

# **Henson Journal Volume 53**

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[1]

**Monday, June 1<sup>st</sup>, 1931.**

### **Reunion of Clergy**

The weather was dull, but neither cold nor rainy. At 11.30 a.m. there was a celebration of the Holy Communion in the chapel, and 23 of the men communicated. Then followed lunch, to which there sat down 61. In the afternoon, everybody played games, and talked. I got some talk with some of them. Simmonds\* told me that the Archbishop of Canterbury had summoned him to Lambeth, had been most kind, and had promised to institute him to the Birmingham living. This will bring a long period of suspense to an end, but it will be rather humiliating to the Bishop of Birmingham. Birney\* told me that he has been summoned to preach to their Majesties next Sunday in Buckingham Palace. I gave him some good advice. At Evensong, I spoke to the men about the meaning of their assent to the 39 Articles, and said that I hoped they would avoid the "subtle casuistry" by which too many clergy now explained away their pledges. I do not think those of them who are "Anglo-Catholics" relished this!

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[2]

**Tuesday, June 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1931.**

The newspapers give great prominence to the Archbishop's decision to institute Simmonds over the head of the Bishop of Birmingham. Of course Barnes\* does not take his metropolitan's implied censure "lying down". He is the most militant pacifist I know. His letter is really an appeal to the Protestant gallery, but even for that purpose his reiteration of his strange refusal to invoke the law against the law-breaking Anglo-Catholics will have a paralyzing effect. Indeed, his position is logically, and in my opinion also morally untenable. As bishop he is as indifferent to his legal obligations as are his Anglo-Catholic rebels. Neither he nor they are loyal to their pledged word, he to enforce, they to obey the Law. The episode is a timely illustration of my argument that the Establishment is inoperative and morally indefensible. I don't envy Simmonds the necessity of keeping the peace with his triumphant patrons on the one hand, & his resentful diocesan, on the other.

[3]

I received a letter from Florence E. Booth\* beseeching me to "help the Army at this critical time" by opposing the Salvation Army Bill in the House of Lords. Since the Bill has been thoroughly sifted by the Committee of the House of Commons, I think it may fairly be assumed that the objectors have been heard. In any case, it hardly seems my business to concern myself with the domestic feuds of the Army.

I received from Streeter\* the proofs of the chapters in a projected book, which narrate the meticulous investigations which he has made into the history of the chained library of Hereford Cathedral. A textual critic turned antiquarian is a formidable phenomenon: but, lord!, what a pothe about a trifling curiosity, which could by no possibility have any real importance.

I completed a sermon for Commemoration mainly by incorporating the bulk of the sermon on 'Privilege' which I preached in 1913.

In the afternoon I motored to Sunderland, & had my hair cut. It rained heavily.

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[4]

**Wednesday, June 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.**

### **Convocation**

I left the Castle at 7.40 a.m., and motored to York when I attended the meeting of Convocation. We were all there, except the Bishop of Newcastle. The see of Bradford is still vacant. We discussed the future of the Church Congress: the functions of deaconesses: the marriage of innocent parties: & the status of suffragan bishops. Then I picked up Major Armstrong at the station, and drove to Alne, where, in the interesting old parish church, I baptized his daughter, Sarah Elizabeth. The Vicar, the Rev. H. E. Keyes, was beneficed in Middlesborough. After dining with the Armstrongs we motored back to the Castle, dropping the Major at Darlington on the way. We reached home at 11.15 p.m.

The weather was most unfavourable, rain falling persistently nearly all the day. The Archbishop was well & cheerful, but suffering from gout.

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[5]

Thursday, June 4<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

The whole morning was occupied with letter writing. In the afternoon I walked round the Park, and after tea motored to Durham, to see the Bishop of Jarrow. That tiresome fellow, Richards, is again proving recalcitrant. He will neither live in his house, nor attend service in the cathedral. I begin to think that he must be accounted mentally disturbed. It is not quite easy to see one's way with him.

**I received from the Secretary of the Life Boat Institution a proof of my speech on May 13<sup>th</sup>.**

*He allows himself to express his opinion of it:-*

*"May I very respectfully express my most sincere admiration for a speech which, both in matter and form, appears to me to reach the height of the dignified Oratory appropriate alike to the Cause & the occasion. I trust you will not regard such a tribute as impertinent. It is at any rate offered most sincerely."*

*This is interesting, but certainly does not accord with my own impressions.*

M<sup>rs</sup> Darwin\* & Lady Eleanor Denison came for a short visit.

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[6]

Friday, June 5<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**I wrote a letter to the Times on the Thirty-nine Articles**, being moved to do so by the debate in The Lower House of the York Convocation in which much folly was spoken.

Among those who attended Ella's weekly reception were the Deaconesses Panton and Emmet, both good and able women. The latter is the sister of the Modernist who died unexpectedly when visiting America.

I read through "Volume Two" by Katherine Mayo\*, author of "Mother India". It gives chapter and verse for everything she said in the earlier volume about child marriage. The book is painful reading, but quite convincing.

Charlie Lillingston told me that he was seriously meditating Holy Orders.

D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullogh & M<sup>r</sup> Thompson came to dinner. M<sup>rs</sup> Darwin played the piano, & we had much pleasant & discursive talk.

The weather has been fine, but with a cold wind.

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[7]

**Saturday, June 6<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A wet morning, very depressing. The rain continued to fall with great persistence until about 3 p.m. Then I walked up to Dawson's farm & back. The streams in the Park where [sic] in spate.

Lady Elinor Denison & M<sup>rs</sup> Darwin left the Castle about 11 a.m. on their way to Edinburgh.

I started work on a sermon for S. Paul's Cathedral, and practically finished it, before deciding on a text. Finally I decided on S. John vi. 67-69, "Jesus said, therefore, unto the Twelve, Would ye also go away? Simon Peter answered Him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life. And we have believed and known that Thou art the Holy One of God." My sermon dwells most on the service which the Church renders to the State, service which becomes the more valuable as the State becomes more frankly Secularist. Thus its general character is apologetic. There is no attempt to expound the text, which is hardly referred to: but it will serve to express what, perhaps, is the main suggestion of the discourse, namely, that **there is nothing in the aspect & outlook of secularized civilization to make us abandon Christianity.**

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[8]

**1<sup>st</sup> Sunday after Trinity, June 7<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

More rain last night, & a clouded day. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 7 communicants.

Ella went with me to Durham for the "University" sermon in the Cathedral. There was a very small attendance of dons and undergraduates. This was both disappointing, for I had taken pains over the sermon, and humiliating, for it showed that the Bishop is 'little accounted of' in the University.

Edward Lyttelton\* & his daughters were in the congregation. **Everybody was talking about an earthquake, of which the shock was felt at 1.30 a.m. last night.** I slept through it. Richards was in his place, & read the 1<sup>st</sup> lesson. He looked very ill.

Ella went with me to Sunderland, where we spent half an hour in visiting the Children's Hospital before going to the hut which does duty as the parish church of the new parish of S. Nicholas. It was crowded. I preached from S. John vi. 66f, giving a rough version of the sermon I propose to preach in S. Paul's Cathedral.

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[9]

**Monday, June 8<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The newspapers are filled with accounts of yesterday's earthquake, which, in extent though happily not in destructiveness, appears to have been without precedent in this island.

I finished the sermon for S. Paul's, & then essayed to clear up the hideous anarchy of my study table. Then I tried to collect materials for a speech at Hereford, when I give away the prizes at the Cathedral School, but with little success. It is in these functions that I realize most acutely the lack of a regular education. After lunch I walked in the Park with D<sup>r</sup> McCullough. The weather had become suddenly warm, so that even the gentle exercise of walking became exhausting.

The newspapers mostly ignore my sermons of yesterday. There were the merest snippets of a report in the local journals. I think there are signs that the reporters are growing weary of attending my preachings on the chance, a very small one, that I shall so speak as to provide them with "copy". There is no public demand for anything really religious, but an eager appetite for anything that is startling or might seem to be scandalous.

[10]

Tuesday, ~~May~~ June 9<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

I tried to put together some notes for the Hereford speech. Then Hudson from Willington came to consult me about a parishioner who is in the divorce court as a co-respondent. Shall he be admitted to Holy Communion? and, after his marriage with the respondent, shall the Vicar's wife call?

***Archbishop\* and Mrs Söderblom\*** arrived about 3.30 p.m.: and stayed the night. The Archbishop has been giving the Gifford Lectures in Edinburgh. I had much talk with him. He is very ardent about the negotiations for Reunion which Headlam\* and Ball are so keen in promoting. But he laments the refusal of Anglican representatives to communicate with the others.*

*The Bishop of Jarrow\* and Mrs Knight\* came to dinner. After we came into the State room, **the Archbishop played chorales and again on the organ in the Chapel. He is the most versatile and gifted man that I have ever met.***

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[11]

Wednesday, ~~May~~ June 10<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

*Our Swedish guests departed after breakfast. The Archbishop and I had some conversation before their departure. He is evidently much attached to Bell,\* but rather doubtful about Headlam. He admits his learning ability & devotion to the cause, but dislikes the hardness of his mind & the roughness of his manners. He said that the refusal of the Anglican representatives at Lausanne to communicate with the Protestants created the worst impression. He agreed with me heartily when I observed that I strongly suspected that Otto "had got hold of a mare's nest with his idea of the 'numinous'". He talked very interestingly about Heiler, who, he thinks, is unhappy at Marburg, where the reigning Lutheranism is coarsely Rationalistic. Heiler was carried out of Papistry into Lutheranism by his disgust of Mariolatry & his admiration of Luther's spirituality. He does not think much of Otto, whose discussions of worship are purely theoretical. "While we are at worship: he sits at home & writes about the meaning of worship". He had seen Loisy\* recently. The French Modernist is engaged on his memoirs, & expressed his [12] regret that Fredrich von Hügel\* was dead, since he would have to speak of him with severity, as one of those "Liberal Catholics" who had been described as 'the gravediggers of Modernism'! "Loisy", said the Archbishop, "expresses himself with brutal directness. He is a farmer's son, & retains the manners of his class". He spoke with much evident resentment of the progress which the Papists are making in the little Baltic States.*

*Schweizer, he says, is a thorough-going Rationalist in his Christology. He urged me to write to him, & invite him here. He thought he would appreciate the invitation, & probably accept it.*

*I introduced the Archbishop to Hooker, whom to my surprise he had never seen. **He took Book V to his bed-room, & made extracts from the passages treating of the Eucharist. He said that he should cause his clergy to read Hooker. Evidently the judicious divine impressed him considerably.***

*Söderblom talked unceasingly & interestingly without intermission.*

[13]

I went into Durham, attended Evensong in the Cathedral, and afterwards confirmed 94 persons there, mostly girls. The number of confirmees at this service has greatly diminished. Why? After having tea with the Bishop of Jarrow, & discussing diocesan business with him, I returned to Auckland.

**I sent copies of Shweizer's new book to Jack Carr and Arthur Watts, two young men who are going to missionize in Africa, the one as a priest, the other as a doctor.**

Somebody sent me "The Churchman's Magazine" edited by J.A. Kensit.\* It contains an account of a singular outbreak of Protestant fanaticism. A certain Rev. H.B. Green has erected a church in Felixstowe to commemorate the "great & glorious deliverance" which

"in answer to the payers of God's people" was vouchsafed when the Revised Prayer-book was rejected. L<sup>d</sup> Brentford\* laid the Foundation Stone with a suitable inscription. Appeal is made to "the Protestant & Evangelical public to show their gratitude by subscribing to the memorial"!!

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[14]

**Thursday, June 11<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A fine day at last, very welcome. I wrote to M<sup>r</sup> Richardson with reference to the benefaction of £500, which he desires to make to the diocese from the estate of a deceased aunt. I want him simply to add it to my private "Barrington Fund".

I spent the morning in completing notes for my speeches in Hereford.

Charles [Pattinson]\* and I motored to West Hartlepool where, in S<sup>t</sup>Aidan's Church, I dedicated some panels on the sanctuary set up as a memorial to Canon Knowlden, who was Vicar of 32 years. There was a considerable congregation. I preached from Acts XI.24 "He was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith". After the service, his sister, who had come from Pinner to be present, came into the Vicarage, & thanked me for what I had said. The new curate, whom I ordained on Trinity Sunday, came back with me as far as Sedgemoor, where he took the motor omnibus to Durham. He seems to be settling in comfortably to his work.

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[15]

Friday, June 12<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

### Hereford

Charles went with me to Darlington, where we took train for Hereford, & by way of Birmingham to Gloucester, where we had an hour's visit. Then a slow train took us to Hereford where we arrived at 5 p.m., & were met at the station by the Dean. We found Sir Frederick and Lady Kenyon\* already arrived. Before dinner we went to the restored Chapter Library of the Cathedral. It presents the exact picture of the medieval library, the benches, cases, & chains are almost entirely original, having been recovered by the skill & pertinency of Streeter, who has pursued his quest with the skills of a detective. What is the real value of these restorations of a dead past. The actual use of the chained library, is, of course, nil: and its interest will be limited to a tiny minority of antiquarian-minded people. The bovine crowd of ~~usual~~ tourists will gaze without understanding, and depart without advantage. Why, then, this meticulous (and expensive) care of one obsolete monument? It is easier asked, than answered.

[16]

There was a dinner party at the Deanery. The new Bishop was there, and had some talk with me. I was relieved to hear him speak strongly against small bishoprics. He said that Coventry was far too small. He had read my letter on the 39 Articles, (it appeared in today's issue of the Times) and expressed complete agreement with it. Also, he volunteered approval of my refusal to give evidence before the Archbishops' Commission on Church and State.

Father Bull\* of the Cowley Brotherhood was dining, & with him I had some talk. He spoke to me about Father Conran's\* appointment to Lomax's\* precious Retreat House, & I had to tell him that I had vetoed it! I gather that there is a shortage of men in the Brotherhood, which is only what might be expected from the general decline of religious zeal. The timbered house in the main street was 'flood-lighted'. We went out after dinner to see it.

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[17]

Saturday, June 13<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

### Hereford

*There was an interesting article by Streeter on the Times on chained libraries, and a good photograph of the Hereford specimen. **The prize distribution took place in the Shire Hall.** The Principal of B. N. C. was there, & several Headmasters of adjacent schools. I spoke for about 20 minutes, and "brought the house down" with the story of Busby & the witty boy, who escaped a flogging by his wit. Anything that touches on flogging, & suggests a victory of the boy over the pedagogue has an easy entrance to boys' understanding!*

*Then we adjourned to the Town Hall, whence we lunched, and I proposed the Toast of the Cathedral School. I worked in another Busby story – that in which he scored off Petre – and again drew applause. **But really to carry down a speech by anecdotes is a confession of oratorical incompetence.** An ardent City Councillor insisted on showing 'the Old House to Kenyon & me. A certain amount of old [18] 17<sup>th</sup> century ^furniture^ has been collected, and a copy of the "Breeches' Bible". Lloyd's Bank presented the House to the Town, and it is now being maintained s a kind of museum, to which a payment of sixpence admits visitors.*

*We went to the Cathedral for the formal opening of the restored Library. The function took place in the North Transept. The Dean took more than half an hour in relating the history of the restoration. He was extremely dull & prolix, so that the assembly, which was numerous, tended to slumber! Kenyon spoke for about half an hour. He was quiet, rather donnish, and interesting. Then I spoke for 15 minutes, and the Bishop pronounced the Benediction. The day had become sultry and I developed a headache. As soon as I could get away, I went back to the Deanery, & lay down. To be so sensitive to states of the atmosphere is certainly a grave practical disadvantage.*

[19]

A quiet little man with an apologetic manner addressed me in the Cathedral, & explained that he was "M<sup>r</sup> Bowen's\* successor". At first, I could not imagine what he meant, but then I remembered that Bowen was the congregational minster in Hereford, in whose chapel I preached when I was Bishop. He said that his people still talked of it. "The evil that men [sic] lives after them"!

**It is most humbling to find how few of these people I can remember. Eleven years ought not to make so complete a gaol-delivery of one's memory.** Even when I recall their faces, I cannot remember their names; & when I venture a courageous falsehood, & affect to know persons who claim acquaintance with me, more often than not I am swiftly and woefully found out!

An Ordination candidate, John Anderson Davies, came to see me at the Deanery at 6 p.m. He is 27 years old, the son and brother of clergymen. His entire education was some years at Hereford Cathedral School, where, according [20] to his own account, he did not distinguish

himself. I myself confirmed him when I was Bishop of Hereford. He has been employed in a Bank for 8 years. The worst thing against him is the fact that he has spent 18 months at S<sup>t</sup> Paul's Brotherhood, Little Bardfield. *I consented to allow him to sit for the Deacon's Examination in August, but said that he could not be ordained unless he did really well.* This young man impressed me well, but I have departed from the rigours of my own system in conceding so much.

We dined at the Palace. Streeter was there. He is going to Japan to give lectures in Tokyo at the invitation of the Imperial University. His book, "Reality", has been translated into Japanese, & attracted much attention. It is certainly a notable event that an Anglican clergyman should be officially invited to speak on philosophical & religious subjects in a great "pagan" capital. Streeter will be absent from Oxford next term.

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[21]

**2<sup>nd</sup> Sunday after Trinity, June 14<sup>th</sup>, 1931. Hereford.**

*The weather continues to be close & warm, very inimical to energy & exertion of any kind. By the Dean's invitation, I celebrated in the Cathedral at 8 a.m. There were more than 100 communicants, including the Boys from the Cathedral School. The Bishop and his wife communicated, but took their places in the nave with the rest of the congregation. I was, perhaps, unwise in fatiguing myself at the start of the day, and yet I was glad to be at the Altar with the Boys. There is something particularly moving and gracious about the devotion of the Young!*

**There was a large congregation in the Cathedral when I preached at Mattins.** *I think that most of the audience could hear me, for I took great pains in delivering my sermon, & there were no signs of restiveness. My text was Eccles: XII.13.14 and my subject was "Christian Education". I made a few allusions to the 550<sup>th</sup> anniversary of the School, as the whole of its members were present before me. The Bishop asked me to give the [22] Benediction, & formally handed to me his pastoral staff. This was an act of courtesy which I appreciated.*

There was a violent thunderstorm in the course of the afternoon. The lightning played odd pranks with M<sup>rs</sup> Underwood's wireless installation.

I called on Lilley,\* and had some talk with him. Then Miss Maud Bull captured me, and showed me the library, which Dean Leigh\* caused to be built, & which has now been effectively medievalized.

After tea with M<sup>rs</sup> ~~Underwood~~ Lisle Carr at the Palace, we called on M<sup>rs</sup> Underwood, & were shown the disorder caused by the lightning.

I attended Evensong in the Cathedral. The sermon was preached by Father Bull, an "old Herefordian". He held forth for more than 35 minutes, and very incoherently. He made no allusion to the interesting occasion, &, indeed, the boys of the School must have had a "thin time"!

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[23]

Monday, June 15<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

The temperature was much cooler & fresher after the storm of yesterday & the rain last night. A cloud-burst in South Wales and a disastrous whirlwind in Birmingham are reported in the morning papers. The Kenyons went off after breakfast, & then the Bishop of Hereford called for us in his car, & drove us to Gloucester, where we took trains to London, where we arrived about 2.30 p.m. Ella & I drove as far as the Athenaeum together, and there parted. I to the Club with my bags, she to the S. Paul's Deanery, with hers.

After visiting the hair-dresser, I had tea in the Athenaeum, & then walked to Westminster, where I visited the Abbey, & then went to the Deanery, where I had arranged to meet M<sup>r</sup> Adrian Savage, the young artist who is to draw me for the Grillions. M<sup>rs</sup> Foxley Norris most kindly allowed me the use of a room, and there we got to work at once. I sate for an hour, easing the tedium of the sitting by conversation. M<sup>r</sup> Savage in 30 years old, married, has one child, and is a Roman catholic.

[24]

I dined with mine host & hostess. The dowager Lady Ridley, Lord Peel, and M<sup>rs</sup> Scobell(?) formed the party besides ourselves. After the ladies had withdrawn, we had some interesting political conversation. The general impression among Conservatives appears to be that the Government will weather the present storm.

[symbol]

**I read in the Times this morning the announcement that Lord Wenlock\* had died.** He was Vicar of S. Andrew's, Bethnal Green, when I went to the Oxford House in 1889, and S<sup>t</sup> Clair Donaldson\* was his curate. I was greatly attracted to both of them, and never ceased to maintain an affectionate connection with them. There was a simplicity, a loyalty, and a genuine sense of humour in Algy Lawley, which made him very dear to his friends. He sent me a contribution to the diocesan funds last winter with a loving message. His death creates a gap in the narrowing circle of my friends, which cannot be filled.

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[25]

**Tuesday, Jun 16<sup>th</sup>, 1931. London.**

I breakfasted with mine host, & then walked to Westminster, where I attended the meeting of the Church Assembly. The Archbishop of Canterbury presided, & looked more vigorous than I had been led to expect. The proceedings were mortally dull. I made a very brief speech in criticism of Partridge's exaltation of the policy of "centralisation", which amused the Assembly but did nothing more. Why am I such a fool as to speak at all at that place? I lunched at the Athenaeum, & then returned to the Assembly. After staying there for an hour, I went to the Deanery, & sate next to M<sup>r</sup> Aidan Savage. Then I walked to Park Lane.

Ella and I dined with Lady Struthers.\* I sate between Lady Dunedin & Lady Butler, the daughter of old Dean Leigh of Hereford, both talkative women. I was tired, sleepy, and cross, so that I contributed nothing to the entertainment of the company, and received as much from it.

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[26]

Wednesday, June 17<sup>th</sup>, 1931. London.

I finished reading through a story which mine host lent me, & which seemed to have impressed him. "The Masterful Monk" by Owen Francis Dudley. It is published by Longmans, but might suggest rather a volume issued by Burns & Oates. For it is a very crude piece of Papist propagandism. As such, however, it is not without interest, and, since it has been several times reprinted, is evidently not without importance. It discloses the Roman method in making proselytes, and, perhaps, indicates the appeal which the Papist proselytisers find most effective. Modern science is presented in the person of a rather brutal & cynical edition of Huxley as proclaiming a debasing Gospel of Sexual license, & a heroic, eloquent, irresistible monk appears as the champion of virtue. It is a poor piece of work, but may be sufficient for its purpose.

[27]

It was raining when I left the house after breakfast, so I took a taxi, and drove to Westminster; and attended the session of the Church Assembly. The dullness of the proceedings (which was mortal) was relieved by an encounter between the Dean of Westminster,\* & that persistent and pragmatic bore, Douglas, who had allowed himself to make some rash statements in a speech overnight. The Dean had an overwhelming case, which he somewhat weakened by his vehemence. But he was supported by the Bishop of Woolwich, and Chancellor Macmorran, & Douglas was completely annihilated. I lunched at the Deanery, and, after an hour in the Assembly, went to the House of Lords, where the Patronage Measure was to be dealt with. Lord Middleton\* introduced it, & it was effectively supported by Lords Buckmaster\* & Sankey\*, by Lord Selborne\* & the two Archbishops. It was opposed by Lord Atkin\* & the Bishop of Norwich. I did not speak; & I abstained from voting. But it was carried by 65 to 18. L<sup>d</sup> Scarbrough\* drove me back to Park Lane.

[28]

*I dined in the Merchant Taylors' Hall where the Lord Mayor was entertaining the Archbishops & Bishops. The Mansion House is being renovated & the Chief Magistrate of London has to exercise his hospitality in borrowed Halls. Ella joined me with Ralph [Inge]\* and Kitty.\* She had the Archbishop of Canterbury on the other side. I noted that his Grace ate heartily of the whole menu. I had beside me Lady Wakefield & her husband. They were pleasant, and conversational. The speeches were not remarkable, save that **the Lord Mayor in replying to the toast of his health took up his parable on the subject of Disestablishment with an obvious reference to the Bishop of London Durham!** He also pronounced a hearty eulogy on Canon Alexander\*, for his work in saving the Cathedral. This would hardly have pleased Ralph, to whom Alexander is abhorrent.*

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[29]

Thursday, June 18<sup>th</sup>, 1931, London.

*The Lord Mayor's pronouncement on Disestablishment last night was so unexpected and so irrelevant to his proper purpose in replying to the toast of his own health that it rather startled the company. There was ^^ little vehement applause from a small section of the guests, but mostly it was received in silence, while many eyes were directed on me. His Lordship went on to rebuke those who held that London was a godless city, and pointed to the size and the reverence of the crowds that, on Armistice Day, gather around the Cenotaph in Whitehall as demonstrating the essential piety of the City. This pronouncement also was, perhaps, levelled at me as the author of the shameless suggestion that the observance of Armistice Day might well be brought to an end. His marked eulogy of Canon Alexander and his total silence about the Dean when referring to the preservation of S. Paul's were certainly significant. The Bishop of London described the Lord Mayor in terms of fulsome compliment.*

[30]

*Several bishops, who were present at last night's banquet, confirmed my opinion that the Lord Mayor's denunciation of Disestablishment was received very coldly, and assured me that most people thought it superfluous and unfitting.*

*I sate in the Assembly most of the morning: the dullness of the proceedings was disturbed rather than relieved by a pitiable speech from the Bishop of London on the poverty of the clergy, a theme which he has laboured ad nauseam, and of which we are all heartily sick. It is a grave misfortune for the Church of England that so volatile a prelate should preside over its principal see. **There was an unfriendly paragraph in the 'Yorkshire Post' about the Bishop of Durham in which it was stated that he had described the opponents of the Revised Prayer Book as 'the Protestant underworld', &, by doing so, had brought about the rejection of the book.***

[31]

*I was sufficiently annoyed to write to the Yorkshire Post, which was a foolish thing to do.*

*I lunched at the Club, and then wrote to Dick. Then I went to the Deanery at Westminster and sate for an hour to Mr. Aidan Savage, when I returned to the Athenæum, and, after a small dinner, **went to S. Paul's, where I preached to a considerable congregation. It was the annual Thanksgiving Service of the Church in the East End.** I was impressed by the fervour with which the large assembly sang the hymns. Ralph attended the service, and we talked together for half an hour in the Deanery afterwards. He spoke with almost ardent approval of Temple's\* Oxford addresses. having now ceased to write for the Evening Standard, and gained an assured position in the public esteem, he seems to be disposed to devote his remaining energies to Religion. Next Lent a mission in the Cathedral is projected. The two new canons, Quick\* & Mozley\*, together with the Dean provide an unusually competent set of Missioners.*

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[32]

Friday, June 19<sup>th</sup>, 1931. Oxford.

The Bishop of Jarrow spoke to me in the Club about Lillingston's\* marriage, which is now presumably a matter of general knowledge. He spoke in terms of strong condemnation. That a dignified clergyman in his 67<sup>th</sup> year should marry for the 3<sup>rd</sup> time is not an attractive proceeding. When Lillingston informed me of his purpose some days ago, I told him frankly that I could not approve it: that it would offend many: that it would injure his reputation, and reduce his influence. I quoted S. Paul's admonition, "Take thought for things honourable in the sight of all men", and I made it apparent to him that in my judgment he was acting unworthily. I could not say that he was breaking the moral law, nor could I deny that he was entitled to avail himself of the liberty in respect of marriage affirmed in Article XXXii viz: 'to marry at his own discretion, as he shall judge the same to serve better to godliness'.

[33]

The truth is that Lillingston has no sufficient employment. His canonry entails little work ^for 3 months in the year^, and, for nine months in the year, no work at all. If he were a man of intellectual power and studious habit, he would find this absence of official obligations very welcome, since it would enable him to employ his leisure in some congruous literary work. In Durham he has libraries within reach, and he is in the midst of a University. There is no lack of opportunity, if he had the mind, to render academic service. But he has never disclosed any disposition or competence in this direction. He drifted into publicity as a preacher of the approved Evangelical type, and his vehement Protestantism, which reflected the influence of his vicar Prebendary Webb-Peploe\*, commended him to the narrowest section of the narrowest faction of the English Church. As he advanced in years, the facility of speech, which was almost his entire equipment as a preacher, began to fail him. He ceased to be interesting, he had never been respected, he could not become venerable. Hence his decline into a third marriage!

[34]

After breakfast I left Park Lane, and went to the Athenæum where I spent the morning, save for a visit to the Bookseller. Lord Summers, Buckle\*, & Lord Dawson were in the Club, & I had some talk with them: all are very gloomy as to the state of national affairs. I lunched in the Club, & then drove to Paddington where I took train for Oxford. On arriving there, I drove to All Souls. Frank [Pember]\* was in his study we talked together, until Johnstone came & carried me to Keble, where he had got together some Ordination candidates who had not yet determined in which diocese they would be ordained. After talking to them for an hour, I returned to All Souls, & wrote a letter of condolence to Lady Wenlock. I dined alone with Frank, and we had much intimate talk together. Next year he will reach the age of seventy, and must, under the statutes which are now obligatory, retire from the Wardenship. He will go to his castle in Shropshire, & live as a country-gentleman. His old age promises to be happy & honourable.

