Henson Journal Volume 90

13 September 1943 – 24 November 1943

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

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

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[1]
Monday, September 13th, 1943 (continued).

I received from the Press Cuttings Agency two items, both primarily concerned with others than myself, but including a reference to me. An Article in the Record observes, that “no less an author Bishop H. H.” speaks highly of Baxter’s “Reformed Pastor”, and a laudatory account of Vernon Storr, contrasting “his quiet influence” at Westminster Abbey says “he was not a preacher of the celebrity of Gore or Hensley Henson”. It is odd that we should be bracketted in this way.

We went to ~~Bristol~~ ^Ipswich^, and had tea with the Bishop and Mrs Brook. They are looking forward to the opening of the Religion & Life Mission, from which I have begged to be left out, not being able to overcome my dislike of such holy “stunts”. They told me that Mervyn Haigh will keep his 57th Birthday tomorrow. The Bishop here was closely associated with Mervyn, when he was Bp. of Coventry being himself his “oculus" as Archdeacon of Rugby. He agrees with me in holding Mervyn in high regard. The R. C.s in Ipswich are refusing to take part in the Mission, because to do so wd compel them to join in prayer with Protestants! They attitude is logical enough, but it sets one thinking.

<!140943>
[2]
Tuesday, September 14th, 1943.

Temperature 68°. A fine morning.

This was rather a harassing day. It began inauspiciously. Fearne with a countenance in which the fierce resentment of Lady Macbeth was combined with the disastrous outlook of Cassandra, informed me that her piteous appeal for petrol had been met by a laconic & Draconian refusal! She, as usual, denounced me ^as^ probably the author and certainly the supporter of the War, which had thus darkened her secular heaven!

Dade – to whom, in view of my absence at Felixstowe, I paid 2 weeks wages – brought his considerable contribution to the Cornucopia of my distress by announcing that Hine had reported that the sewage-drain was obstructed, that to clear it was beyond his power, and generally that major operations were needed. Finally, the wireless gave no cheerful witness. It appears to be evident that our invasion of Italy is not to be the comparatively easy affair, which we allowed ourselves to expect, & that the Nazis have once more succeeded in outwitting our military guides.

[3]

Meanwhile the aborigines seized the opportunity for re-asserting their natural rights against an urban intruder into their ancestral solitudes. Sarah announced that the rats were again active in the roof, and that she had seen the rabbit in the garden. Dade announced a fresh invasion of moles into the front garden, and said that he had, but unavailingly, set a trap for them. I myself beheld with helpless rage a procession of 4 substantial kittens, which have arrived to assist the continuing feline campaign against such singing birds as still deign to visit us: and Ella discovered but too convincing demonstrations of the depredations of mice in the place where she locates such small stores of biscuits & chocolate as she succeeds in retaining: Like the aged Jacob, when the wicked brethren brought ill news to him about his favourite (and exasperating) son, I am disposed to say "All these things are against me!["] Per contra, I received a pleasant letter from Harry Cumming-Bruce, who is now unfolding his peacock's tail as a don in B. W. C. [Brasenose College, Oxford]

[4]

At 1 a.m. the wireless announced that Briansk had been evacuated by the Germans, & that the Russians were still advancing. The question is now becoming urgent – Will the autumnal rains hold off long enough to enable the Russian offensive to garner the success to which it is entitled?

From Italy the news is grave. The Germans have succeeded in regaining some of the ground which the American 5th Army had conquered, and there is no slackening in the German "counter-attack". The 8th Army has captured Bari, but unhappily it is too distant to make practicable a junction with the Americans, & the Germans are employing with effect the methods they employed in Sicily. In that hill-country "demolitions" make formidable barriers

to movement. Sir Stafford Cripps* has addressed the munition workers in exhortations so urgent, as almost to ^be^ panic-stricken. It is evident that the recent successes of the Allies have caused a grave slackening of effort.

At 6 p.m. we learned that the battle of Salerno is still raging, and that both sides have received reinforcements.

<!150943>
[5]
Wednesday, September 15th, 1943.

Temperature 66°. A blustering, uncertain day. There was some rain during the night, and a slight fall in the temperature.

The news at 8 a.m. was definitely disconcerting: for the battle at Salerno continues under conditions of increasing difficulty. The American troops do not seem to have the same protection from the air as was given in Africa and Sicily, while the Germans are [sic] gained considerably increased air assistance. It would appear that our much emphasized gain of aerodromes in Sicily has not proved worth much.

It is stated that the Germans are largely fanatical youths, who fight with passionate determination, and are very difficult to handle when taken prisoner. The Times military correspondent gives a gloomy picture of the situation at Salerno: & the leading article is definitely discouraging. It is evident that the Allies have experienced a serious set-back, how serious we shall probably learn in the course of the day. The effect on the "satellites" is already apparent; and, of course, Berlin is jubilant.

Nazi parachutists are posted in the Piazza of St Peter's in order to "protect" the neutral Vatican City!

[6]

Captain Bruce Glasier, whom Lawrence Holt* recommended to me as a man who could tell me much about the mercantile marine, wrote to say that he could come here next Monday, or Tuesday! Of course I had to "put him off" on the sufficient ground that I should then be in Felixstowe. Why is it that so many little arrangements are over [sic] unexpectedly disturbed or disallowed whenever one designs to leave home?

Dade has a woeful account of the depredations of the visiting rabbit, who made a frontal attack on the cabbage plants, & had considerable success! Smith's telephone is out of order, so he is inaccessible just when we want to get at him! These are the distresses of the country dweller and they wonderfully darken his philosophy!

We played croquet in the afternoon, & busied ourselves in making preparations for our visit to Felixstowe tomorrow. It is humiliating that so much fuss and toil should be necessary in order that a week's absence may be arranged.

The news at 6 p.m. is good from Russia and the Pacific, doubtful from Italy, & bad from the coal-fields.

<!160943>
[7]
Thursday, September 16th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A clouded & uncertain day.

There were no letters. We finished our preparations for departure. I wrote to May, the farmer who rents the farm-buildings & meadow adjoining my property, telling him that I should be absent for a week, and that during my absence, Hine had undertaken to deal with the sewer-drain. I asked him, as on former like occasions, to allow some water to be stolen from his tank! We went to the station at Ipswich by a taxi, and, after some hectic moments on the platform, succeeded in getting away to Felixstowe, where we put up at the Felix Hotel. A pleasant note from Lord Woodbridge informed us that he had arrived in the Hotel this morning. The note was accompanied by some apples & tomatoes. We were surprised & pleased to be recognised by the maid, who remembered us from our last visit, 2 years ago.

The news from the War has been heartening. At 6 p.m. we learned that the Americans had returned to the offensive: that the Commander of the 5th Army had issued an encouraging message, in which he assured them that the arrival of the 8th Army was a matter of hours: & the Russians have captured Novorossiysk.

<!170943>
[8]
Friday, September 17th, 1943.

Temperature 66°. A beautiful morning.

The War has affected the Hotel unavoidably. No "early tea" is served: there are no napkins at meals: & the "service" is less adequate. But the noble position remains, & the glorious view of the sea. Breakfast was rather disappointing, perhaps, because our table was ill-lighted, and the viands advanced with the graduated pace of a mechanized army in a hurry! However, there was enough to eat, and (considering that "there's a war on") no ground for rational complaint. I received a short, impulsive letter from Bridget, in acknowledgement of my sympathy in the trouble she is in on.

I wrote to Gilbert [Aubrey Henson]*. Shall he and I ever join hands again? We are both aged men now - he is 76, and I am nearing 80. Our ways in the world have lain so far apart, that we have seen little of one another since we were young.

I sate for awhile with Woodbridge on the balcony outside his suite, which adjoins that which we are occupying; and drank wine with him. He was interested in the "illustrations" of vol. ii and again expressed his determination to purchase a copy.

[9]

In the afternoon Ella remained in the Hotel, being somewhat discomposed with a cold. Fearne and I called on old Mr Peter Mayor, formerly Rector of Whitburn whom we encountered in his garden (like Hooker]) wheeling a perambulator containing an infant. Heather, the baby's mother, joined us, & explained that she had been married to an officer in the Artillery, named Bolt, and that this was her first child, now 9 weeks old, and baptized by her great-grandfather, Sarah Anne. I expressed the usual admiration & even osculated the babe!

The news from the War fronts continues to be good. It appears to be certain that the Germans are pursuing their policy of attacking the morale of the subject & neutral populations by shameless & continuous lying: and it can hardly be doubted that their propaganda has gained a considerable measure of success. But, of course, lies, albeit immediately effective, do not wear well. Time exposes them, & sooner or later, loyalty to truth is found to be not only sounder morality, but also wiser in policy. I cannot doubt that the old saying "Magna est Veritas et praevalibit" will be found to be borne out by the experience of the Allies. The "Father of Lies" is beaten in the long run.

<!180943>
[10]
Saturday, September 18th, 1943.

Temperature (at 8.30) 67°. Misty day.

A cutting from the "C. of E. Newspaper" sent by Durrant's Agency which announces the near appearance of vol. II:

> It will have the same title (as vol. I), but it will probably be found that it even surpasses its predecessor in general interest and in the drama of the events which it records.

What does the idiot who wrote his nonsense expect? The pedestrian record of diocesan activity hardly enters into the drama of events on the grand scale which enlists "general interest" though such individuals as may find their names in it may be flattered or infuriated as the case may be. I suspect that there will be many such individuals in Durham, who will turn to the Index with some eagerness, and, perhaps, expectation, who will surely be disappointed, and chagrined: for an "Autobiography", beyond other comparable compositions, centres in the fortunes of one individual, and only touches on those of others incidentally. [word Illegible] are such notices always gratifying to the individuals concerned, very rarely so in vol II of the Retrospect.

[11]

I received a letter from George Wright, who had inquired about the transference of S. Margaret's Church-yard from the Abbey to the parish Church. He is evidently the grandson of the old Clerk of the Works, who was still reigning when first I arrived in Westminster: he says

> I was pleased to read in the first volume of the Autobiography, your Lordship's kindly notice of the late Mr Fedarb. I copied it out and sent it to his daughter.

It pleases me to know that he has done this, and that he himself has read the volume.

Breakfast, like the civilization of Germany, was a slow and rather ineffective process. The victuals were enigmatic and scanty, emerging at long intervals and in an unintelligible order. Fearne was able to supplement the provision with butter & marmalade, which she had providently brought with her. On the whole, however, one had no room doubting, that "there's a war on". The fewness and inefficiency of the domestics are accepted with something like wondering gratitude by the visitors, who wonder anxiously what may be in store for them, & when it will arrive!

[12]

Lord Woodbridge brought us the "Times", and then carried me back to his rooms for my "morning": There we gossiped together until the wireless at 1 p.m. gave encouraging news on all fronts.

I wrote to Alington. After lunch, we walked along the sea-front until 4.30 p.m. when we had tea in our room. At 6 p.m. the wireless was still favourable. The 8th Army is making its weight felt, and the Germans are plainly anxious to break contact, & fall back northwards. But this may well be beyond their powers, especially since the Allies are now bringing the captured Italian aerodromes into effective use.

The new Russian Patriarch has pronounced to be excommunicated all Orthodox priests & laity who give any kind of assistance to the Germans.

I have been impressed by the inconsiderateness & ill manners of some of the visitors staying in this Hotel, who make audience of the wireless difficult by keeping up conversation with one another, although quite apparently everybody (except, presumably, themselves) has come together in the wireless room for the specific purpose of hearing the news.

[13]

Fearne had yet another disappointment in the matter of hiring a cook. The lady who had been suggested as likely to come to has [sic], writes to decline on the ground that she has made other arrangements which preclude service as a resident cook. It is the common experience of all who employ servants, & their situation is not likely to improve. Indeed, the post-war outlook for them is rather bleak. We are traversing a social revolution, the pace of which has been hastened by the War, but which was quite clearly disclosing itself before the War broke out. It means, as in all preceding social revolutions, that the class which has been dominant, is stripped of privilege & power, & another class, which hitherto has seen relatively powerless and unprivileged, replaces it. "He hath put down the mighty from their seat, & hath exalted the humble and meet". Who is it described the Magnificent as a Socialist hymn? The controversy about the place which the so-called "Public Schools", ought to have in a scheme of National Education, is really concerned with the question whether the society of the future can retain such a system of its class privilege, as we have inherited from the past, & which has in the public schools its principal Citadel and Symbol.

[14]

The Hotel is in a hectic condition, for on Saturdays there is a dance, & the place crawls with the youth of both sexes, mostly in uniform. Ella and Fearne, like superannuated war-horses sniffing the battle from afar, watched the dancers, but I retired to my room after some conversation with a stranger, who claimed acquaintance with me as a fellow member of the Athenaeum. I have a dim memory of his face, but no notion of his name: &, like an ass, I never asked him for it. He told me, however, that he belonged to this part of the world, & had lived in Woodbridge. He is staying in the Hotel for some days, so, perhaps, I may be able to discover who he is. Our conversation was varied and general, but it sufficed to assure me that we were in agreement on most of the matters which formed its subject. Hardly had I reached my room that the telephone rang, & I succeeded in understanding that Lady

Thurlow was speaking. She, with Lord T, and Harry, who had just joined them, would come to tea tomorrow about 4 p.m. I hope that the rules of the Hotel will allow us to provide tea!

<!190943>
[15]
13th Sunday after Trinity, September 19th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Rain early, but brightening.

It is an arresting coincidence, that while the Orthodox Church in Russia begins to "lift up its head", and openly throw its influence on to the side of the Soviet Government and the fatherland, the Popish Church has so fallen as to be "protected" by Hitler's troops who are posted on the steps of S. Peter's. Patriotism which Loisy* said was the real Religion of modern Europe, finds more effective expression in Russia than in Italy: but patriotism is not Christianity, though it ought not to be opposed thereto. It is hard to see whereto the Churches are moving. The popular interest has alike in the West and in the East moved away from Religion and moves towards Socialism which also is not identical with Patriotism. In Britain we have a mingle-mangle of the forces which "run in single harness" everywhere. The War is for ^British^ Christians a "Crusade", and the Victory is to be the beginning of "social re-construction". And in that there is small, if any, place for Christianity. "Planning" omits to make provision for churches, nor are the clergy included among the waxing horde of officials who are to "run" the "better world" of victorious democracy.

[16]

Lord Woodbridge & I walked together to the parish Church, & there attended Mattins, & heard a sermon preached by the Incumbent, Canon Cocks. He has an excellent voice, which he knows how to manage. Both in reading the lessons, & in preaching he used it to great advantage. I noticed that he wore an enigmatic hood, which, I imagine, must have belonged to some Theological College. The service was in some measure disturbed by the discharge of cannon, probably by way of practice.

The wireless at 1 p.m. reported further advances in Russia and Italy. The Germans have evacuated Sardinia, which will give the Allies some useful airfields.

Lord and Lady Thurlow accompanied by Harry came to tea in the Hotel. They arrived shortly after 4 p.m., and went away just in time for me to hear the 6 p.m. news. I promised to write to [Charles] Oman*, & introduce Harry to him & his wife. It might interest Oman to meet a young officer who has been for 9 years past in the main centres of Middle East warfare: & Harry is quite keen to meet an eminent, military historian.

[17]

Harry says that the German officers generally keep diaries, and are extraordinarily careless about preserving them. Many of these diaries have been captured, & found to contain much interesting and even valuable information.

He says that the American soldiers blundered horribly through ignorance and presumption, when first they arrived in N Africa: that Eisenhower perceived this, and appealed to the British Army to assist him in correcting it. This appeal was successful. Regular instructors,

well seasoned men, were allotted to the American troops, and their guidance was welcomed and followed, with the result that the American forces became first rate fighting troops. He says that the situation in Palestine has gravely worsened, and, indeed, has become very serious. Both Jews and Arabs had gained possession of considerable quantities of arms. These were in part stolen, & in part secured from British soldiers by lavish bribery. This is bad hearing, indeed: but Harry knows Palestine well, and is a level-headed fellow, who is not given to venting mere surmises.

<!200943>
[18]
Monday, September 20th, 1943.

Temperature 64°. A wet, depressing morning.

I wrote a cheque for the Electric Supply Cº for the quarter ending August 12th (£3:10:6).

The Times Literary Supplement has a notice of my vol. II in its page on forthcoming Biography and Memoirs. It describes me as "A great Churchman". I suppose few Anglicans would approve such a description of a confessed and notorious ecclesiastical Ishmaelite.

The Times has a horrifying account of the actual effect of our bombardment of Hamburg as disclosed by the photographers. A city of 1.800.000 inhabitants was completely destroyed at a cost of less than 100 planes. The havoc inflicted on Coventry was multiplied 100 times in about an hour!

Winston Churchill is safely home again after his longest absence from England since he became Prime Minister.

There is an appeal for Funds to provide a memorial to the late Bishop Partridge*. It is signed by the usual Lambeth team, and also by "Lang of Lambeth (Abp)"!

[19]

I catechized Harry on military affairs, as he had himself observed them. He said that the Russians were curiously secretive, and would communicate no information about their own weapons and methods; and that the Frenchmen were tiresomely quarrelsome among themselves, and very "difficult" to work with.

The news from Italy and from Russia continue to be very heartening. Sardinia is now in our hands: and Badoglia is somewhere within out control. The Russian advance along a front of some 700 miles is rapid and continuous.

Harry speaks with affection of his Senoussi [sic] Arab servant, but with evident dislike of the Jews. Yet he is no anti-Semite, and expresses admiration for their achievement in Palestine: But the dislike is apparent: and it is not unaccompanied by a certain suspicion. Quite recently, Jews have been depositing bombs in the quarters of British Officials! Yet, it would seem too obvious to need pointing out, that only Britain stands between the Jews, and utter disaster. Why is it that this amazing and inscrutable people can neither unite among themselves, not recognize their true friends in a hostile world?

[20]

Woodbridge sent round to tell me that he had a friend, Colonel Russell, who had just called, and he wd be glad if I wd join them in a glass of wine. I went, of course, more conscious not to hurt his Lordship's feelings than to satisfy my lust for sherry (a wine, which, to speak

sooth, I abhor!) and, for an hour, I talked with these two excellent men. Col. Russell was an old Army man, who had served in the South African War, when he encountered Smuts. We had a brisk conversation, in which, my laden conscience tells me, I took a larger share than was fitting: and then I returned to my room in good time to descend to the lounge for the 1 p. m. news.

I wrote to Dade.

Beyond walking for an hour, and calling on Mrs Mason, only to be told that she was away from home, we did nothing. The day which had started so gloomily developed into a sunny afternoon, which was marked by an Alert, followed quietly by the signal of safety. There was a certain amount of practising with the cannon: which sustained the comfortless feeling of danger. Voila tout!

[21-44]

[21]

While I was waiting in the lounge for the 6 p.m. wireless to begin, a middle-aged gentleman of respectable aspect, and in lay attire addressed me with the enquiry whether he might carry a message from me to Bishop Kempthorne; and when I said that there was small likelihood of my seeing the said Bishop, and asked in turn who my questioner might be, he replied that he was the Vicar of Trumpington, and that Bishop Kempthorne lived in his parish, and that he himself was on holiday. I sent my kind regards to the Bishop.

The Russians are reported to have re-captured as many as 1200 places during the last two days. These places vary in size from important towns to tiny hamlets.

An old gentleman, heavy in gait, pompous in manner, and with a stentor's voice, attracted some general notice as, accompanied by a lady, he proceeded to the table next to that which my ladies and I occupied. His observations were peremptory and widely audible. He came to me in the lounge, & explained that he was deaf in one of his ears, & found difficulty in getting into position for hearing the wireless!

<!210943>
[22]
Tuesday, September 21st, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A beautiful day.

L^d^ Woodbridge sent me a copy of the Times and afterwards claimed me for a walk. As we issued from the garden gate we encountered Miss Brown returning late from her marketing. She had discovered a shop where soles could be purchased, & had secured a supply. L^d^ W. at once offered me a present of 3 fish, which I gratefully accepted. This will be a welcome variation from the rather meagre Hotel provision. We had a pleasant walk, & on ~~my~~ returning to the Hotel had our 'morning' in his rooms.

