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

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<!010142>
[1]
Thursday, January 1st, 1942.

We all went to the parish church, & received the Holy Communion at 8.30 a.m. There had been a special summons of the Mothers' Union, and no fewer than 30 persons communicated. Prayers for our Allies and for victory were introduced, & the President of U.S.A. was named together with the King. I noticed with some surprise that the Rector was so scrupulously loyal to the Rubrick as to use the unedifying Epistle for the Feast of the Circumcision. He only follows the Revised Book as a plausible excuse for his normal disobedience.

The "Black out" compelled an absence of light in the Church which was almost uncanny. It "threw up" the Altar lights into an abnormal prominence. The cumbrous figure of the Celebrant clothed in his Papistical Vestments as it moved about in the shadows, marking his awkward motions with the rapping of his stick suggested rather some Pagan mystery than a Christian Service. Probably the War will notably stimulate the pagan tendencies of the secularized masses, & we shall witness a rapid growth of the least respectable superstitions of that same Pagan type of Christianity which is supremely illustrated in the Roman Church. "My people love to have it so: and what will ye do in the end thereof".

[2]

I sawed wood by way of exertion, and then wrote letters of New Year salutation to the Archbishop of Canterbury and Ralph Inge.

B. B. C. has given an impressive account of the boasts & prophecies of near & complete victory which filled Hitler's New Year message to Germany a year ago, and contrasts it with that which he has just issued. His tone is now anxious & even apprehensive. He calls for fresh and even greater sacrifice at home, and abstains from promises of triumph abroad. Smuts in South Africa and Wavell in India have reviewed the year, and both strike a cheerful note.

I received a telephoned message from the Railway Office in Ipswich inquiring whether the long-delayed parcel of books contained old books or new books. I replied that it contained 80 copies of a book just published, and entitled, "Last Words in Westminster". Now what does this odd, and apparently irrelevant curiosity portend? Ella suggest [sic] that so considerable a consignment of books may have suggested to some sapient railway official the notion that the parcel might properly be regarded as "salvage"!

[3]

[Eusebius of Caesarea
[Article by Lightfoot in the Dict: of Ch. Biography**]**

Born not much later than A. D. 260. Died 339/340. Prob. born at Caesarea, where he was brought up, & ordained. Here he formed his friendship with Pamphilus, the devoted admirer

of Origen, &, [?….], an eager collector & transcriber of books. He lived through Diocletian's persecution, & was himself an eye-witness of many martyrdoms. At the council of Tyre he was accused of apostasy, but there is no sufficient reason for thinking the accusation true. Shortly after 313 he was elected bishop of Caesarea & reigned for over 25 years. He sympathised with the Arians, when the controversy broke out. He took a leading part in the Council of Nicaea (A. D. 325) where he sate beside the emperor, & delivered the opening address. He laid before the Council the Creed which was in use at Caesarea, & this, with some amendments, became the Conciliar Creed. (v. Hort "Two dissertations" p. 54f.) He declined election to the see of Antioch. His relations with Constantine from the time of the Nicene Council continued to be intimate.**]**

<!020142>
[4]
Friday, January 2nd, 1942.

Milford acknowledges receipt of the corrected proofs and approves my revision:-

> Your deletion and addition balance each other & the new section headings are a great improvement & can be easily accommodated.

Harold Nicolson's "Marginal Comment" in the Spectator discusses with admirable point & humour the difficult question of "private diaries". His words come "feelingly home" to an "Autobiographer" who depends on his own "Journal"! He expresses a very reasonable judgement on the difficult problem which the serious diarist must consider viz. whether his diary is intended to be private or public:

> I do not myself believe that any great diary was ever conceived as a purely "private" diary…. I doubt, indeed, whether anything of any value has ever been written in this world without it being addressed to some "audience" other than the writer himself. The problem of the diarist, therefore, is, not so much whether his diary be "private" or "public", as to what type of audience which he should have in mind.

I shall have to reckon with an audience of contemporaries.

[5]

[It is a fact, in itself remarkable and of immense consequence to the modern student, that between S. Luke – whose second volume, the Acts, brings the history of the Church down to about the year A. D. 62 – and Eusebius, who seems to have published the first edition of (Bks i-viii) of his work about A. D. 311, no one thought it worth while to write a history of the Church….. Eusebius was thus a pioneer: he was actually the first to write the history of the Church during the preceding 250 years.

Until the reign of Constantine the Fathers had no text-book of Church History.

The early history of Christianity is far less obscure than that of any of the other great religions: we are apt to forget how largely this is due to the initiative, learning, & historical gifts of Eusebius.

"The history of Catholic Christianity during the first five centuries is the history of a progressive standardisation of a diversity which had its origin in the Apostolic age" (p. 46).**]**

[6]

[Salmon's* Dicta

> Ours is a historical religion, and our knowledge of it has to follow the same laws as our knowledge of other history **[**Infallibility. 74**]**

No wise man holds any conclusion of history to be absolutely irreversible. **[**Ibid. 77**]**

An infallible Church does not mean a Church which makes no mistakes, but only one which will neither acknowledge its mistakes nor correct them. **[**Ibid, iii**]**

The Church may get a new revelation, but cannot get a new tradition **[**Ibid, 133**]**

It was in the Gnostic sects that the idea of supplementing or superseding Scripture by tradition first was conceived **[**Ibid, 149**]**

[7]

The Acts of Peter is probably the ultimate source not only of the traditional chronology of Peter's Life, but also of the story, repeated later by Origen, that Peter at his own request was crucified head downwards.

It is only where the tradition of sound doctrine is in question, that the early Fathers are serious about the Appeal to History.**]**

<!030142>
[7]
Saturday, January 3rd, 1942.

Manilla has fallen. The Americans have now no naval base in the Pacific from which their navy could operate. Singapore is now all that is left (for HongKong [sic] has already gone) for the use of both the Fleets, British and American: and there seems considerable likelihood that the Japanese will get control of Singapore also. How vital for such an Empire as the British, control of the sea really is could not be more plainly shown.

Badia [sic] has been captured rather surprisingly: and more than 1000 British prisoners have been recovered. Rommel continues to show fight. He is greatly assisted by the heavy rains: & there seems no reason for thinking that he has been receiving reinforcement from over sea.

[8]

Salmon's Dicta

In order that an argument from agreement of witnesses shd have any force, it is absolutely necessary that the witnesses shd be independent. p. 151.

Lexicons are only an embodiment of tradition. p. 157

As the early Church saw Christ everywhere in the Bible, so the modern Church of Rome sees the Virgin Mary everywhere. p. 161.

Men are not influenced by mere logic: they will easily believe what they wish to believe whether there be logical proof of it or not. p. 169

The history of a dispute is the best evidence as to what authority for settling disputes the disputants believe in. p. 177

Any one who claims to have received a revelation from God must be either as much deluded as Johanna Southcote, or as much inspired as S^{t} Paul, p. 214.

[9]

The history of the early church was always the history of three of its capitals – but at different periods the three were not the same. Up to A. D. 70 they are Jerusalem, Caesarea, and Antioch. From A. D. 70 till A. D. 200 the primacy is with Antioch, Ephesus, and Rome. After A. D. 200, Alexandria takes the place of Ephesus. The one factor always present is Antioch.

Caesarea was the earliest centre of a liberal Gentile Christianity…

In later years as the second home (after A. D. 231) of Origen, the master-mind of Greek theology, it renewed its glory in a quite different way: while the library of early Christian writers, collected by the martyr Pamphilus, gave Eusebius the chance to become "the Father of Church History", as well as, despite his shocking literary style, one of the greatest historians of the Ancient World.

[10]

<u>Salmon's Dicta</u>

Nothing is so puzzling as a real love of truth to people who are not possessed of it themselves. p. 234

[Of the Gallican theory of Infallibility**]**

This theory asserts that Christ has furnished His Church with a lantern which throws no light on the path in front, but only on that which has been already traversed. p. 270

I know no Scripture warrant for asserting that the broad path along which the many go must be the safe one, or that, either in religious matters or in temporal, men can be sure of not going wrong, provided only that, like sheep, they stick together. p. 273.

Belief in the infallibility of Councils can hardly be held by any one who has studied the history of Councils, & who knows anything of their violence & party spirit, & of the bad arguments on the strength of which many of their infallible conclusions were arrived at. p. 286.

[11]

Rome, in the first century, was an international city.

> "That is why the Roman could be in a unique sense the representative Church: it reflected the characteristics of the Empire as a whole. At the same time it entered into that heritage of practical sagacity & administrative experience, & that capacity for taking "a world view", which became part of the very atmosphere of any imperial city".
>
> When Jerusalem was destroyed, it was inevitable that Rome sh$^{\underline{d}}$ sooner or later succeed to the vacant primacy of the Church. Luke saw this happening, or about to happen. The Acts is the story of the progress of Christianity on the road from Jerusalem to Rome – with the concomitant acceptance of it by the Gentile & rejection by the Jew. The position of the Church of the capital of the world was further enhanced by its prestige as the church where Peter & Paul had met – or what came to the same thing, were (at last as early as A. D. 170) generally believed to have met – a martyr's fate. The Roman claim to be in a special sense "the see of Peter" is not heard of till the 3$^{\underline{rd}}$ century. That claim Antioch could [cont. on p. 13]

[12]

<u>Salmon's dicta</u>

…I verily believe that Christianity would now be extinct if the Arian had been adopted **[**at Nicaea**]** as its authorised form. How many Arians are there now? p. 290

I believe he **[**Gregory Nazianzen**]** is almost the only Father who is not accused of having sometimes in his writings fallen into doctrinal error. p. 297

Affection, no doubt, does not see clearly, but hatred cannot see at all. p. 310n.

If a man says a thing is self-evident, it usually means that he can give no proof of it. p. 354n.

[13]

> [cont. from p. 11] and did make: & Antioch P. [?] make out the better case.
>
> In the 2$^{\underline{nd}}$ century the Roman church put forth what then seemed the larger claim – to be the Church of Peter and Paul.
>
> The public tradition of a church wh. was believed to rest on the joint foundation of Peter and Paul became more & more a court of final appeal. What Rome accepted as apostolic, was guaranteed as such: what Rome rejected was new-fangled heresy. Irenaeus gives vigorous expression to this conviction.

The Clementine Homilies include the letter of Peter to James, a palpable invention. Rufinus' Latin translation of Clement's letter to Peter in the Clementine Recognitions became the nucleus of the False Decretals, which throughout the Middle Ages constituted the chief documentary basis for the more grandiose of the Papal Claims.

<!030142>
[14]
Saturday, January 3rd, 1942.

I received from Milford a suggestion that some references to A. C. H. [Arthur Cayley Headlam*] in the Autobiography should be mitigated or deleted as likely to wound his feeling. This accorded with my own misgivings, & I made corrections.

The Railway notified us of the arrival of the books at Raydon station, from which Fearne forthwith recovered them. In the afternoon we motored, and distributed seven copies as belated New Year Gifts.

The rather unpleasant newspaper of the Protestant Episcopal Church, "The Chronicle", which some unknown person sends me regularly comments on a recent decree of the supreme court of Missouri declaring "that state funds could not be used in the support of any religious schools:

"The immediate cause for this action was what had developed in the town of Meta in that state. The town was predominantly Roman Catholic in its faith & a Catholic school, known as St. Cecilia school, had been incorporated into the public school system. Nominally the school conformed to the public school pattern by using state-required text-books and by **[**continued on p. 17.**]**

[15]

<u>The official Roman doctrine concerning the Pope</u> is effectively

> summarised by Dr Ludwig Pastor in the 1st Vol. of his great History of the Popes **[**Eng. Tr. 5th Ed. Kegan Paul, London, 1923**]** of wh. the Author's Preface is dated 15th August, 1885**]**[sic]. A highly laudatory "Brief of His Holiness Pope Leo xiii to Professor Pastor" dated Jan. 20th, 1887, is printed before the Editor's Preface.
>
> On p. 180 Ludwig quotes a "modern ecclesiastical historian (Döllinger) as if he held that the authority now credited to the Pope was the result of its historical development. It wd have been only fair if he had stated Döllinger's repudiation of this view in 1869.
>
> (v. Declarations & Letters on the Vatican Degrees 1869-1887. Authorised Translation. Edinburgh 1891)

> [cont. from p. 14] following the usual requirements in the conduct of the courses. But instruction was given by nuns wearing their religious habits, & Roman practices such as the use of holy water in the school rooms, confession, & Catholic prayers, were part of the daily life of the school. More than that, the nuns who conducted the school, after deducting their bare living expenses, turned over the balance of their

salaries which in each case amounted to about $800 to the Order which conducted the school" **[**v. The Chronicle, November 1941**]**

[16]

Belated copies of "Last Words" sent to the following:

1. [symbol] Lady de Soumarez
2. [symbol] M^{rs} Caulfield]
3. [symbol] M^{r} Leslie Missen
4. [symbol] Lady Cranworth
5. [symbol] Col. Bill Smith
6. [symbol] A. Saward
7. [symbol] **[**H. J. A.**]** Dashwood Esq.
8. [symbol] Sir Gerald Ryan
9. [symbol] Rev. Christopher Herford
10. [symbol] Di Darling
11. [symbol] Tom Reid
12. [symbol] Fearne
13. [symbol] Hedley Thompson
14. Lord Londonderry
15. [symbol] Lord Ullswater
16. [symbol] " Roche
17. Sir Charles Peers
18. Betty
19. A. Johnston Esq.
20. [symbol] Canon Lanchester
21. Arthur Rowle
22. [symbol] Cecil Ferens
23. [symbol] J. Hebron Esq.
24. [symbol] Lord Charnwood
25. [symbol] Canon Stephenson
26. Martin Ellingsen
27. [symbol] J. B. Lasenby
28. J. P Carter
29. Jimmie Adderley
30. Edwyn Bevan
31. Gilbert Simpson
32. [symbol] Sir Arthur Dawson
33. [symbol] Miss Foster
34. [symbol] Lady Starmer
35. [symbol] M^{rs} Gordon
36. [symbol] Alexander
37. [symbol] Dean of Norwich
38. E. H. Blakeney
39. [symbol] S. Claire Baddeley

[17]

[The case of "Tradition" in Judaism is closely similar to that of Tradition in Romanism, v. Moore, Judaism, vol. I. ch.iii.

> The unwritten law was in no wise inferior in authority to the law written in the Pentateuch, both being God's revealed will. The covenant at Sinai, the Magna Carta of Judaism, was made upon both. As in other religions where it is those raised to an equal rank with Scripture, tradition, as the living word, interpreting, supplementing, adapting, applying, the written word, asserts its superior authority, and its claims are wont to be more strongly expressed if its authority is questioned either in general or on a particular point p. 262**]**.

The practical problem is formidable. How can the exclusion of these conforming Papist schools be excluded from public support without violating the cardinal Protestant principle of religious liberty equality? How shall the Protestant State finance Papist schools out of public funds without violating the not less cardinal principle of religious equality? In Glasgow it is said that the Papists garner a considerable income through exploiting the State Schools.

<!040141>
[18]
2nd Sunday after Christmas, January 4th, 1942.

"De minimis non curat lex" – the established convention of civilised society, which gives all its effective authority to statutes, takes no account of anything which is not general enough to demand some common procedure: but in personal life the situation is otherwise. There the main emphasis must be placed on the petty experiences which from day to day fret, and test, and humiliate the Self.

My thick boots have not been laid out for me, and the day is rainy: my boot-lace snaps, & I cannot find another to replace it: my study is filled with smoke, & I must work in it: my breakfast is precisely what I like least: the papers have not arrived &c. – these & such like trivial annoyances dissipate the good mood in which I emerged from my pleasant & ruminative bath, & start the day with the exasperating consciousness that "I am not better than my father", & not improbably considerably worse. Then the comfort of grumbling is withholden for "there is a War on", and it is not decent for the stay-at-home civilian to parade his ridiculous complaints, when the world is filled with blood and tears: Eheu!

[19]

I attended Mattins, read the Lessons, and Celebrated the Holy Communion.

The Sunday Times has an article by the Dean of Exeter, [Spencer Carpenter*] headed, rather startlingly, "Dr Hensley Henson", which is a friendly notice of my poor little valedictory volume, "Last Words in Westminster Abbey". I think that Carpenter is better qualified than most men to express a judgement on the literary work of his contemporaries, and, therefore, I felt a measure of satisfaction in reading its flatterous references to my work. After quoting what he calls "an example of Dr Henson's felicity of style", he concludes,

> Rhetoric? It may be. Yet, if rhetoric means choice words arranged in sentences that hold together and mean something, let us have more of it.

I even conceded so far to my mood of vanity as to write to the Dean, and thank him!

In the afternoon I walked to Chattisham, and presented Sir Gerald Ryan with a copy of "Last Words". He expressed a very unfavourable opinion of the photograph of the Author which adorns (or disfigures) the cover!

<!050141>
[20]
Monday, January 5th, 1942.

Ralph writes:

> Many thanks. I have read your little book of sermons, & thought the first, especially, very fine indeed. Your autobiography ought to be very interesting. I was once offered a great sum by an American publisher to write mine, but, alas, there is so little in my past life that I can look back upon without shame & grief that I refused with horror. He wrote again: "We are sorry you cannot give us your reminiscences. Will you do a life of Christ instead? We cannot offer you quite so much for this!!…..
>
> I don't know what to make of the Germans. I have known so many of them - decent, reasonable, cultivated people, easier to understand than Frenchmen or Italians. Unless they repent there is nothing to look forward to except a long Dark Age. I think there will be bloody revolutions both in France & Germany, a ghastly prospect when one remembers Spain. The one bright spot is that the English-speaking Alliance will hold, & after the War, we shall not be able to do **[21]** anything without U. S. A. and the Dominions. The Dominions refused to help us after Prague, & we shall not be able to play the fool on the Continent any more – a good thing too, in my opinion. Our foreign policy since 1918 has been fatuous to the last degree & I think the main cause is the intervention of misguided public opinion – democracy in politics, in fact. We shall never trust le perfide France again, whichever side wins. France will be in the position of a beaten enemy! In 1914 we went to War with three aims – to destroy German militarism, to end War, & to make the world safe for democracy. The result would be ludicrous if it were not so utterly tragic, and can we expect anything better from our second experiment?

This is pessimism - blind, perverse, & poisonous. Ralph will not see through the blundering & the setbacks, the exaggerated hopes, & the unrealized difficulties the spiritual impulse which moved us to fight in 1914, to disarm unilaterally afterwards, and then, in 1939, to fight again.

<!060142>
[22]
Tuesday, January 6th, 1942.

I discovered with much annoyance that, somewhere, somehow, I had contracted a chill. This disabling circumstance may, perhaps, mitigate the humiliation of the fact that, though I devoted the whole morning to the Autobiography, my net outcome was quite petty!

The Yorkshire Evening Post is responsible for the comment the "Dr Henson is a Broad Churchman who nevertheless introduced the Dashwood position at Durham".

Dashwood sent me this newspaper cutting which, he said, he had treasured for many years. It may go along with the newspaper report of the service in which I took part in the ruins of Finchale Priory:

"At this point in the service the Lord Bishop of Durham took his seat in the PISCINA".

These press-men are eager, well-intentioned, and self-confident, but when ecclesiastical persons and ceremonial are concerned, they have neither knowledge not humour.

<!070142>
[23]
Wednesday, January 7th, 1942.

I received a letter from the Archbishop of Canterbury in which he makes hesitating reference to his retirement:

> "I think the time cannot be long deferred at my age (N.B. His Grace is in his 78th year) and in view of the exceptional demands of the coming time when I ought to give way to some mind younger and more alert".

Resignation is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom. Then he proceeds:

> "I am sorry that you are losing your taste for writing your autobiography. Please think rather of the eager appetite with which others will approach that rich and doubtless well spiced fare when it is presented to them".

Lang has, perhaps, done more than anybody else to establish in the general mind the conception of the late Bishop of D. as a kind of eccentric and irresponsible freak, whom nobody need take seriously, and everybody may "enjoy"! Nothing would be more untrue, belittling, & unfair. If my 'Autobiography' ever appears, it ought at least to give the coup de grace to that fiction".

[24]

Di Darling[1] writes with characteristic courage:

> I am very well, extremely busy, &, I hope, cheerful - although the latter achievement is the most difficult of the three. All the same, I wouldn't have lived at any other period of the world's history, nor in any other part of the world at this period.

Lady Londonderry writes from Wynyard:

> We lunched yesterday with Sabina Gordon, & we talked so much of old days, & the many witty sayings we remembered your giving vent to.
>
> Robin [Vane-Tempest-Stuart]* is well, thank God, but none too happy at the oil wells at Kermanshan, N. E. of Bagdad [sic], but as long as he is there, & not sent to Singapore, we must be thankful.

Dashwood writes rather ominously about the amount now due for Income Tax, & promises to send me the full demand in a few days. I hope that I shall be able to write the necessary cheque: but?

[1] See Charles Darling.*

<!080142>
[25]
Thursday, January 8th, 1942.

> *We are fighting to cleanse the world of ancient ills. Our enemies are guided by brutal cynicism, by unholy contempt of the human race. We are inspired by a faith which goes back through all the years to the first chapter of the Book of Genesis: "God made man in His own image".*
>
> *We on our side are striving to be true to that divine heritage. We are fighting, as our fathers have fought, to uphold the doctrine that all men are equal in the sight of God. Those on the other side are striving to destroy this deep belief and to create a world in their own image - a world of tyranny, cruelty, and serfdom.*
>
> *That is the conflict that day & night now pervades our lives. No compromise can end that conflict. There never has been, there never can be, a successful compromise between good and evil. Only total victory can reward the champions of tolerance, decency, freedom, and faith.*
>
> (President Roosevelt's Address to Congress, Jan 6th, 19412 (v. Times, Jan 7th, 1941[sic])

[26]

Lord Ullswater [James William Lowther]* acknowledges the copy of "Last Words" which I sent him. He says that he has just read 6 volumes of Canon Wilberforce's sermons"! I always knew that Basil Wilberforce was esteemed a prophet by the "lady's maids": I have never before heard of his being so regarded by anybody else! Lord U. has been reading Oman's "Oxford Memories", and, though himself of Cambridge, finds it very interesting. Canon Lanchester also thanks me.

[Ernest] Alexander* tells me of Canon Parry-Evans's marriage to Miss Owen. "The bride is 57, and he is 70". I could not bring myself to send any message of "congratulation", for the public effect of such an union can hardly be other than unfavourable to the credit and influence of the Church in a County, where both are deplorably low. I cannot, indeed, dispute either the legality or the moral respectability of the marriage, but it offends my sense of fitness. Perhaps, I am more astonished by the complaisance of the lady than by the precipitate courage of the parson. He had always pretended to a certain severity in the matter of clerical behaviour, & was a harsh critic of any adventurous liberties on the part of clergyman!

[27]

I loafed in my study all the morning, silencing the protests of conscience by the pretence of infirmity!

I wrote to poor old Lady Limerick; paid my tax for the two cars (£32), and checked my Banking Acct. for the latest quarter. (I began the year with a credit balance of £417.10.3: and end it with a credit balance of £152:8:4 according to my own reckoning. The Bank-book gives (unaccountably) a larger sum. At least I may assume that there is enough to pay the Income tax which is now due.)

There came to tea that ill-talking woman, the widow of the late Vicar of Elmsett, whom I cannot abide, but whom the limitless complaisance of my wife, not only tolerates, but even encourages. Not contented with the reluctant contact of the tea-table, she insisted on invading my study, & thence was with difficulty at last evicted! Why does one feel these irrepressible antipathies to some people? If the dislike were frankly reciprocated, it would be easier to comprehend and condone it. But too often the sentiment is unilateral, and the aversion on one side is embarrassingly countered by the clinging familiarity of the other! Then one adds a sense of baseness to the consciousness of hostility!

[28]

I read through the two sermons which I preached on the question of Disestablishment viz.

1. On July 11th 1933 in S. Mary Abbots, Kensington, in connection with the Centenary of the Oxford Movement.

2. On October 29th 1933 in Cambridge to the University.

These two sermons constitute a clear & careful statement of my mind on the "Church & State" issue, which had been raised by the Rejection of the Revised Prayer Book by the House of Commons.

> Freedom means for us (Anglicans) in England the end of the State connexion, Disestablishment. The legal Establishment is irreformable, not because there is any desire on the part of any Government to deal unfairly by the Church, but because the secularized State which modern democracy has created, is essentially disqualified for the task of controlling a spiritual society. The existing situation is inconsistent with the Church's efficiency, wounds the self-respect of Churchmen, & alienates the consciences of many honest folk.

So I spoke in 1933: so I think in 1942.

<!090142>
[29]
Friday, January 9th, 1942.

For the third day in succession I remained in my study, and employed myself in writing a sermon for use in Stowmarket, where I have undertaken to preach at a special service designated to inaugurate an 'Anglo-Russia Friendship Week'. It is but two years since I was coupling Stalin's name with Hitler's in a single denunciation! The world is so topsy-turvy, that nobody is startled or shocked at so sudden & extreme a volte-face! I take for my text the Lord's rebuke to the son of Zebedee when we have Him disown the man who "cast out devils" in Christ's name while declining to join himself to the Apostles' fellowship - "Forbid him not: for he that is not against you is for you".

I received from Hedley Thompson, my little air-man a quaintly-expressed letter of thanks for the gift of 'Last Words' which I sent him as a New Year's gift. He had seen it in a list of December additions to the Book Club, of which he is a member. "I am confined to my home but fortunately not to my bed. I suffer little or no discomfort. Unfortunately my whole cure depends upon rest". He is in the early twenties!

<!100142>
[30]
Saturday, January 10th, 1942.

The final proofs arrived. I noted with some alarm that they only make up 270 pages, which is less by some 40 pages than what Milford expected. It occurred to me that it might be advisable to include in volume I the account of my short episcopate in Hereford, leaving for volume II the story of the longer episcopate in Durham, & a concluding "epilogue". The Hereford piece is almost completed, so that, if this arrangement should be made, there need be no great delay. I gave up the morning to proof reading, & found little satisfaction in the process. The narrative certainly disappoints me. It is too scrappy & disjointed for anything that could pretend to be "literature".

Hebron, the acting chapter-clerk of Westminster Abbey, thanks me almost effusively for the copy of "Last Words", which I sent him at Christmas. He says that the scaffolding in the Lantern has now gone, & the roof makes the Abbey again wind & water tight. "It now remains to clean up the Choir, & then, I hope, the Abbey services will again return to normal".

[31]

Mrs Caulfield called during the afternoon, and stayed to tea. She is now an old woman, but still good to look at, & remarkably vivacious & versatile. She has had an unusually interesting experience. Married at seventeen to a well-born Irish diplomat, who became Governor of the Straits Settlements, she went with him to the Far East, & gained an intimate acquaintance with the very districts which are now the theatre of War. An excellent linguist, and possessed of an acute & receptive intelligence, she acquired a more intelligent and extended understanding of the Pacific problems, territorial, economic, and racial than is often found in Englishfolk [sic]. She expresses great alarm at the present situation, & can hardly find words to do justice to her contempt for British diplomacy. Her prejudices are strong, & untempered by justice. Nowhere was this more apparent than in her denunciation of Curzon's administration in India. It was sufficiently apparent that she shared the ill-founded resentments which Curzon provoked against himself by his courageous efforts to correct the racial arrogance of the English in India.

<!110142>
[32]
Sunday after Epiphany, January 11th, 1942.

Temperature at 7.30 a.m. in my bedroom, 41°.

In bed last night I finished reading the book which I received as a Christmas present, from "all at Norton Vicarage": and found it extremely interesting, informing, & suggestive: -

> Tschiffeley's Ride, being the account of 10.000 miles in the saddle through the Americas from Argentina to Washington.

In "Who's Who" I found some account of the Author who is described very fairly as "author and traveller". He was born in 1895, and both his parents have foreign names, for his father was Tschiffeley and his mother, Sutermeister. He appears to have begun life as a schoolmaster, and taught in 3 schools: Park Hill, Lyndhurst: the Priory, Malvern: S. George's College, Buenos Aires. During the 3 years, 1925-1928 he accomplished his great Ride through the three Americas: and in 1929, he took up writing, and has published much both in English & Spanish. His address is given as 16 Joubert Mansions, Jubilee Terrace, London, S. W. 3.

[33]

I wrote my weekly letter to Dick: and also wrote to Missen after reading through the Report of the Education Committee for East Suffolk, which he has sent me. Of course, like all these Reports, it is sanctimoniously and revoltingly satisfactory. The incurable vice of Democracy in its impregnable self-admiration. When the business concerned is more or less carried out by volunteers this vice is very specially emphasized. However, in spite of the vast margin of compliment & canting, I suppose that something is actually achieved, though vastly less than the Reports affirm, & the Committees cheerfully approve and (perhaps) believe. In any case, it is hardly decent for an idle & incompetent onlooker like myself to criticise, "Gab", and censure! And it is pleasant to be assured (even though it be in an official report) that "over 80 per cent of the children in the Schools & over 50 per cent of those between 1 and 5 years of age have now been immunised, thereby materially lessening any chance of a Diphtheria epidemic". We are assured officially that the health of the London children has not been seriously injured by the shock & strain of the Air-raids.

[34]

The Times Literary Supplement includes an extremely interesting and well-written review of a volume just published by the Oxford Press –

> The Correspondence of Richard Steele, edited by Rae Blanchard 35/-.

The review opens with the following paragraph, which, perhaps, is worthy of this Journal's notice, since it expresses very well what I think, & in some small measure illustrate in my private letters:-

> Richard Steele's best letters, like his friend Addison's, were written for publication and addressed to the public. How their periodicals – The Tatler, for example, and still more The Spectator – prepared the way for the English novel has been explained in many a history of literature, but they must be allowed an influence also upon English letter-writing. They showed at least that the intimate touch on personal concerns and the freshness of spontaneity, were comparable with some care for precision and for form.

Of course there are dangers in the method.

<!120142>
[35]
Monday, January 12th, 1942.

Bitterly cold, a white veil on a frozen landscape.

My post contained nothing but acknowledgements of "Last Words". Among these, Lord Roche's had a certain interest of its own.

Fearne and I compared our corrections of the proofs, which were then sent to Milford with a covering letter.

Then I resumed reading of the Penguin Special, "The Remaking of Italy", which that eager Italian patriot, Linetta, had sent to Ella. The authors (it is a composite work by 4 Italian & 1 English author) are bitterly anti-German, indeed, they appear to be ready to adopt the Vanzitart doctrine about the Germans as inherently depraved from their first emergence in history until Hitler, but they fail to dispose of the essential case against Mussolini's Italy viz. that by adopting Fascism the Italians have betrayed democracy, and by eagerly endorsing Mussolini's imperialism & becoming ready instruments of the abominable oppression of Arabs & Abyssinians, they have demonstrated their moral debasement. In any "New Order" after the War, Italy can never be permitted to govern non-Italians.

<!130142>
[36]
Tuesday, January 13th, 1942.

The wintry weather continues, but, as I consider the actual comfort in which I live, and hear from all sides of the discomforts of others in all respects as well or far better entitled than I to enjoy some exemption from the hardship of this unexampled cosmic disaster, I am stricken with shame and self-contempt. I do not indeed perceive any direction in which I can render effective service, but, at least, I can, and will, use any opportunity that comes to me with the single purpose of strengthening the national spirit, and helping all, over whom I may still possess any influence to rise above the passions & sufferings of the conflict and to renew their courage by fastening on the spiritual majesty of the Cause. The temper of defeatism gains strength, and the arguments of cowardice gain plausibility when the familiar course of private habit is harshly interrupted, & we are required to endure some measure of personal discomfort, and even privation. And when we are carried by that ill mood into grumbling, fretfulness, & depression, we weaken the Good Cause by stimulating in its champions precisely that most enabling and unworthy temper of defeatism, which is very prime condition of ultimate collapse.

[37]

I received no less than a dozen letters, mostly thanking me for copies of "Last Words". The Bishop of Durham enclosed a letter from an American lady unknown to him, who had sent him, through a London Bank, a donation, and, when asked why, & for what purpose, replied as follows:

December 14th, 1941.

Most Reverend Sir,

> I transmitted to you by cable the sum of twenty five dollars to be used to dispense Christmas cheer in your parish.
>
> This was done because in 1934 there appeared in the columns of the New York Times your powerful denunciation of Hitler and everything that he stands for.
>
> If only the world had listened to a man of God like yourself, how much would have been averted – bloodshed, broken homes, and a whole world aflame, even my own beloved land.
>
> You spoke for an oppressed minority in Germany. Like a prophet of old, your voice rang across the waters **[38]** and in a world that was strangely silent, that voice meant much to my co-religionists and to others in America who felt that each man is his brother's keeper.
>
> May the Lord bless you & keep you!

May the Lord cause the light of His Countenance to fall upon you!