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[35]

**Saturday, June 20<sup>th</sup>, 1931. Oxford.**

The most irrational and least excusable temper in which a man can indulge is surely the temper of discontent with his secular circumstances. For he may know of a surety that, however depressed and comfortless these may be, they are superior to the circumstances of men who are in all respects more deserving than himself. It is at first sight very surprising that discontent should be often the temper of the relatively successful. In their case, however, their very success has bred two auxiliary sentiments, ambition and envy, which add intensity to the normal temper. Every advance stimulates appetite, and every failure breeds envy. The very poor and miserable, lying prone on the soil which is their bed of misery, have no prospects and conceive of no possibilities. But the successful man is a climber, and every upward step brings into his view new & wider scenes. He claims ever more for himself as he realizes his potencies, & when he is outpassed by another climber, more vigorous or more fortunate than himself, he resents it sorely.

[36]

I breakfasted with mine host, & then strolled forth into the town, where I visited Blackwell's, and ordered some books, **including the new issue of Sir Thomas More's 'English Works' in 7 volumes, of which two have already appeared.** I said to the assistant, who seemed both intelligent and informed, that I supposed the value of the original edition in 1557 would now be reduced to nothing: and he replied to my relief (for I paid £60 for my copy of the original edition) that he did not think that the value of the said edition would be affected. I hope he is right, but I find it difficult to think so. Then I walked to Christ Church, and saw with delight the great improvements that have been carried out there and in Merton. The view of, and from the War Memorial is most beautiful. Christ Church Hall stands out majestically, and the foreground of turf & flowers sets it off admirably. This addition to the beauty of Oxford may be set in the scale against the hideous haste and peril of the streets.

[37]

***I called on Watson\* whom I found at home**, though about to leave for London. He said that in his opinion Westcott\* was now the least regarded of the great divines of the last century, that no one ever quoted him now, that his exegesis was obsolete, and his theology abandoned. This is interesting, and, I incline to think, true. Partly the reason may be that which makes Frank find Browning's poetry intolerable viz: its resolute optimism. Leaving Watson, I visited S. Mary's, where I found the northern gallery still standing, and the roof largely obscured by scaffolding erected for the examination of the timber, in which the death-watch beetle is said to working havoc. A drawing hung by the Screen represented the changes which are to be made in the church as soon as the money (£4000) can be raised. The verger waxed eloquent on the crowds which now attend the services, other than the University Sermon, which appears to be generally neglected! This is the end of term, & a mighty stampede of students is proceeding. My prospect of a congregation tomorrow would appear to be slight indeed.*

[38]

I lunched with Frank and his wife; and then walked and talked with Malcolm Ross for nearly two hours. He has just reached the important age, twenty one. I told him to choose a book, as a birthday present. ^N.B. He actually got a second!^ He is certainly a loveable and promising youth. His tutor thinks that he may get a first in the Final Schools. After having tea in the Coffee Room, I walked for an hour in Magdalen walk with Philip Westcott, an attractive and baffling young man, who desires to take Holy Orders, but is not sure whether he wants to be himself a Christian! He is evidently rather scatter-brained and versatile. His home influences are not spiritually helpful, and his training has been much mishandled. We parted on terms of friendship, but left the question of his Ordination undecided.

I stayed with the Vice-Chancellor at Pembroke for the week-end. He lives in the fascinating old house on the main street, where once I lunched with M<sup>rs</sup> Romanes.\*

[39]

There was a pleasant and interesting party at dinner, which included both the Proctor, Professor and M<sup>rs</sup> Haldane, and the President of Magdalen.\* M<sup>rs</sup> Rashdall\* was also present. I half promised to call on her tomorrow at 105 Banbury Road. After the ladies had withdrawn, we had a very vigorous discussion of the situation in Oxford.

[symbol]

**A note was also brought to me from Kenneth Hodgson, which apparently he had written in the house. It said "I have pleasant news for you", which must mean that he has passed his Examination.** I spoke strongly of the ill effect on poor students of the luxury and extravagance of undergraduate life, mentioning especially the recent reports of drunkenness as prevalent in Oxford. The proctors assured me that there was little excess which came under their official notice but allowed that there was probably a good deal in the colleges. **They agreed in regretting the presence of female students, while denying that there was any immorality;** and they thought that there was real necessity for simplifying the habits of undergraduates.

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[40]

**3<sup>rd</sup> Sunday after Trinity, June 21<sup>st</sup>, 1931. Oxford.**

*I expressed doubt as to the permanent success of the valourous [sic] attempt which we are making in Oxford to maintain the sharply accentuated social distinctions which mark English life and to equalize educational opportunity by bringing up increasing numbers of the working class boys to the University by means of County Council scholarships. The contrast between their homes and the kind of life which they see in Oxford is too great; and most of them are really unable to benefit from their residence therein. Intellectually they have no staying power & are mentally "played out" by their exertions to get a degree. Morally, they are lowered by the worsor sides of academic life. Socially they are damaged rather than helped by their familiarity with the standards and habits of a class to which they do not belong, which they cannot understand, & which they imitate grossly. **Oxford turns out a crowd of declassed artisans, not of "gentlemen"**, And many of them add nothing to the good name of their University.*

[41]

*I was rather surprised at the agreement which was expressed with these opinions. The President of Magdalen, D<sup>r</sup> Gordon,\* was very clear on the matter. **He emphasized the poor intellectual quality of the County Council students who are now invading Oxford by means of subsidies.** Is the explanation to be found rather in the poverty of the natural stuff than in the inadequacy of its præ-academic treatment? While certainly not belittling the latter, he inclined to give the principal place to the former. He thought that the discipline of Cambridge was inferior to that of Oxford. There were in Cambridge some 1500 students descried as "toughs", mostly living in lodgings, who were under no effective control, who lived at their own will, were a great weakness to the general life. **But the public concerned itself little with Cambridge, and much with Oxford, which was for the most picturesque and journalistically serviceable of the two.** Most of the "revelations" of Oxford depravity were contributed by Oxonians who had been "sent down". But there was general agreement that life in Oxford needed to be simplified and better ordered. It was for the luxurious and idle.*

[42]

*There was a fairly-filled floor, and an almost empty gallery when I preached the Commemoration Sermon in S. Mary's. About thirty or forty undergraduates disclosed rather than relieved the general vacancy of the gallery. The stampede yesterday allowed me to instigate the melancholy suggestion of the spectacle. **The Vice-Chancellor told me that the congregation was the largest he had seen since the beginning of the year. But, if so, the normal attendance must be lamentably small. I had no cause to complain of the attention, which was close throughout. M<sup>rs</sup> Duddon expressed her astonishment at the size of the congregation, which she had not seen equalled "for years"**. So, perhaps, I ought not to be so disappointed as I certainly am.*

*Ella & Mary Radford\* were in S. Mary's, and called for me. We walked for awhile[sic], & then parted, covenanting to meet tomorrow at the station. **Kenneth Hodgson "ran me to***

**earth" at All Souls in order to tell me that he hopes to take his degree next Thursday.** I would but bid him now seek for some teacher's position.

**[43]**

*I called on M<sup>rs</sup> Rashdall, & had tea with her. We talked together for an hour. She is as incisive, reckless, uncharitable and amusing as ever. I was not over-well impressed by the portrait of her husband, which hangs in the dining room. She explained that it was painted when he was very ill. Certainly, the picture conveys that notion, and fails to give the shambling bonhomie which was not the least attractive characteristic of his nature. **She told me that Coulton\* had been asked to write Rashdall's life, but had declined, partly because he had too much work on his hands, &, partly, because he thought that Rashdall ought not to have been ordained.** He himself had retired from the active exercise of his ministry because he conceived that his personal belief was inadequate. Coulton never availed himself of the Act which enabled a clergyman to relinquish his Orders. Mrs Rashdall's house is almost exactly opposite "The Orchard", where Dicey used to live, and where, in past years, I was so frequent a visitor. How great a stream of reminiscences overwhelmed me!*

**[44]**

I returned to Pembroke, and wrote to William [Badham].\*

I dined in Hall with the Master most pleasantly. Sir William Morris, the motor manufacturer, was his other guest. I had much and interesting conversation with him. His opinion of Henry Ford was sufficiently low and it was frankly expressed. He descried his visit to Ford's works in Detroit, the brutal indifference of the employer to the feelings and wishes of the men revolted him. His estimate of our economic outlook was gloomy. He described the working of prohibition in the States as he himself had seen it. Drink was ordered from the U.S. officials and delivered in the Government vans. Boys and girls of 15 were to be seen hopelessly drunk.

The Chaplain showed me the Chapel, which is a pleasing structure adorned richly but in good taste. The Marble Altar was conspicuous. I was interested to learn that there was a daily celebration of the Eucharist.

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[45]

Monday, June 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1931. Auckland Castle.

**I created a precedent by naming "S. Catharine's" Society and herein for the Censor, Tutors & Students" in the "Bidding Prayer" before my sermon in S. Mary's.** It cost me something to do so, for it called public attention to the fact, which I never cease to regret, that I was never a member of an undergraduate college. When I examine my motive, I fear it must be confessed that pride, ^like Wilson's "too proud to fight",^ rather than any nobler sentiment, determined me thus publicly to remind the congregation of the poverty in which my Oxford life began. **Why is it that one is most ashamed of circumstances which are least discreditable?** Any man would rather be accounted a clever rogue than a dull saint. Surely, at bottom, we are strangely mean-spirited people. A thread-bare coat troubles us more than ignorance, or falsehood, or neglect of duty. I suppose we are herein approving ourselves to be, like the Pharisees men who "love the praise of men rather than the praise of God". We are indeed very poor creatures.

[46]

I took my departure soon after breakfast. Ella joined me at the railway station, where we took the train which left Oxford at 10.50 a.m. and arrived at Darlington without change at 4.33 p.m. There Charles met us with the car and we reached the Castle soon after 5 p.m. A considerable accumulation of letters awaited me, and Charles & I fell upon them forthwith. Among these were several rather unusual invitations. Professor Gordon writes to ask me to preach to the University of S<sup>t</sup> Andrews next winter; and Sir Edwyn Hoskyns, [symbol] a leading Anglo-Catholic don, invited me to undertake a "teaching mission" in Cambridge in 1933. "The Committee" is quite certain that you could help us most in this matter". What conception of me must these Cambridge tutors have, that they should ^indulge^ so preposterous a notion as this? I know neither what to teach, nor how to teach. I have neither the physical strength, nor the mental energy, nor the moral & spiritual soundness requisite for that work. "The quest is not for me".

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[47]

**Tuesday, June 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.**

The morning was wasted in writing letters, & then I went in to Durham, & lunched with the High Sheriff, whose health I proposed in a fatuous speech. Old Sir Hugh Bell, aged 87, was there, & sate beside me. His vigour, high spirits, & mental alertness are amazing. We drank his health. Then I called on the Bishop of Jarrow, and discussed some diocesan matters, after which I returned to Auckland.

[symbol]

**I wrote to Sir Edwyn Hoskyns definitely declining the invitation to conduct a "Teaching Mission" in Cambridge.** There is no doubt in my mind as to the rightness of this decision, and yet I feel a certain shame in having to confess to myself that I am totally incompetent for such an undertaking. "Art though a teacher in Israel, and knowest not these things?"

I spent some hours in considering the lines of an effective handling of Lord Brentford, whose assumption that he is the mouthpiece of the Anglican laity is very offensive, & ought not to pass unchallenged. I think that even the general public might be startled by his stone-laying at Felixstowe. It is almost ludicrous, & quite evidently profane.

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[48]

Wednesday, June 24<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**I spent the whole morning in writing a letter to the Times, by way of a rejoinder to Lord Brentford's letter of the 19<sup>th</sup> inst.**

Cecil Fortescue\* arrived during the afternoon. He has become fat and dictatorial. His native bumptiousness which was more or less excused by the vivacity of youth has grown into a pomposity which is unrelieved. Life in the East rarely tends to improve the Englishman's character, and the clergyman, who is not a missionary, is likely to become idle, self-indulged, and censorious.

Charles and I motored to Ingleton, where I instituted the Rev<sup>d</sup> A. L. Davies to the cure of souls. Cosgrave,\* the Rural Dean, inducted him to the benefice. The little church was well filled with parishioners, & there was a gravity & heartiness about the service which pleased me. The last Vicar, Suthrien,\* must have done his duty in spite of his bad health. We returned to Auckland. After dinner I had some conversation with my guest.

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[49]

Thursday, June 25<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

A brilliant morning, but a slight frost last night.

I began to read again Butler's Analogy, and was much impressed by its admirable style. The thought is close packed, but the expression is clear & concise. There is nothing slipshod or obscure.

Charles and I walked in the Park. Ella took Fortescue for a drive in the car. Fearne tarried in bed.

Malcolm Ross, on the advice of his tutor, chose Streeter's Four Gospels' as my present for his 21<sup>st</sup> Birthday. I wrote to Hugh Rees ordering the book.

Fortescue described ^to^ me a Project for bringing Eurasian (= Anglo-Indian) youths to England in order to train them for the Christian ministry in a healthier atmosphere than that of India. He pointed out that the Government were gradually reducing the number of chaplains with the result that many stations were wholly bereft of clergy. The Eurasians were on the whole a religious community, & if encouraged, many of them would seek Ordination. I recommended to him to seek an interview with the Bishop of Salisbury, who is our representative for all missionary purposes.

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[50]

Friday, June 26<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**Harry Reichel's\* death at Biarritz is announced. He was 74.** Thus passes away a man whom I have known well, had much familiar intercourse with, and held in genuine regard. He was one of the "college examiners" in 1884, when I was elected to a Fellowship of All Souls, and from that day until these last few years when my course on Prayer Book Revision offended him, as most other of my friends, we had frequent communication with one another. He was an immensely conscientious man, of great industry & simplicity of character, rather inelastic in mind, & tenacious of his early prejudices, but religious and honourable. He hewed his way to men's respect by his perseverance in the performance of duty. He was without ambition, and easily pushed back by less worthy men than himself. He probably suffered from the brilliant gifts and caustic tongue of his father, Bishop Reichel, who ever gave me the impression of resenting his son's inability to go forward in a successful career.

[51]

Cecil Fortescue went away after breakfast. I spent the morning in preparing a sermon for the Freemasons on Sunday, and reading the Analogy. Toomey came to report progress in the matter of his health, & stayed to lunch. Welby from Ushaw Moor brought the Bishop of Trinidad to lunch & to see the Castle. A friend of the late Dean of Winchester who was a student under Bishop Lightfoot\* came to tea, & to revisit his old haunts. His name was Curtoys.

Charles & I motored to Crook where I instituted the new Vicar (lbbetson). There was a large congregation, & an impressive service.

**The Times prints my letter under the heading 'Church and State. Theology in the Commons'.** It reads effectively, and will probably move Lord Brentford to make some quotations from my writings! That is really the only retort open to him, & it will be thought effective by his supporters. Even so, however, I think that his Lordship's reputation will be greatly lowered. The foundation stone laying [of] at Felixstowe goes a little too far for ordinary folks, albeit Protestants.

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[52]

Saturday, June 27<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

["]Good men surely are not treated in this world as they deserve, yet 'tis seldom, very seldom their goodness which makes them disliked, even in cases where it may seem to be so: but 'tis some behaviour or other, which, however excusable, perhaps infinitely overbalanced by their virtues, yet is offensive, possibly wrong; however such ,it may be, as would pass off very well in a man of the world.["]

An autograph fragment of Butler's quoted in Bernard's edition of the Analogy, p.53 note.

Butler's view of human life is always marked by a relentless sincerity. He does not 'desire to be deceived'. Exaggeration he resents as a kind of falsehood: and eulogy offends his self-knowledge. Mere conventional compliment belongs to the family of make-belief, with which he will keep no terms.

[53]

A strange blustering day, close and restless. John Wrightson sent me a telegram asking whether he might come to lunch: and in due course came. He has lost something of his boyish cheerfulness and candour, is more worldly-wise and business-like, and talks less of churches! He is just 20 years old, and will no doubt become a typical manufacturer in due course. I spent the morning in revising & partly re-writing a sermon to be used at the Chapel Royal.

At 3.30 p.m. there was a service in the Chapel for 160 Sunday School teachers from the Rural Deanery of West Hartlepool under the direction of Talbot, Poole's curate. I gave them an address, and afterwards Charles showed them over the Castle.

*Arthur Headlam has a long and well-written letter in the Times on the 'Thirty-nine Articles', in which he refers to my letter with civility and even quotes from it with approval. Lord Brentford has now got two bishops on his hands. His view of the Episcopate as the normal antagonist of the Laity will be confirmed.*

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[54]

**4<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, June 28<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A close night, and a still clouded morning. I looked in Friday's 'Times' to see if Kenneth's name was among the B.A.s who received degrees on the preceding day, but I could not find it. Yet he told me that he was staying up until Thursday in order to take his degree. He is more completely enigmatic than ever.

I celebrated the Holy Communion at 7.45 a.m. in the Chapel. We numbered 11 comm<sup>ts</sup>.

Charles and I motored to Consett, where I preached at Mattins to a congregation mainly composed of Freemasons. They were all in black coats & white ties, presenting a funereal appearance. My text was Ecclesiastes xii.13.14: and I took the impression that they were interested. The scenery in Weardale was looking magnificent.

**At 3 p.m. there was the annual confirmation of adults in the Chapel. I confirmed 110 persons fairly divided between the sexes. Among them was John, the gardener. I gave him a Bible afterwards.** He is a good steady lad, who has been reared under Quaker influence, & discloses the fact by his gravity of demeanour.

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[55]

**Monday, June 29<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A beautiful morning, warm with a westerly wind.

I put together the requisite material for the next issue of the 'Bishoprick', and prepared notes for the sermon at Jarrow. After lunch I walked in the Park, and there had an interview with an Ordination candidate, M<sup>r</sup> Ernest Adey, a frank-looking illiterate from Dorchester. Dunn<sup>\*</sup>, the Vicar of S<sup>t</sup> Oswald's, Durham, came to get my signature to a document, and to ask my advice on the matter of Fasting Communion. There are some Anglo-Catholics in his congregation who are offended by the spectacle of young men & women communicating at midday. I referred him to the Rubrick in the Revised P.B.

Barbara Marsh and her fiancé ^"Bobbie Hazlerigg"^ came for a visit.

Charles and I motored to S. Peter's, Jarrow, where I dedicated a window, and preached a sermon. The Jubilee of the Church, the fabrick, & the Apostolic Festival provided me with the heads of a rambling discourse, which so impressed the clergy that they (there were I think 8 of them) begged me to print it for their benefit: but I had to say that it was preached from notes, & could not well be written out.

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[56]

**Tuesday, June 30<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

*The papers are full of eulogistic obituaries for Sir Hugh Bell, \* who died yesterday at the age of 87. He was truly an amazing specimen of mental and physical vitality. Less than a week ago I was talking with him, & wondering at his vivacity & cheerfulness. I wrote a letter of condolence to Maurice Bell who now succeeds to the baronetcy.*

Charles drove me in his car to Durham where I presided over a meeting of the Lay workers association. Then I went to the School where the Prize-giving was in progress. **Dick had gained the 'Tristram' prize which Budworth told me was the best of the prizes.** I had some talk with him, and saw him make a few runs. Then I talked for an hour with the Bishop of Jarrow. Charles motored me to Gateshead Fell, where I instituted Walters to the Vicarage.

M<sup>r</sup> & Miss Merriman from Canada dined here. He is a queer little dwarf, but intelligent. Leng motored them to Durham.

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[57]

Wednesday, July 1<sup>st</sup>, 1931.

### London

Charles drove me to Darlington in his car, and there took train for London, & travelled comfortably with the compartment to myself. I drove to 21 Park Lane, where I was kindly received by the Scarbroughs, who, I had supposed were in Yorkshire. Then I visited the hairdresser, & after he had finished with me, drove to Lambeth, where the Bishops were meeting. We spent the afternoon in rather futile discussion. **I spoke against the proposal that a Day of Prayer should be appointed with direct reference to the Disarmament Conference** : but the general state of the bishops was against me. I opposed the Archbishop of York's proposal that a Directory of Ceremonial, more or less official should be prepared, and said that we ought to arrest the Gadarene progress of the Northern Primate. But on this question also I could secure no support. The Bishops are docile as sheep when a patriotic lead is offered them! Then we came to the Ministry of [58] Women. The Lambeth Conference Committee had refused darkly to mention 'theological principles' which in the last resort would prohibit the Ordination of Women to the Priesthood. A deputation of Feminists had come to the Archbishop of begged respectfully to be informed more exactly what these principles might be. His Grace hadn't the least notion, but could not deny the reasonableness of the request. Hence his suggestions that a Committee should be appointed to determine what answer should be made to the ladies! I said that I hadn't the faintest notion what the 'theological principles' were, but I was content to ground my refusal to ordain women on physiological fact, on social function, on history, & expediency. This brought up Frere who insisted that only when we worshipped a 'Goddess' would 'priestesses' be reasonably permitted. This assumption of the essential 'masculinity' of God did not much impress the gathering, [59] and we finally agreed to appoint a Committee with a general reference. The question of the Centenary of the Oxford Movement in 1933 was raised by the Bishop of Salisbury. I said that there was a danger that, while the official commemoration would be reasonable enough, there would probably be a partisan commemoration which would be highly provocative. The danger was admitted and it was generally held that it must be run.

**I dined at Grillion's** There were present:

1. Lord FitzAllen
2. " Ullswater
3. " Ilchester
4. " Henry Cecil
5. " Eustace Percy
6. " Middleton
7. " Hartington
8. " Cranborne
9. " Bridgman
10. " Bishop of Durham
11. Hon. Clive Wigram

In the Park I met George Talbot, the Judge, and had some talk with him. He looks majestically judicial even in mufti. In robe & wig he must be quite overpowering!

A very pleasant evening, but no memorable talk.

[60]

Chris Wigram spoke to me about Birney. He said that he had been a great success; that their Majesties were greatly pleased with him "Have you any more persons to suggest?" I reminded him of the list of names which I had sent to Lord Stamfordham.<sup>\*</sup> He said that he had it with the other papers of his predecessor. He told me that the court went to Edinburgh on Saturday. This provides an explanation of the fact – which had surprised me – that I was not handed over to tasked to preach at Buckingham Palace next Sunday as usual.

Lord Middleton said that, if he could have his way, all private patronage should be handed over to the Bishop. He seemed to think that the main purpose of the Patronage measure, which was recently approved by the House of Lords, was to frustrate the Trusts: but I pointed out that while this might a by-product of the measure, its main object was to "democratize" the administration of patronage – a quite pestilent thing.

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[61]

Thursday, July 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1931.

## LONDON

I breakfasted with Lord S. and Miss Atkinson, and then walked to the Atheneum, where I read the papers. The Bishop of Chester shared a cab with me to Lambeth, where the Meeting of Bishops was sitting. [symbol] *The Archbishop drew our attention to the distressed condition of the Church in New Zealand, where the recent earthquake had about totally destroyed the churches & other buildings. He read an urgent appeal for assistance. **I said that in my judgment we ought to ~~appeal~~ make an effective response to this appeal: that we ought to act as a church; & have collections in all the parish churches. I suggested that this might most fitly be done on the first Sunday in the month New Year.** There was some discussion, & finally my suggestion was adopted in a somewhat altered form. Any Sunday up to, and including, the first Sunday in January 1932 might be chosen at the discretion of the Bishop. The Bishop of Manchester reported the decision of "Cactum" not to accept the Benedictine House in the [62] Oxford diocese as a suitable place for the training of Ordination candidates. It came out in the course of the discussion that this place was a kind of reformatory for disgraced clergymen: that some of these were employed as teachers: that the students were not separated from these "penitents": that the services were not Anglican, but frankly Roman; & that the main object of the Benedictine Abbot in seeking episcopal recognition was to commend his appeal for funds to the religious public. **I spoke strongly against any recognition of this place,** & urged that, if an appeal for funds were issued we were bound to make public our disapproval thereof. Most of the bishops agreed with me, but Frere, who is warden of this Benedictine House, opposed anything more drastic than a refusal to recognize it as a training centre. I get the impression that some of the bishops have committed themselves rather deeply to these Romanizing essays.*

[63]

I lunched at 21 Park Lane. There came to lunch Lady Ian Malcolm,\* who was M<sup>rs</sup> Langtry's daughter. I remember well her marriage in S<sup>t</sup> Margaret's, and so did she. Lord Lamington,\* whom I met, when I addressed the Individualist Club on 'the British Lazzaroni', also lunched. He grows very deaf. After lunch, Lord S., lady Ian Malcom, and I drove to the Hospital which is now "run" by the order of S<sup>t</sup> John. Sir Leonard Hill showed us round the most wonderful place in the world. Inhalation, foam baths, sun-light cures – all in bewildering variety of method are here provided. Then I went to the Athenaeum, & had tea: after which I drove to Dean's yard, & called on the Dean & M<sup>rs</sup> Norris.\* Returning to the Club, I wrote to Ella, Dick, & Charles. Then I walked back to Park Lane. In S. James's Street, I was hailed by Geoffrey Dawson\*. I suggested to him that he should accept from me an Article on the Royal Supremacy, as this year is the 400<sup>th</sup> ~~???~~ anniversary of the meeting of Convocation which conceded (with reservations) the title of Supreme Head. [64] He said that he would be pleased to publish anything from my pen. I promised to ascertain the exact date of the fatal vote in the Convocation. If it fall in the latter part of the year, it would be fitting to publish the article on the very day. **He told me that 'Jix'\* had sent him an immense letter, which he had returned with a request that it might be considerably shortened.**

[symbol]

*Lady Ian Malcolm told me this story. Lord Dewar,\* the whisky magnate, inquired of a lady what was her name. "My name", she replied, "is Porter-Porter with a hyphen."*

*"And mine," he said, "is Dewar Dewar with a siphon." Why does a silly mot like that retain its place in men's memories, when a thousand really good sayings pass immediately from mind? What men desire in the commerce of society is not wisdom but wit. They wish to be amused, not instructed. Therefore society is in a conspiracy against the reason & the conscience of its members.*

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[65]

Friday, July 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.

## LONDON

Today is appointed for the devotional day at Lambeth, on which the Bishops who have been in conference together on the affairs of the Church, unite in acts of penitence, and prayers. Nothing could be more reasonable, more seemly, and it might well be thought more edifying. **Why then do I habitually absent myself from these pious meetings?** Partly, from sheer inability to gain edification from them: partly, from a habit begun in resentment at the treatment I received at my Consecration: partly, from a suspicion that I am really an incongruous element in the episcopate. Temperamentally I get small benefit from organized devotions. I both deprecate & dislike the present fashion of 'falling to prayer' on every occasion: & my observations lead me to the conclusion that the effect is less guidance of the understanding, than confirmation of prejudices, and the generating of fanatical temper. In the course of the Prayer Book Revision controversies, there were abundant evidences of this.

[66]

All this sounds more wicked than it is. For I hold that prayer is the duty and privilege of the Christian, yes, and the only way of spiritual safety. **But then it must be such prayer as can be gathered under the broad petition, Fiat voluntas Tua<sup>1</sup>: and all this multiplied and detailed praying is really summed up by the inadmissible prayer, Fiat voluntas Mea.<sup>2</sup>** I think that there is good reason for thinking that we are witnessing in the religious world of England a definite 'throw-back' to quasi-pagan superstition in the matter of prayer. This tendency is strengthened by the desire to associate religion with the course of secular affairs: and it falls in but too easily with the letter-worshipping habit of the Dissenters with whom, not altogether for our good, we are ever more closely associated. The collects of the Prayer Book, which in their breadth & depth are in line with the Lord's Prayer, are for me quite sufficient.

[67]

After breakfast I walked to ~~Westminster~~ the Athenaeum where I read the newspapers & wrote letters. Then I walked to Burlington House, & visited the Royal Academy Exhibition. There were no outstanding, and few interesting pictures there. After lunching at the Athenaeum, I read & wrote more letters. Then I visited the hairdresser, & walked to the Westminster Deanery where I sate for an hour and a quarter to M<sup>r</sup> Aidan Savage. This pencil drawing is a slow business, & he is not conversational, though a nice enough youth in his way. Then I called on the Headmaster of Westminster, & talked with him, after which I walked back to the Atheaeum and dined. While I was writing to the Bishop of Jarrow, Harris came in. He seemed very happy, & says that an infant is expected. I took his address:

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<sup>1</sup> Let thy will be done.

<sup>2</sup> Let my will be done.

Reginald Harris Esq  
5 Foulis Terrace  
Onslow Gardens, S.W.7.

Then I walked back to Park Lane.

