AUTHOR'S NOTE

I WISH to express my acknowledgments and thanks to the many friends who have helped in the writing of this memoir, in supplying notes and letters and recollections. And especially to Miss Peggy Hirst, for many years his devoted and honorary secretary, without whose help in every way possible, this work could not have been written.

May it be accepted by Bess and Margaret and Michael Rosenthal as my tribute of affection.

CECIL RUSSELL

FLAMSTEAD,
HERTS.
Corpus Christi, 1939.

CONTENTS

ROSENTHAL

I

THE INHERITANCE AND TRAINING

GEORGE DAVID ROSENTHAL, the second son and the youngest of the three children of the Revd. Michael Rosenthal and Mary his wife, was born in North London on December 3, 1881. He was known to his family as George, to his wife's family as David, and to a vast circle of friends as "Rosie".

His father, Mr. Rosenthal, belonged to an old Jewish family claiming descent from Don Isaac Abarbanel. It was a family that had produced a long line of Rabbis, and destined, as an only son, for this calling, Mr. Rosenthal was brought up in an atmosphere of learning. As a young man he travelled extensively in Europe and the East: and it was while on a journey from Palestine to England that he fell

in with a Roman Catholic priest with whom he had a talk that left a deep impression on his mind. In London he came under other Christian influences, with the result that he embraced the Christian Faith—a step which caused deep distress to his family, and entailed the sacrifice of all his worldly prospects. Through the influence of his friend, Dr. G. H. Wilkinson, then Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton Square, and afterwards Bishop of Truro and then of St. Andrew's, he took Holy Orders. It was at St. Paul's, Haggerston, of which another lifelong friend, the Revd. S. J. Stone, the author of "The Church's one Foundation", was Vicar, that Mr. Rosenthal, as senior curate of the parish, a position he held for nearly fourteen years, 1876–1900, founded the East London Mission to the Jews, which, in later days, when he was Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, was established as a diocesan organization, under the title of The East London Fund for the Jews. During the thirty years of his ministry, Mr. Rosenthal himself baptized over 600 Jews and Jewesses, and it may truly be said that the Hebrew Baptisms at St. Paul's, Haggerston, of which many vivid and touching written impressions remain, have a special place in the

history of the church life of the East End of the eighties.

St. Paul's, Haggerston, in those days had the reputation of being "High Church"; its Vicar, moreover, had incurred episcopal displeasure for having been one of the signatories to the petition for licensed confessors. But as compared with the standard of worship to-day, the "use" at St. Paul's was of the most moderate type, and George, in his Birmingham days, would recall the sense of the dreariness and tedium of religion that he experienced as a small boy, during those long Sunday morning services, consisting of Morning Prayer, the Litany, Ante-Communion, and a forty minutes' sermon: and the feeling of relief that came with the singing of the last hymn. After this the children went out and waited in the Vicarage garden until the midday celebration was over, and their parents joined them for the homeward walk across London Fields. But the church with its three galleries seemed always to be full, as George's sister remembers it in those Sunday-keeping days. Both Mr. Stone and Mr. Rosenthal belonged to that section of the Tractarian school of thought with whom doctrine and teaching were considerably in advance of the ceremonial

they practised. During the last years of his life, however, as Vicar of St. Mark's, Whitechapel, Mr. Rosenthal introduced vestments, and made the Sung Eucharist the chief Sunday service. It may be added, too, that at the trial of Dr. King, Bishop of Lincoln, he joined the English Church Union, as it was then, and while Vicar of St. Mark's, formed a branch of the Union in that parish.

Mr. Rosenthal possessed considerable gifts as a preacher, and when dealing with the subject most dear to his heart—the evangelization of his own people—his words had a power of appeal not soon to be forgotten by those who heard them. He was constantly in request, as his son George was to be in after days, for sermons, lectures and addresses, at gatherings of many different kinds. He preached in almost every Cathedral in Great Britain and in the University Church of St. Mary's, Oxford, and was the invited speaker at the Church Congresses held at Derby in 1882, and at Norwich in 1895. It may be interesting to recall the fact that he was also invited to address the Irish Church Congress which Dr. A. F. Alexander, then Archbishop of Armagh, was planning to hold at Derry, in the mid-'nineties. But when the names

of three speakers from England were announced —Canon Scott Holland, Father Dolling and Mr. Rosenthal—their reputation for "sacerdotalism" and "ritualism" caused such an uproar among Orangemen who felt that Protestant liberties were being endangered, that the idea of the Congress had to be given up altogether.

Little George David was nearly seven weeks old when his baptism took place at St. Paul's, Haggerston, on St. Paul's Day, January 25, 1882, the Feast of the Church's Patron Saint. The font was decorated with snowdrops, and so snowy was the weather that the growler cabs conveying the christening party to church had to make their way through the drifts blocking the streets. The godfathers were Mr. Rosenthal's fellow-curate at St. Paul's, the Revd. Vivian Skrine, M.A., in later days Rector of Leadenham, near Lincoln, and the baby's uncle, Mr. (afterwards the Revd.) David S. Margoliouth, D.Litt., Laudian Professor of Arabic at Oxford. His godmother was Mrs. Harper, one of the band of friends at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, who followed Mr. Rosenthal's work in Haggerston, and afterwards in Stepney and Whitechapel, with such unfailing sympathy and interest.

A few words must be said of George's mother and her family. She was the eldest of the four daughters of Mr. Ezekiel Margoliouth, a scholar and linguist who did much important translation work for the London Society for promoting Christianity among the Jews—now the Church Missions to the Jews. When he was well over seventy the old gentleman taught himself Arabic in order to be able to correspond in that language with his son after the latter had been elected to his professorship at Oxford. Dr. Margoliouth, an Orientalist of international reputation, derived from his father his own remarkable facility for acquiring languages. It was in India that Mr. F. M. B. Rosenthal, George's elder brother, heard the following story, apropos of their uncle's powers as a linguist. A student came to Dr. Margoliouth one day, and said he wished to learn Ethiopic and would the Professor take him as a pupil? "Certainly," was the reply, "if you will not mind coming back in a fortnight." At the end of that time, the young man returned and had his first lesson, and when it was over asked, "Why did you wish me to wait a fortnight, sir?"

"Well," said the Professor, "you see, I had to learn it myself first!"

Grandpapa Margoliouth, with his deep voice and bushy white beard, his book-lined study, its chairs and tables, too, piled with great tomes, was for the children a remote and rather awe-inspiring personage. But Grandmamma Margoliouth, a lively, bright-eyed, attractive old lady, with her never-failing supply of "goodies", and her admonitions, such as "Keep your temper in your pocket" (a favourite saying of hers), was a familiar figure in their lives. Grandmamma had a philosophy of her own, which she would express with shrewd humour. Many of her *mots*, adopted as family proverbs, have gained a wider circle. She died in 1916, at the age of 93, having survived her husband twenty-two years. In the evening of her long life, she found new joy and interest in the advent of great-grandchildren, and kept to the end her good looks, her wit, and her wonderful memory.

George's mother shared her family's aptitude for languages, and spoke French, German and Italian with fluency. Though regarded as less musical than her three sisters, she played with taste and feeling, and had a pretty mezzo-soprano voice. As her paintings and sketches, preserved among family treasures, show, she

possessed real artistic ability, and had she had the training in technique which a girl with her gift would have in these days, she might have produced work of high merit.

Mrs. Rosenthal was in the truest sense her husband's helpmeet, sharing with characteristic energy in his labours, both in the parish of St. Paul's and in his special work among the Jews. She was constant in her watchfulness over his health, which often gave rise to anxiety. She was an admirable speaker, equally at home in addressing gatherings in West End drawing-rooms and East End mission halls. "Dear Mrs. Rosenthal's" talks to the Haggerston mothers were spoken of to her daughter, many years after, by those who still vividly remembered them. To her children she was a devoted mother, finding time amid her many duties to supervise their lessons with their governess, and teach them French and Latin herself.

A sealskin jacket, rather short and with fullness below the waist, a little round cap to match it, and some trimming upon a gown, were all that her youngest child really remembered of Mary Rosenthal. His wistful imagination would play round her figure, but it was through her

devoted services to his father that he was able to make a picture of her.

Soon after they had learned to read, which they all did at an early age, Bee, Freddy and Georgie made acquaintance with the Hebrew alphabet, and under their father's tuition learned to spell out the first chapters of Genesis and the 121st Psalm, which was always read by one of the children at family prayers on the day that Papa was going away on one of his preaching journeys.

The children all loved books and were quick to learn. But looking back on those days in the light of modern ideas about education, the little Rosenthals, like many other children of their time, had, it must be said, too few games and too many lessons. There were, however, pleasant holidays, too, on the coast of North Wales, in Berkshire, Kent, Sussex, and as far afield as a village on the Scottish border, where their father took a locum tenency during the summer months; when gardens, woods and hayfields afforded endless delight to the town-bred children.

The thoughts of those holidays brings to mind an episode in which George, then aged about four and a half, played the leading part.

Having arrived at the little country station and seen their luggage, including the nursery tin bath with its strapped-on lid, a well-remembered feature of these holiday migrations, hoisted into the farmer's float which had been sent to meet the train, the three children, with father, mother and nurse, set off on the short walk to the Rectory. When they got there, Bee and Fred began eagerly exploring their new domain, and in the bustle of arrival, nobody at first noticed that Georgie was missing. On the way from the station, the little fellow, in his red frock—small boys at that time were not put as early into knickers as they are to-day—had lingered behind to pick a bunch of wild flowers for "Mamma"; and then, having lost sight of the rest of the party, wandered off in the opposite direction to which they had gone. There were then no motors to endanger children's lives on the roads, and for some time he trotted happily along, adding more flowers to his posy, and stopping at gates and hedge-gaps to stare with fascinated eyes at the cows and sheep grazing in the fields. At length, getting tired and finding himself alone, he sat down crying by the roadside. He had probably been there an hour or so, when a lady in a pony-

chaise, happening to drive along that unfrequented road, stopped at the sound of his cries, and finding him too frightened and spent to say anything except that he was "losted", picked him up and took him home with her. After a bowl of hot bread and milk and a sleep, he revived, and from the account he gave of himself and his belongings, his benefactor guessed that "Papa who lived in London" must be the clergyman expected to arrive that day to take the duty for some weeks in the village church. The relief of the parents can well be imagined when she drove up to the Rectory door in the pony-chaise with Georgie, for whom by that time parties of villagers were searching the countryside, and preparing to drag the local ponds.

Georgie had not long passed his sixth birthday when in February 1888 his mother died of heart failure, after a few days' illness from a touch of pleurisy, not thought to be serious. The day before her funeral, Mr. Rosenthal had a bad attack of hæmorrhage from the lungs, and it may be said that he never wholly recovered from the shock of his tragic bereavement, and his own severe illness that followed it.

The loss of any good mother is irreparable,

but in the case of Mary Rosenthal circumstances made it doubly hard. Her husband lost a most efficient helper as well as a wife, and the mother of his children. He was left to shoulder alone the public work which she had so ably shared, and to try to take her place with the children, as well as to bear his own bitter sorrow. The fact that he was not English by birth, and had really little knowledge of the traditions of the country, made his task most difficult, especially as it was his great wish that his children should be completely English in their upbringing and outlook.

It was this lack of knowledge of English ways that led him to make a mistake with George. He found it impossible for the child to be properly looked after at home, so he sent him to a school as a weekly boarder. Apart from the fact that this was a school that only professed to give a commercial education, and so was a hopeless place for a boy who was expected to take a scholarship at Winchester, where his Uncle David had had such a brilliant career, it was a bad school in other ways. The boys were hungry and cold. George remembered the pangs of hunger when the master sat down to savoury eggs and bacon, and the boys had

bread and dripping. They used to crowd round a newly lighted fire and pull out the glowing pieces of wood to hold, hoping to warm their frozen hands. Children are never articulate about such things, and his devoted father had no suspicion that all was not well, but as soon as he found out he removed him. The school bore one fruit, it was responsible for the first appearance of George's name in print, and he often remembered the thrill of it. The notice read, "George David Rosenthal of ..... School has passed the examination of the College of Preceptors, he is only nine years old."

As his preliminary education had not been a classical one, he not unnaturally failed to get a scholarship into Winchester and was therefore sent to Merchant Taylors, and so was able to live at home and go daily to school.

He was a true child of London, and loved the life of the streets and markets. It was this that made him such a great admirer of Dickens; *Pickwick Papers* he knew almost by heart.

There was a pawnshop in a little alley on the way home from Merchant Taylors, and he and his friends often used to pawn their fountain-pens there when they were hard up. In later years he once went to look for this shop and

to his delight it was still there, and what was more, a row of fountain-pens was shown in the window.

"Rosie" often used to talk of his father to the writer in later years, and made full acknowledgment of the tremendous debt he owed to him, saying, "He was a greater man than I can ever be," and it was during this period of adolescence, still living at home but going daily to school, that the father's influence was most felt.

Michael Rosenthal was a figure that inspired reverence, but also deep affection in his children. To the outer world he had much the same effect. There is no doubt that he had personal magnetism to a very great degree; he made friends who never failed him, and several of whom helped his son with his work until their death.

His son used to love to talk of him, and to repeat the little jokes that were a sort of family tradition. "What would you like for dinner?" —"I think I should fancy a nice plump peacock" would be the helpful answer . . . an answer that David himself made to the same question during his last illness.

