However, he assured me that when he was in Germany recently, he had told Hitler frankly that the main obstacle to friendly relations between Great Britain and Germany was the barbarous ill-treatment of the German Jews.*

Lord [Hugh] Macmillan* came to me, in the House of Lords, and thanked me for the copy of the Bishoprick. He said that he had read my criticism of the Webbs' [Sidney and Beatrice*] book on Russia with interest and agreement.

Di and Lord Darling* were in the ante-room of the House of Lords. She looked charming, but her father is pitifully broken, & loses himself after a few sentences.

*This morning in the Church Assembly I took advantage of a discussion on a measure dealing with Cathedral houses to **speak directly & strongly about the Durham Deanery, stigmatizing the suggestion that the Dean should live elsewhere than in his official house, as "an outrage"**. If this speech should be reported in the Northern papers, it will answer effectively Alington's unfortunate 'interview'.*

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[74]

Wednesday, February 5th, 1936.

[symbol]

I spent the morning in the Church Assembly, where the Archbishop of York introduced the Report of the Church and State Commission. He spoke for about 50 minutes, & spoke very effectively. He was followed by Lord Daryngton, whose speech was quite unworthy of the occasion, &, indeed, was received with evident signs of impatience. Then **I spoke for 35 minutes, &, though my argument was unwelcome for I urged the necessity of Disestablishment & the general feeling of the Assembly was definitely Establishmentarian, my speech was heard with close attention, & loudly applauded. Lord Hugh Cecil* passed me a pencilled note expressing his admiration & general approval.** Then I heard a rather futile speech from Lord Wolmer,* after which I left the Assembly, and drove to the Athenaeum, whence I proceeded to the British Museum, and lunched with Sir George Hill,* with whom were Sir Charles Peers & Iddings Bell, the Keeper of the MSS. He showed me the great Codices – Sinaiticus & Alexandrinus. From the B.M. I returned to the Club, and [75] [symbol] there remained until I drove to the Grosvenor House Hotel to dine at Grillions. It was a large & pleasant company including the following:*

1. Lord Hailsham
2. “ Sankey
3. “ Macmillan
4. “ FitzAlan
5. “ Dawson
6. “ Crawford & Balcarres
7. “ Hugh Cecil
8. “ Richard Cavendish
9. M^r Ormsby Gore [sic]
10. The Editor of the Times
11. Sir Anthony Austen Chamberlain
12. Lord Eustace Percy
13. The Bishop of Durham

and five others

I was in the Chair having on either side of me Lord Hailsham [Douglas Hogg] and Sir Austen Chamberlain,* and in front of me Lord Sankey, Lord Eustace Percy,* and Lord Macmillan, with all of whom I had pleasant conversation. Unhappily, I lost my umbrella, probably by leaving it in the taxi.*

[76]

[symbol]

I was greatly pleased at receiving the following letter from Edwyn Bevan.

Dear Bishop

I feel that I must write to say how profoundly grateful I am for your letter in the "Times" this morning on the invitation from Heidelberg University. I do not think that it could be bettered in expression, and I only hope that Oxford University may decide in the way you show to be the honourable one. I had already some days ago written to the Subwarden of my College (New College) expressing a hope that Oxford would refuse the instruction.....

*Yours very sincerely
Edwyn Bevan*

Almost everybody whom I have met, seems to approve that particular letter, which is, so far as it goes, satisfactory. Lord Macmillan was quite effusive in thanking me for my criticism of the Webbs' book in the Bishoprick. I wish it could have a wider circulation.

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[77]

Thursday, February 6th, 1936.

Spencer Wade* aspires to be the Speaker's chaplain!! He writes to solicit my support. I replied with brutal lucidity that he was not a suitable candidate for that position. But how swollen his head must have become before he could imagine that he was!

Dr Chapman writes about "the author's remuneration".

"The price we have in mind is 12/6, and I suggest that pay a royalty (on the price in the U.K.) of 12½ per cent on copies sold in the U. K., and 10 per cent [sic] on copies sold to the USA & for export. Will you kindly let e know if this is agreeable to you? I know we may assume that there will be virtually no correction of proof.
I read your letter this morning with pained approval (Times).

I wrote to him saying that the proposed terms would satisfy me.

Also, I wrote to Edwyn Bevan acknowledging his letter about Heidelberg; and also to Charles about my return tomorrow.

[78]

[symbol]

I prepared notes for my speech to the Jews, and then lunched with Robin and Romaine. There were at lunch Romaine's mother, a daughter of Lady Ilchester, and another (much bepainted) lady. Why will these young ladies adopt the aspect of street-walkers?

I looked in at the Church Assembly during the afternoon, & had some speech with the Bishop of Southwark (Parsons). He said that his mind on the subject of Disestablishment was changing, & that he was coming over to my side.

I had tea ~~with~~ in the Athenaeum, where I was joined by Lord Roche, who has been talking with Lord Macmillan about Durham Castle, and thinks it not impossible that the Pilgrim Trust will give some further help to the Preservation Fund.*

Then I went to Weymouth Street, & dined with the Montefiores. Claude Montefiore, who is getting very deaf, sate at the head of the table. The Rabbi, Reinhardt [sic], was there, & Leonard who is Claude's son, together with divers ladies.*

Claude Montefiore reminded me that, more than 40 years ago, he and I met as guests of [Edward Henry] Pember [79] [symbol] Frank's [Pember*] father in Vicar's Hill. He was extremely friendly, and, had not his deafness made conversation difficult, we should have got along famously.*

The West London Synagogue appears to be a schism from the main Jewish stem. The meeting took place in a large Hall, which formed part of a considerable block of buildings

forming what the Dissenters would call an “institutional church”. The Hall was filled with Jews & Jewesses. I spoke for about 40 minutes, & was followed by the Rabbi: (then there was a vote of thanks in moving which Leonard Montefiore, who was chairman, quoted from my book on Disestablishment.) The meeting seemed to be pleased by my coming. I was taken upstairs and given coffee. I was introduced to divers prominent Jewesses – Lady Herbert Samuel, Lady Rothschild, M^{rs} Goldschmidt & M^{rs} Cohen. Then Leonard and M^{rs} Montefiore insisted on driving me back to Park Lane. It was a curious experience. I had never before encountered such a concourse of the ~~circumcised~~ ^{non-Christians} before. I don't think I said anything that can do any harm, though I spoke strongly about the German oppression.

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[80]

Friday, February 7th, 1936.

I left 21 Park lane after breakfast, and returned to Auckland, travelling from King's Cross by the Pullman express leaving at 11.20 a.m. At Darlington Charles met me with the car.

The "Times" contains a rather rudely-worded letter from Sir Arnold Wilson* "answering" my letter on Heidelberg Invitations. It does not, however, require any comments from me.

Among the letters waiting my arrival was one from George Trevelyan:

"I think you struck a useful note of warning to our universities in today's Times. Owing to your letter to me I had privately warned our authorities, and Rutherford had backed up that warning, and I shall be greatly surprised if Cambridge sends representatives. A point is that (it) is only a 550th anniversary, not a real centenary – clearly a dodge to get (us) to whitewash them".

D^r Charles Singer writes to thank me for what he calls my "very fine letter to the Times" which he thinks is "most effective & most timely".

[81]

[symbol]

M^r Bertram Colgrave, the Reader in English in the University of Durham, who contributed an excellent essay on "Bede's Miracle Stories" to the memorial volume, writes to tell me that Professor Levison who wrote the essay on "Bede as Historian" must in any future edition be described as "Sometime Professor", since as a Jew he has been thrust out of his Chair in the University of Bonn. So the shadow of the Persecution begins to fall across the area of one's own acquaintance.

[symbol] *M^r Victor Gollancz* writes to ask me to write a Preface to a volume called "The Yellow Spot" of which he sends me a proof. "The book is the most complete documentary record so far issued of the persecution of the Jews in Germany" It is a horrifying compilation, but necessary to bring home to the public mind the (measure) ^character & extent^ of the great Oppression. I think I shall do it.*

Sidney Webb, to whom I sent the "Bishoprick", acknowledges the gift very civilly, nowise appearing to resent the criticism of his book on "Soviet Russia", and J. A. Spender sends me a friendly letter, thanking me for the copy of the Bishoprick which I had sent him.*

[82]

[symbol]

During the recent debate in the Church Assembly, when I had concluded my speech, Lord Hugh Cecil passed to me the following pencilled note: -

I did not wholly agree with your conclusion, but I thought your speech one of the most powerful & brilliant I have ever listened to. I most strongly urge you to publish it from the Assembly's short notes – revised & corrected of course by yourself.

Hugh Cecil.

Would it be judicious to follow this advice?

With the aid of my own notes I might perhaps construct enough to make a small pamphlet, which could be published as "the substance of a speech delivered in the Church Assembly". But is it worth while? Of course, the issue of the report of the Church & State Commission does mark a stage in the process of mending, or ending the Establishment, and my contention that the only satisfactory conclusion of that process must be ending, and not mending, needs the most careful statement it can receive.

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[83]

Saturday, February 8th, 1936.

[symbol]

Claude Montefiore sent me copies of two small books viz. "The Authorised Daily Prayer Book of the United Congregations of the British Empire" and "A Companion to the same". He wrote as follows:—

42 Portman Square No. 1

February 7th

Dear Bishop of Durham,

I send you herewith the Prayer book together with the explanatory "Companion". The "Companion" was compiled by that fine scholar Israel Abrahams whose Studies in Pharisaism and the Gospels (2 really first-class volumes) I dare say you know. As to the Prayer book, if you look at the Preface opposite p. VI you will see its genesis. Though I am a heretic, it was I who am the Parent of this orthodox Prayer Book! I persuaded my mother to give the money for its production, and I induced the Chief Rabbi to sanction it being called the Authorised Prayer book. There were no cheap, no authorised Prayer books [84] in existence with any good English translations. I said to the Chief Rabbi, "you shall have complete control, but with 2 conditions 1) there must be nothing in the Hebrew which is not in the English. You must not be ashamed of your Prayerbook. 2) It must not be a private venture. It must be THE [sic] authorised Prayerbook". After some hesitation he consented and agreed. The success has been amazing. If you will kindly look at the Page next after the Title page, you will see that 210,000 copies have been printed between 1890 and 1929 (Our book begins at the other end).

Let me thank you again for your fine Letter and your great kindness in the matter of the meeting on Thursday.

Believe me

Yours sincerely

C. G. Montefiore.

I also received a letter of thanks from his son, M^r Leonard Montefiore, who induced me to attend the meeting.

[85]

I wrote to M^r Victor Gollanez promising to send him an Introduction in a few days.

The "Times" has a short report of my speech at the West London Synagogue.

I received a pleasant letter from Jack Carr, written on January 14th when he was about to start home. He hopes to be in England about the end of the month. He speaks of the difficulties attaching to medical work among the native Africans.

One wonders what they do with the medicine they are given to take away with them. In spite of careful instruction repeated half a dozen times, & their repeated assurances that they understand, they will go off quite happily, and drink the whole bottle at once.

He writes with something like enthusiasm about his missionary work, and evidently does not regret his decision to go to the Mission field.

I wish I could feel that my prayers were able to strengthen you as yours do me. At least you have them.

That, at least, is worth having.

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[86]

Septuagesima, February 9th, 1936.

The hard frost continues, and there is still a fair amount of snow whitening the landscape. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. we numbered only six communicants. The Epistle for this Sunday has a minatory note which even one's incredible self-conceit cannot wholly silence:

[Five line Greek quotation]

[Greek word] not standing the test, spurious, base, properly of coin (c.f. Plato 'Laws' 742. "of value at home but worthless abroad") Of persons = ignoble, mean. Rom. I. 28. 'God gave them up unto a reprobate mind [Greek phrase]

2Cor: Xiii. 5. 'unless, indeed, ye be reprobate [Greek word]

2 Tim. iii. 8. 'reprobate' [Greek word] concerning the faith.'

Titus i. 16. 'unto every good work reprobate' [Greek word]

Heb. Vi. 8 "if it beareth thorns & thistles, it is rejected [Greek word] and nigh unto a curse.'

[87]

I wrote at some length to one John Sierwald, of Stockton-on-Tees, answering a long letter asking for spiritual counsel. It had to my thinking a ring of sincerity so I did not feel that I could rightly leave it without response.

I wrote to the Archbishop of Dublin [John Gregg], and to Graham-Harrison.^{*} Also I sent copies of the Bishoprick to a number of persons, including the Lord Chancellor and Viscount Fitzalan.

*In the afternoon I walked round the Bowling Green for an hour, and reflected on the subject of my next and final Charge. My mind fastened on the thought that I might fitly and (perhaps) usefully deal with the contention that the Church of England is, in an unique measure, tolerant. How far is this tolerance merely the result of **the almost complete paralysis of discipline which now exists?**, [sic] and, how far can it be fairly made out that the version of Christianity set forth in the Prayer Book, and Articles is really more largely inclusive than any other? It is obviously a very difficult subject, and one that runs out into acute controversy at every point. Nevertheless, it might be worth having a shot at it!*

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[88]

Monday, February 10th, 1936.

The weather continues to be very cold. I wrote to Lord Halifax, asking him to dine with the Oxford Society in the hall of Durham Castle on Saturday, April 18th.

Then I frittered away the morning *in quite futile efforts to write preface for the Jew-book*.

The Times has more letters pro and con the Bp of D: and also a report from Berlin which indicates that the German public has learned of my letter by reading that of Arnold Wilson!

In the afternoon I went in to Durham, and presided at two meetings – the Board for Church Bldg, and the Diocesan Conference Ctee. Old Canon Haworth* spoke to me about appointing a successor to D^r Popham, and seemed by no means enthusiastic when I told him that I had cast Canon Parry-Evans in that rôle! What a problem is this placing of the undesired!

The papers announce the death of Sir Charles Ballance* at the age of 79. The Times has an obituary notice, and prints his picture. I am glad I went to see him last November, & sorry that I did not go to him in January.

[89]

Copies of the Bishoprick were sent to the following:-

45. Archdeacon Hunter	67. Canon Lilley
46. Prebendary Norcock *	68. Preb: the Hon J.G. Adderley
47. Bishop Nickson *	69. Preb. J. Ellison
48. Dean of Westminster	70. Headmaster of Westminster
49. " " Lincoln	71. Lord Eustace Percy
50. " " Hereford	72. Sir Austen Chamberlain *
51. " " Chester	73. H. F. Macdonald *
52. " " Lichfield	74. T.O. Hall
53. " " Chichester	75. Gilbert Simpson
54. " " Canterbury	76. D ^r W. B. Selbie
55. " " Winchester	77. The Provost of Blackburn *
56. " " Gloucester	78. John G. Gough *
57. " " Christ Church	79. Alfred Spelling
58. " " Worcester *	80. D ^r Norman Maclean
59. " " Wells	81. D ^r Scott Lidgett
60. " " Ripon *	82. Preb Charles Norcock Miss Mary M ^c Cullagh *
61. " " Rochester	83. Rev. Lionel Trotman
62. " " Windsor	84. D ^r Mary Radford
63. " " Manchester	85. M ^{rs} Richardson (Linetta)
64. " " Carlisle	86. Sir Fred ^k Maurice
65. " " S ^t Albans	87. Canon Peter Green
66. " " Ely	88. M ^r Justice Charles *

[Those marked * are marked with a tick.]

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[90]

Tuesday, February 11th, 1936.

The Bishop of Jarrow and the Bishop elect of Derby came to the monthly conference, & then the first went to keep company with Rotarians, & the last stayed to lunch.

I received the following telegram from Stockholm:

Referring to the Church Assembly our paper dares to ask some questions. Is break with state the only possible way for the English Church? Is the Church able to survive as Established Church? Are the relations between Church and State very bad? What does people think as a rule of this problem? We are very grateful for answer as fast as possible.

Svenska Morgonbladet, Stockholm.

A prepaid form for my answer was also sent. I replied as follows:

I regret that it is impossible to answer such important questions by telegram.

Probably the Swedish editor designs to get an article out of me, but, if so, his calculations will be disappointed.

[91]

Somebody sends me the current issue of 'Truth', presumably because it contains a well-written article, "Three years of Nazism" which includes an estimate of the present position of Hitler's regime.

Among the middle classes a majority of those under forty is openly in favour of the Nazi régime, a majority of those over forty secretly against it... The remorselessness of Nazism, its persecution of opinion, its barbarous treatment of the Jews are things of which they are at the bottom deeply ashamed. Among what remains of the old aristocratic class these opinions are not only deep-seated but outspoken. But the younger generation who grew up underfed during the blockade, lost their comforts in the inflation and their courage in the crisis, are not shocked by cruelty, because life for them has never meant anything else...

Of the working class, we are allowed to know nothing. But it is safe to reckon that over forty it is solidly against the Nazis & that under forty it is far less devoted to Hitler than the middle class & becoming less so every day.

[92]

Wednesday, February 12th, 1936.

I received from Leonard Montefiore a rather disconcerting letter warning me against anything to do with Victor Gollancz's projected volume. He has got wind of the fact that I have been asked to write an Introduction, and he feels it his duty to advise me "against consenting to any such thing".

"The French publishing house has the reputation of being connected with the Communists, & according to information which I believe to be reliable Münzenberg a German Communist helped in preparing the German edition. That is mere heresay. But I would point out that although 98½% of the book is accurate there are certain inaccuracies & mistranslations of the German. I could give you details if you like, small things but inaccuracies, for instance p. 188, line 20. Jews must not deal in books. Quite untrue.["]

Nevertheless, I did not feel that I could go back on my word. Accordingly I wrote the Introduction, and sent it to Gollancz.

[93]

I received a letter from Caröe, who has been visiting Palestine.

"I read your speech about the Jews & Germany at the Ch. Assembly, & hear much about. Not only its appositeness, but its intrinsic brilliance, & I heard more about it in the Palestine home of Jewry which I have just left. You would be received with acclamation in that country – but not by the Arabs! There seems to be a growing antagonism between Arab and Jew – & and the recent increase of the Jewish population is hotly resented by the Moslems."

It is odd that a little impromptu speech should attract so much attention. I seem to be driven into championing these persecuted Jews by the logic of events.

I went into Durham, & presided at the meeting of the Board of Finance: then I licensed 10 curates in the chapel of the Castle, & afterwards gave them tea. After this I motored to Trimdon, and admitted the new vicar (Baker) to the perpetual curacy.

The weather continues to be bitterly cold: all the wall-flowers are thought to have perished.

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[94]

Thursday, February 13th, 1936.

The advocacy of justice for the Jews in Germany threatens to become a more exacting business than I anticipated when I indulged a generous impulse by speaking in the Church Assembly! The British Non-Sectarian Anti-Nazi Council to champion Human Rights, of which the President is Sir Walter Citrine, wants me to join with other "prominent individuals" in convening a Conference: but I declined alleging the practical impossibility of taking any effective part in a public 'movement'. I did not think it necessary to add that I didn't care to associate myself with a cohort of cranks!

The 'Friends of Europe' would have me write a 'Foreword' to a grotesque publication of a Nazi Professor, named Bergmann, but I did not care to put myself into the service of that society, nor yet to waste my time on such tasks.

The Jews in Holland appear to be making the most of my letter to the Times. Some society's Secretary, addressing me as 'the most Honourable W. Herbert Dunelm, Bishop of Durham', writes as follows:

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[95]

It is with great pleasure and admiration that we have read your letter in the Times of Feb. 4th. Probably it will interest you, that we have made some 1000 copies of it, which we have sent to all University Professors in Holland. We take the liberty to enclose herewith a copy of your article, like it is sent in Holland.

We know that a.o. the Amsterdam University has to take her decision about representation at Heidelberg. Therefore one of the members of the Senate, to whom we sent a copy of your article, asked us, [sic] to forward it to all members. We hope that it will have the expected influence.

We have gathered very large archives about the persecutions in Germany, containing data, which are always at your disposal.

Yours truly &c

It is evident that the Jews are acting together, and pulling a good many strings. Dr Charles Singer moved me to write to the Times, and I suspect that he is making the fullest use possible of what I wrote.

[96]

Sir Daniel M. Stevenson* sends me with his compliments a cutting from the Glasgow Evening News headed 'Should we applaud German 'Varsity? Britain, and Heidelberg Celebrations'. This may be taken as evidence that there is a 'searching of hearts' in Scotland also.

A very rudely expressed letter appears in the Times over the signature of Sir Ian Hamilton* denouncing the Bishop of Durham. This will not help the Nazis, nor will Hitler's outburst reported in today's papers.

I went to a meeting of the 'Toc H.' members, and talked to them about the Persecution of the Jews in Germany, taking occasion to give them a short résumé of the History of the Jews in England. They seemed to be interested, and, after I had finished, asked a number of very intelligent questions. On the whole I was pleased with the meeting.

The 'Listener' has a picture of the Durham Deanery, and a brief report of my speech in the Church Assembly, which, however, it attributes to the Dean!

I wrote to Alington in deference to the Bishop of Jarrow's desire.

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[97]

Friday, February 14th, 1936.

The Record, in a descriptive account of the recent debate on Disestablishment in the Church Assembly, speaks scornfully of the Bishop of Durham's speech, & describes his Lordship as "a spent force".

The Guardian, in its leading article, refers to the same speech, and says that "the Bishop of Durham" urged it (sc. Disestablishment) with a solemn conviction, and an avoidance of mere cleverness, that certainly won a more thoughtful consideration from the Assembly than it has ever before given to such a suggestion'.

The Church Times under the heading "Flowers of Speech. A Bouquet from the Church Assembly", says that the Bishop of Durham 'indulged in a characteristic flight of fancy when he declared that "we in this Assembly are only free as birds in an aviary, where all are within bars which they did not provide, and which they cannot remove. Do you think this situation is improved by gilding the bars or removing them a little distance so as to enlarge the confined area?"

Finally, the Modern Churchman describes the Bishop of Durham as "the heroic and eloquent protagonist of lost causes"!

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[98]

Saturday, February 15th, 1936.

Professor Dickie of St Andrews, writing to acknowledge the copy of the Bishoprick which I had sent him says:-

Once, in Geneva, quite by accident, I discovered a little café where, to my surprise they brought me my boiled egg dyed red – because “in this house the Russian Revolution was planned’.

Hodgson’s* red candles on the altar at Escomb was probably selected with a similar notion.

This day can show nothing: it has been frittered away in writing letters, reading papers, visiting the dentist, and walking in the Park. In the course of my walk I picked up three little boys of an unusually respectable appearance. The two elder were sons of the medical officer, Donald. They were keenly interested in birds, and seemed to know a good deal about them I took them into the conservatory, & showed them the gold fishes and the flowers.