I received a long and characteristically vivacious letter from M^rs^ Caulfield; and also a flatterously expressed letter from a stranger, who describes himself as a master in the School at Maidenhead, explaining that 'as he is too poor' to buy a copy of my book, and has been 'trying to obtain a copy for quite 12 months', I would lend him a copy! He would carefully return it within 21 days, and be so grateful. He subscribes himself "Your Lordship's humble servant, Leopold Garcia."

[23]

This kind of letter throws me into considerable dubiety. My reason suggest that it is probably nothing better than a begging letter, which ought to be ignored; but there is always the possibility that it may be genuine, & then I should be acting unkindly, and perhaps even basely, if I made no response. I have heard it said – and I am not disposed to doubt the allegation, that a known and fruitful method of professional mendicancy is to wheedle authors by copious compliment into giving copies of their newly published works which are then turned into cash by the ingenious mendicant! The guileless suffer for the ~~guil~~ guileful, and the way of benevolence is effectively blocked.

Old M^r^ Mayor called, and had tea. He is getting deaf, and conversation with him is seriously handicapped by the fact. He brought a large bouquet of flowers, and an invitation to tea tomorrow from his daughter-in-law. This is very kind but I doubt whether such conventional courtesy is worth observing between octogenarians!

The sudden death of Sir Kinsley Wood, Chancellor of the Exchequer, is reported. He died of heart failure in London at the age of ~~72~~ 62.

<!240943>
[24]
Wednesday September 22nd, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A glorious morning.

The Prime Minister was emphatic in declaring the hardest part of the war still lay in front of the Allies while yet he dilated on the unprecedented magnitude of the successes of their victories during the last year. He seemed to suggest that the war would outlast 1944. I cannot, however, doubt that he was thinking more of the too probable effect on the munition workers if he encouraged them to think that the need for their exertions was lessening, than of expressing his real opinion. He described the behaviour of the Badoglia Government as faithful to the terms of the "unconditional surrender" so far as was possible in the circumstances; Badoglio's appeal to the Italian people, which the Germans 'held up' for some days, & has now been re-issued, is sufficiently uncompromising; but the Italians seem to be quite helpless. The Germans have foreseen the defection of Italy, and made the most complete preparations for meeting the situation which they would have then to meet. The conquest of Italy by the Allies is no small matter.

[25]

The "Modern Churchman" (Sept. 1923) includes the papers read at the 27th Annual Conference of Modern Churchmen" which was held in Oxford last July: the subject was "intriguing" – " The National Church and the National Life". I read with care 4 of the papers viz.

1. The National Church and the National Life: by Sir Cyril Norwood.
2. The Function of Religion in the National Life by Rev. J. C. Hardwick.
3. The National Church as a Teacher of Christian Truth, by the Very Rev W. R. Inge.
4. The relations of Church & State by the Revd Chancellor J.S. Bezzant.
5. The Parson as Politian and Economist by the Rev. Gamaliel Milner.

My first impressions are rather disconcerting. The writers appear to have a strangely pinched conception of Religion, a curiously perverted view of Christianity, a strangely low view of the Christian Church, and an enormous confidence in their own infallibility. I was well inspired, when, years ago, I decided that I could not become a member of the Modern Churchmen's Union.

[26]

I talked with Woodbridge, and had my 'morning' with him. We sate for an hour enjoying the magnificent view of the sea. It was only the noise of the cannon practising at targets in the air and on the water which forced us to realize that the beautiful world is the scene of murderous strife & destruction.

In the afternoon we had tea with old Mr Mayor, his daughter, & grand-daughter. His son-in-law Captain Bolt R.A. was also present, & the great-grandchild was brought in.

At 6 p.m. the wireless reported more progress by the Russians. The Germans are thought to be 'blowing up' Naples, and being opposed in their dastardly work by Italian soldiers who have succeeded in retaining their weapons.

The essentially barbarian quality of the Germans (& herein especially the latest Christianized & civilized of all the German tribes, the Prussians) is, perhaps, most clearly disclosed by their brutal delight in destruction. When the late Kaiser addressed them as Huns, & bade them emulate Attila in their warfare, he knew them, & judged them rightly.

<!230943>
[27]
Thursday, September 23rd, 1943.

A brilliant morning. The sea slumbered in a gentle haze which the sun illumined.

After breakfast, I walked into the little town, and was so fortunate as to find the hairdresser ready to deal effectively with my 'capillary attraction', for which he expressed a befitting admiration!

I paid my account for the week (£34: 8: 7) which was rather much for so brief a visit; at Ipswich a taxi awaited us, and brought us to Hyntle Place about 3.15 p.m. Dade was ready for us; the drain had been cleared; and the electric light brought again into use.

The foreign news continues to be good from the military point of view, rather disconcerting from the political. It is becoming apparent that a dangerous friction is developing between Britain and America; & that the relations between the Western Allies and Soviet Russia are far from as firm and harmonious as they ought to be. Concurrently with the course of military and political developments, there is the movement within the economic sphere, which is independent of both, and threatens, sooner or later, to immerse the industrial world in a mortal conflict of which the final outcome is terrifyingly uncertain.

[28]

The 6 p.m. wireless reported the debate on Man power in the H. of C. Bevin was very emphatic on the necessity of adding greatly to the war-workers. He was adamantine on the calling-up of middle-aged women, & spoke of the tremendous conflict in1944 which we must face. It is obvious that the Government cannot rightly be optimistic. It must secure in its plans a reasonable 'margin of safety'. But I cannot persuade myself that the war can be prolonged much beyond next spring, although the probability of a prodigious effort by the Germans, who are now clearly perceiving the failure of Hitler's policy cannot be wisely belittled or even ignored. The Germans are reported to be doing their utmost to make Naples useless to the Allies. Their destruction squadrons are incessantly at work. If they take the same course with Rome, how much of its marvellous wealth of artistic & historic treasures will survive the War? Those who have visited the Eternal City before the horrors of "Total War" befell it, will be objects of envy to those who can but gaze on the ruin that was Rome. Horrible stories of the savage ferocity with which the Germans are treating the Italians are being circulated.

<!240943>
[29]
Friday, September 24th, 1943.

Temperature in my study at 10 a.m. was only 61°. There is an ominous bite of winter in the air, but the sun shines, and there is no wind.

My only letter was one from Gilbert writing from Penticton, in British Columbia, on June 22nd. Three months is a long time for that distance. The letter had been censored, but found harmless; but probably the censoring business took time.

I could not sleep last night, and not even Buchan's 'Augustus' (which the munificent Fearne presented to me as a memento of Felixstowe) could charm me into slumber. It was not until nearly 4 a.m. that I became oblivious to myself & all else. This morning, therefore, I am limp and jaded.

I wrote to Linetta, condoling with her on the woeful state of her beloved Italy.

In the afternoon we played croquet. I noted with some alarm indisputable evidence that the rabbit had been visiting the garden. Dade reports that the brute has been devouring the wall flower plants. These were looking well, and they form so important a feature in the garden when winter gives place to the spring, that their destruction is a grave matter.

[30]

Hines came to receive payment for his work in cleaning and cleansing the sewer. He charged £4: 0: 0:,which I paid in cash i.e. in pound notes. He said that this would suffice for the next 2 or 3 years; but that every few months a few pail-fulls of water should be poured down at the manhole adjoining the garage. I stupidly omitted to get him to give me a receipt for the money. This omission must be remedied tomorrow. I inquired whether the drain was in a sound state; and he said that it was being obstructed by the roots of the trees, and that I ought to have a glazed pipe substituted for the present one. I must take counsel over this. Incidentally, Hines told me that he had been employed in digging my well; that it was more than 51 feet deep, bricked, and fed by a spring. It had never been known to fail. The wells in the village, being on lower ground, were no more than 28 feet deep. No doubt all drew from the same source.

<!250943>
[31]
Saturday, September 25th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A clouded morning.

The following note from Ld Woodbridge explains itself. He has rather spoiled the quotation from Faber's hymn, as a reference to a shop-lifting Sunday School superintendent, made by a Victoria Park lecturer:-

> Dear Herbert,
>
> Thank you. I greatly appreciate the privilege of your friendship, & am honoured by your permission to address you by your Christian name.
>
> I am glad you all returned safely and easily. Perhaps I am a little horrified to note that "soles" remind you of me! How flat and fishy I must be! Still they were not the "laden souls gently stealing" which you told me about.
>
> Yours in affectionate friendship
> Arthur.

Instead of "gently", he should have written "meekly", which seems to me more effective. "Meekness" is more suggestive of the appropriate official unction(!) of a Sunday School superintendent.

[32]

I spent the morning in reading through again, and very carefully, Ralph's paper at the Modern Churchmen's Conference. It is a baffling mélange of brilliance, acuteness, and something that I can only call sophistry. His treatment of the New Testament is strangely untrustworthy, and this is the more regrettable, since he bases his personal religion on the N. T. "studied critically". Yet, he admits that the critics are, not less than the theologians, divided. He himself belongs to "the right wing of criticism", when deciding on the crucial point which determines which of the sayings attributed to Christ in the Gospels may be regarded as truly His:

> "It is not of extreme importance that all the sayings in the evangelists were actually spoken by Christ".

But surely this turns on the answers we make to 2 questions which Ralph leaves unanswered, viz:

1. Who was Christ? and with what authority did He speak?
2. What sayings were "actually spoken"?

[33]

Nor do I think Ralph can be trusted in his quotations, nor in the inferences he draws from them. The first are rhetorically effective, but exegetically illegitimate. The last are too extensive for their premises. He is overmuch influenced by his dislike of History, and his devotion to a philosophy of values which enables him to ignore or pervert it. His treatment of the N. T. is neither orthodox nor critical. It is, however, orthodox enough to allow him to use much of the language of orthodoxy, and critical enough to get rid of much of the substance.

> My authority is the N. T. studied critically. I do not think it is very difficult to remove from the Gospels passages which must be secondary…. But as regards the discourses and parables as a whole I am rather conservative…. It may be that they (the disciples) misunderstood some things which their Master said…. **What is historically certain is that there was a divine revelation of unparalleled depth, elevation, & intensity in Palestine in the rein of Tiberias. It had its centre in Jesus, but the Holy Spirit was also in His hearers, & continued to bear witness [34] to Him after He left the Earth. It is this revelation, as transmitted in the canonical books, which we mean by the Gospel**, "..." Christianity is an other-worldly religion: but it is other worldliness alone which can transform the world. I believe that an acceptance of the Christian standard of values, which can be learned plainly from the N. T., would solve most of our social problems.

He sometimes makes statements which are more sweeping and dogmatic than considered and well-grounded e.g.

> "**There is not the slightest hope held out in the Gospels that the mass of men and women will even be Christian**".

Yet Christ is reported in the 4th Gospel as saying

> I, if I be lifted up, will draw ALL MEN unto Myself.

We played croquet during the afternoon, but the wind from the north was so cold that we found it advisable to wear overcoats. The creeper on the house has almost suddenly become brilliant.

<!260943>
[35]
14th Sunday after Trinity, September 26th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A bright but uncertain morning.

I did not go to the early service, for reasons which certainly reflect no credit on myself, except possibly one – that it entails a Sabbatic labour on our admirable S. who, in spite of my protest, insists upon bringing me the cup of tea, which (such is the shadow on all, even the most innocent, indulgences of fleshly appetite, has become "second nature", & claims the plenary right of the first to continuing satisfaction!) has become almost indispensable. Its withdrawal at the Felix Hotel for a whole week was a privation which could be felt! There is, I think, a legitimate question whether, even in the interest of one's own spiritual comfort, an honest Christian can rightly accept a service from another which may be avoidable & must be unwelcome. For there can be no special sanctity in the specific hour when one's homage is rendered, so only it be rendered sincerely. But if the door of speculative sophistry be opened, the inrush of ethical challenges is overwhelming, & one had best keep it locked! How happy are they who, without any molestation of futile self-criticism proceed calmly in the way of accustomed performance & therein are content!

[36]

We attended service at 11 a.m. It being the day appointed for the Thanksgiving for the victory of the R. A. F. in the Battle of Britain, the congregation, swollen by the "Home Guard", and the nurses &c. from the Hospital, nearly filled the Church. The Rector, who crawled about with an appearance of extreme infirmity, and read the lessons from his chair, officiated. His sermon was taken from the text in the Song of Deborah, (which he attributed to Jael) "My heart is toward the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people". His discourse was admirably calculated to stimulate the self-conceit of the men, whom, however, he admonished to say their private prayers now that they were hindered by their patriotic duty from worshipping in the parish church. As if, he did not know, and they did not know, that their habitual absenteeism from the services in the parish church was assuredly determined by their own free choice, and that it would be immediately resumed when the "Home Guard" had been disbanded. However it was pleasant to be described as self-sacrificing heroes, who even sacrificed their religious privileges to their patriotic duty!

[37]

There was a Thanksgiving service in S. Paul's, at which the King and Queen, accompanied by all the Notables, were present, and **the Archbishop of Canterbury** preached. In the course of his sermon he told how in America he had been shown a letter written by a distinguished American, friendly to this country, about the time of the great crisis in 1940. The writer assumed that Great Britain would be conquered, and was concerned with the arrangements which, in that event, would have to be made for establishing in Canada a refuge for their Majesties and the British Government. Happily, in this country so grievous a disaster was not regarded as possible, & the R. A. F. vindicated our confidence.

Inge's version of Christianity conflicts sharply with that presented by the canonical scriptures of the N. T. He seems to ignore altogether the Redemptive purpos [sic] of the Incarnation, and to regard the Redeemer as no more than the greatest of the Prophets, and properly classed with other Religious Founders. But it is precisely the Redemptive significance of the Incarnation disclosed supremely on Calvary, and the uniqueness of the Redeemer as supremely vindicated in the Resurrection which are the dominating features of the Christian Message as it is variously but consistently expressed by the inspired authors of the New Testament.

<!270943>
[38]
Monday, September 27th, 1943.

Temperature 54°. A bright, cold day.

An airgraph from my godson, John Radford, is dated ~~March 21st – more than six months~~ ^Sept. 6th^ i. e. three weeks. ~~It wd~~ have taken [sic]

I dictated a letter to Charles Pattinson,* and also one to the Bishop of Derby, explaining my absence from the "Religion & Life" meeting in Ipswich last week, at which he was Mercurius.

Sir Gerald Ryan sent us 3 partridges – a most acceptable gift in these rationing days.

Ella and I walked round Chattisham, & on the way [posted?] grateful letters on the donors of the partridges – Sir Gerald Ryan and Sir William Brass. They hunt and shoot in couples, over the Hintlesham property.

The news from the War fronts in Russia, Italy, & the Pacific continue to be satisfactory. So far the autumn rains have not fallen, and thereby the Russian progress has been greatly assisted.

I wrote to Philip Tallents, acknowledging the book "Italy from Within", which he had borrowed from me, and thanking him for the loan of the book – "The Gobi Desert", – which has been so favourably reviewed that I wish to see it.

<!280943>
[39]
Tuesday, September 28th, 1943.

Temperature 52°. A wet, comfortless morning.

Letters from Clayton, and Grant Robertson: the first crammed with the record of his squirrel-in-the cage activities, the last disclosing the all but pessimistic depression created by bad health, senectitude, and travelling under war conditions.

The war-news seems to be satisfactory from both Russia and Italy. There was [a?] raid here last night, some damage & a few casualties were reported.

The Times has a sinister report of Jewish ill-doings in Palestine, where extensive stealings of arms by bribing British soldiers have been discovered & Jewish organizations are implicated. Two Jews have been sentenced to long terms of imprisonment. The real gravity of these untoward occurrences is the effect on British opinion which they will have. There is a dangerous amount of anti-Semitic in this country which can but too easily be "fanned into a flame". It is strong in a section of the Upper class, in the powerful company of Arab sympathisers, and in the slum-dwellers of London, Leeds, & some other centres of Jewish residents. There is ^also^ a general feeling of exasperated helplessness about the Jewish problem.

[40]

I have been thinking over Ralph's epigram, of which he is evidently proud, since he quotes it in his Conference paper:

> I ventured to say, or to put the epigram into the mouth of one of the speakers in my little book of dialogues, that ['?]Churches are secular institutions, in which the half-educated cater for the half-converted.['?]
>
> I do not see how this can be avoided, since if we believe our Founder, only a few in each generation find the narrow gate which leadeth unto life, while Churches try to rope in as many as they can get. A popular Church is always a corrupt Church, as Cardinal Newman the enfant terrible of Catholicism, had the courage to say. Christian truth is not a thing to be vulgarized, to tickle the ears of the groundlings: it is not the residuum, if there is one, which the learned professor and his kitchen-maid could agree to accept.

[41]

The "proportions" of the Revelation as presented "between the covers of the N. T." where Ralph finds all that he means by Christian truth" are in my judgement quite inconsistent with his version of the Gospel. He is scornful of Church History, yet it would seem apparent that, <u>if the Holy Spirit be present and active in the Society of Christians, His influence could not be excluded from the process of religious development</u>. But <u>Ralph</u> takes his stand with the

sectarian fanatics, who refuse to go outside the canonical texts for their understanding of the Gospel.

> I do not think we shall gain much by following Christian history any further (than the N. T.)

Bishop Lightfoot's concluding paragraph of his famous Dissertation on the Christian Ministry discloses an estimate of ecclesiastical history which is more reasonable as well as more religious: but he was a competent historian, & Ralph has all, & more than all, the philosopher's contempt for history, and the genuine mystic's indifference to fact. I do not think that the way of escape from our present confusions, religious & moral, will be found in the direction which he points out for us.

[42]

Martin Kiddle called early in the afternoon. He "wearies" for some satisfying work of a literary character. I asked whether he would go ^on^ with exegetical composition, and he answered that he would prefer something biographical. I said that it would probably be important that he should be in easy reach of libraries, if he dealt with some historical subject. He told me that the Bishop of Worcester had offered him appointment to a rural benefice in his diocese, but he had seen the house & didn't like it. I inquired whether his wife would be content to live in the country, and he replied that he thought she wouldn't mind. I was careful to avoid any reference to the disastrous episode which has darkened, and probably shattered, his career as a clergyman: but, of course, it was in his mind and in mine. If he sh^{d} accept nomination to a benefice, and this incident were stated as an objection to his institution, would the Bishop be entitled to accept the King's Pardon as a sufficient ground for disallowing the objection? In any case, could he avoid a damaging blow to his reputation?

<!290943>
[43]
Wednesday, September 29th, 1943.

Temperature 59°. Dull but promising morning.

A certain gentleman, named H. Reid, writes to me from Bishop Auckland, requesting me to send him a copy of vol. I of my "Retrospect", & enclosing a cheque for 17/6. He says that he has purchased several copies, & given them to his friends: that now he wants one for himself; and after applying to booksellers in Glasgow, Newcastle, & Durham has been unable to get a copy. I sent his letter and cheque to Hugh Rees Ltd., asking them either to send him the book or, if they couldn't, to return to him his cheque.

Dr Everett called, & borrowed two books viz. "Lucretia Borgia" and[John] Buchan's* Augustus. He told me that when Bp. Drury's death vacated the Mastership of St Catherine's College in Cambridge, the fellows offered the Mastership to Buchan, & that he was disposed to accept appointment, but requested permission to defer his decision until he had seen the Prime Minister, who had summoned him on important business. That business was to propose that he should accept nomination to the Governor-Generalship of Canada!

<!300943>
[44]
Thursday, September 30th, 1943.

Temperature 60°. Dull and doubtful.

Hugh Rees informs me that "O. U. Press reports that they have no copies left "of my lecture on "The Analysis of Leadership".

Ernest Rudling* writes to tell me about his entertaining tour in Ireland which is just ending, & his next tour (in the Orkneys) which is about to begin, & will employ him up to Christmas when he hopes to come again to Ipswich, & from thence to visit Hintlesham. He recalls his former visit here.

> "which will always live in my memory & take me back to my very happy boyhood days at St Margaret's Church Westminster.

I remember him as a silent, rather cryptic lad, who "intrigued" me as interesting and unusual. He certainly never suggested that he had the potency of an organizer & conductor of entertainments for troops. Yet that is his present employment, and it takes him far & wide over the country. He seems to be fairly successful.