"I have always been a poor man, but I have

always gone first-class" was another of his oft-quoted remarks.

On one occasion his son as a youth had occasion to ask for a sovereign. His father took his sovereign purse from his pocket, and handed him two with the words, "Our Blessed Saviour told us if one asked us to go with him one mile to go with him twain. I will obey his words."

Michael was a staunch Conservative, basing his views on *The Times* and the *Morning Post*, the leaders of which must always be read to him, and the children used to find this duty somewhat fatiguing. He had been brought up in a home of great wealth, with a large number of dependents to do his bidding. He never overcame this, and in the days when his work for the Jews had reached great proportions, he would often keep his secretaries waiting for hours and was unable to understand that they had any cause of complaint.

He was subject to bronchitis, and found the climate of London very trying. He took his "exercise" by driving round Hyde Park in a four-wheel cab, accompanied by one of his children if available. In the park the cab was stopped and he would walk a few hundred

yards if he felt well enough. His constant bronchitis really made exercise very difficult, and in later life he grew rather stout. "I really have a fine broad chest," he said to his son, "but owing to coughing so much, you see it has slipped."

Among the friends George made at Merchant Taylors was Harold Hadyn Green, the third son of Alderman, afterwards Sir, Frank Green, Bart., who in 1901, the year of Queen Victoria's death, was Lord Mayor of London. The two boys found common ground in their enthusiasm for Dickens and Robert Louis Stevenson: their interest in pictures, music and plays: their love of St. Paul's, the city churches and haunts of old London which they spent many holiday afternoons exploring. Brothers and sisters shared the same tastes, and a warm friendship developed between the two families. The young Greens were all clever at acting, and used to get up pantomimes and other theatrical performances for the benefit of the Boys' Home, Chalk Farm, in which their parents took an interest. Their influence stimulated George's own dramatic gifts and he wrote plays in which he and the other young people took part. One of them, *The Powers that be*, which they gave at the

Boys' Home in the winter of 1898, attracted a good deal of press notice as a remarkable production for a schoolboy of seventeen, with himself as actor-manager, a foreshadowing of those notable dramatic performances he afterwards staged at St. Agatha's and St. Alban's, Birmingham.

Even as a boy George was very self-confident. He would take long walks by himself at distances from home and never had difficulty in finding his way back, except on the early occasion already mentioned. In games and sports he was fairly efficient, and in his youth rather fancied himself as a swimmer. In his very early years he became extremely "High Church" and constructed a miniature chapel with altar, reredos and cross complete, on a cupboard shelf. His brother, who was of an engineering turn, made a censer for use in the chapel. The brothers were full of fun and mischief, and played many pranks, such as smoking dried leaves in clay pipes. For this offence, the two boys were severely flogged by their father.

In his early teens George developed a taste for literature, and with his sister and the young Greens founded "The Samoans", a society of admirers of Robert Louis Stevenson. Under

the *nom-de-plume* of "The Wrecker", G. D. R. contributed many articles to the manuscript journal "Treasure Island".

From childhood George had always expressed a desire to enter the Sacred Ministry, and it was Michael Rosenthal's dearest wish that his younger son should become a priest. However, the small successes which had been won with the plays had made the young man a little stage-struck, and George told his father that he wished to leave the classical side at school where he was preparing for Oxford, and go on the modern side in order to prepare for a lay career. With more wisdom than some fathers would have shown at that time, he allowed the boy to have his way, but continued to pray that George might find his vocation. At the end of his life, when Mr. Rosenthal had seen his dear wish fulfilled by his son's ordination to the Diaconate, he said, "George is the child of many prayers."

So that when George left school he went first of all to a photographer's in the West End, and then shortly to some friends of his fathers in the United States, where he had a brief but bitter experience of the ups and downs of stage life. The experience gained was valuable because

from the first much was learned as to the conditions in which people lived and worked in London, while from the second came many valuable lessons in elocution, of great benefit in the ministerial life.

During the stay in the United States George became at last convinced that his true vocation was the priesthood, and so he returned to England and entered Keble College, Oxford, in October 1900.

The three years at Oxford were very happy and gay, although ill-health prevented much indulgence in athletics and an intense interest in all manner of things rather interfered with hard work; so that he ended with a Second Class in History, which his tutor said was very nearly a first and had been long debated. During his last three terms as an undergraduate he lodged with Professor and Mrs. Margoliouth, who seem to have been very kind to their nephew, taking him away for holidays with them to Switzerland and to a farm-house near Lechlade, where George first used a shot-gun and managed to spoil a pair of his uncle's trousers.

It was at Oxford also that George came under the influence of Stuckey Coles, then at the

height of his powers and a strong force for good at the University. Stuckey was very helpful indeed to George and sent him off to Fr. Lethbridge, thinking it would be good for his health. It was far more than that, for in the next parish lived Fr. Marson, and before very long these two priests had George working keenly on the rescue of folk songs from oblivion, a task on which they were then busy with Cecil Sharp. Marson and young Rosenthal became firm friends, and the latter was always most indignant that the Church did not make more use of men of such genius and wit as Marson.

Rosenthal enjoyed Oxford so much that when he had taken his degree he was reluctant to leave the place, and so went to St. Stephen's House for a term to begin his theological training; but very soon he felt that it was narrowing to spend the whole of his time of training in one University, and so left in order to enter Ely. Ely is sufficiently near to Cambridge to share somewhat in its life and atmosphere, but Rosenthal was always very much an "Oxford man" and to the end of his life thoroughly enjoyed returning even for a brief visit, more particularly if one of the old college servants recognized him.

So far as can be learned, he was rather a difficult student at Ely, for his high spirits and love of fun found little opportunity for exercise, and it was difficult for him to see that the solemnity against which he tilted was perhaps necessary in such surroundings. After a particularly solemn exhortation to join the Clergy Friendly Society he wanted to know what would happen to his contributions if he joined the Church of Rome, a course which, in fact, he never appears even to have contemplated.

In spite of being perhaps a little out of his element at Ely, he owed a great deal to his time there and himself admitted the great help it had been in the closing months of his preparation for the Ministry.

And so we come to the end of 1906, when he was made Deacon.

We have dealt rather fully with these early years because the subject of this memoir was insistent all through his life as to the great debt he owed to his inheritance and training. The child of such remarkable parents would not be ordinary, and it is possible to trace in the successes and failures of after years the influence of his family, and the strength and weakness which came from his ancestors. He ought

always to have been more sparing of his physical strength, but with his father's example before him this was hardly to be expected. Both father and son were on fire with spiritual energy, both fought hard for a cause which completely engrossed them, and both burned themselves out before their time.

II

THE PASTOR

GEORGE DAVID ROSENTHAL'S ministry divides into three main periods, all in Birmingham, at St. Alban's, St. Gregory's and St. Agatha's, but we shall include also in this chapter some reference to that wider ministry which he exercised through his connexion with the Catholic movement outside Birmingham and more particularly that very wide pastorate he exercised through the post.

There is no doubt that the attraction to the Birmingham Diocese was the personality of the Bishop, Charles Gore, who made George a Deacon at the Advent Ordination of 1906 on a title to St. Alban's. Gore thought Rosenthal "a young man not inclined to moderation", yet there was always a great affection between them.

The Revd. R. J. Bryant, now Rector of Nettleton in Wiltshire, who had been at St. Stephen's House with Rosenthal, joined the

staff a year later and can tell us most about the early days of their ministry together at St. Alban's, and especially how careful and earnest was the preparation George made for his approaching Ordination to the priesthood, more particularly in learning how to say Mass and hear confessions.

Dr. Pusey's *Manual for Confessors* was constantly in hand. On the very day of his Priest's Ordination he rushed back to the parish and heard the confessions of forty boys in the Church Lads' Brigade—an action possibly to be deplored, but typical of the man. Rosenthal started this C.L.B. company while he was still a Deacon and there were about sixty lads in it. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, and was with the boys many nights in the week, while every Christmas there was a splendid dinner for them with the best of everything. Someone in the congregation usually gave this and made all the arrangements. But he was determined that the C.L.B. should exist for one purpose only, and that to make solid Catholic Christians. So Sunday Mass, regular reception of the Blessed Sacrament and Penance were the unfailing rule, and it was a rule which was kept. Rosenthal always used to say that his C.L.B.

would be at white heat for about five to seven years, and then it would cool off, and that when this occurred he would scrap it; and this is what actually happened. He would not tolerate a half-hearted company, and so after it had served its purpose, it was dissolved.

His first Vicar, the Revd. A. C. Scott, says—

"'Rosie' came to St. Alban's just at the very moment when he was most wanted and when he was the very man to do the practical work required. What he did gave us new life, for his vision and the bright assured way in which he went out to conquer inspired us all. St. Alban's had had a wonderful beginning, but it was going through rather a dull time, trying to raise itself up again, and finding it hard work to do so.

"For instance, in the summer of 1900, there were only four young male communicants. A Deacon, the late H. W. Head Hole, joined the staff, and was told that he was to devote all the time he could to the boys of the parish, with whom he did really splendid work. It was a slow beginning, but gradually the number of boys in the guild grew, and Fr. Hole was assisted by one of the other

priests. Then Hole, who was very delicate, broke down and was unable to return to St. Alban's. But by that time there were forty boys at the church using the Sacraments. Then 'Rosie' came and took charge of this Boys' Guild; and as those who knew him would understand, he did wonders with it. We were fortunate enough to have a new Headmaster in our school—who became a priest—and a year after 'Rosie' came, we were joined by another of Fr. Bown's men, Bryant. 'Rosie' took the boys from the time they left the Day School, and while Catechism was going on in the church, he had these boys in the Choir Vestry, packing in just over 40—then they went up from him to a class taken by Fr. Bryant in the Mission House. They all went to the 9.30 Mass on Sundays, the two classes filling St. Katharine's Chapel in the big north transept. They were taught by him to begin by going to Communion once a month; on the Saturday before their Communion they went to their duties, and before or after that, to the baths in Moseley Road, *to wash their bodies*. The C.L.B. company was at that time one of his main interests; when they entered for a drill

competition he was in a rare state of excitement. He could not keep still and kept coming and saying, 'I hope they win, they ought to win, they have all been to their duties.'

"He did not get much visiting done, as he used to spend forty hours each week in preparation for his sermons, and although visiting was not his strong point, he was so exceedingly strong and useful in the things that he did, that one could let that pass. I remember writing to tell someone after his first sermon that it was out and away the best first sermon I had ever heard. He was very keen to preach on the Sunday before Advent —he said he had a subject ready that he was very keen to use. I said to him, 'I suppose the subject is "Gather up the fragments," ' and he exclaimed, 'How on earth did you know?'

"On one occasion he went up to Saltley, where Fr. James Adderley had several very keen young Socialist colleagues, and he came back telling me that he had been to an I.L.P. meeting and had joined. Two days after he came, telling me that he had had a letter from the Secretary beginning 'Dear Com-

rade' and that was the last we heard of the I.L.P.

"He once had a horrid experience at Easter. He had been to London and was returning by the midnight train. At the station there was a group of Jews on the platform, who came to the door of his compartment and made all sorts of beastly remarks which upset him very much.

"After both he and I had left St. Alban's he told of a course of six sermons that he gave to the children of his church—'The Sins of the Simpsons'—six little Simpsons, each with a sin. After it was over, some of the children came to him and said, 'Please Father, couldn't Mrs. Simpson have a sin?'

"He was very good in all Church services and gave time to teach the servers and acolytes. Before he came the work was all very poorly done, and he transformed it into something very reverent and dignified. He brightened us up immensely—especially his Vicar—being full of spirits and good-natured fun, and, of course, very clever with most of his ideas. Naturally, youthfully, he was a bit impatient when it was necessary to remember

that stiff-necked and slow-moving people had souls!

"From a Vicar's point of view it was a delightful change from the time when he had to drag his colleagues on, to a time when he himself was being shoved!"

St. Alban's had been a pioneer church of the Movement, and the Pollock Brothers had left a great tradition there. They had gathered round them many people who had supported them nobly, and who had become used to consider themselves in the van of the movement.

Some of them perhaps forgot that they were in a movement, and expected everything to stay exactly at the point to which the Pollocks had brought it. The arrival of this keen brilliant young man was the greatest possible help to the Vicar, as we have seen from his own words, who naturally wished to bring the church into line with the general Catholic tradition. Rosenthal drew large congregations with his sermons and gathered in a fine body of young folk from the parish, but many of the more old-fashioned folk treated him with sneering opposition.

His young enthusiasm and great desire to

spread the Faith, his brilliance and wit, should have appealed to any but the hardest type of pharisee, but there were people there who would never cease from persecution. He was sensitive and suffered very much under this, so much so that in spite of the love he had there from his young folk, and from many of the older ones, too, and in spite of the success of his work, he always connected St. Alban's with pain, and shrank from going back to preach, though he sometimes did so.

It was natural that his work should lie among the young folk. In those days there was little to amuse girls and boys who lived in the slums and in the respectable streets that bordered them. He was determined that religion should bring happiness and normal social intercourse, gentle manners and gaiety in its train, and so started a dancing class, for which twopence a night was the charge. A voluntary pianist gave her faithful service, and his good friend Miss Mary Lamb was always present to act as chaperon. This class was a success, and many people were first brought to the Faith from it.