Respectfully,

Henrietta Miles
424 Monmouth Avenue
Bradley Beach
New Jersey
U. S. A.

Lazenby,* in thanking me for his copy of "Last Words" allows himself to criticise the photograph of the Author, with which the publishers adorned the cover. His description of the late Bishop of Durham has a certain biographical value as coming from one of the diocesan officials with whom necessarily the Bishop was in frequent contact, and to whom he was in fact bound in a firm friendship: -

[39]

> "When I opened the parcel, I was at once confronted by the photograph which appears on the cover. The well-remembered wave of your luxuriant hair is still here: the upward curl of the eye-brows and the firm mouth, so indicative of your Episcopate – witness the "Rape of the Copes" – but I miss the radiant smile which used to light up your countenance, and banish that uncomfortable feeling of inferiority which most of us felt, those intellects were only of an ordinary kind. No: I prefer the photo you gave me before you left and which I have on my desk in Newcastle.

Like everybody else, he thinks meanly of my successor's preaching but that does not really matter.

Well, I haven't heard a decent sermon since you left, that is a fact . Your successor is no preacher, that is also a fact, but all the same a very charming man. He has come at a very unfortunate time, but is, I think, facing the problems caused by the War with courage & success. Unlike you, he **[40]** relies too much upon his advisers.

He has been making "an enormous clearance of waste paper from the Registry.

> I came across your letter on the question of issuing licenses to divorced persons, and had a good laugh over it. You made out a splendid case in favour of granting them, & ended up by saying that, perhaps, it would be better not.

What led me to that decision was my fear, that if I sanctioned the issue of such licenses, Durham would probably become a Mecca of sexual unfortunates and undesirables from all over England!

Lazenby has evidently taken to the new Bishop of Newcastle:

> I like our new Newcastle bishop very much indeed. He is "High", "very High". I scarcely recognized the service of H.C. at the Ordination Service the other day, but there, as you know, I am a stiff-necked member of the "Protestant underworld" still!

How that harmless, inevitable cliché holds its place in men's minds!

<!140142>
[41]
Wednesday, January 14th, 1942.

I received a pleasant letter from Edwyn Bevan,* a man who (though, unhappily, too deaf for easy conversation) is a man for whom I have a high regard, and whose books I read with profit and enjoyment. He thanks me for "Last Words":-

> "I read the book yesterday with warm gratitude for a wise and stirring voice in the confusion of the present day. In your earlier utterances of long ago your note was characterized by the love of Christian liberty, but we could hardly have deemed it possible that we should live to see a time when the world would so bitterly need the message which it is yours to drive home. It is human to feel some sadness that one can no longer think of you as actively connected with Westminster: it cannot be many years before both you and I pass on from this sphere of things, and I suppose our thoughts must be turned to Rabbi Ben Ezra. I am living here for the duration with my daughter who looks after me, in a lodge [**42]** built in his garden by my old friend Gilbert Murray.* I don't know whether you are ever likely to visit Oxford, I gather your connexion with All Souls will continue. If so, perhaps it would be possible for us to meet. But the doctor tells me I must stay indoors this winter except on mild days or when we have saved enough petrol for my daughter to take me in to Oxford in the car.
>
> May 1942 bring you all possible good, & may it bring peace to the world!
>
> Yours very sincerely,
> Edwyn R. Bevan.

According to "Who's Who", Bevan was born in London in Feb. 1870, and I in Nov. 1863. He is my junior by more than six years. Gilbert Murray was born in Sydney, 2 Jan. 1866, which makes him my junior by nearly 3 years.

Peers* was born on Sept. 22nd, 1868, and is, therefore, a little more than five years younger than I. From him I received an affectionately worded letter, in acknowledging "Last Words".

[43]

Grow old along with me!
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made,
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
"Youth shows but half: trust God: see all nor be afraid!"
. . . . . .
So, take and use Thy work:
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim!

My times be in Thy hand!
Perfect the cup as planned!
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

(Rabbi Ben Ezra.)

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[44]

Peers writes: "I wonder whether you have got more writings in hand: it is not possible to imagine you sitting down to do nothing but survey the East Anglian landscape. I have been designing a new and improved Deanery for Westminster, a new Little Cloister, and a new top to the Lantern over the Crossing: but whether any of these things will get beyond paper, who knows?

Scarbrough* writes:

'Among minor troubles I am now engaged in negociations for handing over Lumley Castle to the National Trust; based, however, on the Family being able to live there as perpetual tenants – a sad business for us, but, as I see it, the only way of saving the old Home. Last week I was selling my Park Lane furniture &c. and got quite good prices.'

Only "dura necessitas" could induce a man who has inherited so noble & famous a family home as Lumley Castle, in which his forbears have lived for more than six centuries, could have brought Scarbrough to contemplating so humiliating an arrangement. Ichabod is everywhere legible.

<!150142>
[45]
Thursday, January 15th, 1942.

Jimmie Adderley* writes rather a sad account of himself. He is suffering from Paralysis Agitans 'for which there is no cure'. He seems to have been pleased with my gift of "Last Words":-

> "How kind of you to send me your latest book. I have already devoured much of it. Now that Frances Paget* has gone, you are the only preacher left who really takes pains to prepare every word of your sermons. They are gone."

E. H. Blakeney* writes with flatterous appreciation of his copy:

> I have read every word of the book. What a pleasure to find these sermons in the great tradition, spoken "not as the scribes". I hope the reviews have been, as they should be, appreciative. The work you are now engaged upon will, I am sure enough, be read with eagerness by your many friends. It might be worth while to add a page, giving the titles of your books, & charges, with the dates – not omitting the Byron Essay, which I read when it was published, & liked so much.

[46]

Milford does not appear wholly averse from my suggestion that vol. I. of the Autobiography should be extended to include the record of the short episcopate in Hereford.

> "By all means send me the chapter on the Hereford episcopate, & I will ask the printer to let us know just how much it will add to the extent.

Captain Harold Balfour has made a base speech affirming the necessity of exhorting British troops to cultivate "ruthlessness", and asserting his belief that only by being 'ruthless' can we win the war! This is not the first utterance of this gentleman, which has impressed me as being both unwise and unworthy. I looked up his name in "Who's Who": & I learn that he is only in his forties. Since 1920 he has been M.P. for the Isle of Thanet, and, since1938, Parliamentary Under Secretary for Air. He served in the last War (M.C. and bar). He is normally interested in journalism and business. I picture him as one of the too-familiar type of Tory, who 'trembled on the verge' of Fascism, & au fond loathes 'democracy'.

<!160142>
[47]
Friday, January 16th, 1942.

Donald Nicholson* writes to me, and sends a copy [*of*] a crisp little essay in Anglo-Catholick dogmatic which he has written for the guidance of the Mothers Union in the Diocese of London. He says that he ventures to send it "as I owe so much to you, to your inspiration, and to your forthright clarity. A[*t*] the moment I am reading your Abbey Sermons with the greatest of interest," and he subscribes himself "with much gratitude, Yours very sincerely".

I recall having had to snub him with some severity for the attitude of bumptious impertinence which he took up towards his Rector, but I can claim no influence on the development of his personal religion, for, plainly, he has become a very positive and narrow sacerdotalist.

Archdeacon & Mrs Buckley came to tea. I had a good talk with him in my study, and was both surprized and pleased to hear him express very liberal opinions on some theological issues which have loomed large in my life. He cannot affirm the "Virgin Birth" of Jesus, and he regards Westcott's treatment of the Johannine problem as quite plainly obsolete & generally (by scholars) abandoned.

!170142>
[48]
Saturday, January 17th, 1942.

Mr Justice Atkinson to Bishop Henson

---

74 Oakwood Court
Kensington.
London. W. 14.

My dear Bishop,

Lincoln's Inn.

As you know, we had to abandon services in our Chapel last year, but in November we resumed them with such good results that we are continuing them throughout the legal terms.

The Council think that we might again have our Warburton Lectures, & suggest one in Easter Term, say, the last half of April, & one in Trinity Term sometime in July. Of course if raids begin again we may have again to close doors. I should be very glad to know how you feel about it, & how the suggestion suits you. If you are willing to continue your course the Council will be very pleased indeed. We have had to fix the **[49]** service for 11. 30, & we find that this allows 30 to 35 minutes for a sermon or lecture.

Yours very sincerely,

Cyril Atkinson (Treasurer)

Bishop Henson to Mr Justice Atkinson

Hyntle Place.
January 17th, 1942

Dear Mr Justice Atkinson,

I have to thank you for your kind letter, & to explain the position in which I am now placed, & which makes me doubtful as to the answer which I ought to return to the question which you are good enough to ask.

I had assumed, perhaps without adequate justification, that the Warburton Lectures had been suspended until the end of the War, and – since it seemed to me to be probable, that this most desirable event **[50]** was likely to be relatively remote – I laid the Lectures aside, & employed myself with the laborious & humiliating task of compiling what is called an Autobiography. The Oxford University Press has undertaken to publish it in 2 vols, and of these the 1st, covering the years from my Birth, in 1863, to my Consecration to the Bishoprick of Hereford, in 1918, has been completed, and is in process of being printed. The 2nd vol. which will tell the story of my episcopate in Durham during the years 1918 – 1939, is now on the stocks.

Last August [1940 *added above*] the Prime Minister offered me appointment to a Canonry of Westminster & I accepted his offer "as a piece of War work". Then came the untoward circumstances, which compelled me to resign the canonry which I had so recently accepted. But the bombardment of the Abbey coinciding with the failure of my eyesight left me no choice. So now again I am working at the Autobiography, and accepting the ignoble **[51]** security of what soldiers call "an idle mouth"!

It has for some while been in my mind that, perhaps, I ought to ask the Trustees to permit me to resign the Lectureship, & thus to make possible their appointment in due course of another Lecturer who, in happier times, could "do out" his honourable duty.

If this procedure should commend itself to the Warburton Trustees as most convenient, I am disposed to agree with them, & to adopt it without delay.
If, however, they should decide that the Series of Warburton Lectures ought not to be broken, & would prefer that I should resume & complete my course, I am content to address myself again to the work, and to lecture as you suggest in April and July.
On the whole, I should prefer to be relieved of further responsibility, but it is apparent to me that the decision lies properly with the Trustees who originally honoured me with appointment, & must rightly be held to have a first claim on my services.

Believe me etc.
H. H. H.

[52]

If the Warburton Trustees indicate a desire that I should resume the Lectures, it is plain to me that I am bound to do so, but the flexibility of the mental faculties, which makes it comparatively easy to move from one intellectual effort to another, is rarely found in old men. I am woefully conscious that I no longer possess it.

Hugh Lyon* has an excellent letter in the Times rebuking Harold Balfour's exhortation to "ruthlessness". It is, perhaps, regrettable that he includes in it a flatterous reference to Archbishop Temple,* for many who will join him in repudiating Balfour's pagan doctrine, will be alienated by his approval of his Grace's semi-pacifist policy.

The Prime Minister has arrived safely in London, where he was heartily welcomed at the station. At 6 p.m. came the gratifying news that Halfaya has surrendered unconditionally, with more than 5000 prisoners, and a great amount of war material. This, we are assured, is a really important success, which will enable our Forces to use the coast road to the West, & thus facilitate the difficult business of supply.

[53]

"I agree that the collapse [of the Axis] when it occurs will be <u>both sudden and total</u>: we shall not see some slight crack in the façade widening slowly into a fissure, nor will the pediments, the statues or the balustrades topple one by one: <u>the heavy</u>

house will stand immutable, & when it falls it will fall almost silently in a gigantic heap.

Harold Nicolson, in Spectator, 16/1/42.

In the Times Literary Supplement there is a review of an acute American's opinion in the book by Joseph C. Hersch, 'Pattern of Conquest', which includes the following:

"He (sc. the Author) is profoundly convinced not only that the German Army can be beaten, but that "it could collapse and the whole Nazi structure disintegrate with a speed and completeness which would equal that of the French collapse in 1940. He "indulges in the interesting prophecy that when defeat comes Germany will turn to the restoration of the Monarchy rather than to Communism."

T. L. S. January 17th, 1942.

<!180142>
[54]
2nd Sunday after Epiphany, January 18th, 1942.

The Frost continues. Temperature in my bedroom at 7.30 a.m. was 40°.

I wrote to Dick: and to the Vicar of St Mary-le-Tower, in Ipswich, suggesting as a possible date for me to preach in his church, either the 8th or the 15th of February.

Then I read carefully, & gave a few final touches to the sermon which I propose to preach in advocacy of "Anglo-Russian Friendship".

We motored to Stowmarket for the special service to inaugurate the Anglo-Russian Friendship week. The church is said to accommodate 1200 people: it is a large, open building mostly of the late perpendicular style. It was crowded. The service was well arranged save for the introduction of an extemporaneous prayer by a local Sectary, delivered from the lectern with much declamatory unction. My sermon (teste Fearne) occupied 21 minutes in delivery. It appeared to me never to succeed in 'gripping' the congregation which was restless and uninterested. There was much coughing, and I had an uncomfortable sense of failure. After service we had tea with the Vicar, Canon Tuckeyr Harvey, and then returned to Hyntle Place.

<!190142>
[55]
Monday, January 19th, 1942.

"The Club"*[Organisations] sends me the list of Members. There are 37, and, besides, 2 Honorary Members – Bishop T. B. Strong and Bishop H. H. Henson – the one imbecile, and the other?

I have read through for the 2nd time the two novels by Sinclair Lewis, "Babbitt" & "Dodsworth", which are commonly said to give a true picture of modern Americans. It is certainly a very repulsive picture of a grovellingly materialistic society, which finds its ideals in sensuality & display. Even allowing that it is no more than a caricature of the truth, still to be so successful a caricature it must possess a certain fidelity to the facts. I don't know whether our new intimacy with America may not be even more full of potential danger than that with Russia. Nor am I so much shocked by the crude atheism of Moscow as I am by the swinish hedonism of New York. What can come out of this horrible mélange of contradictories which the War has compelled? Religion plays no part in the scheme of life described in these books except as a factor in the fabrick of hypocrisy which that scheme implies. It is always referred to scornfully, as an exploded imposture, as spiritually dead as it is morally disgusting.

[56]

The news from the Far East continues to be bad. In spite of all our efforts, the Japanese continue their great drive southwards through Malaya, and are now within less than 100 miles of Singapore.

I sawed wood for rather more than an hour in Barker's shed, and, after tea, indulged myself by reading the latest volumes of Pastor's History of the Popes. Clement XI. (1700 – 1721) reminds me at every turn of the present Pontiff – as humblingly sanctimonious, as apparently impotent, as petty-minded, as incurably bigoted. Under the ruthless & cynical pressures of the conflicting powers of France and Germany he was really paralyzed:

> "Accordingly he did his utmost to avoid having to come to a decision, a policy with which he satisfied neither party."
>
> "The Pope feared the fate of the seventh Clement….. He gave orders for the restoration of the covered passage by which Clement VII. had fled from the Vatican to Castel S. Angelo at the approach of the troops of Charles V[.]

He bleated about peace, when he was practically committed to war.

<!200142>
[57]
Tuesday, January 20th, 1942.

A bitterly cold morning. Temperature 34°:

Only one letter came to me, but that pleased me. It was from a former Butler's Boy, who had to go into the Wolsingham Sanatorium for Tuberculosis, & now tells me that his health has been restored, and that he has, for 19 months, been in an outdoor occupation without physical failure. I sent him a copy of "Last Words", with a friendly letter. William Elliott was, perhaps, the most attractive of the succession of "Butler's Boys", whom [Ernest] Alexander* brought into my service at Auckland Castle, for he had the curious personal charm of a consumptive, over & above the good qualities of a well-mannered & efficient servant. And he was, I think, genuinely religious.

We motored to Ipswich, calling on the way at Abbey Oaks to inquire about Woodbridge. I talked with him for about a quarter of an hour, & was pleased to find him more cheerful & apparently more vigourous than usual, in spite of his experiences with the dentist. Then we did business in Ipswich, when we continued our drive to Shrublands. Here we lunched very pleasantly with Lord & Lady de Saumarez. The young lady, Christine was also there.

[58]

I had some talk with de Saumarez, when the ladies had withdrawn, and found myself increasingly attracted by, and interested in, him. He agreed with me in disapproving Balfour's exhortation to "ruthlessness", and in my dislike of the now fashionable procedure of arranging the new world which Victory is to make possible when the indispensable condition of Victory is not yet secured. He expressed strong disapproval of the present tendencies in Oxford and Cambridge, & said that he would never allow any youth for whose education he was in some measure responsible, to go to either of those renowned "seats of learning". We discussed the eternal Jewish problem, & got no nearer to finding its solution. He agreed with me in regarding our young Airmen as providing an effective disproof of the pessimistic outlook on the future of Society which on many grounds is hard to avoid. He had read, & greatly admired, the Letter of the Young Airman to his Mother, which evoked so much approval last year. I think that we drew towards one another as we talked, & parted with a sincere desire that we might meet again.

<!210142>
[59]
Wednesday, January 21st, 1942.

Temperature in my bed-room at 7.30 a.m. 37° F.

Letters thanking me for copies of "Last Words" came from Grey Turner* and St Clair Baddeley, and a request that I should preach in Aldeburgh on Easter Day. This invitation I declined.

The news from Libya is uncomfortable weather [*sic*] for the abominable weather is helping the Germans just when time is to us priceless. In normal weather conditions, Rommel would have been a prisoner weeks ago. As it is, his position is getting stronger daily. The news from Malaya is grave, for Singapore is now confessedly in danger, & the Japanese are invading Burma in strength.

Russia is the only bright spot in the outlook. There the Germans are being given no respite, & a considerable disaster appears to threaten them.

The Archbishop of Canterbury has informed the Convocation that he will resign his office next March. In his 78th year he cannot reasonably undertake the task of preparing for the Lambeth Conference, over which there is no prospect that he could preside. In 1944, the earliest date possible for its assembling, he would be 80 years old.

<!220142>
[60]
Thursday, January 22nd, 1942.

Bitterly cold. Temperature in my room at 7 a.m. only 34°; and the window had been closed!

The Times has a long & highly eulogistic article on the Archbishop, and, of course, the inevitable spate of more or less sincere laudation has begun. Certainly Lang's career has been outstandingly brilliant and successful, and it is difficult to find fault with whatever eulogy is expressed at the moment when its public course is arrested. Yet it is not insignificant that the event in his life which probably was most determining, &, perhaps, least creditable, (though this may be challenged), namely, his abandonment of his ancestral Presbyterianism & and adoption of the highly accentuated Episcopalianism of the neo-Tractarians under whose influence he fell as an undergraduate, is slurred over in the notices of his life. It was not an ardent concern for evangelising the poor that carried Lang into the Anglican fold, but a decisive repudiation of Protestant doctrine & Presbyterian polity. I offered him a title to Barking but he prudently [accepted?] a title from Talbot to Leeds.

[61]

The news from the Far East continues to be very grave: nevertheless it gives me the impression that the situation is beginning to improve. There are signs of more resolute resistence [sic] on land and in the air. If only the forces of the allies on the sea could be strengthened, the whole outlook might change rapidly and decisively. It is odd that it was precisely on the sea that the Allis were confidently assumed to be irresistible.

I employed the whole morning, not (as was my evident duty) on the Autobiography, but in reading the history of Clement XI in Pastor's History of the Popes. In the afternoon I took exercise by sawing up wood.

The account of the great controversy about the Chinese rites which is given in Pastor's history of Clement XIth's Pontificate (1700-1721) is the best I have yet seen. Of course, it is written form the Jesuit-Papal point of view, & cannot, therefore, be reasonably accepted without considerable reservation, but it is well-informed, well-documented, & well-written. It brings out clearly the curious mélange of conflicts which united in the conflict over the Chinese Rites; & throws a strong & sinister light on the actual working of the Papal system.

<!230142>
[62]
Friday, January 23rd, 1942.

Bitterly cold. The sponge in my bedroom was frozen! Hardly had I returned from the Bath when the electric light failed, and I discovered to my horror that I had no matches.

Mr Justice Atkinson replies to my letter about the Warburton Lectures:

> "I will get them (i.e. the Trustees) together & see what they say, but I have no doubt that will fall in with your wishes."

I may, perhaps, assume that my course of lectures will not be completed, and this is, on the whole, most satisfactory to me, though it is disappointing, and, in some sense, humiliating.

Sir Humphrey Milford writes with reference to the 'Autobiography' that the chapter on the Hereford Episcopate "will add about 52 pages to the first vol." and that he is "now sending it to the printers to be set up." He proceeds to make some observations which are natural, and, perhaps, inevitable. They have occurred to my own mind, & must, perhaps, be seriously considered when, in the 2nd volume, I have to deal with the General Strike of 1926, which brought matters to a climax in the economic sphere.

[63]

> **Looking back 22 years would you condemn the strikers of 1919 as vigorously as you did in your Journals and your Sermons then?**
>
> I was surprised to find in some of the Journal entries of that time an almost Southey like despair of the future of this country: looking forward to revolution as to something inevitable – and even to death in the streets of Durham, not form German bombs but from English miners! **Would you now admit that you distrusted your fellow – Englishmen too soon and too seriously?**
>
> These are just remarks which occurred to me after reading your most interesting chapter, and I thought I would at any rate give you the benefit of them!

He also suggests that I should "put a blank instead of Ingram, and leave my readers the pleasure of guessing to which of ~~your~~ my then colleagues my remarks applied"! This is certainly desirable, & shall be done. The whole subject of concealing the names of individuals in quotations from a private Journal is far more difficult than at first sight appears.

[64]

Lang's resignation starts the unavoidable guessing about the choice of his successor. It is quite evident that Temple stands above all the other bishops. Family, education, ability, achievement, experience, physical strength, wide popularity, international influence, &, last,

but not least, a clever & attractive wife – in all these respects, he he[sic] is "head and shoulders" above his compeers. What can be urged against his appointment?

1. The undesirableness of treating the Northern Abprk as a kind of preparation for the Southern. The Abp. Of York ought not to be an 'understudy' for Canterbury. It is not in accordance with English precedents to appoint the Northern Primate 'cum iure successione' to the Southern. This is, perhaps, not very substantial, yet not wholly negligible.

2. There is considerable, and not wholly unjustified fear that Temple lacks sound judgement, is too precipitate in his verdicts, and pontificates on too many matters.

3. He has 'flirted' too ardently with "Labour" and Pacifism.

[65]

Temple's superiority becomes more apparent when it is seriously attempted to suggest an alternative. Fisher of London has hardly settled into his great see. Garbutt of Winchester is a dull, well meaning man, 67 years old. His age would be, in many quarters, considered an objection. All the 'over – seventies' would be ruled out as too old. The only younger man who 'stands out' as really promising is Haigh of Coventry, but, though he is the right age, 55, he is reputed to be physically frail. He has written nothing, & does not appear to have distinguished himself at Oxford. He won golden opinions as Chaplain & Secretary at Lambeth. His appointment would be open to obvious criticism, but, (always provided that his health was adequate), it might be greatly justified. I should rejoice if it were made, but I think it unlikely.

Bell of Chichester,59 years old, was regarded as Davidson's pre-destined successor, but his prospects have worsened as his sympathies with Jews & Germans have been more openly declared, and it is said that he has become inconveniently deaf. On the whole, I judge him to be 'out of the running'.

[66]

I wrote to Milford saying that I proposed to make such reflections on "Labour" as seemed to me requisite in vol II of the Autobiography when I came to my experiences during the "General Strike" of 1926. Also I wrote to Perkins* offering to send him the bound copies of S. Margaret's Parish Magazine for the years 1901-1906, which that quaint old man Oxley presented to me.

The news from Libya and the Far East continues to be distinctly bad. In the first Rommel is advancing at an increasing pace, & appears to have considerably increased support in the air: in the last our troops in Malaya are generally withdrawing, & the bombing of Singapore continues without cessation. The Japanese are re-inforcing their troops in the Philippines, but the Americans are still holding them. The only comforting fact is a considerable, & apparently successful bombing raid by Chinese & volunteer American air-planes on Indo

China. The public utterances of the British Government seem to be conceived in a less confident key, and to be designed to moderate popular expectations, and even to disallow some not altogether irrational hopes.

<!240142>
[67]
Saturday, January 24th, 1942.

A thaw has set in, & disclosing itself in wet patches on our bedroom ceilings. The temperature at 7 a.m. was 42°.

I wasted the day in reading the newspapers, trying to clear up my table by a wholesale destruction of letters, and writing to Dick.

The nearer approaches of the Japanese are evidently creating something like panic in Australia. Hectic messages calling for immediate action in the Far East are being sent to London and Washington. The practical disadvantages of an empire so vast in area, so scattered and so loosely organised are leaping into prominence. There is deepening anxiety in this country, as the weeks pass, and the Japanese onslaught continues without effective opposition. In Libya Rommel appears to be still advancing. Only in Russia is there any success to be seen. Stafford Cripps* is now again in England, and speaks confidently of the power of the Russians to repel the renewed German offensive, which they expect in the spring. He thinks that they will be able to complete the overthrow of the Germans by next winter. Meanwhile, the South American Republics are in no hurry to come into the War.

<!250142>
[68]
3rd Sunday after Epiphany Conversion of S. Paul, January 25th, 1942.

Most of the snow has disappeared. There is a chilling uncomfortable wind, and everything is woefully wet.

I find the latest volume of Pastor's History of the Popes extraordinarily interesting. The pontiffs themselves illustrated the essential vice of the system, which, in a sense & increasingly, they embodied. Their conception of Christ's Religion was fundamentally un Christian. They were bound fast in the fetters of a legalism which had lost all sense of proportion. The nearer they approached their own ideal, the farther they became from duty & discipleship. The Saint, as they conceived of him, was the antithesis of the pastor, the ruler, and the spiritual guide. Benedict XIII is a case in point:

> "Whilst thus absorbed in religious functions Benedict XIII allowed himself to be far too much distracted from the much more important duties that were incumbent on him; in his efforts to reform he lost himself in minutiae… Thus explains how no less a man than Benedict XIV could say that the decline of the Curia began with Benedict XIII. (xxxiv. 172.3)

[69]

We attended Mattins in the parish church. There was a woefully small congregation. Moulsdale preached from the words of S. Paul's oration before King Agrippa – "I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision"; and his discourse was bleakly characteristic. It must be fearfully difficult to keep up loyalty to any adequate standard of homiletic effort, when one's congregation is so small, so bovine, and so disinterested! I have not myself at any time had to face that problem. Probably this parish is fairly representative both in the poor quality of the pulpit, and the tenuity of the pew i.e. of the occupants of both. Indeed, it is probably the case that the present incumbent of Hintlesham is quite considerably above the average both in mental power, and in educational equipment. Has he not been for many years a prominent figure in a provincial university, and the Principal of a clerical Training College? What can be fairly expected from him? "Why art thou so vexed, O my soul? and, why are thou so disquieted within me?" For the first time, I noticed that Peter the Server was carrying before the Choir, not a Cross but a Crucifix.

[70]

Both the Sunday Times and the Observer write about the retiring Archbishop in terms of extreme eulogy. It is difficult, perhaps, for his own contemporaries to do otherwise: and yet I doubt whether Lang's primacy will take any notable place in the record of the Ecclesia Anglicana. He has reigned in an evil time, when, quite apparently, the political & ecclesiastical order in which an Established Church had place is nearing dissolution. He has "enjoyed the Papacy", but the Papacy itself was failing, and to enjoy it was little better than playing a part in a pageant with ardour & success. He has not sympathized with, or personally shared the deeper troubles of the Christian Ministry in this chaotic time. I cannot

recall any pronouncement from him which has carried light into that gloom. He has been renowned as an orator in the House of Lords, and an admirable "after-dinner speaker" in London: He has been admired as a stately figure in great public functions, & an adroit, though unduly verbose, chairman in convocations and assemblies: but he neither won confidence, nor evoked affection. He ran no avoidable risks.

[71]

The ascetic zeal of Benedict XIII anticipated the utilitarian fashion of Protestant England, for the wearing of the wig by clergymen, which lingered in England when Queen Victoria was crowned by the bewigged Primate Howley, was prohibited in Rome more than a century before. Thus von Pastor records:-

> From the first the Pope showed a special aversion to the wearing of wigs by priests, as in this way the tonsure was hidden. The fashion had spread from France, as appears from the portraits of contemporary Cardinals, most of whom, the members of religious Orders excepted, wore uncanonically long hair or enormous peruques. These were an abomination to Benedict XIII, just as his disapproval of clerical beads was so strong that the Capuchins avoided appearing before him. By this time, as far as the Cardinals were concerned, the custom of growing a beard had almost completely died out; now the perruque was also to be done away with. The Pope made known his will with so much emphasis that many, though not all, immediately laid aside their peruques. A stern edict of April 10th, 1725, led to a further improvement.

<!260142>
[72]
Monday, January 26th, 1942.

A cheerful letter from Dick, dated Nov. 26th, 1941, came to me. It tells of four days leave, spent with a companion in a motor expedition in Palestine and Syria, which appears to have been very successful.

The situation in the Far East s evidently very serious. The leading article in the Times almost assumes that it is too late to save Singapore. The Daily Herald describes the Prime Minister's personal popularity as waning, & uses almost minatory language about his Government. The shameful strike of the Kentish Miners is referred to with significant sympathy: & there are evident signs of a desire (and design) to "exploit" the sudden popularity of the Russians in the interest of the "Class War", which is the essential principle of organised "Labour" in this country.

The news from Lybia is distinctly uncomfortable. Rommel is said to have gained the initiative, and evidently to be far stronger than was assumed. Indeed, the possibility of his gaining victory in the considerable battle which is now in progress, finds mention in the communiqué from Cairo.

Old Edward Lyttleton's* death is announced. He was 87.

[73]

I find it extraordinarily and unintelligibly difficult to get on with the Autobiography. In the present state of public affairs, it is almost impossible to persuade oneself to think that such employment is really worth while. What sane person can be interested in the subject of my career? I can hardly goad myself into being interested, although presumably I have some reason for wanting to know how the record runs. Of course, the value of private records, for historical reasons may depend little on personal interest & literary form; but it is otherwise with the success of the published story. I suppose that there could hardly be any Autobiographer who was so inadequately provided with the normal conditions of that kind of success. If any proof were needed of this unpleasant statement, it is amply provided by the unvarying failure of almost everything that has ever issued from the press with my name on the title-page. These luckless publications have, indeed, aways been reviewed, & generally very favourably, but they have never sold: and this is the true test of literary "success". I incline to think that my authorship carries a sufficient guarantee of commercial failure!

<!270142>
[74]
Tuesday, January 27th, 1942.

The bitter cold has returned. In my room at 7 a. m. the glass stood at 33°. It sickens one to think what this means to the millions of half-starved and ill-clothed victims of Hitler's crime. How long O Lord?

Elston Grey Turner writes to thank me for autographing the copy of "Last Words", which his father had given him. He says:

> I have at last completed the wearisome medical course, and am now a doctor. I go for three days rest next week to Thoresby before taking up a House surgeonship at S. Bartholomew's on February 1st.

I must congratulate him on his personal advance, and on the profession which he has chosen. He is a good fellow, &, by the Blessing of God, will have a useful &, perhaps, also distinguished career.

Londonderry writes also to thank me for the book, which I sent him at Christmas. He speaks about the succession to the Primacy, & mentioned that "the claims of the Bishop of Oxford are being put forward!" in the papers. The Daily Herald is "all out" for Temple"the Red Abp."!

[75]

> "A proof that the Holy See never relinquished its watchfulness when there was question of the defence of Christianity was furnished by Clement XII's famous Constitution of April 28th 1738, in which he condemned the Secret Society of Freemasons. The anti-Christian spirit of that Society, founded in London in 1717, is clearly shown forth in the constitutions published in 1723 by the Grand Lodge of London. The spirit, tendency & organization of this dangerous society are described with classical terseness in the Bull of Clement XII. Its purpose, the Pope declares, was to unite in a strict & close association, with its own laws and statutes, men on every sect or religion who were satisfied with the outward semblance of a natural morality, & who bound themselves by a strict oath on the Bible & under exaggerated threats of punishment, to observe a rigorous secrecy concerning all that took place at their meetings… On Jan 14th, 1739 a fresh ordinance forbade membership of the craft under pain of death & confiscation of property".
> (xxxiv 411 f).

<!280142>
[76]
Wednesday, January 28th, 1942.

An Air-mail letter from Dick arrived dated 21 Dec. Also, a letter from Betty Bruce Steer.

I spent the morning in reading my Journal for 1920 in order to appraise its competence to provide Autobiographical material. I feel inclined to adapt the saying of the Jesuit Ricci, when the question of reforming the Jesuits was pressed on him "Sint ut sunt aut non sint". The unbowdlerized and unabbreviated Journal would, I think, be both interesting and illuminating. But any attempt to boil it down with a coherent narrative will almost certainly fail.

In the afternoon I sawed wood for 1½ hours. The temperature rose as the day advanced, & much of yesterday's snow has disappeared.