[45]

I received a letter from a gentleman named James T. Bayley, writing from Leominster in my old diocese of Hereford:

> Rev. Sir.
>
> Your book (Retrospect of an Unimportant Life, vol. I) is in our County Library. I quite casually took the book from the shelves, but when I saw (on glancing through it) that it was your Autobiography, I felt I must read it. I have done so, and it has gripped me intensely. I am a Methodist, but I have told our Leominster Vicar of it, and I think he is going to ask for it. When you were Bishop of Hereford, you came to Leominster one Sunday afternoon, & it so happened I was near the Church gate when you came out. The Vicar (Rev. C. Nelson) called me to him & you very kindly shook hands with me. It is strange. I knew you were very much in the public eye at the time, but for the very life of me, I could not tell why. Your book is truly a revelation to me.
>
> **[46]**
>
> I have lived here just over 40 years (I am now 74) but I cannot call to mind any trouble about the opposition to your appointment to the Hereford See: I know I had some tussle with the editor of the Hereford Times on a Committee we were both on. His name was Bex*. He was greatly impressed with his own importance but he is now in another world. I am so glad you "stuck it" and came off more than conqueror.

In regard to theological questions, I am surprised my opinion was always that you were of the High Church party. It is a revelation to me you were of the broad-minded party. That shows you I have never read one of your sermons, which is evidently my loss.

It is strange I read Dr Knox's "Autobiography of an Octogenarian" & the Life of Bishop Percival (ed. Temple). Now your Biography; following Life of Dr Jowett. I knew Dr Percival **[47]** well. He was a lovable man. I felt I would like to pass on these few thoughts. I know you express an opinion on writing, probably you will do so on mine.

I should like to say I heard Dean Bradley read lessons in the Abbey many times, & I always thought his reading was preferable to many sermons I have listened to. As regards Dr Temple heard him only once when Bp of London. Then he dedicated S. Mary's Ch, Clissold Park.

I do hope as you try to read this, you will say, Well, he's 74! And nearly 75.
Yours respectfully

James T. Bayley
[4 Perseverance Road
Leominster, Hereford.**]**

This letter interests me as throwing light on the hollowness of the agitation organized by the local stalwarts of the E. C. U. against my appointment to the Hereford Bishoprick, & on the reputation which I had among the Sectaries.

[48]

I wrote a civil letter to Mr Bayley, sending him a copy of the pamphlet on "Reunion and Intercommunion" in which I published the "Two lectures on the Report of the Lambeth Conference of 1908. I will assure him that, whatever else I may be, I certainly am not an "Anglo-Catholic".

Also, I wrote to Ernest Rudling,* bidding him not fail to come to see us whenever he comes within reasonable range.

Ella and Fearne motored to Ipswich in the interest of a Women's Institute Exhibition, to which we contributed some dilapidated vegetables, and did not return until 5.15 p.m., when we had tea.

I walked round Chattisham, and meditated on making the Modern Churchmen's Conference the peg on which to hang a discussion of the questions, which the papers read there, were professedly handling viz. What is a National Church? And what mus [sic] be the relation which it must have α) to the Christian Society as a whole: and β) to the National State? This would provide an effective criticism of Inge's position, & avoid too personal a reference.

[49]

The book that Philip Tallents lent me is uncommonly informing, interesting, and suggestive, so much so that I am half disposed to waste a guinea in buying it:- "The Gobi Desert" by Mildred Cable and Francesca French, published by Hodder & Stoughton. The writers appear to be some kind of Protestant Missionary [sic], and have published a number of similar books.

It is apparent that they are the agents of no Church, but rather the representatives of some Fundamentalist association, which, with no other equipment than the English Bible, & a strong personal conviction, are setting themselves to the vast enterprise of converting Asia. That they are also extremely intelligent, well informed, observant ladies with a rare faculty for literary composition is apparent. They have humour & pathos. The book contains some vivid descriptions of the enigmatic wilderness –the Gobi Desert – which excels the Sahara in extent and desolation, and incidentally introduces pictures of Moslem [sic] & Buddhist life, which are highly suggestive. There are frequent references to the explorations, discoveries, & opinions of Sir Aurel Stein. If it were not for the indications of religious fanaticism, the book would be quite excellent.

<!011043>
[50]
Friday, October 1st, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Dull and ambiguous.

Ella and Fearne started in the car about 8.45 a.m. and, after picking up a wounded soldier at his house in Hadleigh, motored to Cambridge, where they deposited him in Hospital, & then lunched in the city. They called on old Mrs Burkitt, whom they found cheerful and welcoming as always. Then they recovered the soldier, & returned him to his house in Hadleigh. Fearne paid the house-hold accounts in that town, & then the two ladies went back to Hyntle Place, where they arrived shortly after 5 p.m. Meanwhile, Davey had lunch with me. He explained his long silence by pleading a troublesome & continuing dental trouble. After lunch we talked together for nearly 2 hours, and then he went home by way of the omnibus via Ipswich.

In the course of our conversation, I had occasion to mention Dean Church's admirable volume "Pascal, & other Sermons" & finding him ignorant of it, and inadequately acquainted with the great Dean's preaching power, I read to him part of the sermon in that volume on "A Particular Providence".

[51]

I walked with him as far as "The George", where he got on to the omnibus. When we parted, he thanked me for reading Church's sermon to him, & said that he should not forget it. I was impressed by his earnestness, and evident sincerity. Davey is an unusual type of clergyman, who thinks for himself, and takes his pastoral obligations seriously. He borrowed the foolish book on "The Virgin Birth", which I was foolish enough to purchase on the strength of an exaggeratedly favourable review in the Times Lit. Supt, and promised to send me his opinion of it.

The Allies have entered Naples, and are now learning the extent of the destruction which the Germans have inflicted on that great city, of which the normal population is stated to exceed 1,000.000.

The people of Naples are reported to have received the British troops with almost frenzied demonstrations of delight. Surely this fact must make some impression even on the cynical opportunists of the Vatican, which is now confessedly under the "protection" of Nazi soldiers. The Infallible Vicar of Christ remains as silent as Elijah's Baal!

<!021043>
[52]
Saturday, October 2nd, 1943.

Temperature 62°. A fairly promising morning.

Naples has been captured: the autumn rains have begun in Russia – these are the two salient facts in this morning's war-reports.

The Times reports Sir W. Beveridge as denying that his report on the abolition of Unemployment aimed at "driving women back to the home":–

> "I myself", he said, "do not believe that they need driving back. Nevertheless, for a very long time to come, in this country marriage and motherhood is going to be the most important career for women".

He might have added "the most natural, and the most happy".

I received a type-written letter from the Bishop of Derby [Alfred Rawlinson*]. He says rather flatterously:–

> It is hard to believe that you are on the verge of 80 years of age. If your eyesight gives trouble, and if your natural force is abated, I hope you will forgive me for saying that I do not detect any failure of mental vigour on your part, I wish we cd meet.

[53]

Salter writes to me. His letter contains information which displeases, though it does not surprise me:

> Jack Carr's* mother tells me that he is resigning from the Nigerian Mission, and is coming home. As you know, he is now a husband and a father. I think it is the latter liability which is bringing him back to England…..
>
> I saw Canon Poole yesterday. He is very shaky nowadays. I wish he wd retire, for he is really not capable now of looking after a town church – but I believe Mrs Poole does not want to leave west Hartlepool. I am sometimes vert thankful I am a bachelor!
>
> Last month Gelsthorpe sent me his diary which he kept in 1942. It is a fascinating document, & shows the many problems, & the many opportunities which beset & confront the Church in Egypt. Not the least of these is that Bishop Gwynne* is now eighty-one and not able to go about the diocese.

[54]

I dictated letters to Grant Robertson and to Jack Clayton. There is no doubt that dictation facilitates correspondence, but it tends to make letters more lengthy and discursive. I have ever thought that dictation is not favourable to literary style, and hitherto I have abstained from making use of it when composing sermons, lectures, and books: but, of course, the failure of my eyes creates a new situation, in which I may find myself driven to accept the dilemma either dictate or abandon the attempt to compose. It is an evil prospect.
The afternoon was calm and brilliant. We played croquet, and feasted our eyes with the spectacle of the creeper on the house, which presents a brilliance of colouring, which is unprecedented. It would form a fine subject for a competent painter.

The report that cholera and typhus had broke out in Naples is now stated “not to be confirmed”, but the state of the city is said to be deplorable, and that of the vast population miserable in the extreme. The provision of necessary supplies is itself a formidable problem.

<!031043>
[55]
15th Sunday after Trinity, October 3rd, 1943.

Temperature 54°. A bright cold morning.

I reflect on Jack Carr's desertion of the mission work in Africa to which he had given himself with sincerity and enthusiasm. His affection for his child, and concern for his interest, combined with the evident desire &, perhaps, the direct pressure of his wife (but this may be mere hypothesis) have weighed more with him than what he had strongly affirmed was his "vocation". It was a conflict of claims and the least spiritual (if that be a true way of speaking) prevailed. What can one fairly think about it?

The words of Christ in the Gospels are both explicit and severe – 'Except a man hate', 'He that putteth his hand to the plough & looking back'. – but then are such sayings to be divorced from their local and temporal setting, and regarded as continuing 'marching orders' for Christian Ministers? And are they properly related to such decisions as that which Jack has made? Ought they not rather be considered as relevant to those conflicts of ordinary experience in which the crucial moral conflict confronts every man, and his decision involves loyalty to Christ Himself the Embodiment of the Moral demand?

[56]

But what do we really mean by a "vocation" which rightly determines a man's choice of a career, and holds him to follow that career however unexpected and incompatible his circumstances may come to be? When may such a "vocation" be reasonably declared? By what tests shall its genuineness be demonstrated? What penalty can equitably be allowed to its repudiation? The first question which the Ordination candidate is required to answer assumes the sincerity of the youth, but hardly his immunity from self-deception:-

> "Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration to serve God for the promoting of the his glory, and the edifying of his people?

And the young man answers "**I trust so**". But he may be no more than 23 years old. He may have lived in a narrow & obscure home, and his acquaintance with the world may not extend upon the strong & fleeting comradeships of adolescence. How can he be fairly required **[57]** to impose himself in a life-long obligation, and to pledge himself to a career which may be quite deplorably unsuitable for a man of his temperament & attainments.

Jack Carr was a boy of 17, when he resolved to become a missionary of the heathen. He had been carried away by the enthusiasm of an ardent Evangelical curate in the parish in which his home happened to be. He and several other lads, who were members of this young clergymen's Bible class "saw light in his light". I made his acquaintance when he applied for Ordination, and I was favourably impressed by his apparent piety & high purpose. I ordained him to the diaconate and to the priesthood: and, after he had become a C. M. S. Missionary in Nigeria, he kept in touch with me by letters, which disclosed an unusually high level of

spiritual devotion. **Then he married a lady-missionary**, and in due course became the father of a son. The usual difficulties about the baby's upbringing emerged, & have led to the usual result. **He has felt himself bound to choose between his missionary vocation, & his parental obligation**, & he has taken the easier option. What is to be said about it?

[58]

I suspect the casuistry which accords with our desires, but the suspicion presumes that those desires are unworthy: and none can suppose that a parent's desire that his child's rightful interest should not be prejudiced is unworthy. Nay: did not Christ himself emphatically declare that the obligations of natural piety are to take precedence of over those of organized religion? A child's physical weakness cannot be less authoritative than a parent's penury. It is a line of reasoning as perilous as it is inevitable. I celebrated the Holy Communion after Mattins, and, as I read the Gospel, I could not but connect the Lord's words with the problem which **Jack Carr's** decision to abandon his work as a missionary had forced me to consider:-

"No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one, and love the other, or else he will hold to one, & despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon." Sixty years ago the problem tortured me: & I have never been able to solve it for myself. Am I what S. James meant by "a double-minded man"?

[59]

When, at the Reformation, the Church of England broke away from the immemorial discipline of the Western Church by sanctioning the marriage of the clergy, it did not perhaps realize the logical consequences of its action. The notorious scandals with which clerical celibacy had come to be associated, and which were nowhere more grossly exhibited than in Rome itself, led the Reformers to ignore its practical merits, nor did they take account of the secularizing effect of normal home life on the married clergy.

I incline to think that if Ordination to the diaconate were permitted at the age of 21, and if the priesthood were only conferred to men at or above the age of 25, and if marriage were not permitted before the age of 30, we might be on the way to a solution of the practical problem. If married clergymen were disqualified as such from appointment to some parts of the mission field, and from what are called "slum parishes", except with special permission of some duly qualified authority, the worst failures might, perhaps, be avoided: but I do not feel very confident. Human nature is a strangely intractable & inconvenient thing.

<!041043>
[60]
Monday, October 4th, 1943.

Temperature 52°. A bright, rather windy, day.

I received form E. H. Blakeney* an interesting reply to my letter about the Modern Churchmen's Conference on the National Church. He makes some remarks on Inge, which are both just & acute:-

> Inge always seems to me to be the possession of a double-barrelled mind: one barrel discharges much that is charming and true, while the other barrel gives out grape shot of a rather disconcerting kind. Whether he has ever regarded the cruciality of the Cross as the pivotal fact in Christianity is, perhaps, doubtful. How different was the attitude of S. Paul! Rashdall,* I am told, used to say (probably not quite seriously) that Inge was Buddhistic in his tendencies. His attitude to personal immortality appears defective in some of its implications. And again, I miss the note of 'joy' that should surely be one of the major sounds in the great **[61]** Christian symphony. Wordsworth,* in his greatest moments, had more than an inkling of this; as Matt Arnold says "His poetry is great because of the power with which he feels the joy offered us in the primary duties and affections"; and this is a part, if only a part, of the Christian verity.
>
> Your remark that the peculiar "glory of Christianity is that the essential truth which it brings to men is precisely such as the "professor and his kitchen-maid can agree to accept", seems, if I may say so, to touch the very heart of the matter. The theory of the "double truth", one appealing to the learned, the other to the multitude, is always dangerous: it has been preached before now. With all you say, so clearly tho' briefly, on the redemptive 'significance' of the Incarnation, I need not say, I fully agree.

I note that Blakeney writes from his old address - 17 Edgar Road, Winchester.

[62]

I dictated a letter to Braley: sent my little cheque for Royalties (£1:10:0) into the Bank: and ordered a double supply of manure for the garden. Hammond, the local butcher, who unites the vending of quite impossible meat with a many-sided patriotic activity, informed me that a ploughing-competition was to take place in the field adjoining this house on Saturday next, and that the "proceeds" were to be divided between the Home Guards and the prisoners of war. I promised him a pound, reflecting that my "Royalties" on the vol. "Christian Morality" might very fitly be thus extended, though why the 'Home Guard' should want funds, I cannot imagine, until unless it be to provide another junketting of some sort in the parish Hall!

Sir Dudley Pound, the First Sea Lord, has tendered his resignation on the ground of all heath. Both the Prime Minister & the Secretary for the Navy have written to him letters of regret

expressed in very laudatory terms, but not too laudatory, for it is impossible to estimate too highly his services to the Country.

<!051043>
[63]
Tuesday, October 5th, 1943.

Temperature 60°. A clouded and dubious day.

The Times gives prominence to the objection which is vehemently urged against the 2 Italian generals who are included in Badoglio's Government by our Jugo-Slav allies who suffered the most abominable outrages at their hands. The objection is very just, and will be generally supported in this country. But its inconvenience is not less apparent than its justice, for it is of the first importance that some kind of effective government should be maintained in Italy, and there is no substitute for Badoglio's anywhere yet visible. If the King counted for anything, he might possibly emerge as "the Saviour of Society", but there is nothing in his career to lead even the most generous judge of his character to justify the smallest confidence in him.

Meanwhile, the Papists are working up a kind of crusade for the rescue of the Pope, whom they picture as the patient martyr of the sacred cause of Christian Morality, menaced with persecution by the Nazis! Probably something of that kind will become the established legend throughout the slave-realm of Popish fanaticism!

[64]

I dictated letters to Sir Humphrey Milford and Lord Scarbrough. From the first, I inquired when my poor book would actually "issue from the Press"; to the last, I promised a copy of the same, when, if ever, it did so issue. We played croquet yet again, but with decreasing discomfort, for the lawn was sprinkled with leaves from the bordering poplars, and tiresomely irregular by reason of the numerous worm-castings.

At 1 p.m. we heard that Smuts had arrived in London, and would act as a member of the War Cabinet. There is a sudden cessation of news from Russia, and very little from Italy: it is stated that the Museum at Naples with its precious contents has escaped destruction: that there is good hope that a supply of water may be restored: and that supplies of food and medical stores are pouring into the city. On the other there are sinister reports to the effect that the Germans have made preparations for destroying Rome. Their abominable doctrine of war, & their own hideous precedents of warlike method compel the worst fears: but we must wait the revelation of events.

<!061043>
[65]
Wednesday, October 6th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Warm & windy weather.

Nothing in the post but the doctor's bill, which I paid forthwith. By the mercy of Heaven it was only £2: 10: 0.

In bed, I reflected on my (more-or-less projected) 'Confessio Fidei'; and considered specially the answer which I can honestly return to the inevitable question – since in vol. ii. I have definitely nailed the flag of my spiritual conviction to the epilogue of Browning's poem "A Death in the Desert") – Perhaps I mean something of this kind:-

1. **It is the climax of Divine Self-Revelation to the Jewish People through the ministry of the Prophets** interpreting to them the suggestions of conscience and history.

2. **It is the only satisfying interpretation of the "Problem of Jesus"**, as that is presented in the New Testament.

3. **It provides an adequate foundation for the indestructible belief that the Crucifixion of Jesus was the supreme disclosure of the Love of God**, and the necessary condition of Man's Redemption. (i.e. the Atonement)

[66]

4. **It is the true key to the Christology or Christologies of the Apostolic Literature.**

5. **It illustrates the method by which the Holy Spirit has guided the Christian Society into a true understanding of its own belief about its historic Founder.**

6. **It provides the indispensable basis of Morality as it has developed within Christendom,** & now commands the acceptance of civilized mankind.

It is obvious that the grand assumptions on which philosophers continue to dispute are accepted by one who affirms belief in the incarnation. His religious thinking 'takes off' from the point whereto the Hebrew Prophets had brought their disciples. **It would seem apparent that I am an incorrigible Victorian** to whom **Bishop Butler's** apology for Theistic belief was satisfying, & the poetry of **Milton**, **Wordsworth**, **Tennyson**, **Browning**, & their copyists morally & spiritually comforting. Neither my theology, nor my morality, nor my political economy is "up to date"!

[67]

What are the books which, as I reflect on my life, did shape & colour my thinking?

I think that an important place must be given to such relatively slight (though essentially great) compositions as the following:-

Milton's Ode on the nativity

Wordsworth's Ode on Intimations of Immortality

Tennyson 'In Memoriam'

Browning 'Paracelsus'

The Ring & the Book
Holy Cross Day
The Grammarian's Funeral
& much else.

Matthew Arnold – everything

Pascal's Provinciales

Shorthouse "John Inglesant"

Gibbon's Decline & Fall

Baxter's Autobiography [The final two are triple underlined - ed.]

And a great many other books.

I dictated a long letter to Charlie Norcock.

Two ladies came to tea, & after they had departed we played croquet until it was time to "listen in" to the wireless.

<!071043>
[68]
Thursday, October 7th, 1943.

Temperature 61°. A depressing dark morning.

The evil smell which filled the house yesterday when some ridiculous essay in cooking was proceeding in the kitchen, after a night's rest, within closed windows, burst into my bedroom with renewed vigour when I was called, and damaged my temper in front of its diurnal exasperations! Smoking chimneys, kitchen smells, and female incursions into my study are the standing afflictions of retirement, and clothe resignation with the terror of Discipline! It is ever the minor trials which are hardest to sustain. Probably the snoring of one old brother in the dormitory of a medieval monastery was a heavier strain on a devout monk's patience than the severities of the Rule. S. Paul's admonition has relevance to this situation, which presents itself in sharpest outlines within the pinched confines of a small house & an inadequate income – "Mind not high things; but condescend to things that are lowly." Every potency of heroism within you is roused by the first, but the last are as prostrating & irresistible as mal de mer!