In Lent the dancing class was stopped and the Stations of the Cross took its place. It was a wonderful sight to see the church packed with

young folk, devotedly making their stations. Actually the dances led to many happy marriages between young couples holding the same religious convictions.

The profits from the class, together with money he was given from Lent preaching, enabled him to give a statue of Our Lady to St. Alban's. Wherever he went he strove to stir up devotion to Our Lady, and if he ever went into a village church he always said a Hail Mary there, and used to think that it was perhaps the first time she had been invoked in that church since the Reformation, which was characteristic of him though probably quite untrue. It was his strong desire to write a book on Our Lady for the Church of England. That was the legacy of all others that he hoped to leave to the Church. So great was his devotion to Our Lady that he always wished to see the votive stand full of candles and would sometimes stand by it begging for shillings for a set of candles. Always after saying his thanksgiving after Mass, he would kneel for a time by the shrine before going home.

His second Vicar at St. Alban's was Francis Underhill, now Bishop of Bath and Wells, who found this young man already well established

in the parish, with a great following of young men and women. The position was not easy, for Underhill was not so very much older or more experienced, but, as he says, "Rosenthal was always admirably friendly and loyal". He adds further in a note he was kind enough to send to the writer:

> "His energy and enthusiasm were immense: he did not believe very much in house to house visiting, but his time was always filled with parish work. Before great festivals, I have seen the North Aisle of St. Alban's almost full of penitents, most of them youthful, waiting to make their confessions."

Rosenthal was a splendid man at raising money even from the earliest days and seemed able to get whatever he needed for his various wants. The late Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Russell Wakefield, once said laughingly that if "Rosie" were wrecked and cast on a desert island, he would get money out of the parrots!

In his early days as a priest the movement for Women's Suffrage was just beginning, and Rosenthal took it up enthusiastically, speaking

for it in different places and giving to the cause all his spare time and his weekly holiday. He took little exercise as this is generally understood, except on his summer holiday. He was entitled to four Sundays for his annual holidays, but frequently came back after two, being anxious to get to work again. At this time he seemed very strong physically and literally tireless, being on the move from early Mass till late at night, though sometimes he looked absolutely worn out. Occasionally he acknowledged this, saying just before his summer holiday how glad he would be to get away, as "his brain felt numbed".

He was not a good parish visitor and disliked the work very much. He thought that much of it was useless, and relied on good preaching and services and his various guilds and the Young People's Meeting to keep the church filled. Neither had he much use for church schools, though at St. Alban's he taught in the Day School, brilliantly and effectively. He believed greatly in teaching individuals the Faith, and in his early years usually had two or three always under instruction. This method bore much good fruit and produced many practising Catholics for the congregation.

He was very fond of theatricals and wrote a play *Duty* for his Church Lads' Brigade; it was produced at the Balsall Heath Institute and ran for a whole week. A member of the congregation who wrote pantomimes for the local Birmingham Theatre gave him much help in production.

Dr. Underhill used to say that "Rosie" was the maker of the modern St. Alban's, and this was very largely true. His liveliness and charm, his preaching and his organizing powers infused much new life into the parish and gradually filled the great church once again.

As a young priest he was of striking appearance, with a beautiful head of black hair and wonderfully expressive eyes, whilst his speaking voice was of a lovely timbre. He was undoubtedly "masterful", and could speak his mind very directly. Naturally, some people did not like this in a young priest, though they were constrained to admit his brilliance and knowledge. Many loved him, as Fr. Bryant admits he did, telling how dreadfully he felt his passing, which is not unnatural, for they were daily companions for nearly five years and were known locally as David and Jonathan. "All

that time I never heard one unworthy word from him," was Fr. Bryant's last tribute to his friend.

As evidence of Rosenthal's care for the individual, the following story, printed exactly as received, is a typical example:

"Do you remember the day you and he took me to the Labour Exchange in Small Heath, you driving the car, and 'Rosie' insisting on appearing with me in front of a Referee Court, because they had refused me unemployment pay? How pleased he was to be able to 'slosh' them? How he laughed when we were shown into a draughty passage in company with about twenty typical Birmingham factory wenches? How disconcerted he appeared at their nudges and stares? And how the clerk of the court came out, and when he saw 'Rosie' said, 'Oh, *you* mustn't wait here,' and took us into a private room and provided magazines and showed us into the court in front of everyone else? How indignant he was at the preferential treatment meted out to us, and how he laughed and chuckled when we were told we had won the case, and the money would be granted! I

wonder how many other priests would go to the trouble of taking a member of their congregation to a Court of Referees?"

After seven years as an assistant priest Rosenthal was given the charge of St. Gregory's, Small Heath, and remained there from 1913 to 1918, which covered the whole war period and was naturally one of difficulty, especially in a place where the church was only half built and was deeply in debt at the beginning of the war. The congregation was small, but made up for this by its great keenness and the splendid response it gave to the efforts of the new priest in charge.

On September 1, 1914, George David Rosenthal married Adelaide Elizabeth Ravenhill, and from now on the happiness of the marriage and the support of a devoted wife must be remembered as being in the background of all his work and as lying behind the story of his life.

Bess, as all their friends soon came to call her, was the youngest daughter of Thomas Holmes Ravenhill, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., who practised in Birmingham. The Ravenhills were originally a Hereford family, where for centuries they had

played an important part in civic life, but there are many connexions all over the western counties. Dr. Ravenhill was the son of the Revd. Thomas Holmes Ravenhill, some time Rector of Arlingham in Gloucestershire, and of his wife, Mary Bartlett. Dr. Ravenhill married Adelaide Anne Cutler, the daughter of a Birmingham solicitor who was acknowledged to be one of the makers of modern Birmingham in the civic sense. He was one of the members of the original town council, did much work in connexion with prison reform, and was instrumental in starting the free library, now one of the finest in the country. Mrs. Ravenhill was a witty and well-read woman, who was devoted to her son-in-law, finding much in common with his literary interests. All the Ravenhills preferred to know him as David, and from now on we find this second Christian name used in preference to George.

Dr. Ravenhill's practice practically coincided with the three parishes in which David was to spend his ministerial life, and there is no doubt that this helped the young priest very much at first, for the "old doctor", as he was called affectionately, was very popular and greatly loved by the poor of the district to whose service

he gave himself without stint and often without charge.

The St. Gregory's district had at one time been very poor, but became much more prosperous during the war years—so much so that the priest-in-charge and his wife sometimes thought they must be the poorest of anyone in Small Heath.

Rosenthal managed to clear off the debt on the church, which was duly consecrated before he left. He used to say it was probably the only church ever consecrated in which the Blessed Sacrament was already reserved, and this was probably true, even though irregular. At this time the Revd. Lewis Blood was also on the staff at St. Gregory's and the two priests managed to build up a splendid congregation, which became far too large for the seating accommodation. It was their dearest wish to finish the building, but this was not possible, for in July 1918 Bishop Russell Wakefield insisted that Rosenthal should become Vicar of St. Agatha's.

The great calvary outside the west end of St. Gregory's which dominates the main road at Small Heath, is a visible memorial of a ministry the memory of which is still treasured by many

of the young people who learned the faith there.

St. Agatha's is an immense church in modern Gothic style standing on the main road to Warwick and Stratford, in the Sparkbrook district of Birmingham. There are some ten thousand souls in the parish, which on the whole is moderately prosperous, although there is now, and has been for some years, a tendency to move out to the new housing areas or into the country when circumstances permit. Rosenthal loved every brick in this great bare church, and could not bear to hear one word of criticism of it. Indeed, on my first visit he was quite angry with me when I asked, "What was that immense chapel I passed on the way?" Actually there is nothing mean about it, and although it was a barn of a place in 1918, it is now much beautified within, with some fine work by Hare and Omar Ramsden, and some quite notable vestments.

The teaching there prior to the appointment of Rosenthal had been of a moderate type, but the new vicar was determined to teach the whole faith and yet to lose none of the congregation, and the fact that he succeeded is surely a tribute to his genius. I well remem-

ber being present to preach at Benediction when the new Throne of white and gold was used for the first time, and hearing the very old-fashioned churchwarden, who had stood fast through all the changes and advances in ceremonial, say, "I think the new throne and monstrance look fine on the Holy Table, Vicar."

The first great improvement was the fitting up and decoration of the war memorial chapel, with its altar and Tabernacle for the Reservation of the Holy Sacrament. It was there that Rosenthal found all his inspiration, and rather than suffer the Tabernacle to be removed he was willing to spend all the rest of his ministry at St. Agatha's, and in truth to die there in its defence.

It has now been taken away.

When it was known at St. Agatha's that this memoir was to be written there poured in to the writer a flood of letters from members of the congregation who were anxious to pay their tribute of love and devotion to their late beloved parish priest. It has proved to be an impossible task to print them, or indeed to convey in words the sense of loss which lies so heavily upon these faithful folk. If the letters could be

the man with whom he worked for so many years, and the greater part of what follows in this chapter is written by him.

"Father 'Rosie' possessed such great gifts as a preacher and organizer that his other gifts were overshadowed, and it is not easy to speak of him as pastor, because he himself did not claim to be first and foremost a parish priest.

"He once said that it was not his business to go rapping at people's doors. He believed that every man was called to a particular work in the Church, and that he should give himself to it. Indeed, his outlook was that of St. Paul's in his Epistle to the Ephesians, where he says, 'He gave some, apostles; and some, prophets; and some, evangelists; and some, pastors and teachers; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ'. He found his own vocation in preaching and others found it in other directions. So he was content to leave most of the pastoral work to those who felt a particular call to it, while he devoted his time and energy to his vocation. 'Give me the Albert Hall,' he said on one

occasion, 'and I am happy'; meaning, of course, that he was more at home with crowds than with individuals. And those of us who heard him at his best will recognize that he was right; for he could sway and influence an audience as very few of his contemporaries were able to do.

"So the pastoral side of his ministry lay rather in the background. Yet there is no question that even there he exercised a considerable influence. Indeed, there are many who owe all they know about the Catholic religion to this sphere of his activities: to a confirmation class which he took, or to a series of instructions he gave to those who were seeking to know the Faith. No one laid greater emphasis on the importance of Catholic witness and Catholic life than he did. To him, these things were vital elements in the propagation of the Faith. 'Does your religion make you sweet at home?' was a question he sometimes asked. He did not perhaps get into as many homes as some priests do, for so much of his time was taken up in other directions; but he always placed a high value on this kind of work, and also expressed the highest admiration for the pastoral zeal of

men like Stanton and Dolling. He himself had little use for aimless contacts with other people; his great purpose in life was the propagation of the Faith; and if his contacts with individuals in his parish were fewer than others usually make, they were probably more profitable, because they always had that end in view.

"Furthermore, it is quite likely that his pastoral activities were affected by his shyness. In the pulpit or on the platform he would not show a trace of nervousness, but in private life he was shy: quite different from the Rosenthal of the pulpit. In fact many people have found it difficult to believe that the two men were the same, and some may find it hard to believe that he really was a shy retiring fellow.

"For the poor and unfortunate he had the greatest sympathy, which found practical expression whenever it was possible. Many will recall some little service, or some kindness which they received at his hands, and more than one invalid has had a long and trying ordeal brightened by a wireless set which he had been able to obtain for them. This part of his ministry seems to have been coloured

by those words of our Lord's from which he loved to preach. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' In ministering to the sufferer he saw, not merely a human being, but the Master himself; and when, one day, he was speaking about helping the odd kinds of people who came to the door to beg, he agreed that while some of them might be impostors, it was right to help, for in so doing we knew not whom we really helped, and that a genuine and most deserving case might be amongst them. One of these visitors came every year; he went northwards and called at the Vicarage and begged, and then he came southwards and did the same. In fact, he was so certain of getting assistance that there was one occasion when 'he did not even take the trouble to tell me a new story'.

"For children he had the tenderest regard; they were the church of the future, 'our future churchwardens and sidesmen' he would say, and should have the best place in the church, and not be banished to some place at the back where they could see nothing at all, which in practice meant that there was a

congregation of 'tinies' sprawling on hearth-rugs in the front of the church. In his talks to them he was most successful, for he was a born teacher of children, and could maintain their interest to the end. They simply loved him to talk to them, or preach a sermon for them, as he sometimes did at Mass. In his approach to them he was wonderfully free, with a kindly freedom that almost amounted to leniency. But this was all part of his general outlook on life; he loved freedom; he believed in freedom, both in the Church and in the State. So he loved to see the children free; the church was their church just as much as it was anyone else's, and they must be absolutely at home in it.

"The one thing that was vital to him in pastoral work was the perpetual Presence of Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar. If a priest was to be a 'faithful dispenser of the word of God, and of his holy Sacraments', as he was commissioned to be at his ordination, then the Blessed Sacrament must be perpetually reserved, so that the Faithful might have It to feed upon by day or by night, in sickness or any emergency. If the occasion arose, he was ready to take

Communion to them at all times, and would immediately leave anything else in order that this might be done. After his health broke down he was not able to do this as formerly; but whenever he was well enough to do so, he would count it a high privilege to take his assistant priest in his car to the house where the Blessed Sacrament was needed.