**[68]**

*Wall, the sacrist of Durham Cathedral, has a short letter in the Times expressed rather insolently. He associates himself with Major's\* mischievous letter. This was excellently answered by Glover\* in the Times of yesterday. An unobjectionable Christianity would indeed be something which would hardly accord either with The New Testament or with Ecclesiastical experience. I wish that the Bishops would make a public statement to the effect that the dogma of the Virgin Birth of the Redeemer was not regarded as an essential element in the Belief in the Incarnation. I do not doubt that few Bishops would reject from Ordination a candidate, otherwise qualified, who scrupled at that dogma. But the general mind of the Church does not distinguish between the Virgin Birth & the Incarnation: and any declaration of the Bishops which did so distinguish would be widely misunderstood and resented.*

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[69]

Saturday, July 4<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

LONDON

"History itself is not a science, since it can do only with individual & contingent facts: it is a memory and an experience for the use of the Prudent."

Maritain. 'Three Reformers' p. 93.

I walked to the Athenaeum after breakfast, & read the papers which are full of Lloyd George's ferocious attack on Simon. **The Times has a letter from 'Jix', to which I forthwith wrote, & despatched a reply.** Then I had an interview with an unusually attractive Ordination candidate, M<sup>r</sup> Charles Reginald Guy Carleton. He was educated at Rossall and Keble College, and is just 23 years old. He presents a title from Macmillan's parish. After he had taken his departure I gossiped & lunched in the Club. Sir Richard Lodge\* came in, & I had some talk with him. He was one of my examiners in the History School in 1884, & is the brother of Sir Oliver Lodge.\*

[70]

*Fisher\* came in, & talked with me about India. He said that Lord Irwin\* had told him that he was strongly pressed by the trading community of Calcutta to seek an arrangement with Gandhi. The Indian policy of passive resistance had taken a particularly unpleasant form. High class Indian ladies would come into the merchants' office, & start a 'hunger protest'! Fisher himself, while holding that we were bound to give the Indians the chance of achieving self-government, thought that they would certainly fail. He had met Miss Mayo and liked her. An important & experienced Indian had said to him: "There is an article of our religion which will always defeat Indian self-government." "And what is that?" "It is a matter of faith with us that the generative organs are divine: and that the sooner & oftener they are used the better." Miss Mayo's account of child marriage was an under-statement.*

[71]

I walked to the Westminster Deanery and gave a final sitting to M<sup>r</sup> Savage. Then I went back to the Athenaeum, and dined. That queer creature, Douglas, came to me, and was strangely effusive. He had just returned from the Conference with the Old Catholics, at which Headlam was present. **He said that H. had read out my letter on the 39 Articles with great effect. Douglas professed an exorbitant admiration for the said letter.** I inquired about Headlam's health, & he gave an ill account of it. Then he started talking about Lord Beauchamp's most lamentable down-fall. Douglas is an unattractive fellow, & his flattering approaches to me arouse in my mind more suspicion than satisfaction. He professed himself a strong advocate of disestablishment, & this circumstance did not phase me. He is "behind the scenes" in our ecclesiastical affairs, & has crept into a larger measure of intimacy with the Archbishops than is congruous with his position, or advantageous to the Church.

[72]

I received the following letter.

Pingarth  
Buccleuch Rd.  
Bournemouth

Dear Bishop of Durham,

My publishers ask me to sound you about a book for 1933. Whither the C. of E.? The changes which have taken place between Lux Mundi & Essays critical & catholic - & their tendency. Would you care to undertake it? I hope so. I could suggest acceptable terms. With best thanks and wishes.

Sincerely yours,  
James Marchant\*

The letter is not quite coherent, but its general drift is plain enough. I do not like Sir James Marchant, & if I were fool enough to write a book about our Anglican Modernism, I should certainly not wish that it should appear in any connexion with him. Accordingly, I wrote a civil refusal.

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[73]

5<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 5<sup>th</sup>, 1931. London.

*I relieved a restless night by reading Coulton's "Romanism and Truth", a vigorous, learned, & apparently unanswerable polemic. Why does so little effect come from this kind of writing? It confirms men in beliefs which they already hold: may possibly reduce to silence for awhile those against whom it is directed: maintains the fighting line against the adversary: but does it ever convince anybody, or even induce the opponent to reform his controversial ways? I doubt it. **To me its main value is the information it conveys, and the curious light it casts on the working of the religious mind.** For Rome does not stand alone, save in scale. In that Church may be seen in "heroic measure" the distinctive vices of all churches: the fanaticism which there displays itself in such grossness & cruelty differs only in degree from that which darkness, distracts and divides the religious world of every parish in England. There is not a pin's difference in moral quality between the Jesuit & the sectary.*

[74]

After breakfast I drove to the Athenaeum and read over my sermon. **Then I walked to the Chapel Royal, where Percival was on the look out for me.** The little chapel was fairly filled, but not crowded. My sermon from Ecclesiastus XII.13.14 was well listened to. I celebrated the Holy Communion. There were 14 communicants, among whom was **Sir John Marriott.**\* I walked back to the Athenaeum & lunched there. During the afternoon I called on Lady Charnwood\* and Di Darling – the first was in, the last was out. Then I had tea in the Club, and wrote to William. I walked to the Abbey, and attended the service, sitting in my old stall. The Bishop of Portsmouth preached, a dull oracular fellow, whom I could ill hear in spite of his great voice. I went into the Deanery for supper & afterwards sate in the roof garden. This is in full beauty. The rambler roses being in bloom.

[75]

[symbol]

**A pair of hawks** – the Dean appeared to be doubtful whether they were kestrels or peregrines – dwell in the Western towers of the Abbey. One of them was cruising about last night as we sate in M<sup>rs</sup> Norris's roof garden. There are also owls which find a habitation in the Abbey: which, of course, pigeons, including the cautious and stately wood pigeon, abound. London is certainly a most amazing place, & not the least amazing feature in it is the abundance of its birds. If it were not for the troops of ownerless cats, which infest the Parks, that abundance would be even greater.

The Dean and I compared notes on our respective careers. I lamented ever leaving Westminster, he lamented ever going there! Probably neither if us was altogether sincere: for he was bored with York, and I was bored with London; and, at the time of our decision, we welcomed the opportunity to go elsewhere. Still. "**The years teach much which the days never knew**", and men ^may^ see their own actions more justly in retrospect.

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[76]

**Monday, July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1931. Auckland Castle.**

I left Park Lane after breakfast and returned to Auckland. Charles met me at Darlington, and drove me to the Castle through a furious thunderstorm. The rain came down in tropical copiousness.

I paid many bills, & wrote many letters.

Bobby Hazlerigg and Barbara Marsh left the Castle this morning. He is the lineal descendant of that bitter Puritan, Sir Arthur Hesilridge (the name took its present form in the last century) who purchased the episcopal property during the Commonwealth, and made a start with the demolition of Auckland Castle by pulling down the Chapel. Beautiful as the present chapel is, it takes from the Castle what it needs for its architectural and domestic completeness – an adequate dining hall. The meanness of the entrance is one result of the changing the Hall into the Chapel which Bishop Cosin\* effected.

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[77]

Tuesday, July 7<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

*I received a letter from William informing me that he was the father of a son, & that both Nance and the infant were well.*

**I received from old Lord Halifax\* (he In 92) the following letter, which is not without interest:-**

Hickleton  
Doncaster  
July 6<sup>th</sup>, 1931

My dear Lord,

*May I say how entirely I sympathise in the letter from your Lordship which appears in the Times this morning and in a previous letter o the same subject - It reminds me of old days when we used to discuss such matters together.*

*If ever your Lordship were passing this way I do wish that the journey might be some day broken here. There are so many matters about which I should so dearly like to talk to you and obtain your opinion, for I think there are great opportunities opening to us in the future, and I might very possibly be able to facilitate matters which I think your Lordship has at heart.*

*It is a real refreshment to be brought into [78] contact with a Bishop who has the courage which is so sorely lacking in many of his Brethren.*

*Always, my dear Lord,  
Yours faithfully & gratefully  
Halifax*

*I can recall but a single occasion on which Lord Halifax had any conversation with me, and that was (if my memory deceive me not) when I was Vicar of Barking (1888-1895). We were both guests at luncheon of Miss Leslie\* in ^Bourdon House, ^ Davies Street. The old man has formed a rather confused notion of the Bishop of Durham. I wrote civilly to him, ignoring his suggestion of an interview, and congratulating him on Lord Irwin's return. Also, I sent him a copy of the Bishoprick.*

*I wrote to the Bishop of Oxford\* thanking him for his charge; and to Lord Hugh Cecil\*, acknowledging and criticizing the draught of a measure substituting a new declaration for the present legal subscriptions. We could not go to Par<sup>l</sup> on such a question.*

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[79]

Wednesday, July 8<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Mr Dunn, the Vicar of Oswald's, came to reply in person to my letter of inquiry about **the sale of the Cock[en] Library<sup>3</sup> belonging to his benefice**. It was an unpleasant interview, for, when I had done with the business of the library, which was bad, I went on to deal with the parochial confessions reported to me by Petitjean, Dunn's successor at Swalwell, which were worse. Kenyon\* called my attention to a case in my diocese of the alienation of an old library, & referred me for information to the University Librarian at Durham. From Stock, the said librarian, I learned that the library thus sinfully alienated was the collection of books left by the Rev. John Cock[en], who held the vicarage of S. Oswald's from 1673 until 1689, when he was deprived, presumably as a Non-juror. These books had been much neglected, & were thrust into an attic by the late incumbent, Morris, where they suffered from damp. Dunn, by the advice (as he says) of his churchwardens, & after a vain attempt to secure authority from the Charity Commission (the Commissioners declined all responsibility) had sold the books for £800 to a Newcastle bookseller, & invested the money with the Eccl. Commissioners for the benefice.

[80]

I was relieved to find that there had been no actual misappropriation of the funds. He denied point-blank Petitjean's\* statement about the absence of a baptismal register from Swalwell, and finally undertook to search for it in a box of papers which, he said, had not yet been opened. I spoke about the woeful confusion of the parochial finances, & he whimpered! Altogether, it was a very unpleasant interview, and wrecked my morning's work.

Morris Young\*, the Vicar of New Shildon, came to see me. He says that there are rumours of the removal of the railway works from his parish. If this were to take place, New Shildon would practically disappear! I offered him the living of Winston.

I walked in the Park, & got so wet, that on my return I changed to the skin. The evening was chilly as well as damp, so that I was glad to return to a fire.

Ella and Fearné went in to Durham for a G.F.S fête and a service for Deaconesses was held in the Chapel here.

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<sup>3</sup> See Henson Journal, 18 Oct. 1916.

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[81]

Thursday, July 9<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

I sent Dashwood a cheque for my half year's income tax - £541:13:9 (last year it was £453:2:6). Last January I paid for income tax & surtax £1051:10:0. This makes a total of £1593:3:9. When I add the Rates, Pension payment, Insurances, & Dilapidations, the amount considerably exceeds £2000 per annum, on an income of £7560.

I worked at the Sermon for the dedication of the Anglo-Celtic Cross, which is to be performed in South Church next Sunday evening.

Charles motored me into Durham after lunch, and there I presided at two Board meetings, & had tea with my suffragan. The more I learn about Dunn's performance in getting rid of the Cock library, the more discreditable do I think it. Carter had informed him of the Act of Queen Anne, which protected "parochial libraries", and yet he persisted in selling the Cock Books. His one object appears to be the increase of his income. But what can I do? The iniquity has been completed: it cannot be undone. Beyond censuring the guilty incumbent, and making him as uncomfortable as I can, there is really nothing to be done.

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[82]

Friday, July 10<sup>th</sup>, 1031.

["]It is absurd, absurd to the degree of being ridiculous, if the subject were not of so serious a kind, for men to think themselves secure in a vicious life; or even in that immoral thoughtlessness, which far the greatest part of them are fallen into.["]

Butler's Analogy, p. 134.

I finished the Sermon on the Auckland Cross: and then I returned to the Analogy. How marvellous a piece of concentrated argument, and how masterly a composition is Butler's 'conclusion' to part I.

An Ordination candidate, M<sup>r</sup> Ernest Johnson, from Kelham, came to see me. He offers a title from S. Mary's, Tynedock, where he would succeed Simmonds\*, who has been instituted by the Abp. of Canterbury to S. Aidan's, Birmingham.

A Canadianly-ordained clergyman, named Clough, came to lunch. He desires to be allowed to become assistant curate at Houghton-le-Spring.

[83]

A numerous party came to Ella's garden reception. I talked with a good many of them, and did my ineffectual best to "make myself pleasant". Patrick Wild\* came to play lawn-tennis, and stayed to dinner.

Charles and I motored to Witton Park for the institution of the new parson, M<sup>r</sup> Farnell. The rain, which had threatened in the afternoon, now fell with some pertinacity. In spite of this, there was a fair congregation. I was surprized at the size & composition of the choir - 17 boys, 12 girls, 9 men, and a dozen women – namely fifty persons. The late Vicar, Binney, did certainly impress these people well. The new Vicar is presumably a "Labour" man: but his neighbour, Hodgson\*, was not present, a circumstance which may indicate that his consent has not been followed in this appointment of the P.M. All churches are at their worst in two respects – their systems of patronage and their funeral monuments. Yet there is a particular repulsiveness about these "Crown" appointments, which would seem to be unique.

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[84]

Saturday, July 11<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**Lord Cushendun\* has a letter in the Times challenging me to explain what is meant by "spiritual independence". I wrote forthwith, and despatched to the Editor, an answer to his Lordship's question. Thus another morning was wasted!**

The Rev<sup>d</sup>. Sydney Valentine Green, Rector of a church in Aberdeen, came to see me. He is taking duty at S. Peter's, Bishop Auckland, during this month, & wants to come into this diocese!

My great-niece, Beryll Brown, who has distinguished herself at Cambridge, came to stay for a few days. She favours Minerva rather than Venus!

I walked round the Park in spite of the great heat, & on my return wrote to Lionel Ernest Henson\* arrived in his car.

Sir Charles and Lady Peers\* arrived about 10.30 p.m. They had travelled severally from London to Oxford, joining at York, and report the trains as grossly overcrowded with tourists.

The night was still and warm: & the omens seem favourable for a fine day tomorrow.

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[85]

**6<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 12<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A wet morning in spite of the promising sunset. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. My guests (excepting Beryl) communicated, and so did John the gardener, for the first time. He was therein supported by [Ernest] Alexander\*, & the two Williams.

Ella took our guests into Durham for the morning service in the Cathedral. I stayed at home, and wrote to Brooke and William.

The rain continued all the morning, and disinclined us to walk to Binchester after lunch, as we had intended, leaving us to the somnolent vacuity of the traditional British Sunday afternoon!

As the day drew towards evening, the atmosphere became extremely close & "stuffy". Peers and I walked as far as Bryden's house, and, by that petty exertion, were sufficiently fatigued. We all went to South Church for Evensong, when I dedicated the restored Anglo-Celtic Cross, and preached a relevant sermon from Joshua xxiv. 26, 27. A thunderstorm broke in the course of the service. I think the congregation were interested, though the heavy atmosphere favours slumber rather than attention.

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[86]

Monday, July 13<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**The Times announces the death of Archbishop Söderblom\*, after an operation. He was in his 65<sup>th</sup> year.** *He and his wife were here for a night on June 9<sup>th</sup>, and then he was as full of energy as ever. It is difficult to realize that his alert & energetic personality is finally withdrawn from the arena of ecclesiastical life. I liked him, though I had but scant sympathy with his Socialistic activity. By 'socialistic', I mean, of course, what we understand by 'the Copec spirit'. He realized that probably I was the only Bishop in England who definitely relegated questions of polity to a position of secondary importance, & he was, I think, beginning to see through the fraternal language of the Anglican prelates, who would never consent to communicate with non-episcopal churches. He was certainly more affectionate when last I talked with him than ever before: and he expressed himself very sympathetically towards my advocacy of Disestablishment. His death is a public calamity, and I must needs feel it also as a personal bereavement [sic].*

[87]

**We made an expedition into Yorkshire. Sir Charles & Lady Peers, Ella, Fearn, Beryl, Ernest, and myself formed the party.** The two girls went with Ernest in his car: Leng drove the rest of us in mine. We first visited the ruins of Byland, which are surprisingly extensive. Most of them have been excavated & restored to public knowledge by Peers's energy. We lunched comfortably at 'The Abbey Hotel', which is hard by the ruins: &, then, went to Helmsley, where we examined the ruined Castle. Finally, we went to Rievaulx [sic], the remains of which are extensive and beautiful. The Choir of the Abbey Church exhibits a noble example of 13<sup>th</sup> century Gothic. The work carried out under Peers's direction has been most successful. One remarkable feature is the shrine of an uncanonized S. William. The side-chapels in the nave were provided with piscinas in the floor, an arrangement which, Peers assured me, was common, but I had never seen it before. After tea, we returned to Auckland by way of Stokesley and Stockton.

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[88]

Tuesday, July 14<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**The Times publishes my letter on "spiritual independence", and also a letter from the Bishop of Chelmsford on the same topic.** He declares himself "totally opposed" to the Bishop of Durham in thinking "that the refusal of Parliament to legalize the revised Prayer Book was an intolerable infringement of the spiritual rights of the Church," but he confesses to being on the move towards Disestablishment:

"There are, however, several other grounds, and they seem to be growing ominously both in number and in urgency, upon which some others of us are being driven steadily to the conclusion that it may be necessary for the church to go into the wilderness and eat locusts and wild honey for a season. Lord Cushendum clearly little understands that 'clerical mentality' of which he speaks so contemptuously if he imagines that the probable loss of our ancient endowments would weigh very heavily in making that decision. Questions much more "spiritual" than loaves and fishes would decide the matter."

[89]

We left the Castle at 10.30 p.m., and motored by way of Guisborough to **Whitby**. We stopped to see the ruins of the Augustinian monastery at Guisboro [sic]. There is not much left beyond the Eastern Wall of the Church, but Peers projects extensive excavations, which may disclose almost as much as we saw yesterday at Byland. We continued to Whitby, and there lunched comfortably in the Royal Hotel, which commands noble views of the harbour, the town, & the sea. After lunch we motored through the narrow streets to the ruins of the Abbey. These are magnificent, and magnificently placed on a lofty plateau over-looking the town. There are many remains of Anglo-Celtic crosses, collected in a small, wooden hut. It is impossible to overstate the solemn grandeur of this ruined church. Hard beside the ruins stands the parish church of S<sup>t</sup>Mary, a fine Norman church but mutilated almost beyond recognition. The arrangements of an xviii<sup>th</sup> century church – three-decker, pews, etc. – are jealously preserved. External stair-cases give admission to the hideous galleries. The worst outrage, however, belongs to [*the*] early part of the xvii<sup>th</sup> [90] century. It is described in the leaflet given to visitors to the church:-

"The curious and almost unique Jacobean Gallery built across the Chancel Arch, known as the Cholmley Pew, was erected by the Cholmleys between 1600-1620: in medieval times there was a Rood Screen across the Chancel Arch, & the marks were [*sic*] it was fixed may still be seen."

It is a heart-rending spectacle, which reminded me of the Calvinistic churches in Holland. **Protestantism seems to encamp within the walls of desecrated Catholicism, but to have neither continuity nor sympathy with its environment.** The Oxford Movement may find its

sufficient apology in the woeful sight of this de-Christianized church. It is a fitting temple for the Erastian Establishment, which ordered the "worship" ~~which proceeded~~ within its walls.

We gave a dinner-party. Roger & M<sup>rs</sup> Lumley, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Lumley\*, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Waldy, and a young lady from a local school came to dine.

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[91]

**Wednesday, July 15<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

Sir Charles and Lady Peers left the Castle after breakfast. Both left a most agreeable impression. Before leaving, he visited South Church, & made some notes on the Cross, in order that he might write something for the Bishoprick.

After lunch I walked round the Park with D<sup>r</sup>. M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh. *He gave me a curious account of that very old fish, the late Lord Tankerville, who had been for some while his patient. He was "the wickedest man I have ever come across", said the doctor, but he went to America, was converted by the Salvation Army, & married a 'Hallelujah lass'. Then he preached and sang in the streets of London, rather to the embarrassment of his friends.*

Walter Buchanan Smith, the governor of Southern Nigeria, arrived with his mother on a short visit. I took him for a short walk in the Park before dinner.

M<sup>r</sup> Charles Singer wrote to me with reference to the sale of the Cock Library in S<sup>t</sup> Oswald's. It is apparent that the commotion caused by that breach of trust is considerable.

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[92]

Thursday, July 16<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

I wrote to Robin [Vane-Tempest-Stuart]\* congratulating him on his engagement. Twice in the course of the morning I was interrupted by clergymen, who had no arrangement for an interview. First, Morris-Young came to me about Winston: and, next, Evans of ~~Evannard~~ Etherley came to complain about his lay-reader.

Then I completed my reading of the 'Anthology'. In the afternoon. I had two interviews with ~~Confirmation~~ Ordination candidates – John Anderson, from Washington, and George Harding - from Stratton. The latter wanted me to accept him for Ordination at Advent' but this I refused. I will ordain him at Trinity 1932, if he is then qualified.

Brigstocke\* arrived about 5 p.m. He says that he would be glad to return to the diocese, and I think it would probably be worth while to bring him back, if a suitable vacancy should occur. But that contingency may not happen for a long time, & in the interval he may get settled elsewhere.

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[93]

Friday, July, 17<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

*The Birmingham Problem re-appears, and in an aggravated form. Barnes has again acted with incredible tactlessness. Before he has seen Simmonds\*, he calls upon him to suppress 'Reservation' in S. Aidan's, and when he receives a (not very suitably worded) refusal, addresses to the Archbishop of C. a characteristically flamboyant letter. Had he any desire for peace he could hardly have taken a course which might seem to make a continuance of strife inevitable. He has, so far as he could, thrown Simmonds into the hands of the 'fire-eaters', and cast away unused what was probably his most effective instrument of accommodation, I mean a personal interview in which he might easily have gained Simmonds to a moderate procedure. Of course, this miserable & persistent strife can only have the effect of disgusting reasonable men with the Establishment, and to that extent I must needs regard it as strengthening my hands.*

[94]

Ella's garden party was numerously attended, and the weather, although threatening, was never actually hostile. So far as I was able to judge, everybody seemed to be enjoying themselves. I acted as showman in the Chapel and the Castle to small parties, & had a good deal of interesting talk with General Keith, who is about to leave Catterick.

I finished reading a new book by Maurice Hindus, "Red Bread". It describes a collectivizing of Russian agriculture, and, though it does not concede or minimize the brutality with which the practice is being carried on, it discloses in the author sympathy with the policy, & belief in its ultimate success. The references to Christianity are comparatively brief, but they are melancholy and suggestive. A new Russia is coming into being, a Russia from which the Faith and Morality of the Gospel has been extirpated. If this "experiment" can succeed, who can any longer claim that human nature includes factors which Christianity presupposes or requires?

<!180731>

[95]

Saturday, July 18<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**Brigstocke left the Castle. I have so far pledged myself to him that I have told him of my intention to offer him the next suitable living that falls vacant, provided, of course, that he has obtained no other employment. But I dislike giving such pledges.**

The death of W. R. Lethaby\*, sometime architect of Westminster Abbey is announced. How well I remember the little, nervous, obstinate, omniscient man! How my world is emptying!

Walter Buchanan-Smith\* and his mother left the Castle after lunch for Harrogate. Two more of Ella's relations, Jessie MacDonald and her daughter, Dorothy, arrived last night.

Charles motored me to Durham for the Lay helpers' service in the Cathedral. I licensed about forty, and then gave them an address on 1. Corinthians xiv 39. "The spirits of the Prophets are subject to the prophets". Among those whom I licensed was Cecil Ferens\*. The weather continues to be close, wet and comfortless, hostile both to efficiency and to self-respect. How many historic villainies would be intelligible, if we did but know the state of the weather!

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[96]

**7<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 19<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

*I thought much in the watches of the night about the very perplexing question of my duty towards K[enneth]., and finally decided that I would write forthwith to the Warden of Wadham, and learn something about his behaviour there. Then, if it seem[sic] right, I will give him the money to pay for the taking of the degree. But what is the prospect before him even on the best showing? These youths from the "humble classes" have the most exorbitant notion of the importance of a degree, and before them lies a most painful disillusionment, when they perforce discover that the "market value" of a degree is extremely small, that society is full of graduates whom the world has no need of, and that, unless they have better qualifications than those which their "testamur" affirms, they have but a bleak prospect before them. Too often, they attribute their failure to find the kind of employment which they think congruous with their merits to every cause but the true one; and indulge a mood of wounded vanity & morbid self-pity which is as unwholesome as it is absurd.*

[97]

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. Ella and our guests communicated and three members of the household.

I wrote to the Warden of Wadham. Then I began to reflect on my "commitments". Beside the sermons, (of which two, that in Oxford on August 9<sup>th</sup> and that in Cambridge on November 8<sup>th</sup> are of some importance) there are several other pledges e.g. an article for the Times on the "Supreme Headship", a pamphlet for Nisbet either on Disestablishment or on the Thirty nine Articles. There is also the sermon to the University of S. Andrew's on Nov. 29<sup>th</sup> and an address at York on October 4<sup>th</sup>.

Moreover, I must begin work on the 3<sup>rd</sup> Quadrennial Charge to the Diocese, for which I have not yet succeeded in finding a subject. It would be natural, perhaps, to discuss the whole subject of Subscription, which would lead to some consideration of the vexed & difficult questions raised by our Modernists. But on every hand there are so many pitfalls in this discussion that prudence would warn any peace-loving Bishop not to put hand to it. Nevertheless, it greatly tempts me.

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[98]

**Monday, July 20<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

*I received from the Warden of Wadham a reply to my enquiry about K. It appears that he took his B.A. degree last Saturday, so that he must have sources of financial supply, of which I know nothing. The Warden writes:*

*["]I am afraid that he derived very little benefit from his Oxford course, chiefly because he never got down to realities. I shall find it very difficult to give him anything but a formal testimonial. I doubt if these County Council Scholarships are really useful to anyone but the boy who wins an open scholarship or exhibition, at any rate at this University, possibly it may be of more use at a provincial university.["]*

*He adds in a postscript:*

*["]I have nothing definite against K's character, but I think that he frittered his time away, and had an exaggerated idea of his abilities: he certainly contributed nothing to the College.["]*

*That is a poor summary of an academic career.*

[99]

**The Rev<sup>d</sup> J. S. Bezzant, who wrote rather savagely about my charge on "Disestablishment", has written to me at some length on the subject of "spiritual independence":**

"When I read your letters in "The Times" I find that they provoke reactions against the positions you defend – until I read such replies as those of Lord Brentford & Lord Cushendun, which turn my sympathies to your side of the argument. I certainly disagree with their claims that Parliament should control the church as keenly as I dissent from things you say about "spiritual independence".

This is interesting, and probably indicates a wider area of discontent than it discloses. I wrote to him in a conciliatory vein, and at some length, indicating where in my judgement we parted company viz. in the conception of the Church. We are really back in the Bangorian Controversy, and I am playing the rôle of Law v. Hoadly, with this difference that the spiritual dignity in now on the side of the Church!

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[100]

Tuesday, July 21<sup>st</sup>, 1931.

I worked at the Lecture on Butler, but made woefully little progress. The difficulty of making a summary of the Analogy which is both accurate & adequate, & which can be intelligible at first hearing to persons, who are quite unfamiliar with the book, is very great.

Ella went off to York to attend a conference of "Bishopesses" convened by M<sup>rs</sup> Temple\*. I don't like such conclaves of our semi-official women.

I walked round the Park with the doctor. We spoke of the agitation for the Ordination of women, & he expressed his disgust. "If women are ordained to the priesthood in the Church of England", he said, "I shall join the Church of Rome". Certainly, in doing so, he will not be alone.

*Barnes is reported to have spoken with gross unwisdom at a Methodist Conference in Birmingham. He seems determined to force the Church into another of these deplorable "Ritualist agitations". It is all "grist to the mill" of Disestablishment.*

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[101]

Wednesday, July 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1931.

A young man, claiming relationship with me through his grandmother, & signing himself Kenneth Herbert Hensley Chamberlin, writes to me to inquire about Ordination. He seems to have no other motive than the desire to secure an easier job than that which he has at present, as his health is indifferent!!![sic]

Robin came to see me. He is not exactly ecstatic about his engagement, but reasonably pleased. He says that the King of Spain is much "broken up" by recent events, that he has hardly anything to live on, and that he has no hopes of returning to Spain. He says the younger son, a lad of 17, is a fine fellow.

I finished the lecture on Butler, and now must turn to the sermon.

Accompanied by Sybil, Lady Eden,\* Fearn, & Charles, I motored to Houghton-le-Spring, & there preached to a congregation of G. F. members who were celebrating the "Jubilee" of the local branch. After the service, I presented certificates to some of the girls. Then we all had dinner with the Rector & M<sup>rs</sup> [Ralph] Watson\*.