The debate in the House of Commons on the Prime Minister's Motion of Confidence is being marked by something like an explosion of hostility to the Government, which all the speakers are careful to separate from the P.M. himself. On the whole, I incline to think that the broad effect of the speeches is plainly damaging to the prestige of Winston's administration, and that is certainly regrettable.

<!290142>
[77]
Thursday, January 29th, 1942.

The temperature in my bedroom at 7 a.m. was 39°. Snow still whitens the earth.

Another letter from Dick, dated December 10th, by Air-mail, arrived. He is well and cheerful.

By far the severest criticism of the Government was that made by Lord Chatfield in the House of Lords, for he spoke with recognized knowledge, with apparent sincerity, & with keen insight. He emphasized the excessive authority of the Prime Minister, urged the impossibility of any man, however great & gifted, fulfilling efficiently the tasks to which he (the P. M.) was now committed, and urging the importance of having a Minister of Defence who was not also the Head of the Government.

The Press Cutting Agency sends me an article from the Evening standard by Raph Inge on the choice of a successor to Lang. He mentions 3 persons as probably acceptable viz. the Bishops of London, Coventry and Winchester: and indicates though indirectly, his objection to Temple, as a man undesirably associated with one political party. It is a very characteristic composition, and pictures the ecclesiastical situation, bleakly and blackly.

[78]

Dick writes from Libya:

> It would be in the interest of Germany itself that the collapse should take place soon, when the spirit of us Englishfolk is still, on the whole, generous and unembittered. Out here one never hears defeat mentioned: its possibility is not so much denied as ignored. Temporary reverses, no doubt, are mentioned and expected: but ultimate success is taken for granted. Why this should be, I do not know, but I am sure that it is based on something deeper than shallow optimism, & argues well for the future.

He goes on to speak about my projected Autobiography.

> Believe me, a little experience of knocking about in the world, & living in circles which are far from being ecclesiastical have convinced me that your episcopate interested a wider audience than most, & that your written record of it will receive a correspondingly wider welcome.

<!300142>
[79]
Friday, January 30th,1942.

The three days debate ended in the adoption of the Vote of Confidence by 464 to 1. In winding up the debate the Prime Minister spoke with extreme wisdom. He was conciliatory, firm, & dignified. The effect of such a demonstration of national support must certainly strengthen his hands everywhere.

Benghazi has fallen: and we are informed that Rommel has been powerfully re-inforced, & that he may have captured some of the dumps which we had prepared for our own advance. Meanwhile, the Japanese are now within 50 miles of Singapore, and there is no clear evidence that any effective steps are being taken to save that great port, which we had been assured was essential to our imperial position in the Pacific. & practically impregnable!

[*symbol in margin*] I learned from the American Paper, which is sent to me – "The Chronicle" – that Bishop [William] Lawrence* has died at the age of ninety. He was a wise, prudent, sagacious man, who was an American edition of our own Primate, Randall Davidson, to whom he was closely attached. The two men had similar virtues, and similar defects, &, in their time & place, **[72** *sic***]** gained similar reputations, & wielded the same kind of influence. Neither possessed genius; both were richly gifted with talent.

The Dean of S. Paul's ([Walter] Matthews)* writes an Article on the retiring Archbishop, which seems to me too indiscriminatingly eulogistic. That Lang was an amazingly gifted and successful man is certain, but that he was either trusted or courageous does not appear to me true. Davidson was more trusted: and Temple was more courageous. But neither Davidson nor Temple was so adroit, or so versatile, or so brilliant, or so handsome: and Lang had in B.B.C. an instrument for gaining popularity which neither of them possessed. But such comparisons, however interesting and in a sense inevitable, do not really 'cover the ground'. Every man is unique: and every man's situation is really unparalleled. The verdict of contemporaries is always invalidated by ignorance and prejudice. The verdict of History comes too late to be of any practical service. "Judge not" said the only authorized and competent Judge of us all.

[73]

I wrote to Dick, acknowledging his 3 letters, which arrived almost simultaneously, this week. Fearne presented me with Guedalla's "Mr Churchill", which, as the comfortless weather kept me in indoors, I read all the afternoon. It is admirably written, and makes Winston more than ever interesting & intelligible.

At 6 p.m. we learned that the Japanese are within 18 miles from Singapore. The loss of the great fortress seems to be imminent.

Winston Churchill has certainly had a career, which can hardly be paralleled in the case of even the greatest figures of history. It was singularly well-fitted for his preparation against the tremendous crisis which was to place him on the pinnacle of a fame, not unworthy to be

compared with that of his illustrious ancestor in Anne's reign. His astonishing experiences developed his natural versatility until he acquired an elasticity of mind, a quickness of apprehension, & an audacity of experiment which made him an ideal leader in a time of rapid & revolutionary changes when these qualities were the essentials of leadership.

<!310142>
[74]
Saturday, January 31st,1942.

Reflections on and in my Bath

It is my practice to immerse myself in hot water, as hot as I can endure; and then to sponge myself with cold water, as cold as I can obtain. The association of ideas connects the first with the self-indulgent luxury of ancient Rome; the last reminds me of the Baptism of repentance in ancient Palestine. And these in their inevitable order, first the indulgence of the flesh, then the reaction of the spirit. For, as St Paul has said, such is the law. "Not that which is spiritual is first, but that which is natural; then that which is spiritual." Indulgence involves exhaustion and culminates in the irreparable failure of death. Recovery is by the method of shock, & the emergence of new life, the way of Resurrection. So the Johannine Christ said when Philip told Him of the Greeks, who 'would see Jesus'. 'Verily, verily, I say unto you, Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth, & die, it abideth by itself alone; but if it die, it beareth much fruit.' The pleasure of the hot water enervates, but the shock of the cold, invigorates.

[75]

My only letter was one from Lord Woodbridge, answering mine, when, in response to his own request, I had addressed him as "Arthur".

> "I appreciate your calling me Arthur, but just at present I can't bring myself to call you Herbert. It seems impertinent."

I am disposed to agree with him: but he signs himself, "Your grateful & affectionate Friend, Arthur." So I assume that "he takes it lying down"!

The British Forces have been withdrawn from the mainland. The Battle of Malaya has ended in the victory of the Japanese: the Battle of Singapore has begun. The bridge connecting the island with the mainland has been blown up, & the formal siege of the Fortress has been started. A valourous proclamation declares the determination of the garrison to hold out to the end: but whether that end must be surrender, turns on the possibility of bringing adequate reinforcements soon enough. The chances of this being achieved do not appear to be very bright. Meanwhile an astonishing spate of insolent lying discloses the desperation of Hitler, & the debasement of Germany.

[76]

The snow is melting, & the roads disgusting [*sic*]. Nevertheless I walked for more than an hour during the afternoon.

The Times Literary Supplement includes an extremely well-written & well-informed review of the two last vols. of Baron Pastor's History of the Popes, which I was the better able to enjoy and to appreciate as I had but just finished reading the books reviewed. The Review is

suggestively headed, 'Jesuit and Jesuit: Popes of an Age of Power-Politics. The "Chinese Rites" controversy. The reviewer emphasizes on the comparatively small importance of the personalities of the popes during the early decades of the XVIIth century:-

> "Biographically, at least the last three of these, (Innocent xiii, Benedict xiii, and Clement xii) are of only minor importance to the history of the Church and the Apostolic See in their time: for perhaps in no age before or since has the vast organization of the oecumenical empire so dwarfed the personality of the individual who wore the tiara."

But the infallibility of the Pontiff had not yet been defined!

<!010242>
[77]
Septuagesima, February 1st, 1942.

I had fully purposed to celebrate the Holy Communion after Mattins, and had so informed the Rector last night. But I did not feel equal to implementing my promise when I – under the heavy disadvantage of a Laodicean Bath – was dressing. Accordingly, I yielded to my physical imbecillity, and telephoned to the Rectory that I was not coming to church.

The weather continues to be very unpleasing; & the loss of my walking exercize which it compels is, perhaps, assisting to impair my health. I have become enigmatically uncertain on my legs, and actually fell twice in my bed-room this morning. Is this merely one evidence of the "labour & sorrow" which the Psalmist declares to belong to those who exceed the normal threescore years and ten?

I finished reading Norman Maclean's vehement denunciation of Malcolm Macdonald's efforts to find some method of reconciling Zionist ambitions and Arab fears in Palestine. His power of invective is considerable, and his flow of apocalyptic invective almost cataractic, but, though he has a strong case, he raises more suspicion than agreement. He quite plainly evades or fails to understand the case he has to meet.

[78]

He ignores, if he does not actually deny, the crucial fact that the Balfour letter gave a conditioned pledge to assist the Jews to establish a "national home" in Palestine: that the indispensable condition of its implementing has not been satisfied: that, since its giving, the whole situation has been so drastically changed as to make such implementing practically impossible: that, in the actual circumstances, the whole Jewish question must stand over until the end of the War. Then it must be dealt with afresh, and the answer, (if it can be found,) must be an integral part of the "new Order". Possibly, a solution of the problem might be found in handing over Palestine to U.S.A., or by keeping it under the direct control of the re-born League of Nations.

Maclean's booklet is unpleasantly coloured by a Fundamentalist appeal to Scriptural texts, and an uncomfortable suggestion of political partisanship. He has a very complete endowment of Scottish conceit, as well national as ecclesiastical: & he has clearly accepted the passionate & intolerant "Zionism" of America. I suppose I ought to send him some acknowledgment, since he sent me his booklet.

[79]

I wrote

1. To Betty Bruce Steer.
2. .. Cecil Ferens.
3. .. Clarence Ward.
4. .. Charles Pattinson

"There has been a great decrease in Church attendance: it has affected all the principal Churches except the Roman Catholic where there has been a considerable increase. The proportion of the adult population going to Church was only one half as great in 1935 as it was in 1901. Mr Rowntree knows and says that "regularity in Church-going, considered alone, is no criterion of the activity of spiritual life" but his regretful conclusion is that "the influence of the Churches is weaker than at any time in the memory of those now living."

> [v. 'The Bishoprick' Feb. 1942. A. D. on 'Poverty & Progress: A Second Social Study of York.' by B. Seebohm Rowntree (Longmans).]

<!020242>
[80]
Monday, February 2nd, 1942.

Twenty-four years ago on this day I was consecrated as Bishop in Westminster Abbey. It was a crowded and unhappy day, & I never recall it without sadness.

Last night there was still more snow.

General Smuts* has been reported as follows:-

> The war may last for a year or two years, but it will end in our victory. We are fighting for what the human race has fought for in all the greatest moments – the freedom of the human race. **This is one of the great religious wars of the world – a war of the spirit. The real issue is one which concerns the things of the spirit.**

That is precisely how the War has appeared to me from the first. Smuts has an astonishing flair for discerning and formulating the true mind of his contemporaries. But as the conduct of the War becomes more desperate & ferocious, it becomes ever more difficult to justify and maintain this high & true version of the Conflict.

[81]

To the Very Revd Norman Maclean

February 2nd, 1942

My dear Dr Maclean,

Last week I received from the publisher the gift of your very notable and impressive booklet – "His Terrible Swift Sword" – which I have read with deep interest and sympathy. I admire your mastery of what I take leave to call apocalyptic invective, and the skill with which you arrange your material.

But it would be uncandid for me to express entire agreement with your censures and conclusions.

I think you hardly do justice to considerations which cannot equitably be excluded when judgment is passed on the lamentable facts e.g. The pledge given in the Balfour letter was a conditioned pledge: the condition has not ^yet^ been clearly satisfied, nor is its satisfaction made easier by the disastrous European developments of the last 20 years.

I am sure that there has been an honest desire to assist the Jewish cause, but also a **[82]** growing perception of the practical obstacles to the Zionist project. Hitler has compelled a cosmic view of the Jewish problem: and that view takes account of the 16,000.000 of Jews, whose numbers and variety transcend altogether the potential capacities of Palestine.

I think that nothing effective can be done until the War has ended. Then, assuming that Victory makes possible the re-construction of the broken world on the basis of the 'the Atlantic Charter', I think the solution of the Jewish Problem ought to be an integral part of the New Order.

It occurs to me that an American Protectorate of Palestine, or the constitution of Palestine as a territory directly governed by the revised and reformed League of Nations might be possible. But I don't know, and can't see. The Jewish Problem, which runs through recorded history for so many centuries, perplexes me increasingly, & a little local solution of it in Palestine does not seem to [*be*?] **[83]** reasonably adequate. But the moral obligation to face that cosmic problem, and not merely the Palestinian section of it, is apparent, and must be insisted on.
I must apologize for allowing myself to <u>maunder</u> in this wearisome way, when all I designed was to thank you for your gift.

With all good wishes,
I am,
Sincerely yours,
H. Hensley Henson, Bishop.

The Very Rev^{d} Norman Maclean

I write this letter with some trepidation for the fanatical rhetoric, to say nothing of the exorbitant egotism, of the perfervid Highlander, to whom it is address[*ed*], may well move him to further excesses of self-advertising apology, and the intolerant Zionism of which he has made himself the mouthpiece & "prophet" may immerse me in yet another, & a most undesirable, controversy.

<!030242>
[84]
Tuesday, February 3rd, 1942.

Still very cold, and more snow. Eheu!

The Warburton Trustees agree to release me from my obligation to complete the course of Lectures which I had undertaken, and of which two out of the six were actually delivered. I cannot avoid a feeling of frustration, and a mortifying consciousness of yet another failure. But I am unquestionably old, too old to put my hand to new ventures. Mr Justice Atkinson is my junior by nearly eleven years. So now I must devote myself to the disgusting toil of this Autobiography!

Yet another day had to be passed without physical exercise, with the invariable consequence that my mental energy was at its lowest ebb. I continued the dreary, yet unavoidable, business of going through my Journal, with the view of renewing acquaintance with the course of my life. If it could be published as it stands, it would be illuminating, and, perhaps, not uninteresting: but the work of weaving it into a narrative is certainly not easy. However, since the scale of the Journal is altogether excessive, the work must be attempted, & my immediate task is to select from the Journal what is really important.

[85]

Mr Justice Atkinson to Bishop Hensley Henson

Royal Courts of Justice.
2 : 2 : 42.

My dear Bishop,

With very ~~much~~ real regret the Trustees of the Warburton Lectures relieve you of all further responsibility. They fully appreciate the position, and do not think that you are in the slightest degree unreasonable in wishing to be released.

We want to express our gratitude for what you did for us. I hope your book will be a great success, and that you are deriving real pleasure from its creation.

Yours very sincerely,
Cyril Atkinson.

[N.B. My letter to Mr Justice Atkinson is included in this Journal pp. 49-51. See also p. 62.**]**

<!040242>
[86]
Wednesday, February 4th, 1942.

A thaw set in overnight, & has proceeded rapidly. There were no letters: and the newspapers are depressing.

Rommel advances, & is thought to have been strongly reinforced. The heavy German tanks appear to be too much for our lighter armament. In the Far East there is as yet no trustworthy evidence of any effective check to the Japanese offensive. Java is now being attacked, & with it the only bases, apart from Singapore, which is no longer available, which the Allied Fleets possess in that area. There is trouble in Egypt, and nothing to give encouragement anywhere. This is certainly the most kaleidoscopic of Wars. The outlook changes dramatically from day to day.

B.B.C. at 9 p.m. reported that Wavell had issued a grimly urgent exhortation to all under his command in the Far East bidding them yield no inch of ground to the enemy, but at all costs to hold out until the large reinforcements on the way from the Empire could reach Singapore. It sounds rather desperate. The news from Africa is still disconcerting. Our forces have withdrawn from Derna, which would seem about to share the fate of Benghazi. Only Russia remains hopeful.

<!050242>
[87]
Thursday, February 5th, 1942.

The cold has returned with more snow. !!!

A short cutting from the Expository Times describes me thus rather extravagantly:

> As Bishop of Durham Dr Hensley Henson was a notable figure in the Church of England. He became almost a national institution. His ability, his frankness, his fearlessness, and his breadth of mind all drew to him the interest and respect of multitudes outside as well as inside his own communion.

Alexander writes to thank me (rather belatedly) for the copy of "Last Words", which I sent him at Christmas:-

> Several people here in the town have stopped me, & said they had bought it, & think as I do that it is a wonderful collection of sermons.

As a rule most of the copies of my books are given away by myself. It interests me to learn that some of my poor little valedictory may actually have been purchased!

An airgraphy letter from Dick, dated January 11th, reaches me this morning. More than 3 weeks is hardly to be called rapid.

[88]

I wrote to Grant Robertson,* and to Ruth Spooner.* Also, I wrote to the Bishop of Durham, inquiring about his health, which, as Alexander had informed me was impaired by a severe chill.

The Church of England Newspaper has disclosed, in a letter from its editor to Milford, a desire "to come to some agreement" with the Oxford Press, "to publish one or two short articles of extracts", and adds, that "a preliminary paragraph about the book" is to be inserted in this week's issue.

Now I hold the C. of England Newspaper in no great regard. It is woolly, sanctimonious, and patronizing. Whatever importance it possesses arises from the circumstance that Ralph Inge has so far interested himself in it as to write leading articles, which, of course, are always worth reading. The conceited little gnome-like dwarf of an Editor, not unsuitably named 'Upward' (for I imagine that he is not unfairly described as a journalistic "climber") made himself conspicuous by an enthusiastic advocacy of Buchman's "Oxford" Groups, which, however, has significantly faded out since Buchman's reputation declined.

<!060242>
[89]
Friday, February 6th, 1942.

Not quite so cold, but Heaven knows cold enough!

Milford writes to ask my view of Upward's suggestion, which he himself seems to favour.

> 'The extracts should be carefully chosen and should be approved by you and us, should not be too many, and should not come out too long before the book itself appears as a volume. Of course we should ask them to pay a reasonable fee for the permission, of which you would get your share. But if for any reason, such as a dislike of the paper, you object, do not hesitate to tell me, and I will politely turn them down.["]

Now do I object? Since the foolish thing is to appear, I want it to sell sufficiently to re-coup the Oxford Press, and justify the folly of its publication. But I rather dread the prospect of making extracts in advance, for they would almost certainly convey a misleading impression of the book itself, and might even create so much prejudice against it as would gravely prejudice its chances. Moreover, I doubt the value of anything which appears in the C. of E. Newspaper.

[90]

I wrote forthwith to Milford asking him to take his own course in the matter of publishing extracts, & stating that, though I thought meanly of the Church of England Newspapers, & attached no high value to the practical effect of its assistance, I had no objection to extracts appearing in its columns. I reminded him that I had received no proofs of the Hereford Chapter, & that the Index was being held up until they arrived.

I received yet another demand for Income tax from the Collector in Ipswich. This I sent on to Dashwood with a covering letter begging him to make no more delay in sending me a statement of the amount of tax due from me, that I might at once send him the requisite cheque.

Marett's Autobiography "A Jerseyman at Oxford" arrived from the bookseller. It was a Christmas present from the Braleys by way of "A Book Token". I started to read it, & found it extremely interesting. His little Prologue is rather pathetic. I gather that Marett is my junior by five three years, and that he has to rely on his memory "sadly the worse for wear", since "every scrap of documentary evidence" is in Jersey.

[91]

Jimmie Dobbie thanks me for "Last Words" with something more than conventional phrases. His copy was at once borrowed by a Wing Commander named H. P Bridges:

> I have promised that I will ask you for a copy bearing your signature. Both he and his old father have read most of your Works, and he bids me tell you that far from being forgotten, your name and influence are “active and personal”, and will live for many years in the North where we were privileged to know you.

He seems very happy in his present occupation as Chaplain to the R. A. F.

Old Canon Tuckey of Ripon writes to tell me that he has read “Last Words”.

> ‘It made a deep impression on me, and I hope it may be a lasting one.’

He is greatly pleased with the Abyssinian Treaty, and imagines, absurdly enough, that my pamphlet on Abyssinia “cannot have been without their effect upon the final happy result.”

At least it was a blow given for the right cause.

<!070242>
[92]
Saturday, February 7th, 1942.

Still more snow! Evil outlooks from every angle, except, perhaps, that which directs our eyes to Russia, although even that outlook seems to grow more ambiguous as the days draw towards the Spring.

In Africa Rommel is evidently receiving large reinforcements, which there seems but too good reason for thinking reach him through Tunisia, by some crafty arrangement with Vichy. In the Far East the Japanese continue to extend their activities and to consolidate their gains. There is much talk of reinforcements from England and America, but nothing substantial has yet reached Singapore, & the fate of the great fortress is daily more doubtful. Altogether, if a pessimist wants material "for the more confirmation" of his black creed, there seems to be every likelihood of his receiving satisfaction.

I wrote my weekly letter to Dick.

Marett's "Autobiography", "A Jerseyman in Oxford" is extremely interesting, not least for the picture of a rarely privileged life which it presents. Marett seems to have possessed every element of terrestrial happiness, and he seems to have found complete satisfaction within its temporal limits.

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[93]
Sexagesima, February 8th, 1942.

> I was brought up to believe in honour as a family, tradition, and to regard virtue, more or less in the original sense of the word, as involving manliness and sheer courage. I do not by any means deny that there is such a thing as moral courage, and indeed would contend that so-called physical courage as displayed in your true soldier is essentially moral in quality and has very little in common with the mere pugnacity of the fighting animal. But I am suspicious of the moral courage that refuses to take up arms on behalf of home and country: for even the subject himself cannot always be aware of his own sub-conscious tendency – it is a form of the fear-tendency instinct quite normal in certain lower types of life – to withdraw with all haste from danger, or simply to lie low. War, in short, calls forth one kind of moral excellence & peace another: while each of them is apt to generate its peculiar brand of vice, a hardness & a softness equally unnatural & morbid.
>
> Marett 1. 198.9.

[94]

I abstained from attending Mattins, for the snow lies still on the land, &, if it freezes, the road will be perilous, & if it melts, it will pierce my sole. By way of justifying myself, I wrote to Ernest [Henson]* what might almost be described as a pastoral letter, placating his vanity by praising his literary style, and seeking to touch his conscience by reminding him of his Ordination, & our intimacy in those years which preceded it. "Being crafty I caught them with guile", says S. Paul, but his casuistic method may not be as effective in the 20th century as apparently it was in the first.

Also, I wrote to Sir Cuthbert Headlam, to Gervase Markham, and to Jimmie Dobbie. To the last I sent an inscribed copy of "Last Words" for his friend, a Wing commander named Bridges.

Marett's book is delightful, so delightful that I find it difficult to lay down, when once I have started to read it. It discloses rather startlingly the sharpness of stratification in Oxford life. My acquaintances – historians & theologians – hardly appear in his pages: & I knew nothing of most of his cronies!!

[95]

> **At the worst, I would rather err with the aristocrats of the mind than be right with the groundlings**. As for religion I have made its history the prime object of my anthropological studies, and regard the organised cults of mankind as universally symbolizing the pursuit of an infinite good. As a member of a Church, though possibly a flying-buttress rather than a pillar of the Anglican Establishment, I find that I can read into its ritual forms the meaning that suits me; and indeed **the Church of England seems to me all the better rather than the worse, for being ready to**

tolerate a considerable latitude within its communion as regards for both theory and practice. But I would insist on the voluntary nature of all religious association: and hate the very notion of a theocracy as a peculiarly vicious type of despotism that would enslave not merely the temporal but likewise the spiritual life.

Marett, p. 328.

<!090242>
[96]
Monday, February 9th, 1942.

This day was wasted by the trouble of an obstinately smoking chimney in the gardener's cottage. It is very surprising that no complaints on this matter have come to me before: yet I could not deny the fact or the gravity of the nuisance when I visited the cottage. Something must be done to terminate it, if I am not to lose the gardener, which I should be loth to do. I communicate with Warner in Ipswich.

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[96]
Tuesday, February 10th, 1942.

Warner's man came, but declared that there was nothing that he could do. It was probably a matter for the builder! So I telephoned to Smith, but when he will be able to do anything is problematic.

I went into Ipswich with my ladies, and there called in at the Bank, and then had my hair cut &c.

The news from the Far East is very bad. It would seem probably that Singapore will have fallen before the week has ended! There is little to encourage from Libya, and even in Russia, it seems probable that the Germans are pulling themselves together for a great new offensive in April.

[97]

The Press Cuttings Agency sends me the publisher's announcement of the forthcoming "Autobiography".

> "Only Dr Henson would call this autobiography as he has done, the "Retrospect of an Unimportant Life", providing as it does a notable contribution to contemporary ecclesiastical history as well as the author's story of his own life".

The C. of E. Newspaper says that "A host of friends and admirers will be glad to know that Oxford University Press hope to publish next month the first volume of Dr Henson's Retrospect of an Uneventful **[**Unimportant**]** Life price 15/-. This is sure to be an arresting record, for Dr Henson's life has been full of incident and action, controversy & debate. His has certainly not been an "unimportant life" - notwithstanding the title chosen by the Bishop.

Mr R. H. Brown writes in the Methodist Recorder, under the heading "The Week's Book Causerie", a grotesque description of the Author of "Last Words" as the "greatest preacher of our times"!! From a Methodist tub-thumper this is truly a welcome compliment!

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[98]
Wednesday, February 11th, 1942.

Smith the Builder came to see me about the gardener's cottage. I learned that the late owner of this house removed a portable range, which had been quite satisfactory, and substituted the present stove, which is now said to be smoking so badly. He thought that the cause might be some blocking of the chimney, and undertook to make an investigation. I called his attention to the dampness of my study, and he made little of it. He said that there was a damp course: that most of the houses in Hintlesham were damp at this season, & when the West wind blew: that the ground outside was higher than my study floor, & would probably cause the dampness, and attributed the dampness of my books to their contact with the Wall. All this did not help much.

Smith evidently failed to satisfy the gardener's wife, for in the afternoon Barker he told me that he had decided to leave my service, and that his month's notice would date from Monday, and run out on March 8th. He made it quite clear that he acted under strong pressure from his wife, who has plainly taken a violent dislike to Hyntle Place!!

[99]

The 6 p.m. wireless announced the death of the Bishop of Lincoln. Hicks was born in June 1872, being thus my junior by nearly nine years: he was ordained in 1897. It was impossible not to like him, for there was a childlike impulsiveness in him, and a genuine kindness. He certainly impressed me as a genuinely good man. He became Bishop of Gibraltar in 1927, and was translated to Lincoln in 1933. He was thus my junior in the Episcopate by 9 years. We were always friendly, but never intimate. He was a pronounced Anglo-Catholic, and, as such, was not easily able to sympathize with my policy and procedure in ecclesiastical matters. The rapidity with which the personnel of the episcopate is changing will entrust to Winston a dominating influence on the Church of England.

So now I am confronted with a domestic crisis of the first class. Kate has been, or will immediately be, "called up". Olive, the cook, has given notice & will retire at the beginning of March. Barker, the gardener, is to go on March 8th. I drafted an advertisement for another gardener: & hope for the best.

<!120242>
[80] [sic]
Thursday, February 12th, 1942.

The weather is still very cold, but as the day advanced, the temperature rose. When I walked out during the afternoon, a thaw had started, though there was still much ice off the main roads.

I received a letter from Charlie Pattinson. He tells me that there has been a fire in the Chapter office at Durham, which has done some damage. “The Bishop of Durham has been ‘hors de combat’: for the last fortnight. I think that he does too much work himself. How he manages without a Chaplain I really do not know”. I certainly could not have dispensed with a Chaplain’s assistance. Of course, the war taxation must have made the financial position very difficult.

The news from Singapore grows ever darker. While the Japanese attack grows in volume & violence, we seem to be completely unable to give effective reinforcement to the garrison, which, though fighting with the utmost gallantry, is quite clearly too inferior to maintain its grounds. It is a spectacle heart-rending, and hardly credible. The end cannot be long postponed.

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[81]
Friday, February 13th, 1942.

The thaw has continued during the night.

Lady Limerick's present arrived, though in a damaged condition - the Alabaster 16th century carved group of the Crucifixion. It is a truly devotional creation not unworthy of that great artistic age, in which for a brief space there was an effective union of the spiritual and the aesthetic motives. It is profoundly suggestive that Loyola and Luther, Cranmer & Holbein, Melancthon and Titian, Erasmus and Tyndale should have been children of the same Epoch.

At last, I received a letter from Grant Robertson, and it was nowise remarkable.

Normal McLean replies to my letter (v. p. 81) and makes evident that it caused no offence.

Also, Dashwood acknowledge receipt of my cheque for £331:1:3 being the amount of my taxes for the half-year!

In the afternoon I accompanied my ladies to Hadleigh where Fearne paid the household bills. On the return journey, I was dropped at the Institute, & walked home in order to get a modicum of exercise.

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[82]
Saturday, February 14th, 1942.

The newspapers are full of the astonishing achievement of the 3 great German war ships which have been bombed at Brest so constantly for months past. Evidently the British Navy was either "caught napping" or was completely outwitted. The German vessels traversed the whole length of the English Channel, passed through the Straits of Dover, and arrived safely in their own harbour at Haligoland. In persistent but unavailing efforts to arrest their progress, we lost no fewer than 42 bombers and fighters. This must be described as a heavy defeat, and it comes at an evil hour. It is the 3rd considerable disaster which the Navy has sustained within a very short time viz.: 1) the loss of the great Battleship, Hood. 2) the loss of the two great ships, The Prince of Wales and the Repulse. 3) the escape from the 3 German ships from Brest. The consequences of the last will be serious. 1) Invasion is made much more probable and much more formidable. 2) Confidence is shaken in the British Empire & in the U. S. A. 3) the Nazis are greatly encouraged 4) Discontent **[83]** with the present conduct of the War will be so greatly stimulated as to make a change of system almost unavoidable. The "Times": has evidently "come down" on that side. It publishes a signed article by Sir William Beverige, urging very strongly the adoption of the arrangement which gained victory in the last War - the constitution of a small War Cabinet compose of men who were not weighed with departmental duties. I must needs think that an increasing number of serious and experienced men are coming to think that our incomparable Winston has accumulated on his own shoulders an excessive burden of responsibility. The failures in the Far East, in N. Africa, and now in the Narrow Seas are suspected to have part of their explanation in the over-centralisation of administrative control. Then I think that the dislike of some Ministers, partly on personal and partly on party grounds, is becoming almost unmanageable. This is, perhaps, unavoidable in a "national" or "coalition" Government. The Prime Minister's personal prestige is certainly declining, not altogether without reason.

[84]

I received a letter from Malcolm Ross addressed from the Officers' Mess, R. A. F., Cranage, Cheshire. He has just finished his training as a bomber Pilot. Probably I ought to interpret his letter as "a sign of grace", but it discloses the old mischief of exorbitant egotism. I shall send him a copy of "Last Words" with a kindly inscription, and let that suffice for an answer.

Also, I received a letter from "Wing Commander" Herbert P. Bridges to whom through Dobbie I had sent a copy of "Last Words": he writes:-

> I feel it a distinct privilege to be able to write you this letter because your name was constantly on my father's lips at the beginning of this century when I was but a boy living in the W. R. of Yorkshire. I recall how very vividly how very deeply he regretted that there were not more of your forceful character to represent in the vigorous way you did the clear-cut principles of Christian democracy.

He must be a middle-aged man.

[85]

I lunched with Lord Woodbridge, who seemed to be in rather unusually good spirits. Miss Brown joined me at lunch.

On returning to Hyntle Place, Fearne and I completed correction of the slip proofs of the last chapter of autobiography, vol. I, and these were forthwith despatched to Milford under registered cover.

Then I wrote my weekly letter to Dick.

Ella and Fearne went off to a W. I. entertainment in the Parish Hall leaving me to dine alone. While they were absent, I employed myself in the rather tiresome, & distinctly humiliating task of reading over my Journal, and increasingly I am perplexed as to the arrangement of my material. What was most absorbing to me at the time is, seen in the retrospect, to be far less important than it then seemed. I am embarrassed by the unavoidable uncertainty as to the type of reader which the record is likely to secure. The religious public will certainly be offended, and the "general" public will hardly be interested. It might conceivably obtain un succès de scandale: but hardly any other!

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[86]
Quinquagesima, February 15th, 1942.

Cold but fine. We motored to Ipswich where we attended Mattins at 10.45 a.m. in St Mary-le-Tower, and afterwards remained to communicate at the second service.

I preached to a congregation which may, perhaps, have numbered as many as 100 persons. My text was S. Math. xxiv 12 "Because inequity shall be multiplied, the love of the many shall wax cold". Fearne tells me that my sermon occupied 22 minutes in delivery. In these degenerate days that counts as a rather long sermon! The Vicar asked for the loan of my MS. for the benefit of the local editor, but I do not suppose that he will find in it any grist for his mill. The days in which sermons were good "copy" have long since ceased.

I wrote to Isabel Braley thanking her for her Christmas gift of "A Jerseyman at Oxford": and to Charlie Pattinson.