[69]

Lillie the new Vicar of Kersey writes in pencil to explain his failure to call on me. He is in bed "whither a series of minor ills" have driven him. He adds with reference to the book which he borrowed from me:

> Baskerville's 'Dissolution' has been enjoyable, and has taught me a lot. I only doubt if the monastic ideal itself ever weighed with him.

What was "the monastic ideal itself"? Was it essentially other than that of the Founder of Buddhism?

To break through the entangling environment of the visible, sensuous, material, phenomenal world, & to gain genuine personal Freedom in the untroubled sincerity of the spiritual life – was not this the grand objective of all the mingled multitude of self-suppressing ascetics, who under whatever description have been the glory and the shame of Religion throughout human history? And are not the Ascetics pursuing, in their lop-sided fanatical way the ideal which is the power of all genuine religion – the Faith which overcomes the world?

[70]

> Man is a spiritual being, and the proper work of his mind is to interpret the world according to his higher nature, and to conquer the material aspects of the world so as to bring them into subjection to the spirit.
>
> Robert Bridges. Preface to his
> war-time Anthology, "The Spirit of Man"
> published by Longman in 1916.

I dictated a short letter to Lillie, and, being deserted by my ladies, who were engaged on some parochial function, I walked to College Farm, and called on Mrs Reid. Archie Reid appeared and showed me the new pumping machine. He said that the well was 51 feet deep, and had never been known to fail. He showed me with pride a magnificent bull (Cumbrian Shorthorn) huge, pompous, fiery-eyed, & armed with stabbing horns, and also some fascinating calves who owned him as their sire. The garnered wealth of the year, was heaped in stack, and sack.

<!081043>
[71]
Friday, October 8th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A bright cold calm day.

Ella & Fearne to Ipswich. I received a letter from Mrs Elliott: who tells me that Denis's letters take about 3 months to travel from Nigeria to this country; that, in a letter from him which she has just received, he says that he had written to me. I have not had that letter, but I am relieved to learn that he wrote it, as it seems to imply that my letter to him about his brother's death had reached him.

She adds:

> Some of the men at Camp 5 have written to me, saying (that) if they are free, they will come to visit me because they loved Dicky so much. He is never out of my thoughts, but I do find that to have something outside that I must do certainly helps a bit. Work for me is a blessing…
>
> We can never forget that Dick's affection for you was such a great thing in his life.

Perhaps it was a greater in mine.

[72]

The Church of England
I
In the Past
A National Church
II
In the Present
A City of Confusion
III
In the Future
What?

A Tract or Dissertation on this Theme, having for its text the Report of the Modern Churchmen's Conference on "The National Church and the National Life" might possibly be worth writing; but can I achieve it? Sometimes the suspicion darkens my mind that "my right hand has lost its cunning" as surely as my eyes have failed. As I read over again what I wrote thirty or more years ago, I cannot avoid the humiliating judgement that I am no longer able to write with the same power and lucidity which I could then command. Senectitude must needs move downwards, if it moves at all!

[73]

The brilliance of the creeper on this house is quite amazing. Dade tells me that passers-by stop at the gate to look at it. I cannot recall anything finer of the kind, and, indeed, I found

[sic] it difficult to cease enjoying it. Dade and I considered the important question where precisely the buddleia from the kitchen garden, which is too fine to be left where it is, shall be placed. Incidentally we looked with a waxing destructiveness in our minds on the large laburnum, which darkens the drawing room. But the removal of trees is ever repulsive to me.

The mole, or moles, have again invaded the front garden. Dade has set a trap.
After lunch I walked round Chattisham, and left at the Old rectory the letter addressed correctly to Sir William Brass M.P. who has his dwelling there, which had been left mistakenly at my house.

A delayed bomb placed in the Post Office of Naples, and distinguished as the only public [sic] left undemolished by the Nazi savages in that miserable city, is reported to have exploded with disastrous effect – killing & maiming a multitude of men, women, and children.

<!091043>
[74]
Saturday, October 9th, 1943.

Temperature 56°. A clouded cold day.

My only letter was one from Scarbrough in acknowledgement of mine, condoling with him on the death of the Duke of Wellington and Lord Plymouth. He will be 86 next month, and is suffering from "rheumatoid arthritis["] due to overdoing digging in the garden and timber cutting, but electrical treatment in a local Hospital has done him a lot of good.

As nothing has come from Milford in answer to my inquiry as to the time when vol II may be expected to appear, I must assume that he has nothing pleasant to say. The Times Literary Supplement announces a series of new books from the Oxford Press, but mine is not among them! Probably the poor thing will emerge too late for the Christmas -present purchases! I am annoyed but hardly surprized. Nor do I think that there is any real importance in the precise date at which its failure either to sell or to please has to be acknowledged!

[75]

> I should be equally false to the convictions of my whole being, as to the conclusions reached over many years if I did not also say that, as far as I am concerned, and as far as most men of my generation are concerned, Christian theology is a hindrance to understanding.
>
> (v. Short Journey by E. L. Woodward. p. 218. quoted in the Modern Churchman vol. XXXIII p. 9.)

Woodward is described as an Anglo-Catholic who "although still aesthetically attracted by Catholic worship, has become a dogmatic sceptic, and has ceased to believe in the Christian interpretation of the Universe".

If it be indeed true that his generation, which is now in its fifties, thinks thus meanly of Christian theology, it is no matter for wonder that the appeal of the Church has slight response and no practical result. What precise[ly] is understood by the "Christian theology", which is so roughly rejected? Until that question has been frankly answered, it is impossible justly to appraise the importance of the situation which it discloses.

<!101043>
[76]
16th Sunday after Trinity, October 10th, 1943.

Temperature 60°. A thick autumnal mist.

Miss Rose Macaulay's collection of literary snippets, "The Minor Pleasures of Life", is much to be commended as a book for the Bedside. It gave me pleasant and profitable entertainment for more than an hour before I was called. Inter alia I was interested to come upon Dr Johnson's admission that he, like the rest of is, did not condition his counsels by personal illustration.

> Johnson: "I have, all my life long, been lying till noon; yet I tell all young men, and tell them with great sincerity, that nobody who does not rise early, will ever do any good". (James Boswell. Tour to the Hebrides with Samuel Johnson. 1765)

At 9 a.m. the wireless reported considerable successes on the Russian fronts. Timoshenko is stated to be in command of the victorious army which has now cleared the Germans out of the Caucasus, and is menacing the Crimea. He has been given another decoration. I was beginning to fear –
since his name had ceased to figure in the official reports, that he had been "liquidated"!

[77]

Ella and I walked to ~~Washwater~~ ^Washbrook^, and attended the Harvest Festival Service in the little parish church. There was a fair, but not a large congregation. The Vicar, Kirkpatrick, read ~~Mattins~~ ^Evensong^ and preached. He is a middle-aged man, who has been a missionary in China. He has a pleasant voice, which he manages effectively, a reverent manner, and an effective, but rather wooden, delivery. The sermon, based on the text in Genesis – "Cursed is the ground for thy sake: in toil shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life: thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee: & thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread". The sermon was of an archaic type, and indicated that the preacher was what is now called a "Fundamentalist" in his view & method of handling the Scriptures. He began by saying that he had recently attended several Harvest Festivals, & been impressed by their "unreality", and he suspected that the same character attached to their present service. The reason lay in our forgetting the origin of the many difficulties which obstructed the business of agriculture. That origin was the Fall of Man. Had it not been for that fatal failure, there would have been an **[78]** unimpeded and harmonious outpouring of Nature's manifold bounty, for the use and delight of man, walking in the Fear of his Creator, & in willing obedience to His Commandments. The Bible was concerned with the marvellous process of Redemption by which the disaster inflicted on the entire universe by man's disobedience should finally be remedied by the obedience of the Son of Man of Calvary. It was an echo from the Middle Ages, or, perhaps, from the theological age which uttered its creed sublimely in the verse of Milton, and the Prose of Bunyan. The rustic congregation listened demurely, and may (but I doubt it) have been edified. But, if there were any even moderately educated persons in audience of such queer teaching they can hardly have been assisted in their difficult endeavour to think the doctrine of the Church

with the common knowledge of Age. I wonder how common this obsolete preaching actually is. Kirkpatrick is evidently an Evangelical: Moulsdale is an Anglo-Catholic. Both are equally archaic in their religious beliefs.

[77]

At night when he ^(Thomas Hobbes)^ was abed, and the doors made fast, and was sure nobody heard him, he sang aloud (not that he had a very good voice) but for his health's sake: he did believe it did his lungs good, and conduced much to prolong his life. **[**Aubrey i. 1680**]**. Baxter and his wife are said to have sung psalms in their bedroom; and who has not found mental and spiritual comfort by singing in his matutinal bath? Perhaps, the rapid extension of flats, which necessitate the close contiguity of many individuals, within earshot of one another will extinguish this natural & pleasant habit, which obviously demands for its inoffensive indulgence considerable elbow-room for the performer!

Moles have invaded the flower-garden: and rabbits, the lawn & kitchen garden! Dade is in a fever of mingled exasperation & regret at the activities of these destructive creatures. They menace both the beauty of the drive in front of the house, and the utility of the vegetable ground in the rear.

<!111043>
[80]
Monday, October 11th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. An autumnal mist.

Milford promises "early bound copies before the end of this month & publication during next month, in time, I hope, for all but the earliest Christmas shoppers. This is not nearly as good news as I should like to send you, but I can assure you that it is not from want of exercising constant pressure on the manufacturers. It is the bindery that is now the "bottle-neck", to use the modern jargon. The sheets are all printed off and delivered to the binders, so I can only beg for even more of your patience, which has been so sorely tried while your two volumes have taken their fateful journey towards birth. I can honestly say that we have all done our best."

If this promise is fulfilled, the poor book will emerge in November, and thus add yet one more to the grave happenings which have invested that gloomy month with a special interest in the record of my life. For I cannot doubt that it will either be considerably welcomed, or yet more considerably denounced. And I fear the worst.

[81]

The Times contains the following: -

> **ALINGTON – On Sept. 24, 1943, died of wounds Patrick Cyril Waynflete Alington, Captain Grenadier Guards, younger son of the Dean of Durham & the Hon. Mrs Alington.**

This is, indeed, distressing. I remember him as a bright and beautiful boy, full of high spirits and high promise. Forthwith I wrote letters of very genuine condolence to both Patrick's parents, for whom his death must needs be a sore stroke.

I received letters from Jack Clayton, Charles Pattinson, and Leslie Morrison C.J.

Leslie's letter is dated Sept 8th, 1943, and mine reached him in Sicily "a week ago": -

> "I came to this place last night for a Retreat wh. has been postponed until this evening so I feel as though I had gained 24 hours. This is an ideal place for a Retreat. It is quiet, has wonderful views of the Sicilian coast & mountains, & there is a beautiful little church in which to worship. It is a resort much visited in peace-time by tourists from all over Europe – Taormina by name.

[82]

> There is an English church here – at least, according to the church notice board it is described as Anglo-American. This doesn't seem quite right to us so we have dropped the American connexion, and simply call it St George's! It makes a very good

church centre, and already a fellowship is growing up around it. The church itself had not been used since the war began, but when we cleaned it, we found it a lovely little place. Next door there is a villa, once inhabited by an English lady & used to house the visiting chaplain. This we have turned into a hostel for chaplains, and a club for the men. There is an excellent & varied library which she left behind, which we are finding most useful in a place where good books are difficult to obtain. It is a veritable haven of peace, & already I am receiving an inward peace which I **[83]** have not known for weeks.

I had a very short time in Egypt – less than 3 months. I didn't regret leaving it, esp. as my journey was northward. I was interested in Cairo & Alexandria, where I was stationed most of the time I was in the country. I visited the Gizeh & Sakhara pyramids, & most of the old City of Cairo. I was interested too, in the traces of Hellenic civilization of Alexandria. But I did not like the degeneracy of the Egyptians & their climate.

I have been in Sicily since the commencement of the invasion. I landed on the beaches on the first morning, & was thrust almost at once with my unit into my first experience of battle. It was a trying, moving, self-revealing experience. I learnt a lot about myself, which I haven't known before! I found I wasn't so brave or so unselfish as I had imagined! It was a humbling experience to find that I was thinking ~~most~~ more of what might happen to me **[84]** than the service I could do for the others. It was only the knowledge of the Master whose representative I was, & the recognition that many without faith were seeing it through that enabled me to press on. We had a fair number of casualties, & it was a great privilege & inspiration to be of use to them. We were able to have our worship, too, in divers places & at divers times. It has been a purifying experience in many ways, & since the campaign has finished, I have been busy re-building many of my easy assumptions & my half-thought-out beliefs on deeper foundations.

At the moment we are in reserve, but, sooner or later, we shall be advancing again…. I see quite a lot if Gervase Markham, who is quite near me. He is the only Durham person I see.

On the whole a re-assuring letter.

[85]

Charlie P. [Pattinson] tells me that at the recent meeting of the Archdeacons and Rural Deans one more element in my tradition in Durham was destroyed: -

> In response to clerical requests a "retiring collection" is to be permitted at both Confirmations & Institutions, but the candidates are not to contribute, and the Collections are to be devoted to special parochial objects such as the Ordination Candidates Fund.

I was always adamantine in forbidding the chink of coin to accompany episcopal ministrations in the parish churches, but my attitude was equally repulsive & unintelligible to the clergy & churchwardens, to whom the prospect of "raking in the shekals" is the principal value of the Bishop's presence! I suspect that my amicable successor is temperamentally disqualified for taking any decision which runs counter to the immediate pressures of opinion, clerical or public, or "official". He gets his reward in being much liked and little regarded! My disappearance from the Bishoprick must have been vastly welcome to the suppressed forces, which it has enabled to emerge from obscurity triumphantly!

[86]

Ella and Fearne motored to Hadleigh for some patriotic service. I walked to Chattisham Hall, and, finding Sir Gerald at home, had some talk with him about the parish, which is becoming conscious of the pastoral paralysis involved in an invalid septuarian's [sic] tenure of the benefice. He spoke with some vigour about the fate of the parish, which had been entrusted to a succession of aged and ailing incumbents, and suggested that I sh^{d} exert my influence as a parishioner to secure a younger incumbent as Moulsdale's successor. I c^{d} not encourage him to look for relief from me, since the patronage was vested in an Anglo-Catholic trust & w^{d} no doubt be administered in the Anglo-Catholick interest. He said that he thought M. was very near to being a Papist, an opinion from which I could not honestly dissent.

He spoke with much feeling about the difficult situation into which the heavy cost of agricultural labour had brought the farmers, & the irrational restraints to which the land-owners were now subjected. Tom Reid is "up a tree" to find a cottage for an indispensable cowman.

<!121043>
[87]
Tuesday, October 12th, 1943.

Temperature 58°. Another misty morning.

I received a sad letter from Mrs Law, Jimmie Dobbie's* married sister, telling me that he had been killed in the recent raid on London: She adds a very painful incident which throws an ugly light on the morality of some sections of the people:–

> My brother Jimmie was killed in the air-raid on Thursday last in London. He was struck in the back & arm, was taken to Hospital where he died Saturday morning. His wallet, identity card, and anything he may have had by which the authorities could have got into touch with me were stolen, so that by the time any communications could be made with me, I was too late to see him alive.

I wrote another letter of condolence, and asked Mrs Law to tell me where Joice, Jimmie's wife, is living. It is, perhaps, odd that I should not have received the sad news of her husband's death from her.

[88]

I wrote to my Godson, Gilbert Simpson*.

In the afternoon, I walked for an hour & a half. The day had developed into a beautiful afternoon, very still and sunny, & not too cold to be other than pleasant. I had some talk with a farmer who was driving his cows hom [sic] for milking; & learned that he had no good opinion of the white-faced Herefords, which I learned to like when I was Bishop of Hereford.

Braley writes about the promised Education Bill which he thinks will probably get on to the Statute Book only to be stultified by obstructive procedures afterwards. His observations on the problem of the Public Schools are noteworthy:

> As to the Public School system the opposition seems to me directed, not so much against the actual system as to the privilege which results after school life in securing promotion in certain professions. I see that the W. E. A. [Workers Educational Association] has produced a table showing the schools attended by members of the leading professions. From the number for whom information **[89]** is available, I see that there were 56 out of 62 bishops, 21 out of 24 Deans, 33 out of 37 Lords of Appeal & High Court Judges. It may be, of course, that they are actually the best people for their particular posts, but exclusion of the Secondary School products does seem to indicate the need for a democratic educational structure in England.

There can be no doubt that the best education is provided in the Public Schools, though at the price of a definite enfeebling of originality & a grave strengthening of class-feeling, alike in the class which is educated in them, and in the classes which are effectively excluded from them. Thus a Public School Education has come to be both the guarantee of a really good

education, and the more or less generally accepted symbol of class-character. Only the well to do can afford the privilege of the first: the last is most often emphasized by those who have least benefitted by the education. The Public Schools are the citadel of social and economic privilege in the heart of democratic society.

[90]

I remember hearing Bishop Festing* once comment on the sensitiveness of the famous Irish Bishop Magee,* who was Bishop of Peterborough, and, for a few weeks, Archbishop of York. He was never at ease in episcopal gatherings, for he imagined that his brethren regarded him with a certain contempt as never having been educated at a great Public School. "Nothing could have been more untrue" said Bp Festing. "So far from "looking down" on Magee, we were fully conscious of his remarkable superiority, and might almost be said to look up to him. Nevertheless, he was never quite at home with us, & imagined a sentiment which had no real existence." Personally, I should sincerely regret the abolition of the Public Schools, but I do not see how it can be much longer postponed. The class on which the Public Schools depend is in process of economic & political decline, and the egalitarian drift of popular opinion is ever gathering strength. The logic of democracy and the temper of Christianity are moving in the same direction and will reach the same goal.

<!131043>
[91]
Wednesday, October 13th, 1943.

Temperature 60°. A mild, misty morning.

I received a cheque, on account of the Royalties of vol II of the Retrospect, for £75. This brings the total amount on the 2 vols. received up to date to the impressive amount of £384. 4. 2. viz.

Paid in advance as agreed	£300
Paid in half-yearly statement	73: 15. 9
Paid for extract	10 8 5
	£384. 4 2

This is a very acceptable addition to my too-attenuated income; but, I fear, that financial orthodoxy wd prohibit me from treating it as properly income, since it is rightly to be regarded, & ought to be treated as capital. For there is small probability that it is more than a 'windfall'.

I paid the cheque into my Bank, and wrote to [Ernest] Alexander,* thanking him for representing me at Jimmie Dobbie's funeral in Spennymoor, and promising in due course to send him a copy of vol ii, since he had continued with me, in such comradeship, throughout the whole course of my episcopate in Durham.

I received a pleasant, and well-composed letter from Clarence Ward.

<!141043>
[92]
Thursday, October 14th, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Mild and misty.

There were no letters. Two incidents of yesterday's record dominate the newspapers:-

1. The Prime Minister's speech on the Coal crisis.
2. The declaration of Marshall Badoglio affirming War with Italy, & the formal acceptance of the Allies of Italy as a "co-belligerent".

Little is said about the arrangement with Portugal by which the Allies are allowed to use the Azores for the protection of the Atlantic route, though its importance is apparent & considerable.

Martin showed me a letter which he had received from Cecil Ferens congratulating him on his nomination to the incumbency of S. Hilda's, Millfield (Sunderland), & asked me whether in my opinion he could fitly announce the fact to his congregation next Sunday. I replied in the affirmative.

I dictated a 'Christmas' letter to Clarence and a letter to Oliver Quick expressing my regret at his resignation of the Oxford Professorship on the ground of ill health. It had been announced in the Times yesterday. Ill health has pursued him throughout his career.

[93]

My ladies being absorbed in a working party which met in the 'smoking' room, Martin and I removed ourselves. We walked to Washbrook Church, and on the way discussed the considerable new departure which he is almost immediately to make. He is to be married, and to enter on the plenary responsibilities of an incumbent by becoming Vicar of St Hilda's, ~~Darl~~ Sunderland. I can certainly approve the last, and (if he has chosen the lady wisely) I can do as much by the first.

On the whole I think it is best for the parish priest to be a married man. He is protected by a wife from the hopes and fears of many besieging females in his parish, and, if his wife be a sound and sensible woman who accepts the limitations and large opportunities of her position as her husband's nearest and most valuable colleague, she will strengthen him in his ministry, and greatly increase both his personal happiness, and his public usefulness. Moreover, I think Martin is rather specially dependent on the kind of care and counsel which a really good wife could give. But if she be the wrong sort!