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*The Archbishop of Canterbury writes to the Bishop of Birmingham at some length, and with some asperity. His Grace does not limit himself to correcting the Bishop's account of his action in licensing Simmonds, but rebukes the Bishop's uncharitable and unwarrantable language about the Eucharist. The letter is trenchant and effective, but it will almost certainly evoke something more from Barnes, who is clearly in his most pugnacious mood. The whole sorry business is most distressing. I suspect that the situation in Birmingham is worsening steadily. To get into conflict with his own Metropolitan is a tactical blunder of some gravity, and to join hands openly with the Sectaries against the Anglo-Catholics will alienate many who have small liking for the latter. Besides, men soon sicken of controversy, and Barnes's obstinacy will alienate money. The Religious life of the diocese can hardly be assisted by this continuing domestic conflict.*

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[103]

Thursday, July 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.

["]He (sc Leighton) looked on the state of the Church of England was in with very melancholy reflections, and was very uneasy at an expression then much used, that it was the best constituted church in the world. He though it was truly so, with relation to the doctrine, the worship, and the main part of our government. But as to the administration, both with relation to the ecclesiastical courts and the pastoral care, he looked on it as one of the most corrupt he had ever seen. He thought, we looked like a fair carcase of a body without a spirit, without that zeal, that strictness of life, & that laboriousness in the clergy that became us.["]

|  
Burnet\*. History of his Own Time ii.437.

*Barnes replied to the Archbishop in a rude, crude, offensive letter, in which he enlarges in his worst manner on Sacramental doctrine. The effect of this correspondence on the public mind cannot but be extremely unfavourable to religion.*

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*Barnes formulates his own sacramental belief:-*

|  
*"The true Anglican doctrine of Holy Communion is surely that the bread and wine are, to speak metaphorically, vehicles or channels of spiritual grace. Through their use Christ comes to the devout worshipper. We know that this is true because we have experienced it. Similarly the beauty that it is in God has been revealed to us in a sunset: & often Christ is brought to the soul through the ever-living pages of the Gospels."*

*This statement will hardly re-assure his critics, or comfort his victims. He seems to allow nothing distinctive, still less supreme, in the grace of the Sacrament. Its value may vary with the temperament of the communicant, & some may be better assisted by reading the Gospel! Clearly the use of the Sacrament is optional. Now it is certain that this view of the Eucharist can by no means be harmonized with the language of the Prayer Book, or with the teaching of the most eminent Anglican divines. It is an impoverished version of Zwinglianism.*

[105]

I motored to Sunderland in the afternoon, and had my hair cut. On my return to the Castle, I wrote to Dick, and prepared a few notes for the Pageant tomorrow.

Sybil, Lady Eden, came in to dinner.

[Burnet was unfortunate in his choice of a text, when on *Guy Fawkes Day* he elected to preach from the words: "Save me from the lion's mouth: thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns:"

*"I made no reflection in my thoughts on the lion & unicorn, as being the two supporters of the king's scutcheon: (for I ever hated all points of that sort, as a profanation of scriptures:) but I shewed how well popery might be compared to the lion's mouth, then open to devour us: & I compared our former deliverance from the extremities of danger to the being on the horns of a rhinoceros. And this leading me to the subject of the day, I mentioned that wish of king James I against any of his posterity that sh<sup>d</sup> endeavour to bring that religion in among us. This was immediately carried to the court. But it only raised more anger against me: for nothing c<sup>d</sup> be made of it. They talked most of the choice of the text, as levelled at the king's coat of arms. That had never been once in my thoughts."*  
Burnet. *History of his Own Time*. ii. 451]

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[106]

**Friday, July 24<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

I motored to Newcastle, and lunched in Tily's Restaurant with the Committee of the great Pageant which has been organised by the Conservative Party, but is loudly proclaimed to have itself no partisan character. The "Labour" Lord Mayor opened it on the great day, & I opened it today. Roger Lumley was chairman, & made a neat & rather flattering speech. My speech was a failure: it evidently could not be heard, & there were many indications of impatience before it ended!! This is a new experience for me, but no doubt salutary. There was an immense concourse of spectators. I was told that numbers were unable to gain admission: that the financial success was assured & notable: & that, in deference to much pressure, an additional day had been arranged. I witnessed five of the eight episodes, & then came away. As a pageant it seemed to me remarkably successful, but it stirred many questions in my mind. In this distressful time, how did these thousands of people find the money for admission to the Show? How far is Religion served by these mimickings of religious actions?

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[107]

Saturday, July 25<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

*The medieval Church tolerated a vast amount of profanity in the populace. The 'Festum Stultorum' and the 'Festum Asinorum' were but extreme examples of this licentious tolerance: but the total absence of unbelief in the modern sense made this a safe procedure. On the basis of universal & unquestioning orthodoxy much is possible & even harmless which, in a sceptically secularist age, is widely disturbing. Certainly, the spectacle of the most solemn acts of Religion being mimicked for the general entertainment cannot assist that reverence for Religion which is the indispensable condition of being sincerely religious. Probably the old horror of everything Popish is lessened by familiarity with the language and aspect of medieval Christianity. Copes & mitres no longer recall "Bloody Bonner" and the Friars of Smithfield as they did to a former generation which had only known them in the woodcuts which illustrated Foxe's Book of Martyrs. But the new tolerance of these things is conditioned by their being definitely stripped of religious significance. They are no more, and no less, than "stage properties". It is not possible to revere what you have played with, nor can conviction consist with histrionics.*

[108]

Charles and I motored to York, where we attended the Consecration of D<sup>r</sup> Blunt, the new Bishop of Bradford. The service was held in the Nave, which was filled with a very devout congregation. The Preacher was the Dean of Chichester (Duncan Jones), and the sermon was very poor stuff indeed. The service was most solemn, dignified, and well-ordered. We lunched at the County Hotel with the Bishops of Blackburn & Jarrow. Having a little time on our hands, we went to Ripon, & visited the Cathedral. We had tea, & visited an 'Antiques' shop, where I bought a fan, and a "Salt" for Ella. We went to Darlington where I looked in on a Missionary Conference arranged by S.P.G. Finally we returned to the Castle. The Times has a letter on the Birmingham Dispute from the bishop of Oxford. It is characteristically subtle, almost indeed whimsical, and in tone very urbane, but it is not either sufficiently lucid or sufficiently pointed to be controversially effective.

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[109]

8<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, July 26<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

The 'Guardian' concludes a leading article on "The Birmingham Position" with a reference to myself:-

"It w<sup>d</sup> be well if those who are concerned about the spiritual independence of the Anglican Church w<sup>d</sup> concentrate their interest on the point where its present lack of independence is most gravely revealed, the system of so-called private patronage."

Surely here there is much confusion of thought. By 'spiritual independence' in connexion with patronage can only be meant the uncontrolled right of the people (whether the unit of the parish or the congregation) to choose their pastor. By 'spiritual independence' in connexion with the church, there can only be intended the right of the spiritual society to order its own life as such, including such a matter as the method by which clergy are appointed to their charge.

The difficulties in Birmingham have no connexion with private patronage. Had the congregation chosen their parson, there is no reason for thinking that the man on whom their choice [fell?] would have been any more acceptable to the Bishop than Simmonds appears to be. The root of the mischief lies deeper.

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We may distinguish three factors in the situation, all of which grows from the Establishment.

- (i) the lack of sympathy between the Bishop and the general sentiment of the Church of England. He was appointed by the Crown (i.e. by the Prime Minister) without reference to the wishes, either of the Church as a whole, or of the diocese.
- (ii) the conscientious refusal of the Clergy to obey, and the Bishop to enforce the Law.
- (iii) the legal right of non-Anglicans to concern themselves with the domestic affairs of the Church of England.

How are these factors to be removed except by Disestablishment? It is, of course, theoretically possible so to reform the system by which the Bishops are appointed as to secure the appointment of men approved by the Church and the diocese. But is there much chance that Parliament would approve such a reform? Would the Crown consent to so large an abridgement of its prerogative?

It is, of course, conceivable that the Church might be granted a real legislative independence, [111] and that the Ecclesiastical Courts might be re-constituted in agreement with church principles: but is there the smallest probability that Parliament would approve the requisite measures?

*There is no inherent impossibility in Parliament's agreement to exclude non-Anglicans from parochial rights: but is there any probability that it w<sup>d</sup> do so? **The gravamen of serious Anglicans is the necessity of conciliating the "No Popery" fanaticism of the nation as a whole, & of the sectaries in particular. How is that gravamen to be effectively got rid of, except by distinguishing between Churchmanship and Citizenship, i.e. by Disestablishment.** The method by which the clergy are appointed to spiritual office is compromised by the legal theories which have transformed pastoral office into a benefice, and the responsibility for nominating a pastor into a property. These legal theories have their roots in the Establishment, they are evident violations of spiritual independence. **Along every line of practical reform we are brought to the central weakness of the present situation viz: the servitude of the spiritual society to the State.***

[112]

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

After breakfast, I wrote a long letter to the Guardian, embodying some of the material on these pages. Then I went into the Chapel, & read Mattins by myself. Ella & I strolled in the Garden before lunch: and afterwards I walked in the Park. The air was thunderous, & there were intermittent sprinklings of rain.

I wrote to Mary Radford and to George Nimmins\*. Then I read Temple's Oxford Addresses, now published in the small volume, "Christian Faith and Life", which he sent me a few weeks ago. Inge expressed to me his high approval of them, and I agree with him. When they were commended by the voice and manner of one who is certainly a considerable orator, & one who carried the prestige of his great office, they must have been most effective. Moreover the assembling in S. Mary's of a crowded congregation of ardent youth, on the qui vive of emotional expectancy did without doubt powerfully assist the Preacher's effort. In any case, the effort was remarkable.

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[113]

Monday, July 27th, 1931.

I see him, - old, but vigorous in age, -  
Stand like an oak, whose stag-horn branches start  
Out of its leafy brow, the more to awe  
The Younger brethren of the grove.

So Wordsworth refers to Burke (v. Prelude. Bk vii. 519-522). All the oaks in the Park are stag-horned. Is it merely an evidence of age?

The times were big  
With ominous change, which, night by night, provoked  
Keen struggles, & black clouds of passion raised;  
But memorable moments intervened,  
When Wisdom, like the Goddess from Jove's brain,  
Broke forth in armour of resplendent words,  
Startling the Synod.

That is an excellent description of Burke's eloquence. Wordsworth's account of 'Pulpit's oratory' is less pleasing. For there,

ostentation, domineering oft  
Poured forth harangues, how sadly out of place!

Between the cold insipidities of Blair, and the rhapsodies of the Methodists, there was not much to be heard then.

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I spent the morning in revising the Butler 'Lecture', & the Oxford sermon. In the afternoon I walked round the park with Charles.

[symbol] Derek wrote to me a pleasant letter. He ends his life at Durham school with evident regret. On the whole he has acquitted himself well, and his start in Oxford is reasonably accompanied by the hope that he will do creditably there. He impresses himself with self-respect and gratitude.

"I should like also to thank you very gratefully for all you have done for me in sending me to school, & now to Oxford, as well as for helping me very greatly with all the advice & warning you have given me. I can only hope that I will never disappoint you, & that I may be able to do something worthy of your trust, & of the covenant"

That discloses a good spirit in the lad.

[His address until August 5<sup>th</sup> is:

Old Rectory House, Kirk Sandell.  
near Doncaster, Yorks.]

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[115]

**Tuesday, July 28<sup>th</sup>, 1931. The XII<sup>th</sup> Year of my Translation.**

A fretful blustering day, with occasional rain-showers, most trying to temper & nerves. A profound depression hung over me all day long, & went far to withdraw such small working power as I possess. The morning was frittered away in reading about the Royal supremacy. Pollard's account of Wolsey's monopoly of power, secular & spiritual, as giving the coup de grace to the medieval constitution, and predisposing the clergy to accept Henry's "supremum caput in terra", as a welcome alternative, is very illuminating. "English bishops desired no more papal legates a latere. As between Wolsey & Henry VIII they preferred the king, even when he shocked them with his royal supremacy." It is an odd thing that the Fidei Defensor should have made himself the "Supremum Caput Ecclesiae Anglicanae"; and it is not without suggestiveness that while the first title has persisted, the last has passed into oblivion. Legally, in spite of Elizabeth's scruple, & the substitution of "Supreme Governor" for "Supreme Head" in the Act of Supremacy, the King is still the "Head" of the Church.

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I went into Durham in the afternoon in order to see Ferens. He was absent at a cricket match. I had some talk with the Bishop of Jarrow. [symbol] His sympathies are quite plainly with Barnes, though his is too intelligent not to see that he (Barnes) has blundered badly.

I am perturbed at the breach which seems to be opening between me and my suffragan. Probably, I have given too much into his hands, but it is difficult to prevent a concentration of authority in the man who resides in Durham, is both Archdeacon & Bishop Suffragan, and has control of the Crewe Trust. Add that he has been entrusted with the training of the Ordination Candidates, that he is energetic, efficient, & fond of power, and that he has made himself persona grata to the University, this concentration of work & influence in his hands makes any breach between him and me extremely calamitous. I shrink from admitting that such a breach exists, and yet it is hard to deny that many circumstances appear to indicate that it does, & that it widens.

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[117]

**Wednesday, July 29<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

Another blistering chilly day, very uncomfortable. I spent the morning in making notes about the Royal Supremacy.

John Hodgson, from Heighington came to lunch. He has taken a first class in his Finals at Cambridge, but remains the shy, rather gawky lad he was 3 years ago. Clearly he has good stuff in him.

Arthur Watts\* came for a walk round the Park, & stayed to dinner. He is discovering that many of the doctors in Newcastle are not Christians, & is ingenuously puzzled. He has been making friends of some of the coloured students, & they have pressed the racial problem on his attention rather disconcertingly. His sympathies are ardently engaged on the side of the native races, but the extraordinary difficulties which attach to unconditioned intercourse between them & Europeans are beginning to dawn on him.

The Rev C. B. Crowe writes to me from Hartburn Vicarage, near Morpeth, to tell me "how very much he enjoyed my speech at the opening of the Pageant last Friday", & to remind me that he was beneficed in the Hereford diocese, when I was Bishop of Hereford. I thanked him for his civility, & sent him a copy of the "Bishoprick".

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[118]

Thursday, July 30<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

There is a ruthlessness about the methods, which commend themselves to the York ecclesiastics, not to be contemplated without anxiety by less vehement Anglicans. Hotfoot on the sale of the Caxtons by the Dean & Chapter comes the report of the Archbishop's Commission recommending the 'removal' of four of the ancient churches in York! Disestablishment would appear to be needed, not only to free the church, but also to protect the Nation. These historic fabricks are in a very true sense national heirlooms as well as "places of worship": & the clergy, who have control of them, are trustees for the Nation as well as officers of the Church. The pinched denominationalism, which engineered the passing of the Enabling Act, is totally incompatible with the jealous & faithful spirit of trusteeship. It will not have "done its perfect work" until the national commission has been withdrawn, & the Church of England has to fulfil its denominational rôle with no more than its denominational resources. This is the triumph of the "Life & Liberty" agitators!!!

[119]

The weather improved, & in the afternoon was fine. I worked at the article for the Times on the Supreme Headship, but made small progress.

In the afternoon I walked in the Park, & had some talk with the unemployed lads from the Training Centre. None of them had seen the Chapel; only one had been in the Cathedral. I inquired whether any of them used any part of their ample leisure in reading: & they seemed rather amazed at the suggestion. Yet all of them have been through the elementary schools.

Harvey Dawson-Walker came to see me about his acceptance as a candidate for Holy Orders. He is a fellow of S. Augustine's College, Canterbury.

I received a letter from Bidgood informing me that he had accepted nomination to S<sup>t</sup> Michael's, Stockwell: & that he hoped to remain at S<sup>t</sup> Luke's until the end of the year. This is the 4<sup>th</sup> living which has fallen vacant during the last month, viz:

1.	Holy Trinity, South Shields	£400	Dean & Chapter
2.	S. Matthew's, Darlington	£360	The Bishop
3.	Winston	£559	The Bishop
4.	S. Luke's, West Hartlepool	£400	The Bishop

There is a pension to be charged on Winston.

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[120]

Friday, July 31<sup>st</sup>, 1931.

Lord Kylsant has been brought in guilty of issuing 'a prospectus which he knew to be false particularly with intent to induce persons to entrust or advance property to the company' (sc. Royal Mail Steam Packet): and M<sup>r</sup> Justice Wright passed sentence of 12 months' imprisonment in the second division. This is a dramatic conclusion to a commercial career of unusual brilliance, & will shock the financial world. Probably the unhappy man has not really trespassed outside the debatable land of speculative business. He ran risks as all speculators do, and the risks turned against him. Probably no kind of wrong-doing places a smaller strain on the conscience, and hardly any leads to results in human misery more considerable. The punishment is severe for it expresses rather the self-protective anxieties of the community than its measure of individual guilt. There must be many in the City who know that they ought to be sharing Lord Kylsant's imprisonment, and are wondering whether they will finally escape his fate. Will the unlawful risks which they are running turn out against them also?

[121]

The weather was uncommonly close & stupefying, and, though there was no rain, the sky was heavily clouded & rain fell heavily at Rushyford. I felt so giddy that perforce, I abandoned the attempt to work.

Gabriel Tallents came to lunch. I told him that I would sanction his acting as a lay-reader in his father's parish. He is a very fat youth, and was for 5 years at S<sup>t</sup> Michael's, Tenbury.

Hazelton, the Vicar of West Rainton, came to consult me with respect to an offer of a parish in Newcastle, which he had received from [one] of these hateful Trusts. I was not favourable, but as he pleads poverty & the necessity of getting to a place where his children can be educated, I could say little.

Ella's garden party was numerously attended. I had talk with a good many of the guests including old Lomax\*!

Ralph & Kitty with their children Katherine & Richard arrived for a short visit. I took Ralph for a walk in the Park before dressing for dinner.

[122]

**My letter appears in the 'Guardian' with much prominence, and is made the subject of a not unfriendly leading article.** I talked with Ralph about the situation in Birmingham, and was both relieved and surprised to find that he did not approve of the Bishop's course. "I think", he said, "that Barnes has made every mistake it was possible for him to make". He is evidently not quite easy in his mind about the Liberal Churchman's Union, of which he is the President. He told me that Geikie-Cobb had evidently written a tractate about marriage,

which some of the "younger men" wished to publish with the official endorsement of the Union: and that he had defeated this project by the threat of his resignation. I told him of the invitation which I had received from the Cambridge Tutors to preach a mission to the undergraduates, and of my refusal of the same. He expressed regret at my decision, and it may be that I was unwise. Yet I cannot persuade myself that I could have carried out such a mission successfully.

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[123]

**Saturday, August 1<sup>st</sup>, 1931.**

A close night, hostile to sleep, with some rain, and, when morning came, a heavy mist over all, most depressing. Why is one so piteously helpless against the influence of one's physical environment?

The entire day has been sacrificed to my guests. Perhaps the fineness of the day & my continuing incapacity for work mitigated the pain of the sacrifice. After lunch Ella & I motored with our guests into Durham, & there visited the Castle and the Cathedral. Catherine and Richard seemed to take an intelligent interest in what they saw, & they both have the hereditary gift of emphasized civility in speech!

**The newspapers are full of the Report of the Economy Committee.** The proposals are drastic to the point of heroism, but it is safe to prophecy that none of them will be adopted. What party dares to go to the country on a programme which includes reducing the dole & cutting down the salaries of school teachers by 20 per cent? It costs little to make magnificent proposals when those who make <sup>^them^</sup> know in advance that nobody means seriously to attempt their reduction in practice.

[124]

Sir Walter and Lady Raine,\* and Peter Richardson & Evie came to dinner. We had some interesting conversation about the situation, political & economic. Sir Walter is a resolute optimist, but he sees no break in the clouds. He doubts whether any party dare attempt to carry out the proposals of the Economy Committee: thinks that a supplementary Budget in October is unavoidable, & that it must include an addition to the Income tax. The Vicar & his family came in after dinner, but added little to life of the party.

[symbol]

Boden, the tutor of S. Chad's, came to me with a note from Rawlinson\*. He had been asked to do something for a wretched neurotic man, immersed in the worst vice, who yet aspired to be ultimately ordained! I said that his vice was incapacitating: that his case was rather suitable for the doctor than for the parson: & counselled him to decline all responsibility.

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[125]

**9<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1931.**

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 13 altogether viz. Kitty, Catherine, Richard, William, John, Harold, Horrie, Alexander, two maids, Ella, Fearne & myself.

**Charles motored me to Whitburn, where I preached to about 200 C.L.B. boys, there gathered in camp.** After the service we inspected the camp under the guidance of Colonel Bowes. Then we called at S. Mary Magdalene Vicarage to enquire for the Vicar "Bill" Wright, who had been reported as gravely ill. He was absent, but the Curate informed me that he was suffering from "pernicious anaemia", and was to have some kind of operation in his jaw. **Then we went to Lumley Castle**, and joined the rest of the party at lunch with Roger & M<sup>rs</sup> Lumley, Lady Nina Balfour, M<sup>r</sup> Lumley senior, & a gentleman whose name escapes me completed the party. It was a most agreeable luncheon. We got away in time to attend Evensong in the Cathedral. The choir-boys were absent on holiday, but the men did well enough without them. I sate in my throne, & pronounced the Benediction. We all had tea with the Canon and M<sup>rs</sup> Dawson-Walker\* & then returned to Auckland.

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**Monday, August 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.**

A clouded morning with essays of rain, but clearing, and by noon reasonably fine.

**I signed my Will, and had my signature witnessed by the Dean of S<sup>t</sup> Paul's & Charles.**

A depression of spirits, maturing into an ill temper which made the procedure of civilized life almost unendurable, held control of me far into the day, &, of course, destroyed the possibility of work. Must one for ever be at the mercy of moods & conditions?

Lady Eden had arranged a Fête in the Park for the Cottage Hospital, and, as the weather was favourable & the day a Bank Holiday, there was a considerable concourse of people. They seemed to be enjoying themselves, and behaving very well. After tea, Ralph and I walked round the Park, and falling in with M<sup>rs</sup> Dawson on her way to the hay-field, had some talk with her about the farmer's condition. She was not at all optimistic. A dead sheep lay beside the road. She said that they suspected that it had been poisoned as a sheep-dog had perished in the same way.

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Tuesday, August 4<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Somebody sends me the Parish Magazine of S. Philip and S. James, Ilfracombe. The Vicar, Rev<sup>d</sup> I. Siviter M.A. would appear to be a robust type of Protestant. His letter to the parishioners deals with the Oxford Movement, and is expressed with vigour. "The last outgrowth of the Movement was seen in the attempt to revise the Prayer Book in 1929 (sic), & now the recent attack on the 39 Articles. Shall we thank God for this?" He will have nothing to do with the commemoration in 1933. "As for ourselves, we shall (D.V.) make 1933 a special year of Thanksgiving for our intrepid Reformers, our scriptural Prayer Book, and for the blessings of the Evangelical Revival". It will not surprise me if the Tractarian Jubilations in 1933 occasions a considerable counter-blast of Protestant demonstration. The Rev<sup>d</sup> Isaiah Siviter was "trained" at S<sup>t</sup> Aidan's, took the L.Th. at Durham in 1911, & his degree as B.A. in 1914. He was ordained in Liverpool in 1911. He was wandered about, & since 1925 has held the Trustee living in Ilfracombe, which he now holds. It is hardly an impressive record.

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The gloom of yesterday continues, & receives nourishment from the comfortless activities incidental to one's leaving home for what is grotesquely designated a holiday. What clothes shall be taken? and what books? Incidentally, I discover that a number of little red & green Loeb volumes of the classics are missing. How is this explained? They are not the kind of books which most attract the book-thief. I have ever been careful to replace them on the shelves, after use, & yet there are about a dozen volumes missing.

The irrepressible Lomax telegraphed for an interview, and had it at 3.30 p.m. He wants to get rid of a curate, but I told him that before consenting to a formal dismissal, I must hear what the said curate had to say. He went off, after rambling about on many subjects for nearly an hour, nowise well-pleased with his diocesan!

M<sup>r</sup> Wilkinson, the Vicar of Knowsley, came to see the Castle. I had a short conversation with him.

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"Religion must be content to be one important factor in a complex civilisation. Its function is to co-operate with other elevating influences in holding up, and inculcating the higher values. In so doing it will discountenance avarice & injustice, it will diminish envy, hatred & suspicion. It will keep before us the ideal of service as the highest

honour that a man can aspire to. It will remind us that as we are one body in Christ so we are every one members one of another. It will teach us to look forward to a Kingdom of God on this earth, an imperfect copy of that city "of which the type is laid up in heaven". In all these ways religion can act as the leaven of society, as the salt of the earth. But I repeat that a degenerating society cannot hope much from its religion. Its religion will itself be degenerate. We can never afford to forget the aphorism of Professor Whitehead "Religion is not always a good thing. It maybe, and often has been a very bad thing".

The Dean of S. Paul's. May 29, 1931

Is this an adequate account of what Christ's Religion claims to be, & if it be true, must be?

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*I took Ralph for a walk round the Park, & we had much talk together. He is, I think, not quite easy in his mind about the fierce attitude towards the historic Church, which he disclosed in his last book; nor is he (me judice) very successful in reconciling his view of Christianity (expressed over-leaf) with a belief in the Incarnation. I challenged him on both, & his response was modestly apologetic. He is quite definitely hostile to the modern notion of a God that is in process of being developed, and finds himself more heartily in agreement with the Jesuit philosophers than with his Protestant cotemporaries. His hatred of the Roman Church is temperamental rather than reasoned.*

*He is in favour of re-union with the Eastern Church, but was unable to persuade Storr to the same opinion. He agrees with me that no real progress is possible on present lines in the much advertised negotiations with the Nonconformist leaders. Refusal to communicate bars the road on our side.*

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Wednesday, August 5<sup>th</sup>, 1031.

*Ralph and Kitty went off after breakfast in their way to Cloan. Catherine & Richard left in their motor shortly afterwards. Was this visit successful? **Ralph and I hold towards one another a position which might, perhaps, be called one of armed neutrality. We shrink from getting into an open collision, but we are both conscious of an antagonism which is a widening rift.** He has really abandoned the orthodox position: I am desperately clinging to it because I can see no alternative. Christianity is either supernatural, through & through, or it is nowise, essentially, different from the other phenomena of religion, a part of the product of a natural evolution. There is an immense plausibility about this view, and all-but insurmountable difficulty about the orthodox position. **Nevertheless, I cannot bring myself to jettison historic Christianity, and to sink the Incarnate into the general category of spiritual leaders.** This little immediate issue of Church & State, which the rejection of the revised Prayer Book has raised, becomes great & critical because it expresses the fundamental issue of what Christianity really is.*

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Jack Clayton\* arrived about 4 p.m. He was in high spirits on the way to Scotland, there to indulge his schismatic proclivities without hindrance. He says that the Fundamentalist Training College in Bristol is flourishing, that it has now more than fifty students, and that the absurd fanaticism of the place shows no sign of abatement. He fears that the Ordination candidates of the future will be mainly drawn from the rival extremist camps. It is an ill prospect. He thinks that Barnes has acted with colossal unwisdom in Birmingham. He agrees with me that Inge's vehement antipathy to the historic church is a great defect in his last book. He regards the Evangelicals as having no future. I showed him the record in this Journal (p.10-12) of Archbishop Söderblom's visit here, which interested ~~me~~ him the more since he had to write something about the Archbishop for the Bristol Diocesan Gazette.

The weather which was dull & sunless ended by being wet.

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Thursday, August 6<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**Ella, Fearne & I left the Castle a few minutes after 10 a.m., and motored by way of Boroughbridge, Warwick & Cheltenham to Painswick**, where we had arranged to occupy Geordie's\* little house, "Loveday House", for the remainder of the month. Save for a little rain in the afternoon the weather was fine, & the country looked rich & beautiful; though it was sad to see the hay yet lying in the fields. We lunched by the roadside, a few miles north of Bawtry, and had tea in the Royal Hotel, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The maids had prepared a comfortable dinner. Awaiting me was a very civil letter from the Rev<sup>d</sup> Lionel Cholmondeley, brother of the Fellow of All Souls, Frank Cholmondeley.\* He said that he had met me in All Souls, & had heard me speak at the Oriel gaudy. He had just left Painswick on his holiday, but urged me to make use of his books etc.

The Times has a very vigorously written leader on the Birmingham Business, in which the Bishop is handled roughly. He merits severe treatment, but perhaps this is excessive.

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### **Painswick**

This house, which is called Loveday after the Quaker family which once owned it, is hard by the church, a rather good specimen of a medieval English parish church, set in a church yard which is adorned by a number of carefully clipped yew-trees. The house is built of the grey stone distinctive of this part of England, and, though small, has an old-world dignity which might almost be called aristocratic. The rooms are small, & the total accommodation inadequate to the requirements of a family, but excellently adapted to the needs of its present owner, a widowed lady, of neat appearance, precise tastes, and numerous titled acquaintance. The garden is not extensive, but it has potentialities, & might be made an effectively congruous adjunct to the house. The aspect appears to be north-~~west~~ east & south-west, and the approach is by a very narrow lane. There seems no reason why I should not be well content with my temporary sojourn.