Edwyn Bevan has an admirable letter in the Times, rebuking Sir Ian Hamilton for his rude & foolish language, and stating the real issue with much dignity and discrimination.

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[99]

Sexagesima, February 16th, 1936.

Bitterly cold with brilliant sunshine. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered but 7 communicants.

*I slept badly last night partly because of the cold, and consequently I read a good deal, finishing Gunther's 'Inside Europe', an intensely vivacious and informing account of the European situation by an American journalist, who is stated to have been in Europe for eleven years as a correspondent of the Chicago Daily News. It is favourably reviewed in the Times Literary Supplement. One subject with the exception of one brief allusion is totally excluded from M^r Gunther's survey viz. **Religion**. He describes the situation in Russia very carefully, and is at pains of estimating the extent of the Soviet achievements, and the probable future of the communist system which they have established: but he does not think it needful to make so much as a passing allusion to the fate of Russian Christianity, or to the probable future of religion in the vast population which has been suddenly secularized. Nothing could indicate more impressively the indifference with which Religion is everywhere regarded. It counts for nothing.*

The day improved into something almost spring-like. In the borders I noticed aconites and snow-drops. Two young men, William Nicholson & Frederick Eadrop (?), attracted my notice, and I invited them to walk round the bowling-green, & to look at the flowers in the conservatory. One was an air-man from Catterick, the other some kind of motor-mechanic: both were intelligent and well-mannered. If but we could have a Vicar with some "personal magnetism" in this parish, I am persuaded that much might be done with the multitude of young men, of whom many hang about the Park. But, as matters now stand, they are simply ignored. None seems to feel any concern for them.

I worked at a sermon for next Sunday, but with little success. Whether it is that I have lost interest; or that my powers are failing; or that I am sinking into an idle habit which resents exertion, I cannot tell, but the fact cannot be concealed viz: I am doing less and less, and what I do is less and less well done. This is, indeed a humiliating reflection, but it forces itself quite insistently on my mind.

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In considering all these eugenic measures, particularly the sterilization and marriage laws, one must not forget that their compulsory character is nothing strange to the German people. These are but two of a multitude of such laws. **All the German's actions are governed and regulated.** His scheme of education, what views he may express – even in the scientific world – what wireless programme he may listen to, where & what he may buy & eat & read, how he may sign his letters & say good morning to his friends, are governed by law or by a form of persuasion resting on force. The future development of the German people has been decided, on theoretical and philosophical grounds by its leaders. The German's duty is to be moulded in the right direction. Any leadership among the people

apart from the disciplined and subordinate leadership of the type of the non-commissioned officer is rigidly suppressed. The Führer directs with a series of ukases. With successive hammer-blows the German citizen is driven into a swastika-shaped hole. The atmosphere of consumption pervades the whole of his life. The fact that he & his fellow men are now to be selected & bred like a herd of cattle seems to him hardly more distasteful than a hundred other interferences in his daily life.... The command now is to breed.

Eliot Slater M.B. "German Eugenics in Practice"
In 'The Eugenics Review[']: Jan. 1936

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[102]

Monday, February 17th, 1936.

Sharp frost, and a report (which I hope may be exaggerated or false) of a notable Italian victory.

The ground was too slippery for safe walking, so I pottered about in the 'policies' for an hour. Dick writes that he has met "a man called J. Hooft, Secretary of the World Student Federation" who said that 'reunion among the Reformed churches is becoming impossible, for just at the time when the demand for it is growing, the Anglican Church is becoming so Catholic, that the Continent can no longer regard her as Catholic.' As to the situation in Germany,

| 'He says that the original supporters of Hitler – Southern Germany & the University students – are now proving his first critics. Of the students in one of the Universities (I did not catch its name) only twenty are now National Socialists'.

The influence of the Roman Church is considerable in Southern Germany, & Hitler's ecclesiastical policy has completely alienated it.

[103]

Sir Austen Chamberlain acknowledges the "Bishoprick", and incidentally expresses his opinion of Sidney Webb:

My dear Bishop,

I have just read your review of the Webbs' book with great interest.

The worst of Sidney Webb is that he is inhuman. He has not got a soul, & there would be no room for a soul in his new model world. Man himself would be a machine, and God would be a bureaucrat, & bureaucracy is the worst of all forms of government in my eyes. A tyrannus is either human or inhuman, but a bureaucrat is, if I may coin a word, 'a-human'.

Save us from that, & from a Brain-trust. I would far rather be dead than living in Webb's paradise.

Yours sincerely

Austen Chamberlain.

I agree entirely, but with the waxing suspicion in my mind that, in the circumstances of the modern world, nothing can finally avoid bureaucracy. The tyrannies not less than the democracies fall for it.

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[104]

Tuesday, February 18th, 1936.

Grant Robertson* has an excellent letter in the Times on the question of British Universities and the Heidelberg Commemoration. He says that Birmingham University has declined the invitation.

I received the proof of my Preface to "The Yellow Spot", corrected, and returned it to Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Lord Salisbury, acknowledging a copy of my charge, writes at considerable length about 'Groups', including what almost amounts to a 'study' of the movement. He has been in touch with Roots and Streeter,* and is evidently not far from their kingdom. He has read my 'Charge', but remains Groupistically disposed! I suspect that Buchman is something of a reformed character, & he has got about him some respectable converts. Even so, I am surprized that a man of Lord Salisbury's type, training, and unquestionable ability should be so easily impressed by a movement so plainly barren of thought and originality.

[105]

The weather has become mild and almost springlike. I walked round the Park, where the birds have started to sing. Bryden was sawing up a beech which was blown down quite near its [sic] cottage. It was too hollow to be marketable, and will come to the Castle for the fires. He commented on the bad state of the trees in that part of the Park compared with the state of the trees near the Inner Park. He thinks that the cause must be the excessive dampness due to the bad draining.

I wrote to Lord S. and sent him the Bishoprick. Whatever else may be said about my official gazette, it is quite unlike any other!

Ella and I motored to Durham, and dined with Canon & M^{rs} Stopford, Kathleen Alington, and the Organist were also there. It was quite a pleasant dinner party: and if the conversation was more amicable than brilliant, it was perhaps not on that account the less pleasing. I learned with concern, but not with surprise, that the latest report about M^{rs} Gordon was not satisfactory. The Bishop of Jarrow is not precisely a Stoic where his affections are engaged.

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[106]

Wednesday, February 19th, 1936.

A mild beautiful spring day; with a few showers in the forenoon, but afterwards entirely delectable. I put up a pair of partridges evidently agog with domestic excitements.

I wasted the day in writing out from my notes the speech which I delivered in the Church Assembly in the debate on the Report of the Church & State Commission. It was a more difficult task than I had expected, and the result was disappointing. The more effective a speech is in delivery, the less it is worth reading. That is the common experience, and it is illustrated by the disappointment often expressed by those who read a sermon that so thrilled them that they pressed for its publication, but which when published proved to be hardly worth reading!

In the House of Lords last night there was a brisk and reckless discussion on the Italo-Abyssinian War, in which a cynical contempt for the moral aspect of the conflict went along with a scarcely veiled dislike of the League of Nations. Lords Phillimore, [George] Lloyd,* and Mottistone[John Seely)* were particularly emphatic: but they are not much regarded.*

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Coulton* in his 3rd volume of "Five centuries of Religion" calls Hamilton Thompson* on p. 198 "a learned and very impartial student of monasticism", and quotes him as saying with reference to the fabric & upkeep of the appropriated churches:-

“The monks’ attitude to their responsibilities was – and no practical archaeologist who knows the value of money will blame them- as cold and critical as that of their legal successor, the average lay rector of today.”

Sir Charles Firth* died at Oxford today. He would have been 79 years old, if he had lived till March. He was a man of genuine ~~real~~ intellectual distinction, of a high type of character, and a really kind heart. The amount of historical work which he produced was very considerable, and included nothing that was not sound. I had a genuine regard for him, though my personal intercourse with him was slight & intermittent, but I think that he felt for me the sense of real friendship which I certainly felt for him. His private life was shadowed by the imbecility of his son; & he himself was handicapped by a painful & persistent asthma.

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[108]

Thursday, February 20th, 1936.

Another beautiful spring day. I spent the morning in preparing the sermons for next Sunday. Cyprian Marr* dressed absurdly like a monk, though he is a married man, & a father, came to lunch, & we discussed the question of his curate's stipend i.e. the manner in which it should be raised. It seems to me highly inadvisable that the clergy should be made to collect their own stipends. Rather reluctantly I said that I would accept a title from his parish for a deacon, and that £200 per annum would suffice for the stipend.

Robertson writes with reference to Mussolini & Hitler : "The end is not yet. In 1800 the world was ready to fall down & worship Napoleon I: in 1815 he was caged on a rocky island." Charles and I motored to Seaton Carew, where I instituted, or rather admitted, Canon Booth* to the perpetual curacy. The Bishop of Jarrow read the lesson, & Scott, the late incumbent, read the prayers. There was a large congregation, and a reverent service. I took the impression that the people [possibly omits 'were pleased'] to have Booth & that he was pleased to go to them.

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[109]

Friday, February 21st, 1936.

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Robin writes:-

My father has just returned from his German tour. He is filled with the idea that the Germans are favourably disposed to us. I believe this too, but I am certain that they will cause trouble unless they are given colonies, and unless concessions are made on their Eastern frontier. I do not know how the League is expected to deal with this problem.

I wasted the morning in preparing a speech which I delivered in the Globe Theatre in Stockton in the afternoon. There was a great gathering of boys & girls with their parents presided over by the Mayor, at which I gave away prizes. The proceedings were of the too familiar character – oceans of mutual compliment & the grossest flattery! But if I was bored, they were pleased, & the children took away their 'loot'!! My speech was, for the occasion, absurdly heavy, but the children listened with supernatural gravity, and applauded exstatically when I sat down!

[110]

Londonderry telegraphed to propose to come to lunch on Sunday, but I had to tell him that I must go to London tomorrow for Rawlinson's consecration. It is rather annoying, as I would like to have had his report on Hitler.

The translator, Malcolm McLaren, sends me 'with his compliments', a 'metrical version' of "The Drama of the Passion" by Armand Goday who is described a[sic] 'the Franco-Cuban poet', but whom I have never heard of! I found it quite intolerable; why can't these poetasters leave the Gospel alone?

That intolerable bore Lomax sent me yet another letter this morning by his chauffeur with instructions to wait for an answer! I sent him a rather brusque reply, to the effect that in my opinion "he had best drop it"! He will keep on agitating to bully me into making a "General Appeal for Church building". Lomax's own parish might, perhaps, claim his undivided attention for, though it contains more than 10,000 inhabitants it has only 311 names on its parochial roll. But he is quite incorrigible.

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[111]

Saturday, February 22nd, 1936.

Charles went with me to Darlington where I caught the 11.30 a.m. train which brought me to king's Cross at 4.15 p.m. I drove to Victoria, and took train **to Streatham Hill, where Ernest [Henson*] met me with his car, and (missing his way several times!) brought me to S^t Paul's Vicarage.** Here I was welcomed by Frances, and saw the two children, Ann, a self-possessed maiden of 7, and David, a lively child of 4.

The vicarage is a pleasant and well-arranged house with a sufficient garden: it is "in a ring fence" with a commodious parish hall, and S. Paul's church, an unpretentious but not undignified modern building in the Gothick style. Opposite the house is an open space occupied by lawn-tennis courts which the municipal authority provides for the recreation of the people. This guarantees the vicarage against the likelihood of its being surrounded closely by the small houses which the same paternal government is building for the immigrants from London. The parishioners are mostly employed as small clerks & shop assistants in London, but the artisan element is increasing.

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Quinquagesima, February 23rd, 1936.

I went to church for the Holy Communion at 8a.m. Ernest celebrated very reverently, using the appointed service, save for the omission of the Decalogue. At 11 a.m there was Mattins attended by a considerable congregation, which was, so I was assured, larger than the average. I preached from the two texts, "Love never faileth" and "God is love". The acoustics of the church seemed to be excellent – and had it not been for the clamour of a coughing choirman, who certainly hadn't a vice worth clearing, I should have had no cause for complaining of inattention. In the afternoon Ernest and I walked on the common: and at Evensong I preached from the text, "Set not your mind on high things, but condescend to think [sic] which are lowly." There was a large congregation. The Rural dean and his wife came to supper. He is a large, jovial looking man, who was "educated" at Durham. He seemed to be on very good terms with Ernest.

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[113]

S^t Matthias, February 24th, 1936.

Ernest motored me to Balham, whence I proceeded by train to Victoria. I drove to the Athenaeum, & after depositing my bags, & "washing up" I went on to S. Paul's Cathedral for Rawlinson's consecration. It was a very solemn function, attended by an unusually large congregation. There was a considerable muster of bishops for, besides Rawlinson, two colonials were consecrated. The Bishop of Chichester and I presented. R. Quick was the preacher. He acquitted himself well, but he made no personal references, which is, I think, unusual, and in the circumstances, may be thought surprising. But it was a good sermon. **I was the only bishop to communicate.** Indeed, save for two or three old people, who I think were told off for the rubrik's sake, there were no communicants. This depressed me. After the service I returned to the Club, & lunched. Then I visited the hairdresser, and the bookseller.

After tea in the Club, & some talk with Graham-Harrison, I motored to King's Cross, and took the Silver Jubilee Express to Darlington, where Charles met me.

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[114]

Tuesday, February 25th, 1936.

Lord Fitzalan* acknowledges the "Bishoprick" in a very civil letter.

M^{rs} Badham, writes to M^{rs} Berry, making to know what may have become of her son, William*. Could the Bishop tell her? I had to reply that some months have passed since any letter from William has come to me. It has always surprised ^me^ that he kept on writing for so long.

In the afternoon I walked round the Park with the dogs. On the way, I put up partridges twice.

At 5 p.m. Sir Charles Peers arrived. He showed me with legitimate satisfaction a letter from the official of the London University informing him of the intention of this society to make him an honorary Doctor on the occasion of its centenary celebration.

Charles & I motored to Annfield Plain, where I confirmed 97 persons. The Vicar, Gowans, though handicapped by his ankle, which he broke some while back, & which refuses to get healed, has evidently exerted himself, & now that he has the help of a curate, has succeeded in getting no less than 51 confirmation candidates from the parish which was known as "little Moscow".

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[115]

Ash Wednesday, February 26th, 1936.

I celebrated the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. in the Chapel, Charles assisted. Peers was among the communicants. At 10.30 a.m. Peers, Charles, & I went in to Durham, in order to attend a meeting of the Castle Preservation C^{tee}. Sir Thomas Oliver* was in the Chair. We decided to go on as long as the money would last i.e. till April 1939, and this summer to issue a final appeal.

After the meeting it gave lunch in the Common Room to Lord Justice Roche, Sir Charles Peers, and the Bishop of Jarrow. Then I returned to Auckland.

My Godson, Alfred Spelling,* in thanking me for a copy of the Bishopruck, sends me a cheque for £5 for the Unemployed Fund, and an affectionate letter. Also a newly-published booklet on the Hospital Chapel at Ilford, where for five years 1895 - 1900 I was Incumbent:=

“It brings back so many happy memories, & my first meeting with you just over 40 years ago: Will you also please accept a small contribution from one who is truly thankful for many blessings.”

[116]

I finished reading an extremely repulsive book which has attracted much attention – “No mean City, a Story of the Glasgow Slums” by Alexander M^cArthur and H. Kingsley Long. In an Appendix “the authors maintain that they have not drawn an exaggerated picture of conditions in the Glasgow tenements as of life as it is lived among the gangster element of the slum population”. In the Author’s Preface we read:

[“]It is only fair to add that no other city is making a more determined effort to re-house and to help its poorer citizens. Nor should it ever be forgotten that Glasgow, with less than a sixth of London’s population, carries an equal burden of workless men and women.[”]

If their book gives a faithful portrait, then there are great districts in which the laws are not operative. Into this slum population there come neither clergy nor school inspectors, nor sanitary inspectors, nor Salvationists, nor social workers, nor even, save when some extraordinary outbreak of violence causes large forces to be introduced, the police. There is no religion, no morality, and no social order!

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The evening paper reports the assassination of the Japanese Prime Minister and another Minister by a band of Japanese officers. This is an untoward event, and may have large consequences. It may mean the definite triumph of the militarist party & Japan, and that can hardly but mean a ‘forward’ policy in China, and war with the Soviets. The more one

considers the present state of affairs in the world, the more impossible it appears that war can be averted.

Sir Fabian Ware with whom I had some talk, in the Athenaeum on Monday, was very gloomy. He has considerable acquaintance with the leading foreign soldiers, and they, he finds, are persuaded that war is imminent, and that it will mean the end of "civilization". I found it impossible to challenge the reasonableness of this view. The ethics of tyrannicide, which was the subject of most discussion in the xvith and xviith centuries, is again coming into importance. Who could not applaud the German who, in the interest of elementary morals, killed Hitler? I would give them Christian burial without hesitation.*

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[118]

Thursday, February 27th, 1936.

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Lord Roche spoke with emphasis and almost with enthusiasm about the Primate's speech in the Lords on the occasion of the King's death. "It was almost unusually good, for every other speech seemed poor by comparison. Everybody else read copious notes, but the Archbishop spoke with nothing before him, & thus his voice, manner, & presence were all superb". This interested me. Lang is certainly an extremely fine orator, though in my judgment he does not reach the first excellence. His ~~oratory~~-speaking evokes admiration, but does not work conviction. It lacks passion, and would never "sweep people off their legs". On an occasion of great emotional tension such as the King's death provided, this element would, so to say, be provided by the audience, & its absence in the speaker could be less felt, but normally it is otherwise. Almost always Lang, like Davidson, wearies his hearers by his prolixity. The sonorous phrases flow on, but there are no great thoughts &, at the end, one is left wondering what end they were designed to serve. Probably the superfluous rhetoric is explicable as so much prophylactic verbiage.

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The papers are filled with reports of the miliary outbreak in Japan, but the true significance of it is not yet clear. In any case it deals another blow to the tottering future of international stability.

I occupied a morning reading the Report of the Church & State Commission with a view to writing on it in the next "Bishoprick". The memorandum by Morris Geryon on the legal position of the Church is lucid and serviceable, but it leads to a non possumus conclusion. The Bishop of Norwich excelled himself in windy irrelevance. He hasn't the faintest notion of the essential issue.

In the afternoon I walked round the Park with the old Doctor, and afterwards lent him Walter Duranty's "I write as I like", and the horrible book on the evil case of the German Jews. Charles and I motored to Birtley, where I confirmed 133 persons in the mean parish chapel. The candidates were attentive, and the service reverent but I was uncommonly ineffective and uncomfortable. It is humiliating to have to admit that one's own mood tells, potently, perhaps even decisively, on one's performance of duty.

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[120]

Friday, February 28th, 1936.

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I devoted another morning to a study of the "Church & State" Report. There is something almost ludicrous about the opinions expressed by the recalcitrant minorities. Protestant Modernists and Anglo-Catholick. The one apparent fact about them all, though they do not confess it, is that any serious self-government of the Church would put an end to the licentious liberty which the present paralysis of discipline makes possible. *None of them has any real confidence that his distinctive contentions could prevail in free discussion. The Protestant knows well enough that his main support comes from outside the Church. Hence his devotion to Parliamentary control and the Patronage Trusts. The Modernist knows that his impudent heresies could never be deliberately approved by an ordered Christian Church. The Anglo-Catholick is well aware of the fact that his notions of ecclesiastical authority cannot possibly be reconciled with membership of a Reformed Church. But the reigning anarchy suits them all admirably, and they have a vested interest in its continuance.*

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The weather was most unpleasant, wet & very cold.

Charles motored with me to South Moor, where I confirmed 70 persons in the parish church. The attention of the candidates pleased me, and I hope they were edified by my address. It is humiliating but true that I am finding more difficulty in these confirmation addresses this year than ever before. Why is this? Surely it ought to be exactly the reverse.

That quaint old Emeritus Professor [Henry] Armstrong* has a long letter in the Times on the Celebration at Heidelberg, in which he writes:

["I am surprized to see my old friend the Bishop of Durham so vehement: he certainly shows no sign of turning the other cheek. If we take the unchristian action he & others recommend, shall we not be adding to the incitement of war by arms – which all seem to be fomenting at the moment – in addition to the even more dangerous war now universal, a new casus belli, if not a new war, an intellectual antagonism?["}]

My acquaintance with Prof. Armstrong is limited to an occasional brief conversation in the Athenaeum. Does this justify the description "my old friend"?

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[122]

Saturday, February 29th, 1936.

Two deaths of personal concern to me are reported this morning. Old Francis Priestman* and Canon Osborne, aged respectively 80 and 78 have died. The first was our only wealthy Churchman, who cared for the Church. The last, was one of my hon. Chaplains. Both will be hard to replace.

I started to write on the Report, but made very slight progress What has happened to me? I can neither talk tolerably, or write coherently!! [sic]

M^r John Kenneth Milburn, aged 23, came to see me with a view to being accepted as a candidate for Ordination. He is a good-looking young man, who expressed himself with modesty & intelligence. Of course the usual difficulty of inadequate education presents itself in his case also. However, I accepted him, & authorized his application to the Board of Training.

M^r Lawrence Streeting, aged 21½, came on a similar errand. He is in good work at Billingham, but very insistent that he ought to seek Ordination. He was not much to look at, but improved as his shyness wore off. Rather doubtfully I sanctioned his application for a diocesan grant. I will probably be refused!

[123]

M^r John Clarke, a working pitman, aged 25, also came to seek acceptance as an Ordination candidate. A very unsurprising young man, undersized & not too handsome, but with a modest carriage & an earnest simplicity of speech which awed me into accepting him. I did not feel free in conscience to refuse him since he emerged from the pit: but I am not clear that I did rightly. He did not ask for a grant.

I finished reading a book which was sent me by the author's wife – "The Jews in the Christian Era" by Laurie Magnus". It is most informing and thought-provoking. I can better understand the depth and character of the "deep divide" in Israel between "Liberal Jews" and Zionists. The author clearly belongs to the former.

M^{rs} Laurie Magnus, to whom I wrote a letter of thanks, accompanied the volume with a civil letter.

I would like to express my deep sense of obligation for your speech to the Church Assembly, & for your recent letter to the "Times".