"To his friends, and to those who lived in close contact with him, George David Rosenthal was intensely loyal; no man could have been more so; indeed, loyalty might be said to be the outstanding characteristic of his life. He could never let anyone down, and would always stand up for the absent. It was all part of the same spirit of loyalty that held him to St. Agatha's for so many years. Jesus was there in the Reserved Sacrament; Jesus was his greatest friend, and he would never let down his cause by leaving him in the lurch. This spirit animated him right to the end; and it was this selfsame spirit that made him so loyal to his earthly friends. The two things hung together. He was loyal to them, because he was first of all loyal to his Lord. It is often imagined that great virtues spring up in human lives apart from Christ, but the trans-

parent loyalty of George David Rosenthal shows most clearly that, wherever there are great qualities in man, they have their beginning in the devotion first paid to Christ. As we are to him, so are we in the world towards our fellowmen.

"But you had to know Father 'Rosie' well before you could really estimate his worth. He did not reveal his real self immediately you met him; first impressions of him were not always the best. But once you got to know him he would reveal a most lovable and fatherly nature, kind and considerate in the extreme. He was no stiff ecclesiastic; indeed, he had not the slightest use for that kind of thing. He was a free and easy Christian priest, endowed with a rich sense of humour, and with a laugh that was positively infectious. To him, the Catholic religion was the happiest thing in all the world, and it found expression in his frivolity and in his fun. Even at his funeral that spirit of happiness seemed to break through; for, as one who was present at the service expressed it, 'there was not a trace of sadness in it all'.

"Not least, there was his moral courage;

it was great; it showed itself in speech and in action too. And when he was asked for advice he could always be relied upon to say the right thing, regardless of whether it offended or not. He always took the line that the Catholic religion was the Way of the Cross, and that if a man was not prepared to make sacrifices for it, indeed, to take up the Cross and follow Christ, he was not worthy to be called a disciple.

"Here, then, is the picture of the man. While claiming that his vocation lay in the direction of preaching, he nevertheless exercised considerable influence over the lives of many individuals, who will always think of him with gratitude, and hold fast to the Faith once delivered to the Saints, as he did so nobly himself."

At the beginning of this chapter some reference was made to Rosenthal's wide influence as pastor exercised through the post. Any priest who is well known as a preacher receives a considerable number of letters from people anxious for further instruction, and in addition to this Rosenthal was Editor of the *Fiery Cross Magazine*, which sets out to answer such

inquiries. Among the very large correspondence which has been most carefully kept we have chosen a few letters of general interest, but a very large number are of only personal application; and because "Rosie" valued the opportunity of exercising his pastorate in this way by the written word we have thought it suitable that a small selection of such letters should end this chapter.

"*On Communion after Fasting*

"The best way to meet such a difficulty as you mention is not by appealing to the strict letter of the law, but by sweet reasonableness and Christian charity. The rule of fasting Communion is a universal and very ancient one, and one of the reasons the Blessed Sacrament is reserved is to enable those who are sick to observe it. In trying to teach the rule of fasting communion to the young, it is naturally difficult for a priest, if the rule is not observed by elder and influential members of his congregation.

"*The Problem of Pain*

"I have read your letter with care and a good deal of sympathy. I do feel, however,

that it does raise a very serious problem. Our Blessed Saviour was so tender and compassionate always in his love for those who were sick and suffering, that I feel he would wish us to use all and every means to alleviate pain, particularly in the last throes of illness. Moreover, we must remember that we cannot apply temporal consideration to the reception of the Blessed Sacrament, and though it must always be the fervent wish of a Catholic to receive the Eucharist as Viaticum, nevertheless, it cannot make any real difference if it is received early in an illness, to him in whose sight a thousand years are but as yesterday. I say this, however, because I should hope that if I were in grievous pain in illness the doctors would give me morphia, so that I could not urge a different course on others. To me the real solution of the difficulty is to receive the Blessed Sacrament so regularly that it becomes a normal thing for the Faithful to ask for it frequently during any period of illness.

"*To a Presbyterian on the Mass*

"I assure you that you are mistaken in supposing that because High Churchmen

preach Christ in the Mass, they do not preach Christ Crucified. The primary meaning and purpose of the Mass is the showing forth of the Death of Christ in accordance with the teaching of St. Paul, and of the Church Catechism. I have written a great deal on this subject, and I have read the writings of other High Churchmen on the subject very exhaustively for many years, and I cannot remember anything written on this subject from our standpoint, which does not make the Atoning Death of Christ the central message of the Mass.

"I am quite sure that controversies between various parties are due to a large number of misapprehensions of which the statement in your letter is most certainly one.

"*On the Immaculate Conception of the B.V.M.*

"I think probably your friend does not understand the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception. What it asserts is that our Lady, by a special grace of God, and in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, was preserved free from the stain of original sin. This certainly is not impossible, if we believe in the power of God,

and it does not seem unreasonable in view of the fact that our Lady was chosen to be the Mother of God Incarnate, but, as no doubt you know, the doctrine is a pious opinion in the Church of England, and not a matter of faith.

"*To One in Difficulties*

"I think the immediate solution of your difficulties is just to try to live a simple, orderly, religious life in accordance with the traditional practice of the Church, i.e. to say your prayers regularly; to be present at Mass on Sundays, and the chief Holy Days, unless reasonably prevented; to make your communion with reasonable frequency, and to go to confession at Easter, and whenever you have committed such grave sin as would make you unfit to receive the Holy Communion, and to contribute to the Church a fair proportion of your earnings.

"I realize, of course, that all this is only the scaffolding of the spiritual life, but the best Christian experiences go to show that it supports the real structure which is gradually being built up within it. In doing the things I have suggested, you will be fulfilling

your obligations as a member of the Catholic Church, and can therefore have a quiet conscience about your duty to God in these respects. The devotional side of your life must grow naturally. It is no use trying to force it, or to let your conscience be worried because you have not yet certain feelings and emotions about spiritual things. These come gradually, but in ordinary circumstances quite certainly there should be regular and consistent practice of the Catholic system of life.

"*Honesty in Business*

"Broadly speaking, the position is this; you are employed to type letters, not to compose them, and therefore, the Church does not hold you responsible for false statements which letters may contain. Strictly speaking, you are not supposed to know whether they are true or not. On the other hand, it is, of course, much better to be working for an honest firm, and though, as I have said, you are not a guilty agent in the matter, yet at the same time, if it is possible for you to get another position of a more congenial kind, you would be wise, I think, to leave your

present employment and thereby make a useful protest, but it is not necessary, or even advisable, to jeopardize your living by so doing.

"*Prayers to the Saints*

"Your letter is based on a complete misunderstanding of what Catholics teach, and as I am sure you will read my answer without prejudice, I hope that your misunderstanding may be removed.

"When Catholics ask the Saints to help them, they only ask them to help them through their prayers. Thus, for instance, we say 'Holy Mary, pray for me'; 'S. Agatha, pray for me', etc. The Catholic always understands that he may never ask the Saints to do for him what only God can do, and if such an expression as 'Holy Mary, help me' is ever used, it is well recognized to be merely the language of devotion, based on the foundation fact that the Saints can only help us by praying for us.

"The Catholic belief that the Saints pray for us follows naturally from the article in the Creed, 'I believe in the Communion of Saints'; which, as a matter of historical fact,

was inserted into the Creed to guard against the heresy of a certain priest Vigilantius, who denied that the Saints pray for us. This doctrine is based, as indeed is all Catholic doctrine, on the clear warrant of Holy Scripture. Thus, in the first verse of the twelfth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, we are told that the Saints compass us around as a great cloud of witnesses—a singularly useless state of affairs if they can neither see nor hear us. Again, in the twenty-second verse of the same chapter, we are told that in our worship we come to the spirits of just men made perfect. Moreover, the same teaching is found in the Prayer Book, where, in the Communion Service, we join with the whole company of heaven in offering our praise and worship to God.

"If, then, the Saints are alive and worship with us, it clearly no more interferes with the mediatorship of Jesus Christ if we ask them to pray for us than if we ask our friends on earth to pray for us.

"If you want to see what I have said here more fully developed, you will find a very clear treatment of the subject in a little tract called *Praying to Saints and Angels*, which can

be obtained from the Catholic Literature Association, Abbey House, Westminster, London, S.W.1.

"With regard to your second criticism, the whole point about the Mass is that it pleads the Sacrifice of Jesus Christ, and is not something separate or different from it. The Mass does not repeat the Sacrifice of the Cross, but continually represents or shows it forth.

"I do hope this explanation may be of service to you, and I can assure you that this represents the authoritative teaching of all parts of the Catholic Church, whether Anglican, Greek, or Roman."

I have before me as I write a great collection of letters from his own folk at St. Agatha's which reveal how greatly he was loved, and what a pastor he was for those splendid twenty years of his ministry. It seems almost impossible to make a selection from so many tributes, but I feel this one story may well end the chapter.

"We had an old woman verger, well over seventy, who had been at the church when it was built; indeed, had come from Christ Church to it. She loved 'Rosie' passionately, and he used to tease her about the banns of

marriage, threatening to sack her if she didn't produce more. At last she lay dying, and 'Rosie' saw her for the last time. She was not a pleasant lady to look at; no teeth except a few dirty brown stumps, and where her teeth had been, the stumps were still in, and altogether although she was such a dear, she certainly wasn't pleasant to look at. As she lay dying, 'Rosie' came, and put his arms round her and kissed her, and the tears came into his eyes as he wished her good-bye. She died the happier for having lain in his arms."

III

THE SO-CALLED REBEL

THIS title is taken from the book published jointly by Fr. Rosenthal and Canon Belton in 1930, in order that the general public might form an accurate estimate of the importance and rights of the controversy between some members of the clergy of the diocese of Birmingham and their bishop. This controversy lasted from 1924 until the present day, and Rosenthal had so large a part in it, and it occupied so much of his time and thoughts, that it must of necessity take an important place in his memoir.

We shall, however, be making a grave mistake if we feel that he was by nature a rebel against authority, or delighted in argument with bishops in the public press for its own sake. Throughout he was fighting, not for himself, but for a cause, and a cause which he put before all others. He really suffered agony of soul at the attacks of Dr. Barnes upon the reality of the

Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and he came out as a leader in defence of the Catholic doctrine of the Sacrament, because no other course was possible to him, feeling as he did.

Rosenthal and his colleagues and associates had been most friendly with Dr. Gore and Bishop Russell Wakefield, both of whom had done their utmost to understand and appreciate the point of view of the more advanced of their priests, and the regulations as to Reservation and Devotions to the Blessed Sacrament laid down by the latter were most loyally observed during his episcopate. This is no matter of hearsay, for Russell Wakefield honoured the writer with his confidence, and assured him of the fact. I was actually present at an interview between Rosenthal and his former bishop, when the trouble at Birmingham was at its height. The Bishop was more than gratified to learn that his regulations were still obeyed after he had left the diocese, but he was moved, before we left, to give his friend a handsome donation towards the purchase of a monstrance, and until that happened, Exposition and Benediction were not introduced at St. Agatha's. However, this is to anticipate.

The appointment of Dr. Barnes to the

Bishopric of Birmingham was the only appointment to the Episcopal Bench made by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald during his first tenure of office as Prime Minister. A good deal of disquiet was caused among Anglo-Catholics by the news, since it was well known that the Bishop designate was not only strongly opposed to Catholic ideals, but was prominently associated with the Modern Churchmen's Union. There was a certain amount of outspoken comment, especially in the *Church Times*, and it has often been asserted that Birmingham Anglo-Catholics inspired these criticisms and ranged themselves in opposition to Dr. Barnes from the moment it was known that he was coming to Birmingham. It was not so. In his sermon at his enthronement, the new Bishop referred to the warm welcome he had received from all parties in the English Church. "It was perhaps natural," he said, "that Liberal Evangelicals should have sent friendly greetings. But Anglo-Catholics have been generous in offering affectionate loyalty." In illustration of this, we may quote the following passage from an article by Fr. Rosenthal in *St. Agatha's Parish Magazine* of September 1924:

"You will expect me to say something about the appointment of the new Bishop. Canon Barnes is a distinguished scholar and scientist, and has had a brilliant career, first at Cambridge, then as Master of the Temple, and latterly as Canon of Westminster, where he has earned a considerable reputation as a preacher. There have been letters in the papers objecting to the appointment on the grounds that Canon Barnes holds unorthodox views, and that he has had no parochial experience. In my judgment, such anticipatory criticism is much to be deprecated, as it makes the position needlessly difficult for everyone. We must pray for our bishop, give him a hearty welcome when he comes, and do everything to make his path as smooth as possible. That is good Christianity, and good tactics too, for bishops are human and respond to kindness and affection like other people."

This was the general attitude of Birmingham Catholics, priests and members of the laity alike. They were disturbed and apprehensive, it is true, but were most anxious to avoid anything that might prejudice a good

understanding between the new Bishop and themselves.

Dr. Barnes was consecrated on Michaelmas Day, 1924, and enthroned on October 2. In his sermon at the enthronement were heard for the first time the charges of magic with which we have since become so painfully familiar. The following extract from the sermon is taken from a summary in the *Birmingham Post*:

> "Many among them at the present juncture felt a temptation to depart from old-time ways and beliefs. The war had produced spiritual dissatisfaction; disturbance of habit; desire to change. Acute observers prophesied that at its close there would be a revival of less worthy forms of religion. They must guard . . . against a pagan sacramentalism which had entered into the Latin Catholicism, and pretended that they could create the Bread of Salvation by some magic of ritual and formula."