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Friday, August 7<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

A brilliant morning, warm but not stuffy. Ella and I strolled out for an hour. We visited the Church, which is rather handsome than interesting. That, at least, was the first impression which may be mitigated, or even removed, by better acquaintance. Then we called at Beacon House, & saw the room which M<sup>r</sup> Cholmondeley occupies, & which he offered for my use. His library was suggestively meagre, not much more than the proverbial "undergraduate's library" – a shelf of tattered books eked out by a jar of tobacco, & a pipe-stand! The virtues of that family were not notably intellectual, albeit their ancestry secured to them as "Founder's Kin", a regular succession of All Souls' fellowships. "Old" Cholmondeley and "Young" Cholmondeley were ever regarded by the fellows of the college as perfect illustrations of the old abusive system, alike in its attractiveness and in its failure. The academic gibe which described the sons of Chichele's Foundation as "Bene nati, bene vestiti, et moderate docti" [well born, well clothed, moderately learned] had in them its origin and its justification. They are now only "curios", & their successors are more often deficient in family & dress than in what passes for learning.

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Beacon House itself is a fine specimen of the domestic architecture of William iii and Mary and Anne. Most of the internal features have been torn away & sold, but the stair-case with its finely carved mahogany rails survive, & some ornate ceilings. The good woman at the garage claimed acquaintance with me. She had been a maidservant in Montague House, when the Duke of Buccleuch resided there, and attended S. Margaret's Westminster, while I was Rector. I was much impressed by the beauty of the village which gathers about the parish church & largely consists of stone houses, eminently contiguous therewith. But narrow streets disturbed & soon destroyed the illusions of antique repose, which one had been tempted to indulge. The rambler roses are here in full bloom, and their brilliance agrees well with the grey stone, the effect of the palates of colour in the various streets is most pleasing. It is regrettable that slate roofs had to replace the stone tiles.

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After tea we essayed a country walk, and were speedily out of our course in fields, full of thistles, ill-drained, and haunted by cattle. An old lady directed us to the main road, and, since one good turn deserves another, I carried her pail of water to her cottage, an action which, if reported of any of my predecessors, would have featured in our hagiography, and enriched our stained-glass window. S. Herbert and the Pail would do as well as S. Mango & the Salmon, of S. Anthony and the Pig! One of the many problems which the records of history propose to the student is this of the reason why episodes survive in human memory. So much that we desire to know, & which it seems that we must know if our judgments are to be equitable, have passed into oblivion. So much that is intrinsically unimportant & insignificant have survived. Why? If we could make an act of faith in the Principle of Survival,

and argue securely from what History delivers to us as being justly significant, how much easier would our reading of the Past become!

The weather was fine throughout the day, and ended brilliantly, but there is an uncertain promise in the evening sky.

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Saturday, August 8<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

## OXFORD

Religion must have meant much to Burnet's generation. Prominent burghers and statesmen devoted, as he tells us, five, six, even eight hours to their private devotions every day. It is difficult to see how this would have been feasible, but he mentions it as a matter of course. The men of the xvii<sup>th</sup> century took little sleep, and less exercise, but they possessed little of the labour saving & time-saving devices with which we are familiar. The age was very immoral and very sceptical. Even those who were very religious condoned behaviour which we should consider flagitious. Corruption and tyranny were rampant. Yet Religion was a paramount factor which not even the most cynical politician would ignore. Burnet was a conceited & talkative busybody, and his record of men & affairs reflect ~~with~~ but too faithfully his temperament & habit, but he was not deliberately untruthful, he was often well-informed, & he was genuinely religious.

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A miserable day, raining without interruption. I stayed indoors waiting until 4.15 p.m. when I started in the motor for Oxford. In about two hours I arrived at 4 Marston Ferry Road, & was kindly received by Mary Radford. She is now a large stout woman, with the masterful carriage of an independent professional man, with the hospital odour of a doctor. She sees much of Ruth Spooner, who is not precisely a devoted admirer of her distinguished brother-in-law. The orthodox tradition of his family has in her an excellent exponent affected no doubt by feminism & Socialism, but still paramount. After dinner there came in an ex-Indian Judge & his wife, and Professor Prichard & his wife, and we talked busily. I allowed myself to express the pessimism with which I contemplate the future of civilization, & perhaps startled my hearers. The bothering thing about chance conversation is the probability (very certainly) of conveying an impression, which by no means reflects one's real meaning. Happily memory is ~~no~~-too untrustworthy to enable the account of one's words to be carried in any coherent form beyond the room in which conversation proceeds.

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10<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 9<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

## OXFORD

A bright morning after the rain.

Mary, Alan and I went to an adjacent church, (I think it was S. Anne's) and received the Holy Communion at 8 a.m. The Vicar, Probyn\* (formerly Vicar of Kington in the diocese of Hereford) celebrated, & was assisted by Phelps\*, the late Provost of Oriel, a patriarchal figure. The only unusual feature in this Celebration was the fact that the Celebrant 'took the North end' - a practice now mainly obsolete & mainly sustained by the fanatical rule of the Church Pastoral Act Society which makes it a condition of its grants.

The retired Indian Judge, who came in after dinner last night, spoke interestingly about the ways of the Indian police. They have dutifully abandoned the time-honoured method of torture, but they were still able to obtain information from accused persons by applying what they call 'practical wisdom'! Probably all police forces have, in addition to their official instructions, a traditional order which is found far more serviceable.

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Alan and John motored me to S Mary's for the service at 11 a.m. There was a large attendance of extension students, most of them were women, but there was a good sprinkling of men. Hunter took the service - a mangle-mangle of liturgical scraps and individualised variations, & then I peached the sermon, which took, I think about half an hour to deliver. The text was 'About that time there was no small stir about the Way'. The congregation listened very closely, & seemed to be both interested and impressed. After the service, Mary walked with me in the Christ Church meadow, & then I lunched with M<sup>r</sup> Hutcheson, at 3 Church Road, hard by the Church of S. Philip & S. James. M<sup>r</sup> Brook, who is now Censor of S. Catherine's Students, Miss Dashwood, M<sup>rs</sup> Hutcheson, & a deliberate looking boy, named Michael who is still at Eton with a younger lady who was, I think a sister, completed the party. Mine host walked some way with me after lunch. He thought Barnes might precipitate Disestablishment by his proceedings in Birmingham, & expressed himself with some vigour on the subject of the Dean of S. Paul's whose influence he deprecated.

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Phelps came to tea. He is visibly aqinq – but is full of vitality and humour as ever - a most lovable creature. He said one thing which is worth noting. 'When I came up to Oxford, there were at least six persons resident in the University, whom an intelligent ^visitor^ would be glad to have seen: now there is not one'. I observed that something of the same kind might be said of many other places, the fact being that modern democracy accorded ill with individuality.

We all attended Evensong in the Cathedral at 6 p.m. The service was read, save that the canticles were sung & two hymns. I exchanged a few words in the Quadrangle after service with N. P. Williams\*, the Margaret Professor. Mary's sister, Ranee,\* and her husband Sir Alan Pim, came to supper, & we had much talk about India. He said that in his judgment the worst danger in India at the present time arose from the economic distress of the people. There was real danger of an agrarian revolt. For this evil there would appear to be no remedy, as its root lies in a world-wide depression.

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Monday, August 10<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Sir Alan Pim's cousin is the Irish Free State representative at the Vatican, & from this source he has received sundry information about the situation in Italy. He vouches for the following example of Mussolini's administration. A school-girl scribbled over the Dictator's picture, & was forthwith arrested, only much bullying brought to say that she had done so by the direction of the school-mistress, who was therefore sentenced to six months imprisonment. Even as an illustration of the attitude of mind in Vatican circles, & so much on the lowest estimate the statement must be allowed to possess, this is a significant story. Pim says that his own observation during a recent visit to Italy lead him to conclude that the population is held down in acquiescence by severe repression, that the true facts are extremely hard to ascertain, & that, whenever they imagine themselves free to say what they think, Italians are likely to express a resentment which is deep & bitter. This is, of course, accordant with all that one learns from the sources.

Rain was falling when Alan motored me to the Examination Schools for my lecture on 'Butler' at 9.15 a.m. There was a considerable audience mainly composed of women, & they were very attentive. I trust that they were edified. The ubiquitous and indefatigable Maud Bull was there, and laid hold of me afterwards. Shaking her off, not without difficulty, I went to the hair-dresser in King Edward Street, & was shampooed. Then I picked up John at All Souls, and walked round Magdalen Walk with him in the rain, talking about his approaching Confirmation at Winchester, as I had promised his mother to do. He is a straight-forward lad, who would seem destined to become an honourable & useful man. When I had parted with him I went in to All Souls, & read the papers. Then I started to go to 12, Holywell Street, where I had agreed to lunch with L. S. Hunter, the acting vicar of S. Mary's. As I left All Souls I was caught hold of by Stenning,\* the Warden of Wadham, who spoke about Kenneth Hodgson. He had nothing good to say of him. Wade, the Chaplain of Oriel came to lunch. Both he and Hunter had been present at my lecture, & were disposed to be flatterous. Both these clergymen were ex-Dissenters. We discussed the state of religion in Oxford and the probable effect of the recent mission conducted by the archbishop of York. I was afraid that Buchmanism had outgrown its earlier extravagances, & had now an assured place in academic society as one of the many instruments of expressing undergraduate religion. The influence of female undergraduates was probably unfavourable to intellectual work, rather than to morals. A considerable number of the undergraduates, when they came up to the University, were already engaged to be married. This was a new feature, probably due to the War.

The papers report the death of Henry Gamble,\* Dean of Exeter, a man with whom I have had much intercourse, though never very intimate, in past years, & for whom I had a genuine regard. He was not a strong man, morally or mentally: but he had a keen sense of humour and an honest dislike of humbug. He was not very fortunate in his children, nor, perhaps, was his wife helpful to him.

I picked up the Guardian in Hunter's room, and read there a rudely expressed denunciation of myself. It was sufficiently rude to relieve me from any obligation to notice it! It is difficult

to understand the state of mind which such a letter implies. To the best of my knowledge, the writer is a complete stranger to me: yet he seems to feel what the Psalmist calls "a tyrannous hate against me". Partisanship & fanaticism can explain much.

The weather continuing to be chilly & at intervals wet, I stayed indoors after tea, & read Burnet's Life by Clarke and Foxcroft. It is very good reading.

Chavasse\* & his wife came to dinner. We had much talk about the ecclesiastical situation, & I was both surprised & relieved to hear him speak with moderation & good sense. We spoke about Buchmanism, & he declared himself in my hostile terms. Buchman\* in his belief was an avaricious toady, with a lust for power, & the utmost unscrupulousness in acquiring and exercising. His influence was very bad on many of those subjected to it. He owned that he was an avowed & thorough-going opponent of the man & the movement.

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Tuesday, August 11<sup>th</sup>, 1931. Painswick.

It is at first sight somewhat surprising that Buchman should be more favourably regarded by the Anglo-Catholics than by the Evangelicals. But if my informants of yesterday be representative that would appear to be the case. I suppose the difference is explicable by the remoteness of the one, and the nearness of the other with respect to the type of religion which they severally illustrates. His emphasis on confession, albeit in a strange method of his own, commends him to the Anglo-Catholics, from whom his is otherwise so distant that he hardly crosses their path. But he uses much of the Evangelical cant, and seems to compete with the Evangelical efforts. Chavasse did not hesitate to charge Buchman with cupidity. The "sharing" incidental to the 'groups', which his followers from, brings their money into his pocket. He exercises over them a quasi-hypnotic power. Indeed Chavasse's description presented the too familiar picture of the kind of religious imposter which Protestant Christianity, within the Anglo-Saxon sphere, tends to develop.

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How was I impressed by Chavasse? He is not distinguished to look at, nor does his conversation, though he talks freely, impress me as notably either intelligent or well-informed. He has the hearty, self-confident, ingratiating manner of the missionary, which does not attract me: & he gives the impression of regarding himself as the leader of a party, a master of legions. The sentiments which he expressed were more liberal than I had expected. He assented very readily to my condemnation of the Bible Protestant Fanatics at Bristol, & did not make much of a defence of Barnes. I was surprised to hear him speak about Disestablishment with something near to approval. He said that he had just returned from the Territorial Camp, and found the officers, young men of the county family type, talking about Disestablishment as probable, and probably desirable. Moreover, on Prayer Book Revision he disclosed a far more reasonable attitude than I should have expected. He repudiated the "No Popery" fanatics who secured the rejection of the Revised Book.

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The morning was bright, and the glass high, a welcome change after the cold & wet yesterday. The Times has a horrifying account of the police-methods of America, which have been disclosed by a Commission. There seems to be nothing lacking of all the subtly barbarous cruelties of the Middle Ages. And yet Americans prate of progress, and think themselves the most conspicuous illustrations thereof!

Gamble's death completes the number of these occurrences of the same kind, which poor dear Marion held to be almost an established rule of Providence. Pearce,\* Reichel, Gamble – these have all been among my intimates, and all have passed within a few months. Could any of them be truly described as a personal friend? I was attached to them all: in some measure I was associated with all in common opinion & effort: but I think I was never so heartily agreed with any as to feel myself united in a bond of more than conventional friendship. Indeed, I doubt whether friendship in the deeper sense can exist apart from the

ardent loyalties of adolescence. None of the three was known to me when a boy. To have no friendships which have their roots in those glorious early years is, perhaps, the greatest privation which can darken manhood.

**[150]**

Ella and Fearné arrived about 11.30 a.m.: and fetched me away. We visited Christ Church and All Souls, and then went on to Chiselhampton House, where we had arranged to lunch with Sir Charles & Lady Peers. Their house is a good example of a Georgian country house, of the smaller type. It was built about 1760. His son, an officer in command of a submarine and his son's wife were there. After lunch we loafed about the garden, and visited the quaint little ignoble church coeval with the house & looking its age. Then we had tea, bade farewell to our hosts, and made our way back to Painswick, where we arrived about 7 p.m.

I received a letter from Ralph in which he writes:-

"Sorry as we Liberal Evangelicals are that you can no longer lead us, you have shown that some of us at least may count on your unabated personal sympathy'.

This may be placed alongside Bezzant's recent letter. They cast me in the questionable rôle of 'the lost leader'!

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**Wednesday, August 12<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The morning was bright, so that we adventured an expedition to Fairford, where we joined M<sup>rs</sup> Quick & her party, and, after visiting the Church, picnicked beside the mill-stream.

I had not realized how magnificent the windows of Fairford Church are. The verger was an uncommonly intelligent & well-informed man, and, (having learned no doubt from Leng who I was) exhibited much concern to show us everything, including the plate (an Elizabethan cup & cover, and a 15<sup>th</sup> century mazer bowl, equipped with its amethyst). The screen, misere stalls, and sepulchral monuments are all excellent.

On our way back to Painswick, we stopped at Cirencester, and visited the magnificent parish church. I remember preaching there during the incumbency of Archdeacon Sinclair, who is commemorated on a brass plate affixed to the wall of the Church.

On returning to the house, I wrote a series of letters, including one to William, from whom I received a letter in the morning post. He is now settled again in Johannesburg: & hopes to be rejoined there by Nance and Baby John.

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I finished the Life of Bishop Burnet. His Erastianism was indeed extreme, but it would hardly have justified the present Establishment.

"For him, as for Milton, his country had all the sacredness which Jerusalem bore for the Jews: and the political claims which High Church fanatics (Presbyterian, Episcopal, or Popish) advanced for the ecclesiastical organisation seemed to him a flagrant usurpation on rights as sacred as its own." (p. 479).

What are we to understand by "political claims"?

"That the nation might become apostate he very readily conceded: but this appeared to him the sole justification for religious Dissent.["]

What constitutes national "apostasy"? if the State enacts a marriage law, which, in the belief of the Church conflicts with the principles of Christ, is that 'apostasy'?

If the State should prohibit the teaching of Christian Faith & Morals in schools & colleges, would that amount to 'apostasy'?

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Thursday, August 13<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

I must determine on what subject to speak in my 3<sup>rd</sup> Quadrennial Charge. The previous charges dealt with the Church's duty in the matter of economics. This had been forced to the front by "Copec": and then (in 1928) with the relations of Church and State, which had been illustrated by the rejection of the Revised Prayer Book.

Two subjects are now very prominent & perplexing, viz. Sexual Morality and Modernism. The first has been dolorously emphasized by our post-War experiences: the last has been advertised by Bishop Barnes, & is continually being urged by the Churchman's Union. Neither has an inviting aspect: & on neither am I very obviously qualified to speak. There is a third subject – Spiritual Liberty – which has been suggested by the prospect of Disestablishment. This would fall into line with my previous charges, & would be, perhaps, valuable in itself. What is spiritual liberty? What is its true relation to ecclesiastical autonomy? How does it stand related to 'private judgment' on the one hand, and 'authority' on the other? The subject is menacingly large for a Charge.

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I gave some kind of a vague promise to the Bishop of Liverpool that I would write something for Nisbet "either on Disestablishment or the XXXIX Articles". Also, I (very foolishly) myself suggested to the Editor of the Times that I should write something about the Royal Supremacy, since it is just 400 years (1531-1931) since Convocation, reluctantly & with important reservations, conceded the title to Henry viii. I have to preach to the University in Cambridge on November 8<sup>th</sup>, the day appointed in the Revised Calendar to commemorate the Saints & martyrs of the Church of England. It is apparent that all these may be made to bear on the single issue of spiritual independence, and might be in some sense correlated in the Quadrennial Charge. There is, indeed, the danger, (against which one can never be too vigilant,) that by associating one's public utterances with a single theme, one shall bore the public, and acquire the unlovely reputation of a monomaniac, as Burnet seems to have done with his tireless and unceasing diatribes against Rome.

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I wrote at length to Dick. He will be returning home after the cricketing tour, and I want him to get on to some reading. If once he could get his ambition kindled in the matter of his work, he might do well: at present I am not certain whether he has the brains to make his mark in Oxford. Much turns on the position he takes at the start: & that will turn not a little on the way he spends the next two months.

Ella & Fearne went off in the car to see a local Exhibition. I walked for nearly two hours on to a Common, from which fine prospects were gained.

On my return I wrote a number of letters, & sent a cheque for £6.15.1 into the Bank. It represented a fee of five guineas, & a sum for railway expenses paid by the Oxford Delegacy.

Heselton writes to inform me that he has decided to leave West Rainton. This parish is in my gift, and it is charged with a pension to a former incumbent. So the net income is not more than £300.

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We motored to Gloucester & dined with the Bishop and his "menagerie". They numbered fifteen, but of these the two Americans – Brown and Gavin – were absent. I myself identified and had speech with the following:-

D<sup>r</sup> Bartlet\* of Mansfield College, Oxford.  
Professor Manson from Scotland.  
Professor Nørregaard from Copenhagen.  
D<sup>r</sup> Watson from Christ Church, Oxford.  
Professor Hermelink from Marburg.  
Professor Choisy from Geneva.

They had been discussing the doctrine of Grace, & the relation of the Invisible Church to the Visible. Headlam professed to be well content with the result of their discussions, & said that they were going to publish a book. Watson, on the other hand, appeared somewhat contemptuous, & Bartlett was certainly not enthusastick. The foreigners, of course, were vague & sycophantick. Most of them spoke English fairly well, so that conversation was less difficult than I had feared. Probably, they understood little of what they heard.

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**What is the real value of these discussions on Reunion? What practical result are they likely to have?** *On the whole, I grow more doubtful as I grow older. There is always the difficulty as to the members of these Conferences, what is the measure of their authority to speak for the churches which they affect, or are assumed, to represent. They are pursuing a hobby of their own rather than negotiating responsibly. Moreover, they must needs concern themselves only with the formal or theoretical reasons for ecclesiastical separation: and it is **certain that these are never the real dividing factors**, but are rather the respectable disguises under which less reputable factors are paraded. Does history record any instances of good result following from these well-meaning essays in the promotion of Christian fellowship? The Council of Florence, the Council of Reformers at Marburg, the Savoy Conference, the Conversations at Malines, the Lambeth colloquies with Nonconformists – **all began in admirable sentiments and ended in woeful disillusionment.***

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*Is it legitimate for a Christian woman to use rouge, powder, and lipstick? That the use offends my sense of fitness is certain but ought it to evoke my moral repugnance? Is*

*modesty insulted, and self-respect wounded? False teeth can be justified by necessity, for without them one can neither eat one's food nor pronounce one's words Necessitas non habet legem [necessity has no law]". But what plea, save that of a contemptible vanity, can be offered for these now common instruments of female adornment? May it be pleaded that they stand on the same footing as dress, which is not confined to the bald utilities, but extends to deliberate attractiveness? Or, ought we rather to place the whole matter on a lower level, and treat it merely as one of good taste? And yet I find it difficult to exorcize from my mind the repugnance, physical and aesthetic as well as moral, which is provoked by the spectacle of a woman, especially a young woman, whose face is a mass of mingled & often incongruous artificialities.*

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**Friday, August 14<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

Thunder and heavy rain led in the day. And so it continued until nearly 4p.m.: there being a smart thunderstorm at lunch-time.

Ella and I lunched with the Soltau-Symons\*. Sir Fabian & Lady Ware\* were also of the party. Then we went to see M<sup>r</sup> Martindale, the engraver, who engraved my portrait. He is a frail-looking man, with haunting anxious eyes, an eager expostulatory manner, & hands sorely twisted by arthritis, rather pathetic to look at. He told me that his art had been practically destroyed by photography and the fashion of decorating rooms with costly & artistic wallpaper. Mezzotints appear to have gone the way of miniatures. This is a by-product of "Progress".

M<sup>r</sup> S. Clair Baddeley, a local resident of cultivated tastes, who is a distinguished local antiquary, called to see me, & (the weather having cleared) sate in the garden for an hour talking in a very interesting way. He said that he had been 37 times in Italy, his last visit being two years ago. His opinion of Mussolini's system was distinctly hostile, & ~~his~~ the Italian treatment of the Tyrol abominable, & in his belief, impolitic.

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Saturday, August 15<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

*I finished reading the Odyssey in an excellent translation by A. J. Murray, an American Professor, published in Loeb's Classical Library. All the old familiar legends[sic] have a freshness and charm which are incomparable. Perhaps there are compensations even for the loss of what is called "a regular education", i.e. an education in a public school on the traditional classical lines. The literature of Greece & Rome has not been staled & compromised by association with class-work and impositions. Assuredly there must be a vast and waxing multitude of ill-educated men who bless the name of Loeb. To him they owe an easy access to the great treasury of ancient literature, without a knowledge of which our modern world is unintelligible, and which is itself full of interest and charm. The "pure scholar" may affect to despise translations, but even if his supercilious attitude were reasonable in itself, which it certainly is not, how many public school boys can lay claim to the title & franchise of "pure scholars"?*

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A brilliant morning, but deceptive, for heavy showers occurred at intervals.

We motored to a village on the further side of Bristol, and lunched with Jack Wynne-Willson and his wife, & very fat baby, Mary Anne. They live in a small but pleasant cottage, said to be 300 years old, and seem to be extremely happy. Close by this dwelling is the parish church, a commodious building in the perpendicular style filled with numerous monuments of the Smith family, whose park, enclosed by a lofty wall said to be seven miles long, is a notable feature of the landscape. The Church-yard, in which many rose-trees were growing, had an attractive appearance, though I could not but notice that there were some of those abominable glass globes spoiling the general scene. We were impressed by the multitude of motors pouring out of Bristol. These no doubt were the "week-enders", and the probability of their presence in church tomorrow was as small as the number of their vehicles on the roads today was ~~small~~ large!

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**11<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 16<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

Much rain during the night, and a morning alternately brilliant and threatening, the very picture of a richly endowed nature without discipline and without direction. Ella and I went to church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion. There were 3 officiating clergy, and a fair number of communicants. Save that the Decalogue was replaced by the 'Dominical Summary', and the vestments were worn by the Celebrant, everything was normal.

I have decided to preach on the Church when I preach in Cambridge on November 8<sup>th</sup>, taking occasion from the circumstance that in the Revised Prayer Book, that day – the octave of All Saints – is appointed for the commemoration of the "Saints, Martyrs, Missionaries, and Doctors of the Church of England". This will exonerate me from any suspicion of an arbitrary or polemical choice of subject, and will at the same time provide me an opportunity for saying some much-needed things, and for registering my protest against the present contempt for 'institutional Christianity'.

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We attended Mattins. The Bishop of Kensington (whose facial resemblance to our Miss Maud was apparent & rather alarming) read the ~~prayers &~~ lessons, and also preached the sermon. He has a good voice, and uses a good deal of action, preaches extemporaneously, with ~~all~~ the distinctive disadvantages of that method, was listened to with evident attention, and, though he said nothing that was striking or profound, succeeded in avoiding what was offensive or silly. The whole service lasted little more than an hour. Then Ella and I strolled until lunch-time: after which we "rested according to the commandment". Then we went to tea with a neighbour named Verey, who was formerly Vicar of Painswick. There was a gathering of neighbours, among them an Eton house-master, with whom I had some conversation. Like all the public-school masters he professed an ardent optimism about the quality & religiousness of their boys. Instigante diabolo. I raised the question of Hickson's healing mission announced for September in Painswick. Evidently both M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>rs</sup> Verey were sympathetic if not actually believers. I spoke more freely than was, perhaps, judicious, but I feel rather strongly.

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I was assured that the Bishop's approval had been sought, but whether it had been secured did not appear to be known. Indeed, M<sup>r</sup> Verey said that he thought Headlam didn't altogether like it. Certainly, I should be surprised if he, a man of strong intelligence and slight imagination, gave countenance to this essay of resuscitated medievalism. But you never can tell. Headlam's rather archaic churchmanship includes a deference to patristic procedures, which I think silly enough. It is quite possible that he may lend himself to the fatuous movement for restoring unction of the sick. As if you could also restore the mental and religious climate in which religious unction flourished. I was introduced to a lady who "enthused" about Disestablishment, and seemed surprized and even disconcerted when I said that I did, indeed, think that ~~I thought~~ the Church ought to be disestablished, but that I

loathed the prospect. How very few are the people who have any conscience in that matter!

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Monday, August 17<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Somebody sends me a pamphlet against Vivisection. In it a quotation from a sermon preached in the Abbey by Bishop Westcott in 1899 is included:-

"If he who made us made all other creatures also, and if they find a place in His providential plan, if His tender mercies reach to them – and this we Christians most certainly believe – then I find it absolutely inconceivable that He should have so arranged the avenues of knowledge that we can attain to truths, which it is His will that we should master, only through the unutterable agonies of beings which trust in us."

Surely there is more sentiment than reason in this. Nature, God's handiwork, is full of suffering, so full that we may apply the words of S. Paul to it, "the whole creation groaneth & travaileth in pain". Moral progress is conditioned by suffering, and redemption is ever by means of sacrifice. "It became Him for Whom are all things & through Whom are all things, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings". Why should the advance of Knowledge be thought to stand outside the general method? The case for Vivisection stands or falls [166] on its indispensableness as a method of gaining knowledge for the benefit, not only of mankind, but also of the animals. The process which is justified by its scientific results must be limited to scientific ends. Mere curiosity, which may easily become morbid, is no adequate justification for vivisection. The infliction of pain is an evident evil in itself: it can only be justified as avoiding greater evils than itself. A rigorous control of experiments in the interests of science and humaneness is clearly reasonable, and, in view of the cruel & reckless nature of man, is clearly necessary. Everyone honours the man who, in the interest of curative science, offers his own body to be experimented upon. That is, we say justly, a noble sacrifice of self. The irrational creatures cannot offer themselves. Man must make the decision for them. If he does so responsibly for an adequate end he is morally justified. The castration of animals in human interest, is, perhaps, less clearly defensible than what is called vivisection.

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The weather was doubtful until the evening, heavy showers alternating with the sunshine.

We motored to Cheltenham, where Ella & Fearnie indulged in the "lust of the age" by studying the shop windows, and I bought a tooth-brush. We called on two nonagenarians – Lady Gray, the papist mother of Sybil, Lady Eden, and Sir Francis Hyett. The latter lives in a charming house, Painswick House, set in the midst of a small, well-wooded park, commanding noble prospects. I had much talk with him, & found him an uncommonly intelligent, interesting, and cultivated man. It was difficult to realize that he was 91 years old. He took me round the garden, & showed me his favourite trees, & then into his sanctum, where he had some choice treasures. An extremely attractive drawing of D<sup>r</sup> Johnson which came to him through D<sup>r</sup> Adams: a most fascinating miniature of a noble-looking youth of unknown name. It was dated 1654, & was the finest miniature I have ever seen. Some paintings by his wife proved that she was an artist of rare ability, & a fine

collection of books on Gloucestershire, including 6 volumes by himself [168] disclosed both the nature of his tastes and the extent of his industry. We got on to the subject of Disestablishment, to which he expressed a strong dislike, while admitting that the present situation was difficult. "No one having drunk old wine, desireth new; for he saith, the old is good". After leaving Painswick house Ella and I walked for nearly an hour & a half, enjoying the country which looked marvellously beautiful in the level light of a brilliant evening.