The weather today has been detestable, a blizzard has been intermittent all the time.

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[124]

1st Sunday in Lent, March 1st, 1936.

There was more snow last night, and when morning came snow was falling still. We looked out on a wintry world.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 o'clock. We numbered eight communicants including Christina.

The service was punctuated by the rain as, in two places it came through the chapel roof. These futile Auckland workmen regularly play about the roof under colour of finding out where the water comes through, & as regularly they leave the roof as penetrable as they found it, or more! But their bills never fail.

I revised the notes for my sermon, and wrote to Caröe in Cyprus.

Captain & M^{rs} de Burgh came to lunch, and afterwards were shown the Castle.

*I listened to the King's broadcast speech. It was very short, and rather commonplace. **It was regrettable that he made no reference to the Almighty.** This was, if I mistake not, unusual and unwise. His Majesty gave me the impression of being afraid of "letting himself go", or seeming to invite comparison with his Father.*

[125]

I motored to Durham, and preached at Evensong to a congregation which filled S. Mary-le-Bow. It consisted almost entirely of undergraduates. With some modifications and additions my sermon was that which I preached last Sunday evening in S. Paul's, Streatham. After the service, I had supper with Principal Wallis. * There is obviously much ill-feeling between S. Chad's and S. John's on account of the proposed enlargement of the former. It is alleged that the new buildings will be as lofty as the tower of S. Mary's, and will completely shut out the sun from its southern windows. I think Wallis feels that the Dean & Chapter, led astray by Rawlinson, who was on the council of S. Chad's, have let S. John's down in the matter. It may be so, for these "Anglo-Catholics are as cunning as they are unscrupulous, and they act together with a rigid partisan loyalty, which is hard to defeat. It is regrettable that the architectural opposition is complicated by the ecclesiastical antagonism of the two colleges. The sympathies of the Dean and Chapter are certainly on the side of S. Chad's.

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[126]

Monday, March 2nd, 1936.

The wintry weather continues. There are reports of heavy snowfalls, roads impassable, and rivers bursting their banks. Charles and I motored to Shotley Bridge, where I took part in the funeral ceremonial of old Francis Priestman. There was no interment for the coffin was sent off to London for cremation after the service in Benfieldside church. The general respect felt for the Deceased was evidenced by the large & representative congregation. Many of the local clergy were present, & a large body of police. Before returning to Auckland I went in to the Vicarage and saw Mackenzie the Vicar, who is confined to his bed with muscular rheumatism. *He said that he remembered my preaching in the open air in Bethnal Green, nearly fifty years ago.* It may have been so, but I have not the faintest recollection of him. I gave the little girl a half-crown, which overwhelmed her! She is the child of his second wife: for Mackenzie follows the custom of our English incumbents by dabbling in digamy! Priestman's death is a real calamity to him, for he was accustomed to make him generous presents from time to time.

[127]

Charles and I motored to Sunderland, where I confirmed a considerable number of persons in the recently renovated parish church. The large building, which has now a bright and almost gorgeous appearance, was well-filled by a congregation of very poor people. This is the squalidest part of the town, and the admirable behaviour of everybody was the more noteworthy. The candidates, who were very evenly divided between the sexes, gave close attention to my address, and answered the question with a decision which was most impressive. I could not but be glad that I had sanctioned the expenditure of the Trust money on the renovation of the church, for surely, if fine buildings are justifiable anywhere, they are in the slums, always provided their cost does not fall on the slummites.

Canon and M^{rs} Owen arrived in the course of the afternoon. Before going to bed, I had some talk with him. He has a fragile appearance, and is reported to be delicate: but he seems to have been greatly liked by everybody with whom he has worked, and gives me the impression of being really pleased to come here.

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[128]

Tuesday, March 3rd, 1936.

A beautiful day, though still cold. The snow lingered longest on the hidden substructures of the chapel which the Puritans demolished, so that the walls were clearly marked on the lawn.

At 12 noon I admitted Leslie Owen* to the Archdeaconry of Auckland in the Chapel. There were present the six ~~Archdeacons~~ rural deans and their wives (except M^{rs} Parry Evans who was reported ill), Carter, Cecil Ferens, Vereker & his wife, and ourselves. I began with a short address, then the Bishop of Jarrow read the lesson (1 Cor. xii. 27-xiii) and then I said prayers and admitted the new Archdeacon after he had taken the oaths sc. After this more prayers, & then Benediction. The service ended. We all had lunch in the large dining room. Then Owen had a short interview with the Rural Deans in Charles's room. Then they went away, and I took the two Archdeacons for a walk in the Park. Everybody seemed to be amiable, and conversation did not flag. The Owens went off apparently well-pleased with his new gaiters.

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I received from Romans another cheque for twenty pounds, being an instalment paid by his curate Marsh of the loan of £100, which I made some while back. This determination to recover his independence impresses me well, & I begin to think better of Marsh.

Charles and I motored to Sunderland, where I confirmed a large number of persons in S. Mary Magdalene's Church. My address was interrupted by an attempted invasion of the church by a puerile rabble of indigenes. Apart from this, everything seemed to go through well enough, but my address was dislocated, & in the process of recovering coherence sacrificed brevity, a fact which Charles faithfully brought to my notice as we drove home! I was pleased with the attention of the candidates. Here was another "slum" parish, & evidently, the Church was a living power in it. M^{rs} Goshawk, a good-looking lady in the garb of a Girl Guide leader, told me that nine of her girl guides had been presented for Confirmation. Her enthusiasm pleased me. She is evidently helping her husband, the Vicar, very effectively. We returned to Auckland after the service.

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[130]

Wednesday, March 4th, 1936.

I spent an hour writing to Dick in answer to his last and most interesting letter. He is plainly "thinking hard" about critical questions, & much affected by the "Form critics" emphasis on the (practically) non-historical character of the Synoptic narratives. Collins, the Vice-Principal of Westcott House, is having considerable influence on him, and I am not quite comfortable as to the quality of that influence. Certainly, Collins's articles in the Hibbert Journal in which he offered, or seemed to offer, an apology for Loisy's destructive teaching filled me with some alarm. Dick tells me that Collins thinks that I have not understood him rightly, and that he does himself believe in the "historicity of Jesus". The assurance doesn't help me much until I know what meaning & measure he gives to "historicity". Perhaps he will make this point clear in the next issue of the Hibbert Journal, which, I understand, is to include another article from him.

Dick is obviously happy in Westcott House, and on good terms with [Bertram] Cunningham,* whose influence I think cannot but be wholesome. But, of course, ~~his~~ Dick's world cannot be mine. I can only guess at it.

[131]

The Statement relating to Defence which sets out the Government proposals for effectively re-arming the Nation, came this morning. I read it through with melancholy wonder. It is a curious commentary on the hopes & professions which heralded the close of the Great War. **One cannot read it thoughtfully without feeling that the World is on the threshold of another supreme calamity.**

Charles and I motored to Ryhope, where I confirmed 144 persons in the parish church, and afterwards had tea in the Vicarage Then we went on to Bishopwearmouth, where I rested for an hour, & then, after a light meal, went to the parish church, & confirmed 105 persons. The rain fell pitilessly, and compelled the use of the choir-vestry for the female candidates dressing room, to the confusion of the choirboys. Both services were, I think, impressive and edifying. I took occasion to speak to Stannard* about Griffith Jones, who is certainly in an unsatisfactory state of mind. Steady work and familiar intercourse with a spiritually-minded man such as I believe Stannard to be, may open his eyes to the true character & significance of the Christian ministry of which as yet he appears to be woefully unconscious. We returned to Auckland after the service.

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[132]

Thursday, March 5th, 1936.

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I wrote a short letter of condolence to the widow of George Macmillan, whose death was reported last week. He used to attend S. Margaret's regularly when I was Rector, and had, I think, a genuine regard for me; but he, like so many others was alienated by my support of the Revised Prayer Book, and when its rejection by the House of Commons led me to adopt Disestablishment as "morally requisite", his alienation deepened.

Dolphin* gave me a copy of "The Oriel Record" for January, which contains an article on a visit to Soviet Russia entitled "Proletarian Peep-Show". It is signed by Howland H. Sargeant, of whom I know nothing. It is brightly written & contains some acute observations. The net effect is surprisingly favourable. The last sentence sums thus:

It would be my wish that the country which proved not only the most interesting of any I have yet seen, but also one of the most delightful, will some day learn that "magnanimity in politics is often the truest wisdom".

That maxim if taken to heart would revolutionize the methods of Bolshevism & invalidate its precedents.

[133]

Lord Thurlow came to lunch, and afterwards discussed with me a proposal which had been made to him by the local authority, which wishes to in order to avoid the necessity of appointing a successor to the resident chaplain ~~chapel~~ of the County Asylum, who has been preferred to a benefice. They propose to pay him as Rector a substantial contribution towards the stipend of a second curate on condition that he undertakes pastoral charge of the asylum. I advised him first, to ascertain from Ferrens what was the legal position, for I think that a resident chaplain is required by the statute. Next, if the case were otherwise, I told him to decline the suggestion on the ground that the work in the Asylum with 1800 patients & 500 officials was a "whole time job", & could not be efficiently performed save by a resident chaplain. Moreover, I advised him to remind the Asylum Committee that no clergyman can officiate within the diocese save with the Bishop's licence or permission.*

Olive Pollock-Morris* arrived from Scotland. Charles and I motored to Sunderland, where I confirmed about 120 persons in S. Paul's Hendon. It was a restless and ill-ordered service, and I was at my very worst. Who was really to blame?

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[134]

Friday, March 6th, 1936.

I received a long and rather incoherent letter from Morris Young, which alarms me as confirming a suspicion which has been gathering strength in my mind, that the Rev^d gentleman is "going off his head".

I wrote to Arthur Harrison, the organ-builder, in Durham, congratulating him on having received the order for the great new organ, costing £20,000 which is to be placed in Westminster Abbey in view of the Coronation next year.

I motored to Durham, & presided at a special meeting of the Bede College Governors, at which it was decided to purchase the house with 1¼ acres of land which adjoins the College on the river side. The price was to be £2250: and so prosperous is the College that this sum can be provided from the balances on the current income.

Mess^{rs} Constable & C^o sent me a book which they have just published - "Hitler, a biography by Konrad Heiden". The publisher's cover is adorned by a truly villainous portrait of the Führer.

Charles and I motored to Coxhoe where I confirmed about 70 persons from the parishes of Coxhoe, Kelloe, and Cassop-cum. Quarrington.

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[135]

Saturday, March 7th, 1936.

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The new bishop of Portsmouth is announced this morning. "Toujours perdrix" goes to the Bench! Baldwin suggested his name to me as a possible bishop, presumably for Salisbury, and I protested energetically that Salisbury had been associated in an uncommon degree with intellectual eminence, & I mentioned Bishops Davenant, Bennet, and John Wordsworth. Perhaps, my protest explains the otherwise inexplicable translation of the Bishop of Portsmouth to Salisbury. He made a vacancy more suitable for Partridge, & his own tenure of Salisbury could not but be brief, since he is already no less than 67 years old. Be that as it may, the Episcopal Bench is now possessed of a good 'business man', who will be extremely useful to the Archbishop, & will rake in shekels for his new cathedral with immense ardour!

Dolphin sends me printed on a Card "A Confession of Faith for a Secondary Scholar", which is, presumably, an improvement on the Apostles [Creed inserted above in pencil]. It is certainly far longer & more elaborate. Nevertheless, if I were a Secondary Scholar, I should prefer the Apostles Creed. Few things are more distasteful to me than, either, coining phrases of insincere compliment, or, giving offence to people whom I like by telling them frankly what I think of their performances.

[136]

Richard Craig, now curate of S^t. Mary's, Tyne Dock, came to lunch, and to consult me on the point whether he should leave his curacy in order to take a permanent position as a kind of superintendent-padre in 'Toch H'. I told him that it might be a useful experience for two or three years, but should not be regarded as a career. He was ordained to pastoral ministry, & must make that his main concern. We walked together in the Park for an hour, & then he went back to Tyne Dock.

Andrew Gibson, aged 25, a clerk from Hartlepool, came to see me with a view to being accepted as an Ordination candidate. He is a stocky, square-built fellow, with a determined expression, and an open countenance, quiet in his demeanour, but giving the impression of genuine moral purpose. He has saved £60, and is earning 48/- weekly. Moreover he has passed the Durham matriculation. I authorized his applying for assistance to the Board of Training.

M^r. John Sierwald, aged 27, from Darlington, came to consult me as to his being ordained: but I was not favourably impressed by him, & thought his vocation was more closely connected with his unemployment than with his religious convictions. So I declined to accept him, and discouraged his ambition.

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The evening paper announces that Germany has sent troops into the demilitarised zone, and denounced the treaties of Locarno and Versailles. Hitler accompanies these truculent proceedings with an impudent speech in which he states Germany's willingness to re-enter the League on conditions which have an appearance of complete and deliberate impracticability. **The clouds are gathering over Europe in a deepening gloom. Is it possible to avoid War when the fates of great nations are in the hands of theatrical bullies like Hitler and Mussolini? And can War be other than destructive of civilization itself? Sir Fabian Ware's pessimism (v. 117) becomes more than ever reasonable. In the midst of these fearful obsessions how can I go on talking to Confirmation candidates?** Christianity seems to fade from view, and the attempt to describe it as the 'unum necessarium' of rightly-ordered human life has an aspect of self-conscious futility! How can the bank-rupt world provide the funds for another & more appalling Armageddon? No one appears to be in any doubt on that point. Italy leads the way, a poverty-stricken state, under the frown of Europe, succeeds in carrying on a costly war! It is one of Satan's magnalia.

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[138]

2nd Sunday in Lent, March 8th, 1936.

A calm morning, misty and mild. The rooks are making a start with their nest-building in good earnest.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered only six communicants.

In 'Butler's Walk' the first crocus had made its appearance.

The Sunday papers are filled with the news from Germany, which has taken Europe by surprise. Hitler's favourite method of confronting his critics and rivals with a 'fait accompli' is a very dangerous game, not merely by the resentment it provokes, but also by the destruction of confidence which it involves. How can we do business with these dictators who tear up the treaties they sign whenever they please?

I motored to Easington, and preached at Evensong in the beautiful parish church. The service was well & reverently rendered, but there was a smaller congregation than I had expected. It is rather humiliating, but hardly disputable, that the Bishop's preaching has no kind of special attraction to the parishioners. It was otherwise 40 years ago.

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[139]

Monday, March 9th, 1936.

In the course of the steep ascent he only became what he really was and what Nature had designed him to be: a ruler with the instincts of a beggar. By disposition he could only be absolute, whether as prince or as vagabond. He could not live without being suffered to do what he wanted, but he had to have the feeling that everyone conceded him this right. He was profoundly conscious of himself, not as ruler, but as leader – as Führer; he only went before when he knew that others were following. In solitude, a stay-at-home and a dreamer: before the masses, forceful & ambitious. Not a man who walked alone, but a man who sat alone. It was Germany's tragedy at this twilight period of her history that six decades of empire had accustomed her to obedience but had not produced any genuine ruler.

v. Heiden on 'Hitler' p. 317

[140]

There is a marked difference between the "reaction" to Hitler's latest thunderbolt in France, and that in England. In the one, there is indignation, protest, and minatory movements of troops. The case must go to Geneva, and "sanctions" against Germany must be applied, as, mainly in deference to English insistence they are being applied (more or less) against Italy. In the other, there is a call for prudence, sympathetic reference to the substantial justice of Germany's case, and a suggestion that something might be made of Hitler's suggestions. The difficulty really lies not so much in Hitler's demands, as in his character and method. Who can seriously trust a man who repudiates treaty obligations at will? In making Locarno and Versailles no more than "scraps of paper", Hitler has gone far to put diplomacy out of court. I finished reading Heiden's biography, and had no hesitation in sending the publishers a flattering "puff". As a psychological study of the German dictator the book is brilliant: as a revelation of the moral and political state of Germany it is horrifying. Hitler & his gang of murderers, dead and living, ought to be relegated either to the gaol or to the madhouse!

[141]

I walked with D^r M^cCullagh in the Park. Charles and I motored to Roker, where we had tea with the Vicar and his wife. His two curates were present, the one Fenwick is a well-looking fellow, but the other, an Irishman, named Rosenburghthal (?) [sic] was a dingy looking knave. After tea, Wilson discussed with me the situation at S. Aidan's, the mission church which he desires to close. I advised him to get his Parochial Church Council to pass a resolution referring the matter to me for final settlement. Then we went over to S. Andrew's Church, where I confirmed 147 persons. The acoustics of the building are bad, and I cannot be sure that my address was heard, but I think it was as the congregation was very attentive. After the service we returned to Auckland: our journey was lengthened by reason of fog.

I had some talk with Leonard Wilson on the subject of Form-criticism. He had not read Loisy's Naissance du Christianisme, nor seen Jacks's articles in the Hibbert Journal: but he expressed a rather unintelligent approval of Form-criticism. I noticed that the book-shelves in his study were by no means well-filled, & that there was a notable absence of solid and standard works. This surprized me. Have I overrated him?

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[142]

Tuesday, March 10th, 1936.

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M^r James A. F. Montgomery writes to me from the University of Heidelberg expressing his "disagreement" with my letter in the Times on February 4th.

But his position is self-annihilating:-

"The changes which have taken place in Heidelberg seem to have been the natural expression of the thought of the student body and of the spirit awakened throughout the country. Many of the professors have undoubtedly lost their chairs, but surely the University was justified in removing professors who were completely out of touch with the national re-awakening. The only alternative would be that the University should become fossilized. Instead Germany preferred to have its universities in their place as the leaders of the thought of the nation.

The naïve unconsciousness of the outrage on the human intelligence implicit in this doctrine of academic nationalism has a still more impressive illustration in the sphere of Religion. The new Erastianism allows no autonomy of the human spirit in either realm, that of the conscience as little as that of the intellect.

[143]

Lord Halifax,* it is announced, is to accompany Eden* to Paris and Geneva. It is stated by the Yorkshire Post that he will do so at Eden's request. This shows good sense as well as modesty in the Foreign Secretary. Surely there could hardly be a more difficult or a more fateful mission! The Times prints short extracts from the provincial press.

M^r John William Stirk came to lunch, and to see me with the object of offering himself for Ordination at Trinity. He is 27, and, of course, has the meagrest education. He has, however, passed both parts of the General Ordination Examination, and purposes to serve abroad under S. P. G. In these circumstances I accepted him on a title from S. Cuthbert's, Bensham.

I walked in the Park, and had much talk with Bryden and Lawson. It is, perhaps, natural, but it is none the less regrettable that these two men are by no means well disposed towards one another. Their position is ambiguous, for both are on the same ground, but under different masters. Bryden looks to the Commissioners for pay and orders: and Lawson looks to the Bishop. Nor is the Bishop's position wholly without ambiguity. They are (theoretically) his agents: he is (actually) their tenant for the Inner Park, and he "owns" the Castle & its purlieus.

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No institution can claim exception from Christ's supreme test: By their fruits ye shall know them. Here, (sc. In monasticism) as elsewhere, we must look behind

professions to the man's deeds: **for the written or spoken word is often pitched higher in proportion to the inward consciousness of failure, not through hypocrisy, but with a real hope of atonement, and of gradual conformity with higher aspirations.** We must therefore neglect no evidence which may enable us to test the monastic ideal; and one of the clearest tests is supplied within certain limits, by the multitude of surviving account-rolls.

Coulton "Five Centuries of Religion. iii 356

I believe this curious working of the human spirit explains the vehemence with which men who are on the verge of "conversion", denounce the church or party which they are about to join, and goes some way to give a certain responsibility to the vauntings of hypocrites. The poor wretches perceive all the more clearly the greatness of the virtue they affect, when in reality their conscience upbraids them for abandoning it.

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[145]

Wednesday, March 11th, 1936.

I received a grateful letter from Mess^{rs} Constable & Co acknowledging the "puff" of the book "Hitler, a Biography", which I sent them (p. 140). It ought to have a large circulation, & if it does, can hardly but affect public opinion unfavourably for Hitler.

The Jews have issued my speech at the West London Synagogue (p. 78,9) as a pamphlet. It reads badly: but I don't think that it will do much harm.

Charles and I motored to Aycliffe, where I consecrated an extension of the churchyard. There was some confusion about the documentary, which agitated the Rector, old Canon Patterson: and I omitted the reading of the sentence during the service, & the signing of the same: but it was subsequently produced, and I signed it in the Rectory after tea, having the Rural Dean for a witness. In Aycliffe there are five churchwardens. Four of them were present, & came to tea at the rectory.

Charles and I motored to Gateshead, where I confirmed about 90 persons in S. Paul's Church. The congregation were restless: the candidates listless: I was myself dreary beyond description. It was, indeed, an unedifying service.

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[1456]

Thursday, March 12th, 1936.

M^{rs} H. M. Leaf writing from 80 Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S. W. 3, sends my chaplain a cheque for £200 "to help growing boys & girls possibly by Camps, Clubs, games, open air &c". She would "like to help the efforts of a few local clergy". She adds:

"I think the Bishop will remember my Father – Robert Needham Cust – in the Westminster days, but I have never met him".

I do indeed remember the old gentleman, who used from time to time to send me publications of his own, expressed with much vigour & dealing with foreign missions. *Then, I walked round to the Bank, and instructed M^r Oliver, the Manager, to invest for me £2000 in Government Stock 2½ per cent. The interest is miserably small, but I stick to my belief that the clergy ought not to worry their wits about investments but just to take what the State offers. None the less, the low rate of interest is disconcerting, for it reduces seriously such income as my widow will possess in her old age.*

[1467]

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*Is one result of Hitler's latest outrage to be the collapse of the resolute attempt to restrain Mussolini from achieving his wicked purpose in Abyssinia? The Yorkshire Post gives prominence to the report that France and Italy have reached agreement on that basis. If France will insist on abandoning "sanctions", and agreeing to a settlement of the Abyssinian conflict agreeable to Italy, then Italy will support France against Germany. Caiaphas has stated the ethical character of the political project, when he said, "It is expedient that one many should perish". What can Great Britain do if indeed she is to be confronted by this Machiavellian policy of the Latin powers? The fact is **that our Nation neither will fight, nor can fight: and its diplomacy is discounted by the knowledge of its importance.** And even if per impossibility Great Britain did fight in the cause of international good faith, can she alone "take on" both Germany and Italy? **The brutal truth is that nobody outside a few private citizens in Great Britain cares anything about the Moral Aspect of international politics.** No cause is so clearly just as to carry our people into the enormous sacrifices and immeasurable risks of another Great War.*

[148]

The two representatives of the Ecclesiastical Comm^{ee} Mess^{rs} Gove and Samle came to lunch, and afterwards, accompanied by Charles and Lawson, walked with me round the Park in order to ascertain its condition. We made sure that they had full knowledge of our complaints, and they took copious notes, but how far any practical results will follow their visit remains to be seen. After tea, they took their departure.