<!151043>
[94]
Friday, October 15th, 1943.

Temperature 60°. A still and misty day.

A taxi from Ipswich arrived about 7a.m. and carried Martin, after a very early breakfast, to the station. He is to announce his impending retirement next Sunday evening. It will cause much regret, for his ministry at Darlington has been much appreciated. He is amiable, and generally liked. "You had a very nice gentleman staying with you," observed my gardener, when I saw him in the garden after breakfast. Martin is, on his father's side, a Norwegian, and he has never passed through the conventionalizing mills of public school & university, which too often obliterate the natural freedoms of Englishmen. I suspect this is the key to the surprizing facility with which Scots succeed in England on every plane of the national life. They are often, almost ridiculously proud of their country, but they are not, as the upper-class Englishman commonly ~~is~~ are[sic], "class-conscious", & do~~es~~ not describe all who are not within the "class", as by that fact sufficiently qualified to be brought under the large and repulsive description of "CADS"!

[95]

"They also serve who only stand and wait"

–With that sublime reflection Milton would console himself when the isolating, incapacitating, infirmity of blindness compelled him to realize that he was definitely exiled from the movements of his generation, which he understood better than most of his contemporaries, and, far more adequately than they, was competent to guide them. The great march of Divine Purpose in History, which demanded at every point the free & willing co-operation of ~~God's~~ ~~Man~~ God's servants would proceed apart from him. He could but be an onlooker & student of events from personal contact with which he was shut out. It was a cruel situation, & drove him back to the very foundations of his belief.

> "Doth God ~~require~~ exact day-labour, light denied?
> I fondly ask but Patience, to prevent
> That murmur, soon replies, – 'God doth not need
> Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
> Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
> Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
> And post o'er land & ocean without rest:
> They also serve who only stand and wait."

[96]

The trial which his blindness brought to the great Puritan poet is also that that which their physical infirmities bring on lesser folk. My wife's deafness, my own blindness bring us into line with Milton. We are in the same condemnation, and have access to the same severe and sufficient consolation. We are called to 'do out the duty' of faithful service in that situation

whereto the Divine Master has required & commanded our service & we must not refuse or belittle His commandment, but remember that loyal & intelligent obedience can clothe it with the same greatness as that which belongs to the warfare of the heroes in the 'stricken field' of the spiritual conflict.

'They also serve who only stand and wait.'

Is not this the lesson which the Master would teach us in that strange Parable of the Servants in the vineyard, who, although the measures of their toil varied, yet in the day of reckoning received the same reward? Is not the Divine Householder's challenge irresistible? "Is it not lawful for me to do what I will with mine own? Is thine eye evil because I am good? So the first shall be last, and the last first.

[97]

Ella and Fearne disappeared on some patriotic quest in which Fearn's transporting genius was indispensable, and I walked for an hour & a half, admiring the sad beauties of the Autumn. ('the breath of all things perishing and soul of all regret) as 'leaf by leaf crumble the gorgeous year.'

I read the little book which has just been published by the Cambridge University Press:- "Science, Religion, and the Future by C. E. Raven"*

It is certainly, in no ordinary measure, – brilliant, incisive, learned, and suggestive. I had almost made up my mind to send him a letter of appreciation and gratitude, when I came upon some passages which disclosed in the Author the too-apparent indications that he was still an impracticable Pacifist, and shared with Inge* an attitude towards the War which appears to me incompatible with patriotism and Christianity.

In spite of this harmony in crankdom, it is apparent that there is 'no love lost' between these two brilliant men, of whom the one is the better scholar and philosopher, and the other the better 'scientist' and critic. But both have more wit than balance, being, indeed, fellows in crankdom.

<!161043>
[98]
Saturday, October 16th, 1943.

I received from the Press Cutting Agency an extract from the Weekly Courier on 'The Decline of the Pulpit written by somebody who calls himself 'Galatian'. It is based on my 'Church of England', to which it makes respectful reference:-

> To say that it is written by Dr Henson is as much as to say that it has dignity and grace of style, backed by solid learning and independent thought.
>
> Dr Henson cannot write objective history – I doubt if anyone can, and am sure that it wd make dull reading anyway – his opinions and cast of mind are too positive for him to succeed in such an enterprise. At every turn he is provocating not because he is aggressive, but because he cannot help turning on any subject that interests him a fearlessly critical mind.'

This does not strike me as either unintelligent or unkind, though of course it can hardly be described as flattering.

[99]

He then proceeds to consider the decline of the pulpit "a subject which is of peculiar interest to Free Churchmen", to which he finds my references "particularly illuminating".

> "Of this subject he speaks with authority, for he is one of the great preachers of his time and esp. while he was Canon of Westr he exercised a notable and salutary pulpit ministry. What he says about the decline of the pulpit is worth pondering."

When, however, he quotes the sentence –

> **"There is no insuperable difficulty about effecting a modus vivendi between the church and modern society –**

As if it were a proposition of general reference, he fails to observe that it ^is^ part of a description of the practical advantage which in the modern world is possessed by the Roman Church which gives principal importance to the Altar as compared with the Protestant Churches which attach most importance to the pulpit. I think, as I condition it, the statement is true: but I doubt if is true as a general proposition. The problem then is far more serious.

[100]

In the afternoon, in spite of the dampness of the ground, we played what we agree to call croquet, Ella succeeded in mutilating her bowl, which assumed the clumsy but picturesque aspect of a sugar-beet from which the top had ben lopped off. In spite of its mutilation the poor thing sufficed, and incidentally, added a touch of comedy to our performance.

Mrs Eleanor Tennant, the deputy Chairman of the "Never Again" Association, writes to me conveying in somewhat flatterous language, a request that I wd become a member of its Council, and enclosing some if its literature. In this was included a paper of 10 "Suggestions for a Post-War Policy towards Germany. I was sufficiently disgusted with this specimen of "Vanzittartism" to dictate a letter, declining the honour proposed for my acceptance, and making some observations on the said suggestions. I was the readier to do this since Ernest Henson,* in his very foolish Parish Magazine has been warmly commending this association to his parishioners.

[Francis] Hardy* the Verger in Durham Cathedral has died.

<!171043>
[101]
17th Sunday after Trinity, October 17th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A dark, unpleasant morning.

I slept badly last night, and got up dilapidated.

The imperial garment of crimson leaves which has clothed this house with an almost startling beauty is disappearing with distressing rapidity. The leaves are falling fast, and our domestic ship is preparing to face the winter storms with bare poles!

Raymond Gram Swing's "American Commentary" last night was depressing. He discussed the outburst of anti-British feelings in the U. S. A., which has been caused by the statements of the Five Senators who have just returned from a tour of the fighting Fronts. He emphasizes the existence of this anti-British feeling, and admits its gravity, but he urges us to remember that it is partly a normal factor in American society, which preceded, and will survive the War, and, partly, an inevitable consequence of the activities which are occasioned & shaped by the near prospect of a Presidential Election. This prospect will dominate American politics increasingly until the Election has taken place, & we must be prepared for much provocative anti-British rhetoric, but it will not affect decisively the course of events.

[102]

Rain began to fall about 9 a.m., and continued until midday, when the weather became fine. We attended Mattins, but the congregation was smaller even than is usual in the parish church. I celebrated the Holy Communion, but with great difficulty for the light was uncommonly bad, & my sight worsens. There were only 5 commts including myself.
The Rector preached on the collect for the day instead of a text from the Scripture. He dilated on the collects, & indicated his own preference for the shorter compositions which were renderings of the medieval prayers, and the longer, which were composed at the Reformation. He told the congregation that it was his own practice often to use the very brief collect which was serving for his text. He could hardly do better, if he used it "with his understanding", for it covers the ground of Christian duty:-

> Lord, we pray thee that thy grace may always prevent and follow us, and make us continually to be given to all good works, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

I doubt if the tiny congregation could have garnered any spiritual provender from the discourse.

<!181043>
[103]
Monday, October 18th, 1943. St Luke's Day.

Temperature 54°. A bright uncertain day.

I was interested by a letter from a clergyman who, basing himself on my book "Apostolic Christianity" (pubed 1898), had declined to baptize a lad of 18, whom his parents had brought to him with a request that he shd be baptized as he had been "called up" for military service. Mr Green finding the said lad to be apparently ignorant of the meaning & obligation of the Sacrament, and not apparently himself anxious to be baptized, had refused the parental request. He would know whether I thought he had done rightly. I replied that he could, in the circumstances, have done nothing else, but added that, if I had myself been in his position, I shd have counselled the youth to apply to the Chaplain of his regiment, & have written to the said Chaplain informing him of the facts.

I read through what I wrote 44 years ago, and found that it expressed my present news, although I should express myself now with less asperity, and should, perhaps, allow more for the incidental good results of our confessedly indefensible system.

[104]

Also, I wrote a letter of condolence to Mrs Hardy.

The Times reports the death of Bertram Pollock,* late Bishop of Norwich. He and I were born in the same year, 1863.

We came into public opposition over the Revised Prayer Book; he drifted into becoming the most respectable of the episcopal opponents, and I became the most conspicuous defender of the Revision. He was always very friendly to me, and never showed resentment when I criticized him with a severity which might fairly have been resented.

Yesterday, Sir Michael Sadler's* death was announced. He was slightly my senior. It would be excessive to say that we were friends, but we knew & respected one another.

Thus my contemporaries are passing away quickly, and I feel a deepening solitude as they vanish from the scene.

In the afternoon I walked for nearly 2 hours, meeting nobody, and enjoying the country in its autumnal vesture, seen to great advantage in the sun-light, and under a cloudless sky.

[105]

I sent Martin a cheque for £10 requesting him to choose a wedding present from me for himself.

Description of the German prisoners captured in the Mediterranean campaign are very disquieting. Many of them are youths yet in their teens, who exhibit an impudence and callousness together with a blind fanatical devotion to the Führer which seems to disallow any hope of their moral & intellectual recovery. Their behaviour to the civilian population in the countries which the German Armies have conquered is reported to have been appalling, and they seem to exult in the extravagance of their evil-doing. Wherever they pass they leave behind them scenes of havock and desolation, and also, and this is still worse, a legacy of hatred and a longing for vengeance which will provide the pledge and provender of wars in the future. And, even on the side of the Allies there are grave causes for anxiety. As victory seems to be drawing nearer, ambitions and appetites are disclosing themselves; & the high fervours of a Holy War are sinking into the ashes of moral and spiritual bankruptcy. It is hard to hope.

<!191043>
[106]
Tuesday, October 19th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A wet morning.

There was an air raid last night which caused some casualties, including a few fatal, and no papers arrived at the usual time.

The post brought me only bills, and a package of bird picture cards from Norwich.

After breakfast, I wrote to Ella, reminding her that tomorrow marks the completion of no less than 41 years of married life.

I dictated letters to Braley,* about Abp. Downey's impudent formulation of the Papists' impudent demands in the matter of education: and to [Alan] Don* about his recent sermon in S. Margaret's.

Edwyn Bevan's* death is announced. The Times publishes a laudatory obituary notice. He was a man I had a great regard & liking. It was only his lamentable deafness which held our acquaintanceship from developing into friendship. He greatly approved my letter to the Times protesting against the British Universities being represented at the Heidelberg celebrations, and also of my strong opposition to the Anti-Semitic excesses in Germany.

[107]

I read his books with pleasure and profit, and, indeed, found myself more in agreement with him on matters of religion than with most of my contemporaries. He was very tall, and rather gaunt, with the reticent modesty of a deaf man, and the indescribable charm of a scholar who was temperamentally a saint. He was my junior by about six years.

The obituary notice of Bertram Pollock was amazingly flatterous, and was far indeed from the truth about him which I had garnered in the contacts of more than a quarter of a century. He was ~~apparently~~ ^it is stated^ a successful Headmaster of Wellington, a strong and efficient diocesan Bishop, the leader of the opposition to the Revised Prayer Book, and a resolute champion of the Establishment. To the first and last of these descriptions I cannot object, but **that he was in any adequate sense of the adjectives a "strong" and "efficient" diocesan Bishop, or that he led the opposition to the R.P., does not accord with my knowledge of the facts**. In the revision debates at Lambeth he hardly opened his mouth, and he was never personally active in the popular agitation against the Revised Book.

[108]

He had a slow oracular manner of speaking which added impressiveness to his infrequent speeches. He was known to be a good ^classical^ scholar, a character which commands much deference in episcopal conclaves, where ^that kind of^ scholarship is becoming

exceptional. I do not think he was ^theologically^ learned or intellectually distinguished. He was dull and rather pompous, but he was kind-hearted, courteous, and placable.

His name and reputation were exploited to the full by the fanatical & unscrupulous agitators who conducted the agitation which coerced a majority of the House of Commons into rejecting the R. P. B., and he was made ridiculous by consenting to accept a motor-car as a tribute to his Protestant leadership. When past sixty years of age he married a lady less than half as old, and this circumstance amused & surprised a world, which had agreed to consider him an odd & incorrigible bachelor. He and I were always very friendly in spite of frequent clashes in Convocation and Bishop's Meetings. He was more grieved than angry when I abandoned the defence of the Establishment.

<!201043>
[109]
Wednesday, October 20th, 1943.

Temperature 56°. Bright inconstant day.

I received with Milford's compliments a convenient little calendar for next year.
Also, a note from Jimmie's sister giving me Joyce's address.

Also, a letter from Stannard,* now Archdeacon of Doncaster, in the diocese of Sheffield. His two boys are developing well. Peter is expecting his commission in the Coldstream Guards, and Michael is still at Marlborough.

Also, a letter from Clarence, enclosing a snap-shot photograph of himself on a donkey, led by an Egyptian boy. It suggests an impudent insouciance illumined by good health and good temper.

The Times reports in full the magnificent and deeply moving speech which Smuts* delivered yesterday in the Guildhall, and which I heard on the wireless with the utmost satisfaction. It was a really great pronouncement by a really great man. The Daily Herald makes it the text of an excellent leading article. If that article expresses the mind of organized "Labour" there is still "light in the darkness".

[110]

I wrote another letter of condolence, and did so with even more than the usual difficulty for it was to Joyce Dobbie, Jimmie's widow, whose situation is unknown to me, that is, her relation to her family and his: though I know nothing which could justify fear.

Also, I dictated a letter to Salter, with reference to [Robert] Poole's* reluctance to resign his benefice though now plainly incapacitated by age for the performance if its obligations; and to Jack Carr's* decision to turn his back on the Mission Field in Nigeria, to which he had seemed to be specifically "called", and to join the waxing crowd of ex-Missionaries in this country. I suspect that anxiety about the maintenance of dependents is more potent even than personal greed or vanity in blinding aging, or aged, or infirm incumbents and more "dignified" clergymen to their own incompetence & failure, though these are grossly apparent to everybody else, especially to their own spiritual "subjects"! A fixed age for retirement together with modest but not wholly inadequate financial provision are essential to efficiency.

<!211043>
[111]
Thursday, October 21st, 1943.

Temperature 56°. A fair morning.

Another horrifying batch of Income Tax forms arrived, of which I can understand nothing. I shall send them to Dashwood, and his w. p. b. There is no mystery as to the cause of the paper shortage, which moves the shrill protests of publishers.

Alington* sends me his little book – "Edward Lyttelton, An Appreciation". The snowball of family cooperation in advertisement waxes steadily, and there is no reason to think that the advance of what we agree to describe as "Democracy" will arrest its progress. I must allow its legitimacy, while I resent its success. I notice not without a melancholy wonder how heavily disadvantaged in contemporary judgement and in the "verdict" of history are those who do not possess the conventional evidences of quality & importance. I suppose that is the core of the popular ~~feeling~~ agitation against the public schools implied by the feeling against the "school type" heresy. I understand while I disapprove the agitation. The advantage, which privilege secures, draws in its train consequences, which on a long view, may go far to outweigh it: and the less **[112]** is assisted by privilege, the more one is forced to depend on oneself. Moreover, envy is never an equitable temper, and is only indulged at the cost of generosity. Moreover, when one reflects soberly on the queer tangle of human life, one perceives that no privilege is unshadowed and no unprivileged career is unhelped by other forces than those of personal power & effort. To all of us the challenge of S. Paul's comes home.

> **Who maketh thee to differ? And what hast though that though didst not receive? but if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory, as if thou hadst not received it! (i. Cor. iv.7)**

Nevertheless, because the mass of mankind is envious, vain, and short-sighted, it is highly expedient that privileges, which isolate persons & classes, and foster the growth of divisive resentments within the nation, should be as few and non-exasperating as possible, & only those should be preserved which can be plainly seen to be fruitfully connected with valuable public service. It is not always easy to perceive which can reasonably be so described.

<!221043>
[113]
Friday, October 22nd, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A clouded comfortless day.

I received a letter from Martin Ellingsen thanking me for my wedding present.

There is a highly disconcerting account of Mr Wendell Wilkie, whom we, rather precipitately, assumed to be a genuine friend of this country, but who is now using the language of aloofness & suspicion about Great Britain in the interest of his ambition to be adopted as the Republican candidate in next year's Presidential Election! It is not comfortable to learn that American opinion regards this tergiversation as, on the whole, "good political business". Normal party feeling, personal dislike of Roosevelt, the resentment of the large section of "Labour" which follows Lewis, a considerable volume of anti-Russian feeling, the tradition of anti-British ~~feeling~~ prejudice, discontent at the War taxation, and pacifism – all flow into a considerable stream of popular feeling which is isolationist and anti-British. Even Churchill's friendship with Roosevelt is being made the basis of injurious suggestions, & his patriotism is distorted into "imperialism".

[114]

Archbishop Temple is reported to be on the sick list with so sharp an attack of gout that he has been compelled to cancel all his engagements. He has certainly been subjecting himself to an excessive strain: and a cessation of activity, albeit compelled, may be "a blessing in disguise". Moreover, he is no longer a young man, but one who is nearing that well-known "danger" point – the grand climacteric.

In the column "Deaths", in today's issue of the Times appears the following entry:-

> **KIDDLE** –
>
> On Oct. 20th, 1943, suddenly, at Prior's Gate House, Rochester, the Reverend Martin Kiddle M.A. Service at Chatham Parish church tomorrow (Saturday) 11 a.m. Cremation at Charing 12.30 p.m. No flowers, no mourning.

On Tuesday, the 28th September, he came to see me **[**v. 42 supra**]**. It was our last contact, and it left on my mind a sad impression. His death deepens the tragedy.

<!231043>
[115]
Saturday, October 23rd, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A dark, damp. Dismal day.

After an early breakfast Ella and Fearn [sic] left in the car for some patriotic task of transport, to which Fearne had been summoned.

The post brought me two letters, the one from Charles Nye,* the other from Jack Clayton.* The latter refers to Kiddle's death, of which he had just read the announcement in the Times:

> I did not know him well but he used sometimes to visit his excellent aunt who was matron of the hostel at Bristol University of which I was from 1929 to 1933, the Warden. There is something inexpressibly tragic about a promising career wrecked by a single act of moral folly: and it brings home the apostolic warning – "Let him that thinketh he standeth etc.

It is apparent that Jack had either not heard that Kiddle had received the "King's Pardon", or that he still continued to assume that the verdict if the two courts was substantially just. The whole episode is lamentable.

[116]

As I write these lines Martin Kiddle's funeral service is proceeding in Chatham.