Among the company at tea was M<sup>r</sup> Thornton, who told me the following story on the authority (as he said) of the Italian ambassador:

*A confidential agent of Mussolini carried from him to the Pope an important communication signed by the Dictator himself. When the Pontiff saw the signature, he exclaimed "That man is the very Devil". He proceeded to draft a reply, which the agent carried back to Mussolini. As he entered the Duce's presence he signed himself with the sign of the Cross, & was sharply rebuked, "But Excellency", he protested, "his Holiness tells me that you are the very devil".*

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Tuesday, August 18<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

A brilliant morning. I wrote a letter to Sir Francis Hyett, sending him (as I had promised) the pamphlet on "Church & State in England", and a copy of the Bishoprick.

I sent a cheque to the London Bible Warehouse for £8:16:6 on account of Bibles & Greek Testaments for the Ordination Candidates.

Sir Fabian Ware and a friend ^Mansfield^ arrived about 10.30 a.m., & we started in two cars to see churches. First, we went to Elkstone, & visited the remarkably interesting Norman Church. The resemblance of this building to Iffley Church at once arrested notice. A curious feature is the dove-cote above the chancel, a rare but not unique arrangement. Then, we made our way to Duntisbourne Abbot [sic], where we looked at a Church with a fine tower, said to be Anglo-Saxon. Finally, we visited Daglingworth. Here the much-modernized church contains 3 unusual & very interesting things – three archaic stone reliefs representing severally the Crucifixion, the Christ in glory, and S. Peter: a small Norman Altar built into the Sanctuary Wall, & a Roman tombstone pierced with two narrow windows.

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*Then we lunched with Sir Fabian & Lady Ware. Lord & Lady Dickinson\* were there also. We had much and vivacious conversation, first, on the question whether an optimistic or a pessimistic view of civilization were the juster inference from the facts, and, next, on the controversy caused by the rejection of the Revised Prayer Book. Lord D. described himself as a Protestant, who disliked the Revision, was really nervous about the Anglo-Catholic tendency, and more than half sympathized with the Bishop of Birmingham. I spoke with frankness & vigour. We were, however, amicable, & parted with expression of mutual esteem. On our way back to Painswick we made a call on M<sup>rs</sup> Vernon Smith, the widow of my late Chancellor, but she was out. We got back in Loveday's House about 4.15 p.m, having enjoyed our expedition. The brilliant weather, all the more welcome from being quite unexpected, added greatly to our enjoyment, & the churches we saw were really interesting.*

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*I was interested in Lord's D's attitude towards Prayer Book Revision. It was hostile, but neither fanatical nor in itself unreasonable. He began by describing the debates in the House of Commons, which preceded the rejection of the Book, as evidences of the essential religiousness of the English People, but he did not resent or refuse my contention that they indicated, not religion, but the strength of the "No Popery" sentiment. He said that, had he been in the House, he would probably have voted for the Book, but that, when the Book was rejected, he was not displeased. He was evidently impressed when I expounded to him the*

*actual situation, which he had plainly not understood, and he agreed in the scandalous character of the paradox, which enabled Saklatvala to vote on the Prayer Book. His sympathies were with the Bishop of Birmingham but he disapproved his tactlessness, & unclarity. Evidently, but he and Sir Fabian Ware had been much impressed by the leading article in the Times, which, coming from that source, could hardly be discounted as the product of cryptic sympathy with "magic".*

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Wednesday, August 19<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

*Much rain during the night. The weather improved as the day advanced, but continued threatening.*

*Why is it that Evangelicals job more shamelessly than other religious types in the matter of ecclesiastical appointments? They are the mainstays of "party trusts", and their administration of patronage is only not shamelessly partisan when it is apparently and cynically "nepotistic". Simony and nepotism have their "last ditch" in the Low Church Party, that "army of illiterates generalled by octogenarians", which attained notoriety by defeating Prayer Book Revision. Charlie Lillingston writes to tell me that his Father (who has just proved the soundness of his Protestant principles by marrying for the third time) meditates "applying for" the Deanery of Exeter, & would like my advice & assistance in this godly enterprise! I wrote as severe a snub as it was decent to send to a Father by the mediumship of his son. Is it that the "Saints" picture themselves in the party of the "chosen people", who have a clear spiritual tithe to the processions of the Gentiles? When they grab at "preferment", they are, when all is said, only "spoiling the Egyptians"!*

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I wrote my weekly letter to Dick, urging him to read steadily for the remainder of the long vacation, & thus, if possible, to make a good impression on the Keble dons, when he makes his start in Oxford next term. Kenneth's failure is rather discouraging, but I still think that there is the best chance of getting the best out of a generous youth by winning his affection, & making him feel that one expects much from him.

We spent an extremely pleasant & informing afternoon in the company of that accomplished antiquary, M<sup>r</sup> S. Clair Baddeley, who carried us to the Roman Villa at Chedworth, which he explained to us very interestingly: and then gave us tea. After this he expounded the contents of the little museum. On the way we visited Withington Church, an uncommonly fine church building, adorned with a most magnificent late Norman doorway. The weather was fine through most of the afternoon, but degenerated into rain about 6 p.m. M<sup>r</sup> Baddeley's enthusiasm, erudition, & ~~enthusiasm~~ dogmatism recalled the late M<sup>r</sup> Jonathan Oldbuck of Monkbarns.

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Thursday, August 20<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

[The narrative of the Ethiopian eunuch's conversion is very illuminating. We cannot doubt that the man was representative of a numerous body of devout gentiles, who had come under the influence of Hellenistic Judaism, and were familiar with the Septuagint version of the Old Testament. Men are apt to read their favourite books when journeying: & we infer that Isaiah, "the Evangelical prophet", appealed most to this Eunuch. He finds in the 53<sup>rd</sup> chapter the description of a vicarious Sufferer, who saves men by his Sorrows. The question stirs in his mind – Of whom is this the picture? Philip "preached Jesus to him". That summary of the conversation in the chariot is suggestive enough, and becomes more so when seen in connexion with the request for baptism which was its immediate consequence. The substance of Philip's preaching to the Samaritans is more fully stated as "preaching the gospel concerning the Kingdom of God and the Name of Jesus Christ", and in Samaria also it led immediately to the baptism of those who heard it.

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There must have been that in Philip's preaching which moved his hearers to seek baptism. To be baptized could not have meant anything other than to be admitted to the company of the baptized, i.e. to be made a member of a society, the Church, to which the name "Christian" was soon applied. There was never any non-ecclesiastical phase of the Religion.]

Old Sir Francis Hyett sends me a civil letter in acknowledging my gift of "Church & State in England", but, of course, he remains unconvinced. He is good enough to say that I am "one of the few Bishops whom thinking members of the laity admire and respect", but he dreads Disestablishment.

"I hope I may be wrong, but I shall be surprised if this severance is accepted in England as quietly as was the case in Ireland and Wales. I greatly fear that our Church will be dominated by Bishops whose views are widely different from yours." I share the old man's apprehensions, and yet I can see no other self-respecting course for the Church of England than to repudiate the present Establishment.

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A wet day, and chilly to boot. What an August! There is much to be said for the old belief which has frequent expression in the Bible, and might make a respectable show of historical illustration, that physical disturbances synchronize with mental & moral confusion. "Days of the Lord" arrive with a suitable train of physical disaster – famine, pestilence, earthquake etc. This year has been more than commonly filled with such phenomena, and certainly none will deny the strange and criminal fatuity of its politics. It were easy enough to become even grotesquely fanatical. A parson writes to this morning's Times a pathetically earnest plea for prayers for the weather! Does the good man really think that anything can be effected thus? And if such prayers were really serviceable, does he reflect on the strange light in which the Judge of all the Earth is presented? For obviously, if prayer be potent in

one industry, it cannot but be equally so in all. Who can set limits to its efficacy? It is odd that men should be so loth to use so cheap & potent a method!

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The rain was falling with such violence and pertinacity at lunch-time that we abandoned the expedition which had been arranged with Major Soltau-Symonds, and went to Cheltenham where I got my hair cut, and we called on the Rev. Jack Ballard, who has just become Vicar of S. Philip's Church. He is a loose-limbed, feeble-looking, rather sanctimonious clergyman, of the conventional Victorian type, which moves ever in me a wicked wish to shock & startle! His aspect was, however, more shaped by domestic than by professional forces: for his wife was a woman, at sight of whom my heart became as water within me! We had tea with Major and M<sup>rs</sup> S.S., with whom were 3 ~~maiden~~ ladies, with one of whom – Miss Allen – I had some not uninteresting conversation. She had worked as a gardener during the War in Lady Astor's\* employment, and gave an entertaining account of her experiences. Her observations of the manners of the very Rich were acute and severe, but probably well-justified. Society is plainly becoming undisguisedly non-Christian.

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Friday, August 21<sup>st</sup>, 1931.

A long and impudent letter from one of the lay readers, a vehement Protestant, who is horrified because he has heard that I advised the lay helpers to use the Revised Bible and the Revised Prayer-Book, a long anonymous letter abusing the Vicar of Herrington, and a request from the Principal of Salisbury Theological College asking me to allow one of my Ordination candidates to "dispense with Greek" – that is the substance of my morning's post. The level of churchmanship in our Church workers is certainly not exalted, but one must be patient with them, since they know little, & have many encouragements in the way of Bigotry. They are mostly 'Fundamentalists', and they would not be able to expound the Scriptures except on the assumption that the very words of the Authorized Version are 'inspired'. That assumption was made by Fathers, Councils, Reformers until the precincts of our own time, and is probably made by the vast majority of Christians at this moment. We must in equity bear with our fanaticks.

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We left ~~the Castle~~ Painswick at 11 a.m., and motored by way of Stoke-on-the-Wold to Chadlington Manor where we lunched with M<sup>r</sup> Justice & Lady Roche\*. Lady Hurst and her daughter were also there. After lunch we all motored to Burford, where we visited the Priory, which has been restored by the present owner, M<sup>r</sup> Horniman, notorious for his tea. The famous picture of the More family would of itself make this house worth visiting. Then we went to the Church, which is a truly noble fabric, full of various interest. Here we met Canon Stephenson\*, and Coombe, the Headmaster of Barnard Castle School. After we had completed our inspection of the Church, we parted from our friends, and returned to Painswick, where we arrived about 7.15 p.m. The weather which was at first very threatening improved as the day advanced, and the afternoon was fairly fine.

The Churchwarden of the little parish of Edge, called to ask me to take the service next Sunday morning as the parson had influenza. I was not very "welcoming", & sent him round to the Vicarage to draw that cover first.

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**Saturday, August 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1931.**

My conscience, or something which so describes itself, is not easy with respect to my chilling reception of the churchwarden last night, for, after all, the good man was zealous in his duty, & it may not have been altogether agreeable to him to approach a strange Bishop with his unwelcome request. And, as I have so often told Ordination candidates, a clergyman is never really "off duty", even on his holiday.

But, good my brother do not, as some ungracious pastors do,  
Show me the steep and thorny path to heaven  
While he the primrose path of dalliance treads,  
And recks not his own rede.

I did not, indeed, frankly refuse the request, but I showed plainly enough that I did not welcome it, & sent the poor man to seek help from the Vicarage with an ungracious intimation that, if his quest there failed, he might come back to me. It were humbling enough, methinks, to read his unspoken reflections as he wended his way homewards to his parish.

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In the course of the morning I was informed that the Vicar (Rev L. Cholmondeley) had unexpectedly returned, and would presumably take his own service. So my conscience was relieved, if not precisely purged.

I wrote at some length to the impudent lay-reader, assuming that he would probably show my letter to his friends, before whom he doubtless poses as a veritable David confronting an ecclesiastical Goliath!

After lunch we motored to Northleach, and visited the magnificent parish church. It is rich in brasses, contains a fine stone pulpit of the xv<sup>th</sup> century, and a curious double hagioscope, and a most noble tower. The porch is grand with its fan-traceried roof, and the church itself is one of the noblest examples of Perpendicular architecture in the country. Then we motored to Cotswold Farm, about 5 miles from Cirencester on the Gloucester road, where Sir John Birchall, M.P.\* , has established himself. There was a party, and I talked with divers of the guests, but mainly with mine hostess, a very sprightly lady indeed, who professed herself an ardent politician. Birchall himself has become painfully deaf.

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Alington\* writes to me suggesting that I take part in a project which Temple and he are meditating viz. to produce "a shilling series of statements of the Christian position and points often misunderstood." These "statements" would severally contain about 15,000 words.

"I wonder if it is at all possible that you would be disposed to write something about the Reformation? You are the only person whom I know who could be trusted to deal with the arrogance of Rome in a firmly historical spirit!"

I sent a friendly reply, not definitely refusing the suggestion, but indicating a rather mitigated 'Barkis is willin'! This would carry my thoughts in the direction of that little book on the Reformation which some years ago I promised to write for the "Home and University Library", but which remains in the waxing volume of abandoned projects, and broken promises. Perhaps, its composition might amuse my old age!

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**12<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.**

A dull sky, enwrapped in clouds, but windless and with dry pavements. I wonder whether I shall make good my present purpose of writing a charge which shall be worth reading, and at the same time fit on to the two previous charges. My productive power seems to have failed badly these last two years, and the time is short.

We all went to church at 8 a.m. and received the Holy Communion. The temperature seems to have fallen, & an overcoat was needed.

**[In the 'Alternative Calendar of the Revised Prayer Bk. the following new British 'black-letter saints' were included:-**

Jan. 19.	Wulfstan.
March 17.	Patrick
... 20.	<b><u>Cuthbert.</u></b>
April 21.	Anselm.
May 25.	Aldhelm.
June 9.	Columba.
Aug. 5.	<b><u>Oswald.</u></b>
... 31.	<b><u>Aidan</u></b>
Sept. 16.	Ninian
... 19.	Theodore
Oct. 26.	Alfred.
Nov. 17.	<b><u>Hilda</u></b>

*Of these 12 saints all except Anselm belong to the pre-Conquest period, and no less than 7 to the age of the original Conversion. Two, Alfred & Oswald, are laymen: and one, Hilda, a woman. This hagiology, perhaps, discloses a polemical (sc. anti-papal) bias.]*

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A sermon on the Church of England, and on the version of Christianity which it stands for in Christendom today, would serve well enough for Cambridge on November 8<sup>th</sup> if I can have the courage to say what I really think, and the power to say it effectively.

We all motored to Gloucester in order to attend the morning service in the Cathedral, and to hear Jack Clayton preach. We had supposed mistakenly that the hour of the service was 11 a.m., whereas it was 10.30 a.m., so we broke indecently into the choir while the Te Deum was being sung. There was a large congregation, the great choir being completely filled. Clayton preached from I John v. 4 "And this is the victory that hath overcome the world, even our faith." He has a powerful voice, which, perhaps, might have been less exerted, as he waked the echoes, not sufficiently to make his words unintelligible, but enough to make audience unpleasant. He stands well, and has excellent good matter in his discourse, and all well-arranged, and well expressed. His manner is, perhaps, too dogmatic, [185] the effect,

no doubt, of much lecturing to theological students; and he gives the impression of being somewhat over-sure of his opinions: but, taking one thing with another, his preaching was far above the average, & comes near to excellence. After the service we had some talk with him, & went in to the Canon's house, & exchanged civilities with him.

The nave of the Cathedral was evidently being made ready for the Triennial Musical Festival, which takes place this year at Gloucester. I expressed my disapproval of this money-making performance in the House of God, and was rather surprized to receive from the Canon, (Holmes Dudden, Master of Pembroke,) an expression of hearty agreement. I believe disapprobation is very general, but no one has the courage to stop the business, as the vested interests concerned would make a clamour.

I noticed that in Gloucester Cathedral also, altars are being multiplied. Like so much that is Anglican, this multiplication is merely an antiquarian revival, and has no principle behind it.

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Instigante diabolo I sent to Sir John Birchall a copy of the Bishoprick, and my tract on 'Church and State in England'. He said yesterday that he read the Bishoprick with interest.

We called on the Rev<sup>d</sup> Hiram Craven, who was at one time Vicar of S. Francis, South Shields, where he was known as an ardent Anglo-Catholick. Then, to the amazement of all, he suddenly married, and retired from the active exercise of his ministry. There were the usual rumours of his becoming a Papist, but these appear to have been baseless, and he has been preaching in Painswick. His wife is pretty, and seemed to be amiable. They live in a charmingly-situated house, which they have improved.

Then we had tea with Sir John, and Lady Percival, with whom were Lord & Lady Dickinson, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Stanton, and Miss Percival. We had much and mingled conversation, but I recall nothing. We did not get beyond the usual re-hashings of newspaper articles and personal gossip.

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Monday, August 24<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

**S. Bartholomew's Day** the dies nefastus of Christianity, for not only did it darken history with an immense infamy, the scandal of which lowers the credit of Christ's Religion to this day, but also it started flowing through Christendom a stream of embittering reminiscence which has gathered volume with time, and now stands as an immovable obstacle in the way of ecclesiastical unity. There was not a pin to choose between Papist and Huguenot in the matter of bigotry. In both love had been cast out by fear, and they were locked in a woeful circle of outrage and vengeance. But there was this difference between them. The Papist had behind him the mighty ^power^ of the ecclesiastical system, re-organized & vigorously worked by the Jesuits, whereas the Huguenot had nothing more efficient than the transient alliances which his diplomacy could construct, which only so far served his interest as that interest was convenient & ministerial to objects which had nothing to do with Religion. There is nothing surprising in the dramatic successes of the Counter-Reformation. It is rather surprising that its victory was not complete.

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I was surprised to hear the prayer for seasonable weather used in Gloucester Cathedral. The old crude form of the Prayer Book of 1662 was used with the reference to the Flood, and its assumption that the unseasonable rain is a punishment for our sins, & would cease on our repentance. If in an agricultural diocese it would have been difficult to refuse such prayers, at least the less offensive form of the Revised Book might have been used. I mentioned the matter to Holmes Duddon, the Canon in residence, and he expressed agreement with me, but disclaimed responsibility. I should suspect that a good many members of the congregation shared my surprize & repugnance. This question of prayer is extraordinarily difficult because the mendicant bias of the human mind is so strong that any other notion of prayer than that of direct petition is hard to accept, and because the teaching of the New appears so decisively favourable to crudest petitioning. The breach with Christian Tradition is nowhere more complete.

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We visited three churches, and the biggest tithe barn in England. Of the churches that of Stanley S. Leonard was really notable. Then we lunched with the Chevallier Parkers. \* The boy, Antony, 18½ years old, will go to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, this October. On our return journey we called on M<sup>rs</sup> Vernon Smith, and had tea with her. She had collected some queer-looking females, who seemed to embody the sanctity & loveliness of Evangelicalism! Why is so much excellence so often locked into such unpleasing receptacles?

As we passed through Stroud, the newspaper posters announced the formation of a "National Government". I bought a paper, & it had little more to announce than that Ramsay Macdonald\* was to be Prime Minister with 3 of the present Ministers. This seems

to be the right course to adopt, but there is no time to be lost if a financial crash is to be averted.

A letter of complaint from Binchester seems to show that I must have further trouble with that insufferable idiot, Merryweather,\* who is at his old tricks again.

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[190]

Tuesday, August 25<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

I received a letter from Lionel, in which he writes that he has been reading Ronaldshay's Life of Curzon\*. "It has thrilled me all the more because in many ways, 'mutatis mutandis', he reminds me in a curious way of you." What would the magnificent 'Peacock' have said to this? Beyond the fact that we are both, (in different measure) orators, and have the same temperamental reaction to events & occasions, there is no resemblance between Curzon and me. It is odd to recall the persons, with whom I am said to have a certain likeness. The late Lord Salisbury\*, Lloyd George\*, Bishop Moorhouse\*, F. D. Maurice\*, Canon Liddon\*, Horne Tooke, and now Lord Curzon – all have been mentioned, &, I suppose, in every case there must be some point of resemblance. Something, perhaps, must be attributed to the imitative faculty of admiration, and something to the elements common to a mercurial temperament, a literary habit, and an oratorical gift. Yet, even so, there remains ever an element of character which (save in the case of L.G.) is common to all.

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We motored to Hereford, stopping on the way to see the churches at Deerhurst and Tewkesbury. These, in their different ways, are magnificent - Deerhurst is the most intriguing of our Anglo-Saxon churches. Tewkesbury is one of the supreme examples of Norman architecture. & amazingly rich in historic monuments & the bric-à-brac of feudalism. A rare feature in Deerhurst is the arrangement of a seat besides and behind the Holy Table. Some fool-parson about 40 years ago, abolished the use of the handselling cloth, and arranged the "altar" correctly! The old verger evidently bewailed the change. The curious triangular openings in the nave walls, in the place where a triforium should be, are unexplained. In the towers are painted arches of a very primitive form [symbol] just 'lean-to' stones. The font is most primitive, & there are some fine fragments of medieval glass. Hard by the church is an Anglo-Saxon aula erected ~~up~~, as the original inscription states in 1056. I have not often visited a church which interested me more, or one which seems to present more perplexing problems for solution.

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Tewkesbury is one of the most satisfying of our ancient churches. Everything is congruous, & all of the very best - fabric, monuments, glass. The present incumbent, who has but just entered on his ministry in the parish, M<sup>r</sup> Gough, a son of a former Vicar of Newcastle, recognized me, and was very civil. He showed us the hair of some feudal dame which had been recently found in her tomb, and a door covered with heavy metal plates, made from the armour which had been collected from the stricken field of Tewkesbury. We called on the Bannisters\* as we passed through Ledbury. M<sup>r</sup> B. told us that on the previous day, Bernard Shaw, who has been staying at the great house, had lunched with them, and told the following story of Lady Astor who was one of his party on the recent visit to Moscow. The Bolshevik Government entertained their distinguished English visitors at a banquet where many & excellent wines were offered. All these Lady Astor, who is a rigorous total abstainer, rejected with contempt, but accepted a tumbler full of colourless liquid which

had [193] the innocent appearance of water. Of this she drank heartily, only to discover that it was vodka[sic]! Meanwhile, in the street outside shrill whistling indicated some kind of a popular protest against the visitors. Lady Astor, possibly inspired by the potent liquor she had swallowed, put her fingers into her mouth, & elicited a whistle of surpassing volume and penetration. The whole company forthwith essayed, with varying measures of success, to follow her ladyship's example!! We arrived in Hereford only a few minutes after time, and lunched with the Dean and M<sup>ls</sup> Waterfield\*. There sate beside me at table a young Australian lady whose nails were painted a bright vermilion. I asked her why she did it, & she could not tell. "There are a few fairer things than a lady's hand", I observed, "if you have pretty hands, why spoil them? and, if your hands are unpleasing, why draw attention to them?" Surely this new fashion of painting the nails is one of the silliest of the many silly, and worse than silly, fashions of this foolish time. While Ella and Fearné went about their business, the Dean and I motored to Kilpeck, & visited [194] the wonderful little Norman church. Its grotesque carvings at the entrance, & on either side of the chancel arch are unique. We returned to Hereford, where I joined my ladies at tea with M<sup>ls</sup> Underwood, and then we motored to Wyelands in the parish of Ruardean, and saw Jack Clayton and his brother. After a short stay, there we motored back to Painswick, stopping to look at Reardean Church, which has a curious Norman doorway, with a figure of S<sup>t</sup> George and the Dragon carved badly on the Tympanum. Most noble prospects are gained from the churchyard. We arrived at Painswick a few minutes before 8 p.m. having driven 117 miles, and seen much.

We heard on the wireless the speech of the Prime Minister. His tone was almost apologetic, and gave the impression of a man who felt himself to be repudiated by his own party. Certainly, not an encouraging speech, far removed, indeed, from the "Mumpet call" to the nation which was expected.

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[195]

Wednesday, August 26<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

A brilliant morning without wind and warmer. Ella exasperated me by bringing a bill for old furniture which M<sup>rs</sup> Berry had sent. She had been indulging her foible of "attending sales", and, of course, had secured some astonishing "bargains". *The amount was not great, but the absurdity was enormous.* At this juncture, when we know not from day to day, whether we in England are not to be confronted by the limitless ruin of such a financial crash as befell central Europe, it does seem all but incredible that anybody should be attending sales and throwing away money on superfluities. I suppose it is the case that few men, and far, far fewer women realise the critical character of our present situation. We are making a brave show in the social pageant today, tomorrow we may be in the gutter. The Times seems doubtful whether the Prime Minister will be able to carry more than 20 of his party with him. If that be so, and if the party in Parliament represents the party in the Constituencies, there is not much reality in calling the new Government "national", & no security at all that its decisions will be maintained.

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Being, then, incensed, & no more capable of useful work, I started out for a walk, and, chancing on an interminable lane, went farther than I had purposed, not regaining the house until nearly 1 p.m., but bettered in mind & body for the exercise and spectacles.

[margin] N.B. There was a fine alabaster tomb with recumbent effigies of Sir William & Lady Sandys. He died in 1640. Who was he?

We motored to two churches, neither of which was remarkable, Cranham and ~~Miserden~~ Miserden, and then attended a tea-party at Lord & Lady Dickinson's house. Old Sir Francis Hyett was there. He spoke with aversion of the Bishop of Gloucester, who had come into conflict with him on the thorny subject of Education. I told him that Headlam was a good fellow at heart, whose brusqueness of speech & [?] was misleading. I learned that the Dickinsons were members of my congregation in S. Margaret's. Probably the 12 years that I spent in Westminster was the least unsuccessful phase of my career, and I incline to think that my tenure of the Bishoprick of Durham is the most. But one knows nothing in this matter.

[197]

The Wickersham Commission is telling the Americans some home truths. Thus the "latest report", as quoted in the Times of today contains the following:-

[']The Commission finds that the foreign-born in proportion to their numbers commit "considerably fewer crimes than the native-born". In crimes of violence the foreign-born come nearer to equalling the volume of crime committed by the native-born, but "in crimes in general the native-born greatly exceed the foreign-born."[']

According to the report the fallacy about the foreign-born has arisen from the tendency to find an easy scape-goat, for "it is easier to charge our crime record against immigrants than against an inefficient & corrupt system of police & an outworn system of criminal justice.

No doubt the system needs reform, but the root of the evil lies deeper. Why are the police so corrupt? Why is crime so gross, shameless & colossal? The churches of America are wealthy & numerous, but morally they are "savourless salt".

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[198]

Thursday, August 27<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

I have refused Watts' request that I should allow a layman to give a lecture in the parish church on "West Africa from the natives' point of view". The layman is himself an African, & a friend of Arthur Watts, from whom I have heard enough about him to make me certain that his handling of the subject would be enthusiastick. I said that the lecture could "hardly be other than controversial", and that to permit of it in the church "would create a formidable precedent". In view of Watts's ardent "Labour" sympathies, and in the present political situation, a Lecture on the subject stated would almost inevitably degenerate into an attack on the Empire, and a highly-coloured denunciation of the colonials. For "Labour" is precisely the most sensitive point of our imperial administration. It touches the racial problem on the one hand, and the economic problem on the other. Both these problems lie in the centre of the great controversy of our time, and none are more ill-suited to the ignorant sentimentalism & crude class prejudice of our popular politicians.

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Caröe\* writes to me: "I suppose the Naves of our Cathedrals were frequently used for secular shows in the days of their inception. But think what a fine work of Art a 15<sup>th</sup> cent<sup>ry</sup> staging would have been! Scott tells me he proposes to make the Nave of L'pool with a cinema! These are strange days, politically and otherwise".

These medieval precedents are unsafe guides for modern direction For there was then an universal assumption of orthodox faith which made almost unlimited vagaries harmless. There was not that sharp and pervading conflict between Religion and the Temper of the Age, which now prevails. There were no alternatives to the Naves of the churches, and such music & drama as existed were subordinate activities of the clergy. Then there was no sense of incongruity, no suggestion of profanity in proceedings which cannot but seem both incongruous & profane to the majority of modern English Christians. We cant's return to the Nursery.

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The weather continued fine throughout the day. We left Painswick at 11 a.m., and returned thereto at 7.30 p.m. The interval was fully and pleasantly employed. We saw six churches, of which two, Malmesbury and Bibury, were of great interest. We lunched with the Alingtons in the immense mansion built by Holford, which is now a Girls' School, and had tea with Captain & M<sup>rs</sup> Cadogan in a most beautiful mansion.

The great porch at Malmesbury, and its mighty Norman nave live in one's mind. This county is extraordinarily rich in elaborately carved Norman doorways. I suppose that their great beauty restrained even the ruthlessness of medieval builders from including them in the destruction of the fabrics to which they belonged. There appears to be a large amount of "Saxon" work in the churches. The Fonts and fragments of medieval glass are also very notable.