M^r William Dunsmore Lee, of Hatfield College, aged 26 came to see me about Ordination. I accepted him as a candidate for the September Ordination on the usual conditions. I also required that he should give me an oculist's report on his eyesight.

Dolphin sent me a long & dutifully expressed letter acknowledging my criticism of his "Confession of Faith" (p. 135), but I could detect a note of self-justifying humiliation. There is no vanity like that of an Author, and no authors are so vain as theological "reformers"!

Charles and I motored to Gateshead, where I confirmed 176 persons in the Church of the Venerable Bede. There was some confusion in the coming up of the candidates.

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[149]

Friday, March 13th, 1936.

Mr J. W. Hamilton of Minnesota has founded the “International Magna Carta Day Association”, and writes to invoke my assistance. The “Movement” has started by amending the calendar by adding “Magna carta Sunday on the most convenient Sunday in June.” He encloses a cutting from the New York Times of Feb. 24th, dealing with the Heidelberg episode, & quoting extensively from my letter to the Times. It speaks with becoming scorn of “the present Heidelberg doctrine of blond chemistry and blue-eyed astronomy”.

The Bishop of Jarrow came here, and discussed diocesan business until lunch, after which we walked and talked in the Park together.

Dawson, the farmer, who lives in Park Head Farm, and whose family have been tenants of the Bishoprick for 200 years, died quite suddenly this afternoon. I sent a letter of condolence to his widow.

The Editor of The Daily Dispatch sent me a long telegram requesting an expression of my views on the right policy of this country at the present juncture, & enclosing a pre-paid telegram-form. I ignored it.

[150]

I finished reading the 3rd volume of Coulton's great book, “Five centuries of Religion”. It is crammed full of curious information, & is fascinating in varied interest. Inter alia I learned that the Black Death has been much exaggerated by modern writers as it provided the explanation for monastic corruption, whereas the most that can be truly be [sic] said of it is that it emphasized the evils that already existed, and hastened movements that had already started.

Charles and I motored to Gateshead Fall, where I confirmed about 100 persons in the woeful barn of a parish church. Nobody, least of all the Choir, knew the tune of the “Veni Creator”, which was grievously sung. Apart from this. I think the service was satisfactory.

My Suffragan has encouraged the Vicar of Shildon to introduce Masefield's “Crucifixion” into the parish church, assuming that my approval might be taken for granted. I am much perturbed at the modern practice of bringing back plays to the churches. The clergy imagine that they are hallowing the stage, whereas in truth they are secularising the church. But I don't like to throw over my Suffragan, so I am “in a cleft stick”.

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[151]

Saturday, March 14th, 1936.

The Rev. F. A. Betts, Vicar of Collierley since 1928, (when he succeeded that militant Protestant, Fisher Ferguson, who caused the church bells to be rung when the news arrived at 11.30 p. m. that the Prayer Book Measure had been defeated in the House of Commons!) came to lunch, and to pour out his woes. He has a sick wife and therefore wants to remove from his parish to another more climatically favourable to the lady. I was very sympathetic, but would promise nothing.

Lady Thurlow called to seek my approval of the answer which the Rector of Sedgefield proposed to return to the Committee of the Lunatic Asylum who desire to avoid appointing a successor to the Chaplain, & to make a contribution towards the stipend of another curate who should do the chaplain's work. I suggested an addition to his draft, pointing out the legal obligation to appoint a chaplain, & then approved his refusal on practical grounds. I have no doubt that the genesis of the Committee's suggestion is, partly, the normal jealousy of the sectaries, and, partly, the desire to effect an economy. The Committee don't really see any adequate reason for providing spiritually to lunatics!

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The biographer of the famous Abbot, Suger (1082-1152) writes:-

This man, amid all the favours that God had granted him, lacked this one gift, that, after he came to the abbacy, he never became fatter than he had been as a mere monk; **whereas almost all other men, however lean they may have been before, after the laying on of hands are wont forthwith to wax fat in cheeks and belly**, not to say in heart also (v. Coulton. vol III p. 591)

Advancing years, and the cessation of the exercise which the Benedictine rule exacted from monks may, perhaps, explain the normal obesity of the medieval abbots. In my own contemporaries and (alas!) in myself, I note the same physical phenomenon. It certainly is not due to an excessive indulgence in "the pleasures of the table". In many cases something must be allowed for the effect of an operation. It is surprising to note the number of elderly men who have lost their appendixes, or been otherwise mutilated: and they naturally become rapidly gross. Why this should be the case I cannot imagine; but the fact seems to be unquestionable.

In the afternoon I walked round the Park with the dogs. Ella motored to Durham.

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3rd Sunday in Lent, March 15th, 1936.

A beautiful morning, sunny but rather cold. The rooks are actively engaged in nest-building, and the songsters are very audible.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a. m. The two sisters, Florrie and Amy Bryden, in addition to ourselves & the household made 9 communicants.

I wrote to my brothers, Arthur and Gilbert, not an easy task, for we have been practically strangers-all our lives, and we have hardly any interests in common.

The "Observer" makes a savage attack on the Prime Minister for his choice of Sir Thomas Inskip* to be the new Defence Minister. But I do not think many people will approve this thorough-going condemnation of an appointment, which can be commended by the precedents of two confessedly successful War-Ministers who were civilians - Cardwell and Haldane, not to mention also Lloyd-George, whose unprofessional methods and tremendous personal magnetism "won the war". Inskip is a strong, rather unattractive man, of great ability and small imagination, who is at his very worst in his ecclesiastical activities.

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I walked in the policies, & reflect on the addresses to confirmation candidates, which I must make daily for some weeks to come. It is undoubtedly true that the addresses which I have been giving bore me intolerably, & can hardly edify my hearers!

I wrote to Carnegie Simpson* asking him whether in his judgment I was mistaken in understanding the Church of Scotland Act 1921, to prohibit the church from altering the Presbyterian polity.

There came to tea a young lecturing lady, said to be a Fundamentalist. In our conversation I made some comment about the present need for retrenchment in our ecclesiastical finance, when she uttered sentiments of the Groupist kind, in which prayer and cheques were ever in happy combination. I took occasion to retire as I didn't wish to wound a sensitive conscience, but truly I hold these people to be as unreflecting as they are confident. Russell's notorious book "For Sinners Only" would be "meat & drink" to pious people of this kind: &, of course, Fundamentalism presents no difficulties to them. They live in a world of Divine interference, & their appetite for miracle grows with its indulgence.

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Monday, March 16th, 1936.

The Times reports the death of Canon Nairns in his house within Windsor Castle, and publishes as interesting obituary notice. He was a very quaint person, reputed, probably with truth, to be a saint, and certainly beyond the ordinary odd & loveable. He was a few months older than myself.

In deference to the criticism of my Suffragan, I revised my MS. of the Diocesan Conference speech, with the object of mitigating, if not wholly removing its "defeatist" suggestion, and I added a few observations on the political situation, quoting from Coulton's book, the narrative of the champions who agreed not to fight in a monastic quarrel which did not really concern them.

The Times has a notable article on Soviet Russia. The writer, Robert Byron, offers a text for the understanding of modern Russia:

[“]The text is this: that Bolshevism was founded, has grown & will endure on a basis of absolute inhumanity towards any individual who fails to surrender his body and soul to the Bolshevik State. To accept this condition as permanent is to avoid misunderstanding in the future.[”]

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The Rev. John Bentley, minor canon & precentor of Durham Cathedral and his wife came to lunch, and afterwards went with me to the Chapel in order that he might determine whether he could make a drawing of it which might be fashioned into a Christmas card. He has real artistic power, and made a charming picture of the Gallilee [sic], which went out as a card last Christmas. A pleasant, guileless man with a wooden leg who teaches the Durham undergraduates how to speak English! According to his own account, his success in this labour is not large.

Charles and I motored to South Shields, where I confirmed 80 persons in Holy Trinity Church. They came from the three parishes of S. Hilda, S. Mark's, & Holy Trinity, and all three incumbents were present. I was not in good form: the candidates were bored; there was much coughing, & I came away, with a dismal sense of failure!

I received from the publishers a copy of "The Yellow Spot" to which I contributed a Preface. The book is horribly vulgar in appearance, and its contents are repulsive enough. Nevertheless, I incline to think that it may do something to bring home to the public the grim meaning of German Anti-Semitism.

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Tuesday, March 17th, 1936.

In Russia, more than elsewhere, it is the young who count. The elders have perished in large numbers; there is an overwhelming preponderance among the population of boys and girls in their late teens or early twenties.

Lockhart in Ch^v in the modern State p 185.

The enormous destruction of adult life in the War and following Revolution, and the high birth rate are factors which are telling politically on Russian Society. Russia's population is equal in number to the combined population of France, Germany and England.

I received the first proofs of my Gifford Lectures. The first lecture fills 31 pages, which, perhaps, indicates the volume will run to about 350 pages.

The Dagenham Girl Pipers who were performing in aid of the Hospital in Bishop Auckland came to be shown the Castle by Alexander. They formed a pretty picture when grouped for a photograph. The conductor told me that they all come from Dagenham, where they lived in the new Council Houses. I told them that I knew the place well when Vicar of Barking 1888 – 1895.

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The girls asked to be allowed to blow their pipes and did so very effectively on the lawn They made a pretty show. The conductor told me that he was a Congregationalist minister, & preached every Sunday.

Charles and I attended the funeral service of the farmer, Dawson who died last week. South Church was nearly filled with the mourners.

The Rev. John Lake, Vicar of Shildon, came to see me with reference to Masfield's "Crucifixion" which he desires to have performed in his Church. I gave a reluctant and (so to say) experimental permission.

Charles and I motored to South Shields, where I confirmed 103 persons in S. Mary's, Tynedock. There was a very large congregation of very poor people. Save for the clamorous [sic] coughing of a female candidate, there was nothing to complain of in the service. Afterwards I had some speech with Richard Craig, who has accepted appointment from ToCH, & will, therefore, leave South Shields at Whitsuntide. He was ordained in 1932 on a tithe from S. Mary's, Tyne Dock, & has carried himself in such wise that his Vicar, Garland, expresses great regret at his departure.

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Wednesday, March 18th, 1936.

I corrected and returned to the Secretary of the Clarendon Press, the first batch of Gifford Lecture proofs.

Also, I wrote at some length to Dick criticising his Essay on "Marriage". In the Afternoon, an Israelite named Pyke came to see me, & for nearly two hours expounded a project for investigating the causes of Anti-Semitism. He said that the Jews, even when fairly treated, had the miserable assurance that their children or grand-children would be the victims of an Anti-Jewish explosion; & that many of them were on this account, refusing to have children. I was amiable & sympathetic, but would not pledge myself to anything.

Hilary Walton Jackson, a son of the Rural Dean of Sunderland, a lad of 19 now at Durham School, came to see me. I approved his making application to the Diocesan Board for a grant.

Charles & I motored to South Shields where I confirmed 167 persons in S. Michael's School. There was great congregation, and excellent attention.

Miss Ballard, another of Ella's hard featured friends, came on a short visit.

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Mr. Pyke spoke of the common assumption that the Jews are more intelligent than other people and that it was one source of anti-Semitic feeling. Personally, he thought the assumption was false, but even if, by satisfactory intelligence tests it were verified, the question would arise as to the reason of this intelligence superiority. Was it inborn? If so, why was it not found in the Arabs, who were also Semites? If it was rather the consequence of the environment in which for many centuries the Jews have lived, then the question is obviously important. What were the factors in that environment which stimulated Jewish intelligence? He emphasized the importance attached to the learned professions among the Jews of Poland. Not money but professional distinction would be the quality which a Polish Jew would covet in a son-in-law. The effect of this regard for intellectual; ~~xxx~~ eminence would be mentally stimulating. The tradition of the Ghetto honoured learning. The circumstances that the medieval Jews were town-dwellers in the country would tell in the same direction.

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Thursday, March 19th, 1936.

The weather has become suddenly quite warm. Today suggests June rather than March. I made a final revision of my address to the Diocesan Conference, and received yet another batch of papers from the amazing Lomax, who is obsessed with his crank-notion of re-casting the diocese in the mould of his own foolish personality.

“Art o’ gold: edd full o’ feathers” – John Burns’s description of Charles Masterman* will serve well enough for Lomax. And the feather-stuffed head makes more mischief than the golden heart can remedy!

I had tea with Charles and Christina in their charming drawing room, & they played to me afterwards. Like the demon-haunted King Saul, I too am soothed by music in certain moods: & the union of Christina’s fiddle and Charles’s piano is irresistible.

Charles and I motored to South Shields where I confirmed 48 persons.

Braley, who had been addressing the members of the ToCH. Came to dinner with his wife. He had been speaking on Psychology, and, according to Alexander, who had been one of his hearers, was both interesting and instructive.

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The 3 parishes which presented together 48 persons for confirmation in S. Aidan’s were the following.

S. Aidan	7 341 parishioners	470 par: electors
S. Stephen	11 927 “	850 “
S. Thomas	<u>5 246 “</u>	<u>502 “</u>
	24,514	1822

This is surely a woefully small percentage of confirmation candidates viz. **2 per 1000!**

Last night 4 parishes presented 167 candidates in S. Michael’s/

S. Michael	20,718 parishioners	1797 par electors
S. Oswin	6,596 “	174 “
All Saints	8,341 “	200 “
Harton	<u>2,800 “</u>	<u>34 “</u>
	38 455	2205

Here the percentage **is ^nearly^ 5 per thousand.**

On Monday morning I confirmed 80 persons from the 3 parishes, Holy Trinity, S. Hilda, & S. Mark. These have a population of 18617 **about 4.5 per thousand.** On Tuesday I confirmed

103 persons from the 4 parishes, S. Mary, S. Francis, S. Jude, & S. Simon, having a population of 26472, an average of nearly **4 per thousand**.

There is much that needs explanation.

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Friday, March 20th, 1936.

Antisemitism, historically & critically examined by Hugo Valentin, Lecturer in History in the University of Upsala. Translated from the Swedish by A. G. Chater (Victor Gollancz, 1936). This is a really illuminating book, and so interesting that it seduced me from my work all the morning. The heavy atmosphere, in itself highly inimical to every kind of exertion, facilitated my seduction!

I walked in the Park, & there watched the Boys from the Unemployed Centre playing football. Kenneth Hodgson was in charge, and had some talk with me. He gave me an impression of melancholy, which I allowed myself to interpret as the incipient stage of modesty. He told me that his brother was getting on well in Durham University, and that his sister, after taking a double first in Durham, was teaching in Swindon. He remained at home with his mother.

Herbert Hancock came to see me with a view to his Ordination in September. I accepted a title from Chester-le-Street, and bade him let me have a report on his eyes from the Coventry oculist. He was wearing spectacles, and had rather a feeble-eyed aspect: so I must guard myself.

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I wrote to Charles Lillingston telling him that in my view he ought not to postpone his Ordination longer, since he is 29, and that, unless he means to make school-mastering his life's work, he should not accept a headmastership. But he is nervy and unstable: though au fond a thoroughly good fellow.

Charles and I motored to Hebburn, where I confirmed 75 persons in S. Cuthbert's church. The vicar, Birtwhistle, has held the living for 36 years, and is quite apparently tired of his job. He wanted to resign, but I insisted on a medical certificate, and that requirement he did not attempt to meet. The benefice is in the gift of the Crown, and carries an income of £400 per annum. A pension to an outgoing incumbent would make it difficult to fill the living creditably. But there are always incompetent parsons who are ready to accept any living, and these are very commonly on the Downing Street list of aspirants.

I was better pleased with the service than I had expected to be. The candidates carried themselves reverently, and were very attentive.

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Saturday, March 21st, 1936.

Diocesan Conference

The mild weather continues. In "Butler's Walk" the crocuses make a fine show. The rooks are nest-building, and the air is filled with the domestic croaking. All the trees are budding, and the singing birds are "turning up" on every hand. In a word, the Spring has arrived.

I made a final revision of my Presidential Address, which, between cynicism and caution, has swollen to an excessive length. Lomax will suspect a motive in this unwanted loquacity!

We all motored to Durham after lunch. I presided at a crowded Diocesan Conference. The large attendance had no doubt been the result of old Lomax's assiduous efforts. He had "circularised" every member, and was in Elihu's case "as the moon at the full". The new Archdeacon was there, and my reference to him was well received. I took the impression that my Address was, on the whole, not unwelcome. When I sat down there was a good deal of applause. Then we rapidly got through the business, & Lomax moved his resolution in a characteristically rambling [166] speech. He was seconded by Cyprian Marr!* Imbecillity [sic] allied with ignorance! An excellent speech was made by Miss Lowther, a school teacher, who protested energetically against Lomax's statements about the religious teaching in the Board School. Lomax was supported by Milner and M^{rs} Probert, a senile bigot and a crazy female! I limited the latter to two minutes, &, not without difficulty, insisted on the limit. Finally, I made a few observations by way of "summing up"; and asked the Conference to reject Lomax's motion with decision. This they did, and the proceedings closed. I had tea in my rooms at the Castle with the three ladies, Charles & three clergy. Mary Rainbow,* a tall girl at S. Hild's, came with her father.

Gervase William Markham, a descendant of the Archbishop Markham of York, (1719-1807), came to spend the week-end. He is a student at Westcott House, and a friend of Dick. He hopes to be ordained at Trinity on a title from Bishopwearmouth. He has been at Winchester and Trinity College, Cambridge: is 25 years old, &, since taking his degree, has for two years taught at Bp. Golat's School in Jerusalem.

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"Our great glory was D^r Markham; he was a tall portly man, and "high he held his head". He married a Dutch woman, who brought him a considerable fortune. He had a large quantity of classical knowledge. **His business was rather in courting the great than in attending to the school.** Any excuse served his purpose for deserting his post. He had a great deal of pomp, especially when he lifted his hand, waved it, and repeated Latin verses. If the boys performed their tasks well, it was well, if ill, it was not the less well. **We stood prodigiously in awe of him; indeed he was an object of adoration.**" (Works of Jeremy Bentham X. 30) Markham was appointed prebendary of Durham in 1759. In the face of a good deal of opposition he obtained a bill in 1755

empowering him & Thomas Salter “to build houses and open a square in and upon Dean’s Yard, Westminster, and in 1785 the first classical scenes used in the representation of the Westminster Play were presented by him to the school.”

(v. Dict. of Nat. Biography art. William Markham. (1719-1807. Archbishop of York).

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4th Sunday in Lent, March 22nd, 1936.

A mild beautiful morning, more like summer than spring save for the bareness of the trees, and the singing of the birds. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. The eight communicants included our two guests. In the morning sun the Chapel looked its best. I had some talk with Gervase Markham. He told me that he had for about two years been a member of one of Buchman's Groups, but that he had severed his connexion with it because he felt that it was not sound. I gave him a copy of my Charge to confirm him in the faith. In the afternoon we walked round the Park together, and had much conversation. He told me that Philip Westcott has now come to Westcott House, and that he has made an impression. He expressed much regard for Leslie Morrison. I must needs think that Cunningham has succeeded in getting together an unusually good type of young men, on whom he is exercising a really excellent influence. My prejudices against Theological Colleges are yielding to knowledge!

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Gervase and I motored to Shotton, where I preached at Evensong. There was a considerable, but, by no means a crowded congregation. Probably the fineness of the evening made love-making in the country lanes more attractive than listening to the Bishop! Before the service I dedicated the clergy-vestry. Afterwards I went into the Vicarage, and had some talk with M^{rs} Rainbow who has been indisposed.

I had some talk with Gervase before going to bed, and we agreed that he should offer a title from Bishopwearmouth, and that he should ascertain all that be needed to know from Charles. On the whole, this youth impresses me well. He has evidently thought seriously about religion, and has not taken his decision to be ordained without much searching of mind and conscience. Incidentally he told me that his ancestor, Archbishop Markham, had had no less than 13 children, 6 sons and 7 daughters, and that it was calculated that no less than 600 descendants of his Grace were now living!

These patriarchal families are no longer to be found. The nation must have lost much by their disappearance. It is no longer the strong stocks which are prolific, but the worst & weakest.

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Monday, March 23rd, 1936.

Charles, Gervase Markham, and I motored to Durham, where I had to preside at a meeting of the Board of Training. Gervase went on to Bishopwearmouth to see his prospective Rector. After the Training Board, I attended a meeting of the Cosin Trustees which was presided over by Professor Heawood. We decided to approve the proposal of the Durham Commissioners' Statutes viz. that the Cosin Library should cease to have an independent existence, but be incorporated with the University Library. The Bishop of Jarrow, Charles, & I lunched in my rooms in the Castle, & then returned to Auckland.

Charles and I motored to Chilton ~~Moor~~ Buildings [in pencil] where I confirmed 117 persons in the new parish church. Before the service Lomax carried me to a distant part of his parish in order that I might confirm a bed-ridden woman. The candidates included an unusual number of big pit-lads, about 18 years old, and their answer to the question was most emphatic. I was pleased also with the close attention, the hearty singing, and the reverent demeanour of the people. Wilkinson, though deaf, is religious & hard-working.

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Arthur Shadwell's death is announced in the Times. He was 81 years old. When I lived at Ilford, he was my neighbour, and ^^ formed an attachment to him. He was in many respects a remarkable man. A born Bohemian, and yet curiously fastidious in some respects, he covered a large range in his interests and knowledge. We agreed on many points, and always regarded each other with a certain affection, though we were never sufficiently intimate to be friends. He remained a Churchman, and his religion was even curiously 'old-fashioned'. For sectaries, socialists, and total abstainers he cherished a hearty dislike, which I shared. On one occasion, he visited me here, and we walked in the Park talking large. The butler's boy carried his bag to the wrong omnibus and was astounded at the vigour of his reproaches! He was a relative of that queer old creature, the Provost of Oriel, and a grandson (if I make no mistake) of the last Vice-Chancellor of England. His wife, a rather pathetic little woman, was a friend of my step-mother's. After her death, he married again, but his second wife was unknown to me. He was devoted to dogs.*

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Tuesday, March 24th, 1936.