A very plain indication had been given that their most cherished convictions would receive no sympathy or encouragement from the new Bishop. Nevertheless, it was decided to do

everything possible to show that they earnestly desired to maintain the same harmony and co-operation with the diocesan as had marked the happy relations with his predecessor. An opportunity for acting in this spirit was ready to their hand, for at the time of the enthronement the Birmingham Anglo-Catholic Congress Committee was arranging a united service of thanksgiving for the Catholic Revival in Birmingham, in connexion with the fiftieth anniversary of the death of Dr. Oldknow. It had always been the custom to invite the Bishop of the diocese to such united services and meetings, and the Committee felt that it would be only courteous and right that a similar invitation should be addressed to the new Bishop. Fr. Rosenthal, as Chairman of the Committee, therefore wrote to the Bishop, cordially inviting him to be present, and adding that it would be difficult to exaggerate the unifying influence that his presence would have.

A fortnight passed without any reply, and on the day before the service was held, the following letter, addressed to Fr. Rosenthal, appeared in the *Birmingham Gazette*, before it was received by him through the post:

"I thank you for the courtesy of your letter. It is with regret that I must decline your invitation.

"I trust that I judge the Anglo-Catholic Movement with the fairness and sympathy with which I would approach all modes of presenting the Christian Faith. I would assure you that I do not undervalue the religious earnestness which is the main element of worth within the Movement. In so far as such earnestness has shown itself in large-hearted sympathy for the poor and oppressed, and in enthusiasm for social righteousness, I welcome it cordially. I recognize, moreover, that people differ so much in temperament that they are attracted by different types of worship. The Church of England has always at its best been inclusive rather than exclusive; its members ought to be tolerant with regard to minor differences of doctrine and worship which involve no serious departure from the position laid down in the Prayer Book and Articles. Especially should we show such tolerance at the present time, when thought is both active and progressive, and when new knowledge makes necessary some measure of theological re-statement. But it is

especially important at such a time to avoid the erroneous teaching tending to superstition which naturally arises during a period of religious unrest; and I cannot feel that your Movement does this with entire success. To describe erroneous teaching given by some of your members, I will not use my own words. I would, in the first place, remind you of some apposite sentences of the Bishop of Gloucester, a High Churchman and one of the most distinguished of living theologians. In his recent Visitation Charge we read: 'The doctrine of the Apostolic Succession is taught in a mechanical way. Grace is said to have come down from the Apostles by the golden channel of the laying on of hands. And it is implied that, except in that way, the gift of the Holy Spirit is not given. . . . We are told that the priest has the power of making the body and blood of Christ. Now all language like this is most harmful. It is bad theology. It suggests a mechanical idea of Sacrament and divine grace. It puts stumbling-blocks in the way of many people. It is saying what the majority of people can't believe, and won't believe, and ought not to believe.'

"In connexion with the bad theology of which Dr. Headlam writes, some in your Movement have introduced the practice of Reservation, for purposes other than communicating the sick who are unable to come to church. I regret to learn that in some churches of this diocese illegal receptacles called tabernacles have been placed. In them, the consecrated elements are kept, whereas it is ordered by the rules of our Church that these elements should be at once consumed after the Communion Service. As bishop I deplore the illegality and still more the false doctrine which lies behind it. The traditional teaching of the English Church in this matter has been recently lucidly expressed by Canon Storr, whose learning and loyal churchmanship are alike indisputable. 'As thinking people we cannot accept the theology which underlies the practice of Reservation. Reservation was not heard of until the doctrine of Transubstantiation was propounded. It is a direct outcome of the Roman theory. . . . The practice of Reservation tends to foster superstition. Why stop at adoration of the Reserved Sacrament? Why not renew the practice of earlier days and carry it with you

as a charm against sickness? We are told it is a help to devotion. I do not deny that it may be for some: but the help is gained at the expense of truth.' And Canon Storr concludes with the emphatic and true statement: 'A prayer in a barn is as valuable and as potent with God as a prayer before a tabernacle.'

"I would not have it appear that, in thus condemning certain aspects of the Anglo-Catholic Movement, I despair of its future. Religious zeal, unless purified by quiet thought, is often extravagant. But tides ebb as rapidly as they flow. I still hope that the leaders of Anglo-Catholicism will abandon the illegalities and false doctrine by which it is harmed, and join with other parties in the Church of England to spread the Spirit of Christ. We need to combine enthusiasm with sound doctrine, and to unite devotion to Christ with a faith which reason can justify. Internal dissensions are a source of grave weakness. They hinder us from preaching the Gospel with united zeal. None can doubt the urgent need for that combined witness for Christ, which, as a Church, we ought to be able to give. Cannot Anglo-Catholicism free

itself from error, while continuing to kindle the spirit of devotion by rich and beautiful worship? It would thus make a distinctive contribution to our corporate life, and as bishop, I could give it sincere approval.

"As my reply is a considered statement, I am communicating it to the Press."

By some strange mental process the Protestant Press regarded the invitation as an attack on the Bishop; for example, *The Church of England Newspaper* spoke of "a worked-up agitation of a group of so-called Anglo-Catholics", and congratulated the Bishop of Birmingham upon "his outstanding courage and his commendable frankness, combined with a Christian charity, which we have learnt to expect from Dr. Barnes". A very different point of view, however, was expressed in a leading article in *The Guardian*, which made the following comment on the Bishop's letter:

"It is with the greatest regret that we feel obliged to express our disagreement with the bishop, both as to the manner and the matter of his letter to Mr. Rosenthal . . . a secular press is not the medium through which a

newly-appointed bishop should express his dissent from the opinion of a body of his priests. . . . The bishop could have summoned his Synod, and have met his priests within closed doors; he could have consulted them intimately; he could have opened his heart to them on the particular matters in which he disagrees with the Anglo-Catholic Party. Had he done this, he might have failed to secure agreement with his opinions, but he would have won their respect and their affection, which, as all the world knows, is half-way to securing loyalty and assent. It is strange that a bishop should have so soon forgotten that in spite of considerable pressure the leading priests of the Anglo-Catholic party in his diocese refused to pay any attention to suggestions that they should criticize their bishop before he had spoken to them. Can we wonder at the sharpness of their retort, when they have found themselves denounced in the *Birmingham Gazette* as upholders of 'illegalities and false doctrine', and as men who depart 'from the position laid down in the Prayer Book and Articles'?[1] Or at their astonishment that such a method

[1] See *Birmingham Gazette*, December 8, 1924.

should be chosen by the bishop to express dissent from practices, some at least of which were sanctioned, if we are rightly informed, by two previous holders of the see?"

Very wide publicity was given to Dr. Barnes' letter, and coming, as it did, at the very beginning of his episcopate, it was everywhere regarded as a declaration of war. It was clear that the issues raised had far more than a local importance, and that they affected the whole Catholic Movement throughout the country. The English Church Union was consulted, and appointed an Emergency Committee to act in any steps that were considered necessary. As a result of the co-operation and advice of this Committee, a reasoned reply was sent by Fr. Rosenthal to the Bishop.

Following upon this "declaration of war", the breach with the Bishop widened, and the conflict which began in the circumstances described, and which has proceeded without intermission to the present time, has had one particular characteristic, which must surely be unique in the history of such disputes. During the whole period there has been no meeting of any kind between the Bishop and representa-

tives of the Anglo-Catholic group. In the early stages of the dispute, it was generally hoped and expected that he would call them together. A public expression of this hope was given by Rosenthal in a letter to *The Times* of December 22, 1924, in the course of which he said:

> "The difficulties of the situation . . . can be surmounted only by mutual knowledge and goodwill. May I once more urge that if the bishop would meet us, and talk over the whole position in a friendly way, he would find us neither unreasonable nor unsympathetic? Such a meeting must come sooner or later if an end is to be put to a situation which all who care for the welfare of the Church in Birmingham must unfeignedly deplore."

Not only has no such conference ever taken place, but it has been the rarest event for any of them to be invited to Bishop's Croft for a personal interview. Canon Belton has met the Bishop from time to time officially at meetings of the Cathedral Chapter, but has had only one personal conversation with him, arising out of a matter which had no relation to

this controversy; Rosenthal never met him at all.

There was a long correspondence on the question of the appointment of an incumbent to St. Gregory's, Small Heath, one result of which was the publication by Dr. Barnes in the *Diocesan Magazine* of a letter addressed to the clergy. This letter ended with the following admonition which, we may mention in passing, was not communicated to anyone individually:

> "The service of 'devotions' is illegal, and will continue to be illegal when the Prayer Book is revised. It is based on erroneous doctrine. As Bishop, I have promised to drive away erroneous and strange doctrine; it is my duty to establish law and order in the diocese. I must therefore ask that illegal services such as Benediction, Exposition, Devotions, Processions of the Host, etc., shall cease; and that no consecrated bread and wine shall be kept in receptacles placed in those parts of our churches to which the public are admitted."

Following on this, 166 out of about 260

priests in the diocese signed a declaration of loyalty to the Bishop.

In the meantime, the Bishop had announced that he did not feel able, in accordance with his consecration promises, to license or give permission to curates to work at churches in which the Blessed Sacrament was reserved in the open church; and he had already exercised such disciplinary action in three cases. It became clear that the time had come for united action. Largely at the instance of, and inspired by Rosenthal, a meeting of the incumbents concerned was held and the whole position was considered in all its bearings. As a result, fifteen solemnly pledged themselves to maintain the established practice, to which the previous Bishop had given his sanction; that is to say, to continue to reserve the Blessed Sacrament in order to communicate the sick and dying, and others who for good reason were prevented from receiving during the service; and to continue this Reservation in the open church, so that the devotion of the people should not be hindered. Two incumbents who were unable to be present at the meeting subsequently gave the same pledge. Rosenthal was always insistent that the differences with the Bishop were con-

cerned entirely with Reservation and not with any non-liturgical services in connexion with the Sacrament so reserved.

Important practical consequences were necessarily involved in this decision. A letter was sent to the Chairman of the Diocesan Board of Finance asking whether diocesan grants would be affected in the event of the refusal of licences to assistant clergy, and the reply was that the invariable custom of the Bishop of Birmingham's Fund did not permit of grants being given without the Bishop's licence or permission to officiate. This at once raised the whole question of the relation to diocesan finance of these parishes. It was obvious that they could not continue to pay quotas to the diocese if no grants were to be received. Quite apart from the manifest injustice of such a demand, all were poor churches, and the added burden would have meant speedy insolvency for most of them. Moreover, the three churches whose grants were already threatened were in immediate need of assistance, and the problem was bound to become increasingly difficult as further licences were refused. It seemed that there was no choice but to cease for the time being to

pay quotas to the Diocesan Board, and to appeal to Catholics outside the diocese to help to make up the considerable sum lost by the withdrawal of grants.

With this end in view, a resolution in identical terms was passed unanimously by the Church Council of each of the fifteen parishes concerned.

In view of the following considerations:

"(1) That in at least three instances, the bishop has refused to license curates or give permission to them to officiate in churches where the Holy Sacrament is publicly reserved, on the grounds that such public reservation is illegal, and based on erroneous doctrine;

"(2) and that the invariable custom of the Bishop of Birmingham's Fund does not permit of grants being given without the bishop's licence or permission to officiate;

"(3) and, further, that in at least two instances, the bishop has refused to accept Anglo-Catholic candidates for ordination who have been trained at recognized theological colleges, and assisted throughout their course by the Diocesan Ordination Fund;

"We find ourselves compelled to withdraw all support from the Diocesan Board of Finance while this unfair and partisan policy is persisted in."

In order that financial arrangements should be on a proper and businesslike footing, they then proceeded to form under Rosenthal's chairmanship their own Finance Board, which has continued to administer their resources up to the present time.

In connexion with the formation of the Finance Board, they asked for the support of the President and Council of the English Church Union, who issued a public appeal on their behalf, with the result that in less than a month more than £3,000 was contributed.

Since this sum was spent, the Union has continued to make an annual grant to the Board.

In the book referred to there is a chapter in which the authors ask the question "Ought we to have obeyed?" which ends with a summary of the position worth quoting in full:

"It cannot be emphasized too strongly that the fundamental issue between the Bishop and ourselves was whether or not we should

be allowed to continue the practice of perpetual reservation which had been sanctioned by Dr. Russell Wakefield. The question of extra-liturgical Devotions has never been a matter of primary concern with us; it was the larger issue which occupied all our attention. This is made perfectly clear in the English Church Union manifesto and the fact is of the greatest importance, because it explains why our resistance was so determined. We were a body of parish priests who had had Reservation in our churches for very many years, and most of us ministered in poor parishes where we had a large number of sick folk and where bed-side Celebrations were well-nigh impossible. In one parish—St. Patrick's, Bordesley—an accurate record of the number of sick Communions given in each year has been kept, and the average exceeds one hundred and fifty a year; emergency cases, where the dying person would have been deprived of the Blessed Sacrament had it not been reserved, have also been frequent. The parish quoted has a comparatively small population, only five thousand souls, and far more impressive figures could be supplied by larger parishes. Dr. Barnes

never made any inquiry as to the conditions which prevailed in our parishes; he simply ordered us to cease reserving the Sacrament in our churches.