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[201]

Friday, August 28<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Mr Justice Roche sends me his Chairman's Address at the General Meeting of the Association of Average Adjusters held in London on May 8<sup>th</sup> 1931. It is, of course, largely technical, but is none the less a very interesting composition. He thinks that, after the Napoleonic War, "it took somewhere about 40 years – of course with ups and downs – before anything like normal conditions were established". He speaks of "the disastrous post-war boom of 1919-1920":

["It was responsible for a widespread conviction difficult to eradicate, that we were rich, whereas in fact, we were poor. It increased the perennial difficulty of thinking in terms of money's worth rather than money, of real wages rather than nominal wages."

He insists that taxation is too high, & that its incidence is unfortunate. The fashionable method of imposing ideal standards of living on the community, and taxing industry to make such standards practicable is utterly vicious, and can but lead to dislocation, distress, and disillusionment. Yet nothing else is our normal post-war method.

[202]

The weather was again fine throughout the day, so that our expedition into Oxfordshire was carried through under most favourable conditions. On our way out we saw the church at Witney, & on our way back we saw that at Lechlade. We lunched with Sir Charles and Lady Peers, and then visited two notable churches, Dorchester and Ewelme. The last impressed me particularly. It stands on a rising ground, and is approached through a fascinating Almshouse, which adjoins a scarcely less fascinating school. Both these buildings are of red brick, & were built in the 15<sup>th</sup> century. The church contains several very notable things – a curious old chancel screen, whereof the gates are cunningly devised to turn easily on the wooden joint; a brass on the floor, which is a palimpsest, & is so screwed into its place, that it may be lifted up to show the obverse, a brass inscribed which has been removed from some other church, and sold as old metal, most curious; above all, the tomb of the Countess of Suffolk, foundress [203] of the Hospital, a most beautiful monument and quite undamaged. The effigy of the countess is evidently a portrait, and the hands have been chiselled with delicate refinement. Nothing could be more graceful than the supporting angels. I cannot recall a more entirely satisfying monument.

The village of Ewelme is worthy of its church; it needs not to say anything more.

Immediately outside the village our way led through a besieging and quickly extending girdle of petrol-pumps and bungalows, spreading, as Joan says, 'like an erysipelas' over the face of the country. Motors and motor-cycles succeeded one another in quick succession. These instruments of quick and ever-quickenng movement destroy the charm of the beauty they discover. It is an evil choice that is now left to most of us, either a country which has been deflowered & desecrated, or no country at all. Rapid motion, the smell & vapour of petrol,

and the never-ceasing noise, to say nothing of the hideous aspect of those who bestride motor-bicycles, are really destructive of all the distinctive glories of rural life.

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[204]

Saturday, August 29<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Thyself and thy belongings  
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste  
Thyself upon thy virtues, they on thee.  
Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,  
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues  
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike  
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touched  
But to fine issues, nor Nature never lends  
The smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines  
Herself the glory of a creditor,  
Both thanks and use.

'Measure for Measure', Act I. Scene 1.

"No man liveth to himself: and none dieth to himself: whether, therefore, we live or die, we are the Lord's" so S. Paul expresses the truth which Shakespeare, after his own grand fashion, has uttered in these lines. That the possession of gifts is itself a vocation to their use, and to such a use as is congruous with their excellence, is a deeply suggestive thought.

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The fine weather continues, & harvesting proceeds. Ella brought me the tradesmen's bills, for which I wrote cheques. Painswick is not precisely cheap. I wrote letters to M<sup>r</sup> Justice Roche, Scott of S. Gabriel's, and divers others. Thus passed the morning.

After lunch we went for a final round of church visiting. We went to Winchcombe, and then to the ruins of Hailes Abbey. There is very little left above ground of the famous House. The completeness of the overthrow casts a shadow on one's mind. Shall I live to see Cathedrals and parish churches overtaken by such a catastrophe as overwhelmed the monasteries four centuries ago? The little parish church hard by the ruins is not without interest. On the chancel walls are wall-paintings, and old tiles from the monastery in the chancel floor. We went on to Studeley [sic] Castle, where the gardens had been opened to the public in the interest of some charitable work. The ruins are interwoven with the modern work, making altogether a dignified & sumptuous pile. The gardens are very beautiful. In the Chapel is a monument to Queen Katherine Parr.

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[206]

**13<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, August 30<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A dull morning. Ella and I went to church at 8 a.m., and received the Holy Communion together.

I wrote to Charles, &, at his suggestion, to the bishop of Ripon with reference to Eastgate, where no appointment has yet been made. Also I wrote to William.

We went to church, and heard a very declamatory & discursive harangue from the Bishop of Kensington. The Sunday was set aside for an appeal for the local hospitals, so the door was opened to all the familiar "sob-stuff" of popular preaching. And, of course, the crisis was dragged in, and the disadvantages of 'mass-production', & so forth. As I was passing through the churchyard after service, an old man thanked me for my "inspiring sermon"!!!! I have no doubt that to most of the congregation this cheap verbosity is highly acceptable: though to any man of sense and knowledge it must be very distressing. The Bishop uses much action, & speaks through his nose!

[207]

In the afternoon Ella and I paid two farewell calls, to Sir Francis Hyett, and to M<sup>r</sup> S<sup>t</sup> Clair Baddeley. The former was somewhat indisposed, but none the less was most alert & friendly. I had another look at the charming miniature of the young Cavalier, & was more than ever charmed by it. He called my attention to two beautiful wooden Corinthian columns on his main staircase. These, he said, had been purchased by his father from the Chapel of S<sup>t</sup>. John's College, Oxford. He asked me, with some earnestness, whether I approved of the custom of bowing to the Altar, & I cautiously reminded him that the practice had been ordered by the Canons of 1640, and had been cherished rather as offensive to the Puritans, than as edifying in itself. The latter was absent, but M<sup>rs</sup> Baddeley, a dignified lady with some pretensions to beauty, was at home, and talked with us amicably for some while. Winifred Parker and a rather dismal friend came to tea: also, those hardy & vagrant ladies, the Misses Simey. Then we addressed ourselves to the dreary exertions of packing.

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**[208]**

**Monday, August 31<sup>st</sup>, 1931.**

O good old man! How well in thee appears  
The constant service of the antique world,  
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!  
Thou art not for the fashion of the times,  
Where none will sweat but for promotion,  
And having that, do choke their service up  
Even with the having; it is not so with thee.

"As you like it" Act II, Scene iii.

Orlando's words to the faithful Adam are the perennial complaint of employers, who thus convey a subtle compliment to themselves as the outstanding features of "the antique world", and utter their resentment against the younger generation which, unbroken to servitude by habit, does not yield them the homage & devoted service, they imagine to be their due! This complaint is ever heard in changeable times, when oscillations of private fortune are frequent and sharp, so that the employer of today was the servant of yesterday, and, being thus unused to authority, emphasizes its claim, & thereby provokes against himself the insurgent protests of his victims.

**[209]**

I received from Sir Francis Hyett a note on the identity of Sir William Sandys, whose monument is in Misarden [sic] Church:

My dear Bishop of Durham,

The question you asked me was a more difficult one to answer than I expected. I have, however, at length ascertained that the Sir William Sandys (ob. 1640, aet. 77) was a nephew of Edwin Sandys, the Archbishop of York. A William George Sandys, of Eastwaite, co. Linc. Had six sons, the third was Edwin, the Abp, & the fourth was Miles, of Latimers, co. Bucks. Who was the father of the Sir William Sandys whose monument you saw in Misarden Church. Bigland says, (Glos. Hist. Collections, II) that the effigies of Sir William & his wife were executed in Rome from a portrait by Cornelius Johnson, & that they cost £1000, but modern archaeologists question this, alleging that they are the work of Nicolas Stone. The only evidence they adduce is a similarity of style between them & the monuments of Lord & Lady Spencer by Stone.

Yours v. sincerely, Francis A. Hyett.

**[210]**

We left Painswick at 10.10 a.m. in rather unpromising weather for rain had been falling, and the sky was heavily clouded. However the day was better than its promise. By the time we

reached Worcester, the sun was shining, & so continued. We called at the Deanery but found the Dean absent. Then we went into the cathedral, & looked at the modest stone that indicates the place where the ashes of Ernest Pearce have been deposited. It is just within the west wall, at the northern corner. We arrived at Ernest Parker's\* house about 1.40. p.m., and lunched pleasantly enough with him and his half-brother. The latter was badly wounded in the War, & now moves about on crutches & in a wheeled chair – a pathetic spectacle. We visited Cound Church, which seems to be very carefully kept. On the southern wall were displayed the mitre & pastoral staff of the late D<sup>r</sup> Ridgeway, Bishop of Salisbury. Why these objects should be placed there, I cannot imagine.

**[211]**

We motored through Shrewsbury to Market Drayton where we had tea comfortably at the Corbet Arms, & visited the Church. Then we continued our journey to Rode Hall, where we arrived about 7 p.m., after wasting some time finding our way. We travelled 137 miles.

The Times reports the death of the late Rector of Exeter, D<sup>r</sup> W.W. Jackson\*, at the great age of 93. He was the Censor of Non-collegiate students in 1884, when I was elected to the All Souls fellowship, and he showed me much kindness. Ella and I visited him in his pleasant house at Kendal, and until extreme senectitude removed him from social intercourse I accounted him to be my friend. He is the fourth nonagenarian of my acquaintance who has died this year. Sir Edward Clark\*, Canon Wilson\*, Canon Dalton\*, and now D<sup>r</sup> Jackson form a rather remarkable quartett [sic]. They belonged to a generation which was in mind, body, & character stronger than ours.

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[212]

Tuesday, 1<sup>st</sup> September, 1931. Rode Hall

A most beautiful autumn morning, with dew on the grass, and the ~~sh~~ sun shining through a veil of mist, the air mild but not languorous, and the stillness of the country brooding like a benediction over everything. Te Deum laudamus. I read in Rouse's translation, with adjournments to the Latin text when I was really interested, most part of the 1<sup>st</sup> book of Lucretius. His attitude towards religion was truly modern. The Bolsheviks would hardly find his science antiquated, & his materialism would be welcome enough. What were the thoughts which the very word 'Religio' would have suggested to such a mind as that of Lucretius? Christianity may, & often does, appear to the modern man sentimental and absurdly altruistic. It is the creed of the 'underdog': it preaches a 'slave-morality': it is 'too good for this world': it is timid, credulous, unmanly, impracticable: but it is not often among Protestants thought of as unclean, cruel, & debasingly superstitious. But the 'religion' [213] which Lucretius knew was pre-eminently cruel.

Humana ante oculus foede cum vita jaceret  
In Terris oppressa gravi sub religione  
Quae caput a caeli regionibus ostendebat  
Horribili super aspectu mortaliibus instans  
Primum Graius homo mortalis tollere contra  
Est oculos ausus primusque obsistere contra,  
Quem neque fama deum nec fulmina nec minitanti  
Murmure compressit caelum, sed eo magis acrem  
Inritat animi virtutem, effringere ut artem  
Naturae primus portarum claustra cupiret.  
Ergo vivida vis animi pervicit, et extra  
Processit longe flammantia moenia mundi  
Atque omne immensum peragravit mente animoque,  
Unde refert nobis victor quid possit oriri,  
Quid nequeat, finita potestas denique cuique  
Quanam sit ratione atque alte terminus haerens.  
Quare religio pedibus subjecta vicissim  
Opteritur, nos exæquat victoria caelo.

There is the ring of mortal hatred, which sounds in Voltaire's "Écrasez l'infâme", in these lines of the sceptical Roman. But Voltaire's Christianity was essentially the paganism of Lucretius.

[214]

Philip took me for a walk in the Park, and we had much talk on many things. We visited the school where 70 boys are taught by a headmaster and two assistants at an annual cost of in stipends of more than £600 per annum. I asked the pedagogue whether he was ready to have his income reduced, & he replied very properly that he did not want to be outside the scheme of general sacrifice in the interests of the country.

The Prime Minister is repudiated by his constituents, and J. H. Thomas\* by his railwaymen. Affairs are taking an increasingly ugly aspect. If – which may Heaven avert! – "Labour", now confessedly partisan in the strict sectarian or class conscious sense, were to come in with a majority, the way to a "Russian" revolution would be opening. Yet I cannot see any trustworthy evidence of an adequate realization of the position in the general body of the people. Holiday making and cricket are still the major interests for most of them. Is it quite certain that the supporters of the so called "National" Government will be able to carry their financial proposals to the House?

**[215]**

A party came together to play lawn tennis, but the weather, which had become threatening, turned to rain, & so ended play. A younger person, Allen, the Chaplain of Lincoln College, Oxford, who had just returned from 'hiking' in Ireland, said that he found the people apparently contented though evidently poor, civil and talkative but by no means busy. The parson of the parish said that the mine therein had stopped working, that most of the men were on the dole, and that there was little prospect of the pit being re-opened. It is of course, here as everywhere else, the wheels of industry are ceasing to revolve.

There was a dinner party, sexually lop-sided being composed of 4 men and 10 women. A pleasant young couple, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Emerys-Evans interested me. He is standing as a Conservative candidate for a division of Derbyshire. He had been present at the recent meeting of the party, at which Baldwin\* made the statement. He thought that probably about six Labour members would support the Government, and that some uncertainty attached to the attitude of some members of the Liberal party.

<!020831>

[216]

**Wednesday, September 2<sup>nd</sup>, 1931. Auckland Castle**

Before getting up I read through the 4<sup>th</sup> book of Lucretius. It is terrible, & gives probability to the tradition that the poet died by his own hand. And withal it is so arrestingly modern. As I ended the book, I found myself involuntarily repeating the haunting lines of Matthew Arnold\*:

While we believed on earth He went,  
And open stood his grave,  
Men called from chamber, field and tent,  
And Christ was by to save  
Now He is dead. Far hence He lies  
In the lorn Syrian town,  
And on His grave with shining eyes  
The Syrian stars look down.

And then the bell sounded for family prayers, & I heard Philip read with thought and feeling the 3<sup>rd</sup> chapter of 1. Corinthians. S. Paul is the best corrective of Lucretius. And S. Paul could not have existed apart from Christ, crucified and living. Who did Himself demonstrate the fact and the power of personal immortality.

[217]

We left Rode Hall about 10.30 a.m., and arrived at Auckland Castle about 6.20 p.m. We lunched at Lancaster, and had tea at Kirby Stephen. Rain fell continuously, sometimes violence [sic], so that the beautiful scenery through which we passed was almost wholly hidden from view.

The Times reports the death of that admirable philosopher, Pringle Patterson\*, who possessed the rare gift of expressing the speculations of a profound philosopher thinker in the language of an accomplished writer.

I found on my study table a considerable collection of letters, none of which was greatly important, but many of which will have to be answered. This circumstance is afflicting in my chaplain's absence.

The "Guardian" publishes "A reply to the Bishop of Durham" by the Rev. G. M. V. Hickes, Rector of Trowell, Nottingham. It is written with so much rudeness, that I cannot take notice of it. But I am rather surprized at the accumulating evidence of a resentment, which is almost hatred, which I seem to have provoked against myself.

<!030931>

[218]

**Thursday, September 3<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.**

The weather continues to be wet and chilly. Jack Carr arrived about noon. He leaves for Nigeria early in October.

Welch writes to inform me that he <sup>is</sup> married, and that he has made arrangements to go to Cambridge in order to get a doctorate by his thesis on the primitive tribes of Southern Nigeria. I suspect that his missionary fervours are waning before the new attractions, domestic and academic! I doubt whether the missionary ought to be married. Certainly the conditions of life in Africa, as Welch described them to me, do not appear suitable for family life.

Alexander reports that last week he saw a cock-pheasant strutting about the lawn in front of the Castle.

Herbert Cutler, aged 25, an Ordination candidate, came to see me. He is now, and has been for 6 years past, a student at Kelham. He is a poor, undergrown man who started work in a mill as a "half-times" at 12½. He knows no Latin or Greek, but may have the root of the matter in him notwithstanding.

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[219]

Friday, September 4<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

A wet night, and still raining when day came, all sodden and woeful.

Sir Charles Trevelyan is reported to have spoken on the economic crisis last night. His speech was such as a street-corner Communist might have delivered. The déclassé assistant is ever the most reckless & violent of revolutionaries.

Watts from Sildon came to see me with a woeful story of parochial worry & the res angusta domi<sup>4</sup> which is now the abiding shadow on clerical life. Then the Bishop of Jarrow came, and we talk over diocesan business for two hours. He returned to Durham after lunch.

~~After~~ Then Jack Carr and I walked for an hour in the Park, and got very wet. The large ~~walnut~~ elm tree in the Park, not far from the gate, was torn down. It disclosed its hollowness, yet it had looked magnificent – the very symbol of a proud Establishment from which spiritual life has failed. On returning to the house I wrote a number of letters, among them those which conveyed offers of preferment to no less than five clergy of the diocese.

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<sup>4</sup> straightened circumstances at home. 'Such conditions make it hard for anyone to rise in the world': Juvenal iii 165.

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[220]

**Saturday, September 5<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The papers are filled with reports of grave flood, & wide havock caused by them.

I worked the whole morning in my study for some strange reason indisposed for work. Why is one so incapable of mastering one's moods?

Jack Carr and I walked round the Park and had much converse. On returning to the house we found General Surtees and an elderly friend who claimed acquaintance with me as having been one of the first residents at the Oxford House. I did not remember either his face or his name! Then the Bishop of Gloucester arrived bringing his sister, Sir Flinders and Lady Petrie, Miss Headlam, and a young man. I showed them over the Castle, and so wasted the afternoon until 6 p.m.

Sir Flinders Petrie assured me that he had direct and indisputable evidence that in the recent troubles in Palestine, the villain of the piece was the Grand Master of the Arabs. He gave the worst possible character to the French in Syria.

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[221]

**14<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 6<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A brilliant morning, most welcome after the storms & floods of last week. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel at 8 o'clock. We were in all 10 communicants, including Harold & Horrie Bryden. The sun, shining through the East window, made all things glorious. It would be very terrible to find one's self driven from this place by the squalid coercion of poverty. Yet –

I prepared notes for the sermon at Burnopfield, introducing, perhaps unwisely, some observations on the financial crisis, and urging everybody to support the National Government. The position of a Bishop has become extraordinarily difficult. If he speak[sic] on a public question, however urgent, he will be accused of a partisanship, and will certainly seem to authorise the babbling in the pulpit of every ordained noodle in his diocese. If he hold [sic] his peace, he will be regarded with general contempt. Hitherto, I have, by precept and example, urged the duty of the clergy to leave politics alone, but, as politics degenerate into their revolutionary phases, this becomes increasingly difficult both to achieve in practice, and to justify in theory.

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A writer in the "Observer" quotes Gibbon's description of Peter the Hermit, and applies it to Gandhi, who, he suggests, is just such another dynamic fanatic.

Ella accompanied me to Burnopfield, where I, first, confirmed privately a young man of the parish, then, had tea with the Wilson's, &, finally, preached in the parish church. The Rector, Ledgard, discussed with me the proposal that he should accept nomination to Winston. He was prepared to accept there and then, but I thought it more prudent to give him a week for consideration before [I] require his decision.

Wilson, who is an intelligent man, well-informed in all matters concerned with the coal industry, told me that he could see no brightening of the outlook in any direction. He shared my doubt as to the reception which the electors are likely to give to the Conservative policy of tariffs, but thinks that the Trade Union leaders are probably misrepresenting the members.

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[223]

**Monday, September 7<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

A report of my reference to the political situation appeared both in the "Northern Echo" and in the "North-Eastern Daily Gazette". In the latter, there was also a portrait, whence delivered I know not.

I doctored the sermon that I preached in Edinburgh last November to the Wesleyan Methodists of that City, in order to use it at Harrogate on October 1<sup>st</sup>, when I am pledged to preach on the occasion of the Centenary Commemoration.

We all motored to Ripon & attended a garden-party at the Palace. Burroughs had brought from Cambridge some of the foreigners who had been attending a meeting of the Evangelical Alliance or some other society of the kind. A number of young men & women attended & sang glees, etc. They were English and German, & were touring Yorkshire, singing where they could, by way of promoting amity between the nations. It was all very excellent, & a trifle absurd. We got back to the Castle a little before 7 p.m.

M<sup>r</sup> Aidan Savage arrived in order to make a picture of Ella.

The weather today has been fine.

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[224]

**Tuesday, September 8<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The newspapers announce that the King will renounce £50,000 of his official income, and the Prince of Wales, £10,000 of his. These sacrifices will serve to bring home the seriousness of the situation, and, perhaps, touch the popular imagination. Plainly the country is "up against" a very difficult situation indeed. Meanwhile, the number of the unemployed mounts steadily, & we draw on to winter quickly.

I wrote to Geoffrey Dawson "crying off" my undertaking to write an Article for the Times on the meeting of Convocation 1531 – just 400 years ago, which reluctantly, and with an important reservation, conceded under cruel pressure the title "Supreme Head of the Church of England" to Henry VIII. I cannot write on that theme without becoming more controversial than the pages of the Times could fairly allow.

I received a letter from M<sup>r</sup> James Nankivell, a student of Ripon Hall, Oxford, who is about to be ordained by the Bishop of Oxford. He "would like to express his indebtedness to me for twenty years".

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"When Christianity was fresh from the mint there was no Church and no Christian Bible, but there was the indwelling Spirit of God which S<sup>t</sup> Paul identified with the Spirit of Christ. It was this inspiration which created the Church, which chose the Bible, which forms the religion of Protestants".

So Inge is reported to have spoken last night at Oxford. The subject of his speech was "Humanism, Pagan and Christian", and throughout he maintains towards Christianity a belittling, scornful attitude, which is quite inconsistent with any genuine belief in it. What is to be made of the following?

"I agree with the scientific humanists that an authoritative code of morals is suited only to a settled society. Our society is profoundly unsettled, and cannot follow those who, in the name of authority, defend the prejudices of the old and disregard the ideals of the young. There is a sustained conflict between the religion of authority, the name of which ultimately is Rome, and the religion of the spirit."

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The Oxford Dictionary gives 4 senses to the word "Humanism" viz:

1. Belief in the mere humanity of Christ.
2. The character or quality of being human; devotion to human interests.

3. Any system of thought or action which is concerned with merely human interests (as distinguished from divine), or with those of the human race in general (as distinguished from individual) the "Religion of Humanity".

4. Devotion to those studies which promote human culture: (esp. the system of the Humanists, the study of the Roman and Greek classics which came into vogue at the Renaissance).

Presumably Inge had the 3<sup>rd</sup> sense in mind when chose as the subject of his address – "Humanism, Pagan and Christian". He spoke of "the programme of scientific humanism with its emphasis on disinterestedness as the essential thing in all real progress". But this is at least as much Christian as Pagan.

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[227]

**Wednesday, September 9<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The "National Government" carried its vote of confidence by 59 votes.

I received a letter from the Bishop of Whitby approving my suggestion that on October 4<sup>th</sup> I should address the meeting of men in York on "Christianity and Civilization", and I suppose I must do so, though it is not very easy to see how the subject can be usefully handled. The optimistic clap-trap which commonly does duty on these occasions is to my mind equally mischievous and absurd; yet there is no very apparent value in giving publicity to the deep pessimism of my thought.

The Rev<sup>nd</sup> H. M. Woodward, assistant curate of Consett, has accepted appointment to Dipton; and the Rev<sup>d</sup> E.E. Pearson, Vicar of Firtree, has declined appointment to S. ~~Mark's~~ Matthew's, Darlington. This last benefice is not attractive, since £100 of my slender endowment is provided by the Parochial Church Council, which could (and no doubt would) refuse to pay the money to a Vicar, who did not meet with its approval. What self-respecting man would willingly acquiesce in a situation so deeply humiliating?

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[228]

Thursday, September 10<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

["]The study of the great Greek and Roman moralists of the Empire leaves upon my own mind a strong conviction that the fundamental difference between heathenism of all shades and Christianity is to be discovered in the doctrine of Vicarious Sacrifice, that is to say, in the Passion of our Lord.

....The Cross is the peculiar property of the Gospel. What the first Christians adopted as their emblem was not the portrait of Jesus, but simply the Cross, without any portrait at al.["]

v. Bigg\* "The Church's task under the Roman Empire" p. x-xii

What has the "Modern Churchmen's Conference" to say about "the Cross"? It will explain that the Crucified was the victim of his own unworldly self-delusion; that he died on the Cross & never rose again; that he never spoke "the Words from the Cross"; and that his death was no more significant than that of other martyrs.

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I walked in the Park, & fell into conversation with two youths: the one, a bus-conductor, on holiday, the other, a printer, out of work. Neither, though born in the county, had so much as seen Durham Cathedral, or Escombe. I myself had confirmed the bus-conductor, but he had ceased to attend church. The papist, the less intelligent of the two, still attended his church. I gave them some good advice, & so parted from them.

The Evening Papers are full of Snowden's\* speech. There is to be another sixpence on the Income Tax, and an increase of 10 per cent on the surtax. Petrol, beer, tobacco, & entertainments are all taxed; and economies exceeding a total of £70.000.000 are to be made. The Sinking Fund is to be reduced. It can hardly mean less than £250 for me – a grave matter just now. Adding the increased price of petrol, it will, perhaps, reach a total of £500. We shall have violent screaming from the unemployed & the school-teachers, but probably acquiescence from the rest of the nation. The papers state that when Snowden resumed his seat he was given "a great ovation".

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[230]

Friday, September 11<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

The reception of the Budget in the newspapers is mainly favourable, though hardly enthusiastic. On the whole, Snowden has done what he had announced his intention of doing, & no one can honestly accuse him of favouritism. I received a letter from George Nimmins, in which he says: -

"Things have never been as bad as they are at present in Java. The Government are reducing salaries by 10%, raising the income tax, & various other things to try & make the Budget balance"

Runciman's\* speech in the House last night made a deep impression. He urged the necessity of prohibiting the importation of luxuries.

Rawlinson called to see me. I urged him to write to the Guardian in criticism of Inge's address at Oxford. He undertook to do so.

Lake came to lunch & afterwards expounded his reasons for declining appointment to Rainton. They are summed up in the statement that he is financially better placed as an assistant-curate in Gateshead, than he would find himself as incumbent of Rainton.

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We gave a small dinner party, consisting of the following:-

Sybil, Lady Eden, with Major Berry.

Brigadier Pritchett & M<sup>rs</sup> Pritchett

Miss Christopher & a friend.

M<sup>r</sup> Savage and Jack Carr.

D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullough, & our selves.

Altogether we numbered twelve. I cannot remember that anything was said by anybody that was worth recalling or re-cording.

I finished reading, or rather running through, a dull substantial work by E. Allison Peers M.A. on 'Ramon Lull: a biography'. His output of books was amazing. The legendary exaggerations may be taken as indications of the impression which in this respect he made on his contemporaries. He seems to have been a medieval Baxter\*, afflicted by a pruritus scribendi [writer's itch]. When one considers the manner of his life, and his variety of interests, the amount of his writing appears to be incredible. In the circumstances of the 13<sup>th</sup> century, to secure the material provision which literary work implies must have been very difficult. The fact of his martyrdom in 1315 appears to be doubtful.

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[232]

**Saturday, September 12<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

Mr. Aidan Savage took his departure. I paid him £25 viz: ten guineas for each of the two drawings, and £4 for his railway expenses. He seemed rather surprized at my generosity. He was so far loyal to his papistry as to abstain from attendance at the services in the Chapel. I approve his consistency, while I deplore the narrowness of his religion. What is to be said for a form of Christianity which exacts from those who hold it such a total abstinence from fraternity?

Mr. Scott from Sunderland came with his son James to see me about the latter's chance of getting to Oxford. With Kenneth's failure in my mind, I was not encouraging, & said that the lad should try for a scholarship or exhibition, & if he succeeded in gaining one, should avail himself of his C.C. exhibition & a Diocesan grant. Otherwise, I thought he had better abandon the idea of an Oxford career. I liked the lad's appearance, but that tells one little about his powers, and, perhaps, less about his character.

Jack Carr and I walked around the Park together, & had much converse.

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15<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 13<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

A beautiful autumnal morning, calm & hazy. I celebrated in the Chapel at 8 a.m. Jack Carr assisted. I was glad to have him with me there before he leaves for Nigeria. The Gospel was entirely appropriate to his situation: "Be not anxious." It is wonderful how often, and how subtly, the Prayer Book matches our specific necessities.

I wrote to William, giving him an account of the Financial crisis. It were hard to say which letters are the gloomiest: his to me from South Africa, or mine to him from England. No part of the world seems to lie outside the cloud of disaster.

Alfred Toomey lunched here. He says that the unemployed men in his district are using the most disloyal language. The only effect of the King's patriotic sacrifice of £50,000 of annual income has been to direct their attention to that income itself. They are greedy, envious, & brutal, nor do they lack those, better-informed than themselves, who make appeal to all these lamentable factors. It is difficult to avoid a sense of despair, when one reflects on the necessity of commending national policies to the masses of bigoted and ignorant electors.