"Scrutator" in the Sunday Times writes with great severity about the untoward happenings in Libya, in Singapore, and in our Home Waters, and holds that the prospect of a successful invasion of this island must be contemplated.

<!160242>
[87]
Monday, February 16th, 1942.

The Prime Minister's broadcast speech to the nation last night was both in tone and in substance depressing. He went over again the familiar comparison between the situation in 1940 when the French collapse left Britain alone to face the whole brunt of the Nazi attack, and the situation today, when we have just received both in the Far East and in our home waters disastrous defeats. He made no direct comment on the failure to arrest the progress of the German ships, but spoke strongly on the duty of the nation not to criticise the Government, but to rally more unitedly than ever to it support. This seemed to indicate his resolve not to yield anything to the strong and strengthening demand for a War Council. He warned us to expect further disasters in the Pacific, while repeating his conviction that Japan would finally be overthrown. Beyond stating that Singapore had fallen, he told us nothing about the extent of that immense failure, and, throughout the speech, his voice & manner suggested depression and even dismay, very unlike his accustomed buoyancy & courage.

[88]

The Times prints on its front page the full text of the Prime Minister's broadcast. It is not a pleasing pronouncement in the 3rd year of the War. He cannot be accused of speaking smooth things, & that is good, if necessarily also alarming. Thus he said.

> You know I have never prophesied to you or promised smooth or easy things, and now all I have to offer is hard adverse War for many months ahead. I must warn you, as I warned the House of Commons before they gave their generous vote of confidence a fortnight ago, that many misfortunes, severe torturing losses, remorseless & gnawing anxieties lie before us.

Milford writes: "The news from Singapore & Brest does indeed make it rather hard to carry on with one's daily life. However, it is, perhaps, as well that both of us still have something to do, and I hope that you will find some comfort in these dreadful days in going back over the past (which after all is not even within Hitler's power to alter).

[89]

I received from the Mayor of Colchester a request that I would distribute prizes to the Royal Grammar School in Colchester: and I consented to do so at 3 p.m. on the 19th of March.

In the afternoon I walked round Chattisham and fell in with Evelyn Reid, who espied me from her window, & ran out to lay hold of me. She has now been released from Hospital, and looks radiant. As I continued on my way to Hyntle Place, I next encountered Tom Reid, and had some talk with him. He is evidently vastly pleased at having his wife home again. Ella and Fearne went off to Hadleigh on the chance of interviewing a cook.

I was myself interviewed by a man named Rivers, now employed by a farmer, named Giles, living at Three Mile Farm, Hintlesham. He would like to be my gardener, & states that he is 58 years old, that his sister, his niece, & her two small boys (3 and 5) live with him. He is a Wesleyan, and evidently proud of the fact. He understands a vegetable garden, but knows nothing about fruit trees, flowers, or glass-houses!

<!170242>
[90] [sic]
Tuesday, February 17th, 1942.

The newspapers are woeful reading today. Mostly they are filled with accounts of our vast losses at Singapore, the destruction of the oil wells in Sumatra, the extreme peril of Java & Burma, the alarm & even resentment in Australia, and U.S.A. The first leading article in the Times dilates on the formidable potentialities which are involved in the loss of Singapore. It is for the British Empire a crisis of the same vital quality as that which the collapse of France created for Great Britain. The Prime Minister is sharply attacked in some of the Australian papers.

The only element of consolation is provided by the article, on the front page of the Times headed 'Japanese Economic Gains', which seeks to demonstrate that the Japanese are in urgent need of indispensable war-supplies, and that their expectations of obtaining them in Malaya, and the Dutch East Indies have been to a considerable extent disappointed, by the thorough carrying out of the "burnt-earth" method by the Dutch.

Meanwhile the U.S.A. have not yet emerged from their treasured Capua of vainglorious bombast!

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[91]
Wednesday (Ash), February 18th, 1942.

This is the first Ash Wednesday which has not been duly observed by my reception of the Holy Communion, but, in this bitter weather, I decided to issue myself a dispensation from going out of doors before breakfast!

I spent the morning in my study going through my Journal in the service of my Autobiography, and in the afternoon, I walked for nearly an hour & a half. Then, after tea, I returned to the Journal. In it I stumbled upon Lord Rosebery's definition of vanity as "a centipede with a corn on every foot."

The Times gives prominence to a report from its special correspondent on the reasons why Singapore fell. It is very painful reading, & must deepen the public anxiety as to the conduct of the war. The "Times" and the "Daily Herald" are agreed in pressing for the Prime minister's abandonment of other offices than that of P.M. The reception of his last speech both in the House of Commons and in the Country is unfavourable , almost to the point of hostility. I cannot recall a sharper or completer transition from supremacy to disregard than that which Winston Churchill is now experiencing.

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[92]
Thursday, February 19th, 1942.

A fine day, but still so cold, that, outside the sunshine, the ice and snow remain apparently as firm as ever.

There is nothing in the war news to lighten our depression, or to allow any new hopes.
In the afternoon I walked round Chattisham by the longer route, and was struck by the emptiness of the country. Save for the road sweeper I encountered nobody until I ran into the children returning from school.

<!200242>
Friday, February 20th, 1942.

Mark Lawson, who was gatekeeper for 7 years at Auckland Castle when[sic] was resident there as Bishop wrote to ask for a "character", as he was applying for some position in the local Government service.

I willingly wrote for him the most favourable "character" I could frame, & accompanied it with a friendly note, and a copy of "Last Words". I was pleased to get contact with him again.

Philip Tallents came to see me, & we spent most of the afternoon in conversation. Then Fearne produced a sumptuous tea, after which he took his departure & I resumed work on the Journal.

<!210242>
[93]
Saturday, February 20th [sic] [21st], 1942.

Snow was falling briskly when we sat down to breakfast. May we dare to hope that this is really the last kick of this cruel winter?

Beyond reading the papers, which are still very depressing, I did nothing but continue the dreary & unedifying task of going through my Journal with a view to the 2nd vol. of my Autobiography. I am more and more impressed by the untrustworthiness of unassisted memory. **Again and again I am startled by discovering that events were quite other than I had imagined, & accustomed myself to affirm. Even more humiliating and indeed alarming is the discovery of the slightness of the hold on one's affections has been that which even those whom I evidently loved and was familiarly acquainted with, did really possess**. They have so completely passed out of my knowledge and concern that I can hardly recall their aspect. Surely this is a strange and most disconcerting revelation of potential treason. How much bitterly resented ingratitude has its root in nothing worse than mere natural infirmity?

We motored to Bealings in a snow storm, and had tea with Colonel Smith, the British Israelite.

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[94]
1st Sunday in Lent, February 22nd, 1942.

The temperature in my bedroom at 7 a.m. was 38° Fahrenheit, five degrees lower than yesterday. I did not go to church, appeasing my conscience by Tillotson's dangerous dictum that 'Charity is above rubricks', for by thus breaking the requirement of ecclesiastical discipline, I spared my domestics the hardship of getting up an hour before the normal time. As neither of them is a communicant, I could not suppose that their consciences would be troubled by absenteeism from the service. But such appeasement is probably not less mistaken in ethics than in politics. Probably self-indulgence shrinking from unattractive duty was the real cause of my charitable concern for my domestics, as a mean desire to avoid the cost of patriotic duty was the real cause of the national refusal to arm itself adequately in the years before Hitler forced War on the reluctant world. Individually and nationally we are poor creatures. "The heart of man is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, who can know it?" – the prophet's question admits but one answer.

[95]

After a brisk engagement with my conscience, in which I was unable to hold my ground, I decide to accompany Ella to church, & read the lessons at Mattins.

The lessons were uncommonly well worth reading. In the first there was the record of Abraham's pleading with the Almighty for guilty Sodom, based on the glorious challenge – Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?' In the second, the Baptist's message to the arrogantly privileged Jews, 'Bring forth fruits worthy of repentance' The Rector announced his intention of preaching throughout Lent on the Fifty-first Psalm. His sermon did not make a very promising beginning. He was at the pains of expounding to his tiny rustic congregation the medieval theory of repentance, with its distinction of attrition and condition [contrition?], of venial and mortal sins, & its climax in confession. It could hardly have edified or moved his hearers; but he is, I think, fast bound in the strait waistcoat of Romanized medievalism. Incidentally, he declared his hope that we should soon have the Rood restored to the Rood Loft, from which it had for so long been banished. Of course he made no reference to Anglican law & discipline!

[96]

I wrote my weekly letter to Dick, taking occasion to send him a note of Bishop Butler's prudent and suggestive dictum – 'Good men surely are not treated in this world as they deserve, yet 'tis seldom, very seldom their goodness which makes them disliked.'

We had a visitor in the person of a youngish parson in khaki who is acting as Chaplain to a corps of anti-air troops in this neighbourhood. From Crockford I learned that he was the Revd **[**Henry Gough Lillingston of Selwyn College and Ridley Hall, who was ordained in 1931, by the Bishop of Norwich, and was nominated by him to the Rectory of Catfield in 1936.**]** He told me that his father was first cousin to Canon Lillingston* of Durham. On the whole, he gave me the impression of an intelligently religious man, but, of course, my knowledge of

him went no farther than a brief conversation. I gave him a copy of "Last Words". Whether he will read it is probably doubtful, but, if he does, it may serve to suggest to him some considerations which he may adapt when he discusses the War with the men within his "jurisdiction".

<!230242>
[97]
Monday, Feb. 23rd, 1942.

The newspapers announce the appointment of the new Archbishop of Canterbury. Again, as I had expected, the Northern Archbishop advances to become the Southern. The Primate of England becomes the Primate of ALL England. The Times heralds the new reign with an enthusiastically approving article: and the Daily Herald welcomes the headship of "the Red Archbishop". There can never have been an appointment to Lambeth which will be so widely welcomed, not merely in England, but throughout Christendom. Temple will garner the harvest of his manifold labours, and journeyings. His appeal is beyond all parallel manysided. The philosopher, the theologian, the social reformer, the party politician, the religious worker, the missionary, the advocate of reunion, the champion of oppressed minorities, the educationalist, the pacifist – all will feel that they have a title to look hopefully to the advent of a sympathizer in the Head of the Church of England. And he will be greatly assisted by the fact that he is the son of an eminent Archbishop of Canterbury, & "the husband of one wife". I wrote to him thus:-

[98]

February 23rd, 1942

My dear Archbishop,

You will be snowed under with "congratulations", and it is wicked to make any addition to their number. Nevertheless I cannot refuse myself the pleasure and privilege of bidding you Godspeed in the great Task which you must now, in circumstances of unparalleled & unprecedented difficulty, undertake. You have (to use a manner of speaking which is equally unavoidable and improper) earned this supreme dignity of ecclesiastical leadership by eminent service as well intellectual as practical, and God has given you, beyond your contemporaries, remarkable powers of brain and heart. In spite of differences and anxieties, which it would be uncandid to conceal, I can honestly say that, if I had myself been charged with the choice of a successor to Cosmo, I should without hesitation have chosen you as quite obviously the right man in the circumstances of **[99]** this tragical and enigmatic hour. You will not need my assurance that I look forward with hope to your Primacy in S. Augustine's Chair, and pray that your life in the South may be prosperous and happy. May God bless you and your Wife, and give you both – wisdom, courage, and strength!

Always affectionately your Friend,
H. Hensley Henson, Bishop.

The Lord Archbishop of York.

William Temple was born in the Palace, Exeter on Oct. 15th, 1881. He is thus 60 years old, a very suitable age for the Primacy. He was ordained in 1908: and has thus been 27 years in Orders. He was consecrated to the Bishoprick of Manchester in 1921, when he was only 39

years old, and 8 years later was translated to the Archbishoprick of York, being then no more than 48.

[100]

The archbishoprick of York is to be filled by the translation of the Bishop of Winchester. This appointment also was almost matter of course. Garbett* was born on 6 Feb: 1875, and has just completed 67 years of life. He has 'specialised' in social questions, and been assiduous in his attendance at the debates in the House of Lords. He is a rather dull man, conventional, and unmarried. He will probably be well-liked in York. I wrote to "congratulate" him.

Then I wrote to Nunn, the gardener, returning his "character", and stating my desire to see the man Cammell & his wife who, if he entered my service, would live with him. I suggested that they should all come here next Saturday about 3 p.m.

After lunch I walked round Chattisham, stopping to buy postage stamps on the way. The post-master showed me one of the papers which our airmen drop in France. It represented the Statue of Liberty at the approach to New York, and it described England as the champion of Liberty. "Les Anglais" are quoted as saying, "Rendrons la Liberté".

<!240242>
[101]
Tuesday, February 24th, 1942.

On receiving a letter from Nunn, declining appointment, because "the cottage is in such an unsatisfactory condition that I could not think of coming to live in it", I thought it prudent to write the following:-

> Bishop Hensley Henson is sorry to hear that Mr Nunn cannot come to him, & very much surprized that he should object to the gardener's house, which, so far as he (the Bishop) knows, has been found satisfactory by all previous occupants, until the present gardener's wife, who immediately complained that it was too large, that the chimney smoked, and that it was damp. The weather may go far to explain the smoking and the dampness, and the other may be rather a merit than a fault. Indeed, in Hintlesham the house is thought to be exceptionally good.

It is sufficiently apparent that Mrs B. dealt with N. sufficiently, apart from my knowledge, when he came here last Saturday.

<!250242>
[102]
Wednesday, February 25th, 1942.

Milford wrote about publishing extracts from my Autobiography in the C. of E. Newspaper as the Editor had suggested. I answered his letter immediately, assenting to any arrangement that he might make: and taking occasion to point out that the page proofs of the final chapter of vol. I had not yet arrived, thus making it impossible to complete the Index. I suggested that it might be thought advisable in these circumstances to publish vol. I without an Index, reserving that for the completed work, as had been done in the case of Davidson's Life.

In the afternoon I walked to old Mr ~~Young~~Lewis's cottage on the Hadleigh Road, & found him in the garden. I "sounded" him on the matter of planting the garden here, & he did not appear hostile to the project. In the present crisis, one clutches at any chance of relief.
The outlook in the Far East continues to be bad. Rangoon is evidently hard-pressed, & will probably go the same way as Singapore. But the Dutch are putting up a vigourous defence of Java: and the Russians are said to have gained another victory.

<!260242>
[103]
Thursday, February 26th, 1942.

The weather continues to be bitterly cold, and the patches of ice and snow are still frozen hard. It seems to have assisted the Russians in their last-reported success, for it provided them with a passage across Lake Ilmen and its marshes.

In the afternoon I walked as far as May's house, but with discomfort through twinges of lumbago. This protracted cold begins to tell on my body, while the ill aspect of public affairs depresses my spirit, and between the two, "my understanding is unfruitful", as my "work" on the Autobiography sufficiently discloses. Eheu!

I think the 2nd vol. must open with a description of the Durham Bishoprick, and a general view of its condition when Bishop Moule's episcopate of twenty years ended. Then there must be an account of my reception by the people, and, perhaps, some record of the Enthronement, with quotations from the sermon in the Cathedral, and the speeches at the Mayor's luncheon in the Hall of Durham Castle.

<!270242>
[104]
Friday, February 27th, 1942.

> For my part, I shall take care, if I can, that my death discover nothing that my life has not first and openly declared.
>
> Montaigne

This manly resolution comes naturally in mind when one is actually engaged on an Autobiography, for such a composition may almost be described as a challenge in advance to whatever posthumous verdict will be passed on one's life & character. In it must be, or at least ought to be, declared the deliberate judgment which the writer has formed on himself and on his performances. Just in proportion to its sincerity and completeness will that judgment prevail against the distortions & misinterpretations of less authoritative biography. And he only has first-hand knowledge of motive & private circumstance, &, though a discount must be made for self-delusion and prejudice, yet in the case of every person, whose character commands confidence, no evidence can be reasonably allowed to [*take* ?] away that which he himself offers. Autobiography must always have great, and even unique, importance when the question of personal action is debated.

<!280242>
[105]
Saturday, February 28th, 1942.

A complete and final set of page proofs of volume I of the Autobiography arrived. It now only remains to complete the Index, and then the beastly thing will be off my hands. When I read it yet again, the opinion gathers strength in my mind that it will bring me no advantage either in purse or in reputation.

At best my whole life has been a series of rear-guard actions leading to final overthrow. I seem to have "backed the wrong horse" on every occasion, and, at the end of a strenuous career, I am an exile from every camp, & without credit or following. That is a pretty complete description of personal failure. And, of course, it is unfortunate for me that the book should appear precisely at the moment when the triumph of "Life and Liberty", against which I had made so sustained and strenuous an opposition, has been sealed and secured by the elevation to the Primacy of the man, who was its most vigourous champion. Similarly my opposition to "Copec.", and Christian Socialism must needs be dwarfed into a less significance than it properly merits by the general acceptance of "Socialism", both in Church and State.

<!010342>
[106]
2nd Sunday in Lent, March 1st ,1942.

I wrote to Dick, sending him a synopsis of the contents of vol. I of the Autobiography.

I attended Mattins in the parish Church, read the lessons, and celebrated the Holy Communion.

Fearne alleges that I am becoming deaf, & she may be right. Certainly, though I heard him well enough, I could not understand most that I heard of the Rector's sermon. The little that I did hear assured me that I should not have been edified if I had heard more. He is devoted to what he calls the "mystical" interpretation of the Old Testament. This method of reading the Jewish Scriptures makes them the effective instruments of advocating the crudest sacerdotalism.

I noticed with satisfaction that the "sacring bell", or Gong, was not rung during the consecration of the elements. If it had been rung, I should have felt compelled to object to an innovation which was, not only illegal, but doctrinally misleading, and quite plainly inconsistent with the Anglican version of Christianity. Fortunately, he had the prudence to exercize this small measure of self-restraint. It wd be interesting to hear his explanation to his Levites!

[107]

Olive Pollo[*c*]k-Morris* wrote to inquire whether the Chaplain of Rugby School was justified in refusing to admit her son Jimmie to Communion in the School Chapel, because he preferred the Church of Scotland, and was a communicant therein. I forwarded her letter to the Headmaster, Hugh Lyon,* and asked him to tell me what answer I should make. I can hardly imagine that he would himself approve the chaplain's alleged action, but there may be some circumstance which would mitigate or even justify it. Audi alteram partem is always a sound rule.

Also, I wrote to a certain Mrs White, who appears to be a professional Indexer, and had, in that capacity, suggested that I might make use of her services in the case of my forthcoming Autobiography.

The news from the Far East is distinctly unfavourable. It is evident that the Japanese are putting out their full strength against Java, and, though the Dutch are resisting most valourously, it does not seem likely that they can finally succeed against such overwhelming forces as those which can be brought into action. It is also reported that Rangoon is in sore difficulty.

<!020342>
[108]
Monday, March 2nd, 1942.

There is a distinct improvement in the weather. The temperature in my room at 7 a.m. was 45°.

I received a letter from Milford rejecting my suggestion that there should be no separate Index for the 1st volume of my Autobiography, but only a complete Index at the end of the 2nd vol., as in the leading case of Bell's Life of Archbishop Davidson. He says

> We must certainly have an index to the first volume, as we shall be publishing this volume separately. No doubt the book to which you refer is the Life of Randall Davidson, but those two volumes were published at one and the same time. So please let me have the "copy" for the index as soon as it is ready for us.

Accordingly, Fearne and I laboured at the Index for vol. I.

Olive the cook took her departure with an abruptness which argued small consideration for us, & little kindness in her. She was an excellent cook, but her temper was so unpleasant & unaccountable, that we were reconciled to the loss of her service by relief at the cessation of personal friction.

[109]

Ella and I walked together round Chattisham. On our way we came upon Sir Gerald Ryan, who was watching his men cut down a dead elm. The tree was the victim of the disease which has so grievously defaced the country by destroying the elms, which gave it so dignified & alluring an aspect.

I decided to insert yet once more the advertisement for a gardener, stating that the wage should be £3. weekly with house & small garden. The problem of ways and means does not become easier of solution as the days pass.

The Bishop of Colchester writes to invite me to lunch before the prize distribution on March 19th, & takes occasion to tell me that he was 'delighted with my Abbey Sermons', and had lent it to his old friend Canon Stack.

> He told me that you preached the best sermon on 'worship' he ever heard, many years ago now at Saffron Walden.
>
> I suppose the 'appointments' are what were generally anticipated. I suppose we must be prepared for great changes.

So much, indeed, is certain, &, perhaps, obvious.

<!030342>
[110]
Tuesday, March 3rd, 1942.

A mild, calm, comforting day, prophetic of the spring. In the afternoon I walked on the road to Hadleigh as far as the Churchwarden's house, whereto when I had arrived, I bethought me that he had told me that Tuesdays were the days when he was generally attending the market in Ipswich. So I turned home again with my purpose of thanking Mrs Parlett for her gift of butter yet unaccomplished. As I passed through Hintlesham Park, I noticed with concern that lorries were transporting the trunks of the trees which are being felled there, & to the grievous defacement of the village. I suppose that our popish "squire", like everybody else, wants to raise money for the taxes.

The news from the Far East continues to be disconcerting. Java is evidently in great peril for, in spite of the Dutch defence, which is magnificent, the Japanese are able to invade the island in such numbers & with such great equipment as to make their ultimate victory apparently unavoidable. And neither Britain nor U.S.A. can send effective help.

<!040342>
[111]
Wednesday March 4th, 1942.

I covenanted with Barker that, until I could obtain the services of a resident gardener, he should get over from Dedham, and work in the garden: that I would pay his travelling expenses, and one shilling and sixpence per hour. This arrangement, if it can work, would at least secure the cultivation of the garden. The worst difficulty is the crowded & uncertain state of the omnibuses. But we must hope for the best. The Bishop of Colchester writes about the new Archbishop of Canterbury:-

> He is a charming personality, but like his father, his weak point lies in his judgement of men. It reminds me of a saying of Bishop F. Paget – "There are so many men whose work we cannot fail to applaud: there are so few men whose judgement we can trust.

I recall Davidson's words to me about him.

> "The worst thing about Willie Temple is that he is so kind that he can't say "No" to anyone".

[112]

Rain fell steadily, and at times heavily, all day. Beyond walking round the garden to mark where Barker had planted vegetables, and carrying the letters to the post, I remained indoors.

My study chimney was swept, and by consequence I was driven into the smoking room, where I continued to read through my Journal for the year 1926. It contains the record of the General Strike and the coal strike which continued after it. I was consistently and openly opposed to the Strike, and became extremely unpopular in the "Labour" world, but in the County of Durham there were few evidences of unpopularity. Through some months I was hors de combat with appendicitis, and was thus forced to be absent during a crucial stage of the discussion of the Prayer Book Revision Measure. I came into public collision with the Archbishop & some Bishops who made attempts to negociate [sic] a settlement of the Strike, & thereby encourage the more obstinate & violent section of the miners to refuse moderate courses.

The news from the Far East is still bad.

<!050342>
[113]
Thursday, March 5th, 1942.

To my disgust and disappointment there was sharp fall in the temperature in the early hours of the morning, with a fall of snow, which had clothed the country once more with "the maiden veil of saintly snow". Very depressing and dismaying after what we have gone through.

Olive Pollok-Morris* writes:-

> I had a letter from Jim's House-master, to whom I had written. He was very shocked, & took my letter to Mr Lyon. The Chaplain is new and holds extreme views. Mr Lyon is having the matter adjusted, though the Chaplain threatens to resign. In a way I am glad this has come up, though sorry that Jim should be the "case in question", but the housemaster has evidently put the matter right in his mind, and so I feel very much relieved, for life just now is very hard for the young and thoughtful, without extra stumbling blocks in their way. I hope you did not mind my writing for your advice.

The incident is illuminating, & shows the real value of the alleged improvement in Anglo-Catholicism.

[114]

I received from Malcolm Ross an acknowledgement of the copy of "Last Words" which I sent him. It is both characteristic and disconcerting, for there is a note of indestructible egotism which retains the unreason but has lost the attractiveness of boyhood.

> I must thank you warmly for your book, and for the message which is inscribed in it. Both moved me deeply.
>
> I should like to pay tribute to the vigour and judgement of these sermons. One can only marvel at an unfailing clarity, which the years cannot touch. I shall value your "last words from Westminster Abbey", as I have long valued that great work of Browning's from which you quoted!

The reference must be to the great soliloquy of the old Pope, which I did quote in the Cambridge Sermon on p. 61 of "Last Words".

> "And is this little all that was to be?"

If Malcolm had escaped the evil influence of that poisonous humbug, Frank Buchman, he might have developed into a fine character, and had career of considerably distinction and valuable service.

[115]

The post brought several applications for the gardenship, in response to the advertisement in the local paper. Of these two seemed promising. Accordingly I wrote to both, stating the duties, & proposing that they should come & see me on Saturday afternoon.

Then we all betook ourselves to the tiresome business of checking the Index.

The afternoon was so uninviting that again I kept the house, my ladies absenting themselves on some plea of a Women's Institute gathering, from which they came back with a pumpkin pie! I found much amusement in Thomas Love Peacock's satire. His Sir Oran in Melincourt would have added another argument for his plenary humanity if he had been confronted with the Suffolk delicacy of a pumpkin pie! After dinner we resumed work on the Index, and succeeded in bringing it to some kind of completion before going to bed. But it is by no means satisfactory, probably because the nature of so intensely unilateral a narrative as an Autobiography must of necessity be, hardly provides the material for a reasonably balanced Index of persons & subjects. Such as it is, however, it must suffice, and we must abide the consequences!

<!060342>
[116]
Friday, March 6th, 1942.

The winter has returned. At 7 a.m. in my bedroom the thermometer registered 38° Fahrenheit.

The Head Master replies to my letter:

> I do not think I need tell you that the action of our Chaplain in this matter, which was taken without consulting me, has met with universal opposition both from myself and other members of the staff who knew of it, and, most important of all, from the Chairman of our Governing Body, the new Archbishop of Canterbury. The young man tells me that it is with him a matter of bedrock principle, so I am afraid it may mean his having to go elsewhere. I can quite understand Mrs Pollock Morris's indignation, & I am writing to her at once to tell her how the matter stands. I trust you will assure her that she has come up against a quite exceptional instance of fanaticism, which finds no sympathy in the school as a whole.

But would as much be true of the Church?

[117]

Two more applications for the gardener's position arrived, and I invited both the applicants to come here next week for an interview.

I returned the proof of the title-page to Milford, together with the Index, & a covering letter begging him to decide one or two points, with respect to which my mind was doubtful.

Then Fearne motored to Ipswich, dropping me at Abbey Oaks on the way in, and picking me up again on the way home.

Lord Woodbridge had his daughter (Mrs Barnett) with him. She had arrived from Scotland yesterday. We talked for rather more than an hour, rather gloomily for the evil news from the Far East clouds everything.

I wrote to Olive and to Hugh Lyon,* respecting the case of the bigotted chaplain, of which (apart from the heavy spiritual offence of wounding the boy's conscience, which must surely come under the description of "causing one of Christ's little ones to stumble) the principal importance consists in the sinister light it casts on a section of the English clergy, and on the teaching and training which that section has received in the Theological Colleges in which it has been prepared for Holy Orders.

<!070342>
[118]
Saturday, March 7th, 1942.

The bitter frost continues. The water did not run off from my bath, because the discharge pipe was blocked by the ice.

I occupied the morning by attempting to begin vol. II. With Fearne's assistance, I achieved 4 folios. The whole amount needed will be about 1000!

In the afternoon it rained gardeners, that is, to be precise two fairly promising applicants presented themselves – Briggs aged 50, and Fosker, aged 55. The first hailed from Felixstowe, and the last from Bury St. Edmunds.

Briggs presented excellent testimonials from Newcastle, where he has held positions of no inconsiderable importance, having men under him. He had taken a nursery of his own, which he had "lost to the military". He had applied for my service because he had known my reputation when he lived in Newcastle, had met me at Washington, and wished to get into a Christian household. He was a High Churchman. His wife was now employed in some institution in Felixstowe, & could not leave her place until the end of the War. She could, however, visit him weekly. This is a difficulty.

[119]

I received a long and informing letter from Cecil Ferens. He assures me that my Will has not perished in the recent fire which destroyed his office in the College. It was kept in his City Office.

> "I have consulted it this morning, & think that it would be quite sufficient for you to set down a list of the small personal gifts you wd like to make to particular friends as an instruction to ~~my~~ your Executor without formally incorporating such a list in your Will. The only person who cd possibly raise objection to the honouring of instructions given in this way wd be your nephew Harold Henson, to whom the ultimate Residue is bequeathed, & I am practically certain that such a thought would never cross his mind. If, however, you decide to deal with the personal gifts in this way, you might, perhaps, send me the list when it has been prepared, & I will see that it is put safely away with the original Will".

The news from the Far East includes the ominous announcement that all communications with Java have ceased.

<!080342>
[120]
3rd Sunday in Lent, March 8th, 1942.

Temperature in my bedroom at 7 a.m. 38° Fahr.

I wrote to Dick my weekly letter. Nothing has reached me from him for 3 weeks: but such news of the Libyan campaign as comes to us suggests that letter-writing must be rather a difficult business. I do not think that he would easily abandon his covenanted weekly letter.

I read the lessons at Mattins. The Rector was afflicted by a bad cold, which emphasized oddly his normal eccentricities of throat clearance. His sermon was characteristic. He compared the state of a sin-stained Christian, in whom relics of goodness yet survived amid the wrecks of character, to the parish Church which, in spite of the violences of the Reformation and the ill-taste of modern Reformers, yet preserved relics of its original excellence. I recalled the language of the Latin prayer which inaugurates the sessions of the Anglican Convocation with its description of the "sancta Reformatio nostra". But truly it would be amusing if it were not scandalous that the official servants of the Church of England should openly and almost as matter of course belittle its constitution, distort its history, and disobey its laws.

[121]

After lunch I walked to Chattisham, and called at the Hall with the object of inquiring after Sir Gerald Ryan, who had been reported to be down with a chill. After ringing the bell twice without result, I retired, and proceeded to call on Sir William Brass, whom I found at home. We had some interesting discussion on the political situation. He is one of the victims of the recent reconstruction of the Government, having shared the fate of Moore-Brabazon, his immediate chief. He thinks that there is a disposition both in the House and in the Country to turn suspicious & even hostile eyes on the Prime Minister, as personally responsible for the continuing and considerable failures in the conduct of the War. He was quite convinced that the scheme for establishing an aerodrome in this district had been abandoned. He expressed some apprehension as to the probability of an attempt at invasion, & thought it would most likely take shape as an attack by bombers & gliders in great force, who would direct their main efforts to destroying our fighters & aerodromes. They would make possible a serious invasion from the sea. But much depends on the Russians.

<!090342>
[122]
Monday, March 9th, 1942.

A milder day. In the afternoon the air was almost spring-like. There are snowdrops, and a few aconites in the garden.

Fearne and I worked at the Autobiography which at this stage is little more than a transcript of my Journal.

Milford accepts my suggestion that titles should be omitted from the title page, but prefers to retain the meticulous references after my name in the Index. He adds civilly:

> Of course, I have found you the very reverse of troublesome. The book is well worth your labour and our pains.

In the afternoon we motored to Hadleigh, where Fearne paid accounts, & Ella lost a knitting needle! We went on to Kersey, & called at the Vicarage. It is announced that the Vicar (Tempest) has been "preferred" to Aldborough. He returned the book which he borrowed from me – Coulton's Mediaeval Peasant – and said that he had read it.

The news from the Far East is still very bad – Java and Rangoon have been lost, & the danger to Australia is more serious.

<!100342>
[123]
Tuesday, March 10th, 1942.

A mild and pleasant day, starting with a white frost.

The post brought some more applications for the gardenership. One of the previous applicants, Smithies & his wife, a little slumpy man with a tall and spectacled wife came to see me, & were shown the garden & house. We were all favourably impressed with him, all the more so when we learned that he was a Scot. His wife belongs to Suffolk, & has been in service.

They left on the understanding that he would send me his reference.

Old Sir Thomas Oliver* acknowledges my letter congratulating him on his 90th birthday. He had delayed writing until he had read the book:

> I have enjoyed reading it. Your ~~plan~~ flow of words appropriate to the occasion is just as good as ever, & your power to rivet attention upon the problem you discuss has always attracted me. I deemed it a great privilege to have been associated with you in the restoration of Durham Cathedral, and the opportunity it gave me of friendly cooperation with you.

He tells me that two years ago he was forced **[124]** to have his left leg amputated "on account of blocked arteries in the limb":

> At my age (he was 87) it was a great risk, but I felt that it was necessary otherwise matters would have been worse for me. The loss of a limb is a great disablement, but I am able to walk a little on crutches or two sticks, so I do not complain, for I can still see patients here, also attend meetings, and sometimes preside at them. I get a good deal of reading done, so that on the whole time passes pleasantly.

He adds something that almost sounds like a rebuke:

> Your retirement will give you fresh opportunities for taking up work you had laid aside.