My thoughts go back over the years during which he was counted among my friends. It is certainly a remarkable & suggestive fact that both he and his friend, Malcolm Ross (who came to know one another & to become intimate at Oxford under [Frank] Buchman's* influence, & were carried by him into the much advertized "campaign" in Canada) should have come to tragic failure in the matter of Sex. Malcolm was seduced by an American divorcée, whom he encountered as a fellow Groupist, and Martin, with whom he quarrelled, has now fallen mysteriously into ignominious disaster. And both affirmed that the sexual atmosphere of the Oxford Groups, as they had personal experience of it in Canada, was extremely unwholesome. Am I mistaken in thinking that the failure of these two young man throws a sinister light on the moral quality of Buchman's evangelistic procedures.
[117]

Clarence Stock came to see me. We walked together for an hour, and then had tea. He talked hard all the time. His eugenical friend Fisher has just been appointed to the new Cambridge Professorship to his great delight. He maintains, not without large plausibility, that one potent reason for the fall of the Birthrate is the tendency to marry wives who can earn an income, & who refuse to bear children because their earnings would be reduced or wholly abolished. This tendency is apparent both in the professional class, and among the artisans. Only among the miners do large families continue because women and boys are legally prohibited from working underground. The upper classes are becoming sterile

because they “marry for money”, and ‘heiresses’ are generally “only children”, i.e. come of infertile stocks. Thus civilized societies always die out from the top! This is an interesting theory, and does not lack considerable evidence in history. If civilized society must always find its persistent & prevailing element in its lowest, least cultured, but most prolific part of the community, what future has the carefully cultivated plant which biologists & educationists prate about?

<!241043>
[118]
18th Sunday after Trinity, October 24th, 1943.

Temperature 56°. A misty morning.

Martin Kiddle's pitiful fate haunts me. I go back in thought over my relations with him since first I learned of his existence, when he wrote to me after reading my Quadrennial Charge, and volunteered to tell me his experience of Buchman's Canadian campaign, in which he and Malcolm Ross had taken part.

The two young men were bound together in a friendship, which seemed to be strong enough to sustain the hostile pressures of life. Martin was the older man, and he seemed to regard himself as specially charged with an almost paternal wardship of Martin's character, against the perils into which he was led by his ardent & impulsive temperament and personal attractiveness. They went together on Buchman's loudly advertized tour through Canada, & shared a vehement revulsion of feeling towards the spirit & method of the "religious" campaign. Malcolm fell before the impudent allurements of an American divorcée, who was one of Buchman's* 'show' converts, and Martin, after trying **[119]** vainly to break his young friend's infatuation returned with him to England, in spite of an almost frantic effort on Buchman's part to arrest their journey. On reading my criticism of Buchmanism which formed the principal subject of my Quadrennial Charge, Martin wrote to me, & our acquaintance developed into friendship.

Malcolm, after a hectic interval during which he was "engaged" to marry the divorcée, was immersed in scandalous discredit when her income was curtailed by a legal verdict which stigmatized Malcolm as her 'paramour'. I had to remove his name from the list of my Ordination candidates, among whom he had been looked upon both in my diocese and in Oxford as unusually pious, gifted, & promising! Still the friendship of the two men persisted, and, when Martin undertook to edit a volume on the Apocalypse in Dr Moffatt's series, he associated Malcolm with himself in the work. When the book was about to be published Malcolm claimed to have his name as co-editor on the title-page, and his sole authorship in the Introduction **[120]** stated. Martin refused, & with the consent of the publishers (Hodder & Stoughton), the dispute was referred to me as arbitrator. My verdict was decisively against Malcolm's claim, and the book was published in due course.

I had hoped that the settlement of their dispute would have restored amity, but I was disappointed. Malcolm disclosed an embittered resentment which startled me, & seemed to have deeper roots than the ostensible cause. His marriage, which took place about this time, probably tended to accentuate the alienation, & his own wounded vanity was assisted by the financial anxiety which marriage brought in its train. This, however, is speculation. The fact was that the two men were severed, never to join hands again.

Martin had been ordained in the diocese of Ripon, and had gained a position of considerable influence therein. He had been appointed to the important incumbency of Christ Church, Harrogate, and was establishing a reputation as a thoughtful and attractive preacher. He was looked on as a man who had been marked out for a distinguished career.

[121]

We attended Mattins in the parish church, and heard a characteristic oration from the local Rabbi. In the course of it he informed the congregation that he was himself opposed to the use of what is called the "Dominical Summary" of the Decalogue (which provided his text) in place of the Decalogue itself as required in the Order for Holy Communion. I found myself quite unable to think that in making this statement he was speaking the truth.

Clarence Stock came to lunch, and afterwards walked with me round Chattisham. He is staying in the White Horse Hotel, and has made the acquaintance of an officer who claims to know me. He had been a boy in Durham School, when I was Dean, & had somehow learned that I disliked the telephone, and would not have it in my house.

I gave Clarence a copy of 'Unitarianism in Historic Christianity', and sent my quondam acquaintance a copy of 'Abyssinia'.

The Spectator includes an advertisement of my book as about to appear in October, and to be obtainable at the modest price of 21/- !! The poor thing can hardly hope for purchasers.

<251043>
[122]
Monday, October 25th, 1943.

Temperature 54°. A fine autumnal day.

I received a long and interesting letter from Dick's brother, Denis Elliott, written from Nigeria, on August 16th. He refers to a letter which he had written to me after receiving the news of Dick's death, but I never received it. It must be assumed that it perished in the transport.

I occupied most of the morning in dictating a long letter to Denis in reply to his. I shall be sorry to lose touch with him as well for Dick's sake as for his own. He visited us at Auckland Castle, and impressed me favourably. He has not the charm & moral altitude of Dick, but he is if I do not misjudge him, intelligent, determined, and self-respecting. If his life is not cut short by some untoward event, I augur for him an honourable, and even a distinguished career in the Imperial Service.

The Times publishes the answers which Marshall Badoglio returned to the questions proposed to him by its own correspondent in an arranged interview. On the whole the Italian general makes out a better case for himself than I had thought possible.

[123]

In the afternoon I walked for nearly two hours, and on the way reflected on a project for a small book which might be called 'Gains and Losses, an Octogenarian's Balance Sheet', or something of the kind. Now that the 'Retrospect' is definitely off my hands, I want something on which to bestow such powers as yet remain to me.

The Times gives prominence to an Appeal for Funds in order to perpetuate the memory of Bishop Neville Talbot,* sometime Bishop of Pretoria, and since his return to England, Vicar of St Mary's, Nottingham, where he succeeded my suffragan Bishop Gordon.* It is weightily supported, the letter of appeal includes General Smuts, the Bishop of S. Alban's, the Bishop of Southwell, Bishop Mosley, the late Bishop of that diocese, & one of the Churchwardens of St Mary's, Nottingham. Also a representative of Toc H, and Tissington Tatlow.* These with [Alexander Dunlop] Lindsay,* the Master of Balliol, form an impressive company. I shall remember him as a persistent and irrelevant orator in the Lambeth Conference of 1930, where both his father, the Bp. of Winchester, & he himself were members.

<!261043>
[124]
Tuesday, October 26th, 1943.

Temperature 56°. A cold fine morning.

[Alan] Don* sends me the typescript of his sermon in St Margaret's on the occasion of the 300th anniversary of the signing of the 'Solemn League and Covenant' in that Church, together with a friendly letter. I read the sermon with care, and was disappointed by its tone and quality. The preacher was not wholly unconscious of its inadequacy as an estimate of an episode which illustrated a crisis of extreme importance in the religious and political development of two kingdoms and two national churches, for he thought it necessary to remind his congregation that he felt and could not but speak as a "hereditary Scottish Episcopalian". Accordingly, his view of the events of the time in which the subscription of the Scottish Covenant by the English House of Commons in 1643 was an illuminating incident, had about as much fidelity to the truth of History, as Hilaire Belloc's* account of the English Reformation. The facts are more or less accurately stated, but their true significance & the context of History in which they must be judged, are entirely misconceived.

[125]

I dictated a long letter to the Dean of Westminster respecting the lamentable circumstances in which Martin Kiddle's sudden death has taken place.

Also I wrote to Mrs Elliott, telling her that I had received a cheerful letter from her son Denis. In the afternoon I walked round Chattisham. As I passed Church Farm, Tom Reid hailed me. He said that some of his chickens had been destroyed by a stoat. I asked whether he had been molested by foxes, and he replied in the negative, but added that he had seen a fox on his farm, and was fully aware of their destructive capacity. He said that his farm was overrun with rabbits, and that these did much damage to the crops. A correspondent in the Times states that foxes mostly feed on rabbits, and only occasionally on rats. The latter are multiplying rapidly, a fact which may probably be attributed to the reckless destruction of hawks and owls, who in the "balance of Nature" keep down the numbers of rats. Vixens with cubs to feed will kill mice, and hand them over to their offspring. It is all very interesting.

<!271043>
[126]
Wednesday, October 27th, 1943.

Temperature 56°. Mist merging in sunshine.

I received a letter from Cecil Ferens. After breakfast I dictated a letter to Alington thanking him for his "Appreciation" of Edward Lyttleton, which he sent me some days ago.

And, then, meditating on some observations which I could fittingly transmit to Don on his recent sermon, I glanced over my own references to the signing of the Covenant in S. Margaret's, made in the Lectures which I delivered in that Church forty years ago. They were published by John Murray in the volume, "Studies in English Religion in the Seventeenth Century". They are, of course, thin and hasty, but I do not think that they are wholly unserviceable. Indeed, I do not feel under any necessity to disown them. The Six Lectures, delivered in Westminster Abbey on 'Puritanism in England', published by Hodder & Stoughton in 1912, are in my belief sound, and merited a far larger circulation than they obtained. But, of course, they pleased nobody.

[127]

> Men remain very much what they always were, yet in every generation some few kindling souls emerged who were able to make a statement and leave a light by which in time generations became a shade better than the generation before. The habit of European war had been to kill those forward kindling spirits. Having killed the kindling spirits of two or three generations of men, Europe tottered on the brink of a dark time which might conceivably be the darkest time the world had ever known.
>
> > [From a speech by the Poet Laureate (Mr. John Masefield) as President of the National Book Council, as reported in the Times, Oct. 27, 1943]

"In the Lord put I my trust: how saye then to my soul that ye should flee as a bird unto the hill?" My own thoughts tend to run in the same direction as those which the Poet Laureate thus gloomily uttered. But there are still the Psalms.

[128]

In the afternoon I walked to Burstall, and, finding the church open, I entered and said my prayers. There is a spiritual atmosphere in these old churches which facilitates and even compels devotion. Is it the calm beauty of the buildings? or their antiquity, & consequent remoteness from the aggressive novelty of the modern churches? or, their apparent contempt of the vulgar suggestions of comfort and utility? or, the association of ideas which experience through many years has at last invested them with significance for us? Who shall determine, but whatever the explanation of the fact, the fact itself is unquestionable. When we enter them, we know and feel that we are in a holy place.

I returned to Hyntle Place by way of the fields. The news from the war-fronts continues to be satisfactory, although not wholly intelligible. In Italy the advance of the Anglo-Americans is terribly slow, and certainly we shall learn as soon as the casualty lists are published, very costly. And it is horrifying to be assured that Rommel is carrying out through the populous & historic districts of Italy the 'scorched-earth' policy of retreat.

<!281043>
[129]
Thursday, October 28th, 1943.

Thermometer 58°. A dark, misty morning.

I received a sad letter from Joyce Dobbie. It confirms the suspicion which has for some while darkened my mind about the relations which have developed between her husband and herself: she had "not heard a word from him since May, and did not even know where he was at the time of his death.

> We gave up the school in July 1941, and I came to Sunderland with the children: and am now living in my Grandmother's old house. I have been working in my Father's Office for 2 years now. The children go to a day-school in Sunderland. They certainly are a great comfort to me…… Jimmie's life seemed so wasted, as he had so many talents: but unfortunately his character was very weak, and he seemed to mix with the wrong people: he neglected his school etc. He joined the R.A.F. as a padre in Aug. 1941, and resigned, in May of this year."

This is a sad dénouement of a romance.

[130]

Ella and Fearne went to Ipswich, dropping me at Abbey Lodge on the way.

I found L^d^ Woodbridge much as usual. We talked together for an hour, and then I walked back to Hyntle Place, & lunched. From Abbey Lodge to this house cannot be less than 3 miles. It took me an hour of steady walking.

W. told me that he had voted against the Revised Prayer Book. He had intended to vote for it: but had changed his mind during the debate. He saw Abp. Davidson leaving the House after the division, and noticed that he was in tears. I saw the statement in the newspapers that his Grace had wept when the numbers in the division were announced by the Speaker; and also I had seen that statement contradicted. But Woodbridge's testimony goes far to confirm the original statement, which does not appear to me improbable, for the Archbishop had 'burnt his ships' over the effort to carry through the Prayer Book Revision & c^d^ not but be deeply moved by his failure.

<!291043>
[131]
Friday, October 29th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A dull rather chilly day.

I wrote, not without difficulty, to Jimmie's widow as follows:-

My dear Joyce,

Your letter startled and distressed me more, I think, than the sad tidings of Jimmie's death: for it was the first intimation that had reached me that anything had gone awry in the married life which I had myself inaugurated when I joined your right hand and his in the covenant of a life-long union, ordained of God, and blessed by Christ. And, indeed, it had appeared to me that your two lives were growing into a fellowship which the 'changes and chances' of the world might strain, but could never break. And later, when the children came, I thanked God for a blessing which could not but add fresh strength and consecration to your union.

I was, indeed, surprized and puzzled when the news of Jimmie's death came to me from his sister, and not from his wife, but **[132]** I assumed that you might be ill, or too troubled to write.

"The heart knoweth its own bitterness: and a stranger doth not intermeddle with the joy thereof.

Best friends would loathe us if what things perverse
We know of our own selves they also knew.
But what, if Thou, O Lord, who knowest worse
Should loathe us too?

You have a solemn obligation, a difficult duty, and an immense privilege in your Mother's Charge of the children, Jimmie's and yours, the pledges & memorials of your mutual love.

May God bless, console, & strengthen you, my Dear, and may you increasingly find, as you watch their growth, reasons for thanking Him for all they are, and are to be!

Always affectly your Friend,

H. Hensley Henson, Bp.

[133]

Harford walked with me for an hour, and then we had tea together. He is rather heavy & silent but not lacking in intelligence, and he gives me the impression of a man who is beginning to think over what he reads. Indeed, I judge him to be a promising scholar in

Dame Experience's school. He gave me an account of the "Religion & Life" meetings in Ipswich which he had attended. The Archbishop of Canterbury seemed to him plainly fatigued, and he was not assisted by the bad acoustics of the Town Hall, which was crowded to its utmost capacity with a curious & expectant audience. His Grace spoke well, & made some jokes which were much appreciated. The Bishop of Rochester (Chavasse) gave a conventional address of the revivalist type: & the Bishop of Bristol (Woodward) made no great impression. The Bishop of Derby (Rawlingson) [Alfred Rawlinson*] read a carefully prepared speech, which was admirably phrased, though probably "above the heads" of his hearers.

The death of Sir Aurel Stein is announced. It is the close of a wonderful life, very valuable to history & anthropology.

<!301043>
[134]
Saturday, October 30th, 1943.

Temperature 58°. A dull day & damp.

Salter tells me that old Canon [Robert] Poole* has broken his leg, and is in hospital. This accident may cut the Gordian knot presented by his evident inability to fulfil his duty as Rural Dean and incumbent of a large industrial parish. This illustrates the special difficulty of treating the innocent incapacity of senectitude so as to combine fair consideration for an old man with just treatment of his parishioners.

I dictated a letter to E. H. Blakeney, and sent him Braley's letter to read, and a copy of my pamphlet on 'Reunion & Intercommunion' published as long ago as 1908.

Also, I wrote to Ernest Henson, sending him a copy of my letter to the "Never Again" Association, which he ardently commends in his Parish Magazine to the support of his parishioners, but which I disapprove as a mischievous growth from the root of Vansittartism. I received a letter from Dashwood.

October has now run its course, and no 'early copies' of Vol. II have arrived. Will the book appear in November?

[135]

Driven by the slave-driver, Necessity, I "put my pride into my pocket", and sent for Mr Speed, who includes hair-cutting among his many & mysterious employments, and submitted my Absalom-locks to his "professional" abbreviation and ablution. It was rather a queer performance, and the result was rather perturbing. I shall "cut a queer figure" in the holy synaxis of godly folk, if I find courage to present myself in the parish church tomorrow. Mr Speed explained to me in the mid-course of the operation that he had never been taught the barber's trade: and, indeed, I had inferred as much. But it is an evil choice between going unshorn and unwashed, or being crudely handled by the courageous amateur in the village.

The Germans are reported to have flooded the Pontine Marshes by destroying the irrigation works. The reclamation of the Pontine Marshes was the most vaunted achievement of land reclamation which was claimed by the Mussolini régime, but it was according to Salvemini (v. 'Under the Age of Fascism' p. 296.) a very hollow performance, organized at vast cost for the purpose of impressing foreign visitors with the power & wisdom of the Dictator.

<!311043>
[136]
19th Sunday after Trinity, October 31st, 1943.

Temperature 57°. A still, fine autumnal day.

Good progress of the Russians towards the Crimea. Raiders were over us again last night, but did little damage. Two of them were destroyed.

Yesterday I wrote to G.N. Clark congratulating him on his appointment to the Regius Professorship of Modern History in Cambridge which was vacated when George Trevelyan* was appointed to the Mastership of Trinity. I was moved to do this because not only is Clark a Fellow of All Souls, but also I was greatly pleased with his book on 'The later Stuarts, 1660 – 1714' in the excellent series now issuing under the general title 'The Oxford History of England'. He seems to combine the qualities of the conscientious historian and the writer of English literature, which the professorship requires, and which his predecessor possessed in eminent measure. Had I been loyal to my earliest ambitions, and remained a student in Oxford, I might, perhaps, have merited that description, & attained that degree of success. I should have been a less notorious, but probably a more really successful man. As it is !

[137]

We attended Mattins in the parish church. The Rector announced a service on All Souls Day, as well as one on All Saints Day. The letter was, of course, ordered in the Prayer Book, but the former was not. Reference was made to the Revised P.B., where a collect, epistle and Gospel, is provided for All Souls Day as one of the "Other days which it is permitted to observe". But I do not think that ^any heed was given to^ the Rubrick in the Revised Book which requires the Minister of a Parish to "inform the Parochial Church Council before bringing into ordinary use any of the Orders or Forms of Service sanctioned" by that Book. It is probably true that, in a small rural parish like Hintlesham, few, if any, of the Parishioners are likely to be disturbed by innovations, of which they cannot understand the significance, & would certainly not approve the drift. But they have an uncomfortable, though vague, consciousness, that a new spirit is entering into the parochial religion, and that they are being led in a direction, which they do not approve. There is no sympathy between parson & people. They use a language which is only half intelligible.

[138]

The people were exhorted to send to the Rector the names of deceased relations, that these might be read from the Altar on All Souls Say, when the souls of the departed are prayed for at the Celebration of the Holy Communion. I am sure that the Bishops did not contemplate, and would not have sanctioned, this procedure. It is only intelligible as yet another essay in the assumption of Anglicanism to the Popish model. When once the parson has lost the trust of his parishioners, his spiritual influence will be lessened, and, perhaps, destroyed: and that trust is always endangered, and most often forfeited, when they observe that he is pursuing other objectives than they can understand or approve. The sinister but familiar phrase applied to the Anglo-Catholick incumbent by his puzzled & restless parishioners, as

they mark his innovations in ceremony & doctrine, that he is "creeping on" discloses at once the (more or less conscious) insincerity of the clergyman, & the sensitive Protestantism of the people. It is here that the root of the religion in the schools problem must be sought. This provides the key to the failure of the appeals for "Church Schools".

<!011143>
[139]
Monday, November 1st, 1943.

NOVEMBER

Temperature 59°. A mild and misty morning.

I received no letters, and therein was not surprized, for letters written on Sunday rarely reach Hyntle Place before Tuesday. But I wait with waxing curiosity the actual appearance of my luckless book. Milford promised publication during November "in time for all but the earliest Christmas shoppers". We shall see what is the value of this promise. I think it is sincerely made, but, as Sir Henry Lee in Woodstock observed "confidence is a plant of slow growth in an aged bosom", and, if I survive for another week, I shall become what Dean Hole's gardener called an "octogeranium". October wound up with an air raid. It is reported that some damage was done, and one of the raiders was destroyed.

Lord Woodridge sent a parcel with 10 pears, which in size and quality were remarkably good.

I dictated a letter to Frank Pember, reminding him of the All Souls Election in 1884, when we were both elected to fellowships in that college.

[140]

Ella and Fearne, after an early lunch, motored to Hadleigh on some patriotic jaunt: and I took the longer walk round the parish, encountering on the road divers of my acquaintance, among whom was Captain Johnson, who urged me to call on his wife & have tea with her. And this I intended to do, but (not for the first time) failed to find the house, & so returned to Hyntle Place.