"A good deal of misunderstanding of our action has arisen from the fact that, in the first instance, the Bishop did not forbid Reservation altogether. He would have been content at that time to tolerate, though he would not sanction, the Reservation of the Consecrated Elements in a safe in the vestry, or in some other place inaccessible to the Faithful. Such a surrender as this was obviously impossible to any who believed that the Holy Sacrament should be treated with reverence and respect. Moreover, the reason given for this demand, viz., that if our people said their prayers in the presence of the Reserved Sacrament they would be guilty of idolatry and fetish-worship, made the practice of Reservation in the church a vital issue on doctrinal grounds. We could not have obeyed the Bishop's directions in this matter, in view of the grounds he assigned for them, without tacitly admitting that he is justified in his contention that there is no rightful place in the Church of England for

those who believe in the Real Objective Presence of the Lord Christ in the Most Holy Sacrament.

"Since the rejection of the Prayer Book Measure by Parliament, the Bishop has definitely adopted the attitude that Reservation is now beyond any doubt illegal, and cannot therefore, under any circumstances, be allowed. The position, therefore, has hardened, and has, if possible, further justified our action of five years ago.[1] The Bishop rules his diocese, not as an official of the Church, but as an officer of the State; and this, we would contend, robs his directions of any moral value. We cannot, before the bar of conscience, deprive the souls committed to our care of what has been proved, beyond all question, to be a real spiritual need, because of the refusal of the House of Commons to approve a practice which we believe to be sanctioned by the unrepealed Canon Law of the Church of England.

"We would further urge, in conclusion, that our stand is morally justified, because Dr. Barnes, in prohibiting Reservation in any church in his diocese, is not acting in accord-

[1] Written in 1930.

ance with the mind of the English Church, as expressed through her college of bishops and her representative institutions. It would be impossible and unnecessary to detail here the action taken with regard to Reservation by the majority of the bishops since the rejection of the Prayer Book Measure. It is sufficient to say that they have recognized the need for Reservation and have made provision for it in their dioceses. Must the Churchpeople of Birmingham, then, be alone in being deprived of this proved need? Must the clergy and laity give unquestioning obedience to a bishop who has set himself against the general body of the bishops, and has arrogated to himself papal power? Must no protest be registered when the same bishop states that the practice of Reservation is based upon dangerous and erroneous doctrine, and for that reason also it must be discontinued? Such is the condition of affairs as we write these words; and, as we look back upon our action of five years ago, when we had first to answer the question 'Can we obey?' our conviction is strengthened that the answer we then gave was the only one possible, and that subsequent events have further justified what

we were then most regretfully compelled to do."

Rosenthal's press-cutting book, which has been carefully preserved, together with the many letters and extracts quoted fully in *So-called Rebels*, will stand for all time as the justification for his attitude, and we feel we may again quote him fully, and so bring the matter to a conclusion:

"We would point out that the truth of the Real Objective Presence of our Lord in the most Holy Sacrament has been triumphantly vindicated by the great leaders of the Catholic Revival, and the right to teach it in the Church of England has not hitherto been seriously challenged for a generation. If we had believed that Dr. Barnes was expressing the mind of the English Church in his assertion that Reservation is based upon erroneous doctrine, the question of obedience or disobedience would never have arisen; the only course open to us would have been to resign forthwith our cures of souls.

"At the same time, while we have no

desire to attack others, and do not regard ourselves as being on our defence, there are certain general considerations arising out of this most unhappy dispute which, in justice to ourselves and to our brethren, we feel we ought to emphasize. We would desire, in the first place, to make it clear that we fully recognize the high honour and respect which are due to the office of a bishop in the Church of God. Indeed, one of our chief anxieties throughout the controversy has been lest our people should be led to think and speak contemptuously of the episcopate. Their priests are ostracized; their grants are withdrawn, their churches are placed under the episcopal ban, their methods of devotion are derided, and their most cherished beliefs openly condemned. In spite of this, we can affirm that our laity have shown a wonderful forbearance. Their unfailing charity and their loyalty to the truth have been an inspiration to their clergy. There can be no doubt, however, that the circumstances of the last five years have made it exceedingly difficult for them to realize the relations which ought to exist between the chief pastor of the diocese and his spiritual children.

"We have served in the diocese under two bishops who have been true Fathers in God to us and to our people. It is not easy to estimate how grievously the moral forces of the Church suffer when the Bishop of the diocese is thought and spoken of simply as a distinguished scholar, or as an administrator of the law, and not recognized as the father of his flock. Such a condition of affairs speedily destroys the corporate and family life which is so essential to the well-being of any diocese. There is an absence, both in priest and people, of that confidence in their spiritual leader which makes them trust in his wisdom and impartiality; and of the knowledge that they can depend upon him for sound guidance. It is against this dead weight of misunderstanding and lack of confidence that we and our people have had to pull.

"Secondly, we affirm that we are not enamoured of disobedience. On the contrary, we hold that it is the solemn duty of a Catholic to obey constitutional authority in the Church, even when that authority is hostile to him, and when its judgments seem to him unwise, and perhaps unjust. More-

over, while this is the duty of all of us, clergy and laity alike, it is especially the duty of the clergy, since at our ordination we promised to pay canonical obedience to the bishop who ordained us, and to his successors. We have already given reasons in support of our contention that the injunctions we have resisted are not canonical, since they are based on grounds which are theologically indefensible, and form part of the deliberate campaign against the Catholic doctrine of Sacramental Grace. By canonical obedience is meant obedience according to the rules or canons of the Church. The Bishop is bound by those canons, just as a judge is bound by statute law, or an officer in the Army is bound by the King's Regulations. The root difficulty of the situation lies in the fact, that while there is an appeal from the judge to a higher legal court, and from the officer to a higher military court, there is no appeal from the bishop to a higher Church court, but only to the Privy Council, a secular authority which Catholics cannot recognize on matters of doctrine. It will not have escaped the attention of the reader that both clergy and laity in Birmingham have

appealed in their difficulties to successive Archbishops of Canterbury, neither of whom felt it possible to intervene in the dispute. The resultant situation is that the bishop is free while the priest is bound. The priest is called upon to render a blind and unconditional obedience, while the bishop may, at his good pleasure, defy, or ignore, or revoke the traditional laws and usages of the Catholic Church. We cannot possibly recognize the right of an individual bishop to exercise autocratic powers, and, setting himself against the whole body of the Catholic Episcopate throughout the world, to enunciate a different law for his own diocese. If he does, he forfeits all reasonable claim to the obedience of the Faithful, and he certainly will never obtain it.

"Finally, we would say a word about the title 'Rebels'. This name was first publicly applied to us by Dr. Barnes; it has been repeated by him on many occasions, and has become familiar to the public by the headlines in the Press. According to the generally-accepted definition, a rebel is one who acts in defiance of lawful and constitutional authority. The lawful and constitutional authority

against which we are accused of rebelling must either be the law of the Church or the law of the State, and not the arbitrary and personal opinions of Dr. Barnes. As to the law of the Church, it must be sufficient to point out that, even if it be argued that the well-known canon which orders Reservation, and which has never been repealed, fell into disuse after the Reformation, the right to reserve the Holy Sacrament has during the last few years been reaffirmed by the House of Bishops with only six dissentients, by the lower Houses of Convocation, and by the Church Assembly by very large majorities; and that their action has been approved by almost every diocesan conference in England, including the diocesan conference of Birmingham. As to the law of the State, it is our English tradition that a man must be assumed to be innocent until he has been proved guilty in a court of law, and that has not yet happened in our case.

"We do not claim that in the conduct of this dispute we have been entirely without blame, that we invariably took the right action or spoke the right word. But we honestly tried to face each situation as it

arose, with a single-minded desire to meet it in a spirit of respect and obedience, and to make any sacrifice for peace that did not mean the sacrifice of our convictions. If it appears to the reader that at times we failed in maintaining a spirit of Christian charity, we may venture to plead that it was in the face of almost irresistible provocation. It is true of us now, as it has been throughout, that we earnestly desire, and are ready to do everything in our power to promote a settlement of this miserable controversy, so that we may be set free to devote ourselves without distraction to our true work, the conversion of souls to Jesus Christ, and the extension of his kingdom in Birmingham."

Canon Long, a friend of many years' standing, summed up the whole matter very simply in the sermon he preached at St. Agatha's on the Sunday after Rosenthal's funeral. Remember, as you read, that the tabernacle Rosenthal had for long years defended stood empty, that the Bishop, who was too unwell on Monday to attend the funeral, had on Wednesday visited the church in order to see that the Most Holy Sacrament was no longer reserved, and that the

church was filled from end to end with a great congregation, most of whom had learnt the Faith from the priest whom they mourned.

"His devotion to the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar was to him a matter of vital importance, bound up with his faith in the Incarnation.

"This is not an occasion on which to dwell upon the painful circumstances of the last fourteen years in the Birmingham diocese. It is sufficient to say that Father Rosenthal was so firmly convinced of the importance of the principle for which he and others were standing with regard to the practice of Reservation of the Blessed Sacrament that he not only deliberately set on one side all prospect of ecclesiastical preferment, but also expressed his readiness to die at his post rather than surrender that principle.

"The last four years have abundantly testified to the reality of his convictions, for there is no doubt that if he had been willing to be guided by medical advice and had resigned his benefice he might have prolonged his life for several more years.

"If the saying is true that a man's real

beliefs are those for which he is prepared to die, there can be no doubt about the reality of David Rosenthal's. The tragedy, for it is a tragedy, lies in the fact that, in the Church of England to-day, such a supreme sacrifice should have been demanded of him."

IV

THE ORATOR

In that very agreeable page of the *Church Times* known as *The Journalist's Note Book*, Laicus Ignotus wrote in 1936, at the time of the celebrations of the centenary of the birth of John Clifford:

> "I myself heard Dr. Clifford preach on several occasions. He was a frail, bearded man, and a really tremendous orator. I recall him as one of the three most effective platform speakers whom I have ever heard. The others are Mr. Lloyd George and the Revd. G. D. Rosenthal."

This is high praise in a paper not always noted for its friendship to the subject of our book, and forms a fitting, because unbiased, opening to this chapter

In the study of St. Agatha's Vicarage, Birmingham, during twenty years were pre-

pared some of the greatest sermons and speeches of this generation, and it is worth noting that upon the bookshelves were to be found the sermons of other great preachers, notably Spurgeon and Boreham, a modern Australian Methodist preacher of repute. Undoubtedly Rosenthal owed a debt to Spurgeon which he was always glad to acknowledge with humility, and when people asked him, as they sometimes did, where he got so many of his ideas, he used to tell them to read Spurgeon, or else lend them one of Boreham's volumes. Yet, in fact, his inspiration came not from a study of books, but from a study of, and love for, his fellowmen. He was essentially a good fellow who could get on with anyone, and on occasion even suffered fools gladly. He was willing and eager to listen to other people, and sympathetic to their troubles, and the only person he could not endure was a bore. Yet he found very few people boring, and got the very best out of most of those he met. As has been said elsewhere, he had an insatiable curiosity, and was on fire to learn all he could about everything and everybody. Because of this he knew the man in the street better than did most priests of his time. His very wide acquaintance in his own

parish, in the great congregation he built up at St. Agatha's, in his clubs, at the Masonic Lodge and at the bridge-table, and on the links on his holidays, gave him an intimate contact with the virtues and failings of his fellowmen. So that he never preached away from realities, but got to grips with his subject and with his audience, and spoke always man to man and heart to heart. Again, he was an incurable optimist even in dark and troublous days, and one of his great sermons was on the text—"The street shall be built again, and the wall, even in troublous times" (Daniel ix. 25), with which "great and glorious promise," as he described it, the hearers were asked to revive their hope and courage, even when the attacks upon the Faith seemed to be wellnigh unbearable.

This optimism led him almost always to see the best in people, and because he saw that, he was able to lead them to even better things. Such optimism can sometimes be very depressing to others, but his was not of that kind. Coupled with that sympathy already mentioned, it could cure the pessimist and make him see the silver lining.

It was this insight into the lives of others, joined with the power of seeing good in the bad,

and light in darkness, which made him so great a preacher.

It must not be thought that preaching came easily to him in the sense that he could mount the pulpit or the rostrum and speak without preparation. As an impromptu speaker, especially when he was tired, he could be very bad indeed, especially on such occasions as replying to a vote of thanks, which he detested. His sermons and speeches were prepared with the greatest care, and this was as true of his regular Sunday evening sermons at St. Agatha's, as of those great flights of oratory at the Albert Hall or elsewhere. Many hours of hard work went into every sermon, hours of thinking out the subject in all its implications, finding the right quotation and reference, and finally the typing of the manuscript word for word as it was to be delivered. The manuscript, carefully bound in a case especially made for him by his daughter Margaret, went always to the pulpit, although no one ever saw it referred to during the sermon. Yet had you followed the sermon from a carbon copy you would have found it to be almost word for word as typed. This was possible because of his most retentive memory; in effect, he knew his sermon as an actor knows

his part. The same was true of his great speeches in the Albert Hall. On special occasions, when he was speaking to a set programme and purpose, he would consult his friends, and he was willing and anxious to accept their advice. Even so, when the words were declaimed, although familiar to those who had seen the draft of his speech, they could be carried away entirely because his personality put new force and fire into the sentences, and made them sound as though just bubbling out from his well-stored mind. It is almost impossible to read his speeches or sermons without hearing them in the mind, if one may use the expression. The written words seem to bring the speaker to life in front of you, and you read them with his slight lisp and difficulty with the letter "r".