The proofs of my 2nd Gifford Lecture arrived. I dislike it as much as ever – so thin, inconsequent, and offensively (but inevitably) dogmatic! **As I correct & return the proofs to the Clarendon Press, I feel like a prisoner set to dig his own grave before execution!**

Donald Nicholson* came to lunch, & afterwards walked round the Park. I ordained him on a title from Holy Trinity, Darlington, three years ago: and he is now leaving the diocese to take up a curacy in the West End of London. He has not been altogether happy under Cosgrave's rule. We had much conversation together, & I gave him some good advice.

Rowaleyn brought Colonel Grant to see the Castle. I acted showman, & so “killed time” until nearly 6 p.m. The unfeigned admiration which both of them expressed for the display of flowers in the Conservatory pleased me.

D^r McCullagh told me that he was present in the Chapter House on Saturday, & heard me easily, but not my new Archdeacon. He agreed with me in thinking that the Budget was admirably introduced.

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A curious episode in Liverpool provides yet another example of the folly which has steadily characterised the conduct of the Cathedral. The Dean & Chapter have indicated their disapproval of the British Government's attitude towards Germany at the present crisis by omitting the usual prayers for Ministers of State at the (non-statutory) evening service on Sundays! This fatuous proceeding has been justly denounced by M^r Duff Cooper, the Secretary for the Army. The incident happens rather unfortunately for the Archbishop of Canterbury, whose letter to the Prime Minister on the situation appears in this morning's papers. His Grace has gathered a mixed company of Anglicans & Sectaries at Lambeth, in order to draw up a pronouncement for the encouragement and instruction of the Government, and writes in their name. Lang is evidently eager to play a prominent part in general politics, and no doubt he can in doing so count on the enthusiastic approval of all whose opinions he expresses, and who “have no use” for the Church as a spiritual society. Christian Socialists of all kinds and the mixed multitudes of dissenters are vastly pleased at seeming to ‘call the tune’ of world-politics. But the course is a dangerous one; and, while the reward of success is trifling, the cost of failure is heavy.

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Wednesday, March 25th, 1936.

A most unpleasant day with an east wind, an a "sea-fret".

I frittered away the day in writing letters, and reading papers.

The Bishop of Jarrow talked with me for 45 minutes before we both set out on our duty, he to confirm in Norton, and I to confirm in Seaham.

I received a communication from the County Council with respect to the chaplaincy of the Asylum at Sedgefield. They want to avoid appointing a successor to Barnett, who has been appointed to Eggleston. But I feel little disposed to acquiesce in an economy which I suspect is also an illegality.

Charles and I motored to New Seaham, where I confirmed about 120 persons. It was a wet night, & the girls in their confirmation-dresses were in some discomfort. One luckless pavement slipped, & defiled her robe with an amplitude of mud. The service pleased me, for the candidates were attentive and reverent, and there was no untoward incident.

Commander Lewis & M^r Bull, who had been conducting a League of Nations meeting came to supper: & the former stayed the night.

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Thursday, March 26th, 1936.

Commander Lewis went away after breakfast, leaving behind him a pleasant impression of a frank, kindly man such as we commonly find a Naval officer to be.

Lamb, one of the curates at Brancepeth, came to lunch, and afterwards explained to me his project for establishing an 'infant care school' (?), or something of the kind. It seemed something of the nature of a crèche, but more so. He said that it had been highly approved by John Newsom, and would probably be helped by some Association in London, which had 'made a corner' in such enterprizes. But he wanted £75 to purchase a hall, which would be well-suited to his purpose. I said that, if he could get assurance of assistance in carrying on the venture, when it had been floated, I would provide the purchase money for the Hall out of my private Fund.

I walked for an hour in the policies.

Landreth came to see me about a private matter of his own, and I gave him the best advice I could, but not without considerable inner-perturbation of mind. Who am I to direct the way of others, when my own way is so tortuous and doubtful?

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Charles and I motored to Easington Colliery, where I confirmed 105 persons. The church which has not long been consecrated is spacious and acoustically good. It was densely crowded by a congregation which was very attentive and reverent. Herbert has now been vicar for seven years, and 12 years in charge of the district. He has acquired an unpleasantly pontifical manner, & crosses himself very frequently. Probably he ought to be moved, but when? and where? There was some fog in the country adjoining the sea.

The Jew, Geoffrey Pyke, (v. p. 159, 160) writes to me, sending a very odd production oddly named – 'From Amoeba to Whale, an annual animal Magazine, edited and Printed by Children: The Pebble Society, Thursley, Surrey.' He writes:-

"The tedium of the train journey was much relieved by the perusal of your interesting & perspicacious review of the Webbs' book. How can I reciprocate your kindness? I have nothing similar to offer except perhaps the enclosed magazine where you may find some amusement from the correspondence bet: the Bp. of Bradford & my small son, aged 13, whose article entitled 'Unemployment' was taken literally by the Editor of one of the London dailies."

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Friday, March 27th, 1936.

Anthony Eden seems to have achieved a great parliamentary success in the House of Commons last night when, as Foreign Secretary, he made a statement on the course of negotiations [*sic*] since Hitler's bombshell.

The damp, dark weather continues, and makes one feel terribly depressed and disinclined for work. I occupied the morning in trying to prepare the address on 'Church and State' for B.B.C., and had no success!

Ella had some kind of a missionary gathering in the State-room: & this added to the general feeling of dishevelment, which created an atmosphere very unfavourable to exertion.

Charles and I motored to Haswell, where I confirmed 94 persons in the hideous, mean parish church. The congregation was restless: the candidates listless: and I myself mortally dull.

The fog became dense enough to make our return journey slow. I dropped Charles at Durham in order that he might take care of Christina on her way home from the school, where she was rehearsing for the concert. The fog was less dense as we got to Auckland. Of all weather conditions certainly fog is that which I most dislike.

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Saturday, March 28th, 1936.

I felt seriously indisposed, and, though I got up as usual, and went through the letters with Charles, I was fit for nothing, and lay about my study in the futility of complete unemployment.

My Suffragan has an excellent letter in the Times under the heading, 'Unemployed in Durham', which the Editor makes the text of his first leading article. I grudge him none of the applause which he merits, but I cannot but contemplate with horror the thought that he might so commend himself to the higher Powers as to be translated to a diocesan bishoprick!

I could eat no lunch, and limited my exercise to little more than half-an-hour's crawling round the bowling-green. Then I resumed my position in the arm-chair, and read again Mathieson's account of the Scottish Reformation in 'Religion and Politics in Scotland, 1550-1695'. It is a sordid story.

Everybody went in to Durham, save myself, in order to attend the play – "Richard of Bordeaux" in Durham School. I had intended to go with them, but it was out of the question. It is too often thus with me. When I have the will to do anything, I have not the power: and when the power is mine, the will is lacking!

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In some respects the Reformation had the same effect on Scotland as the Revolution on France; for it brought into power a class of men who had no training in politics, and whose arbitrary use of the Bible was no more beneficial in practice than the enthusiasm of French politicians for abstract ideas. Whatever may have been the relative merits of the law of Moses and the philosophy of Rousseau, the supporters of both systems were equally inflexible in their efforts to translate theory into the language of fact.

Mathieson vol. i. p .184.

"Chain up the Clergy on both sides" says Selden in his 'Table Talk' with uncivil brusqueness, but with substantial justification. What is the Nonconformist Conscience but the synonym for dogmatic unreason? And now the Church also, picking up the discredited tradition of the sects, is becoming vocal in the sphere of politics. Necessarily destitute of precise and adequate information, & accustomed by their professional habit to use the language of uncompromising assertion, & to indulge the vague rhetoric of the pulpit, the clergy are of all men the least fitted to act as guides in political & economic affairs.

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5th Sunday in Lent, March 29th, 1936.

I 'kept my bed' this morning, more by way of caution than of necessity, for I desire not to be compelled to cancel any of the confirmations. I relieved the tedium of this confinement by reading that most delightful and mentally stimulating (not to say also morally cathartic) book the "Table-Talk of John Selden".

The Times of yesterday reports a case of some importance, as illustrating the situation of the Church of Scotland under the recent act. The congregation of Kirmabreck [sic], objecting to their union with Creetown, applied for a declaration that the Presbytery had no power to 'sist or delay' their election of a minister. The Lord Justice Clerk & Lord Murray rejected, Lord Mackay approved their contention, which was thus by a majority rejected. Perhaps the most important thing in this verdict is that it should not have been unanimous. The Lord Justice-Clerk said:-

He could not assent to the view that the liberty of the Church in a matter of this kind was to be subject to the control of any civil authority.

It is interesting that the issue raised was not doctrinal but governmental.

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Charles and I motored to Castletown after lunch. There I confirmed 27 persons in the mean little church. As they were so few, I took the candidates individually. It is more impressive but not advisable when there are more than 50 to be confirmed. The congregation had a bedraggled & listless aspect, which is, perhaps, attributable to the prevailing unemployment. After the service we had tea with the Vicar & his wife. The Rev. H.E. Clark has been incumbent at Castletown for 17 years, and was ordained in 1905, by Bishop Moule. He spoke very despondently about his parish. Probably, he needs a change, but it is hard to see how I can move him. He is not in any way a conspicuous success: & he is probably settled into grooves of his own.

Senator Borah is reported to have made a full-blooded denunciation of Great Britain as a breaker of treaties because we have ceased to pay any more to the American Government on account of War Debt. He declares that we are on the same moral level as Hitler & Mussolini and waxes particularly angry over our expenditure on armaments. It is understood that this speech is designed to assist his acceptance as the Republican candidate in the forthcoming Presidential election! How I wish we could bring home to U.S.A. the loathing with which we regard them!

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Monday, March 30th, 1936.

[symbol]

As I returned for the Chapel, I slipped on the stairs, and sprained my ankle [sic]. The pain was extreme. Alexander and Charles between them got me to my room, from which Lawson carried me in his arms to my bedroom. D^r M^cCullagh arrived in due course, & pronounced that movement was impossible for a week, & if anything should have been broken, for five or six weeks. This last point must be settled by the Röntgen rays.

Charles set to work to clear up the dislocation of my arrangements caused by this untoward occurrence, and succeeding in providing for this week's confirmations by postponing them to next week, when the Bishop of Jarrow would take them.

Later (Wednesday, April 1st) D^r M^cCullagh took me to Darlington, where my ankle was Xrayed, with the result that a fracture of the small bone of the leg was discovered. This will lengthen considerably the process of recovery.

[183]

The relation bet. Church & State in England, wh. is conveniently described as 'the Establishment' is confessedly in a bad way. All are so far agreed, but there is a division of opinion as to the method by wh. this untoward situation may be changed. There are those, perhaps the majority of churchmen, who cling to the belief that the Est^d can be reformed: there are others, among whom I must reckon myself, who hold that no adequate reform is possible, & that the Est^d itself ought to be brought to an end. Since the advent of modern democracy, wh. we may date from the Reform Act of 1831 [sic], a twofold process has been active in English public life. On the one hand, the Est^d Church has ceased to perform many functions which were formerly held to be within its province. On the other hand the State has extended its action into spheres, from which it formerly was more or less completely excluded. Education, philanthropy, & local administration were largely in the hands of the Anglican Clergy a century ago. They ~~are now passing~~ have now mainly passed into the hands of the State. The parochial system was a recognized & most important part of the [184] national organization. It is now little more than an archaic survival. A century ago, the disestablishment of the Church would have involved something almost equivalent to a social revolution. Today it would leave society practically unaffected. The fact is that the immense development of the nation has had the effect of enormously increasing the influence of the State, while continuously reducing that of the Church. For while the Church, that is, the clergy & Anglican laity, have remained stationary in number, & ever more restricted in public function, the nation has more than doubled its ~~number~~ population, & the entire additional provision which that expansion has rendered necessary, has been made without reference to the Church.

[185]

"Conquests & Discoveries of Henry the Navigator."

Being the Chronicles of Azurara edited by Virginia de Castro e Almeida: and Translated by Bernard Miall. (George Allen & Unwin Ltd. 10/6)

While thus the State has changed almost beyond recognition, becoming democratic, socialistic, secularist, &, potentially in obvious intention, 'totalitarian': the Church has not remained unaltered. Instead of being in law & in feeling coterminous with the Nation, it is now a Minority apparently out of accord with the general protestant feelings of the multitude. The 'Reformation Settlement' of Elizabeth is no longer accordant with the [paragraph ends here in mid sentence]

[186]

It is vital to any serviceable discussion of the relations of Ch. & St. that there sh^d be agreement as to the meaning of the word 'Church'.

There are many, esp. among non-Anglicans, who tacitly assume that the Church is no more than a legal creation, or an historical accident.

The Est^t strikes the Ch. with a disabling paralysis, for ~~æ~~ in an age of unprecedented mobility, when nothing continues in one stay, the Ch. is effectively prohibited from changing its ancient system in both the directions in wh. change is pre-eminently requisite. On the one hand, in deference to the Protestant sentiment of the public, the Ch. of E. must not recover all that large heritage of Catholick worship devotion & discipline which in the frenzy of the great reaction was so rashly cast aside at the Reformation. On the other hand, in deference to the fanatical literalism of Protestantism, the C. of E. cannot venture to revise its liturgy or restate its doctrine in order to harmonize these to the larger knowledge & humaner moral standards of the modern civilized world. Even so mild and [*see below- this sentence seems to be completed on the next page]

[187]

When my friend the Dean of Durham, in the charming volume of reminiscences which has just issued from the Press, describes the C. of E. as, like the public school and British Constⁿ, ~~as a 'typical product of the national genius', we can be he is using a manner of speech wh.~~ he is fastening attention on one relatively unimportant aspect of the C. of E., & perilously diverting attention from the essential truth.

*and tentative an essay in the recovery of lost spiritual treasure and the incorporation of new truth aroused the fatal suspicions of popular Protestantism, &, through its natural expression in the H. of Commons wrecked the Revised Prayer Book. While thus all wholesome development is arrested by the Est^t, all domestic discipline is made impossible: for the legal system is partly impracticable because of its archaic & complicated character, and partly unacceptable because its essential Erastianism offends the religious conscience. In effect, the Est^t operates as a incapacitating [sic] drag on Ecces^l development, and ties down the Church to discreditable & mischievous anarchy.

[188]

Charge to the Dean & Chapter

Points to be emphasized

1. The securities against loss or alienation of capitular properties.
(The Acca Cross. The York Caxtons.)
2. Conditions to be satisfied in the case of personal memorials in the Cathedral.
? [sic] Sir Basil Blackett's Window.
3. Legal restrictions on decanal individualism ((α) The Rubricks
-((β) The Statutes
((γ) The diocese.
4. Some necessary cautions as to the "Friends of the Cathedral".

These cannot be held to be equivalent to the public.

"Monastic Cathedrals" represented by "Cathedrals of the new Foundation", and distinctive of England.

Popular interest in Cathedrals has increased, is increasing & will increase as the result of (α) historical knowledge (β) new mobility & larger leisure.

[189]

My letter on "Christianity and War" appeared in the "Times" on Monday, April 27th. It evoked a spate of pacific protests, and an evidently angry letter from Londonderry, whose dislike of Baldwin and Eden is very apparent.

My broadcast Address on Disestablishment was read for me by Iremonger from the B.B.C. House in London. He read it very well, although he was evidently out of sympathy with it. On Tuesday, the 28th, I received the "thirty pieces of silver", in the form of a cheque for £21!

One of the most painfully interesting books I have read is Ernst Teller's "I was a German". It reveals, not only the almost incredible brutality of the German officials, but the morally degrading effect of imprisonment on the prisoners. The frightful sexual debasement, which even normally decent men were brought to, is described. "Letters from Prison" is a companion book, & discloses in the writer a nobility of character & a strength of understanding which ^are^ not always or often found to accompany high literary & poetic powers.

[190]

The Consulate & Empire 7 vols.) National History of France

The July Monarchy

"I was a German" by Ernst Toller

Letters from Prison " " "

Cambridge Medieval History vol. VIII

Beverly Nichols "Confessions of Groupism" "The Fool hath said"

~~xxx~~ Prof Black. "The Reign of Elizabeth"

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[191]

Friday, May 1st, 1936.

I resume my journal after more than a month's interruption. I am able to move on crutches from my bedroom to my study, where I sit semi-prone on the sofa – a monstrous dull procedure!

I wrote to Londonderry in reply to a rather vehemently worded letter which I received from him some days ago. He was "offended" by my approving reference to Baldwin and Eden in my letter to the Times. It is obvious that he takes his exclusion from the Government very badly, & is ready to join in any revolt.

Ernest Henson is reported to have threatenings of appendicitis. Nevertheless, he proposes to carry out his motoring programme. I remonstrated with him and his wife. They undertook to have a frank talk with D^r. Ferguson.

Old D^r McCullagh came to see me, & talked for an hour. After his departure, M^r Hall came to massage my ankle, and when he had gone, the Rev. C.S. Rye came to see me. He is recommended for appointment as D^r Popham's successor. I had some speech with him, & read his testimonials. He is only 27, but seems to have a personality. So I appointed him, & he went on his way rejoicing.

I caused copies of the "Bishoprick" to be sent to about 50 persons.

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[192]

Saturday, May 2nd, 1936.

The Times reports the deaths of two men, by more than common interest – Housman, the poet, and Harold Cox. The first I met at dinner in Cambridge, & I remember that he expressed agreement with my religious views, though whether he knew what these are, I am, & was, doubtful!

The last, I have seen much of from time to time. He stayed with me at the Deanery, Durham, and always assumed that I agreed with his economic & political opinions. While he was Editor of the Edinburgh Review, I contributed several articles to that now defunct publication. He had many virtues & some conspicuous faults. However, he had no sense of humour to relieve his immense conscientiousness. Indeed, he had the merits & the defects of an orthodox Liberal.

I finished re-reading Feuchtwanger's novel, "The Oppermanns" It is a horribly vivid description, quite evidently painted from life. "The Yellow Spot" might serve well as an Appendix providing the proofs the story.

Ella took everybody into Durham to visit the Braleys. I was comforted by a visit from Christina, who looked charmingly fresh & pretty.

Then the doctor and masseur arrived, and did their will on my woeful leg.

<!030536>

[193]

3rd Sunday after Easter, May 3rd, 1936.

These excommunicate Sundays are distressing. That the great Chapel should remain unused dismays me, but surely I am right in thinking it right that Charles should celebrate in S. Anne's for the benefit of the parish ^rather^ than in the Chapel for the benefit of the family.

[symbol]

The Sunday papers report the abdication and flight of the Emperor of Ethiopia! It seems that Mussolini's great crime is going to succeed.

While the Earth which saw it all makes no disclosure

And the heavens maintain their terrible composure.

The French are relieved, even delighted. We are humbled, pained, & vastly puzzled. Geneva is stunned!

Hall, while massaging my ankle, described to me a procession of migrating rats which he encountered at Shildon last year. Alexander says that similar movements take place in Bishop Auckland itself.

Rowelyn came to see me, & talked pleasantly while the Freemason's service proceeded in the Chapel. Shaddick took my place as preacher. He seemed very pleased with his experience at S. Paul's last Sunday. Then the Bishop of Jarrow came to see me, & discussed various items of diocesan business until the broadcast address of Sir Thomas Inskip [194] started. He has an excellent voice, & effectively infallible manner; but he really had little to say beyond the inevitable clichés. He made several references to the Bishop of Durham, but did not come to close quarters with that gentleman. I have no doubt that the address will be extremely welcome to the multitude of conservatives, but it lent itself to damaging answers. It is unhappily impossible to make answer! So one must "take it lying down".

I noted with interest that Sir Thom^s Inskip expressed his personal doubt as to my estimate that no more than 1½ million out of 24,000,000 parliamentary electors were communicant members of the National Church. Yet it is not easy to see how the figures can be reasonably disputed. The numbers of communicants as 2¾ million is almost certainly an over-statement, for it is based on the incumbents' returns, & these are hardly ever accurate. Very generally they are no better than optimistic estimates. My own belief is that, on the most flattering assumption, the vast majority of the parliamentary electors are not, in any effective sense, members of the Established Church, which yet they control.

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[195]

Monday, May 4th, 1936.

I wrote to Kitty Inge, & Boden-Worsley. Also, to Kathleen Fraser, who is now again come home from India.

The Times has an obituary notice of old G. J. Ferguson, the late Headmaster of the Bede School, Sunderland. He was evidently a man of consequence in his profession, & wielded considerable influence through his numerous "old boys" who were devoted to him. He was a member of the Diocesan Conference, which he attended regularly, & addressed frequently. Like many excellent men, he became a bore of no mean magnitude, but about his excellence there was never any question.

The doctor and masseur think that I may be able to get about by the end of the month. They affirm that 7 or 8 weeks is the shortest period in which a "post-fracture" can be healed. I must evidently reconcile myself as best I can to another month's captivity. Shall I be equal to the Ordination on June 6th?

David and Anne came to say Goodbye. I gave them each half-a-crown. They have to the full the impersonal selfishness of childhood!

Dick writes approvingly of the Bishoprick. The verdict of the young is what matters most now!

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[196]

Tuesday, May 5th, 1936.

The Bishop of Gloucester has been dealing with the Pacificists in his Diocesan Gazette, and inevitably he does so with a crude decisiveness which evokes sympathy with his victims. He is in politics only a "die-hard Tory", and he simply can't understand how any sane or righteous person can be anything else. It is probably a considerable misfortune that he has been able to establish his position as the quasi-official exponent of Anglicanism on the two subjects – Education and Reunion – which most exercise men's minds at present, for in both he is constitutionally incapable of revising the attitudes of his youth. His unyielding orthodoxy is unaffected by his considerable knowledge, & the total effect of his frequent pronouncements is intellectually unwholesome. Even when he is right, which seeing he has a good practical sense, is not rarely the case, he makes the wrong course respectable by his brutal methods. Yet he illustrates the fact that persistence in half-truths is more effective than an intermittent advocacy of truth & his limitations, mental and moral, probably increase his influence with the rank-&-file of Christians, by making him intelligible!

[197]

The final batch of Gifford Lecture proofs arrived, & I found myself face to face with the horrible thing! It looks more woeful every time I see it.