I always admired the old man's courage and various ability. Under the double burden of extreme old age, and a terrible physical mutilation, he carries himself as a true philosopher and a real hero.

The news from the Far East continues to be as bad as it could be.

<!110342>
[125]
Wednesday, March 11th, 1942.

The 5th vol. of Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible has, under the heading "Agrapha", a list of no less than 66 uncanonical sayings attributed to our Lord. No 62 is found in Origin Hom. in Jeremiam XX 3, and runs thus: the Latin is rendered into English.

> *"I have read somewhere what purports to be an utterance of the Saviour, and I query (equally if some one put it into the mouth of the Saviour, or if some one remembered it) whether that is true which is said.* ***But the Saviour Himself saith, He who is near Me is near the Fire: but he who is far from Me is far from the Kingdom****."*

I was led to look out in the Dictionary this rather suggestive dictum by receiving a note from Moulsdale inquiring wherefrom it was taken.

I remained indoors all day on the off chance that some of the applicants for the gardenership might come, but herein I was disappointed.

The Prime Minister announced that Sir Stafford Cripps would go to India to examine on the spot the situation there both political &military; and that, in his absence, the Foreign Secretary would lead the House.

<!120342>
[126]
Thursday, March 12th, 1942.

Nothing from the garden-applicants, and the time marches on. How are the crops to be planted?

It occurred to me that it would be interesting and certainly not wholly unimportant, to include in my Autobiography the episode at the Enthronement of the Archbishop of Wales, when Mr Lloyd-George's admission to Holy Communion evoked some angry protests from "Catholic" Anglicans in the Principality. But before doing so, I thought it fitting to ask whether L. G. had any objection: & I inserted my letter in this journal.

On the whole my mind inclines to the view that the account of the Lambeth Conference in my Journal should be included in my narrative with only so much excision & revision as would spare the feelings of living persons, & give gratuitous offence.

In the afternoon we motored to Bealings, & had tea with Colonel Smith in order to meet Ella's Canadian relative. Eric [Burrad?] Smith, who is now working in the Air Force, & is stationed in Mildenhall. He is 24, & gives the impression of a solid & well meaning young man.

[127]

Dear Mr Lloyd George,

I hope that you will not resent my troubling you again, but I feel unable to avoid doing so.
If you have no objection, I should like to publish in my Autobiography the enclosed passage from my Private Journal, but I certainly shall not do so if you would not approve the publication.

I think that the episode is valuable as illustrating the attitude of mind in some Anglicans at the time when the Lambeth Conference was shaping its "Appeal to All Christian People" on the subject of Reunion.

Believe me,
Very faithfully yours,
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop

The Right Hon^bl
D. Lloyd George M. P.
Bron-y-de
Churt. Surrey

<!130342>
[128]
Friday, March 13th, 1942.

The day was very cold, though the sun was bright.

My ladies motored to Sadbury, & called on the man Smithies who is debating the question of coming here as gardener.

I remained in my study, and worked at the Autobiography, going through my Journal.
In the afternoon we motored to Bealings, & had tea with Philip Tallents in order to meet the anthropological or rather antiquarian lady, Miss Redstone, who edited with the late Baronet, the book "The Temperleys of Hintlesham Hall" in which are references to this house. On our way home we called on the Bishop of S. E. & I., and I had some talk with him. He did not seem~~ed~~ wholly satisfied with the recent appointments to the Primacies. But, while I could not deny that I shared his anxiety as to Temple's judgement with respect to persons and policies, I pointed out that his unquestionable superiority over all conceivable rivals made his appointment to the Chief Seat desirable and morally imperative. I added that his new responsibilities would teach him much which he was too intelligent to ignore and too Christian to disregard.

<!140342>
[129]
Saturday, March 14th, 1942.

Hugh Lyon writes to me a very kind & characteristic letter, which gave me real (though, perhaps, ill grounded) pleasure. He says, & the words may have a measure of autobiographical suggestiveness:-

> "I look forward to your autobiography as fervently as I reject your description of your career as a series of rear-guard actions. You have always been the attacker, one of those favoured few whose body will be found by the wall "when the forts of folly fall". Again and again I have noted with joy your vigorous assault on policies of selfishness or fear: & I can remember vividly the impression made on me by your letter to the Times at the time of the Abyssinian betrayal. I read it on a Highland holiday on a gloomy rainy day which was for a moment made bright by your outspokenness. We want more men of your kind, though, to do them justice, I seem to meet more fighters for Christianity every year with the great William at their head.

[130]

> I don't know if your Autobiography will even mention the sermon you gave us at Newcastle just before we were off to France in April 1915. But I know that any true biography of me would be incomplete without some mention of it.
>
> But I must be one of very many – of seven thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal, who have found strength & encouragement from your words and writings.

Mr John Dade and his wife came to see me about the gardenership. They impressed us favourably and appeared to be disposed to accept appointment. They left with the understanding that after consultation they would inform me of their decision.

Braley, who is spending the week end at the Rectory came to see me, and had tea and talk. He says that the War is bringing great confusion into the University. Bede College is in considerable difficulty through lack of students.

[131]

The situation in the Far East continues to be very serious. Wavell describes the loss of Rangoon as more dangerous from the point of view of defending India than even the Fall of Singapore: The peril to Australia becomes ever more apparent. It is evident that the Japanese are supreme on the sea. The Admiralty has issued an account if the battle in Malacca, which preceded the Fall of Java, & which was at first described as a considerable naval victory for the Allies & which we now learn was really a considerable naval defeat, in which 3 British Cruizers and 2 Dutch were sunk, & many destroyers. The Japanese were superior in number & armament, & certainly not inferior in skill and courage. It is difficult to set limits to their advance, for even now, after months of war, neither Britain nor U. S. A.

can bring effective forces to the Pacific. Indeed, I think the public mind on both sides of the Atlantic is becoming restive and apprehensive. The possibility of Defeat is now openly talked about. If it were not for the Russians, the outlook would be extremely unhopeful. But war is kaleidoscopic. And we must still hope.

<!150342>
[132]
4th Sunday in Lent, March 15th, 1942.

There was heavy rain last night, but this morning is bright and even warm. The glass in my bedroom at 7 a.m. registered 52° Fahrenheit.

I wrote to Dick from whom I have received no letter for some weeks.

I read the lessons at Mattins, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. Braley ministered the chalice, but otherwise took no part in the service. I heard, but could not understand the Rector's sermon, for from my seat within the rails, I could not disentangle so much as a sentence. His Irish brogue and ill-management of his voice make him at once audible & unintelligible!

Ella attended Evensong, & heard a discourse from Braley with the demure (if sometimes somnolent) attentiveness of a devout specimen of "the deaf adder that stoppeth her ears". Probably she was as much edified as the choir boys, to whom Braley appears mainly to have addressed himself. They are a precociously "Gospel-hardened" & "sermon-proof" generation; if I may apply to them the illuminating descriptions which the great Puritan preacher [Baxter] applied to his Kidderminster hearers…..

I wrote to Jimmie Dobbie, who now functions as Chaplain to the R. A. F. In Lancashire.

[133]

Also I wrote to Alington, whose verse-producing faculty is again exhibited in the Sunday Times.

The 6 o'clock clock wireless included an exhortation on the subject how best to manage when newspapers have become largely unobtainable. We were told that no house ought to take in more than one newspaper, that arrangement should be made with the local papers' selling agent for the allocation and sharing of such newspapers as still could be bought, and generally that we were all to be neighbourly, patriotic, and self-denying. I don't suppose that the loss of the newspapers makes much difference so long as B. B. C. functions, and can be trusted.

Hitler is reported to have made a speech in Berlin, in which he reviews the sufferings of the winter campaign, assured the Germans that the future would be less exacting than the past, and foretold the destruction of the Russian armies in the forthcoming offensive. It hardly needs saying that he sweetened his oration with the familiar nonsense about the causes of the War, and made yet another attack on President Roosevelt. If the Germans were not a crowd of humourless slaves the man would be howled down.

<!160342>
[134]
Monday, March 16th, 1942.

I received from Mr John Dade a letter in which he and his wife have decided to accept his appointment as gardener:

> "We should like to come to you, and will do our best to give you every satisfaction and take great interest in getting the garden round in order."

This seems to provide a solution of one problem.

Lady [Mary] Oman* in thanking me for congratulations on her "Golden Wedding" writes:

> I hope your writing of your Life will bring you the same interest that my husband found in his. He was ever a fighter for lost causes, & we still think that he was right! Perhaps, out of the troubled times we are passing through, some of the forlorn hopes will revive".

Braley walked through Chattisham with me after lunch, and we talked about many things including the question of securing some settlement of the problem of "Religion in the State Schools" as a part of the drastic re-construction of the national system which is to follow the War.

[135]

Cardinal Hinsley has in the Times a very well written letter, composed in a lofty & devout spirit, supporting the appeal for some authorised abstention from work in the munition factories in Holy Week, & specially on Good Friday. It occurred to me that it might be worth while to draw attention to the famous incident recorded in 1. Maccabees ii. 43f. When Mattathias condemned the rigorous orthodoxy of those zealots for the law, who refused to break the Sabbath Law by fighting on the Sabbath Day, & were destroyed by the enemy. I even drafted a letter to indicate my belief that, in the present crisis, Christians would observe the Holy Week most worthily by dedicating themselves to patriotic duty everywhere, especially in the munition factories. But, on reflection, I decided that probably such a letter would do no good, and might lend itself to woeful misapprehension. Accordingly, I tore up my draft letter, & let His Eminence remain uncriticised!

The death of the Duke of Athol [sic] was announced at 6 p.m. I used to met him occasionally in Park Lane, & thought him a dull man, not without good intentions, but not wise enough or intelligent enough to achieve anything.

<!170342>
[136]
Tuesday, March 17th, 1942.

The temperature in my bedroom at 7 a.m. was 54°. The Headmaster of the Colchester Royal Grammar School sends me a prospectus of the School, which includes a brief account of its history.

> Master John of Colchester, who was a civilian burgess, but afterwards became Rector ofd Tendring, and Joseph Elianore, a wealthy lawyer in the town in the 14th century, its representative in Parliament in 1312, and one of its bailiffs in 1328 and in other years. Master John in the year 1322 founded a chantry in St. Helen's Chapel and endowed it with land and money. Joseph Elianore in 1348 founded a similar chantry in St Mary's Church for the benefit of his own soul & those of his parents. When the chantries were dissolved, in the time of Henry viii, the revenues of these two foundations were granted to the Bailiffs and Commonality of Colchester on condition that they shd found a school with a portion of the money. In 1585 Queen Elizabeth, by Charter, re-granted the same revenues.

Thus the school has its origin in two singularly troubled centuries - the XIVth and the XVIth.

[137]

Braley walked and talked with me in the afternoon. I asked him whether, if the opportunity should arise, he wd like to succeed M. [Moulsdale] in the incumbency of this parish: and, not altogether to my surprise, he answered in the affirmative. It would not be a bad arrangement, as well for him as for the Hintlesham people, not to say also for the late Bishop of Durham. Braley is now 56 years old, and is naturally anxious to be again placed in a secure position, since the War has gone far to destroy his work in Durham.

The news from abroad is ambiguous, but need not be unfavourable. There is much talk of an offensive against the Germans, which might synchronise with the grand attack which Hitler has announced as imminent, and for which he boldly prophesies complete success. The aspect of the War now is suggestively like that which existed in March 1918, when the Germans launched their great offensive in the West. Then the Germans gained great initial successes, but were finally overthrown irrecoverably. It may well be so again. I think that when once the German Army has been plainly defeated, the Hitlerite dominion will break up with dramatic rapidity.

<!180342>
[138]
Wednesday, March 18th, 1942.

A mild but damp day. Definitely springlike.

I finished preparing a speech for the prize-giving at Colchester tomorrow, and looked at some more of the old letters which I brought away from Auckland. They are more interesting than I had expected, but less autobiographically serviceable than I had hoped!

Then, in the afternoon, I drafted a letter for Ella, seeking exemption for the house-maid for divers good reasons.

We all had tea with the Churchwarden and his wife at the charming old 15th century farm-house, where they are living. I was interested to hear that he came from Writtle, near Chelmsford, and had known well Papillon,* who was Rector when I lived in Barking.

I decided to quote the letter which Hadow* wrote to me on Nov. 29th, 1931 in which he says:

> Education without tradition would be like the Caucus Race of Alice in Wonderland, only that none would win, & none would get prizes. These young people are impatient – sometimes rather stridently so, but they will learn more wisdom.

<!190342>
[139]
Thursday, March 19th, 1942.

It is announced that, following the precedent, in the case of his predecessor, the outgoing Archbishop of Canterbury is to be made a baron, & will henceforward continue to sit in the House of Lords, not as a spiritual peer, but by right of his secular peerage. I disapproved the arrangement in the case of Davidson, & still more deeply do I disapprove it in the case of Lang, for what in the one case was fairly regarded as an extraordinary compliment, must most naturally be regarded in the other as a determined policy. Lang is, indeed, eminently well-qualified for membership of the Upper House, but none could reasonably equate his fitness for so unusual a compliment with that of Davidson. Yet one cannot dispute that a Peerage rounds off very symmetrically a personal career of early, facile, and sustained success. It is not unfitting that his final act as Primate is yet another summons to a Day of National Prayer. These organised demonstrations of public religion become ever more popular as personal piety languishes, and the Church declines.

[140]

In answer to my letter of March 12th (v. p. 127) I received the following this morning:

Bron-y-de
Churt.
Surrey.

My dear Bishop,

I have no objection to the publication of the extract from your Journal relating to the episode at the S. Asaph's Cathedral Communion Service.

With kind regards,
Ever sincerely,
D. Lloyd George

I received a long letter from that quaint person, Tom Elliott, who still remains in the Isle-of-Man. He inquires whether he could come & see me: but I must needs veto a visit, though I should be glad to see & talk with him again. But we cannot receive guests without food wherewith to feed them or petrol whereby to transfer them to and from the station in Ipswich.

[141]

Then I wasted yet another hour in preparing notes for this afternoon's function at Colchester. Why I should take so great concern for so petty a performance is hard to say, perhaps possible to justify. But, as my powers visibly & consciously fail, so my reluctance to fall below my own standards and precedents seems to grow. It is an absurd situation.

We motored to Colchester, calling on General and Mrs Kenyon on the way in order to leave a copy of "Last Words". We lunched pleasantly with Sir Gurney & Lady Benham and met the Headmaster of the Royal Grammar School (Fletcher) and his wife. The Prize Distribution took place in a rather gloomy building, & followed the usual course. It was not a very inspiring function! However, I delivered my oration after distributing the prizes & was rewarded with the usual applause & flatterous speeches. Then we had tea in the Headmaster's House. Several ancients claimed to have known me when I was Vicar of Barking. We looked in on the Thurlows at Ardleigh on our way home.

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[142]
Friday, March 20th, 1942.

I sent a guinea to the Provost of Oriel (Ross) now Vice-Chancellor of the University, in response to a private appeal from the Curators of the Bodleian Library, to defray the cost of a portrait painted by Mr Augustus John, R. A. of the Librarian, Dr H. H. E. Craster to be added to the portraits of fifteen past holders of the Librarianship. I added a letter apologising for the pettiness of the amount.

Also, I sent a pound to the rejected applicant for my gardenship, to cover his expenses in coming from St Edmundsbury & returning. (His name was F. Fosker, Walsham-le-Willow, Bury St. Edmunds, Suffolk: & he seemed in the mood to come.)

Fearne motored me to Ipswich, where I had a rather futile interview with the dentist **[**Mr Leonard Martin, 16 Northgate Street**]**.

Moulsdale sent me a letter asking me to preach in the parish church on Palm Sunday, the day appointed for a day of National Prayer, and, rather precipitately, I returned an immediate answer consenting to do what he asked for. But I find it hard to discover a "message"!

<!210342>
[143]
Saturday, March 21st, 1942.

Temperature at 7 a.m. in my bedroom, 48° Fahr.

The post brought the proof of the Index of the Autobiography, & a letter from Milford to indicate the places in which the "illustrations" should be inserted. This was rather a tiresome business but it was achieved, & the corrected proof sent back under registered cover. I hope that I have now seen the last of the silly essay in egotistical exhibitionism! It can please nobody: interest few: & may annoy, & even exasperate, many. To me it can only bring loss & humiliation. I cannot understand how I allowed myself to slip into so foolish an enterprize.

In the afternoon I walked to Washbrook Church, said my prayers in the little, old sanctuary, & then returned to Hyntle Place.

I received a letter from Alington written in the smallest cursives with the sharpest of steel pens, dipped in the faintest of ink. Give me uncials and back ink on good rag paper, & I can even yet read my letters. But these are now rarely to be found. With type-writers, steel nibs, and stylograph pens, the fair art of handwriting has nearly disappeared.

<!220342>
[144]
5th Sunday in Lent, March 22nd, 1942.

Temperature in your bedroom at 7 a.m. 45° Fahr.

I wrote to Tom Elliott, courteously and cautiously, dissuading him from coming over from the Isle of Man with the purpose of paying us a visit. These are no times for extending hospitality even to friends, whom we would gladly welcome in normal circumstances.

We went to Church for Mattins, & I read the lessons, but the light was bad, & my eyes were unhelpful, with the result that I read with real difficulty. Patrick Dennistoun was in church, and came to lunch. I had some talk with him, and gave him a copy of "Last Words".

Moulsdale preached from the last verse of the 51st Psalm: "O be favourable & gracious unto Sion: build thou the walls Jerusalem". He gave us what he called the "mystical" meaning of the Psalmist's text. "Sion: was the Catholic Church militant here on earth, and "Jerusalem" was the church triumphant in heaven. He dwelt on the ample way in which the Prayer had been answered in the visible Church with its sacraments &c. But his delivery is so bad, that his hearers could hardly understand what he said.

[145]

E. A. Freeman 1823-1892.

> Freeman's influence is not dead. His views on the character of the eleventh century revolution are to-day emphasized by a group of scholars who would perhaps repudiate the source of their inspiration, and the learned controversies of an age in which he would feel a stranger reproduce his sentiments about the "continuity of English prose" and the glories of "the last phase of Anglo-Saxon history". It is not, however, for his theories that he remains of importance but for the solid erudition which he bequeathed to his successors for there instruction. Let it be said of Edward Freeman that he produced the best book ever written on the greatest event in English history before the Reformation. Let it be added that none of his critics has been able to supersede it.
>
> **[**v. Times Literary Supplement. March 21st 1942**]**.

[146]

Lang, like Davidson, has been given a peerage, and thereby a precedent, which I hold to be definitely bad, has been so strengthened that in the future it could only be broken with difficulty, since such breach it could not but be interpreted as implying an unfavourable verdict on an the outgoing Archbishop who was not so honoured. But my objection goes deeper. A peerage is the normal and appropriate recognition of distinguished service to the State. It is wholly unfitting as the recompense of distinguished service to the Church. If it should become a normal procedure to confer peerages on Archbishops and Bishops, when

they retired from spiritual office, the control of the Episcopate by the State would be considerably increased, none the less for being indirect, viz. by the subtle influence of ambition on episcopal minds. It is curiously suggestive, that the emphatic assertion of the State's control of the Church, in spiritualibus has been followed by novel and emphatic marks of State complaisance. The movement of ecclesiastical self-respect which was aroused by the crowning Erastianism which rejected the Revised Prayer Book, has been "smothered by kindness"!

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[147]
Monday, March 23rd, 1942.

Today we were invaded by H. M. Forces, who were requiring (in the civilest way conceivable) hospitality for the night as they were employed in some exercises which carried them some way into the country. The C. O. was Brigadier Oxley, who had tea with us, and talked intelligently and in an interesting manner. He had served mainly abroad, &, during the last War, he had been in Egypt, and Palestine. He had just returned from Malta. I surrendered my study: and we managed to accommodate a party, in the house & in the gardener's cottage. They were polite, good-tempered, & appreciative.

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[147]
Tuesday, March 24th, 1942.

Our military guests were all away by 1 p.m. Fearne motored me to Ipswich, where I visited the chiropodist. Both the lady who restored my understanding, and the maiden who received my shekals [sic] (6/-) told me that they were about to leave their employment, the one in order to get married, the other, in order to take up war-work. I promised to give them each a copy of "Last Words", and was careful to take their names and addresses. Then we returned to Hyntle Place.

[148]

A young airman, Charles Leslie Barron aged 21, now stationed at Felixstowe, came to see me. He said that the Vicar of Annfield Plain, had urged him to call on me: that he had come to me in Auckland as an aspirant for Ordination: that he remembered my saying to him when we parted, "Think of me as a friend", and he felt encouraged thereby to adventure a call. We talked amicably for half an hour, said prayers together, & so parted. I gave him a copy of "Last Words". The lad expressed himself with much simplicity & quiet determination. It was, however, apparent that he had been shaped by "Anglo-Catholick" forces, for he told me that he had been a member of a "servers" guild, &, in that capacity, had been successful in getting a considerable number of communicants to celebrations of "The Mass". I pointed out to him the impropriety of that description of "The Lord's Supper", as well for its intrinsic insignificance, as for the natural and, indeed, inevitable suggestion of Papistry which it carried to English ears. He seemed to take my counsels in good part. But –

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[149]
Wednesday, March 25th, 1942.

A mild and beautiful day. Mr John Dade and his wife and their son, a youth of 19½ who expected immediately to be "called up", got into the gardener's cottage yesterday, and this morning he made a start in the garden. He tells me that he served with the British Army under Allenby in Egypt and Palestine during the last War. He was an officer's batman, which, perhaps, may explain his good manners.

I wrote a sermon for next Sunday, when I promised to preach in the parish church here. But, as the Rector omitted to include that fact in the rather verbose announcements which he made last Sunday, I do not suppose that I shall have as congregation more than the customary handful of village women & children. It is doubtless an excellent Lenten discipline for a Preacher, who had been long wont to have and to expect to have large and interested assemblies, who desired to hear him preach, to discover that, when stripped of office, he is, like silver in Solomon's capital "nothing accounted".

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[150]
Thursday, March 26th, 1942.

Another sunny day, and warmer.

I received a letter from Langton Heaver, who is now serving as a Chaplain to the Forces at Aldershot. He asks permission to give my name as "guarantor for the period he worked under me in Durham Diocese from 1927 to 1939". He adds

> I read & very much enjoyed your latest book - "Last Words from Westminster".

and subscribes himself.

> Your Lordship's obedient (& may I add, affectionate?) servant.

I hold him in high regard, and never cease to lament the untoward event (a totally unsuitable marriage) which went far to wreck a very promising career in the Ministry. It pleases me to get into touch with him again.

I relied at once, promising to answer most favourably any inquiries that should come to me with respect to his character and abilities.
Then I fritted away the morning on vain attempts to get on with the Autobiography. I can't frame a satisfactory arrangement.

[151]

A cutting from "Daily Sketch" was sent to me. It is under the general heading "Talk of the Town", and makes reference to my forth-coming "Memories".

> "The basis of Dr Henson's book will be his diaries. I am old that they are full and intimate.
>
> They were kept up to date with a regularity that is remarkable. Every morning, before breakfast, the previous day's doings and encounters were duly recorded – not without many vigorous asides on persons and events.
>
> I hope the Bishop's discretion will not prevent him from publishing at least some of these comments.

This writer knows much more about his Lordship's methods than is known by the Bishop himself, but the silly penny-a-lining does probably indicate the expectation which has arisen in some, perhaps in many, minds, as to the type & temper of my poor little record. If so, there will be woeful disappointment, and as a consequence, considerable resentment & disgust!

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[152]
Friday, March 27th, 1942.

Another mild day, pleasant and promising. I lunched with Woodbridge, who was not in good case, but pleased with my coming. He had with him a nurse, with an Irish name & Papistical. However, we managed to get through lunch without wounding her feelings or imperilling her faith!

I notice that the Times seems to give a measure of support to the opposition to the Home Secretary's action in warning the 'Daily Mirror', an opposition which has been emphasized by the return of an "Independent candidate" at the by-election in Grantham. It is, I think, apparent that the long succession of failures culminating in the amazing & humiliating surrender of Singapore, has given a rude shock to the Government, and reduced dangerously the authority of the Prime Minister. The Editor of the Catholic Herald has a letter in the Times criticising adversely the appointment of another day of 'National Prayer', for which H.M. is speaking tomorrow.

In the afternoon, I walked round Chattisham with Harford, who had tea, & then returned to his parish.

<!280342>
[153]
Saturday, March 28th, 1942.

Cold, but developing into brilliant sunshine.

At last, after many weeks, I received a letter from Dick "by Air Mail". It is dated February 8th, and has taken 48 days to reach me from Libya. He writes cheerfully; and, rather surprisingly, finds the desert religiously exhilarating:

> Nowhere do we chaplains find ourselves so much in demand and so seriously considered as here in the desert. John the Baptist and S. Anthony had their heads screwed on the right way when they chose it as their retreat.

He even thinks that the War will have helped religion, and extended it. I do not ~~feeble~~ feel that I can share his optimism. He begs hard for serious books. The books which are sent to him from his family appear to be chosen on the assumption that "only the lightest will be appreciated.

> "We shot a gazelle yesterday, and are licking our chops in anticipation of a good meal."

I must make up a selection of Penguins, and get them sent out to him, though their arrival is not very likely.

[154]

Colonel Smith and Archie Parker Smith came to lunch. Fearne "went sick", and for some reason unknown, probably eating offal! So the tea-party, which had been arranged for this afternoon was cancelled.

The wind is bitterly cold, and blows from the north-east. But it is said to be useful for drying the ground. The labourers on the land are working overtime.

I wrote to Lord Roche* giving him some account of Woodbridge's state of health. Also I sent a note to Evelyn Reid asking her to suggest a day when we could have tea with her & Tom.

Then I read over again the poor little sermon which I have written for tomorrow's service. It does not please me, nor do I think that it is likely to be understood by the congregation to which it will be addressed. A little oration, spoken without notes, would probably better match the expectations, and, perhaps, edify more those who hear me. But I cannot depart from the habit of a lifetime.

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[155]
Palm Sunday, March 29th, 1942.

A Day of national Prayer

A brilliant morning, but still disconcertingly cold.

Fearne, being quite apparently not fit for driving I insisted on a telephone message being sent to Lady de Suamarez, "crying off" our engagement to lunch. But Christine valourously[sic] undertook to fetch and return us, so Ella and I were able to lunch very pleasantly at Shrublands. Wing Commander Wilkinson of Balliol, now stationed at Martlesham, who had expressed a desire to meet me, lunched also. I found him an intelligent & interesting man. Victor de Suamarez, the son and heir, was present, rather a frail looking lad, but with an agreeable expression. He has just left Eton, & is about to enter Magdalen College in Cambridge.

The service in Hintlesham parish church was well attended by members of the Home Guard etc. They filled the church. I preached the sermon that I had prepared, and (though there were some coughs) was listened to with attention. Derek Ryan, his father, & Sir William Brass were present, & spoke with me after service.

[156]

Wilkinson asserted at lunch that the Prime Minister had recently expressed the opinion that Adolf Hitler was a great military genius – one of the greatest in human record. Certainly the number and extent of the Nazi victories are unprecedented, and if they can be truly attributed to the Führer, it will be very difficult to dispute this estimate. But I suspect that it is too soon to decide on the extent of his military influence.

I wrote to Dick, and also to L^d^ Woodbridge. To the last I sent the numbers of the Psalms which, having committed them to memory, I am accustomed to repeat aloud when in my matutinal bath, and in the intervals of dressing! In the course of our conversation on Friday last, I had happened to mention my practice, and he had expressed his desire to have a list of the Psalms, which I thus treated. They are the following, which I ever prefer in the Prayer-book version, and read with the gloss of the Gospel:-
8, 11, 19, 23, 46, 51, 75, 130, 139.

<!300342>
[157]
Monday, March 30th, 1942.

I received two letters from Dick by air mail, dated March 2nd and March 8th. He says that he has received the two books which I sent him for Christmas viz: "Last Words", and Oman's Memoirs. He has read my little book, and approves it. He says (what, of course, it pleases me to hear,) that "both in their subject matter and in their style, they remind him of the sermons of Dean Church – the same concern with Western Civilization as inherently Christian, the same consistent distinction of style, the same sprinkling of shining phrases." He continues:-

> I feel very enthusiastic about the little book: there is nothing commonplace about it. I am not sure that I altogether agree with you in characterising Western Civilization (as we know it today) as Christian. That our present civilization is the child of a civilization that was shaped by Christianity goes, I think, without saying; but that it remains Christian itself, is, to my thinking not absolutely certain. It is perhaps, as T.S.Eliot suggests, "only neutral". But [**158]** I don't presume to cross swords with you."

Dick, like most of his generation, finds the fierce denunciation of industrial civilization which flows so copiously from the pens of our up-to-date reformers, more to his liking.

> "Our Colonel is leaving us tomorrow – too old – they say – at 46, regardless of the fact that he is quite tireless. We shall be sorry to see him go: he was harsh and exacting, and often fearfully rude, but he cared for us, and looked after us, ~~and~~ as we came to realize & appreciate more and more."

That is a handsome testimony to a C.O.

The papers give prominence to an amazingly gallant performance by British Forces at S. Nazaire on the French Atlantic Coast where the dock gates were destroyed. Unhappily the casualties were serious.

In the afternoon Ella took me for an interminable walk in unfamiliar fields. The weather had become warmer, & my overcoat was superfluous, but the dear lady was, like Dick's Colonel, "quite tireless."

[159]

I read through Temple's 'Penguin Special' on 'Christianity and Social Order'. It is ably written, and effectively arranged. It will certainly be very widely read. The substance is already familiar in the deliverances of "Copec" & "Malvern". In an Appendix the new Primate has the courage to suggest a Programme which appears to be identical with that of the Labour Party. He is good enough to disclaim the intention of excessive dogmatising:-

> "Let no one quote this as my conception of the political programme which Christians ought to support. There neither is nor can be any such programme. I do offer it as a Christian social programme, in the sense of being one which seeks to embody Christian principles; but there is no suggestion that if you are a Christian you ought to think these steps wise or expedient."

The only effect of this "Penguin" will be to stimulate appetites already perilously keen, to obscure the essential conditions of sound progress which are already widely ignored, and to clothe political agitation with the irrelevant ardour of religious passion.

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[158] [sic - a misnumbering by Henson]
~~Tuesday April~~ [Tuesday] **March 31st, 1942.**

A beautiful spring day. I did succeed in writing a few pages of the Autobiography, but I am still much perplexed as to the best order in which to arrange my material. A chronological narrative accords best with the name & claim of an Autobiography; but, in the case of a life at once so busy and so lacking in incident as mine, could hardly avoid an intolerable monotony & dullness. If, however, I adopt another arrangement, and select from the record the exceptional, and relatively the more important episodes, I quickly immerse myself in considerable disorder, and reduce my narrative to a bundle of disconnected fragments. Yet there is much to be said for breaking up the continuous biography in the Journal into sections dealing with such matters as

1. Visits to Windsor
2. The House of Lords
3. The National Assembly
4. The General Strike
5. The Coronations
6. Publications
7. The Preservation of Durham Castle
8. The "Bishoprick"
9. Discipline
10. Marriage & Divorce
11. Prayer Book Revision
12. The Lambeth Conference
13. Quadrennial Charges
14. Durham University

<!010442>
[159] [sic]
Wednesday, April 1st, 1942.

An unpleasant day with strong south-westerly wind, which made my study chimney smoke with disgusting persistence.

In the afternoon I walked to Burstall, and visited the interesting parish church. There I found the Vicar, Harford, who expounded to me the more distinctive & interesting features of the church. The arcade of the nave, said to be modelled on Milan Cathedral, and the 14th century carved screen in the north aisle are certainly to be noted.

It is announced that Japan is to be officially represented at the Vatican. That this should be arranged at a moment when the Japanese have horrified all decent people by its hideous perfidy and barbarous treatment of prisoners is certainly a darkly suggestive fact. It indicates quite clearly the direction in which the sympathies of the Papist Church must be perceived, & probably also it discloses the belief among the cynical diplomatists of Rome that the Axis powers are most likely to be victorious in this horrible conflict. After all the tradition and tendency of that church are essentially hostile to Freedom on every plane of life.

<!020442>
[160]
Thursday, April 2nd, 1942.

I had a bad night, probably due to my battling with the wind as I walked back from Burstall. Accordingly, I kept my room until noon, and telephoned to the dentist cancelling the appointment with him that I had made for 10.30 a.m.

The day was brilliant. Dade mowed the lawn, and gave a spring like aspect to the garden. I noticed daffodils in bloom for the first time this year. Violets, primroses, and crocuses make a fair show.

The news from India is depressing. The Sikhs will have nothing to do with the British Government's scheme, and no section of Indian opinion appears to welcome it. However, Sir Stafford Cripps* refuses to despair, announces his postponement of his departure from India, and allows himself to speak cheerfully of the prospect of ultimate success.