The 9 p.m. wireless brought the announcement from Moscow of the actual agreement reached by the Three Great Powers, who have been in conference there through Cordell Hull, Anthony Eden, and M. Molatoff [sic]. They have succeeded in agreeing on a large programme, covering both the prosecution of the War, and the broad lines of the Peace which is to follow Victory. Time alone can determine the value of the project: but the mere fact of its acceptance can hardly but be heartening to the Allies, and disconcerting to the Axis. Meanwhile, the miners in U.S.A. have chosen this moment for another great strike. The Russians continue to make good progress: but the abominable weather in Italy arrests the advance of our armies.

<!021143>
[141]
All Souls Day, Tuesday, November 2nd, 1943.

Temperature 62°. Another mild misty morning.

No letters. The papers are full of the Moscow agreement. Perhaps the enthusiasm with which it is welcomed by the press in the Allied nations must be discounted by the anxiety which that enthusiasm reveals. It is impossible to avoid a sardonic amusement at the spectacle of the brutal-looking Russian dictator posing as a champion of Democracy. But we are living in an atmosphere of paradox, and must be content with such "hand-to-mouth" boons as come to us. And it is an immense boon that agreement was reached, and that the War will be waged without the paralyzing handicap which German diplomacy has tried so hard to provide. When the declaration is closely scrutinized, it becomes apparent that most of the really alarming problems which Victory will throw into prominence have been avoided or ignored. France, Italy, Finland, Poland, the Balkans – everyone of these is the label of almost insoluble problems, & the Agreement ignores them all.

<!031143>
[142]
Wednesday, November 3rd, 1943.

Temperature 56°. A beautiful day.

I received a self-excusing letter from Ernest Henson, together with another copy of his mischievous "Parish Magazine". It is anything but a religious publication, being almost completely filled by a report of a meeting in which it was agreed at his suggestion to establish a branch of the "Never Again, Association". Ernest's heart is not in his pastoral task: and his self-deluding vanity feeds on the applause which can surely be garnered by the clergyman who exchanges the rôle of Christ's witness for that of a demagogue, formulating and exaggerating the lower sentiments of the multitude. I am really sorry that it should be possible to bring him under such a description: but he is now a man, ~~but he now~~ nearly 60 years of age, and his "learning" time is ended.

Dr Everett called, and talked with me for best part of an hour. He gave me a very ill account of ^the^ moral situation created **[143]** by the presence of large numbers of American troops in the district, where his own duties have to be carried out. He emphasized the shocking behaviour of girls in their teens, many of them hardly out of school. They "fling themselves at" the black soldiers, with special pertinacity, haunt the public houses, are frequently drunken. Venereal disease and illegitimate babies, largely other than white, are becoming numerous, memorials of the War! He tells me (and this at least is good to hear) that the new aerodrome at Raden is to be taken over by British troops. Dr Everett has no high opinion of the "moral rescue" work of the Churches. He thought that the~~y~~ ^"workers"^ had little influence with mothers and were more disposed to talk about the monstrous depravity of their daughters than to take any effective action to improve them. But he admitted that it was not easy to say what useful action they could take. The evil is too extended, and too pervading for the best-directed voluntary agencies.

[144]

The village boys, inflamed by a lust for the chestnuts which grow in the front garden of this house, have enabled themselves to gain entrance thereto by the facile and familiar method of picking out the flints from the wall, & thus providing a foot-hold for getting into my ground. This makes the total ruin of the wall fairly certain in a short time unless the said foot-hold is speedily blocked, but in the circumstance of labour-shortage which now obtain, there is small likelihood of getting this repair executed.

The rabbit which has already worked havock in the wall-flowers which promised so well for next year, renewed its activity last night. Dade is at his wits end to find a method for destroying the brute.

The mole has diverted his tunnelling from my garden towards the pond beside the garage, and for the time, its ravage is suspended!
In the afternoon I walked slowly round Chattisham, enjoying the fresh air & bright colouring of a perfect November afternoon.

A brisk raid about 8 p.m. extinguished the electric light, and kept us in considerable perturbation. It lasted about an hour, & we went to bed.

<!041143>
[145]
Thursday, November 4th, 1943.

Temperature 58°. A still, misty morning.

Dade offered me the hospitality of his wireless set, which, being independent of electric light, was still working. The news from the War-fronts continues to be good.

No letters, but a "birth-day cake" from the ever faithful Nancy Wynne-Willson. In a world, rent and darkened by falseness, it is something to possess even one loyal friend.

I walked to enquire of Speed what news of the raid had come to him with his consignment of newspapers from Ipswich. He said that he had learned that the bombs had fallen on a school & a church in the outskirts of the city, but nobody was said to have been killed. But evidently it is all gossip, which, as it becomes concrete & detailed, grows ever remoter from the facts which it claims to affirm. When a trifling "nuisance" raid be so inconvenient & alarming, what must be the effect of the tremendous & concentrated destruction of the great German cities? There will be a fearful "aftermath" of starvation, epidemic, & frenzied social revolt, when the "Cease Fire" is at last sounded!

[146]

In the course of my afternoon "constitutional" I got into conversation with a heavy-looking man of lower middle-class or upper artisan type (when shall these hateful caste-phrases fall into desuetude and oblivion?), and he started speaking about the raid which had evidently rattled him considerably. He wished to know my opinion as to the effect of the War on Religion, and seemed surprized, and perhaps even somewhat scandalized when I replied that I thought the effect would not be favourable. He thought that it would make even irreligious and profane men fall to prayer, when they were suddenly confronted by imminent danger of sudden death. Was not Tertullian's famous dictum "Anima humana naturaliter Christiana", based on this assumption?

Tom Reid was piling sugar beet by the road-side in order that it might the more easily be removed to the sugar factory in Ipswich. He told me that six pounds weight of beets was required for the production of one pound of sugar. He was well-pleased with the crop.

<!051143>
[147]
Friday, November 5th, 1943.

Temperature 57°. Calm and misty morning.

We had a peaceful night for though some raiders crossed the coast, they effected nothing.

My only letter was a request that I would answer the question "Who is Jesus?" in 2000 words to be included in a second volume of answers to questions asked by soldiers concerning the Christian religion and life. The writer – Rev. Ronald Selby Wright is a military chaplain, a Presbyterian, in charge of a parish in Edinburgh, and, I learn from "Who's Who" under forty.

> "I do hope (he says) you will be able to answer "yes" as I feel it is most important. All royalties from these books go to Charity so there will be no fee!

I replied sympathetically, but pointing out that I did not understand the range & quality of the answer which would be suitable as I had not seen the first volume. I added that I was now an "octogenarian with failing sight" who could hardly put hand to any task reasonably".

If he is really anxious for something from me, he may send the book.

[148]

Lillie from Kersey came to see me, and (my ladies being away on another patriotic jaunt) had tea with me in my study. I was not altogether pleased to hear that he had called on Moulsdale before coming on to me, for I cannot divest my mind of the suspicion that Moulsdale "lays himself out" to get an influence with the younger men who come into the diocese, and that whatever influence he succeeds in gaining is unwholesome. This is, perhaps, the reason why neither the infirmity nor the lack of petrol which serve as explanation for his complete abstention from pastoral visitation of his parishioners, prevent him for regular attendance at meetings of the clergy in Ipswich.

I like Lillie, but surmise that he is considerably affected by the "Anglo-Catholic" fashion which runs so strongly among his clerical coævals.

I lent him Buchan's "Augustus", and gave him a copy of my two lectures on Reunion & Intercommunion which I delivered as a formal criticism of the deliverances of the Lambeth Conference of 1908. The latter will serve to open his eyes to the enormities of which the late Bishop of Durham is capable!

<!061143>
[149]
Saturday, November 6th, 1943.

Temperature 50°. A wet and chilly morning.

Birthday gifts begin to arrive. Yesterday I received a ginger bread cake from Nancy Wynne-Willson: and the post this morning brought me another ginger-bread cake from Isabel Braley, and a pot of honey from Dick the Vicar of Beverley. In the course of the morning Lord Woodbridge sent a consignment of butter & a fowl from his farm, and a bottle of his excellent sherry. Later in the afternoon, two more fowls arrived, the one from Churchwarden Parlett, the other from Tom & Evely Reid. I have degenerated into an episcopal fakir, who sits by the roadside with his begging-bowl paraded before all who pass by! But they are kind folk.

A decent old man hailed me as I returned from a visit to Washbrook Church. He expressed regret at the retirement of his vicar, Kirkpatrick ,whose preferment to another parish has just been announced. We spoke about the recent raid, and I was impressed by the Christian faith and fortitude which coloured his speech. Probably there are more quiet and devout disciples in these little country parishes than we commonly realize. They are not, & never will be “Anglo-Catholics”, but they are the Lord’s People, & the salt of the earth.

<!071143>
[150]
20th Sunday after Trinity, November 7th, 1943.

Temperature 47°. A cold uncertain day.

Early in the night there was a raid, and as the morning approached there was heavy rain.

The wireless at 9 a.m. includes an official report from an American General of the destruction in Naples carried out systematically by the Germans before they evacuated the city. Among other horrors it ~~is~~ contains an account of mutilations of the bodies of murdered civilians, especially women. This is surely as amazing as it is horrible, and appears to be as short-sighted as it is useless. What demon of fatuous savagery is possessing the minds of the men who direct the behaviour of these German armies? Everything is apparently "according to plan": but what plan? There must be some objective for which they are planning. They cannot be so stupid as to imagine that they facilitate the conquest of the world by creating a passion of hatred in the populations whom they pillage, torture, & destroy. Or are we confronted by a stupendous illustration of the familiar dictum - Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat?

[151]

I was much impressed by my way-side colloquy with the Old Labourer at Washbrook yesterday.

> "When I lie awake o'nights", he said "I say over to myself texts and hymns which I learned in the past & have never forgotten. When the raids are on, I say to myself, Well if I am to die tonight, I shall wake up in a better world than this. I remember how my old father died when I was a boy. He was in bed, & one day he said to me. "Boy, in six hours from now I shall have passed over". I did not much heed his words but went down, & told Mother. A little later I went upstairs again, & he was sitting up in bed very straight & strong, singing "Rock of Ages", and I ran to tell Mother that there was nothing to fear, for he was mending: but when we went up to him again, he had passed over, & was looking wonderful happy & peaceful.

Probably, the old man had been one of the old-fashioned Methodists, who frequented the parish churches, & did not regard themselves as Dissenters.

[152]

We went to church for Mattins, and I celebrated with difficulty after that service. There were only 4 communicants – Ella, Fearne, the schoolmistress, Miss Buckan, and myself. And the congregation was woefully meagre, partly, no doubt, owing to the sudden cold. I tried the experiment of using my episcopal Office Book, which has rather better type than the Prayerbook on the Altar. But I was flustered with the two books,& actually omitted to set wine on the Altar before the Consecration Prayer. The wafers had been placed on the patten before-hand. Accordingly the Blessed Sacrament was ministered after the Popish

manner, in one kind! This untoward incident troubled me, & I was annoyed by the profusion of lace on the "server's" cotta. The Rector began his sermon by saying that the Neronian martyrs perished in the Colosseum which did not exist in Nero's time, but was builded [sic] by Titus, some years after the tyrant's death. In spite of his zeal for the R.P.B. [Revised Prayer Book] he ignored the commemoration of Anglican worthies on my Birthday!

[153]

Letters acknowledging Birthday congratulations sent to the following:-
1. Canon Clayton
2. Eric Dawson-Walker
3. Charles Pattinson
4. Charles Norcock
5. D^{r} Everett
6. Alexander
7. Lady Thurlow
8. M^{rs} Braley
9. Nancy Wynne-Williams [sic]
10. Preb. Wynne-Willson
11. W. J. Bulmer
12. Martin Ellingsen
13. Bishop of Dunwich
14. Lord Woodbridge
15. M^{rs} Parlett
16. Tom & Evelyn Reid

<!081143>
[154]
Monday, November 8th,1940.

My 80th Birthday

E. H. Blakeney sent me the following

November 8, 1943.

The years slip by; the milestones of our life
Pass, one by one: & scenes, long known, fade fast.
But this at least is sure: affection bides,
And reverence – such as we, who greet once more
Your birthday's morn shall cherish to the end,
And now, beyond each shadow cast by Time,
Glimmers the coming of Eternal Day.

E. H. B.

I received a considerable number of "Birthday" letters, no doubt largely occasioned by the announcement in the Sunday papers.

Lady de Saumarez & Mrs Caulfield came to tea, bringing with them Birthday gifts – flowers, honey, & game. I was pleased at receiving very kind letters from the Bishops of Winchester, Norwich, Durham, and Dunwich. On the whole, I received the impression that there was, perhaps, more goodwill towards the late Palatine Bishop, still lingering in the minds of my contemporaries than I had supposed!

<!091143>
[155]
Tuesday, November 9th, 1943.

Temperature 54°. A beautiful day, milder.

Another batch of "Birthday" letters, including some from Lord Roche, Sir C. Grant Robertson, Alfred Spelling, Mary Radford, & Vera Ellingsen.

Colonel Bill Smith lunched here. He is badly bitten by British Israelitism, and gravely assured me, on the authority of the Hebrew prophets, that the modern Prussians were the descendants of the ancient Assyrians, and that [the] English were the only unmixed strain of modern European peoples: One cannot argue with the men who, though apparently sane, & claiming to have studied the problems of ethnology scientifically, are obsessed with this nonsense. I limited myself to a few mild but damaging gibes!

At 9 p.m. we heard on the wireless a complete report of the vigorous oration which the Prime Minister delivered in the Egyptian Hall at the customary Lord Mayor's Banquet. He was evidently determined to put his foot down on Sir Walter Citrine's protest against the demands now made on Fire Guards and Home Guards. He insisted on the vast strength of the German war-machine, & the certainty of costly fighting in the near future. Next year, he says, will witness the "climax" of the War.

<!101143>
[156]
Wednesday, November 10th, 1943.

Temperature 47°. A fine cold day.

Milford writes to tell me that some blundering has hindered him from sending me the advance copy of my vol. II which he promised. I doubt whether the book will appear before Christmas.

I received a few more "Birthday" letters, & wrote acknowledgements to the following:

1. Gerald Rainbow
2. Lord Roche
3. The Dean of Durham
4. Miss Gregory
5. The Bp. of St B. & I.
6. Audrey Pressland
7. Sir H. Milford

Mrs Fraser sends me as a Birthday present a pot of red currant jelly, & another of damson jam, both of her own making, adroitly accompanying her gift with a request that I should send a donation to her fund for sending Christmas presents to the local men now serving in the Forces abroad. I dislike this expanding habit of blended sentiment and corruption which finds expression in all this but what can I do, but strengthen it?

<!111143>
[157]
Thursday, November 11th, 1943.

Temperature 52°. A fine day but curiously cold.

I received a post card from Mr Selby-Wright:-

> "I am so glad you will help with the book. I have asked Oxford to send you the first series. It is very good of you, and we are much honoured."

On p. 147 I note the request to which this p.c. refers.

[Alan] Don writes in answer to my comments on his rather truculent address in S. Margaret's respecting the signing of the Solemn league and Covenant in that church two centuries ago. He is obviously trying to find some basis for the sturdy Episcopalianism distinctive of an hereditary Scottish Episcopalian which yet shall concede full Christian character to a Presbyterian Church:-

> "Apart from Episcopacy (in a constitutional form) I can see no hope of that organic union for which we much ever pray."

But what precisely is organic union? and what is "episcopacy in a constitutional form"?

The union betw. England & Scotland was not "organic" in the sense in which the Union between England & Ireland was, but the first has survived, and the last has failed ignominiously.

<!121143>
[158]
Friday, November 12th, 1943.

Temperature 50°. A dull cold cheerless day.

I received "Birthday letters" from Olivier Quick and Sir Vincent Baddeley.

I dictated letters to the Bishops of Durham, Norwich, & Winchester acknowledging their messages of goodwill, taking occasion to make some comments on the religious problem in the schools, and sending them the pamphlet on "Reunion & Intercommunion", which has recovered relevance in connexion with the South Indian Scheme. Also, I wrote to the Dean of Norwich (Cranage) who tells me that he is my junior by three years.

De Gaulle has made a bad start as recognized leader of the French provisional government. Without informing the British, and with culpable indifference to the probable, nay certain, effect of his action on the Arab communities everywhere, and on the conduct of the War in the Middle East, he has intervened with violence in the little state of the Lebanon, the independence of which had been formally admitted by both the French and the British Governments. It is apparent that a grave situation has been created, and how grave we shall only discover by degrees. But already there are sinister tokens of disturbance.

<!131143>
[159]
Saturday, November 13th, 1943.

Temperature 49°. A dull chilly dark morning.

My only letter was from my "sincere friend" Clarry - alias Clarence Ward, who is still in North Africa.

I have promised to "preach" to the Home Guard & British Legion who are coming to Mattins tomorrow. It is obviously impossible for me to do more than give a short address on the general subject of "Armistice Day", which fell on Thursday last. I might, perhaps, dwell on some rather sombre reflections, which our experience during the years that followed the War have suggested, e. g. we over-rated our victory. War was not ended.

> We under-estimated our enemy. Germany was not disarmed, and could not fulfil her Treaty-obligations.
>
> We failed to learn the lesson of our bitter trial.
>
> Instead of reformation, there was a riot of self-indulgence: instead of a return to Religion, there was a habit of greedy & sensual secularism: instead of discipline, there was indulgence.

So when the Second, & still more fearful War broke out, it found us as a nation & Empire unprepared, & we have learned the measure of our danger by the calamities of "total War".

[160]

General Smuts wrote a message which was read in the schools throughout the country on Armistice Day. It might well conclude my address:-

> The world is suffering today as perhaps never before in its history. Nations, great and small, have gone down before the brutal ruthless Nazi attack. Millions have lost all hope, and drift along like dumb driven cattle. But something remains, greater than disaster, greater than all the countless losses. It is FAITH, faith in our cause, faith in good, faith in God. Truly it is no world today for easy-going optimism, but for holding on, with both hands and with our very souls, to the things we believe in, the things which have raised us above the mere animal level, and which have never let us down. Faith is the password.
>
> Twenty-odd years ago, after another similar disaster, we pledged our allegiance to the League of Nations. **[161]** We believe in goodwill and human cooperation in our effort to find a new way to future peaceful human society. We failed: the spirit in is was too weak to act up to the level of the great Covenant. We pay to-day a heavier price than ever before for human frailty and failure.

> But we shall never sit down to defeat, or give up what we strive for. The faith in our race, in the light we have seen, in the attainment of our ideal, will continue to give us strength in our hearts.

A suitable text, perhaps, will be the great concluding word of Christ's discourse in the Upper Room on the eve of the Betrayal, The Denial, and the Cross:

> "In the world ye have tribulation: be of good cheer: I have overcome the world."

General Smut's call for Faith as the password to victory will follow fitly enough on the Master's appeal for trust in Him, and pledge that His Victory enables ours.

<!141143>
[162]
21st Sunday after Trinity, November 14th, 1943.

Temperature 44°. A very cold day, essays at snow.

We attended Mattins at 11 a.m. There was but a small attendance of the Home Guard & British Legion, the parishioners were mostly absent, & the choir was composed of 5 small boys, whose performance, in the absence of the Rector's sister, was like the muttering of witches or the twittering of small birds!

My sermon was delivered badly from notes which I could with difficulty read. The audience was fairly close, & I trust ^the hearers^ were edified. Sir Wm Brass, accompanied by a young South African was present in uniform, and afterwards gave Ella and me a lift in his car as far as Hyntle Place. My eulogistic reference to General Smuts secured the warm approval of the S. African: & there were some other less obviously explicable eulogies which reached my ears. But these could not wholly succeed in removing my sense of failure.

Sir Wm Brass told me that opinion among the Members of Parliament with respect to this lamentable episode in the Lebanon is strongly critical of De Gaulle, who is credited with personal ambition & violent dislike of Gr. Britain.

<!151143>
[163]
Monday, November 15th, 1943.

Temperature 44°. Wet morning, & dark.