Londonderry writes another long & vehement letter on the Italo-Abyssinian question, respecting which he is utterly wrong-headed, but his animus against the Prime Minister is so evident that his opinions may be discounted. *Very foolishly I showed his letter to Ella who – as I ought to have foreseen – expressed ardent agreement! She seems quite unable to appreciate the ethical aspects of policy, and has no feeling whatever for the tragedy of Abyssinia's destruction. It is very distressing that, when perforce my mind is filled with the subject, I cannot discuss it with my wife without hearing from her lips the opinions of a cynical opportunism which would be offensive from the lips even of a conventional Clubman! Of course, I am a fool to expect anything better. It does not add to my personal influence that, on the foremost political question of the day, my Wife should express opinions directly opposed to my own. She seems unable to realize that she may owe something to my position.*

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[198]

Wednesday, May 6th, 1936.

Fearne and I spent the morning in correcting Gifford proofs.

At 3.30 the County Asylum Committee of the County Council waited on me to state their wishes with respect to the appointment of a chaplain to succeed Barnett, who has been appointed to Eggleston. They evidently want to effect an economy by substituting a non-resident chaplain with limited obligations for a resident chaplain with plenary responsibility. But I pointed out that the number of patients & servants was such that the chaplain ought to give his whole time to his work, & that, if he were to be non-resident, I should require that he resided near enough to the asylum to be accessible. They departed with the professed intention of sending me some suggested names. I doubt if they will be able to find a respectable clergyman, who will take it on.

Richards, the Vicar of Witton-le-Wear, came to see me in order to beg that he might be given a larger sphere of work! He has only been in his present parish for 3 years. Probably he thinks that he may have a chance of being appointed to Newbottle, but he hasn't helped his chances by asking!

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[199]

Thursday, May 7th, 1936.

I made an effort to walk, but with small result. The doctor was clearly disappointed and talked alarmingly about bringing in a specialist from Newcastle.

Newsom came to see me. He told me of his visit to Oxford, where he had discussed "Groups" with Streeter. He was surprised and ill impressed by the conventional nonsense which that eminent man talked. Inter alia: he spoke of a project for invading Durham by campaigning Groupists! Newsom suggested that South Wales would be more suitable, as the people there were more emotional: but Streeter rejected that suggestion with asperity. We discussed Beverly Nichol's new book, which he took away with him. I was interested to learn that he shared my unfavourable estimate of B. N.

Scott Lidgett acknowledges "the very interesting number of the Bishoprick" and expressed agreement with the view that Parliament is not in the least likely to adopt the proposals of the Church & State Report.

Anthony Eden made an effective "fighting speech" in answer to a base & violent attack by [Hugh] Dalton,* who divides with Sir Stafford Cripps* the ignominious distinction of being a déclassé gentleman!

<!080536>

[200]

Friday, May 8th, 1936.

The local hair-dresser attended me in my bedroom, & performed on me the Delilah-trick proper to his profession. Like all his tribe, he was extremely garrulous: & I listened not without interest, to his account of the late Sir William Eden* whose hair he was wont to cut. The lamentable alienation between Sir William and his wife had its origin in the attempt to run Lady Eden's brother, Robin Grey, as a Conservative candidate for this division. The Baronet had made up his mind that there was no possibility of carrying a Conservative for Bishop Auckland. In spite of this, Lady E. persisted, and, in his absence, filled Windlestone with the mixed company of electioneering agents. Sir William returned "in an hour when he was not expected", & in a tornado of resentment sent everybody packing! D^r McCullagh called on me in the afternoon, & I asked him whether all this was true, & he confirmed it. He said that Robin Grey was the handsomest boy he had even seen: that Sir William "spoiled him": & that he had not force of character enough to stick to anything. So that, after a varied career he had died without achievement. I asked the old doctor whether he thought I was making fair progress towards recovery: & he replied in the affirmative. "Cecil says that you must reckon with a minimum of 2 mos. for a Pott's fracture".

[201]

A Canadian Bishop called, if I mistake not, Williams, visited me, & brought me a loving message from Di Darling,*² with whom he & his daughter had been staying. He said that the Bishop of London was "hurt" by Beverly Nicholls' references to him in "The Fool hath said". I am not surprised, for the references were equally unfair & injurious.

The Vicar actually called to see me: but he had been incited thereto by Ella. He became almost jovial under the influence of the ribald jokes I flung at him!

My ankle was well reported on by leech & masseur: though truly I think they know little about it. But I put my trust in nature & the law of averages. Now the bone has mended, the tendons & muscles must wish to act normally, and I am assured that two months is the normal time for recovering from such injury as mine. So I must accept the situation, & "tarry Lord's leisure".

Charles exhibited his essay in Index making: & it seemed to me not worth sending on: so I wrote to the Secretary at Oxford, & told him that, on reflection, I had decided that an Index was superfluous!

[William] Graham Harrison* arrived about 5 p.m. He talked with me for an hour. He shares the profound depression with which the Abyssinian tragedy overwhelms my mind.

² See Persons note on Charles John Darling.

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[202]

Saturday, May 9th, 1936.

A letter from Moulsdale announces his resignation on the ground of ill-health. He has accepted the county living of Hintlesham with Chattisham in the diocese of S^t E. and I. He asks me to write to the Bishop about him. This is an event of some importance for the Diocese. Much turns on the type of Anglo-Catholic in command at S^t Chad's.

At 3 p.m. I received the deputations from S. Andrews, Roker: and, after a rather acrimonious discussion, in which the latent hatreds were painfully apparent, I announced my decision to make an end of S. Aidan's as a separate congregation. I took the impression that Leonard Wilson had been tactless in his dealings with the S. Aidan's people. However, it was certainly necessary to bring that tiresome controversy to an end.

Battiscombe came to see me respecting a possible appeal to the Pilgrim trust in the interest of the Chapter Library. He got to speak frankly about the situation in the College, & I disclosed a measure & intensity of discontent with it which astonished me. It is plain enough that the Dean's zeal for ornament & colour is arousing many misgivings. He cannot be made to understand the limitations of his authority, the unsatisfactory state of the Cathedral finances.

[203]

Battiscombe told me that he had discovered that the Acca Cross was not stolen by the Dean & Chapter, but purchased for £25, and that a portion of it (which had been subsequently found) had been bought by old Canon Greenwell* for £1. I understood that the vendor was the Sexton of Hexham. He explained to me the woeful financial condition of Durham School, and said that there was some talk of closing the school. That, I observed, would be a crime.

I was surprised to learn that he highly disapproved of the Dean's adornments of the Cathedral, & was particularly hostile to the projected restoration of the Clock-case in the S. Transept. He said that disapproval of recent innovations was widely spread. I inquired how the gentleman-verger was fitting in, and how his wife was being treated. He said that he was very popular with the other vergers, & that the lady was certainly entitled to be treated as such. It is an odd situation, & lends itself to odd developments.

I promised to invite Laurence Tanner* to visit Durham with a view to advising on the proposition that might reasonably be made to the Pilgrim Trust: but it was probably a rash promise to make: for Tanner will think that he is being invited professionally, & will expect his fee & expenses!

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[204]

4th Sunday after Easter, May 10th, 1936.

A brilliant day. The doctor & masseur came early, &, when they had finished, I caused myself to be dressed and carried into the Garden, where I remained for an hour. Everything had an aspect of freshness & beauty, which contrasted sharply with the memory of what I had looked on before my accident.

General Herbert lunched here, and, after lunch, came to my room, & talked with me. He says that the recruiting for the Territorials is worse than ever.

I wrote to my nephew Harold, suggesting that he had better bring his family to England, while I am still living in Auckland Castle, as a visit to that historic house would be worth adding to their stock of childish [sic] memories. Also, I wrote to Linetta [de Castelvecchio Richardson].* She is much pained and humiliated by the spectacle which her native country presents.

On reflection, I became doubtful as to the wisdom, or fairness, of asking Lawrence Tanner to come to Durham, as I had rather rashly suggested to Battiscombe. Being himself the Pilgrim Trust archivist at Westminster Abbey, he might hesitate as to the fitness of his assisting in a fresh raid at that hen-roost! On the whole, I think it would be best that I should tell Battiscombe that I mean to "back out" of my promise!!!

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[205]

Monday, May 11th, 1936.

Another brilliant day. I was carried down to the garden, & placed on the Bowling Green, where I wrote letters of condolence to M^{rs} Macdonald & her son Freddie. The Canon's [Frederick Macdonald]* sudden death is reported in this morning's papers. He will be much missed, for his large, vivid, even boisterous personality made a wide impression. He had been one of "Lightfoot's Lambs", and was vastly proud of the fact. He had a full endowment of a Highlander's tendency to brag and boast, and much of a Highlanders loyalty and charm. It was unwise to depend on his assurances, for "all his geese were swans", & his breezy enthusiasm ignored real difficulties, but he was never deliberately misleading, or consciously false. He wrote much in the local newspapers: & perhaps, this habit of journalism blended but too easily with his natural megalomania. But much was forgiven to his kind heart, his cheerful manner, and his abounding spirits. He was an ardent member of the "Auckland Brotherhood" and did his full part in creating & perpetuating the legend of a golden age in the Diocese of Durham when Lightfoot reigned there! I do not think that he was altogether happy in his country parish in the South of England. He missed the vigorous life & hearty good fellowship of the ruder North.

[206]

Lazenby* came to see me. He is a thoroughly good fellow, with prejudices of iron, & a heart of gold.

Graham Harrison has been reading "The Yellow Spot", and is properly horrified. The question is insistent, How can we "do business" with a nation which is capable of such abominations? Hugh Cecil has a letter in the "Times" which raises the same question in the case of Italy. I cannot but regret that Austen Chamberlain* should have declared himself so strongly in favour of making an end of "sanctions". He does not seem able to perceive the ghastly significance of so prompt a surrender of moral principle to political expediency. The papers report a vain-glorious pronouncement by Mussolini declaring the revival of the Roman Empire, the annexation of Abyssinia ~~Italy~~, and the creation of the new title of Emperor of Ethiopia for the King of Italy. I recalled the scene recorded in the Acts when another vainglorious ovation was welcomed by the multitude with the short "It is the voice of a God and not of a man". The Divine Rebuke was instantaneous & unmistakable. "The Angel of the Lord smote" Herod. The general conscience demands some such dramatic vindication of the Moral Law so insolently violated by these Dictators. How Long, O Lord? How long? But the end is not yet.

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[207]

Tuesday, May 12th, 1936.

A dull, damp unpleasant day, with something more than a suspicion of thunder.

D^r Chapman writes to say that some kind of Index is desirable for the Giffords. So I spent the morning in picking out the proper names. This is, of course, the simplest part of the business. It is the determining subject-references which is the core of the problem. However, we must produce something.

Christina visited me in the course of the afternoon and then the doctor & masseur. There was the whole of my day's excitements.

A young man, named Duncan, writes from a Cambridge College to ask me as his own bishop to advise him on the subject of military service. He is being pressed to join the Army Reserve, and is conscientiously embarrassed by the 6th Commandment. I wrote to him a rather vague letter, telling him that the 6th Commandment had no reference to his case. But I don't think he will be satisfied. Canon Raven's* pacifism is a nearer & more potent influence.

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[208]

Wednesday, May 13th, 1936.

Alexander and Lawson carried me round the Bowling Green, and as far as the main Entrance. Everything is green & blossoming & ringing with song. There is no guarantee for appreciating Nature like a spell of confinement within walls!

Charles and I made an effort to compile this blessed Index, but with indifferent success. In the afternoon, Braley came to see me, & talked for an hour. He is writing little "snappy" articles for the "Daily Mirror". I don't like it, but what can I do? Everybody is eager to rake in shekels on any terms!

The Court of Appeal, in reversing a decision of my former Chancellor, M^f Justice Charles, used language of unusual severity about his conduct of the case. If it restrains him from indulging the ill practice of interjecting observations in the course of trials, he may benefit from the humiliation.

I wrote to Dick. He sent me some excellent photographs of the wonderful little late-Norman Chapel near Cambridge, where he runs a Sunday School.

Graham-Harrison is busy at his Chancellor's business. He is becoming acquainted with the clergy, & churchwardens & drawing inferences.

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[209]

Thursday, May 14th, 1936.

I walked on crutches from the Castle to the end of 'Butler's Walk', and returning, mounted the stairs with some oversight from Alexandra and Lawson. But the rigidity of the ankle muscles makes bending the leg impossible.

The European situation grows daily more chaotic. Yesterday, the Italian deputation left Geneva, but whether their departure implies Italy's withdrawal from the League appears to be yet uncertain. Certainly her presence in the League reduces the significance of membership to an absurdity. I suspect that there is in process of being formed a considerable revolt against Baldwin, which, if it triumphs, will involve Britain's abandonment of the League. The Government has not been very fortunate recently. If the Commission on the Budget-leakage report unfavourably to [sic] the integrity of a Cabinet minister, the effect will be, albeit not very reasonably, to throw discredit on the Government. Sir Austin Chamberlain and Winston Churchill have made speeches which can hardly be reconciled with loyalty to the Government: and, of course, the obvious successor of the present Prime Minister is Sir Austin's half-brother, Neville. The family devotion of the Chamberlains is notorious. The Italo-Abyssinian tragedy provides an occasion for a break-away of Conservatives: & on the issue of sanctions the party is clearly divided.*

<!150536>

[210]

Friday, May 15th, 1936.

I moved on crutches round the Bowling Green, and mounted the stairs without other assistance than the bannister & one crutch. But my heel muscles remain as unyielding as Pharaoh's heart!

In the course of the afternoon, two of my canons visited me – Oliver Quick & Leslie Owen. On both I impressed the duty of taking their corporate responsibility seriously, & not to let the Dean 'have his head'. I gather that there has been friction already, & that the Dean's wilful individualism is provoking resentment.

Birkbeck, the Headmaster of Barnard Castle School, came to see me at his own request. I soon gathered that his object was to seek Confirmation: & I provisionally accepted him as a candidate for the Chapel service on July 12th. He is a fine up-standing man, & seems to be making good progress at the school.

Then an Ordination candidate, David Wilfrid Probert, a son of that fearsome female who disturbed the Conference, presented himself – a queer little self-confident Welshman. He is already married! He had been educated at Leatherhead, and gave the school none too good a character. I accepted him provisionally.

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[211]

Saturday, May 16th, 1936.

I went down stairs by myself with the aid of a stick, & one hand on the bannister. I walked round the bowling green; had lunch downstairs with the ladies: and afterwards motored to Hamsterley, with Ella. We took Gerald Linnell* & his two little girls in the car, & motored in the high ground which is the sphere of official afforestation. The views were magnificent, & amply rewarded my exertion. Then having had tea downstairs, I remounted the stairs to my study. But the heel is still unrelenting!

M^r Robert Lawther Haver, aged 23, came to see me with the object of offering himself for Ordination in September. He is the son of the Council Schoolmaster at Herrington, & has been a student at S. John's College, Durham. He said that he found the Evangelicalism of that institution rather too narrow for him. He will probably take the beaten path, & become an 'Anglo-Catholick'! I was well impressed by him, & said that, if nothing untoward prevented, I would accept him for Ordination on a title from New Seaham.

I consented very reluctantly to license Fyffe, Vicar of Cornforth to be 'part-time' Chaplain of the County Asylum at Sedgefield; & wrote accordingly to Fyffe & Harold Jevons.

<!170536>

[212]

5th Sunday after Easter, May 17th, 1936.

Charles celebrated in the Chapel at 8 a.m., and I had to content myself with following the service, & making an act of 'spiritual communion'. I do lament this long interruption of the Chapel services, & fear its effect on the Household. There is nothing easier to pull down than a tradition of domestic religion!

The doctor & masseur came after breakfast, &, when they had finished with me, I dressed & "crutched round" the Bowling Green. I begin to grow doubtful about the prospect of being able to carry out my engagements in June: for, though I make progress, the pace is disappointingly slow.

Charles & Christina came to lunch, & I joined them. Then I dictated two letters, the one to the Headmaster of Eton warning him that I might have to break my engagement to preach on June 14th: the other to the Headmaster of Barnard Castle, advising him about his Confirmation on July 12th.

After this, I took my crutches, & walked for half an hour, in the Kitchen garden. I visited the rock-garden, on which Charles & Christina are bestowing so much care, & noted the supply of wood from the Park, which has been recently brought in. Then I returned to my study, & resumed reading Black's admirable history of Elizabeth's reign.

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[213]

Monday, May 18th, 1936.

A brilliant warm day. For the first time since my accident, I 'crutched' round to the bathroom, and, with the assistance of Alexander, had a bath! After breakfast I walked with Charles for 'convoy' round the bowling Green, and as far as the main Entrance: returning to my study, & there (for the first time) sitting to the table, & writing! If only these abominable muscles in the ankle would relent and permit me to walk normally!

Richards, the Vicar of Witton-le-Wear, writes to accept nomination to Newbottle. The presentation of the vacated parish is, for this turn, in the Crown. It occurred to me that it might be an excellent arrangement if the P.M. could be persuaded to nominate C. K. P. [Charles Pattinson]. He could continue to hold his chaplaincy. I have for some time thought that 'for his soul's health', he ought to have regular pastoral duty, & that his wife would also be the better for the responsibilities of parochial life. I 'sounded' Charles on the subject, and found him more disposed to approve my suggestion than I had expected. But, of course, the P.M. may not be complaisant!

[214]

I had visits from the Bishop of Jarrow and the Dean. With the latter I had a considerable talk, which certainly was not lacking in frankness. It is apparent that he has what I cannot but think is a radically unsound conception of his duty towards the Cathedral. The only consideration which weighs with him is that of beautifying the fabrick. So long as he can add a fine window, he is not concerned with the circumstances in which the addition becomes possible. Local claims are in his sight irrelevant. What does it matter in whose honour the window was placed, or by whom it was presented, so only the window be in itself a satisfactory work of art! This is the core of his justification for erecting the Basil Blackett window. He wants to sell the classical vases etc. presented by Dean Waddington because he thinks that with the money that the sale would bring, he could carry out some desirable ornamentation of the Cathedral! His notion of trusteeship is elastic: and his interpretation of his vow to preserve the possessions of the Church is consistent with this dissipation by sale or gift! I can see the promise of much friction between the Dean and the Bishop.

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[215]

Tuesday, May 19th, 1936.

My suggestion as to Witton-le-Wear has foundered on the rock of a clear and resolute refusal to approve it by my Chaplain and his wife. They may, perhaps, be right in their decision.

I walked in the garden for more than an hour and a half. Christina came with me, & we had a 'heart-to-heart' talk on the whole subject.

Sybil, Lady Eden came to lunch: and afterwards Ella and I went for a drive. We called on the Campbell Frasers at Rokeby. He had his ankle damaged four days before mine: and he is 3 years older than I. He was able to walk passably well with the aid of a stick. On returning to the Castle I reported this to M^cCullagh and Hall. They insisted on my discarding my crutches forthwith; and, somewhat to my surprize, I found myself able to move precariously with only a stick. I descended in this way to the dining room, & so returned to my bedroom: but I was much fatigued, and my damaged leg became painful. However, one clutches at everything which may lend plausibility to the supposition that I am progressing!

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[216]

Wednesday, May 20th, 1936.

I had an uncomfortable night by reason of my ankle which was painful enough to disturb my sleep: and when I attempted to walk to the bath with a single stick, I found myself disconcertingly feeble. However, I persisted in going round the bowling green though with frequent stoppages: but that finished me for exercise!

Luce,* the Durham headmaster came to see me. He is, not without reason, uneasy as to the future of the school, and as to his own outlook. He has been reassured by some resolutions of the D. and C. but perhaps reads more into them than they carry. He is finding that the Dean's interest in any object is apt to fail, &, in short, is becoming uncertain as to the value of his support. But he is both to take his hand off the plough, since he has overcome his first difficulties, and now sees some prospect of success. What did I advise? Should he seek another headmastership? I said that, if he had the offer of a really good school, he should not decline it: but that he should not leave Durham for anything less.

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[217]

Thursday, May 21st, 1936. Ascension Day.

The weather is distinctly colder. I got up. Made my way, with some pain & with Alexander's help to the Bath room, &, when my ablution had been successfully achieved, went to the Chapel and received the Holy Communion at 8. 15 a.m. Charles celebrated. He reads the service clearly & reverently. Then, after breakfast with the ladies, I returned to my study, read the papers, went through my letters with Charles, and essayed some preparation for the Eton preaching. My ankle is horribly recalcitrant and painful.

I returned a batch (final) of proofs to Oxford, including pages 177 to 208.

Lady Renshaw and her daughter M^{rs} Ogilvy called, and had some talk with me. They had been visiting in Norfolk, and were returning to Scotland. The old lady is wonderfully well-preserved, but grows distressingly deaf.

McCullagh and Hall could not make much of my ankle, which resists with disconcerting success their combined efforts. We agreed to consult a specialist in Newcastle on Monday if the situation did not apparently improve in the interval.

[218]

Canon Mayne* came to see me. He has got some notion in his head that I could change his Chair of Greek for some other, but he is certainly mistaken. Any alteration of the existing arrangement must have some weightier legal authority than the ipse dixit of the Bishop. I had some talk with him about the constitution of the Cathedral, and found, as indeed I had expected to find, that he had the haziest conception of his responsibility as canon. He had the notion that the Dean of Durham differed from all other deans in the exceptional range of his authority: but he clearly did not realize the familiar distinction between Deans of the "New" "Foundation and Deans of the "Old". Neither type of Dean has an uncontrolled authority over the Cathedral fabric yet it is apparent that the present Dean of Durham has been acting on the assumption that he has nothing less. I received the impression from Mayne's talk that there had been something like a revolt of the canons against Alington's irresponsible individualism, and I did my best to open his eyes to his personal duty as a member of the Cathedral foundation not to be merely acquiescent in Decanal innovations.

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[219]

Friday, May 22nd, 1936.

The weather continues cold; and my ankle remains as unsatisfactory as ever. I did not venture into the garden, but limited myself to a walk in the State Room.

I wrote to Sir W. Gray thanking him for a civil letter in which he explained why he could give nothing towards the Holy Trinity, Hartlepool, Fund.

He writes:

As a shipbuilder my financial return for full time labour has been quite inadequate during the last ten years. As a company we continue to be unable to make a profit while it is seven years since we paid a dividend!

And shipbuilding is said to be one of the industries which is definitely reviving!

Also, I wrote to Lionel Trotman & Jack Clayton and sent a copy of the Bishoprick to Noel Lamidey.

Charles finished the Index. It has a very meagre appearance, but that is not his fault. Perhaps no better evidence of the poor quality of the lectures could be provided than the pinched record of ~~its~~ their contents!