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"Ordination was one of the loopholes through which they (sc. the curiales) sought to escape their burden. It was probably the most tempting and the easiest of all. But, again, the bishops must have been compelled generally to recruit their staffs from those who were beneath the curial degree, that is to say, from the poorest and most ignorant class. Thus the law tended directly to foster worldliness & incapacity among the clergy. Finally one must notice the strong & oppressive grip which the State maintained upon the Church in the palmy days of the Four Great Councils. At no other time have the clergy been reduced to such an Erastian servitude, & this fact helps to explain many painful features of that period."

v. Bigg, "The Church's Task" p. 136

I motored to Gateshead, and preached at Evensong in S. Paul's. The church was barely full, & the congregation was mainly composed of women. But the service was hearty & reverent. Old Canon Stack is clearly working with effect among the slummites.

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[235]

Monday, September 14<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Geoffrey Dawson writes rather dismayingly: -

"I do not like the look of things at all. The idea that we can simply dissolve the National Government, & go to the country on the old three-party lines seems to me to be altogether too light-hearted. I have spent some hours every day this week in the House of Commons, and am appalled at the attitude of the Opposition. The case against them in argument is quite overwhelming, but they may get millions of votes by a smash & grab programme. Baldwin is quite conscious of this – I had a long talk with him yesterday – and so, I expect, is Macdonald, whom I am going to visit on Sunday. I think there is a way out if they will only take it."

Stack told me last night that his "dole-full" folk appeared to be resigned to the "cut" in their dole, and that the protests of the school-teachers were neither unanimous nor popular. Leng thinks that the general opinion in Bishop Auckland is favourable to the Government.

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Ellershaw\* sends me the following story about W.P. Ker\*, which is amusing, & may be true:-

"Some years ago he was entertaining some friends at Greenwich, & in the next room were some bright, young things who were dining – perhaps too well. At any rate, while Ker & his friends were talking of the approaching 200<sup>th</sup> anniversary of Addison's death, a young man from next door came into the room, & caught what Ker saying about Addison. At this he broke in & said – "It is an interesting fact, Sir, that I am a direct descendant of Addison." "It is very interesting" said Ker, "because you'll remember that Addison had only one child, a daughter, who was a congenital idiot, which gives some colour to your assertion: she, however, was never married which forces me regretfully to believe that you are merely a liar."

Ellershaw observes very justly that "it is not often that a reply so deadly is compressed into so few words."

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Lady Eden and her friend Major Berry lunched here, & so did Penelope Webbe\*. I walked with Major B. in the Park, for which he professed much admiration. Then, when these had departed, I walked with Jack for an hour.

Bidgood came to see me. He now desires to get out of his acceptance of the benefice in London, for he finds the house impossibly large, & the patron will not hear of its being sold. I had offered the vacated living to Brigstocke, from whom I received a letter of acceptance

this morning! Here was a pretty kettle of fish! I told Bidgood that his return to S. Luke's would place him in a very humiliating situation, and that his influence in the parish could not but be greatly lessened. Finally I gave him a week to see whether anything could be done, which might make his tenure of the London living practicable: and I wrote forthwith to Brigstocke, explaining the odd situation which had emerged.

I consented to an arrangement proposed by Canon Parry-Evans\* viz: that he should himself prepare his son, Cuthbert, for the Deacons' Examination, next ~~Eas~~ Trinity, whom, if ~~the boy~~ <sup>he</sup> passed, I w<sup>d</sup> ordain.

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**Tuesday, September 15<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The weather has become unseasonably warm. I received from Miss Reichel a request for reminiscences of her brother, Harry: and this is a request which it is impossible to refuse, and extraordinarily difficult to comply with. For I have kept no letters, & such references to him as there may be in my journal are not easily disinterred.

Linetta\* and her husband arrived at lunch-time, and went into Durham with Ella after lunch.

Bertram Wilson, the assistant curate of ~~Winlaton~~ Monkwearmouth who desires to be transferred to Winlaton, came to see me. I don't like the arrangement, but I could not find ground for disallowing it.

We gave a dinner-party to the following:-

Sybil Eden, Major Berry, Colonel Greenwell, Major McCullagh, M<sup>r</sup> & M<sup>rs</sup> Richardson, Lady Struthers, Jack Carr, M<sup>rs</sup> Rashdall, & our selves.

I worked at the Cambridge Sermon, but not very successfully. It becomes very difficult to preach in that place, where the audience is more critical than receptive.

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**Wednesday, September 16<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The warm weather continues, & does not help work. I spent the morning in writing the Cambridge Sermon: the afternoon in walking around the Park with Richardson and Jack Carr. We had a good deal of talk about the state of affairs in the Birmingham diocese. Richardson is an ardent supporter of Bishop Barnes, whose tactlessness he none the less admits. He does not realize the offensiveness of things spoken at the Modern Churchmen's Conference. The Rev<sup>d</sup> M<sup>r</sup> Hardwick, who is conspicuously offensive, he seeks to excuse by the plea that he is always in pain, that he speaks with his tongue in his cheek, & that all his friends understand what he means! It is certainly desirable that he should confine his profanities to the company of his friends, & not discharge them on the general public, which is likely to take them seriously.

I spent a good deal of time in trying to discover from my journals some notes on my relations with Harry Reichel: but I had no success. My friendship was genuine enough, but it has left no memorial.

Charles returned to my infinite satisfaction. I cannot safely get along without him, for my memory is treacherous, my interest uncertain and intermittent, & my disposition to work feeble!

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**Thursday, September 17<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The heat wave continues, & is rather exhausting. Lady Struthers and M<sup>rs</sup> Rashdall were off after breakfast. Visitors do not assist work!

Charles & I went through an accumulation of letters, & then I resumed my labour on the Cambridge sermon, & did actually bring it to an end, but it is a poor, vapid, muddled effusion.

Ella took the Richardsons to Catterick, where some sports were being held.

At this time there arrived Sir Charles & Lady Pears and D<sup>r</sup> George Hill (a dingy but amiable pundit) the Head of the British Museum.

Jack Carr went off. I shall probably not see him again before he sets out for Nigeria. We parted with affection, & I gave him my Blessing.

I put together notes for an Institution Address on I. John V.4-5., which I delivered in S. Peter's Church, Bishop Auckland, when I instituted the Rev. J. J. Masters, to the perpetual curacy. There was a large congregation, though not large enough to fill the church.

The Richardsons failed to arrive from Darlington in time for dinner.

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Friday, September 18<sup>th</sup>, 1931

Another beautiful day, & less exhausting. Our guests departed. First, Linetta and her husband went off in their crazy "Albert" escorted by the melancholy apprehensions of the household. Then Sir Charles & Lady Pears with D<sup>r</sup> George Hill in their car, driven by the Lady though half immobilized by sciatica! The recklessness of modern women is amazing.

I wrote a short memorandum for the British Sailors Exhibition, commending the appeal of the Seamen's Institution Society, & then wrote something about Harry Reichel for the memorial volume which his sister is arranging. Inevitably my contribution is more Autobiographical than biographical, but it must serve.

Wright, from S. Mary Magdalene, came to see me. He showed me a specialist doctor's letter, expressed in decisive language, which prohibited his continuance in active work. I told him that he had better resign his benefice, & that I would make his resignation date from January 1<sup>st</sup>, 1932.

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Alfred Toomey, came to see me. He too produced a doctor's opinion to the effect that he must not face another winter, but must "go south".

Harry Clothier, whom I ordained but little more than two years ago, wrote to say that he has cogent reasons, which he asks leave to come & state to me.

Here, then, are 3 young clergymen deserting this poor diocese. What can come of it all?

I wrote my weekly letter to Dick. If it be asked for what reason I spend time and thought on a correspondence which can have little importance & may have no effect, I must needs answer that I am interested in discovering whether it does, or does not, influence this lad who has drifted within the sphere of my personal responsibility. So far he has at least responded to my advance, by writing to me letters which, if not remarkable, are certainly intelligent. That woeful Kenneth could never be induced to write anything, & showed himself as irresponsive as a stone.

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**Saturday, September 19<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

The weather became more unsettled, & rain fell. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the Chapel for the G. D. A. members who are having a little retreat during the week-end under the direction of Deaconess Emmett.

My morning was frittered away in writing letters, & making notes.

Robin wrote to me asking me to officiate at his wedding in S. Martin's-in-the-Fields, at 2.30 p.m. on Thursday, October 15<sup>th</sup>.

Ella & Charles accompanied me to Eppleton, where Lady Raine opened an addition to the Schools, & I made a speech. There was a very small attendance, but Saturday afternoon is almost impossible. Shopping for the women and football matches for the men will not admit of neglect. I took occasion to bend my speech with some observations on the "Crisis", which will hardly be agreeable to the "Labour" statements! We had tea with the Vicar, & then returned to Auckland.

I received from the Church House two volumes of Measures passed by the Church Assembly!!

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On Bishop Burnet's becoming set on fire in his Chair

By Thomas Parnell

---

From that dire era, bane to Sarum's pride,  
Which broke his schemes, & laid his friends aside,  
He talks & writes that popery will return.  
And we, and he, and all his works will burn.  
What touch'd himself was almost fairly prov'd.  
Oh, far from Britain to the rest remov'd!  
For, as of late he meant to bless the age,  
With flagrant prefaces of party-rage,  
O'er wrought with passion, to the subject's weight,  
Lolling, he nodded in his elbow seat;  
Down fell the candle: grease & zeal conspire,  
Heat meets with heat, & pamphlets burn their sire,  
Here crawls a preface on its half-burn'd maggots,  
And there an introduction brings its faggots.  
Then roars the prophet of the northern nation,  
Scorch'd by a flaming speech on moderation.  
Unwarn'd by this, go on, the realm to fright,

Thou Briton vaunting in thy second-sight!  
In such a ministry you safely tell,  
How much you'd suffer, if religion fell.

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16<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 20<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

G. D. A.

A brilliant morning, the air pleasant & fresh. I celebrated in the Chapel at 8 a.m. There were in all 14 communicants, all, save Alexander & me & Ella, members of the G.D.A. I am not quite sure whether this segregation of some young women on a class-basis is defensible on Christian principles. Why should they not be members of the G.F.S. like the rest? But we must take the world as it is, and accept the fact that they will not join their humbler sisters, & will only consent to belong to an association from which they are shut out. If they realized this aspect of their membership it would obviously be impossible to recognize their association: but they don't, taking their ridiculous conventions of class as inherent, natural, and inevitable. and, therefore, we may tolerate them as S. Paul tolerated slavery, & the subordination of women in Rabbinic severity. Nevertheless, my conscience is not wholly at ease on the matter, for there is a danger (is it a certainty?) that the Church is consecrating something which it ought to pluck up by the roots?

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I spent the morning in my study preparing an address to these maidens. How little we know of their lives, of their temperaments, of their temptations! Perhaps one is disposed to read into their experience the dismal doubt and anxieties of one's own, forgetting that these were not, & could not be ours, before Time wrought them.

I walked round the Park after lunch. My address to the Girls occupied 32 minutes in delivery. It was based on I. Peter iii.15 'Sanctify in your hearts Christ as Lord', and covered a good deal of ground. The maidens appeared to be interested. I trust that they were also edified. Deaconess Emmett had taken 'Prayers' as the subject of her instruction. And I ended my discourse by reading French's sonnet on 'Prayer', which, though nowise notable as poetry, has a Christian sound. I gave the girls severally a copy of the little volume of truncated sermons, "the Kingdom of God", and wrote their names in the copies. They are garnished with my photograph.

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**S. Matthew's Day, Monday, September 21<sup>st</sup>, 1931.**

A beautiful autumnal morning, bright and calm. I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. We numbered 8 communicants.

For some unknown reason I felt indisposed, and this circumstance coinciding with the ill tidings in the newspapers that the gold standard has been suspended destroyed my working capacity.

Charles and I motored to South Shields, where I instituted the Rev<sup>d</sup> William Heatherington to the Perpetual Curacy of S<sup>t</sup> Simon's, in succession to the dismal and querulous Laverick. The meanest of churches was fairly filled. The service, rather to my surprize, was of the "Anglo-Catholick" colour. I inquired whether there was much unemployment, and was assured that there was practically none. The parish is mainly inhabited by railwaymen. Hudson, the Vicar of Willington went with me in the car as far as Durham. He says that his parish is a stronghold of "Labour", &, therefore, little likely to go against the Trade Unions: yet there were many sensible men who were ready to support the National Government.

We got home at 9.30 p.m.

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Scientific investigation is becoming more departmentalized; each worker finds himself compelled to devote his mind and energies to a more restricted field, and the prospect of a final synthesis is growing more remote.

The composite view of the universe is no longer systematic, or even intelligible, but at the same time as it is being widened and deepened it is growing more confused.

From D<sup>r</sup> William Rose's Introduction to "An Outline of Modern Knowledge"

It would appear that we are as far as ever from constructing a "Summa Scientia" which can cover the whole ground, and do for the modern world what the "Summa" of S. Thomas Aquinas did for the Middle Ages i.e. unify knowledge in a single and satisfying scheme. The bold generalisations of our popular and popularizing "Scientists" are spoken "with the tongue in the cheek".

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**Tuesday, September 22<sup>nd</sup>, 1931.**

Fine but distinctly colder. I received from Dick a letter which pleased me as indicating a good spirit and intelligence. It was also well expressed. I started work on a sermon for S. Andrew's on November 29<sup>th</sup> Barnes's sermon at Liverpool to the British Association suggested the subject which is sufficiently indicated by the text Romans I.16. "I am not ashamed of the Gospel: for it is the power of God into salvation to every one that believeth: to the Jew first and also to the Greek." I want to register my protest against the assumption that Christianity may be suffered to survive only under the condition of accepting an eclecticism which contradicts its essential character and stultifies its creed.

M<sup>r</sup> Ronald Charlton Thornton, aged 24, of Keble came to lunch. He desires to be ordained at Advent, but seems very doubtful about his ability to pass the deacon's Examination.

I walked round the Park and D<sup>r</sup> McCullagh Hack, the lay-reader, at S. Andrew's, Tudhoe, came to ask that he might be accepted as a candidate for Ordination. I said that he might sit for the examination.

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That is honour's scorn,  
Which challenges itself as honour's born,  
And is not like the sire: honours thrive,  
When rather from our acts we them derive  
Than our forgoers: the mere word's a slave  
Debosh'd on every tomb, on every grave  
A lying trophy: and as oft is dumb  
Where dust & damn'd oblivion is the tomb  
Of honour'd bones indeed.

("All's well that ends well" Act II. Sc. III.)

This is surprising doctrine in Shakespeare's age, yet the way was more open to the march of individual ability under the Tudors than in most ages. The destruction of the ancient nobility in the Wars of the Roses, & the policy of the Sovereigns who were seizing despotic power, were potent factors in breaking down the rigid class-system of medieval society: & the Reformation, which broke the power of the ancient hierarchy, gave a mighty stimulus to individualism. Shakespeare discloses the spirit of the time.

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**Wednesday, September 23<sup>rd</sup>, 1931.**

A dull day with occasional rain. I received a telegram from Lord Scarbrough in reply to my letter of inquiry about Lady S.:

"Lady Scarbrough's\* condition shows no improvement: she is a little weaker this morning".

This has an ill look.

I continued work on the S. Andrew's sermon, but with small success.

Charles and I motored to Sunderland, where I instituted M<sup>r</sup> Garner, the new Vicar of S Barnabas, Hendon. He is a dull-looking fellow, who has been secretary to D. Barnardo's Homes, & looks it! There was a fair congregation, a large choir, a reverent service, &, so far as I could see, no reporters. My text was I. Peter II.17. "Honour all men – Love the brotherhood. Fear god. Honour the King". I took occasion to speak of the significance & importance of the rule which requires the clergyman at his institution to take the Oath of Allegiance. This led me to take some observations on the duty of the Church in the present national crisis.

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Thursday, September 24<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Ella and Fearne went off in the motor to stay with Lady Charnwood at Stow House, & thus leave the coast free for the Ordination.

I tried to put together some notes for a sermon at the Centenary of Seton Carew, but did not effect much. I was at the pains of looking up the reference to the 58<sup>th</sup> vol. of the Surtees Society's publications which the Vicar sent me in support of the statement:-

"In the gifts of Styr recorded in vol. 58 p. 19 of the S. S. the gift is mentioned as having been made to commemorate the fact that S. Cuthbert's body had found a resting place at last in Durham".

The ref. appears to be p XIX of old Greenwell's\* Preface, and it only says that "the gifts of Styr the son of Ulf, & Snaculf the son of Cytel, are, by the anonymous author [sc. Simeon] or his coordinator, represented as having been made to S. Cuthbert merely, &, though Symeon includes them in lands "ad sufficientiam Sancto Confessori ministrantum" they were eventually episcopal and not conventional estates".

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At the darkest hour before the dawn Science thus came forward as the new reinforcement, the great new factor in the economic reconstruction of the world, and the immense material progress of the XIX<sup>th</sup> century has been largely due to it. Drawing the parallel for today, one may hesitate about the next step in political development, but there is no room for doubt that Science, now even more than in 1831, is the dominant factor in the industrial & economic revival, & that in the penetration of Science into all avenues of human activity lies our main hope of future advance.

General Smuts\* at the Centenary meeting of the British Association in Westminster September 23<sup>rd</sup> 1931.

Against this jubilant assurance must be set a grave passage in the Presidential Address, in which "the greatest tragedy in history" is said to be the "expression" of a "serious lag" which "has already developed between our rapid scientific advance and our stationary ethical development". Presumably he refers to the Great War.

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Ordination Candidates

For the Priesthood

R. C. Langdon-Davies B. A. (Oxford)  
R. Rumney

For the Diaconate

A. E. Adey  
C. R. C. Carleton B. A. (Oxford)  
I. A. Davies  
R. H. Dawson-Walker M. A. (Oxford)  
G. W. H. Hewitt B. A (Durham)  
I. J. Hughes B. A. (Durham)  
E. Johnson  
E. Knowles A. K. C.  
C. Marsh  
D. McLeod  
C. R. Ninham A. H. C  
B. Suthern B. A. (Durham)

Out of the 14 no fewer than six are without any kind of academic degree. There are only two – Langford[sic]-Davies and Dawson-Walker – who, on the most liberal interpretation of the word, could be described as "gentlemen".

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Friday, September 25<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

I celebrated the Holy Communion in the chapel at 8 a.m. All the candidates communicated. We were in all 17 communicants.

The newspapers announce the death of Lady Scarborough. She has been very kind to me, &, though she tried me much by her tactlessness and foolish talking, yet I could not but admire her evident devotion to her husband, and be grateful for much kindness. So the world, my world, empties rapidly: & for me also, the end draws on apace. "Lord, let me know mine end, & the number of my days, that I may be certified how long I have to live".

The successive arrangements were carried out successfully. Spencer Wade's three addresses were, perhaps, somewhat too elaborate & rhetorical: but they were thoughtful, devout, & extraordinarily well phrased. He has a good voice which he knows how to manage. I can understand that he can be an effective & persuasive preacher. He is obviously a wide reader, &, if there is no evidence of much originality of thought, there is abundant proof of intellectual assimilation.

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I walked round the Park with Spencer Wade,\* and had much talk with him. He is evidently becoming an influential personage in the diocese of Newcastle, where he [is] "up against" the Anglo-Catholick tendencies of his diocesan & the Provost of the Cathedral. He has the temperament, and the temptations, of an orator. It would be sad indeed if he acquired the spirit of a religious partisan.

I delivered my charge to the Candidates at Compline. It took 35 minutes to deliver. The men were very attentive, and appeared to be impressed. It is a moving situation, the eve of Ordination, and if every the mind can be open to good impressions, it surely would be then. The private interviews, which I had with the candidates this afternoon, led me to think that they were sincerely minded. I think it is probably true that these humbly-born men to whom Ordination implies a rise in social status, & who reach it by sacrifices & efforts, which have no equivalent in the experience of "gentlemen, take an altogether worthier view of their action in seeking Holy Orders, & estimate their Commission more nobly.

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**Ordination, Saturday, September 26<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

O Christ, all-merciful Master, be with us this day, and confirm what we do in Thy Name. Do Thou Ordain, & give Thyself in Sacrament & breath Thy Peace upon us. Make us to know Thee, as those disciples, in the Breaking of the Bread, & have us not, we beseech Thee, for Thy Mercy's sake. Amen.

A fine day suppressed, that us, the clouds shut out the sun, but there was no rain, & there was the feeling of a fine day.

Cecil Ferens appeared in good time, and the legal business was gone through before the service began. The choir consisted of 25 students from Bede College. They sang well enough. Spencer Wade's sermon struck a jarring note: it was too long, and quite superfluously polemical. More bread and wine were consecrated than the actual number of communicants showed to be necessary. With these exceptions everything seemed to go without hitch: the deacons sounded sincere, & looked devout.

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About fifty persons came to lunch, including the students from Bede College.

The newspapers are filled with discussions of the financial crisis. The value of the £ appears to have fallen everywhere abroad to about 15/-, which must mean that all our imports of food stuffs and raw materials for the masses will cost 25% more. This is pleasant hearing for the masses, and for the manufacturers. Per contra, the depreciation of the £ operates as a protective tariff in the case of all those goods which are imported from abroad, & could be manufactured here. There seems to be waxing agitation for an immediate election, but this would almost certainly involve the breaking-up of the "National Government", by the defection of the bulk of the Liberal Party. It would arouse against the Government the Free Trade sentiment of the middle and upper artisan classes, which is far stronger than the Tory organisers realize, and might easily lead to a socialist victory at the polls. I do not see how in that event the country could escape a complete financial collapse which would bring about a social revolution.

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**17<sup>th</sup> Sunday after Trinity, September 27<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

For some reason or another, perhaps the emotional strain of the last few days, I could not sleep, and got up feeling mentally dishevelled & physically dilapidated! What poor creatures we are! And the rapid approaches of molestia senectus [worry of old age] don't tend to improve us! How brutal the popular newspapers are! Alexander brought me with my tea a cutting from some rag, headed "Beauty Dead", & under this a picture of Lady Scarbrough. That poor lady is much in my thoughts. I shall miss her, not only because her death will probably deprive me of my "prophet's chamber" in Park Lane; but also, because she was always eager to get some congruous folk to meet me when I was staying there. In this way I made acquaintance with many interesting persons, whom I should hardly have met otherwise. She allowed herself in much extravagant speaking: & was addicted to Christian Science & folly of that kind: but her heart was good. The unhappy death of her son did unquestionably shake her mental & moral fabric: & her hobby for collecting antique furniture (in which she was a very skilled judge) was a poor consolation for the shipwreck of her maternal ambitions.

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Charles and I left the Castle a few minutes before 9 a.m., and motored to Bishop Wearmouth, where I ordained to the Priesthood the two men, who are working in Sunderland, Langdon-Davies and Rumney. There was a very large congregation, of whom so many communicated that I had to consecrate three times over. No less than 320 communicants presented themselves. Wynne-Willson preached an excellent sermon, and everybody seemed impressed. Jack Carr was there, & acted as a chaplain. He goes to Africa in a week's time. After the Ordination we lunched at the Rectory, and there I continued until it was time to start for Seaton Carew, where I preached at Evensong. It was the centenary of the consecration of the church by Bishop Van Mildert\*. The building is little better than a barn, save for a tower, which does something to redeem its meanness. There was a crowded congregation. My sermon was something of a 'mingle-mangle', but I have been too hustled to prepare anything. We got back to the Castle about 9 a.m. [sic]. The weather was brilliant from dawn to nightfall.

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**Monday, September 28<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

I spent the morning in working on the sermon for the Church Tutorial Classes Association. Charles motored me to Chester-le-Street, where a Memorial Service for Lady Scarbrough was held. I read the Lesson, and pronounced the Benediction. There were fewer people there than I had expected, but the Rector tells me that she was not widely known in the parish. After the service we went on to Sunderland, where I had my hair cut. Ella and Fearne returned from Lichfield. They had attended the Funeral at Sandback on their way. Brigstocke & Lawrence Lamprell\* arrived, the one to inspect the vacant livings in order to decide whether he can take one, the other to consult with me about finding a parish from which to offer a title.

I resumed work on the sermon, & brought it to some kind of a conclusion, but as I have really nothing to say, it is not surprising that I find it difficult to say it! After dinner I discussed with Lamprell the question of his title. He declared himself a "liberal Catholic", and expressed a desire to join Tymms at Billingham. I could not deny that there was great need of a curate in that parish, where there is a population of more than 10,000, so I gave my consent to his going there.

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The "Times" reports an astonishing achievement from Vienna, where the Viennese Society for the Protection of Birds has succeeded in saving the lives of thousands of swallows by transporting the birds chilled by the inclement weather to Venice in heated vans. "They travel by aeroplane in cases 39 in. long by 20 in. broad & 20 in. deep, which accommodate 1,000 birds each."

"Food had been prepared for them, but, as soon as the cases in which they had travelled were opened, the birds paid little attention to the reception which had been arranged, & flew away chirping with joy. A fifth of them had died during the journey. The greater part of the survivors made off immediately for the south, but several hundreds, surprised and embarrassed, continued for hours to fly about the air port. By evening almost all had gone."

This incident is most illuminating. Was the motive for this extraordinary performance a kind of Quixotic humanity? Or was there a scientific interest merely?

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**Tuesday, September 29<sup>th</sup>, 1931.**

I received from a solicitor a letter in which was enclosed a copy of a rebuke which the Vicar of S<sup>t</sup> George's, Boldon, had addressed to a female parishioner, by whom it was hotly resented. He told her that she needed 'the sacrament of penance'! Probably she did, & the silly parson also. I could but reply that the parish priest was entitled to give his parishioners spiritual advice, which they might take or reject as they would.

I added a paragraph on the Revised Version to the Sermon for the Tutorial Classes Ass<sup>n</sup>. There has been a rather one-sided correspondence in the Times which leaves the impression that the R.V. is now at last irrevocably condemned to rejection.

I walked in the Park with old D<sup>r</sup> M<sup>c</sup>Cullagh. Charles and I motored to S. Michael's, Norton, where I dedicated a Memorial Window, & preached a sermon. There was a considerable congregation, largely composed of the Mothers' Union, who had collected the money for the window. The Vicar gave an ill account of the state of employment in his parish. Most of the people work normally at the Synthetic works, which are now discharging their employee's [sic] every week.

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Brigstocke spent the day in visiting the two parishes, Rainton & Burnopfield, which are vacant. He decided, as I had expected that the house & garden at Rainton were too large for him to adventure upon: but Burnopfield he thought was more within his grasp. I told him that he might take a week in which to make up his mind.

Lamprell went to Billingham to see Tymms. He succeeded in coming to an arrangement with him, & had even gone so far as to secure a lodging. He said that there was a report in the district that the Synthetic Works were about to blossom into a wider activity than ever by reason of their making petrol out of coal, which could (as it is asserted) be placed on the market at a price of 9<sup>d</sup> per gallon. If this report should turn out to be well-founded, a door would be opened through which economic prosperity might return to this county. But we have heard so often that this particular discovery of extracting oil from coal has been made, and so invariably have learned that the statement was untrue, that we cannot easily credit any more statements to that effect. Meanwhile, 'hope deferred maketh the heart sick', and the undoing of Durham proceeds apace.

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Wednesday, September 30<sup>th</sup>, 1931.

Robin writes to say that his marriage is postponed on account of the General Election which is to take place almost immediately. He doesn't wish to spend his honey-moon in electioneering.

The young men – Brigstocke, Lamprell, and Wilson – took their departure.

I spent the morning in giving the final touches to the sermon for tomorrow.

I sent to the publisher (Victor Gollancz Ltd) a short "puff" for his amazing book, "An outline of Modern Knowledge": and I wrote a brief congratulation on the "Diamond Jubilee" of Armstrong College, which is being celebrated by the students this year.

I motored to Durham, & preached to the C.T.C.A. in S. Mary-le-Bow. The Bishop of Jarrow expressed approval warmly, which is not his custom! I was pleased to hear him express complete agreement with me on the subject of the R.V. The local reporter took off the MS. undertaking to communicate to the Times the passage about the use of the R.V. in which I mentioned the correspondence in that newspaper.

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Dick arrived from Scotland to spend a few days here before making his start at Keble. He has grown notably, & is now over six feet. He looks well and happy, but perhaps, rather delicate.

I received from his mother a letter full of gratitude and very well expressed. May the Blessing of God rest on him in Oxford! That place is the making or the marring of the youth who go to it. The tradition of freedom and self-indulgence which gives charm and colour to the life of the University is unquestionably full of danger to lads coming from homes which are by comparison pinched & hard. There is another and a worthier tradition in Oxford which operates as a magnet drawing out into activity all the latent chivalry & valour of young men, but these are only the elect.

I am not sufficiently acquainted with Dick to be able to form a just estimate of his mental power, or of his strength of character. He is candid, loveable, and eager, but has he courage, and staying power? Time will show. Meanwhile, we must escort him to his trial with our prayers.