It has been said sometimes that Frank Weston made you go out and do things after you had heard him speak, and that his words had an appeal to the secret hearts of his hearers, while Rosenthal's speeches were a *tour de force* which carried you up in spite of yourself, but had no permanent effect.

This was not true. Many souls led to a closer knowledge of God by his sermons will disprove

that. You have but to ask some of his own people at Birmingham.

"One never tired of his sermons; they were ever new to one." "Through a sermon I heard one Sunday in Advent 1921 I realized the need and meaning of sacramental confession and made my first confession at Christmas at the age of twenty-five." Such remarks would be repeated to anyone who was privileged to know the Birmingham people, and I shall not easily forget the aged ex-churchwarden or the middle-aged server at the funeral who said, "I owed everything in life to him. He was the best friend man ever had."

He was notably kind to poor preachers, although even he was somewhat disconcerted after a particularly poor effort from a visiting preacher, when one of his children on the way home said, "How nice it must be for Daddy to hear a really good preacher"!

Like all famous speakers he was greatly influenced by his audience. Not even he could have spoken well to a nearly empty Albert Hall, but, on the other hand, he could be as good at a well-filled drawing-room meeting as in a packed hall. Always *en rapport* with those to whom he was speaking, they encouraged him,

not so much by their applause as by that indefinable atmosphere of sympathy and eagerness which is familiar to even the bad speaker when he has an occasional success. Probably the best speech he ever made was to a meeting of about thirty-five people in a tiny hall in the back parts of an hotel in Wales. Every member of that audience walked up to the speakers' table after the meeting and joined the Catholic Literature Association which was the object of the meeting. And certainly the worst must have been in Canada. At the end of a three months' tour of the United States of America and Canada, during which he spoke or preached to more than a hundred audiences, he was a tired man. All through that trip he was conscious of a loss of sympathy between himself and the audience, and although some of his sermons were magnificent, and the course he preached at the great church of Holy Trinity in New York one of the finest he had ever done, yet on the platform he never seemed to be able to make contact with, or quite to understand the mind of, his audience. Towards the end he was frankly tired, did not like the Canadians, and was disliked by them. This was sad, because they had not seen him at his best, and certainly

did not realize how utterly exhausting the travelling and ceaseless speaking in the United States had been.

Yet he enjoyed the tour enormously, and during it got that vision of the Anglican Communion as an international force which occupied his mind during and after the centenary celebrations of 1933, and is at the root of all the preparations being made for the International Convention of 1940, of which more must be said in another chapter.

The essays *Union of Christendom*, edited by the Bishop of Brechin, to which he contributed the third in the series, "The Unity of the Church the Basis of a Christian World Order", are a fruit of that visit to America and a notable tribute to its usefulness.

Naturally he made many friends in the States and it was always a matter of deep regret to him that he could not see more of them when they visited England, or do as much as he would have liked, owing to his failing health, to return their splendid hospitality.

The tour was made in prohibition days, and his embarrassment was acute when putting on his overcoat after a meeting, he found both pockets occupied with bottles of bootleg

whiskey. They had been placed there, so he learned, by a high civic authority, and the negro train attendant who had one bottle as a tip gave a superb exhibition of delight and surprise.

The number of stories he collected on the subject was huge, and he was more than delighted at the very vigorous examination given to the car of the priest friend who drove him into Canada from Buffalo, the explanation being that the last "clergyman" to cross the frontier was acting as escort to a coffin filled with rum.

He was more than grateful when the bishops decided that he should be given a Doctorate of Divinity, which honour was conferred upon him by Nashotah House. In all his long life of battle for the cause, this was the sole honour conferred upon him, and actually, as he said at the time, he was prouder to receive it at the hands of a body of distinguished Catholic bishops than from his own University, which was not always so notable in the defence of true religion. As a friendly honour we gave him a dinner at the Royal Automobile Club the night before he sailed from England, and the Committee of the Catholic Congress of the United

States gave another the night before he returned home, at which they expressed their profound gratitude for all he had done for the cause, instancing the fact that some two thousand new members had been enrolled during the tour.

Had you asked Rosenthal what incidents stood out in all those months, he would certainly have said his visit to Nashotah; his week at Trinity; his evening of bridge with Fr. Sill and the prefects of Kent School; and the buying of a simply marvellous present for his wife in one of the great department stores of New York, where they have a special staff and a most tactful young lady to help husbands in such difficult circumstances. The writer would add from his own recollections of him during the tour, the evening David slept right through a play. Said his host, "I've never paid $3.50 for a fellow to go to sleep before." We were both deeply impressed by the sixty-five communicants at an early Mass on an ordinary week-day at Kent School; there was the moment we were shown into Lord Beaverbrook's own rooms at the Château Frontenac, to be ours for one night only by the courtesy of the Montreal representative of the White

Star Line, who, with his wife, had been notably kind; and perhaps should be added the really superb cigar given him by a Cowley Father in New York.

We stayed in hotels (where he most rigorously and correctly dropped the "h" to the surprise of the management), in schools, clubs, private houses, colleges and universities, with bishops, parish priests and lay folk, not forgetting the cells at Holy Cross Monastery, and in all of them we met the same splendid hospitality and warmth of welcome which seem to be natural to the heart of every American and Canadian.

All this may be foreign to a chapter on the orator, but it was as such that he was invited to the States, and by his sermons at St. Clement's, Philadelphia, the Cathedral of St. John in New York, at St. Mary Magdalene's, Toronto, and in his speeches to the Graduates' Club of Newhaven, he amply maintained his reputation.

American publishers asked him to write a book on his experiences, but he refused, on the grounds that far too many people had written similar books and shown their ignorance of two great countries and peoples. The only printed results of the tour were an article in *The Green*

Quarterly magazine and a day-by-day diary which was posted home regularly to delight his friends at Abbey House and his family circle.

It is remarkable that Rosenthal was not heard more often on the wireless. Just after Dr. Barnes came to Birmingham, a service was broadcast from St. Agatha's and he preached a sermon on Evolution. One sentence stands out in the memory: "We have traced the origin of man back to the garden of Eden and right through it." He said frequently that he thought the Bishop must have been annoyed about it, thinking there was a trespass into his territory. At the beginning of wireless, at the time of the 2L.O. station, he was on the Birmingham Committee for Broadcasting, and remained on it for some little time after the Bishop came. He left, first of all because he did not approve of the undenominational character of the sermons, and secondly because another member, a well-known evangelical, when asked when he would come to preach at St. Agatha's replied, "When *you* obey your bishop." This remark was made in front of other members of the Committee, and "Rosie" felt the position was not a tenable one. Yet we may well believe that he would have been heard with pleasure by a great

number of listeners and must regret the lack of opportunity, which would have been given to a preacher of his ability of almost any other school of thought. He would have been an asset to any great urban Cathedral, and a residentiary stall and the opportunities to which it would have led would have delighted him beyond measure.

He had an intense interest and pride in himself both as preacher and writer, and certainly hoped to have had one day that public recognition of his abilities which such preferment would have meant. He was perfectly candid with his friends in discussing this hope, which he regarded as an almost certain reward when, the troubles at Birmingham being over, he would be able to move to a wider sphere of influence.

He knew, quite certainly, but with a naïveté and simplicity natural to the man, that he was fully capable of doing good work in such a position, and it is the loss of the Church that he was never given such preferment, or even offered it, or any other post of importance. As a young priest he was offered a position of some standing abroad, and had he accepted it, there is no doubt it would have led to even greater

responsibilities. As he himself said and believed, probably with truth, "By now I should have been a bishop." How he would have loved that, not merely for personal reasons as those who disliked him might have thought. Yet it was not to be, and who can judge if he did not do a better work for the Church by remaining all his days a simple provincial parish priest? As has been said already, his greatest gifts were exercised in full measure among his own people. That great congregation at St. Agatha's was built up in the first place by preaching, held by constant instruction, and led to become a noble body of practising Catholics zealous for God and the Church. His memorial is there among them; he is mourned among them and will be long missed.

In planning the Congress of 1940, the Committee found it difficult to suggest anyone who could in any way fill his place; indeed, there was a pencilled note on the then Secretary's copy of the draft programme: "Wanted—a speaker like 'Rosie'."

The Anglo-Catholic Congress gave him his opportunity to address a wider audience, and he thoroughly enjoyed all the popularity and public acclaim which came to him, but he

equally enjoyed an occasion when the controversy at Birmingham was at its worst, when the papers were full of his doings, and he had been speaking to an audience on the position. He was at his very best, the audience was delighted, the collection for the Defence Fund was splendid, and the Chairman, a well-known priest, said to him after the meeting, "Let me see, father, where are you working now?"

It must be admitted that not all his hearers were equally moved by his oratory. A well-known member of the laity assures the writer that his Albert Hall speeches "left me completely cold, and I never could understand what all the fuss was about". Again, another priest who admired him very greatly writes:

> "To be quite candid, Fr. Rosenthal's style of eloquence did not appeal to me, as being too rounded off and florid—of the French school of oratory, as G. D. R. himself would have described it. But what he had to say was always sound. It had reason, Christian principle, and common sense, the three things necessary in any Christian preaching or teaching."

This is a notable admission from a critic, and

with it we end, except to make some mention of his published sermons. They are far more than reprinted sermons, for he rewrote them almost entirely, feeling that the pulpit manner must not be too apparent. They are written with considerable literary distinction and are of such value in expounding the faith in simple language that their use is likely to be permanent. No one else could preach these particular sermons, but they are a mine of ideas for preachers and teachers and speakers, and are much more easily read, and likely to be read, than the ordinary run of theological works.

The titles are *Festival and Fast; The Saint in the Street; Ageless Stories; Yesterday, To-day and for Ever; The Wondrous Cross;* and *Sins of the Saints.* A new book of sermons is being printed this autumn, under the title "Quest and Achievement", with an introduction by the Bishop of Brechin.

V

THE WRITER

It is a commonplace that most people can look back to some outstanding experience in their childhood, which remains in memory as a kind of high-water mark, and from which perhaps they can date a change in outlook or a new purpose or even a vocation. Some, perhaps, find such a mark in Confirmation, or first Confession, or Communion, or that mystical experience so often known as Conversion.

There was no manner of doubt in David Rosenthal's mind as to this particular incident in his life, and from his manner of telling it, it can be placed somewhere in his fifteenth year. As has been indicated, his upbringing had been of a somewhat earlier Tractarian type, from which he never, in any real sense of the word, departed, although the style and language may have changed. And he dated that change from a chance visit to the church of St. Bartholomew

at Brighton, which in the 'nineties was regarded with much suspicion by his family circle. Filled with curiosity, for he was always an "elephant's child", he determined to find out what really was so bad about it, and was at once fascinated by its almost extreme ugliness. In it he found a tract case, filled with literature, and before he left, he bought one of the original Bartholomew tracts on the subject of penance, which he afterwards read in his lodgings. It made an impression upon him, and when he got back to school, he talked it over with one of his friends who knew quite a lot about the subject, and already used the Sacrament of Penance. Young Rosenthal dated his interest in, and study of, the Catholic religion from that incident, but what is more important from the point of view of this chapter, it convinced him of the power of the tract, and made him throughout his ministry a convinced believer in "spreading the Faith in print", a slogan which we coined together for the purpose of the Catholic Literature Association.

Often and often he told this story on the platform, and once at Leamington, asking the oratorical question, "Can anyone in the audience say he was converted by reading a tract?"

he was more than delighted to see two men hold up their hands and to hear them say, "I was."

The Anglo-Catholic Congress published its first tracts in connexion with the Congress of 1923. These were fifty-two in number and Rosenthal was not among the writers.

The next A.C.C. venture after the issue of the Congress Books was into Sociological matters, and a series of seventeen booklets, edited by the Revd. R. H. Tribe, S.S.M., and the Revd. P. E. T. Widdrington, was issued. He wrote in this series *The Christian Home*, a subject upon which he was specially qualified to write. The tracts did not go very well, for churchpeople in 1924 took less interest in such matters than they do now, and the Annual School of Sociology (another of Rosenthal's great interests, and referred to later) had not yet made its own public. Rosenthal was, of course, delighted and let out peals of laughter when a leading daily paper, or at least one which claims a huge daily net sale, said of *Religion and Bodily Health* in the series, written by one of the editors, Reginald Tribe, S.S.M. (but also M.R.C.S., F.R.C.P.): "It is a pity this was not written by a medical man."

Possibly the former children's specialist enjoyed the joke even more.

The Catholic Literature Association was founded by the Revd. Alban Baverstock, and its original secretary, the Revd. Dr. R. Ll. Langford James, is still a member of the Committee of the Church Literature Association, the same body with the same initials and a slightly different name. The C.L.A. became an association of the Anglo-Catholic Congress in 1924.

Rosenthal joined its committee in the same year and from the very first was a strong driving force. He had found another piece of work to which he was apparently to devote all his energies, work which he was able to continue right to the end of his days, when almost too ill for anything else except preaching; it was the work he loved best, which was nearest to his heart, and was perhaps the best work he did.

With Kenneth Mackenzie, then secretary of the Home Association of the Congress and now Bishop of Brechin, he edited the famous series of *John Bull Tracts*. The plan originated in the ever-fertile brain of Miss Muriel de L. Cazenove,[1] the secretary of C.L.A., but the working

[1] Now Mrs. N. P. Williams.

out was left to Rosenthal and Mackenzie, a wonderful combination from "north of the Tweed and south of the Jordan," as Maurice Child has called them.