My post consisted of a belated letter from Clarry and two letters of my own addressed to poor Dick in the Italian camp, & now returned to me unopened, and stamped "reported deceased". They were severally dated, December 7th 1942, and February 7th 1943.

I received a birthday letter from Ralph! It is a very characteristic composition, and I have copied it into this journal as an authoritative statement of his judgement on the present situation, when the world is vocal with optimistic "planning" for establishing "the Kingdom of God on earth", and the final vindication of pacifist shirking & dreaming. But, though I dislike the pessimism, which indeed seems to me incongruous with belief in Divine Providence, I so far share his diagnosis of our present position as to be profoundly disturbed by the immediate consequences of the War. But I am fully convinced that we, as a nation, have acted rightly in refusing to make terms with the evil power & evil principle which Hitler and his debased nation have come to embody: and I think that we shall finally be vindicated.

[164]

Brightwell Manor
Wallingford
Nov. 12th, 1943.

My dear Herbert

> I see that you have just completed your eightieth year, so I must send you a line of congratulation, or to condole? I, at any rate, at 83 have had quite enough of it. As an individualist, a pacifist, and a Conservative, I can see no hope for our unhappy country. The effects of national bankruptcy have yet to be realized, and if the War ends as we hope, Russia will be supreme in two continents, and when did we begin to think Russia trustworthy? I was impressed by the prediction of Thomas Mann, the most eminent German writer, that within a few months the Germans will revolt, kill Hitler, and set up a revolutionary government. This would probably bring the war to an end for the Russians would not wish to fight against German colonists, & the Americans would **[165]** be glad to be set free to tackle Japan. But perhaps this is too much to hope….. I sold 4000 copies of my book of dialogues but the publishers cannot get any more paper…
>
> Yours affectely
> W. R. Inge.

Ralph is not alone in fearing the future dominance of Russia in Europe, as a result of the defeat of Hitler. Perhaps it would not be an excessive price to pay, for the Russians, though

still semi-barbarous, are teachable and kindly-natured. The Germans, though in some sense, civilised, are neither.

But I doubt whether in such apprehensive forecasts, sufficient importance is given to the result of the War on China, which will emerge from the conflict united, patriotic, militarist, or at least formidably armed & trained to warfare. There are at least 2 Chinamen for every Russian, and they are certainly not inferior in physical, mental, and moral quality. But all prophecies are vain, for the world is reeling, & we have no precedents behind, and no clear objectives before us.

[166]

Captain Glasier arrived soon after noon, and stayed for lunch. He left to return to London shortly after 3 p.m. I had much talk with him. He is a tall, well-built, well-mannered man, who is evidently devoted to [Lawrence] Holt*, and has acquired a curious resemblance to him. He told me much that interested me about the "merchant navy", and the "work" of the churches among the sailors. He expressed himself decidedly in condemnation of the resolute "tee-totalism" and eager proselytism of the religious societies e.g. Missions to Seamen, and evidently thought meanly of their success. He related an experience of his own in the early stage of his life at sea, an experience which, he suggested, may have coloured his opinion of the well-meant efforts of the Churches to assist the men of the merchant navy. He had been 22 months away from home on a sailing ship, when at last Falmouth was reached. Everybody was excited, & intensely eager to get ashore. A boat approached the vessel with a flag, which announced that it belonged to the Missions to seamen. An elderly parson was on the boat, & he inquired whether anything was **[167]** needed. There was an eager & general demand for newspapers, for the crew had seen none for months. The parson promised to return & bring a supply. About an hour & a half later he came back with bundles of newspapers, which were received with enthusiasm. But this enthusiasm gave place to vigorously worded resentment when, on opening the bundles, they were found to contain nothing but copies of the "Church Times" and other "religious" papers! The old parson came on board, & asked for permission to have a service. With some hesitation, the captain granted permission, and the service was held. It proved to be a dismal failure. For the opening hymn, "For those at peril on the sea", struck the wrong note, and the extemporaneous prayer which went on for 20 minutes offended everybody. The "orator" thanked God copiously for his 2 "godly" sons who were parsons, & some "godly daughters" who were advancing the Kingdom in divers admirable ways. Then he prayed for the men in great detail, enumerating their gross & distinctive iniquities. The address did nothing to mitigate the resentment which it evoked: and there was a general conclusion adverse to the cause which the "Missions to Seamen" aspired to serve.

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He explained the methods by which the spiritual welfare of the apprentices was secured as far as possible in the ships belonging to the Holts, and other leading shipping companies. They seemed to be very intelligently adapted to the need which they were intended to meet.

He was definitely hostile to proselytizing. He thought that the sailors resented the assumption that they were a specially ill-living body of men, &, in fact, they disliked being "jockeyed into religion". (This was not the Captain's phrase, but it gives its sense).

Of course, the attitude of Capt[n] Glasier must be considered, and in, in some sense, discounted by the fact that he is a trusted representative of an Unitarian Firm, & evidently deeply affected by the humanitarian Christianity of the Quakers, & especially by the personality of Lawrence Holt. Still, making all allowances, his testimony is important, and appears to be eminently worth consideration by all who would advance religion among sailors.

In answer to my inquiry about the Roman Catholics, he said that they appeared to have a much stronger hold over their people than the Protestants.

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Sir William Brass called for us in his car, & carried us to his house, where we dined, & were afterwards shown the coloured photographs, which he himself had taken during his recent visit to Canada as a member of the Parliamentary Committee, which had gone to that Dominion to inspect its war-effort. The day being the 21[st] anniversary of his election as a member of Parliament, he produced champagne, & gave us a dinner which was admirably cooked & contrasted sharply (and distressingly) with the accounts of privation from all parts of the continent. Every kind of physical indulgence, albeit legitimate & self-respecting, is now spoiled by the knowledge that the victims of this hideous war are perishing of hunger. The coloured photographs gave a most impressive view of the scale, variety, & effectiveness of the military, naval, and especially aeronautical preparations now being made in Canada. Sir William Brass was secretary to Neville Chamberlain* and retains a loyalty to his memory, which is very pleasing now, when we seem to be moving in an atmosphere of treachery. On the whole, I share his high estimate of a rather unfortunate statesman.

<!161143>
[170]
Tuesday, November 16th, 1943.

Temperature 44°. A dark, very cold day.

I occupied the morning in dictating letters in acknowledgement of Birthday 'congratulations'.

In the afternoon I had tea with Mrs Johnston. We had a long conversation about religious and ecclesiastical subjects, especially as these are suggested by their parochial illustrations. It is quite apparent to me that there is a deep dissatisfaction in serious minds such as Mrs Johnston's as to the spiritual quality of the accentuated Anglo-Catholicism within the parish church, which co-exists with an almost total cessation of pastoral visitation outside it. The Rector's continuing indisposition may, perhaps must, excuse his continuance in an office & receipt of the official income, while he is physically unable to do more than the trivial official duties which the law prescribes. The plea could not rightly be allowed in normal times, but in the abnormal conditions created by the war its validity can hardly be disputed.

"Necessitas non habet legem". The permanence of an "Anglo-Catholick" type of religion is secured by the fact that the patronage of the parish is vested in the hands of an "Anglo-Catholic" trust, the Committee of St Chad's College in Durham.

<!171143>
[171]
Wednesday, November 17th, 1943.

Temperature 44°. Very cold and gloomy.

I received a type-written letter from that rather depressing & impracticable parson, who excelled in photography though not in the pulpit, John W. Haswell, Vicar of Christ Church, Sunderland. He has been reading vol I of my Retrospect, which he had borrowed from the Public Library, & is moved to write to me:-

> "You may be interested to know that since it was added to the Library in July of last year, it has been in constant demand…
>
> If it is not presumptuous, I might express my feelings in the sentence that you use in your recent book to describe your relationship with the late Dr Samuel Butcher – "My acquaintance with him was too brief and occasional to allow me to claim him as a friend, but I admired him, & held his memory in affectionate respect."

I wrote a long letter to Ralph in acknowledgement of his Birthday "congratulations", for it seemed to me something which I might assume to be designed as an "olive-branch" and might be fitly met by a friendly response. We are too old friends to go apart now.

<!181143>
[172]
Thursday, November 18th, 1943.

Temperature 44°. A cold uncomfortable day.

I wrote to Mary Radford,* and dictated letters to Linetta,* Lawrence Holt, Cavell, and Blakeney thus completing such of the Birthday letters as I feel bound to acknowledge.

In the afternoon I walked round the parish by the longer route, while Ella and Fearne were engaged in a working meeting of patriotic ladies which gathered in the "smoking room". "Tubby" Clayton* has written an interesting account of his discovery in Shetland of an inscribed stone, said to be Pictish, & to provide the most important monument of Pictish culture now extant.

I could not but recall the furious quarrel between Sir Arthur Wardour and Mr Jonathan Oldbuck at the dinner party at Monkbarns. The subject of dispute was the derivation of a place-name. Was it Pictish or Scottish? Appeal was made to Lovel who tried diplomatically to avoid the main question by commenting on the singular poverty of the Pictish language, which had survived only in a single word, respecting which the linguistic authorities were divided. But his placable purpose failed to restore harmony.

<!191143>
[173]
Friday, November19th, 1943.

Temperature 44°. Sunshine, cloud, and cold.

I received a letter from that excellent man, [Henry] Stephenson,* the Rector of Gateshead, who still holds on in spite of advancing years, and the countess difficulties created by the War. He writes to tell me about the religious vagaries of a quondam curate of his, A. M. Ross, whom I ordained with some trepidation somewhere about 14 years ago. He was originally a Unitarian, then he went to Mansfield college and from thence gravitated to Anglicanism. After a preliminary interval of lay-work in Gateshead he was ordained to the priesthood, & for 2 years was on Stephenson's staff. But he was not yet anchored. He moved from the genial latitudinarianism of Gateshead to the Anglo-Catholicism of the Scottish Episcopal church. Now he is a Papist, and works as a "Welfare Visitor". He teaches history in R. C. Secondary Schools & is now at Kingston-on-Thames Grammar School. He "wants to come back to the C. of E. as a School Chaplain"!

> "It is not a case of L. s. d.: he is very well paid, he is married [to] a churchwoman, and has two children.

[174]

Stephenson warns me that I shall probably receive inquiries about him.

> "He seemed to me quite sincere… I hope it will be possible for him to come back. He has never been a Roman priest, nor taken steps under the 'Clerical Disabilities Act'… Morally, there is nothing whatever against him.

I do not see how he could rightly be appointed to a school chaplaincy before he has given sufficient evidence that he has conscientiously abandoned the errors of Rome, and can conscientiously accept the Anglican Version of Christianity as set out in the official standards of the Church of England.

I remember foretelling that he would reach anchor in Papistry. It would appear that that anchor is now losing hold. He will probably join the waxing crowd of those who have broken away from all form of organized Christianity, and are now adrift "Without God in the World".

He was, as I remember him, an odd, rather angular young man, who impressed me as unusually intelligent, but strangely incoherent and soul-hungry.

<!201143>
[175]
Saturday, November 21st, 1943. [sic] [Nov. 21st was a Sunday]

Temperature 44°. A pleasant bright day.

Somebody, probably Lawrence Holt,* or possibly [Lawrence Pearsall] Jacks* himself, sent me Jack's book – "The Confession of an Octogenarian" – and I started to read it, and found it so interesting that I could not lay it down, and had read half of it before the day had run its course. It is delightfully written, every page scintillates with oracles: and it is very illuminating. In many respects his early experiences, and his reaction to them, were curiously similar to my own, though, of course, he is far my superior both in intellect and character, and he never came into the mingle-mangle – so absorbing and so morally and mentally enfeebling – of ecclesiastical life. The book contains some admirable descriptions of leading Unitarians, but I take the impression that the atmosphere of Unitarianism is that of a small, closely-related intellectually conceited body, much given to mutual admiration & a superfluous criticism of the larger world from which they are for various reasons excluded. Jacks was evidently "captured" by Bostonian Unitarianism, and not unaffected by the amplitude & prodigality of American Wealth.

<!211143>
[176]
22nd Sunday after Trinity, November 21st, 1943 [**Sunday next before Advent**]**.**

Temperature 44°. A dull morning.

At the last moment before starting from the house, for the church, I discovered that it was "The Sunday next before Advent", and had to read the Epistle & Gospel for that day with the object of assisting my eyes when reading them at the Celebration.

We attended Mattins, and heard a rambling discourse from the Rector professedly based on the words in the orthodox epilogue of the dubiously orthodox book ^(Ecclesiastes)^, which had a hard fight to secure its place in the Jewish Canon – "This is the end of the matter, all hath been heard. Fear God and keep His Commandments, for this is the Whole Duty of Man." Moulsdale affects, & possibly imagines that he is something of a Biblical Critic: but, in point of fact, albeit from time he startles his rustic hearers by informing them that David did not write the Psalter, nor Solomon all the Proverbs, nor Moses Deuteronomy: he is temperamentally a thorough-going obscurantist and never fails to emphasize any exegesis of Scriptural text, which can be twisted into harmony with the "Catholic Faith"! The church was extremely cold, & this circumstance did not assist the preacher's effort. There were but 4 communicants apart from myself.

[177]

Some weeks ago Moulsdale advised me to employ one of the serving boys to cut my hair, assuring me that he had operated successfully on his own head, and that he was apprenticed to an excellent hair-dresser in Ipswich. Yesterday, the farmer Ladbroke, who had tea with us assured me that he also had made proof of the youth's skill, and had been satisfied. Rather rashly I said to the lad,^ Cecil Barker^, when leaving the Vestry after the service, that I should, perhaps, entrust myself to his hands, & would let him know when it would be convenient to me that he should undertake the task of "shearing a Chief shepherd". This was, perhaps, rather unwise, since if the lad succeeds, the fame thereof will reach the ears of Mr Speed, & cause him to be mightily aggrieved! There are some disadvantages about life in a small country parish. Among these must certainly be counted the facility with which the most private & unimportant details of domestic life are made known to the entire community, & not rarely expand rapidly into the most elaborate legends.

I walked for nearly an hour in the course of the afternoon.

<!221143>
[178]
Monday, November 22nd, 1943.

Temperature 47°. Milder but clouded.

At last the bound copy of vol. II arrived, & with it a letter from Milford stating that the book would be published on December 9th. The outside cover is filled with 'Some Press Comments on Volume I'. These are 8 in number, & are all extravagantly, almost grotesquely, laudatory. I never feel so absurd as when I read this sort of meaningless comment. And I am always puzzled to determine how much is suggested by the publishers desiring to advertise their publications, and how much is due to the "reviewers", honestly desiring to give me pleasure, and quite unconscious of the actual reaction of my mind to eulogies which I know to be excessive. There are, indeed, persons whose approval I desire, and in whose expressions of it I find genuine satisfaction. But they are not many, and rarely write signed reviews. However, if one is fool enough to dabble in "Autobiography", one may not refuse to pay the price of one's folly. I suspect that vol. II will not evoke so much laudation, and I think it probable that it will evoke hostile criticism in many quarters. It is, indeed, much more open to criticism, & even to denunciation.

[179]

I received and answered letters from the following:-

1. A. E. Ross announcing his wish to return to the C. of E. and assuming (rather brazenly) that there would be no difficulty about his being welcomed & employed in spite of his 12 years sojoun [sic] in the Scarlet Woman's lap. I wrote to him in terms which, though kind, were severe, & ought to open his eyes to the actual situation into which he has brought himself.

2. To Canon Stephenson telling him what had been the nature of my reply to Ross, who (I gathered) had been encouraged by Stepenson's unmanageable kindness to imagine that he wd be welcomed with the fatted calf in his long deserted Anglican home.

3. To an unknown Freemason named Ouston, living in Bishop Auckland, who had been moved to write pleasantly to me on the occasion of my 80th Birthday:-

> "We still walk in the Park, my little boy, aged 9 and I, and I try to remember the things you told us in those days **[**when the Freemasons came to the annual service in the Chapel**]** and try to tell them to him**]**[sic]. The Park is sadly changed… The trees are still as beautiful, & very, very beautiful **[180]** they were this autumn, and yet on entering the gates, we know you cannot possibly pass us, and we always felt it a benediction to have seen you. I read the first volume of your Autobiography…. I hope in the 2nd vol. you will be less critical of yourself, and take account of the affection which many hearts hold for you. I know many…. I often see Mr Alexander in the Street. He looks very tired & like the Park as if something had gone from him."

Am I mistaken in finding the note of sincerity in this? Or is it an exorbitant hunger for whatever provides sustenance for self-esteem, that fastens on anything, however intrinsically meaningless, that can support the vainglorious imagination that the people in Durham did really lament my departure? I cannot answer such questions. Perhaps, the Lord's admonition, "Juge not", is not altogether irrelevant to the tendency, as futile as it is potent, to sit in judgement on one's self. Yet S. Paul says "If we discerned ourselves, we should not be judged".

<!231143>
[181]
Tuesday, November 23rd, 1943.

Temperature 42°. A dull, dark morning.

Beyond a letter from Linetta, telling me that her husband must face an operation in his throat, for some unintelligible reason, I had no letters.

Ella and Fearne went to Ipswich, and I wrote to Lawrence Holt thanking him for sending me Jack's "Confession of an Octogenarian" – which I assumed to have come from him. I wrote:-

> The book interested me so much that I could not lay it down until I had read it from cover to cover. The candour, lucidity, and humour with which it is written commended a narrative which appealed to me in no common measure. There were points of resemblance between the Author's career and my own which (though he is a very great man, and I am assuredly a very small one) I could not fail to note, and my life covered the same time, and was longo intervallo coloured by many of the same influences…. I have been specially impressed by the concluding chapters, especially **[182]** that headed "The discovery of the N. T.", which I have read more than once. Someday, perhaps, I may tell you where I find myself unable to approve the method, or wholly to endorse the conclusion to which it led a man vastly abler than myself. But now, I only wish to thank you heartily for the book which has given me so much pleasure, & so much food for thought.
>
> Always, affectely your Friend
> H. Hensley Henson
> Bishop

About 7 p.m. the serving lad, Cecil came to complete his performance on my head. Yesterday he cut my hair, and today he washed my head. And he will not reach the age of 15 until Janry 1st! To think that the late Palatine of Durham should be reduced so low as to have his hair cut by an Anglo-Catholic choirboy in a village parish! "He hath put down the mighty from their seat". And the lad acquitted himself quite sufficiently well.

<!241143>
[183]
Wednesday, November 24th, 1943.

Temperature 49°. A mild, sunny morning.

My solitary letter was from Captn Glasier acknowledging receipt of the Reports, which I had returned him. He writes:-

> Mr Lawrence Holt wholly agrees with your idea that "Pilgrim's Progress" for ships' lifeboats is a far better alternative to Q. [Quiller-Couch] "On the Art of Reading". I have written to Dr Mansbridge telling him that when the time comes to extend the scheme we wish "Pilgrim's Progress" to be used.

This is satisfactory enough. "Q"'s book could hardly be very uplifting to a boat-full of torpedoed sailors "alone on a wide wide sea". "Pilgrim's Progress" must be interesting, & might be also uplifting.

I dictated letters to the following.

1. Bishop Nickson
2. Linetta
3. Gilbert - promising vol. ii as soon as possible
4. Harold

The effect of the tremendous bombardment of Berlin which was reported yesterday, is said to have been uncommonly destructive.

[184]

The Labour Party is not appeased or conciliated by the Home Secretary's very frank and satisfying (to all reasonable men) [statement?] about the release from prison of Sir Oswald Mosley and his wife. The leading article in the 'Daily Herald' is distinctly hostile, and there are signs that something like an agitation may be set on foot in the constituencies. I suspect that the revolutionary gang which hopes to employ post-war disillusionment in the interest of the Class War, perceives its opportunity and of course, this would be a valuable preparation for the General Election, which they hope (not without reason) may place a Labour Ministry, not merely in office, but also in power. The ample programme of social reconstruction – "Work, Food, & Homes" for everybody – which is outlined in the King's Speech which inaugurated the new session of Parliament this afternoon may, perhaps, indicate that the Prime Minister is looking in the same direction i. e. preparing for the next election by organising the time-honoured Tory manoevre [sic] known as 'stealing the Whigs' clothes'.

I walked for an hour and a half on the Hadleigh Road, &, on the way, had an interesting chat with an old farmer, named Debenham.