[220]

That odious American paper, "The Chronicle, Protestant Episcopal" publishes with immense satisfaction extracts from the charter of incorporation of Trinity parish, New York. It is dated May 6th, 1697 and is of an exuberantly Protestant character. In the course of this document reference is repeatedly made to "our Protestant Church of England Established by our laws". The Rector is to be "a good sufficient Protestant Minister according to the true intent and meaning of the said Act of Assembly". The Chronicle suggests that the title to the endowments is properly jeopardised by the markedly "Anglo-Catholick" character of Trinity Church a now administered.

In one of his notable "Charges" Bishop Stubbs* discusses the fitness of applying the term "Protestant" to the Church of England: & he decides that while we may, perhaps, speak of "the Protestant Religion", we may not rightly speak of "the Protestant Church". In view of the language of the Coronation Oath, we can hardly repudiate the first, and, if we consent to employ it, there hardly seems much point in objecting to the last. Nothing really turns on the word, for the actual meaning which it carried to the subjects of Dutch William cannot possibly be poured into it as it is used by those of Edward VIII.

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[221]

Saturday, May 23rd, 1936.

The doctor and masseur came at 10 a.m. and were with me for nearly an hour. They professed themselves well pleased with my progress: but I may hope to have more secure information on Monday, when I visit the specialist in Newcastle.

Old Phelps, replying to my letter, writes:-

“The newspapers are very critical of Oxford just now. I live in a backwater, but of the young men at Oriel whom I see, they are more seriously minded and better mannered than I ever knew them. When will people learn that in the case of the young, the important thing is that they should be alive to realities and keen about the things that matter, as compared with which the opinions which they form about them matter very little.

He is far advanced in his eighties, so that there is generosity as well as wisdom in his declining the too easy rôle of a “laudator temporis acti” [praiser of past times]. Perhaps the rapid success of the Groups in Oxford, and its rapid decline, provide illustrations on his verdict – they ^{i.e.} undergraduates[^] have “hearts of gold and heads full of feathers”.

[222]

Sir Cuthbert* and Lady Headlam came to lunch, and brought with them the Bishop of Pretoria and his wife. The Bishop was a grandson of Bishop Malby Longley, but had never seen Auckland Castle.

I inquired of him what was the situation in S. Africa. He said that there was little loyalty to the English connexion, only a selfish interest in the British Fleet. Smuts was distrusted by the Boers as being too fond of the Empire: and suspected by the English as probably “too clever to be good”. His principal interest was in botany, especially in studying grasses! The Bishop disclosed some anxiety as to the litigation in which the Archbishop of Capetown [sic] was concerned. If the verdict was adverse, it might result in a series of lawsuits, by which the South African Church might be stripped of much property. I asked about the action of the Groups in South Africa, and he replied that “it certainly had done good to some individuals”, but that he could not approve the Movement.

Headlam has just returned from a tour to the Balkans with his cousin, the Bishop of Gloucester. They motored in the Bishop’s ancient car, which proved very recalcitrant, and had finally to be abandoned!

[223]

There came to stay the night Andy and Blanche Johnson. They are home on leave from Burma, where he is employed as an electrical engineer on the oil-field. Blanche carried on her face the scars of a recent motor accident. The description of their situation in Burma was

not very attractive. A flat country, the fumes of the petroleum, a dull society of engineers & other actively economic folk, mostly American Baptists and Scottish Presbyterians – all this did not suggest congruous surroundings for a gently nurtured English lady. However Blanche seems to be contented with her husband and the baby. I inquired about the religious arrangements, and was told that there had been an English “padre”, who had vanished with an unsavoury reputation, & that they were mainly dependent on the occasional ministrations of a Presbyterian minister. The Burmese oil-field supplies the demand of India, and is very flourishing. The blockade of Italy by the League of Nations had hardly affected Burma. Only the exportation of wax had been reduced. I inquired whether there was any sport in their district, and Andy replied tat there was none close at hand, but only in the wilder forest country some distance away.

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[224]

Sunday after Ascension, May 24th, 1936.

Andy and Blanche left the Castle after breakfast. I was pleased to learn that they had attended the early celebration in S. Anne's, where Charles was the celebrant. To my grief there was no service in the Chapel.

McCullagh and Hall arrived about 10 a.m., and did their work on my ankle. They profess to be satisfied with my progress, but I can perceive no improvement.

The rain fell steadily throughout the day. I walked with my stick the length of the State Room and back several times.

I read again a clever, bitter satire on English Civilization – "Oh! You English" by D. F. Karaka. The author is described as "the first Indian to become President of the Oxford Union". There is certainly but too much justice in the "barbarian" satire: but, of course, he evades the crucial and inescapable fact that non-Christian civilizations cannot survive in the modern world. Their merits do not include the power to live.

[225]

I read through a volume of "The Home & University Library" which was sent to me last week by the publishes [sic] with a request that I would "express my views on the value of the series which they might use with other tributes offered on the 25th birthday of their library". "Religion and Science" by Bertrand Russell could not fail to be trenchant, informing & thought-provoking. Of course it is definitely hostile to Religion as Christians must needs understand it, so hostile indeed that I fear its effect cannot but be, for the majority of readers, unwholesome. The few pages of "conclusion" are rather surprisingly favourable to religion. It is apparent that the rise of the European dictatorships has convinced the author that Religion in its historic forms is no longer the principal enemy of Science.

The issue is now, however, entering upon a wholly new phase, & this for two reasons: first, that scientific technique is becoming more important in its effects than the scientific temper of mind: secondly, that newer religions are taking the place of Christianity, and repeating the errors of which Christianity has repented.

This distinction between "scientific technique" and "the scientific temper" is suggestive and valuable.

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While the theories of science have been greatly modified by the latest & most authoritative scientific thinkers, the amazing practical applications of science have not been affected by such modification.

Thus the practical experts who employ scientific techniques and still more the governments and large firms which employ the practical experts, acquire a quite different temper from that of the men of science: a temper full of a sense of limitless power, of arrogant certainty, and of pleasure in manipulation even of human material. This is the very reverse of the scientific temper, but it cannot be denied that science has helped to promote it.

The direct effects of scientific technique, also, have been by no means wholly beneficial.

He instances the increase of "the destructiveness of weapons of war", and the effect of the new productivity of labour on society. "By the violent impact of new ideas they have thrown ancient civilizations off their balance". "These evils of our time are all due in part to scientific technique, and therefore, ultimately to science".

[227]

The warfare between science and Christian theology, in spite of an occasional skirmish on the outposts, is nearly ended, and I think most Christians would admit that their religion is the better for it. Christianity has been purified of inessentials inherited from a barbarous age, & nearly cured of the desire to persecute. **There remains, among the more liberal Christians, an ethical doctrine which is valuable: acceptance of Christ's teaching that we should love our neighbours, and a belief that in each individual there is something deserving for respect, even if it is no longer to be called a soul.** There is also in the Churches, a growing belief that Christians sh^d oppose war.

But while the older religion has thus become purified & in many ways beneficial, new religions have arisen, with all the persecuting zeal of vigorous youth, & with as great a readiness to oppose science as characterised the Inquisition in the time of Galileo... The persecution of intellectuals in Germany & Russia has surpassed, in severity, anything perpetuated by the Churches during the last 250 years.

v. Science & Religion, p. 246, 247.

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[228]

Monday, May 25th, 1936.

To Mess^{rs} Thornton Butterworth Ltd, the publishers of the Home University Library, I addressed the following letter of congratulations on its twenty-fifth birthday:

Gentlemen.

I congratulate you heartily on the remarkable success which, during the last 25 years, has attached to "The Home University Library".

My personal debt to the Library is a heavy one, and I know that herein I am representative of a vast multitude of readers.

The debt is twofold. On the one hand, the Library has brought to us, at small cost and in convenient form, the conclusions of the most eminent of contemporary exponents of learning.

On the other hand, it has enabled us, in some small measure, to escape from the dolorous bondage, in which modern students, even the greatest, must lie, of intellectual sectionalism. We are helped to gain a juster view of the extent and variety of Knowledge, & thus rescued from some of the faults which [229] must grow from limited and false perspective.

The Home University Library comes as near as modern conditions allow to providing a modern analogy of a medieval Summa Scientia.

With all good wishes for the enhanced progress of your good venture.

I am very faithfully

Herbert Dunelm

After the rain of yesterday the weather has become almost disconcertingly warm. After breakfast, I limped around the Bowling Green with two sticks. On the way, in Butler's Walk, a large brown owl flew from the old pear tree over the Bowling Green. It was a larger bird than I had expected.

D^r McCullagh and Alexander accompanied me to Newcastle, where I consulted a specialist named D^r Gordon Irwin about my ankle. He was rather alarming, and advised me to submit myself forthwith to treatment in the Victoria Hospital. He hoped that by this means I might be enabled to officiate on [230] Trinity Sunday, but, in any case, would "fit me out with splints for the purpose". But he said that I should cancel every other engagement. Accordingly, on returning to the Castle, I dictated letters to the Headmaster of Eton and Lord Scarborough explaining my probable inability to carry out my preaching engagement and to the Chief Constable "crying off" the dinner where I was to be "guest of honour"! Also, I

handed over to my admirable suffragan the School Confirmation and the general confirmation in the Cathedral. It is indeed, a “crowning mercy” that I have in the Bishop of Jarrow a colleague who is both able and eager to come to the rescue.

Gordon Irwin impressed me well. He is spare and fairly tall, with an expression of keen intelligence, and when he smiles, of urbanity. He said that he had been present at a dinner of the Medical Association, at which I had made a speech, which “he had much enjoyed”. On his mantel shelf were photographs of three charming children. I asked if they represented his family, and was told that they did. His face shone with paternal affection when he spoke of his children & I concluded that he was a good father.

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[231]

Tuesday, May 26th, 1936.

The Times has a letter from Canon Crum of Cambridge under the heading "the School of Abyssinia – a crucifix at Canterbury. It is illustrated by a photograph of "the shield which (about the year 1413) was carved in the cloisters of-Canterbury Cathedral, bearing the name of the Emperor of Abyssinia.

"So in the 15th century, Ethiopia, as we say, Abyssinia, in its turn became the Kingdom of Prester John. His coat of arms had to appear along with the other nations in one of the 36 bays in the cloisters here.....

And the heralds gave to Abyssinia the coat which you are so good as to show here. It will be seen that it is a Crucifix. Careful inspection will detect that it had been mutilated and restored. The breaking of it was the work of Puritans 300 years ago. Professor Tristram has lately, healed its wounds".

I shall not be surprized if this "coat" proves a more effective protest against Mussolini's crime than any other. The Crucifix sets out the facts in their essential and eternal moral significance.

[232].

Alexander went with me to Newcastle, & witnessed my experience in the Victoria Hospital. My arrival was evidently expected, for it was received with a cordiality, duty mingled with respect. First, I was wheeled in a chair though interminable corridors to a large room divided up by screens, & provided with large cauldrons of hot water, which was made to bubble furiously by the introduction of electricity. For 10 minutes the damaged leg and ankle were submerged in this bubbling fluid. The sensations were not unpleasant. Then I was wheeled to another room equipped with beds. On one of these I was deposited, and a very agreeable rather elderly sister proceeded to massage my limb using olive oil with considerable freedom We relieved the process by amicable converse. D^r Gordon Irwin came to see me, & was also very friendly. He brought with him his assistant, M^r Stranger to whom I am to be entrusted at the end of the week, when his chief is going to Norway to fish. We got back to the Castle about 2.10 p.m.

Dolphin visited me, and a rather odd-looking Ordination candidate, named Dent.

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[233]

Wednesday, May 27th, 1936.

Canon Bezzant writes a very appreciative letter about the Bishoprick, and sends a donation of £3 towards its cost, or if not needed, to be applied to any diocesan object I may decide upon. Also the Principal of Cuddesdon (Graham) writes with something approaching Catholicism about the last issue of the Bishoprick. He says that Mansbridge, who was staying at Cuddesdon had read it, and was greatly impressed. That garrulous & irrepressible octogenarian, Canon [Edward] Lyttelton,* has been moved by my observations on Church Finances, to send me an immense screed on his favourite hobby - abstinence from alcohol & cigarettes as the one cure of clerical poverty! What the good man, & all the multitude of fanatics whom he represents, will not see is that even on the most favourable estimate, the proportion of the people which can be reasonably supposed likely to respond to his appeal, as sharing its religious suppositions, is far too petty to affect the practical question.

[234]

That woeful man, Gibson, whom some years ago I rejected as an Ordination candidate, but who received Ordination from the Bishop of Liverpool in spite of my warnings, has now emerged again most scandalously in the diocese of Worcester. He had left Liverpool in a cloud of disrepute, & is again misbehaving in Worcester. His career must be stopped, but how?

My 2nd journey to Newcastle was successfully achieved. The programme of yesterday was repeated. I cannot honestly say that I observe any improvement, but the doctor and nurse professed themselves satisfied.

Bezzant's description of the finance of the diocese of Liverpool is rather surprising:

[“]The Diocesan Conference cheerfully authorized the Board of Finance to borrow a sum of £50,000 from a loan fund likely to be created by the Church Assembly. We already have a debt of £30,000 upon which we pay the interest without reducing the capital sum, & we are unable to pay one quota to the Church Assembly.[”]

It sounds rather wild: but with [Albert] David at the helm, normal considerations have no importance!

[235]

May 27, 1936.

Dear Mr. Prime Minister,

The benefice of Witton-le-Wear, near Bishop Auckland, has just been vacated by the preferment of the incumbent: the patronage is, for this turn vested in the Crown.

You will permit me as Bishop to direct your attention to some circumstances which should be considered, when a new incumbent is nominated.

Witton-le-Wear is a small parish, having less than 2000 inhabitants. It is a pleasantly situated place, & includes among the parishioners a certain number of better-to-do folk who would appreciate the ministry of a well-loved and well-educated clergyman. The churchmanship which has hitherto prevailed, might be fairly described as moderate. Certainly an extreme partisan, whether Evangelical or Anglo-Catholic, would not be welcomed. The endowment is meagre, little more than £300 p.a. There is a vicarage house which was recently provided. It is modest but sufficient.

May I say that I am very anxious [236] that a good appointment should be made for the neighbouring parishes of Witton Park and Eldon, which are in the patronage of the Crown, have not been well-provided, and it is really important that no more unsatisfactory appointments in this part of the diocese should be made? In no part of the diocese would such appointments be advisable, in this part they would be, in my judgment, calamitous.

Believe me,
Very faithfully,
Herbert Dunelm.

Three times I "walked", with the assistance of two sticks, to the window overlooking the Wear, and back, trying, but with small success, to obey the nurse's instructions as to bending my leg, & thereby causing myself no slight pain; but, in the end, I found my leg as recalcitrant as ever, and my ankle as weak. I begin to doubt my competence to officiate at the Ordination on Trinity Sunday, now only 10 days after. Who could have supposed that a slip on the stairs would have caused all this bother?

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[237]

Thursday, May 28th, 1936.

I received a long and pleasant letter from Veronica. She and Felicity are staying at Lausanne where they are learning the French language. She reminds me that just a year has passed since I confirmed her in Auckland Chapel.

Then the usual programme was traversed. I motored to Newcastle, and gave myself over to the Nurse for an hour in the Victoria Hospital, then I returned to the Castle.

In the afternoon I was visited by Richard Craig who is on the point of leaving his curacy at S. Mary's, Tynedock, in order to take up work as the resident "padre" at the "Toc-H" centre in Birmingham. He is a good youth of a better social & intellectual type than that represented by most of the diocesan clergy, and he has acquitted himself creditably since his Ordination. I regret his departure, the more that I have no great confidence in "Toc-H". However, he, like the rest of us, must "live and learn".

I received a friendly letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury, approving, and professing to regret, my involuntary absence from the Church assembly.

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[238]

Friday, May 29th, 1936.

Old Colonel Thomlinson* writes to say that he will contribute fifty pounds towards the Holy Trinity Hartlepool Fund. I was shocked to read in the Yorkshire Post of the death of Cuthbert Wilkinson, who recently succeeded Lord Ravensworth as Provincial Grand Master of the Freemasons. He was 75 years old, but hardly looked his age. I suspect that the labours of office were too exacting for so old a man. I liked him, though, of course, my knowledge of him was extremely slight.

Before leaving for Newcastle, I wrote to [Robert] Poole,* suggesting that he might collect donations from the well-to-do folks in Hartlepool, to add to my personal fund for propping up Holy Trinity Church. I can imagine the gratitude with which he will receive the suggestion!

Gordon Irwin came to say Goodbye before going off to Norway. He cut my shoe so that I could get it on to my injured foot, and made me walk before him with one stick. He expressed satisfaction at my progress, and repeated his assurance that I might hope to officiate in the Cathedral on Trinity Sunday.

[239]

M^r and M^{rs} Selwyn Smith with their son Norman came to tea. I had some talk with the Vicar about Barnard Castle. Rather to my surprise he said that he had discovered reason for thinking that his predecessor, Bircham, had some concern for the spiritual interest of the parish, and had not been wholly unmindful of the religious life of the men whom he had "commissioned" as lay-workers. My opinion of Bircham is so unfavourable that I could not but be astonished at this testimony; but my personal reasons for disliking the man are so strong that I must needs fear that my mind may be in some measure prejudiced against him.

The evening paper reports the death of Lord Darling.* He was 87, and was taken ill on Monday, "while staying with his daughter the Hon. Diana Darling at Brockenhurst". Poor Di will have lost the central interest of her life. Her devotion to her old father was beyond praise. Darling had become childish. The last time I met him in the ante-room of the House of Lords (v. p. 73) he appeared to me quite plainly nearing his end. I am glad to have known him, & do not forget that I once promised that, after his death, I would be "good to Di".

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[240]

Saturday, May 30th, 1936.

A wet morning, cold and cheerless. The paper announces the death [of] Canon Dearmer* at the age of 69. He had been ailing for some while past. I first came across him when he was a curate in the East End, I think at the Christ Church Mission in Poplar. He and I had nothing in common; alike in temperament and in tastes we were divergent. Latterly, he became an extreme and aggressive "Liberal", but he made his reputation as a "Ritualist", and had generally been reckoned a pronounced Anglo-Catholic. He came to have a strangely forbidding aspect. "He looks like the devil", said even that very kind & patient person, M^{rs} Foxley Norris:* and, indeed, I have seen an expression on his countenance which suggested the description. Of course, none can know how much of this was due to physical suffering; & how much to mental unrest. But about the fact there can be no doubt. My contemporaries and acquaintances are disappearing quickly, and their places are being filled by men, whom I neither know nor understand. The world grows so strange as we become old, that when we too must leave it, the regret has been reduced to nothing.

[241]

We drove to Newcastle under falling rain. There was a considerable congestion of traffic in the City, and, indeed, Leng's skill as a chauffeur was put to a severe test. We arrived at the Hospital no more than two minutes after time. The usual programme was gone through, and, before leaving, I "walked with my shoes on up & down the small ward, & was congratulated by the surgeon and nurse; but my own feelings hardly endorsed their flattering words.

The Bishop of Bath and Wells who shares with the Bishop of Durham the right to attend the King during the Coronation, writes to me on the procedure to be adopted in establishing the said right at the Court of Claims. He encloses the copies of the documents which were used at the last Coronation. It is, of course, a silly business, but I must not derogate from the honour of the see.

A church-army Captain, named Platt, aged 26 came to see me with the hope that I would accept him as an Ordination candidate. He was the son of a railway "under-man" i.e. plate-layer. He had no other education than that of a secondary school (which is probably worthless) and the humble training provided by the Church Army. He impressed me as an honest fellow enough, but in no respect exceptional. I did not encourage him.

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[242]

Whitsunday, May 31st, 1936.

A beautiful sunny morning, but with a cold wind and an uncertain promise. McCullagh called, expressed surprize and approval at my “progress”, and took away the crutches, which an “ex-service man” had lent for my use.

I wrote a letter of condolence to Di; and also I answered Veronica Irvine.

Charles’s father-in-law with his wife and son came to lunch. They express themselves as well pleased with the change from Sunderland to Barrow. Their new house is quite close to Furness Abbey.

The Bishop of Jarrow [James Gordon] came to tea, & discussed diocesan business. He asked whether he must read the Ten Commandments when celebrating in the Chapel during the Ordination; and I replied in the affirmative. I cannot perceive any valid reason for breaking the law in that particular. At worst, the Decalogue is not well suited for its place in the Liturgy. Nobody could seriously pretend that to read it inflicts a wound on the private conscience. And I attach great importance to an example of rubrical obedience being seen in the Bishop’s Chapel.

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I wrote to the Archbishop of Dublin [John Gregg]* replying to a letter from him, in which he had expressed the opinion that we must accept the fait accompli in Abyssinia, & make an end of sanctions. I took another view, & urged that to condone the violence and perfidy of Mussolini’s Italy might be as impolitic as it certainly would be ungenerous. If we are really to grasp the hand of friendship which Mussolini now has the impudence to offer, what fragment of national self-respect will remain in our hands? It will have been made plain to the world that there is no place left for good faith in international relations. What value would henceforward belong to the Kellogg Pact, and to the Repudiation of the use of poison gas in war? We are carried back to a date prior to the attempts which have been made to redeem civilized life from the curse of violence. And, even at this immense cost, should we have really gained peace? Is it reasonable to think that such a stimulating of anti-moral factors throughout the world would have the effect of strengthening in men’s minds the desire for “the reign of Law” between nations? If Abyssinia, a member of the League, is thus calmly to be abandoned, what prospect is there that other weak members will not, in like circumstances, be also abandoned to their oppressors?

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Monday, June 1st, 1936.

It is just sixteen years since I received from M^r Lloyd George the offer of the Bishoprick of Durham. Then, the prospect of such promotion seemed to open the door to a considerable extension of my personal influence. In fact, it really meant the closing of my career.

I wrote to the Dean, congratulating him and M^{rs} Alington on the engagement of their daughter Elizabeth to Lord Dunglass, the heir to the Earl of Home.

Also, I wrote to Dick, and sent back corrected proofs to the Clarendon Press. Alexander and I motored to Newcastle. The streets were free from their normal traffic, and even the private cars and cycles were reduced in number by the unfriendly weather. The Hospital was closed for the holiday, but an exception was made for the Grand Visitor, and I found everything ready for the usual programme.

M^{rs} [Ethel] Cruickshank* arrived for a short visit. She had come on from staying with friends in Durham, and I gather that she shared what looks like a general discontent with the Decanal procedures.

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Tuesday, June 2nd, 1936.