An unpleasant dispute has broken out between the Home Secretary (Herbert Morrison) & Sir Victor Fisher, the Regional Commissioner for London. The ~~first~~ last was dismissed from office by the first, & the dismissed official refuses to "take it lying down". The incident is very regrettable.

<!030442>
[161]
Good Friday, April 3rd, 1942.

A cold morning. The post brought a letter from Mary Radford,* and an inquiry about Derek from a Dorset-shire clergyman, whose acquaintance he made when stationed at Weymouth.

Mary and her husband, being both well acquainted with India, and intelligent beyond the average of English residents in that country: and, moreover, being sympathetic with Indian aspirations, have some title to be listened to with attention on the subject, are not hopeful as to the prospects of Cripp's mission:-

> "I wonder what you think of the British proposals for India. I think they'll be turned down by Congress, but they're a pretty generous offer. Of course Alan's view, like (that of) many who know India, is that some 10 million are politically minded, & that all the rest of the 350,000,000 want to be allowed to live in peace with British law & order. That isn't quite true, but a great many do just want peace, & to live their own **[162]** lives in their own way.

Therein the mass of Indians do not greatly differ from their fellow-subjects in Britain. We also desire nothing more than to be left in peace, undisturbed by the politicians: but we have reached the same goal by a different route. They are unconscious of political excitement: we are dead sick of it. There is the whole chasm which parts innocence from exhaustion, the placid indifference of childhood from the irritable disgust of old age.

I wrote to the Rev. Jan Grant Cameron, re-assuring him about Dick's safety.

We went to church for Mattins & the Ante-Comn service. I read the lessons, but with difficulty, for the bad light made the failure of my eyesight more than commonly incapacitating. On my way home I walked as far as the school with the Head-mistress who insisted on showing me her garden, which is more extensive than I supposed, & which, with the assistance of the school children, she has brought into excellent order.

[163]

In the afternoon. Mr Gray, the farmer, came to his farm-buildings, & I seized the opportunity for talking with him about the little incident, which happened some days ago, & which, originating in a natural misunderstanding, might easily take shape as a grievance, & mature in a feud! Mr G. came upon my gardener with a box, bearing his name, & very naturally, claimed it. The gardener, having no knowledge of him, & resenting what had the appearance of a reflection on his honesty, indicated anything but a penitent state of mind! In short, I think there were "words" between them. However, I trust that my genuine concern, & apparent regret, will have dissipated the farmer's resentment. We parted at the gate with profuse expressions of an almost Oriental luxuriance of mutual esteem! I don't dislike Mr G., but he is evidently one of those men who unites a considerable fund of good nature with an exorbitant appetite for the homage of others. He expressed himself with much vehemence

against the Government in general, and Mr Hudson, whom he regards as a mere theorist in agricultural knowledge in particular.

<!040442>
[164]
Saturday, April 4th, 1942.

A brilliant morning, but a cold wind, &, as the afternoon advanced, some rain.

The flowers in the garden are beginning to assert themselves triumphantly, & the singing of birds becomes more confident & promising. If only this hideous war would cease!

There is no comfort in the newspapers or on the wireless. The Japanese are still unchecked, and from the battle-fronts in Russia and Libya there comes the assurance of feverish preparations for the long promised offensive which, both sides agree in asserting, must be decisive.

I returned to Harford the copy of Temple's tract, "Christianity & Social Order", because I have received another copy. In a covering letter I made some observations on the pamphlet. The method was medieval, viz. postulating what ought to be, & formulating a practical programme which assumed that this ideal system could be realized directly, here & now – the method of Utopia. The well-known dictum "dolus latet in generalibus", might be applied to such vague and unpractical dreamings!

[165]

> The French Revolution took place in a world, enlarged by the opening up of the oceans, but otherwise, as regards the means of transport, communications & production, no further advanced than in the days of the Antonines. We are entering upon an age of the most terrific shrinkage of the world, spatially, acoustically, and soon, no doubt, visually. Technically it will soon be as easy to convene a world parliament as it was to convene the parliament of this little island 200 years ago. Aristotle set the practical limit to the size of a democracy in his day to the citizens who cd assemble to listen to a single speaker. The whole world can do that today. Some day an Imperial Cabinet may sit simultaneously in every capital of the Empire, the physically absent statesmen joining by wireless telephony in the discussion, while their features & gestures are reproduced by television – each at his place round the table. (L. S. Amery. v. British Survey. vol iii. No 18 March 21st 1942).

<!050442>
[166]
Easter Day, April 5th, 1942.

I began the day by writing to Lang, and inserting a copy of my letter in this Journal.

The B. B. C. at 9 a.m. began with the first verse of the Easter Hymn. "Christ the Lord is risen today". I approve "with fear and trembling", for every essay in distinctive Christianity is but too likely to enkindle a disastrous resentment in the opposition camp, and to suggest the claim for "equal treatment" for the sinister and many [hued?] crowd of anti-Christians and non-Christians. This claim is not easy to disallow in a modern democracy which parades its devotion to the principle of absolute equality of treatment for all creeds! However, I think that there is probably enough Christian sentiment diffused through the nation to secure general approbation of the Christian hymn. & no considerable support for the protest of opponents.

We attended Mattins, when I read the lessons, and afterwards celebrated the Holy Communion. There were 14 communicants. The Rector's sermon was based on the text 2. Tim: I.10 "The Appearing of our Saviour, Christ Jesus, who abolished death, & brought life and incorruption to light through the Gospel". I was surprized (& relieved) that the Quicunque was omitted.

[167]

Easter Day, 1942.

My dear Lord.

I have not hitherto written to congratulate you on your Pearage, not because I do not share the universal opinion that the House of Lords is to be congratulated on retaining in its membership a man so brilliantly qualified & so uniquely experienced as yourself, but because I feel again what I felt when the same honour was bestowed on your predecessor, an invincible dislike & apprehension of a procedure which must needs discourage that independence of Parties, Governments, & Courts which is ever so hard to secure in the Hierarchs of an Established Church. I allowed myself to imagine that, in the case of Dr Davidson, there were circumstances which might, perhaps, justify an innovation on the immemorial practice: but its repetition in the case of his successor seems to **[168]** create a precedent & disclose a policy. And at this juncture when the conflict between the Church and the State is apparent and extreme, I could not but feel that the acceptance of special favour from the State was specially regrettable in the case of so eminent an ecclesiastic as yourself. That is how I felt, and feel – &, therefore, I did not, what indeed I desired to do, viz: unite with your numberless friends in congratulation.

May you live long to adorn the Senate, and may God bless you with health and strength!

Always affectionately,

your Friend,
H. Hensley Henson
Bishop

The Right Hon^{ble}
Lord Lang of Lambeth

[169]

Eric Dawson Walker called during the afternoon. He is stationed with his mechanized troops at St Edmundsbury, and wanted me to come to their camp, & address them at their church-parade on Sunday, the 19th April at 11 a.m. He promised to fetch and return me in one of the official cars, but could not include my ladies in the arrangement. I was rash enough to promise to do this.

We had some conversation about Durham, where his mother continues to live. I gather that the College now presents an aspect of revolting promiscuity. Dean & Canons have utilized to the full the opportunity which the War has provided, &, by sub-letting their houses of residence, have both provided convenient housing for various individuals, & increased their own incomes. I dislike this procedure, & doubt its wisdom, but in the present anarchy of conditions, it is probably unwise, and certainly futile, to protest. But it is easier to innovate than to restore, and I cannot believe that the final outcome of the present method of interpreting legal obligations can be wholesome. Eric's chauffeur was a Sunderland man, who seemed intelligent and interested.

<!060442>
[170]
Monday, April 6th, 1942.

I received an inquiry from the P. M.'s secretary about the character and abilities of Langton Heaver who is being "considered" for appointment to a Crown living. I replied at once, bestowing much care on my letter, & expressing myself, as far as I could, with complete frankness.

Also, I received a letter from Lord Roche acknowledging my "report" on Woodbridge's state. He makes a reference to "Last Words":-

> "I benefitted by your sermons, & so have others to whom I have loaned them.

Jimmie Dobbie and Martin Ellingsen* send "Easter letters" very affectionately expressed. In my present isolation these assurances of undeviating loyalty are consolatory.

The news from the War continues ambiguous, & rather disconcerting. In Russia the thaw is imposing its veto on both sides: in the Far East we learn that the Japanese have already attacked Ceylon and India: and (most sinister of all) that some fresh devilry is being engineered in France, where the "Quislingites", Darlan and Laval are again coming into prominence & (probably) power.

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[171]
Tuesday, April 7th, 1942.

I was startled and distressed by reading an obituary notice of Frank Pember's* wife [Margaret Pember*] in the Times. I had not so much as heard that she was ill, such is the isolation in which I must now live. Her death is stated to have taken place last Saturday.

I made her acquaintance at the time of her marriage in 1895 – 47 years ago. I officiated at the ceremony in Haslemere Church. Since then I have (until these last shadowed years) I have [sic] kept in touch with her, and now her disappearance distresses me. I wrote a few lines of condolence to Frank.

There is also in the Times an obituary notice of E. B. Fielden,* whose acquaintance I made during my brief episcopate in Hereford, with whom I stayed more than once at the fine Elizabethan (or Jacobean) mansion in Shropshire Condover hall. He was ever friendly to me, and, I think, was rather discomposed by the restless temperament of his wife, who was never long contented with any house, not even with so noble & interesting one as Condover Hall.

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[172]
Wednesday, April 8th, 1942.

A brilliant morning, but still cold.

I received a letter from Langton Heaver which, in view of his clouded & difficult circumstances, touched me. It is highly characteristic, and, perhaps, illuminating on my character as well as on his own:-

> I have never met a dignitary of the Church whom I have really respected and loved as I have you.
>
> I know that Durham diocese will never forget your great Episcopate, & that all the clergy you ordained really did feel they had in you a Father in God. I know that many will look ~~towards~~ forward to the publication of your autobiography, & I hope it will appear very soon.

He signs himself "Your Lordship's obedient servant, and affectionate".

He writes from "The Rev A. J. Langton Heaver C. F. Gunfleet, 28 Penfold Road, Clacton on Sea, Essex. He might, perhaps, get over to see me.

[173]

I visited the dentist in Ipswich, and enjoyed the usual felicitous experience.

The Norwegian Church appears to be making a brave fight against the "Quisling" tyranny. First the Bishops, and then the Clergy, have refused to function under the degrading conditions imposed on them. Even the complaisant Erastianism of a Lutheran Establishment declines to play the rôle assigned it by the Nazi despot. The school teachers are equally firm in their resistance to the limitations imposed on them. The Nazis are confronted by a voluntary Interdict laid on the country, not by a Pontiff pursuing an anti-national policy, but by the representatives of Religion & Culture, revolting against demands which insult their self-respect & nullify their essential function. I read in the Times:-

> Nearly all the Norwegian clergymen, speaking from the pulpit during Easter Day services, announced that they were resigning office in protest against the Quisling Government's attempt to take over the education of youth by compulsory enrolment from 10 years to 18 in the Quisling youth formations.

[174]

General Smuts* made a notable speech on March 25 on the occasion of the centenary celebrations of the Dutch Reformed Church of the Transvaal:

"We stand, as it were, at a great break or divide in history, in a crisis in which old traditions & principles are no longer accepted, where the greater portion of mankind are casting round & searching for a new world outlook, a new life principle, a new code to follow and obey. We may lose our direction and run the risk of immeasurable calamity for civilization. We are looking for a short cut to economic & social reforms, and run the risk of deserting the fundamental principles on which our Christian civilization is founded.

We run the risk of exchanging our spiritual birthright for merely material advantage. Today we witness on a worldwide scale the failure of political nationalism & materialism to satisfy the deeper needs of man's spirit. This failure, with the nameless sufferings of our generation, will lead to the revival of religious faith.

[175]

The Church sh^{d} keep aloof from the materialistic & political conflict, so that it may be helpful in the crisis of religion that is coming.

It is generally admitted that there are great economic & social evils. They have to be removed. This can & must be done without our resorting to new plans or new orders which may affect & undermine fundamental ideals and principles. Fundamentally the world has no need of a new order or a new plan, but only of the honest & courageous application of the historical Christian idea. Our Christian civilization is based on eternal order, an endless plan in the message of Christ. His message is: Cherish in love your fellow man irrespective of race or language: cherish & keep the divine idea in your heart as the highest good.

This is the message also for the Church of today, and for mankind milling round like frightened sheep without a shepherd. The Man of Galilee is, and remains, our one & only leader. And the Church as the carrier of this message should follow Him alone.

(v. The Times, April 8th, 1942).

[176]

There were some points of resemblance between me and Bishop Westcott e.g.

I also was "something of a terror to the shorthand writers… not because I speak rapidly, but because my thoughts were expressed in uncommon and often unfamiliar phrases (ii 257)

I also have a "love of hospitality" (ii 263)

He, as I, "felt most strongly "against "reservation" (ii 274)

His views on War were substantially identical with mine e.g. “The duty of fulfilling a trust is not a matter for arbitration, &, if need be, must be preferred to the maintenance of peace (ii 287)

H [sic], as I, loathed tobacco (ii 292)

He as I hardly ever went to the theatre (ii 297)

He also made a fixed rule never to take any public part in a Bazaar (ii 302)

[177]

He also idealized the Establishment.

He “had not the least doubt that a late age (for Confirmation) is best for the religious life (ii 303)

I hold with him that “the High Church theory” is destitute of “any basis in the New Testament

> “I had occasion to look through the N. T. not long ago with special reference to the question, & I was greatly impressed by a fact which seems to have been overlooked. All the apostolic writers are possessed (as I think rightly in essence) by the thought of the Lord’s return. They show no sign of any purpose to create a permanent ecclesiastical organisation. Whatever is done is to meet a present need, as e.g. the mission of Titus to Crete. The very condition laid down for the Apostolate excludes the idea of the perpetuation of their office. What followed when the Lord (as I think) did come is a wonderful Revelation of the Providence of God (26 June 1899, vol ii, p 306)

<!090442>
[178]
Thursday, April 9th, 1942.

I received a note from Lord Woodbridge, saying that he had left for London yesterday afternoon, for (probably) yet another operation. He writes affectionately, but sadly as a man who is not hopeful. I sent on his letter to Lord Roche that he might know all that I know myself about W.'s condition.

Also, I received a good-tempered letter from the new Lord Lang of Lambeth. This together with my own letter, to which it was the answer, is inserted in this journal for "historical" reasons.

The only good result from the new practice of "raising to the peerage" Primates who have resigned their office is that it may assist the willingness to resign before the disqualifications of senility have too apparently emerged! But such disqualifications cannot be reasonably alleged in the cases of Davidson and Lang, though it had been better for the Church, perhaps, if both had retired at 75. Probably, an age limit for Archbishops and Bishops would be the best and simplest remedy for the obstinacy of Senectitude.

[179]

Hinchingbrooke
Huntingdon

April 7th, 1942

My dear Henson – to return to old ways of addressing you – I thank you for your letter. I understand your comments on this peerage – but I think they are needlessly serious. I don't think there is any question of "precedent and policy", though I admit there is a danger of creating precedents. So far the matter has been settled on personal grounds, not official. I am not conscious of having received any "favour from the State", but simply the only opportunity there was of enabling me still to take some part in Parliament, in the public life of the country. For that opportunity I am grateful, though what use I may be able to make of it remains to be seen. But it seems rather absurd that, having been a member of the House of Lords for 34 years, I should **[180]** now be obliged to be 'introduced': and there is a big drop from the position of A. of Canterbury, first in precedence, to that of a junior Baron sitting on the Cross Benches.

In any case, I am grateful for your good wishes to one who signs himself most cordially as your affectionate old friend, and less cordially as

Lang of Lambeth. Abp.

But if the basis be "personal", and not "official", other difficulties and objections present themselves. Why limit the honour to the Archbishop? Would not the withholding of it be

naturally understood ^to imply^ a measure of disapprobation or dislike? How would the authority of the ^new^ Abp. of Canterbury be affected by the presence ^in the H. of L.^ of a quondam Archbishop, whose personal popularity had been so emphatically affirmed? How could the honoured quondam escape the sense of obligation to the party – Prime Minister who had advised the Sovereign to honour him?

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[181]
Friday, April 10th, 1942.

Two British cruizers and a number of merchant ships have been sunk by the Japanese in the Bay of Bengal. This is untoward news indeed.

Chamberlin's* book, 'Japan over Asia', published in 1938, forecasts with astonishing accuracy the events which we are now witnessing. His gloomiest opinions did not take into account the incredible collapse and apostasy of France. The chapter on 'The Advance to the South' is almost startling in its truth.

Nancy Wynne-Willson came to lunch. She looked very smart & efficient in her khaki uniform, driving the little Vauxhall in which she has already covered some 60,000 miles! It is, indeed, an age of Progress. But what transformations are taking place before our eyes. Thessalian witches & religious miracle-workers may put up their shutters! Democracy armed by Science, & spurred on by danger can outdo them in marvels! Here is a dumpy, little backward maiden, whom nobody took quite seriously, transmuted into a self-reliant, extremely competent motor-driver, engaged in carrying some Colonel, in the Medical service all over England visiting Hospitals!

[182]

The day became mild and sunny as the day advanced, and save for the cold westerly wind, was worthy of the Spring. Ella and I walked together as far as Washbrook Church which we visited, & then returned to Hyntle.

I worked at the Autobiography, but made very small progress. In mere bulk, perhaps as much as one sixth of Volume II has now been written, but I have not covered more than about 3 years, & much that has been written must be cast aside.

The story of disaster in the Pacific has not ended even now. This afternoon comes news of the loss of an aero-plane carrier in the ocean near Ceylon. Probably it was destroyed by a torpedo discharged from the air.

The negociations in New Delhi continue, but the outlook does not appear to be very promising. The personal representative of President Roosevelt seems to be drifting into an almost recognized mediatorial position. Both Sir Stafford Cripps* & the leaders of the Indian parties are in constant touch with him. It is not easy to understand how this fits in to constitutional requirements in U.S.A., or in political self-respect in Great Britain.

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[183]
Saturday, April 11th, 1942.

A most glorious spring day in which it was hard to keep indoors.

I received from an unknown correspondent, the Revd Leslie Watson C.F., writing from Wark, Hexham, Northumberland, an interesting and well-written letter, asking for my "guidance and help in a problem that has been very much in the air in this Station since the National Day of Prayer." The letter was thoughtful, and gave me an impression of sincerity. So I devoted an hour to writing an answer, & I sent with my letter the MS. of the little discourse which I preached on Palm Sunday, asking that it might be returned. Fearne was good enough to make a copy of my letter in the "Letter-book".

We motored to Hadleigh where my ladies transacted domestic and personal business in the shops, while I called at the Deanery, and, the Dean being absent, walked for most part of an hour in the Deanery garden, which is beginning to offer the promise of calm & luxuriant beauty. Mrs Downes accompanied me, & talked amicably. Then my ladies came to fetch me, and we returned to Hyntle Place in time for tea.

[184]

The Spectator has an interesting article, headed "The Star of Savoy", in which the position and outlook of the Italian Monarchy are discussed. Importance is attached to [*the* ?] letter which early this year appeared in the New York Times over the signature of Count Sforza, "who has long been the chief representative of Italian political emigration," and is described as a "staunch monarchist", and 'a convinced Conservative'. In this letter the writer says,

> 'If the Italian people shd elect to govern themselves as a democratic republic, all the information I receive from Italy makes me absolutely certain that the decision will meet with neither opposition nor criticism from any quarter – quite the reverse.'

The "Italian correspondent" who writes the Article in the Spectator adds this comment:-

> If a statesman of Count Sforza's antecedents appears converted to the idea of an Italian republic, we may indeed surmise that behind the scenes of the Fascist melodrama, a very remarkable shifting of opinion is taking place.

[185]

Among the factors of the growing unpopularity of the Italian monarch, we are assured that the shortage of good coffee must be included.

> "Italian coffee-drinkers have for some years been muttering over their cups of chicory this little rhyme:

When our Victor was plain King,
Coffee was a common thing.
When an Emperor he was made,
Coffee to a smell did fade.
Since he got Albania's throne
Coffee's very smell has flown,
And should we gain another victory
It will be farewell to chicory.

Sir Stafford Cripps's mission has broken down. He has addressed a dignified & moving, but severe declaration to the People of India, and announced his intention of returning to England without delay. The Prime Minister has sent to him a message expressed in highly appreciative, & even flatterous terms. We may now expect an unpleasant explosions [*sic*] of recrimination & abuse, but the episode must be "written off".

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[186]
Low Sunday, April 12th, 1942.

Another glorious day. I walked to church, & received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. There were but 3 communicants beside myself in the congregation. The gong was not used. "For this relief much thanks."

[If the precedents of making the Abp. of York the "Heir Apparent" of the Primate of All England, and of creating the latter on his resignation a Peer, are to be regularly followed, is it not apparent that the Dominance of Lambeth in the Anglican Communion, & therein notably in the Church of England will be considerably increased, and episcopal authority still further weakened?**]**

As I walked home after the service, the wireless sets were active in the village, destroying the sacred stillness which is so precious a characteristic of the "English Sunday" in a village. Noise, especially when it is organized, persistent, &, in a certain measure, attractive, is curiously desecrating. I find myself drawn increasingly to Quakerdom as I move into the shade of senectitude, and gain a nearer view of the deeper shadow of Death. Assuredly, there is a heavy spiritual price to be paid for the conveniences, indulgences, and distractions of applied physical science.

[187]

I wrote to Dick, to Clarence Stock, and to Wynne-Willson. Ella and I walked to the Post Office, and after posting the letters, returned home by way of the fields, which are now dried hard by sun and wind.

Last week it was reported that the Rugby chaplain (v. p.116} had tendered his resignation in order to take up parochial work. He will be welcomed as a champion and standard-bearer of the "Catholick" cause, and his career as an English clergyman will probably be assisted rather than prejudiced by his impudent and mischievous bigotry! Nor will he have much difficulty in finding a Bishop who will welcome him to his diocese.

The Irish assassins of Sir Henry Wilson went to Mass before committing the murder. Similarly, the Japanese assassin nerved himself for his murder of General Nagata by religious acts (in 1935):

> "Aizawa did not show the slightest repentance for his actions. He told how, on the eve of the assassination, he had prayed for divine guidance at two of the most sacred places in Japan, the Grand Shrine of Ise, and the Meiji Shrine in Tokyo."
>
> v. Japan over Asia by William Henry Chamberlin, p. 219 (1938)

<!130442>
[188]
Monday, April 13th, 1942.

Another brilliant day, but with a cold easterly wind. The gardener got to work with the potato-planting, & achieved much. If he "continues the rest of his life according to this beginning," I shall account myself a fortunate man.

The Headmaster of Culford School, near Bury St Edmund's, invites me to his Speech Day on the 11th July, and undertakes, if I am able to do so, to "do his best to arrange transportation." By way of commending his invitation he writes:-

> You may have heard something about Culford. It is a Methodist Foundation, but we have had most wonderfully cordial relations with the Diocese and with the Parish. Both the Bishop and the Provost have recently preached at the School, and a visit from you would be a very great occasion.

This may be set in the scale against the Chaplain's performance in Rugby; though I do not feel very confident as to the Provost's "broad-mindedness", for he was Moulsdale's partner in the 'cope & mitre' presentation to the Bishop.[2]

[2] See Volume 83, 6 July 1941, ff.

<!140442>
[189]
Tuesday, April 14th, 1942.

Again, the bright sun, & the penetrating East Wind.

Lord Roche returns Woodbridge's letter to me, which I had sent on to him: & writes:-

> It is plain from what he says as to his address to you that he wishes to retire quietly to the Home, & see what comes without any fuss. It is a sad but sweet letter – like him. I am sure you have been and are a great help to him. It is as you say very precarious, but I think he is right. Life in such pain is no gain, & he may get ease either in life or in death. I hope it is not unhealthy, but in some moods I find myself repeating some lines of a rather precious poet called Henry Vaughan, who was affected enough to call himself 'the Silurist', because he was a Welshman. This good poetry (3rd verse) begins:
>
> Dear beauteous death the jewel of the Just
> Shining nowhere but in the dust.
>
> The lines are good particularly the last verse. If you are curious & do not know them, they are in that odd medley "Songs of Praise" **[190]** about number 296 but anyhow next Arkwright's fine poem or hymn "O valiant hearts".
>
> Thank you so much. Let me join our prayers to yours for A.W.

Lord Woodbridge's letter to me was the following

> 8. 4. 42.
>
> My dear Bishop,
>
> I shall be going to London this afternoon to go to a nursing home, and be under my specialist for a day or two, and then perhaps an operation. I have felt so ill of late with occasional "lapses" of comfort that I feel it is worth while to take a little risk to get better.
>
> I know I shall have your kind thoughts and prayers, but I won't give you my address, anyway at present. I shall hope to see you again in about three weeks, but in any case, I have enjoyed your visits & your friendship.
>
> A Friend
>
> Whatever by that sacred name
> The Angels comprehend.
>
> Arthur.

[191]

Also, I received a cheerful letter ^from Dick^. He is evidently keen about his work, and, perhaps for that reason, happy in it, and even what we dare to call successful.

> Our new C.O. has arrived, an Australian sheep farmer, name of Cooper. His nickname is "Daddy", which gives you some indication of his character. But for all that, he has plenty of drive & determination. I think we are going to like him, in spite of our loyalty to the old C.O. who was a very different type of man, violent, rude, seldom out of a temper & yet extraordinarily likeable. One day he w^d^ tell me that I wasn't worth feeding, & the next put his car at my disposal. One learns in the Army – what, indeed, one ought to have learned long before – to judge men by their deeds, & not by their words….. One certainly finds South Africans with a genuine affection for their native orderlies, to whom they are often quite shockingly rude.

Ella and I walked together in Hintlesham wood, & noted with consternation the tree-felling in progress.

<!150442>
[192]
Wednesday, April 15th, 1942.

The sun is as bright, & the east wind as bitter as ever. We went into Ipswich, & I went to the hairdresser for capital execution.

The new Budget has place of honour in the papers. It relieves anxiety by making no addition to the income tax, & makes many additions to the subjects of indirect taxation, which will no doubt be appreciated by the interested parties. On the whole, the Chancellor is thought to have done well.

The Vichy cat is out of the bag at last. Poor old degraded Pétain is placed on the shelf, and the unspeakable Laval is placed at the head of a new Government, understood to be definitely and decisively Quislingist! We await the next move with much interest. On the whole, I incline to the opinion that though some immediate difficulties must confront the Allies, they will be strengthened by being able to treat France as really what it has certainly been for some while past, Hitler's Ally against them. The Japanese continue to make progress in the Pacific, though, perhaps, not quite so rapidly as they expected. It is difficult to understand why Britain and America are so completely helpless, & for so many months.

<!160442>
[193]
Thursday, April 16th, 1942.

Bright sun, but persistently the cold east wind.

I was gratified by receiving from Prof. Powicke* the following note about my short "review" of his book in "The Journal of Theological Studies":

Oriel College, Oxford.
14th April,1942

Dear Bishop Henson,

I should like to send you a few words of thanks for your very kind and careful notice of my little book on the Reformation in the J.T.S.

If I may say so, there is no man to whom I should prefer to have given some pleasure nor one whose approval in work of this kind I more value.

With all good wishes,
Yours very sincerely,
F. M. Powicke

Also, I was pleased to receive a grateful acknowledgment of the letter which I wrote to the Chaplain in answer to his request for "guidance and help". (v. p.183.)

[194]

Officers' Mess,
R.A.F. Ouston,
Stamfordham, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

My dear Bishop,

Thank you for your kindly, prompt, and most helpful letter, together with your sermon preached on the National Day of Prayer. I return the letter herewith.

You have given to me much food for thought in this great and grave matter, and I know that, as I persevere in trying to elucidate the problem, I shall return again and yet again to these your gracious and ready words of guidance.

With gratitude, I remain,
Your obedient Servant,
Leslie Watson (Chaplain).

The writer of this letter is totally unknown to me, but it (as his former letter) gives me the impression of sincerity & devoutness. I am glad that I did not ignore his first letter, and that I have received his second.

[195]

There is much unavoidable, because natural, and futile because necessarily uninformed, speculation as to the exact significance of Laval's return to power in Vichy, but all assume that it cannot be other than unfavourable to the Allies. In the afternoon, it is reported that von Rundstedt is to have command of the Nazi forces in occupied France, and it is suggested that the appointment may be taken to indicate the high importance which Hitler attaches to the behaviour of the French during his next offensive in Russia.

Lord Cranbourne's heir is said to be critically ill with a bullet in his lungs, received during the very calamitous accident which happened in the course of some more than usually realistic exercizes in this country. A considerable number of officers were killed in this untoward & unexpected disaster.

I walked to College Farm, and visited M^{rs} Reid. Archie overtook me as I neared the gate, and showed me the farm. I took occasion, when passing a substantial dunghill, to tell him of my need for manure. He said that he thought that his father c^{d} supply me with a truck-load, and undertook to speak to him on the matter.

[196]

I received "with the Author's compliments" a slim volume of verse – "The Hope of the Dawn, and other Poems" by Edwyn Bevan. **[**Geo. Allen & Unwin, Ltd**]**. A brief Preface includes the following:-

> The oldest poet of Europe has said that in songs it is novelty that men require, and in these poems, I hear it said, there is a harping on the old strings. It may be so. Although several of them were written by a young man – some by a very young man – I can hardly hope that they will find favour with the young men of to-day. But they may give pleasure to a few of the grey-headed, who, like the man in the Gospel, having tasted the new wine, pronounce "the old is better". They may even, since fashions change, please the young men of tomorrow, or the day after tomorrow, if any of them by carried so far by the wind of time.

I am one of the "grey-headed" who heartily endorse the judgement of the man in the Gospel, not in the matter of wine alone, but also in the greater concerns of art, philosophy, ethics, and faith.

[197]

Nancy Wynne-Willson sends me a pot of marmalade, accompanied by a characteristic letter. Her colonel has been visiting a paper-making factory, and she has used the occasion for her own information. As she was westward-bound, I do not hesitate to identify the paper-making factory as that which provides the Clarendon Press:

> "I got two of the men to shew me round. All the paper was hand-made, it was a good old firm, the men had been working there all their lives, & their fathers and grandfathers before them, & they were proud of the stuff they turned out, and justly so. Some of the paper still in use was dated with the watermark of 1880. I saw a

sheet ready watermarked for Bank of Scotland 1£ notes, & how watermarks are put in. I collected a good packet of samples. From there we went to Wells.

Of paper also the evangelic saying holds good "The old is better". The Clarendon Press boasts, and justly, of its paper and type.

<!180442>
[198]
Saturday, April 18th, 1942.

Our incomparable Hebe having retired in order to recuperate her exhausted energies after the exhausting labours of last week, Fearne rushed into the breach with triumphant success.

I expended the whole morning in re-casting, not very successfully, the sermon which I preached on the National Day of Prayer, for use tomorrow.

In the afternoon, Ella dragged me to call on Sir William Burton, whom we found with some ladies in the daffodill [sic] illumined meadow beside his house. He did not appear to be extravagantly elated by our appearance, but, when I pressed home the attack, he so far recovered equanimity as to converse with civility for a sufficient period, after which we took our leave, and returned to Hyntle Place.

The good man did, I must in justice recall, explain that his ladies (to whom he did not introduce us) had but just arrived, & he could not leave them. I remembered the excuses of the discourteous wedding guests in the parable – "I have married, &, therefore, I cannot come" etc. etc. – and did not misunderstand or underrate the politeness of the proffered explanation.

<!190442>
[199]
2nd Sunday after Easter, April 19th, 1942.

A bright, warm, windless day. Eric Dawson-Walker arrived in good time after breakfast, & motored me to West Stowe [sic], near St Edmundsbury, where I had undertaken to address the troops whom he serves as Chaplain. We went first to the Rectory, where the Rector (Long) received me with kindness, and shewed me his garden with pride.

The parade was held in the parish church, which was fairly filled with troops. The Rector & the Chaplain conducted the service, and I preached the sermon. The men listened closely, and, I was assured, were both interested & impressed. After the service I lunched with the Mess, very comfortably in a large tent. I sate beside Major Davies, who, (in the Colonel's absence) presided, and Captain Hayman – both impressed me as intelligent & attractive men. I spent an hour after lunch in talking with men who came from the North Country. All were most pleasant, & (so I was told) pleased to have talk with me. Then, accompanied by Eric & Capt. H. I returned to Hyntle Place, & arrived in time for tea. Both my companions shared the meal with us, & were kindly entreated by my ladies.