Vereker, to whom I had written asking for a contribution to the Holy Trinity Fund, writes to say that he can give nothing as he is subscribing to a Fund for the purchase of the Bede MS.!

Alexander and I went again to the Hospital, and I was manipulated again, but more painfully, by the excellent lady. I learned that her name is Miss Nicholson and that she is a daughter of a canon of Newcastle, who died about six years ago. My ankle became more than ever impracticable, and, though Miss N. continues to be comfortably confident, I myself grow more doubtful about my competence to officiate next Sunday.

I read through the Galton Lecture delivered by Julian Huxley* before the Eugenics Society on February 17th 1936. It is printed in The Eugenics Review for April. He looks forward to a time when sexual intercourse and reproduction will be definitely separated. The first being solely an instrument of self-indulgence, and the last being effected without sentiment or contact! He perceives that Christianity and natural prejudice may postpone the arrival of this happy triumph of eugenics! Julian Huxley is degenerating rapidly.

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Wednesday, June 3rd, 1936.

The papers are filled with the Report of the Commission on the alleged betrayal of Budget Secrets. J[ames]. H. Thomas* is stated to be the traitor; and his son [Leslie Thomas]* is unanimously acquitted. The severity of the verdict is emphasized by the studious moderation with which it has been expressed.

Alexander & I made another journey to Newcastle, & Miss Nicholson did her duty by my ankle. The doctor, Stranger, who saw me as I "walked" to the car, said that he saw no reason why I should not officiate on Sunday. I wish I could share his opinion.

[Henry] Stephenson* from Gateshead came to see me, & had tea. He gave a good account of Porteous and Rudd; and even tried to persuade me that Sharp had "something in him".

My "Pott's Fracture" aroused in my mind a certain curiosity as to Pott, and I found in the Dictionary of National Biography an interesting account of him. He was born in London in 1714 and died there in 1788. "In 1756 an accident befell him which rendered his name of world-wide fame." He was thrown from his horse, & suffered a compound fracture of the leg. "The term Pott's fracture is still commonly applied to that particular variety of broken ankle which he sustained on this occasion."

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The following new volumes of Loeb's Classical Library arrived:

1. Plutarch's Morals vols. Iv and v.
2. Aristotle's minor Works
3. Sextus Empiricus
4. Sidonius. Poems and Letters.

Today the Negus or Emperor of Ethiopia has landed in this country. When he was here before, he was the Ruler of an independent nation, which he was planning to lead into civilization. In the interval he has welcomed an English Prince in his capital with royal hospitality. Today, he comes as a fugitive, and his country is under the heel of a cruel enemy. How shall we receive him? How ought we to receive him? There are many voices which bid us hail the Italian Victor; condone his breaches of treaties, and the infamous methods of his warfare, and, looking only to the immediate future, strike hands in amity with a nation which has been solemnly condemned by the federated peoples of Europe. But a longer view sees no hope of lasting peace in such pusillanimous condonation of tyranny. "The fruit of righteousness is sown in peace for them that make peace." "Fiat justitia, ruat caelum" – only on the rock of justice can the temple of Peace be builded.

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Thursday, June 4th, 1936.

The damp, dark, depressing weather continues, and makes life more than commonly tiresome. Very sorrowfully, I decided that I ought not to officiate at the Ordination; and I communicated my decision to Miss Nicholson, who was, I think, relieved. She and the doctor had agreed that, if I had attempted the service, I ought to be accompanied by her. My ankle was more perverse and painful than ever today.

Braley came to see me, & stayed to tea. He told us some very odd things about his Ordination at Peterborough, e.g. while the candidates were writing their answers to the Examining Chaplain's question, the doors opened, and the Bishop's wife, Lady Mary Carr-Glyn, appeared with a tray carrying whisky & soda. "I cannot allow you poor young men to have no refreshment" said the lady, and accordingly they interrupted their labour in order to do justice to her hospitality. Bishop Carr-Glyn* must have been already suffering from mental failure, for no other explanation of his language and conduct can harmonize with charity, and yet not offend reason. For years he drew a pension of £2000 from the See!

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The Bishop of Jarrow and his fellow Archdeacon, Owen, came about 6.30 p.m., and talked with me for an hour. They agree in thinking that, as my Suffragan will be acting in my place, the diocese staff ought to be carried before him at the Ordination. I am not quite convinced, but, of course, conceded the point.

Romans* sent me a cheque for £20, as another instalment of the debt which his curate Marsh owes to me, & is determined (though it told him he might regard it as a gift) to repay. This is the 3rd instalment which I have received. The payments were made on Dec^r 7th, 1935, March 3rd, 1936, and June 4th, 1936. Thus there now remains but £40 unpaid, the original being for £100. This persistent honesty is very encouraging. It may well be the case that an episode which at first seemed the proof of moral declension will finally become the occasion of moral recovery. The Bishop of Jarrow brings me a similar account of young Wilson now curate at Heworth. He too has pulled himself together, and repaid the debts which he had contracted.

We may set these two instances against much of a very different character which is profoundly discouraging. We need not be too cynical.

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Friday, June 5th, 1936.

Last night I fared woefully. I must have contracted a chill, which did its worst, with the result that I could not face the journey to Heworth. Accordingly, I sent a telegram to Miss Nicholson and continued miserably in bed until 5.30 p.m. when I dressed and went to my study. There I wrote some necessary letters, and then descended to the Chapel for the "legal business" and the institution of Edgar Jackson to his hon. Canonry.

Streeter sends me his Warburton Lectures 1933–35. After the fashion of his new associates, he gives them a "taking" title, "The God who Speaks", and he links them to an advocacy of "Groupism". Apart from this foolish ~~xxxxxxxxxxxx~~ obsession, the book is not unworthy of its author. It abounds in striking thoughts and suggestive phrases.

"The prophets teach an unconquerable hope, the Buddha a conquerable despair" p 52.

The Babylonian Exile is an event as central for the comprehension of the Old Testament as is the Crucifixion for that of the New Testament". P 77.

There are many such gems.

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Saturday, June 6th, 1936.

Beyond joining the men at lunch, I took no great part in the proceedings. Everyone dispersed after lunch, and then I motored to Newcastle, and was manipulated by Miss Nicholson. As we returned, we picked up Ella and Fearne, who had been attending a Sale at the Deanery. I received a long and extremely interesting letter from Sir James Irvine, giving me an account of his experiences in India. He has gone there as the head of a Commission to investigate the question how far the work of scientific research can safely be handed over to the Indians. He seems to have found O'Malley's little books on Hinduism" and Indian Caste Customs" interesting and informative. They had impressed me so much that I gave them to him before he left England. He is not unhopeful of the country's future.

"Much will depend on how far India remains a religious country – so my Hindu friends insisted and yet I find it hard to believe that the dark forbidding Hindu religion can save a nation from the dire effects of Western Education on the Eastern mind."

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Trinity Sunday, June 7th, 1936.

Forty-nine years ago, I was ordained in Cuddesdon Parish Church by Bishop Mackarness. To my great sorrow I was unable to do my duty at the Ordination in Durham Cathedral this morning. Five men were ordained to the diaconate, and ten to the Priesthood. Among the latter was Leslie Morrison, who was distressed at not being ordained by me, and wrote me an affectionate letter. The Bishop of Jarrow has been extremely helpful all the way through, and I have good reason for thankfulness that he has been at hand to take my place.

Ella and Fearne went in to Durham for the Ordination, and I went to my study and wrote letters to (1) Leslie Morrison. (2) Lord Scarbrough. (3) D^r M^cCullagh.

I “walked” in the garden for half-an-hour before lunch and again for rather longer after tea. The weather was fine and warm. Everything is assuming the opulent aspect of midsummer. Lawson told me that last night William, the under-gardener, found a young owl in Butler’s Walk. It had evidently come to earth in a premature essay in flying. He replaced it, and in due course it was joined by a parent, and this morning both had disappeared.

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Ella insisted on my reading “Blood Relations” a novel by Philip Gibbs.* The titles of its four parts indicate sufficiently its character – 1. The lost world. 2. The Red River. 3. The Price of Defeat. 4. Dragon’s Teeth. I found the book sufficiently interesting to read through.

The outlook on international affairs is uniformly black. Palestine, China, Austria, Spain, Geneva, Italy, Abyssinia ^along with Germany^ - every one is an urgently threatening problem. To these we must add France, where the advent of M. Blum’s Socialist Ministry has been accompanied by an epidemic of revolutionary strikes. Meanwhile Hitler procrastinates, and continues arming. Sir Samuel Hoare,* the “hero” of the woeful Hoare-Laval episode of last December, has again entered the Cabinet. He is now Secretary for the Admiralty. As time passes, the calamitous folly of his conduct becomes ever more apparent. He damaged the National Government perhaps irretrievably, and he destroyed the moral prestige of British policy. His unhappy victim, the Negus, is now in this country, an embarrassed & embarrassing figure. Every timorous and cynical element in our public life is coming into the open, & clamouring for an agreement with Mussolini’s Italy!!!

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Monday, June 8th, 1936.

Again, a brilliant morning, and warm. Percival writes to say that Bishop [Edwin James] Palmer* will be ready to take my place at S. John's Clerkenwell. I recall that I first met him, then a chattering boy still at his public school, when lunching with his father, Archdeacon [Edwin] Palmer* in Christ Church around the time of my own Ordination in 1887.

I went again to the Hospital. Dr. Stanger inspected my ankle, and ordered an elastic stocking. I asked him when I might reasonably hope to recover normal mobility and he replied "Perhaps in three weeks". This is not very cheerful.

I received a pleasant letter from Di. Darling, in which she said that her father had greatly valued my friendship.

I walked in the garden for half an hour after tea, but my method of movement is more impressive than efficient!

Garland came to see me about his school, for which £500 is immediately required. I told him to write to Canon Haworth, to claim (if necessary) a special meeting of the Board for Religious Education. I must write to the Bishop of Jarrow.

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With Garland came Daly, now Bishop of Gambia a newly-constituted diocese in West Africa. He was ordained on a title to S. Mary Tyne Dock in the diocese in 1926 by Bishop Knight, when I was hors de combat after an operation for appendicitis. I myself ordained him in the priesthood in 1929. His diocese includes a considerable territory in French Senegal. I inquired what was his staff, & was told that he had one white and two or three black priests, besides some native catechists. His financial resources were partly provided by S.P.G., and partly by supporters in the West Indies. He found the Board Authorities civil and helpful, and even the Roman Catholic Missionaries friendly. His impression may be corrected by experience. I gave him a copy of the Bede Memorial Volume, and wrote his name in it. The land agents at Bournemouth, Fox & Sons, who have been sending me details of houses which I might rent for August decline any payment for their services now that I have succeeded in finding a suitable house without their professional assistance. Is this correct?

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Tuesday, June 9th, 1936.

Another brilliant morning, and very warm.

I motored to Newcastle, and was provided with an elastic stocking. Also, it was arranged that for the future a visit to the hospital every other day would suffice.

D^r McCullagh came to see me during the afternoon, and thanked me for what he called my "beautiful" letter of condolence on his son's death. He said that his wife, who had not been informed of the serious condition of her son's health, was shocked by his death, which at the least was unexpectedly sudden. Cancer and deafness are in my belief the two gravest shadows on modern society, and medical science seems quite unable to discover a remedy for either. When one's attention is directed to these plagues, we discover that they are everywhere present.

I received a characteristic letter from Jack Clayton who had noted that the Ordination ^on Sunday^ had been administered by the Bishop of Jarrow, and had rightly inferred that my absence from the Cathedral had been involuntary. He is making his holiday arrangements on the usual plan of multiplying sermons in English Cathedral and Scottish Kirks.

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In order to raise a small sum to meet the expenses of her (sc. his mother's) illness and death and to discharge some small debts he wrote 'Rasselas' in the evenings of one week. He received £100 for the copyright, and had a present of £25 more on a second edition. This powerful though ponderous work was apparently the most popular of his writings. It reached a fifth edition in 1775, and has been translated into French, German, Italian, Dutch, Bengalee, Hungarian, Polish, modern Greek, and Spanish. Johnson himself remarked the curious coincidence with Voltaire's 'Candide'..... Each is a powerful assault upon the fashionable optimism of the day, though Voltaire's wit has saved 'Candide' from the partial oblivion which has overtaken 'Rasselas'.

v. Dict: of Nat: Biog: 'Johnson'

'Rasselas' and 'Candide' were both published in 1759. It is surely not without significance that two men, so different in character and circumstance, should have felt the same disgust at the arrogant self-complacency of their time. Bernard Shaw is reproducing Voltaire, but, in this age of hustle and half-beliefs, there is no possible reproduction of D^r Johnson.

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Wednesday, June 10th, 1936.

Very close and warm, but cloudy. I began an Article on 'Abyssinia' for the Bishoprick: but whether I shall have the wits and energy to complete it, I have some doubt. It might, perhaps, be worth while to set out the whole tragedy as I must needs see it.

In the afternoon I had an interview with an Ordination candidate – Herbert William Wilkinson, aged 27. He has a London degree in Science, and has been at Mirfield for the last two years. He said that, since the age of 8, he had desired to be a clergyman, but his father was opposed to religion, and his mother indifferent to it, so for six years he had worked as a chemist in a Petroleum Co. He offers a title from Billingham, where his scientific knowledge may be useful.

The Evening paper reports the death of the Vicar of S. John's Chapel-in-Weardale (Rev^d J.W. Pattison). He has held that little parish for 30 years. He was ordained as long ago as 1882, so that he must have been nearing fourscore. Of his 1204 parishioners, only 98 are said to be on the parochial roll!

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The following books arrived from my bookseller:-

1. Harold J. Laski. 'The State in Theory and Practice'
2. 'The Rise of European Liberalism'
3. John Connop Thirlwall p. 'Connop Thirlwall'
4. C. S. Phillips 'The Church in France. 1848-1907'
5. Hesketh Pearson 'Labby. The Life of Henry Labouchere'

A young German lady, Liselotte Lang, who is, I am assured, a great-niece of my Step-mother, and is now something of an exile from Germany, as having had a Jewish grand-mother, and being on that account abhorrent to the Hitlerite government, arrived here on a visit. She speaks English imperfectly, and appears to be amiable, but how she will dispose of herself happily in the company of ancients remains to be seen!

The Wireless announced the death of Dame Henrietta Barnett,* the widow of the erst-while Warden of Toynbee Hall and Canon of Westminster. I have known her since 1885, when she made my acquaintance in Oxford: but I did not "take to" her then, and I never came to like her afterwards. But she acquired a considerable reputation for energetic philanthropy.

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Thursday, June 11th, 1936.

A brilliant morning. I dressed and attended service in Chapel. Then I breakfasted with the ladies. These included Miss Headlam, who, as Secretary of Waifs & Strays, has official responsibility for the Pageant in Brancepeth Castle.

I received a letter from Sir Wyndham Deedes,* who has just returned from Germany where he has been enquiring into the situation of the Jews and Non-Aryan Christians. That of the last he finds to be "deplorable and worse than that of the Jews".

"I am told that the printed report of the Church Assembly Debate in which your Lordship spoke had a far-reaching effect in Germany, but that was mainly on behalf of the Jews

But all Jew and non-Aryans now look to you, my Lord, to espouse their cause! I am therefore writing to enquire whether, if any concrete proposals can be made, you will be willing favourably to consider them."

It is difficult to see what effective assistance I can give to any project for helping these poor people, for I have little influence and no money!

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I went again to the Hospital in Newcastle. Miss Nicholson introduced me to another nurse, with whom she shares lodgings. This lady, a pleasant-looking Frenchwoman (whose name I forget), said that she had for many years, ever since she came to the Hospital in 1917, read everything that I was reported to have said, and, whenever possible, had listened to me. This is curious & flattering.

I read through the book which purports to be a biography of Labouchere* – "Labby, the Life of Henry Labouchere", by Hesketh Pearson. It is a most amusing volume, and discloses the portrait of the most cynical, whimsical, shameless creature that ever played a part in public life. I found it particularly interesting, for Labby's ^Parliamentary^ career fell within my own observation. Indeed, when I was appointed to the Westminster Canonry, "Truth" had an unkind paragraph emphasizing my supposed ill-health. As a friend of Buckle, I was intensely interested in the Pigott forgeries. I thought then, and I think now, that the Times was 'more sinned against than sinning', though I think its attempt to act as Public Prosecutor was wholly & poisonously wrong.

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Friday, June 12th, 1936.

Bishop Palmer writes:-

“It is wonderful that you should remember having met me at my father’s house as a boy still at Winchester. I remember you very well on that occasion. You were not yet ordained and my father spoke of you as a young layman from whom people expected great things.

You feel the intervening years as having past ‘like a watch in the night’. That is a truth as you say. But to me it seems a very long time ago. I suppose twenty years in India makes the life to which I look back seem almost like two lives – and so, longer. But these are only sensations. Some experiences in the past – whether it was long or short – were worth having, and we may hope for others of still more worth.”

Fifty years ago Bishop Palmer was a rather heavy youth, silent and hampered, when he spoke, by a disconcerting stutter. His father, the Archdeacon, was a terribly freezing person.

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The weather was unkindly, clouded and rainy, very unfavourable to the Brancepeth Pageant. In the afternoon, I motored to Darlington, and had my hair cut and washed. Length & dirt had become insupportable!

Thomas carried himself creditably in the House of Commons, saying all that could be said, and saying it simply and effectively. The House was obviously impressed. Sir Alfred Butt was not so good, but he was not offensive: and both men announced their retirement from Parliament. The country has reason to congratulate itself on having come out of a nasty episode without more public scandal.

The Bishop of Jarrow came to see me. He had a variety of diocesan conundrums to propose. It is apparent that, as he gets about the diocese, & becomes familiar with the clergy, he is becoming being made the recipient of many requests, some of which ought to be addressed to the Bishop of Durham, and some ought not to be addressed to anybody. Both my Archdeacons are “new brooms”, and manifest the admirable, but sometimes rather disconcerting, characteristics of that description!

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Canon Crum of Canterbury sends me a book which he has just published – ‘S^t Mark’s Gospel. Two Stages of its Making’. The author ‘believes himself to be offering a rather simple solution of problems which have long exercised his own & so many other minds.’

‘And lately, as he was looking again at this Gospel, the Gospel has seemed to him, rather simply, to “come into two” The one Mark became two Marks. There lay these two writings into which the Gospel seemed to divide itself. The one was a simple, straight-forward, consistent story of our Lord: such a story as might have been told by a man who had been very near to the original company of those who had been with Jesus of Nazareth. And the other was what is left when this story has been separated out from our Gospel. It is a second writing, amplifying & interrupting and working over this first writing: using a later Christian language & thinking a later Christology. It belongs to a later Church. It thinks in the language of the Greek of the Septuagint.’

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Saturday, June 13th, 1936.

The papers announce the death of the Provost of Eton, at the age of 73.

Monty James* was one of the most eminent, and certainly one of the most beloved of my contemporaries. My personal contacts with him were few, but they sufficed to create in my mind sentiments which were almost affectionate. He carried his great bearing so lightly, and placed it so generously at the service of others. There is some singular grace in the habitual companionship of the Young, which gives to those who enjoy it an unique attractiveness. Perhaps, in the best sense of the phrase, they "never grow up", retaining into old age the supreme endowments of Youth – quick sympathy, absence of reserve, candour, friendship. The obituary notice in the Times fills three columns, and is express[ed] in terms of intimacy and affection.

I went again to Newcastle. The surgeon, M^r Stanger, looked at my foot, and spoke with emphasis of the necessity of "working the ankle". It is all very well, but my attempts to obey his directions only succeed in bringing considerable discomfort to myself! However –

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I finished reading Phillip's "The Church in France 1848 -1907", which interested me immensely. The writer is evidently most anxious to be scrupulously fair to the Papacy, but even so he makes it very clear that the influence of the Popes on French Religion was uniformly unwholesome. His careful account of the Dreyfus affaire minimizes the cynical wickedness of the Roman Church, and does not make clear enough the essential illegitimacy of the close working alliances between the missionaries and the French State. They may have been devoted ministers of the Gospel; they certainly were enthusiastic agents of the French aggression. Their martyrdoms were more often caused by the last character than by the first.

It is one of the ironies of history that the empire of an Atheistic State should find its most serviceable servants in Christian Missionaries. But anti-clericalism is not for exportation, as the French statesman (was it Gambetta?!) is reported to have said. Yet I can imagine Christ saying - "I know you not" – in the Great Day.

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1st Sunday after Trinity, June 14th, 1936.

A brilliant morning, calm and mild. Everything looked radiant after the rain of yesterday.

“The earth is the Lord’s”. Charles celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8.15 a.m. I communicated, kneeling at a fault-stool. Liselotte Lang was among the communicants. She came without questioning or being questioned. I assume that she has been confirmed after the Lutheran fashion.

I wrote to Sir James Irvine, and to Lionel Trotman. From the latter I received yesterday a telegram in these terms “Son born yesterday all well”.

Neville Chamberlain’s rather cynical speech is evidently accepted as an authoritative indication of the intentions of the Government. Indeed, in view of the speaker’s character and position, it could hardly be anything else. Significantly enough, it has been welcomed in Italy, where it is understood to mean that Great Britain has decided to “kiss the rod”, to “cut its losses”, and to join the crowd of those who hail Mussolini’s triumph! The moral temperature of Europe is falling fast.

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The promise of the morning was not fulfilled. As the day advanced, the sky clouded over & there was some rain. In the afternoon I walked for $\frac{3}{4}$ hour in the house, and in the garden.

The Times Literary Supplement has a striking and suggestive article under the heading “The Challenge to Jewry. A Paradox of Persecution.” It concludes thus:-

[“]Ultimately the issue is one of values, & in his valuation of historical events the Jew is in our world but not of it. His scale must needs register results exactly opposite to those which are the commonplaces of European thought. For him Christianity connotes not freedom but servitude, for him the Crusades in which European thought felt its first forward impulse after long stagnation are a tale of horror, for him the Renaissance opened the dark age which brought him to the physical & intellectual wretchedness of the Ghetto. However he adjust himself to the developments of our own day, and even if by the swiftness & certainty of his adjustment he sets an example to us all, his cultural background will remain distinct & apart; & by its separateness will still induce that utter misunderstanding by which, if circumstances so fall, hatred is nourished and persecution inspired.[”]

[Ed. - cutting included in end pages of Volume 66 dated by hand in pencil 4/12/42; letter to *The Times* from Douglas M^cKie Dec.1 entitled ‘Sir Isaac Newton’.]