[200]

Captain Hayman came to my study, which he admired, & looked with interest on my books. He has read History at Cambridge, & before the War was a schoolmaster in the Midlands. He is married. He declared himself a pupil & admirer of Coulton,* & is evidently a keen student of the Middle Ages. Thus we had a good deal of common ground on which to carry on conversation. I gave him a copy of "Last Words", and wrote his name in it. If I understood him correctly, his grandfather was the brother of the distinguished historian J. S. Brewer. He said that in the Army he missed books & thoughtful readers of books. I could not but sympathize with him.

The Rector of West Stowe with Wordwell is the Rev. F. E. Guy Longe: ~~whereto~~ he was appointed by the Bishop in 1929. He has only 200 parishioners, who, however, are (he told me) scattered over a large area. He has two parish churches to serve, both of which are architecturally interesting. He was ordained in 1894, & has, therefore, been 48 years in orders. He is evidently in the seventies, & probably since he was trained at Keble 7 Cuddesdon, an Anglo-Cath.

<!200442>
[201]
Monday, April 20th, 1942.

At last I heard from Milford. He sends me a scheme for the cover and jacket of the book, and the draft of the "blurb" which is to appear inside the jacket. He hopes to have a binding case to show me "in about a fortnight's time".

> "You will be wondering when we expect to publish. I wish I had something definite to tell you; the sheets should be printed by now, but I am afraid the binding is the immediate difficulty & may take a few weeks; so that it does not look as if we shall be ready until early in June. I will let you know as soon as I can give you a date."

Perhaps the 'Autobiography' and Hitler's coronation in Westminster Abbey will synchronize!!

I walked round Chattisham with no more excitement than encountering a small boy who told me that it was his birthday, & got a shilling for a present; & John, the butcher's boy, who attains 18 years today & is expecting to be called up. I gave him 2/6 for a present. He is a good lad, & will "do out the duty" worthily.

<!210442>
[202]
Tuesday, April 21st, 1942.

A dull morning, and raw, but not cold. I had one letter, from Mary Radford. After breakfast I wrote to Dick having failed to do so on Sunday.

I walked round Chattisham. On the way I had some talk with a young ploughman, who was returning from his work, astride on a mighty 'Suffolk Punch". He expressed some suspicion of the tractors, which are now everywhere displacing horses, and whose "sound has gone out into all lands". He thought that the crops suffered through the beating down of the ground by the heavy machine. It is the old story, that we purchase speed at the price of efficiency.

A load of "muck" arrived from College Farm. Archie's message from me to Mr Reid had been effective, and I am happily independent of Gray's rather embarrassing benevolence in the matter of manure for the garden. I named the disgusting heap in the corner of the garden, "Hitler's heap", regarding it as a contribution to the ultimate overthrow of that "hostis humani generis."

<!220442>
[203]
Wednesday, April 22nd, 1942.

Eric Dawson Walker writes to me pleasantly about the military service in his camp last Sunday, which, he assures me , "was greatly enjoyed and appreciated".

> "Many officers & men have told me how much they were impressed.
>
> I hardly know the men of the King's Royal Rifle Corps who have just been attached to us, but one of them told me that a friend of his had gone rather unwillingly to church, but came back full of enthusiasm about the service & particularly ~~by~~ about the sermon.
>
> Thank you also for your kindness in meeting some of the men after lunch. They all said they would have liked to go on listening to you all the afternoon. As you know the comments of soldiers are entirely sincere, and without affectation.
>
> It was a great occasion for us all, and I do hope it was not wearisome for you."

[204]

The Times reports the death of Lady Charnwood.* I wrote a letter of condolence to Godfrey [Benson].*

Dorothea was always extremely kind to me, and, if (as was indeed the case) I found her effusive affection somewhat oppressive, for the vastness of her physique & the extravagance of her talk did tend to obscure both her ability of mind & her goodness of heart, the fault lay more in me than in her. In spite of the triumph of feminism, I have never been able to surmount my dislike of hearing women talk about politics, and she talked with a positiveness, and a persistence which were almost petrifying. But her kindness of heart & loyalty to her friends were entirely admirable; & she sustained the hard blows of adversity, which befell her as she advanced in old age, with wonderful courage & fortitude. Her faults were apparent & exasperating but they affected the superficial factors in life, and did not ~~affect~~ extend to the fundamentals of character. Therefore she made friends, and kept them. Among them she was good enough to include me, & I am not ungrateful.

[205]

Ruth [Spooner]* writes to me a cheerful & pleasant letter, which expresses a consciousness of the length of the interval since last she condescended to write to me! She pleads an excuse on the ground of indisposition in addition to the normal plea, more genuine in her case than in general, of excessive activity.

In the afternoon we all walked to Church Fram in Chattisham, and had tea (a sumptuous spread) with Tom and Evelyn Reid. Their house is delightfully arranged, & both of them give

the impression of domestic happiness well-rooted in good temper and harmony of tastes. I observed with satisfaction that my portrait adorned the wall of the drawing room.

It is reported that American troops have landed in India: and the American government has made strongly worded declaration of its resolve to take a full share in the defence of India. Also, a successful reconnaissance raid into France somewhere on the coast near Boulogne has been made.

Laval's return to Paris has been marked by the assassination of a Nazi soldier, & by another murder of French "hostages".

<!230442>
[206]
Thursday, April 23rd, 1942.

A dull day, raw & chilly in the forenoon, but in the evening fine. We adventured a game of croquet. Salter writes from Hartlepool:-

> The Bishop of Durham is at work again but only able to take things slowly. I often wonder if he will be able to stand the strain of this diocese. If I were P.M., I should offer the See of Winchester to him! He has strong ties there, and if – as I am told – his heart is not in good working order, I fear that Durham is going to be too much for him.

This would be sad, and would make still more regrettable, the large expenditure on the Castle at Auckland, and the rapid departure from the type & temper of my diocesan administration.

Today, William Temple was enthroned in Canterbury Cathedral. Forty-five years ago he, as a small boy, witnessed the similar enthronement of his Father. The succession of a son to his father in the Primacy is quite unprecedented in the long history of the Church of England.

[207]

Poor old Lady Limerick sends me a long letter, mostly written in pencil, & hardly legible. In the course of it she tells me that for five years she attended St Margaret's, Westminster, and hardly ever missed. She writes vehemently against the Papists, from whom she broke away.

We listened to the service in Canterbury Cathedral in which the new Archbishop was enthroned, and to the sermon which he delivered. He has an admirable voice, which "carries" well. The sermon was well phrased, and well delivered, but it seemed to me disappointing. He emphasized – quite irrationally as I think – the importance of the essays in "oecumenical" Christian effort which have distinguished the last 150 years, & found expressions in a series of conferences in several capital cities. It is evident that he is obsessed with the method and achievement of 'Copec' and 'Malvern'. But he made no reference whatever to the deeper problems, the solution of which carries the future (so far as man can perceive) of Christianity itself. And he ignored the existence and influence of the Popish Church.

<!240442>
[208]
Friday, April 24th, 1942.

A bright day, but a bitter north-easterly wind.

I read carefully the report of Temple's sermon in the 'Guardian', and my discontent was not lessened, though I think that his reference was rather to the missionary gatherings than to those more specifically concerned with "Christian Socialism". He seems to be content with the assumption that ecclesiastical unity can be recovered on the basis of so-called "Catholic" order, an assumption which has been sufficiently disallowed by experience, since the loudly trumpeted Lambeth letter of 1920. The emphasis on the distinctively Anglican tradition as necessary to our contribution to reunion has an ominously familiar sound. It means, of course, that we must cling to the fiction of Apostolical succession, &, with a plethora of fraternal language on our lips, continue to refuse fellowship with the non-episcopal churches. The new Primate, like his predecessor, will cling to the principle of ecclesiastical isolation. The Times has a photograph of his Grace sitting with a great mitre on his head in S. Augustine's chair. Has any Primate since the Reformation, save the Papist Pole, worn the mitre?

[209]

Two parsons, the Vicars of Elmsett & S. Matthew's, Ipswich, came to tea with their wives. The one, Smyth, is a youngish parson, who combines the work of diocesan inspector with that of his parish. He has the consequential carriage of a pedagogue, but does not impress me badly. He is fortunate in having some more employment than that provided by the charge of so small a population. The other, Day, is a limp man, who is, perhaps, better qualified for a stained glass window than for ecclesiastical office. He expressed his wish to consult me on a subject which, he said, was causing him much thought. What was he to think about the urgent and reiterated teachings of the Christian Socialists, who, he felt, were losing hold of the essential method of Christ's Religion? This was a very large theme, & I could do no more than repeat the opinions, which I have so often and so unavailingly expressed. How far these could have cast light on his path, I must needs doubt: but he may have gained a measure of comfort by emptying the full dustbin of his mind on my head!

<!250442>
[210]
Saturday, April 25th, 1942.

A bright morning, but still very cold. Only 48° in my bedroom at 8 a.m.

No post, save another of the American publication issued by the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace. It contains the P.M.'s great speeches in Washington and Ottawa, and the "Atlantic Charter".

The newspaper[*s*] report a heavy bombardment of the Baltic port, Rostock, and publish a photograph of Lübeck after it had been bombed some days ago. Detailed accounts assure us that immense damage was done, including an all-but complete destruction of the old medieval town. No mention is made of the glorious churches & other monuments of the Middle Ages: but it is hardly possible that they could have survived. How vividly I recall the delight with which I viewed them on two visits to Lübeck.

We are still waiting, with deep anxiety, the revelation of Laval's anti-British policy. The fate of Madagascar, and the treatment of the French Fleet are the two most 'danger-points'. He is base enough for anything.

<!260442>
[211]
3rd Sunday after Easter, April 26th, 1942.

Bright sun, & still the bitter east wind. 49°.

I went to church, and received the Holy Communion at the 8 a.m. sermon [*sic*]. The Rector "peeps & mutters" more provokingly than ever: but there was no gong, though my curiosity as to its introduction did not assist my devotion. Indeed, I think the creation of a mood of apprehensive expectancy in the parishioners is one of the worst effects of the favourite "Anglo-Catholick" policy, commonly described as "creeping on". I never understood so clearly before the exasperating consciousness of being cheated by the parson, which has been moved in so many parishioners in parishes all over the country where they feel the revolution in the religious habit of the parish churches, & know themselves to be both ignorant of their parson's new language & carriage, and also altogether powerless to check him. Bishops neither understand their feelings, nor are willing to do them justice. Churchwardens are commonly too humble, obsequious, and sycophantic to "stand up to the parson". They have no other course consistent with self-respect than to cease attendance at the public worship, & betake themselves to the chapels!

[212]

We attended Mattins, and listened to the quaint story of Balaam's speaking ass from the lectern, & the oddest mingle-mangle of a discourse from the late Sir Gerald Ryan's study chair which the Rector has substituted for the pulpit. The sitting position and the black skull cap, which he now wears, seem to emphasize the priestly dogmatism of his homiletic method! After the service we walked to Chattisham Hall, and lunched with Sir Gerald Ryan and his ladies. The food was excellent, the conversation brisk & various, and the spectacle of the choice ducks which amuse the leisure of our host equally unusual and attractive. He agreed with me in lamenting & resenting the destruction of the timber in Hintlesham Park. Our Popish squire seems to have handed the timber over to the "Co-op" in Ipswich. The beauty of Hintlesham has been wickedly and wantonly sacrificed.

I wrote to Edwyn Bevan* thanking him rather belatedly for the little volume of his own verses ("'The Hope of the Dawn' and other Poems") which he sent me a few days ago: and, since I honour the man, I inserted my letter in this Journal:-

[213]

April 26th, 1942.

My dear E.[*?*] Bevan,

It was, indeed, kind of you to send me your little collection of poems. They have given me much satisfaction, not merely for their own merit, which I judge to be great, but also because of the witness they bear to the mind of a man whom I regard with high respect.

I have read them more than once, silently and aloud: & they will take their place on the shelves which carry my too-slender store of poetry, which is both genuine & contemporary. I belong to that sad company of the grey-headed of whom you speak in the Preface as "like the man in the Gospel," who, having tasted the new wine, pronounces the old is better, & I rejoice to have proof that the ancient vineyards have not even yet wholly failed to produce good wine.

With great regards I am,

Sincerely & obliged,

H. H. H.

<!270442>
[214]
Monday, April 27th, 1942.

A bright day, but the never ceasing east wind!

I set to work on the account of Malines, and spent much of the morning carefully [*missing word* reading?] the chapter in Bell's Life of Archbishop Davidson, which records the episode from the point of view of the Archbishop. I thought, and think, that Davidson was flattered and hustled by the Anglo-Catholics into a very foolish proceeding, which did much (as Lord Hugh Cecil warned him in advance) to secure the defeat of P. B. R. [Prayer Book Reform] Davidson was a much larger & wiser man than his predecessor, Benson, but he did not understand so truly the consecrated cunning of ecclesiastical bigotry!

I read through the report of Hitler's speech in Berlin. Its extravagance & impudent egotism are hardly consistent with verity [*?*].

In the afternoon Ruston with his mother and aunt came to tea. The aunt & the parson had the rudeness (as I must needs think it) to start smoking, the one in the drawing-room & the other in the study!

I paid my book account to Hugh Rees – only £4 : 10 : 3, and the premium for the War damage Insurance for my furniture, £7 : 0 : 0.

<!280442>
[215]
Tuesday, April 28th, 1942.

Still the sun, and still the bitter east wind! My only letter is an affectionate but agitated letter from Frank Pember thanking me for my condolence on his bereavement.

I finished my second reading of D. M. Low's very readable and informing sketch of Gibbon's Life. I had not realized that, when he died in London on January 16th, 1794, he was only in his 57th year. In spite of his unwholesome habit of living, no exercize, incessant reading & writing, and the resolute indulgence of an enormous appetite, he seems to have enjoyed excellent health almost to the end. It was not George III (as I had perversely imagined) but his son, the Duke of Cumberland, who greeted Gibbon with the tactful and illuminating observation, "So, I suppose you are at the old trade again – scribble, scribble, scribble!" The author's comment is noteworthy: "Nothing is recorded of Gibbon's round-eyed astonishment. He could hardly complain. He had said some hard things of royalty!" (p. 315)

We had tea with Miss Crisp, who is recovering from an operation but as usual [*was* ?] both hospitable & cheerful.

Norwich has been bombed by the Nazis.

<!290442>
[216]
Wednesday, April 29th, 1942.

A brilliant day, but always a violent East wind. I worked at a chapter on "Malines", but did not satisfy myself. It seems almost ridiculous to recall these trivialities at a time when civilization is in process of being self-murdered!

In the afternoon I walked round Chattisham, the longer road, & was much buffeted by the wind. I am certainly an old man.

George Dade, my gardener's son, came to say Goodbye, before going to his military training – a slim, rather shy youth of 19. I gave him some words of counsel.

President Roosevelt's great speech on the War was extremely well heard. It was certainly a remarkable and inspiriting pronouncement, worthy of the man, worthy of his nation, & worthy of the subject. This is high praise, but not too high. He said the war expenditure now reached £25,000,000 daily, & that before the end of the year, that vast expenditure would be doubled. He spoke very firmly on the determination of the Allies not to allow any part of the French Empire to be used in the service of the Axis, & stated that the American navy was serving in the Mediterranean.

<!300442>
[217]
Thursday, April 30th, 1942.

I read again in the intervals of a rather unrestful night an American novel – "Unfinished Cathedral", by T. S. Stribling. It is neither great literature nor particularly attractive from any point of view, but it brings together in a rather crudely realistic fashion the more scandalous features of American life – the cynically commercialized religion, the debased sexual morality of the "co-educated" students, the coarse mendacity of real-estate speculators, the criminal violence of the "Ku-Klux-Klan", the shocking excesses of racial prejudice, the corruptness of the law courts, & generally the crude philistinism of society. It contains a vivid picture of a lynching. Altogether an unpleasant but informing picture.

I worked at the Chapter on Malines, & was led in it to make some observations on Ld Halifax, speaking very approvingly of the man, while loathing his activities, & recalling his change of mind towards me at the end of his life.

The Germans appear to exult in their wanton attacks on the English "cultural centres" – Exeter, Bath, Norwich, York – all have been bombed within the last few days. Coventry cathedral is still the only one destroyed.

<!010542>
[218]
Friday, May 1st, 1942.

Bright, but disconcertingly cold. I left off my "woolly" in deference to May, & regretted doing so.

Philip Strong,* the Bishop of New Guinea, figures in the Times, as having come under Japanese fire. As I was fully persuaded would be the case with him, he is playing the man. There was none of the men whom I ordained, who impressed me better. He was, of course, a perfervid 'Anglo-Catholick', but too intrinsically honest for that description.

The Times also contains a highly flatterous account of "Father" Paul Bull, whom I regarded with suspicion and dislike, & who certainly had acquired, (justly or unjustly who shall say?) an unsavoury reputation. He was a "Catholick communist", & enjoyed immense success as a Mission preacher. He was a gross-looking man, with the unpleasant, ingratiating habit of "pawing" the youths with whom he talked, and to whom he drew ever as an iron to a magnet. Welldon abhorred him, & never scrupled to speak harshly about him: and, indeed, the Mirfield father appears, if Welldon's statements are to be trusted, to have acted with rather surprising indiscretion towards the choir-boys of Manchester Cathedral.

<!020542>
[219]
Friday, May 2nd ,1942.

Bright, not quite as cold, but no prospect of rain.

Sir Humphrey Milford writes to suggest that I should myself select the 4 passages, each of about 1000 words, which should be published in the C. of E. Newspaper[s] as a kind of prae-gustatio of my 'Autobiography' – indicating as alluringly as possible the quality of the Feast which the book will provide! The Editor writes to Sir H. M.:

> We should like to deal with 4 sections of Dr Henson's career:
>
> (α) as student at Oxford.
> (β) Westminster, beginning with the paragraph about sermons on p. 57.
> (γ) War and Religion, p. 176.
> (δ) The Hereford Episcopate.
>
> These sections would, I feel, give a good idea of the book, and would interest our readers.
>
> But I am quite sure that Bishop Henson could select the passages much more satisfactorily than we could.

It were better that somebody other than I should make choice of the advertisement "tit-bits"!

<!030542>
[220]
4th Sunday after Easter, May 3rd, 1942.

We will not count what days are fled,
Nor strew dead leaves upon the dead,
But see the all-pervading Life
With every deadly thing at strife,
And bringing from each weary hour
Some access of the Spirit's power.
Not dead, but conquerors of death,
Not lost with this world's fleeting breath,
The vanished whom our hearts still hold,
And faith's confiding arms enfold,
In God we live: they live in God:
And we will tread the path they trod,
Till eyes that close to things of earth
Re-open in a wondrous birth.
Oh! sing we then, though sinks our day,
A joyous and a thankful lay;
And, while we ponder memory's lore,
With wings of hope we'll upward soar,
Till we behold the unsetting sun,
And past and future melt in one.

James Drummond,* Johannine Thoughts.
His dedicatory lines "To his Sister".

[221]

I started to read again Drummond's great little book, "Johannine Thoughts", and again I found it very rich in spiritual consolation.

I attended Mattins, and read the Lessons. Also I celebrated the Holy Communion afterwards. There were 11 communicants beside myself.

I wrote to Milford declining his proposal that I should myself select the extracts for the use of the Church of England Newspapers. I told him to bid the Editor shoulder the infamy since he had suggested the crime.

There is no sign of rain, and the ground is bone dry. Farmers and gardeners are becoming anxious about the fate of the crops.

This is "Poland's National Day" for then, in 1791, a reformed constitution was agreed upon: but it was too late:

“If the reforms of 1791 had been adopted two years earlier, they would at any rate have had a chance of taking root, & also Prussia might have been so pledged to their maintenance that she could not break faith. But the opportunity was allowed to slip and it never returned.”

<!040542>
[222]
Monday, May 4th, 1942.

Gordon Paget writes to ask me to preach again in Hedenham, but of course I replied non possumus. He added the welcome information:

> I am thankful to say that in the two raids on Norwich last week, the Cathedral and St Peter Mancroft escaped damage except for a few panes of broken poor glass.

I received a letter from Jack Carr, who with his wife is now again settled in South Nigeria [P.O. Box 21, Warri, S. Nigeria]. He says:

> I have just recently read your book on the Church of England which interested me enormously.

He wd like to know about the prospects of a reunion of the churches: & he says that he is "looking forward to my Autobiography, which should be a most interesting & entertaining work" which will have a special interest for him. I shudder to think of the disappointment which the poor story, if it ever actually emerges from the printers, will bring to anybody who expects to find in it any "entertainment", or personal gossip, or the alluring excitement of scandal. It is as decorous as a Mothers' Meeting, & dull as a sermon!

[223]

I read in the Times the report of Sir Stafford Cripps's speech on his abortive mission to India, & the suspicions which it aroused in my mind, when I heard it on the wireless last night, were certainly not removed, or even lessened. He enlarges the object of the Allies in this War by adding to "liberty", the more doubtful description of "equality":

> "After the prodigious expense of life & wealth which this war wd have entailed, the scourges of unemployment, malnutrition, & unnecessary ill-health, & the waste of human ability which our educational and social system had permitted in the past, wd not longer be tolerated. If those things were to be avoided the responsibility of the State wd grow."

The policy of vastly increased expenditure after the War is justified by the vast expenditure compelled by the War: & liberty is to be secured by increasing enormously the power of the State to coerce the individual citizen, as if it were not notorious, that the exorbitant extension of the State's power had been the grand condition of the extinction of private liberty on the continent of Europe!!

<!050542>
[224]
Tuesday, May 5th, 1942.

A lovely spring day, sunny and warm: but the continued absence of rain is becoming really alarming.

I wrote to Lady Limerick, and then visited the dentist in Ipswich. In his waiting parlour, I took up the 'Daily Express', and read there the lamentable statement that in the last Baedeker raid Exeter Cathedral had been seriously damaged, & many casualties among the citizens inflicted.

At 1 p.m. came the important news that a British force had been landed in Madagascar: that President Roosevelt had informed the Vichy ambassador in Washington of the complete agreement of his Government with the government of Britain in this proceeding, and had added some plain warnings of similar action in the future. This may be the beginning of a considerable offensive, & has large possibilities.

The local paper announces that there is a boy in Sproughton who is a descendant of the famous painter Constable, and is distinguishing himself remarkably in the painting art.

In the afternoon we played croquet. The wind shifted to the West: & suggested a promise of rain.

[225]

The 'Anti-Slavery Reporter & Aborigines Friend', for April 1942, reached me this morning. It contains much information which is important, & much that is curious and interesting. An article entitled "The Osu System among the Ibo of Nigeria" made me acquainted for the first time with a curious form of religious slavery, which persists in spite of the fact that legally [*it* ?] has been abolished in Nigeria. Mrs S. Leith-Ross, who has spent many years among the people of Nigeria, made a special study of Osu, & contributed an article on it to the April 1937 issue of Africa (Vol. X. no. 2). In that article she states that Osu are men & women who have been or whose forefathers have been offered as living sacrifices to a juju (pagan deity) whose wrath was feared, thus becoming slaves of the juju. The Osu form a class apart, in the nature of the Untouchables of India. They usually live segregated from other people, no freeborn person will marry with them, & there is no greater insult than to call a non-Usu [*sic*] an Usu …. The present number of Usu is considerable. Not even Christianity is strong enough to overcome this abominable system.

<!060542>
[226]
Wednesday, May 6th, 1942.

A bright warm morning, but still no prospect of rain. The temperature in my bedroom at 7 a.m. was 58°.

I received 3 welcome letters from Mrs Barnes of Birmingham, from Bell of Chichester, and from Clarence Stock.

The Times announces the nomination of Bishop Herbert of Blackburn to be Bishop of Norwich in succession to Bishop Pollock. This is pleasing for it will bring within (normally) visiting distance a man whom I like, and his pretty charming wife together with their charming family, of whom the youngest, Andrew, is my Godson.

At 1 p.m. there came the dolorous news of the Fall of Corregiador [sic] in the Philippines, after a most magnificent defence against overwhelming odds. This means, since the defence of Burma has clearly collapsed disastrously, that the Japanese will be able to direct their individual forces, outside China, to the attack on Australia and India. The news from Madagascar is vague, but probably as good as we had any right to expect. The French, acting under orders from Vichy, are offering a resistance which is said to be 'stiffening'.

[227]

I wrote to the Bishop of Blackburn, congratulating him on his translation to Norwich; & taking occasion to express my dislike of Lang's barony and Temple's Enthronement mitre!

Also, I wrote to the Bishop of Chichester who is about to visit Sweden, saying that I should be pleased if he would commend me to Brilioth.

I bought yesterday the 3 volumes of "Letters & Memorials of Jane Welsh Carlyle prepared for publication by Thomas Carlyle, & edited by J. A. Froude. They seemed to me a suitable Birthday Present for Ella, who keeps that Festival next Sunday. The lady must have been dangerously brilliant, and quite impressively ill qualified for the rôle of Carlyle's wife, though they appeared to be, in their cranky fashion, genuinely devoted to each other.

This War has been marked by some amazing demonstrations of endurance both among civilians and among besieged soldiers. Malta, Tobruk, Hongkong [sic], & Corregiadore [sic] will hold place in history with Jerusalem and Gibraltar. Will Malta be able to hold on until the end? It is evident that Hitler is dead set on getting the island.

<!070542>
[228]
Thursday, May 7th, 1942.

[Long marginal quotation commencing 'See also Maskell, Ancient Liturgies of the Church of England 3rd edition p. 136-9]

A warm day more suggestive of July than of May.

I wrote to Mrs Barnes, & completed the sermon for Sunday.

Dearmer in "The Parson's Handbook" has a note:-

> A sacring bell inside the church is inexpedient except for giving the signal for the communicants to approach. To ring it at the "Words of Consecration" (which were really our Lord's words of administration) is to give a "clock-time" idea of the consecration which is false. (p. 98.)

Prof. Cheetham in his article on Bells in "A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities from the Apostles to the Age of Charlemagne" (London, 1875) writes:

> It is generally agreed that there is no trace within our period of the practice of ringing either a small bell or the great bell of the Church at the elevation of the Host.

The Report of the Royal Commission on Ecclesiastical Discipline, 1906, includes the use of the "Sanctus Bell" among "the various irregularities having significance" which were brought before the Commissioners, and gives this account of it: -

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> The use of the Sanctus bell was first introduced towards the end of the 12th, and became general during the 13th century. Its object was to call attention to the consecration as about to begin, or (when rung at the elevation) as complete. So early as the 13th century, the ordinary church bell was also sometimes rung at the elevation, in order that the faithful, who could not be at church, might engage in devotion at that time, while the Sanctus bell at the elevation was the signal for adoration to be offered by those present.
>
> The use of a Sacring bell during the service of Holy Communion was held to be illegal by Sir Robert Phillimore, Dean of the Arches, in the case of Elphinstone vs. Purchas.

Reference to authorities are [sic] given in the margin of the Report.

The noisy brazen gong is a vulgar version of the Roman sacring bell, & no doubt carries precisely the Roman significance when it is used in Anglican churches in the course of the Holy Communion Service.

[Page numbers jump 229-330 (no pages missing), but sequence is then corrected 333-234]

<!080542>
[330]
Friday, May 8th, 1942.

I received from the War Agricultural Executive Committee a civilly expressed refusal of my application for "a permit for wire netting" to keep rabbits out of the garden:

> The small quantity allocated to this Committee may only be released to farmers for agricultural purposes.

Clarence Stock enclosed for me to read & keep a letter which he had received from an officer in the R. A. J. whom he this describes:

> E. A. Grant is about 19, was recently Captain of the School, one of our best, comes from the best kind of Middle class, is well above the average in physique, & perhaps a little above in intellect, not specially religious, home life very good, his father now, I think, an adjutant, his sister recently head girl at our opposite number. I allow myself the question, would a parallel set of young Frenchmen be discussing religion? The French had – in practice – no choice, either R. C., or nothing.

[331]

What does this excellent youth have to say about Religion? It is rather disconcerting:-

> With very little to occupy me apart from routine camp duties,I find I have a lot of time to talk & think with other men, & plan the new post-war England. As a result of much discussion I find myself seriously doubting the Church, & the Christianity it teaches. I firmly believe that the doctrines of Christianity as rules for civilised life are good & sound: but I cannot believe in the life of Christ as told in the New Testament. In addition, I have recently read a book, "This World First", by J. H. Curle, which advances very sound arguments (as far as I can judge) for not believing. All my fellow officers are public or secondary school men, many of them graduates, & by far the majority hold similar opinions. Do you think it is wise to continue to think along those lines, when one is **[332]** away from home influences?
>
> Religion in the service is very much of a farce with its compulsory church parades, & I feel that service padres, acting under orders, cannot be very broad-minded, since they have to preach a stereotyped creed. In fact, this bare "religion", stripped of the ceremonial which appealed to me when I was young, is not now very convincing.

"When I was young" on the lips of a lad still in his teens, indicates the depth & strength of the "Great Divide" of Puberty in the mental & emotional life of an intelligent & serious man.

I wrote to Clarence suggesting that he should suggest that his correspondent should get into touch with Dick who also is in Middle East; and I told Hugh Rees to send him a copy of "Last

Words" with my compliments. It might serve to bring him into communication with me, & thus give me an opportunity to provide some antidote to the shallow & arrogant dogmatism of the man Curle.

[333]

Philip Tallents came here about 3 p.m., and walked with me for nearly 2 hours, had tea, and went his way. He is puzzled & harassed with the insoluble domestic problem created by the "calling up" of women in domestic service.

A great naval action is reported from the Pacific. The Japanese are said to have suffered very heavy losses, but (at 6 p.m.) the battle was still proceeding, and Curtin, the Australian Prime Minister, has addressed his Parliament in terms so sombre as to suggest that the issue of the battle was still doubtful.

Lord Gort has been appointed Governor and Commander of Malta in succession to Sir William Dobbie, who is invalided home.

The news from Madagascar is rather vague, for though the British Fleet has entered the harbour of Diego Suarez, it does not appear certain that French opposition has ceased in the interior of the great island.

There seems reason for thinking that the critical phase of the War has begun. The Nazi, Hitler & Laval are clearly acting on an agreed plan.

<!090542>
[234]
Saturday, May 9th, 1942.

Bright sun, but the wind again in the East - cold.

Jack Clayton writes from The Close, Norwich:

> I have escaped the fury of the enemy with nothing worse than broken windows &c. & I am thankful to say that the Cathedral is not damaged beyond some broken glass (of no great value). The historic buildings such as the Castle & S. Peter Mancroft have escaped, but the damage in the City is terrific & thousands of people are homeless, & the death-roll was 216 on Monday. Yesterday, I was asked to conduct with a Free Church Minister a communal burial – one of the most painful experiences of my ministry.

Sir Humphrey Milford writes:

> Oh! how I wish we could bring your book out. We still have not got a firm date, but we hope for some time before the end of June.

He adds an expression of approval of what he is pleased to call, more cryptically than flatteringly, my 'Cassandra-like letters'.

<!100542>
[235]
Rogation Sunday, May 10th, 1942.

A bright morning but cold. Temperature [50] at 7 a.m.

This being Ella's 73rd Birthday, I gave her my present with a suitable letter. We shall complete no less than 40 years of life together, if we survive until October 20th next. "Seeing that is past as a watch in the night".

I wrote to Betty Bruce Steer, & posted the letter on my way to church. I read the lessons, & preached at Mattins. The service was specially designed to suit the traditional reference of Rogation Sunday to the case of agriculture. The congregation was mainly composed of the Home Guard, who were in khaki, & filled the centre of the nave. The normal company of families with a handful of farmers made up my audience. I am sure that they were attentive: I believe that they were interested. I hope that they were edified.

The news about the battle in the Pacific is not very clear, but in general effect favourable. Both in America and in Australia the comments, though increasingly cheerful, continue to be cautious. Japanese reports of heavy American losses are summarily dismissed as "fantastic", & "propagandist["].

[236]

I wrote to Jack Clayton relieving his anxiety as to the quality of the new Bishop of Norwich, who, although probably to be accounted as "Anglo-Catholick", would certainly be liked in his new diocese as he had ever been in previous spheres of ministry, for he was a gentleman, had a delightful wife, and delightful children.

Eric Dawson-Walker came to tea bringing with him his commanding officer, Colonel Hinde. I had a good deal of conversation with the latter whom I found to be agreeable, intelligent, and apparently well-informed. He said that he was regular reader of the Spectator.

I asked whether the revolting devices disclosed in recent letters in the Times, as now included in "realistic" exercises, designed to "harden" young soldiers for the experiences of real warfare, were requisite or, indeed, tolerable. He expressed dislike of them, and doubt as to their utility, but refused to condemn them outright. He said that there might be something of the kind needed in the case of young soldiers who had become "soft" through protracted idleness at home.

<!110542>
[237]
Monday, May 11th, 1942.

At last the incipient drought has ended. During the night there was a considerable fall of rain. Our temporary cook perceives in it the prompt and generous answer to yesterday's petitions in the churches for "seasonable weather".

It would appear that there are still Christians who are satisfied with the Jacobean notion of prayer. The Lord's Brother built his theory on the famous precedent of Elijah (v. S. James v. 17.18). But neither the prophet nor the Bishop of Jerusalem seems to have concerned himself with the bearings of this doctrine about Prayer on his theology. Nor can it easily be harmonised with the Sermon on the Mount, where the indiscriminating bounty of the Creator hardly consists with the "favouritism", which would give privileged status to those who pray for it: (v. S. Matthew v.45).

It is hard to find firm ground for a reasonable & adequate view of Prayer which shall not come to grief either on the Rock of Rationalism or in the whirlpool of Superstition. Yet the Gospel is too steadily insistent on the duty and practical effectiveness of Prayer to permit a genuine Christian to acquiesce in a depressing agnosticism, & certainly prohibits a bleak negation.

[238]

The Times contains a full report of the great speech broadcast by the Prime Minister last night. I heard it with an admiration which my reading of it did not lessen. Then & now I am not quite happy about his announcement that if the Nazis employ poisoned gas against our Allies in Russia, we shall hold that they have used it against ourselves, and shall proceed to employ it ruthlessly against the Nazis. This is hardly to be distinguished from the "reprisals" which are generally repudiated, when the destruction of Coventry Cathedral was reported. Sir W. Dobbie, who has just arrived in this country from Malta, is reported to have said that the Maltese clamour for the bombing of Rome. "Bomb Rome" is often chalked up on buildings in the much-bombed island. Yet the Maltese are said to be very devout Papists. We are being dragged down from one abomination to another until we are in danger of losing all moral measures & distinctions. General Dobbie himself is stated to be a "Plymouth Brother" but, none the less on that account, to have gained extraordinary influence over the Maltese. He is said to have been the very soul of Malta's magnificent island.

[239]

I frittered away the morning in the effort to write a chapter on my preaching visits to Windsor Castle which began on February 1st 1913, and continued at intervals throughout my active ministry. But I was at once encountered by the difficulty of honourable secrecy.

We dined with Sir William Brass very pleasantly. The Old Chattisham Rectory which he bought when, on the union of Chattisham and Hintlesham, it was no longer required as a residence for the incumbent, is an excellent example of 16th and 17th century domestic

architecture, and it has been equipped with the comfortable arrangements of a modern house. We had an excellent dinner (salmon, grouse from the Lancashire moors kept in cold storage, asparagus, and pudding) washed down with Burgundy. Sir William plainly is untouched by the heresy of the ascetics. After dinner he showed us the films which he had made himself. The Victoria Falls, New Zealand, Egypt, Southern France, and Northern Africa were admirably illustrated. Perhaps even more interesting to me was our host's conversation. He talked with vivacity and intelligence on current politics, and evidently draws on a large stock of knowledge & experience.

<!120542>
[240]
Tuesday, May 12th, 1942.

The night was warm, but the day became cold.

I wrote to Derek, sympathising him on the report that his friend, Lightfoot, was among the "missing" in Java.

I visited the dentist in Ipswich, and had my hair cut &c.

(The younger Pliny's account of his uncle reads like a description of Casaubon or a Scaliger:

> "He had a keen intelligence, incredible devotion to study, & a remarkable capacity for dispensing with sleep. His method was to start during the last week of August rising by candlelight & long before daybreak, not in order to take auspices but to study: and in winter got to work at one or at the latest two a.m., & frequently at 12 p.m. He was indeed a very ready sleeper, sometimes dropping off in the middle of his studies & then waking up again.
>
> Before dawn he used to wait on the Emperor Vespasian, who also worked during the night, & then he went off to the duty assigned to him. After returning home he gave all the time that was left to study. He read nothing **[241]** without making extracts from it - indeed he used to say that no book is so bad but that some part of it has value… Over his dinner a book was read aloud to him & notes were made, & that at a rapid pace…. On a journey he seemed to throw aside all other interests & used the opportunity for study only: he had a secretary at his elbow with book & tablets, his hands in winter protected by mittens so that even the inclemency of the weather might not steal any time from his studies; & with this object he used to go about in a chair even in Rome. Once I remember his pulling me up for going somewhere on foot, saying "You need not have wasted those hours!" – he thought all the time not spent in study wasted….. He bequeathed to me 160 sets of notes on selected books, written both sides of the paper in an extremely small hand, a method that multiplies this number of volumes!… He used to tell how he had an opportunity of selling these notes tor £3.500.
>
> **[**v. Introduction to vol. I of Pliny's Natural History in Loeb's edition**]**

<!130542>
[242]
Wednesday, May 13th, 1942.

A dull chilly morning developing into a fine afternoon and evening.

My only post was from Yale University. It carried an elaborately polite request that I would consent to the handing over to salvage of the remaining copies of my lectures. “The Value of Prophesying”. That is the ignoble conclusion of no inconsiderable effort!

I devoted the morning to the Autobiography, but made but small progress with a section of my experiences of the House of Lords.

In the afternoon we played croquet.

The news from Russia is vague and doubtful. In Burmah it is vague, and unfavourable. The Germans are said to be employing some new and terrifying weapon, against which even the Russians are unable to maintain their ground. The persistent mendacity of German announcements permits, & almost compels a large measure of incredulity. Nevertheless, it is impossible to avoid anxiety. There appears to be a growing expectation that the Germans will make use of poison gas in an attack on this country. The Prime Minister’s photograph in the papers exhibits him wearing his gas masque conspicuously!

<!150542>
[243]
Ascension Day, Thursday, May 14th, 1942.

Fearne and I went to church, and received the H. S.!

Ella was indisposed, and kept her room.

I received a letter from Braley, mainly concerned with the insoluble problem of giving effective Christian teaching in the elementary & secondary schools of a Nation which is officially secularist. He says that he and Jane were caught in the recent raid on York, & found the experience highly unpleasant.

After lunch I walked round Chattisham without any more exciting experience than meeting Evelyn Reid on her bicycle, and the Chattisham Hall ladies with their dogs.

The wireless reports heavy fighting on the Kerch peninsula, & around Kharkov. In the first the Germans make large claims of success which the Russians deny, while admitting a retreat to new positions. In the last, the Russian assert that they have broken through the enemy's front line. It is evident that the Japanese are making progress in China, where they are advancing quickly up the Burmal [sic] Road.

On the whole, though without some misgiving, I incline to think that, on the balance, the great offensive has not started too well for Hitler.

<!150542>
[244]
Saturday, Friday, May 15th, 1942.

A mild sunny day. The garden is beautiful with flowers & fruit-blossom. We want more rain, and that we may be spared untimely frosts at night. Dade tells me that there was quite a sharp frost early this morning, & he is anxious about its effects on the potatoes, which are now pushing boldly into sight.

Derek Ryan writes to thank me for my letter of sympathy in the matter of his friend Lightfoot's name having appeared as "missing" in Java.

> He was the most charming & sincere person whom I have ever met, and I should like to have introduced him to you as he longed to meet you…..
> Life at Windsor is quite enjoyable, & although army ways have always been against the way I like to live, I am becoming acclimatized.

Derek is a gentle youth, & a soldier's career is quite opposed to his temperament and outlook. But he is not a full-blown Guardsman, and no doubt will be in due course shaped on the model considered requisite in a soldier. It is a pity, for we shall need the unspoiled type after the War more than ever.

[245]

The 6 p.m. wireless announces that there is to be a special Mass in Westminster Cathedral in [sic] behalf of the Maltese: & that Cardinal Hinsley will give an address, which is to be broadcast to Malta. General Dobbie, who is said to be himself a Plymouth brother, has been specially invited to attend this function. It will be interesting to see whether he accepts the invitation. If so, the world admire yet one more instance of sympathetic contact of Papists & Plymouth Brethren. It is not often remembered that Cardinal Newman's brother was a Plymouth Brother before he broke away from Christianity altogether. I note with sardonic interest, & not without a certain contemptuous admiration, the adroit policy of the Vatican, which mitigates the repugnance provoked in English minds by the affectation on the Pope's part of a complaisant "neutrality" which assumes the equality of moral attitude between the Combatants in this war, by putting up the English Cardinal to use a worthier language, & frankly, to associate himself with the cause of the Allies in this unprecedented war conflict, which General Smuts has rightly described as the greatest of all religious wars.

<!160542>
[246]
Saturday, May 16th, 1942.

There was some rain during the night. The day was warm & almost sultry, but fine in the evening.

I work rather unsuccessfully at the Autobiography. The inevitably egotistic character of the book hampers me fearfully - I cannot do justice to myself; nor can I make public much that was said & done by others. My Journal which can certainly be trusted as a record of my own experiences & reflections affects so many others, most of whom are no longer living, that I cannot publish what they have had no chance of explaining or correcting.

In the afternoon, Ella and Fearne motored to Hadleigh, and I remained in my study reading Pliny in Loeb's edition. After tea we played croquet.

The news from Russia is bad and good, for the Nazis have gained possession of Kerch, but appear to be heavily pressed by Timochenko in Kharkov. Elsewhere there appears to be nothing of importance to report. The negociations between U. S. A. and the French Governor of Martinique seem to hang fire, and Mexico has protested to the Axis against the lawless sinking of a tanker, & threatened much!

<!170542>
[247]
Sunday after Ascension, May 17th, 1942.

A glorious morning: the spectacle of the country from my bedroom window was so beautiful that my dressing business was protracted by the necessity of enjoying it. Two horses gently philandering on the crest of the rising ground gave a sympathetic touch to the picture. Inevitably I repeated the Te Deum.

Last night we heard on the wireless that old Sir Thomas Oliver had died. He was in his 90th year, and still - in spite of his recently amputated leg - vigorous, alert, industrious, & interesting. I was associated with him on the governing body of Durham University, and in the work of preserving Durham Castle from ruin. I ever found him friendly, helpful, a wise counsellor, a pleasant neighbour, & a public-spirited citizen. His influence in the public life of Newcastle & Durham was, I think, uniformly good. I am glad that I wrote to him on his 89th Birthday, & received from him a characteristic reply (v. p. 123).

I wrote my hebdomdal [sic] epistle to Dick, and posted it on my way to church for Mattins, It is high time that I heard from him.

[248]

We had no sermon from the Rector this morning. Instead, he read a letter from the Bishop of the diocese, which I could hear with double difficulty for not only could I understand little of what was spoken, but what I did hear was such a melange of episcopal homily and presbyteral commentary that I could distinguish nothing authoritative in either. Moreover, his management of his voice has become so erratic that it is never easy to be sure that one has understood what one hears. Yet nothing is more certain than that he is fully assured in his own mind that his sermons are admirable and his delivery of them uncommonly effective. I should imagine that Moulsdale has little power of self-criticism, and that his natural self-contentment has been for many years nourished & stimulated by the servile admiration of his family. The evangelical dictum “A man’s foes are they of his own household” is never more fully illustrated than by orators of inferior quality, as well sacred as secular. And the pulpit has dangers peculiar to itself, while priests can hardly accept criticism.

[249]

It incurred to me to see what Maskell had to say about the use of the sacring bell (which is the latest of Moulsdale’s Romanising innovations: & I found some useful information on p. 136-139, which I have noted in this journal in the margin of p. 228.

There is not the smallest doubt that Moulsdale is teaching the crude materialism of the Roman Transubstantiation dogma, & illustrating it by the Roman ceremonial. He is very indifferent to the requirement of Canon 18 (1604). His serving boys have recently started kneeling at the Incarnation clause in the Nicene Creed, but they never bow at the Name of Jesus: yet the last only is ordered by the English Canon. I remember that, when I prepped

candidates for Confirmation, I used to devote one class to “Behaviour in church”, & then I used to read to them the Jacobean Canon:

> “And likewise when in time of Divine Service the Lord Jesus shall be mentioned, due & only reverence shall be done by all persons present as it hath been accustomed”.

But ‘legal” and “Anglican” are “bad words” with our up-to-date Romanizers.

<!180542>
[250]
Monday, May 18th, 1942.

Yesterday's "Sunday Times" has a review of Lady Waterhouse's book ("Private and Official", Cape, 18/-) headed "Three Prime Ministers".

Sir Ronald Waterhouse "was the only man who has been private secretary to three Prime Ministers in succession" viz. Bonar Law, Stanley Baldwin, and Ramsay MacDonald.

> "Three times Ronald had seen Lord Curzon weep on Bonar's shoulder" and Bonar comforted him and called him George. The proud marquis had found a tenderness in the reserved Canadian Scot that few discovered. He refused to advise the Crown as to the succession, & it was reluctantly, and in confidence, that he told Sir Ronald Waterhouse that if he did give such advice, "I am afraid… I should have to say….Baldwin".

It is interesting to be assured that "Mr Baldwin approved the decision of Lord Chelmsford,* a peer of Conservative associations, to join the first Labour Government".

I remember that Chelmsford told me that before accepting Macdonald's offer, he had consulted his party Chief.

[251]

The day was close, sultry, and thunderous, with the result that my head ached, and I was unable to do any work.

Bishop Herbert, acknowledging my congratulations on his translation from dull and dingy Blackburn to famous & beautiful Norwich, tells me that he has been invited to become Clerk of the Closet in succession to Garbett.

Brooke Westcott tells me that he passed through York the night after the raid on that city:- They had made a mess of the station and yards, but it is wonderful how quickly the lines are cleared and repaired.

The news from Russia seems to be encouraging. Timoshenko is still advancing, & inflicting great losses on the Nazis both in men and material. Even in Kerch the fighting still continues, though the probability of Nazi success is probable. In Burmah there is "nothing doing", & everybody awaits the rains. The position in Martinique is obscure, & the only interesting news from Australia is that of a trek of 36.000 cattle across the country, 1700 miles at a daily march of 60 miles.

<!190542>
[252]
Tuesday, May 19th, 1942.

There was a welcome fall of rain during the night, & this combined with a comparatively high temperature is evidently encouraging the growth of everything.

I wrote to the oculist asking him to give me an appointment in the beginning of June.
We motored to Ipswich, where I visited both the dentist and the hair-dresser. On our return journey I got out at Abbey Oaks, and lunched with Lord Woodbridge in his study. He has quite plainly traversed a severe experience with his AEsculapian friends in London, and has 2 nurses in the house. But he was cheerful, and expressed much satisfaction in my company. However, I thought it prudent to come away as soon as luncheon was over, and I walked back to Hyntle Place, (about 3 miles). After tea we played croquet, & then listened to the news. The general effect of all that is reported from the various fronts seems to be favourable. But nothing is yet so clear as to justify a positive opinion. Yet we may believe without extravagant optimism that Hitler's outlook has darkened.

<!200542>
[253]
Wednesday, May 20th, 1942.

Another warm, rather close day, not favourable to work. During the morning Fearne helped me with the Autobiography. It is evident that the year 1926 counted for much in my life. My Journal is exceptionally full and readable. It is apparent that I had achieved a position of some importance in public life: there was a disposition to pay attention to my speeches: and in some quarters men were speculating on the probable developments of my career. I had gained the ear of the House of Lords. I was increasingly looked upon as an important influence in the process of Prayer Book Revision, & my attitude on the questions of temperance, religious education, & "Labour" was noted. I wrote much, preached often, & (perhaps a significant event), I was elected a member of the Grillion's Club. My visits to Windsor brought me into personal contact with Their Majesties, & gained me the friends of Lord Stamfordham. I should like to publish my Journal in full, but, of course, to do so this would so expand the book as altogether to upset its balance. But the task of selection is not an easy one.

<!210542>
[254]
Thursday, May 21st, 1942.

A fine, rather close day, becoming pleasanter as it declined towards evening.

I finished reading a small & startling book which claims to be the product of first-hand knowledge of the facts which it describes:-

Infamies of the Nazi Youth Movement!
Education for Death.
The Making of a Nazi
By
Gregor Ziemer.

Systematic debauching of German Children.
Published by Constable & Company. The Macmillan Company of Canada Limited.
First published in 1942.

This book discloses the fearful magnitude & difficulty of the problem which confronts the Allies when, if and when they have defeated Hitler, they address themselves to solving the Problem of the Peace.

Th perversion of the German People from the cradle has been so effectually achieved that only a prolonged probation under severe discipline could promise any measure of security that the abominable attack on civilisation will not be resumed.

[255]

I worked at the Book, but not happily as I had a headache. The article in the Bishoprick (Aug: 1926) headed "Aftermath", which I wrote after I had left the Nursing Home might, perhaps, be included in the Autobiography as it describes how I employed my enforced leisure: and the article in the same issue, headed "The Deadlock in the Mines" might also be included as expressing my view of the "General Strike", and of the Church's duty with respect to it.

Miss Brisco Ray played croquet after tea.

Arthur Headlam has a highly characteristic letter in the Times - clear, concise, contentious - on the well-flagged subject of Anglicanism. He has not moved an inch away from the simple Tractarianism in which he was bred, & which is now so obsolete as to be almost archaic. His assumptions are so boldly advanced as almost to compel the opinion that they must be well-founded: yet the veriest tyro in this perennial controversy knows that they are heavily & insistently challenged both from within the Church of England, and from without. But he must remain unanswered for "there is a War on"!

<!220542>
[256]
Friday, May 22nd, 1942.

A dull morning, and colder.

I frittered away the most part of the Day on the Autobiography: but my difficulties seem to increase as I advance.

On Oct. 13th 1926, I received a letter from the Hon. C. H. Strutt, Lord Rayleigh's brother, thanking me for my attitude on the "Stoppage", & reminding me of old days in Essex:

> "You will remember we used to meet, I think it was at the S. Alban's Diocesan Council **[**?Conference**]**. I remember after one of these meetings saying to Canon Ingles, not, I fancy, much to his liking as he looked upon you as too much of a freelance, that I thought you the second cleverest man in Essex, my partiality being to put my brother Rayleigh first.

On October 24th, 1926, Phelps sent me a copy of "Sylvestra" with this inscription.

"To Herbert Dunelm: from J. R. Phelps, in gratitude for an affection never chilled by dignity or choked by cares.

This pleased me then, & pleases me even now!

<!230542>
[257]
Saturday, May 23rd, 1942.

I received, presumably from the Editor, 3 copies of the Church of England [Newspaper?], containing the first of the 3 extracts from vol. I of my Autobiography. It is headed aggressively:

> Bishop Henson an Unattached Student at Oxford. "I needed intelligent sympathy, friendship and guidance - these were lacking."

This has an unpleasant & unattractive sound, but it may be well chosen for the Editor's purpose and, in my present eclipse, it no longer matters what the world thinks of me, if, indeed, the world thinks anything at all. It is stated that the book is to be published "probably in June". I shall be surprised if the poor thing emerges before the autumn, and I really don't care.

Mrs [Mary] Beeching* writes [from] Christleton Rectory, Chester, to ask me to support her son-in law, Guest-Williams in his application to be elected an F. S. A. She says

> "He has always been deeply interested in Parish Registers, & has great knowledge in the history of places - old silver etc, & is considered an authority in these parts, and is often consulted."

[258]

Tomorrow being Fearne's Birthday, & sent her a pound note with a request that she would buy herself a present, accompanying the said note with a "suitable" letter, in which I referred to the Sundial in the quadrangle at All Souls, and gave a free rendering of the legend:

Pereunt et imputantur

> They pass, the Hours, with joy & sorrow freighted,
> Yet in God's Book is all their cargo stated.
> Grant us in Hours of Gloom Thy guiding Light,
> Nor let it fail us in Death's Hourless Night,
> Then, in Thine Hourless Day, grant us Thy Light,
> And in Thy Presence joy of perfect Light.

The verse halts badly, but the sense is clear, & that is more than can be said for most modern "poetry"! But I am no poet, only a prosing hack.

I wrote to Sir Charles Peers asking him to assist Mr Guest-Williams to become a F. S. A.

Also I wrote to Mrs Beeching, & to Dick. The difficulty of composing letters which will not be read until weeks or even months have passed does not grow less.

<!240542>
[259]
Whit-Sunday, May 24th, 1942.

I finished reading **Lyall's Asiatic Studies** before getting up. It must be more than 30 years since I read the book for the first time, & I recall the interest with it stirred in my mind. It was originally written in the eighties of the XIXth century. Today, after an interval of two generations, its wisdom and foresight are amazing. His cautiously stated forebodings are now our besetting fears. **The dominance of Europe in Asia is tumbling into ruin before our eyes**: & not even the victory of the Allies will suffice to restore it. Japan may be replaced by China as the centre & symbol of Asiatic Resurrection, but an independent India will not continue to be Anglicised. France has committed suicide: & Russia will have turned its face westwards once more. The Dutch may, perhaps, recover their islands: and Australia will strengthen herself. What America may demand cannot be foreseen. Another gust of sentiment may grant independence to the Filipinos, whose behaviour under the strain of the War has created a strong claim to favourable treatment.

[260]

I went to church and attended Mattins, after which I celebrated Mattins Holy Communion. There were 9 communicants.

At the last moment, for the Confirmation had been arranged to take place at Lavenham in the afternoon one of the boys, who is a "Barnado" "evacuee" (!) and also a chorister, was found to be unbaptized. The Rector hastily "prepared" him, and baptized him after the congregation had dispersed. I marvelled that he had omitted to ascertain so important a qualification for a Confirmation Candidate until the actual day of the Confirmation. That matter was inquired into when the candidates were accepted for preparation in those now distant days when I was myself a parish priest.

The Rector's sermon which, however, I heard with difficulty, was in tone & texture provocatively Roman. If he had designed to teach the women "Transubstantiation", he could hardly have improved on the crudely dogmatic language which he used. However, the objectionable gong was not used though what the "server" thinks, I cannot imagine.

I wrote to Harry Cumming Bruce.

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The Observer has a melancholy account of the damage inflicted on Bath by the Nazis in their recent raid. The Abbey Church appears to have suffered badly.

> The East Window known as "The Lantern of England" because of its great size, was one of the smashed.

Many churches and chapels were destroyed, and many houses of architectural & historic interest.

> "Whenever bombs fall on Bath there is danger of historic buildings being damaged, for it has more than 240 houses notable for personal associations with celebrities.

Nothing is said about the Roman remains: so I allow myself to assume that they have escaped.

Mussolini is said to have addressed a threatening letter to Vichy France demanding Nice, Corsica, and Tunis: & Italian troops are said to be gathering on the French frontier.

I wrote letters to Charlie Pattinson* and Martin Ellingsen*.

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[262]
Whit-Monday, May 25th, 1942.

A cold, unpleasant, gusty, depressing day!

I sent a cheque for £20:0:10 to the Ipswich Rate Collection for half a year's Rates on this house.

I spent the most part of the day in going through my Journal 1926-7, marking the salient points for Autobiographical use. The Bishoprick now comes into the scheme, as an increasingly important source of information. The first number appeared in November 1925. It was issued quarterly until the end of my episcopate in February 1939. It served 3 purposes viz.

1. It was my official diocesan gazette, & gave the clergy all necessary information as to their diocesan obligations etc.

2. It was my main instrument of episcopal teaching. Through it I was able to carry to every clergyman in the diocese (for the Bishoprick was sent gratis to every one of them) [? what] and it would be not limited to a single parish in which I might be functioning, but would carry my message to all the parishes, & thus have a stabilizing & unifying effect.

3. It was a record of those pronouncements which I desired myself to remember, & build on.

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[263]
Whit-Tuesday, May 26th, 1942.

I read Bishop John Wordsworth's Hale Lectures delivered in Chicago in October, 1910 on "The National Church of Sweden". The book is a very characteristic composition, disclosing both his distinctive excellences, and as clearly his distinctive faults. It is astonishingly learned, but also not less astonishingly "lop-sided". The erudite author is quite plainly dominated by the particular matters which were interesting him when he wrote & which often had very small connexion with the subject which he was actually handling. The combination of immense erudition and a naiveté which suggests a poetic & childlike temperament does, in varying measures of practical absurdity, mark all Bishop John Wordsworth's incursions into the field of practical politics. His authority as a scholar was great and unchallenged, but his judgement in policy was distrusted, and his specific proposals provided more amusement than assistance to his episcopal brethren. [Edward] Watson,* who knew him well, & wrote his biography, would not have dissented from this estimate of a great, attractive but humourless scholar.

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The Times reports the death of my cousin Arthur Henson Rawle, which took place at Minehead on Whitsunday. I wrote a letter of very sincere condolence to his aged widow. He was 82 years old, and she was some years older, & what her mental condition may be, I do not certainly know: but I doubt whether it is such as to make any letter worth writing.

Arthur was a thoroughly good & love-worthy example of an Englishman. His mother was my Father's sister, & his father, a member of an ancient West Country Family which claimed to include Sir Walter Raleigh (Rawly) in its family tree. He was devoted to the country & to stag-hunting. Sport was the Alpha and Omega of his interests, but he was an upright & honourable man, held in much regard by his neighbours for his generosity & kindness of heart. His religion was simply & nobly ethical. He feared God, and honestly tried to follow Christ, but he "had no use for" denominationalism, & still less for the issues which distract Anglicans. We drew together in recent years, and came **[265]** into a genuine and affectionate friendship. He showed me much kindness, and made my visits to him at Minehead very enjoyable. He was always very considerate & friendly to my brother Arthur, who had settled in Minehead on his retirement from India. He pitied him for his ignorance of games, but respected him for his success in making a fortune in India. He rightly thought that my brother's success in business had been too dearly purchased by the ruin of his health & the starvation of his mind. Arthur Rawle will be widely regretted in the West Country, where he had many recipients of his kindness & was regarded as a thoroughly loyal representative of the community. His death makes another considerable gap in the narrowing circle of my personal friends. Betty Bruce Steer will miss him badly. She had become quite indispensable, & no praise can be too high for her devotion to him & to his wife. She has also continued to show kindness to my sister-in-law, who still lingers in much physical weakness.

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[266]
Wednesday, May 27th, 1942.

The weather is fine, but uncertain. We are not yet out of the rainy blustering spell.

We went to Ipswich where I attended the dentist, while Ella and Fearne met Gladys Scott Tomson* at the railway station, where she arrived from Cambridge by the train scheduled to arrive at 10.42 a.m. She was full of Cambridge gossip about the numerous academic vacancies, which are to be filled up. She says that Powicke, the historian, is a Plymouth Brother! And that his wife is the Master of Balliol's ([Alexander] Lindsay's*) sister. He has harnessed himself to two crankdoms, the one religious the other economic. The marvel is that, in these circumstances, he should preserve so sound a judgement in his historical work. She says that George Trevelyan,* now Master of Trinity, and his wife are fanatically pro-Italian, and (though they loathe Mussolini) will endure no criticism of Italy. It would appear that the narrow party spirit, which marked his political pedigree, has broken out in this sphere, where his sympathies happen to be deeply engaged. She expresses herself with some severity against both our new Primates, but she hardly realizes the strength of the official fetters which limit their personal activity.

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Miss Redstone came from Woodbridge to meet her friend Gladys Scott Tomson, the pair being interested in the same antiquarian interests, and both fully equipped with the fondness for detail & extraordinary pertinacity which distinguish of [sic] the rapidly multiplying number of female historical students.

Gladys has been working in the new library of Cambridge. I learned with interest that she judged its arrangements to be inferior to those of the Bodleian; but she allowed that her comparison between the two libraries may be unfair as not making sufficient allowance for the difficulties created by the War.

She says that there is some concern expressed in Cambridge, and also in Oxford at the policy of postponing appointment to vacant professorships until the War is ended; but there is evident force in the argument that many men who probably ought to be considered are now absent from the universities on war-work for which they have patriotically volunteered. "Out of sight, out of mind" may be relevant to them.

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[268]
Thursday, May 28th, 1942.

I received from a stranger, the Revd J.D.C. Wallace, Chaplain & Master of Ravenstone, a kindly-expressed letter, and a poem "Imprisoned Splendour & its Release", which impressed me as more edifying than inspired. He recalled an episode in my early life which left small legacy to my succeeding career, and as it preceded the beginning of my Journal has no regular record. He writes:-

> If you look up my record in Crockford, you will find that I became Vicar of Melton Ross near Brigg in 1889. You left Brigg in 1884 when you had gained the Fellowship of All Souls College. The fact that an Assistant Master of the Grammar School had gained such a distinction was still the talk of the town! Your Head Master was Dick Flower, whose brother "Jack" I knew well, but it was the Rev. P.H. Brierley the Vicar, who first told me of your success. I have followed your career with close interest ever since those days.

He is wrong in his date. I left Brigg in 1881 in order to matriculate at Oxford.

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[269]
Friday, May 29th, 1942.

I visited the dentist in Ipswich, & worked at the Autobiography. I acknowledged Mr Wallace's letter, and sent him a copy of "Last Words in Westminster Abbey".

The reports from the War Fronts are vague and not very encouraging. It appears that both in Russia and in Libya there is heavy fighting, but in neither is the result so far decisive. The situation of the Chinese appears to be serious, for they are almost completely isolated from their Allies, and both their supply routes have been stopped. It is humiliating that we should have to acknowledge that the British forces have been driven out of Burmah with the loss of their heavy armament by no more than 50,000 Japanese. The continual bombing of Malta has had the effect of so far putting the island out of action that the Axis have been able to send reinforcements and provisions to Rommel.

I wrote to Lionel Trotman, though it is hard to know how to write, or what to write about, when one's letter will almost certainly take at least 4 months to transit.

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[270]
Saturday, May 30th, 1942.

The local papers report the death of another son of the Dean of Bocking. I wrote to condole with him and his wife. It is but a few months since I did so when the younger boy was killed. And men prate about "equality of sacrifice"!

Thurlow sends me a copy of "The Statist", which contains an effective, and mainly sound, criticism of our very insistent & generally (for the present) prevailing Socialists, as well "Christian", like the Abp of Canterbury, as Secular & Secularist, like Sir Stafford Cripps, Bevin, & a mob of politicians.

Milford sends me a specimen "Jacket" of the Autobiography, and accompanies it with a letter, explaining that the poor thing is again postponed "so that it looks like early in July".

> "You have been very patient, but I do not see why you should wait for the second portion of your modest advance royalty, and so I am telling my accountant to send you £75 at once, which I hope will be a slight solatium for all the delays & for the horrible aspect which the book will bear when it appears."

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We motored to Ardleigh, and had tea with the Thurlows. Their garden is at its best, extremely creditable to the gardener, who, without assistance, does all the work. Lord T consulted me about his duty in the matter of accepting a chaplaincy to the Home Guard in the Parish. The Incumbent, who appears to be an ungracious and incompetent parson is so odious to the Home Guards that they refuse to "sit under" him, & covet the ministrations of his Lordship. I said that he should certainly not invade the jurisdiction of the Incumbent; that if I were Bishop of ~~Colch~~ Chelmsford, I should feel bound to disallow his becoming Chaplain against the will of the parish priest; & that, in short, he, as a parishioner, had no remedy against incompetence, indolence, & incivility on the part of his incumbent. Illegality, if it were grossly scandalous, might, perhaps, be dealt with, but merely ritual or ceremonial lawlessness would hardly be restrained! He was depressed, but could not dispute the soundness of my counsel!

We were encountered by a thunderstorm on our way to Ardleigh. The weather cleared as we had tea, and we returned under sunshine.

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[272]
Trinity Sunday, May 31st, 1942.

A dull day. I went to church, and received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. There were , perhaps, as many as six communicants beside myself & the Celebrant with his "server", the inevitable Peter.

On Trinity Sunday, June 5th ~~194~~ 1887 fifty-five years ago, I was ordained by Bishop Mackarness in Cuddesdon Parish Church. Both I and the world have changed, and nearly all my contemporaries have passed away.

The fearful, and perhaps decisive, battles in Russia and Libya are still raging, and in neither is the victory yet disclosed.

We went to church for Mattins, and I read the Lessons. The Athanasian Creed, and the Litany, were read, the one rather trying, the other very welcome. The sermon was evidently an old one, designed, I should conjecture for a relatively educated congregation, and quite unsuitable for the tiny collection of women & children to whom it was addressed, and not at all commended by the delivery. Moulsdale's management of his voice deteriorates, & his oracular dogmatism does not grow less.

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I wrote to Betty Bruce Steer, to Brooke Westcott and to Derek Ryan: and myself posted the letters.

It seems reasonable to infer from Milford's last letter that he counts on my completing the Autob. If that is to be done, & my acceptance of his cheque on account of advanced Royalties implies that I pledge myself to do it, I must address myself to the work more intelligently and more continuously. It is possible, perhaps probable, that the first volume will "draw the fire" of many hostile criticks; and their criticisms may provide me with material for an Introduction, substantial enough to fill in certain lacunae which I have myself observed, and regretted.

Arthur Headlam's observation on my style – made a good many years ago viz. that when I wrote on the spur of an "inspiration", I wrote simply & effectively, but that when I took pains over my writing, I became too elaborate & formal, has I suspect, a considerable element of justification. Unfortunately, I cannot count on any kind of "inspiration" when I am writing about that extraordinarily uninspiring subject – MYSELF!