The Bishop says that his fellow-editor never, or hardly ever, consulted with him as to the fortunes of the Bull family, but he remembers planning to marry Ivy Bull to one of the other characters in the saga "if we could bring him along a bit spiritually", whereas Rosenthal was determined that she should enter Religion. He made great fun of his "romantic colleague" about this at one of the annual dinners of the C.L.A. At these dinners Mr. Hamilton Miller of Eastbourne was host to a distinguished gathering of people interested in Catholic Literature. The humbler guests can seldom have heard more brilliant after-dinner speeches and Rosenthal was always at his wittiest and best.

At the dinner to celebrate the launching of the series, Fr. Waggett came in late and standing just inside the door began to criticize John Bull's tailor, saying that his clothes were two sizes too big for him, and that his top boots were a shocking fit. "The worst pair of 'tops' I ever saw in my life." Dr. Prestige agreed that

John Bull appeared to be shrinking from publicity and that it would be extremely awkward for the joint authors if this went on and their hero vanished, like "poor Miss McDougall, who was so thin when she bathed, she slipped right through the plougall".

At a later dinner, Mr. Sam Gurney, reflectively taking snuff, quoted a remark made by Ronnie Knox who had said to him, "My dear Sam, I had to choose between the religion of the Holy Father and that of the unholy Child."

Kenneth Mackenzie reveals one last incident about the *John Bull Tracts*. It concerns a discussion as to whether it was seemly for Mr. and Mrs. Bull, in their later and Catholic days, to drink the New Year in with cherry brandy. It is unnecessary to say which side "Rosie" took and which won.

The colloquial style and more particularly the rather dreadful colours and covers of the *John Bull Tracts* shocked some of those who regarded the older and more dignified Congress Green Books as the ideal. Rosenthal believed in these, too, although he had taken no part in their production, but he thought they were too "high-brow" and at threepence too expensive

for the ordinary reader who buys from the tract case. *John Bull's* still sell very well, and more than two millions have been issued and have reached every part of the world.

As the writer was standing by a tract case on which they were displayed at the Exhibition in connexion with the Church Congress at Southport, an old working woman came up and asked, "Are you responsible for these little books?"—"No," was the reply, "but I am on the Committee which produced them."—"Then please thank the Committee," said she. "I'm only a poor scholar, but I picked one of them up in a tram, and I read it and understood it and got some more of 'em from a church (by rights I was chapel), and now I've made my confession and been baptized. Will you tell the committee I'm to be confirmed next Friday?" That was the kind of story to please David, and to convince him that *John Bull's* were really worth while.

When Dr. David, the Bishop of Liverpool, visited that same case and talked to the writer about old times at the Ministry of National Service, he said, "Terrible colours, but you cannot miss them." Of course, Rosenthal never believed the colours were terrible, but

in any case, he did not intend them to be missed.

Each Congress saw a new series of tracts put on the market, the Eucharistic tracts in 1927 and the Church tracts in 1930, but of these Congress issues Rosenthal was most deeply interested in the last, in connexion with the Centenary of 1933. These were concerned with the precepts of the Church, and it is interesting that his wording of the precepts, which differs somewhat from the usual form, was accepted by the Congress Committee, has now become the general standard, and is used by the Guild of the Love of God and the Seven Years Association. He was not anxious that the precepts should form the rule of membership of the Church Union when it was formed, but he did believe that it was the ordinary normal standard of the orthodox Churchman, and there is no doubt that these tracts put that point of view most persuasively.

The *How* books, twenty-four in number, were in an entirely different style, being much smaller, and intended to be sold in binding or library cases as well as in single numbers. Eighteen of these, which have proved of permanent value, have now been bound

up in one volume and are in constant demand.

We edited this series together and it was a privilege and indeed an education to work with Rosenthal in this way, for however methodical a man may be by nature and training, nothing can ever equal a mind like an encyclopædia of facts, apparently ready supplied with an index and cross-references. He would perhaps need a reference or a quotation or maybe a poem. At once he would walk across to filing-cabinet or bookshelf, and by the time he reached it, would know what book to take down or what MS. to look up. No one would claim that Rosenthal was a great scholar, but many a scholar must have envied him his marvellously retentive memory, no doubt one of the privileges of his race. Naturally, it sometimes failed him, and at once he was convinced that that was not the reference he required, not the particular thing which quite suited the point under discussion, but that something else upon which he could put his hand at once exactly met the case. As it usually did. He was an easy and delightful person with whom to collaborate, gave his colleague far more than a fair share of credit, and said that the partnership was most useful.

However, it will be found that the numbers worth preserving in the bound volume did not come from the hand of the present writer.

The *Country* series gave the C.L.A. and the Secretary a great deal of trouble, for Mr. Gurney, whose splendid work for Catholic literature and successful campaign for first-class printing, paper, type and blocks has left a permanent mark on all ecclesiastical press work, was determined that the simplest villagers should be able to read the tracts with ease. Mrs. Moore, perhaps better known as Beatrice Rosenthal, and David's only sister, wrote them and rewrote them until the stern critic was satisfied. Maurice Child has recalled some of the fun we had in finding titles for the series and how gladly David accepted the suggestion *Up the Garden Path* for the one dealing with courtship, and how easily and tactfully he forgot it. Many other such suggestions were apparently received with delight and discreetly forgotten.

Whys for the would-be wise came out in *The Fiery Cross* magazine and were reprinted, and no doubt the *Where* and *When* tracts would have appeared in due course. He certainly had in mind a series of dialogue tracts, and if any notes

have been left, perhaps the C.L.A. will issue these in the future.

Much as he enjoyed all this side of C.L.A. work, he took the keenest delight in the production of *The Fiery Cross*, the monthly parish magazine mainly used as an inset, but also circulated separately. He turned this into a paying proposition, and by nature he liked things which paid, which tracts could never hope to do.

Nothing would ever convince him that it was not the best of all such magazines. Quite a number of people were critical some years ago, especially of the illustrations, and in consequence all the well-known insets were submitted to a number of leading journalists, who, in fact, amply supported the "Rosie" view (the pun is used deliberately) of the pre-eminence of *The Fiery Cross* in this field. He was tempted by offers from other publishers, some of them of a very flattering nature, but he preferred to edit what he still considered the best of them all, *The Fiery Cross*, and did so right up to his death. He had prepared the greater part of the matter for 1939. It is true that the magazine is at its best at present, and the Committee will have a hard task in keeping up the standard. At a large

meeting at which questions and comments were invited, a priest stood up and criticized the magazine in no measured terms, apparently not knowing that the Editor was on the platform. After about five minutes, during which "Rosie's" cheeks burned and the Chairman became more and more uncomfortable, a collier rose at the back of the hall, and cried out, "Hold hard, father, I was converted by reading it." The storm of applause delighted the Editor and confounded the critic. However, it must be admitted that Rosenthal was no artist, and that the writer and Mr. Winstanley, the much-loved treasurer of C.L.A. (and of many other things), who were sometimes commissioned to be tactful on the subject of illustrations, never had much success, and at one time thought of enlisting the aid of T. Holmes Ravenhill, the well-known artist and Mrs. Rosenthal's brother. To the Editor the magazine seemed incapable of improvement, and when criticism became vocal there would come a letter from some outpost of the mission field that the toughest nut in the place had been cracked by reading *The Adventures of Ernest*, a contribution by Rosenthal himself. The fact remains that the inset grows in popularity and slowly but steadily increases its

sales, in spite of the fact that it is only suitable for parishes where the Faith is well established, and its language acceptable to Catholics.

Many of us have become convinced by Rosenthal that spreading the Faith in print is as essential now as it was to the Tractarians, and that the Movement must fail unless it is still Tractarian in method. Can anyone doubt it who has seen the letter sent to Abbey House from a group of ex-cannibals who had given up their former ways after reading a tract on the Incarnation, and who asked most urgently for further instruction?

And who can doubt that the Bartholomew tract bought all those years ago was well worth while, or that its youthful reader responded well to that first inspiration, which was never lost sight of in all the long climb to leadership.

Besides tracts in series, he wrote a number of essays and single tracts, the most noteworthy being *Hope in Troublous Times*, *The Use of Incense*, *The Holy Angels*, *The Manger Throne*, *I can't follow the Service*, and *The Case for Benediction.*

He had considerable literary powers, but the circumstances of his life gave little chance for their exercise. His gift of poetry can be judged by the poem on the Lord's Prayer which he

wrote for the Mothers' Union Pageant, and by the Introduction for the Congress Pageant in Birmingham. Some of the lyrics in his pantomime *Bluebeard* were charming. He wrote plays with ease and his mind was often full of others that never got written. *Duty*, a play written about the Church Lads' Brigade for the St. Alban's boys, *Bluebeard*, produced at St. Agatha's, *The Vicar's Crime*, a very witty playlet for the opening of a sale of work, were among those which actually came to production, and, although small in themselves, gave an indication of what he might have done if he had had time.

He often used to discuss the writing of a crime story which would have made more money in a week than all his careful books on religion could do in a year, but he said eventually that a priest was sworn to use his talents for the forwarding of his work, even if, by so doing, he remained very poor.

Comic verse for the amusement of his children he wrote constantly, and no summer holiday was complete without the production of one poem upon the matters which were interesting the family at the time. It became the custom to call together all the friends who

happened to be staying at Harlech and to have a Goose Feast. It was at this feast that the reading of a new poem was always demanded.

He had read widely in history, theology and psychology. He liked poetry, but did not care for modern verse by poets later than Francis Thompson. His retentive memory enabled him to remember verse and to quote it long after he had read it. He knew a great deal of the Bible by heart, and people who heard him read the lessons in church must often have noticed that while standing at the lectern he was not reading at all but reciting the words with all the wonderful expression that only an intimate knowledge and clever use of a flexible voice could give.

He had a profound knowledge of music and a cultivated taste, but he never forced on his congregation compositions which were beyond their capacity for appreciation. While he never allowed the sugary or sentimental, he always insisted that the music in a church should express the worship of the people themselves.

Being such a child of the London streets, it was natural that Dickens should be one of his favourite authors, and he knew *Pickwick Papers* almost by heart. During his last illness he read

and reread Jane Austen and Anthony Trollope, and delighted in Dorothy Sayers' *Gaudy Night* and *Busman's Honeymoon*, which were the last books of fiction he read.

In this chapter we do not propose to mention his books of collected sermons, for they more properly belong to him as preacher and orator, but he wrote two other books. The first of these, *The Approach to Marriage*, was written at the request of the Mothers' Union. Mrs. Remson Ward says that the Union felt the need for a book of this kind, written from the definitely Christian point of view, and the writer was chosen quite deliberately, although his point of view was so well known. The connexion was a very happy one, and he enjoyed writing the book and was much encouraged by its reception. He professed great amusement when the book was banned in the Irish Free State and was delighted that *Theology* could say, "Many clergy and many parents of children approaching marriage will find here just the guidance which they desire their young people to have when the time for marriage draws near."

The second of these books, *Survival*, was written during his illness, and in the preface he says he

> "traces its origin to a period of enforced rest following on a serious breakdown in health, when, debarred for a time from active ministry, I had leisure and opportunity to consider, in relation to my own future, the eternal prospect which had for many years been an axiom of my message to others."

He himself accounted it his best piece of work, and we can but hope that it will bring comfort to many troubled souls, for the writing of it certainly brought comfort to him. It was dedicated to

> My Father and Mother
> in the sure
> confidence
> that we shall meet again.

The Times Literary Supplement described *Survival* as "a capable survey of the Christian doctrine of the future life", and the *Birmingham Post*, in the course of a long and favourable review, said it "must be reckoned among the best introductions to the subject that have appeared within recent years".

Its concluding words may well serve as an end to this chapter, for they must have been

the thought in his mind as the end of his life as writer drew near:

> "O Christ of infinite pity, man once suffering in time, giver of eternal life! Grant us grace by the merits of thy Cross and Passion to be brought to the glory of thy Resurrection. Help us meanwhile to live as men and women who here have no abiding city, but who seek that which is to come."

VI

THE ORIGINATOR

At the 1923 Congress it was felt that there ought to be some permanent organization set up to continue the work and embody the enthusiasm of Anglo-Catholics. The Bishop of Zanzibar, the President, was asked to think out some scheme and put it forward on his personal authority at a meeting of sympathizers on the day following the close of the Congress. This was done, and his plan became the nucleus of the Anglo-Catholic Congress organization.

Fr. Child was selected as General Secretary, and the Bishop proposed that England should be divided into three areas, north, south and midland, with part-time Area Secretaries. He suggested Fr. Tribe, then curate at St. George's, Nottingham, for the Midlands, with the permission of Fr. White, Director of the Society of the Sacred Mission, while Fr. Rosenthal became the chairman of the Area Council.

In 1925, when Fr. Tribe was made Director

of the Society and had to resign the secretaryship, he became chairman of the Area Committee, and Rosenthal Area Secretary, a Box and Cox arrangement which worked very well.

Some time later the area was subdivided, as several of the other areas had been, the East and West Midlands becoming separate, with Rosenthal Secretary of the original Midland area which remained. The Committee never aimed at covering the whole area, but tried to link up the existing regional committees, and to take advantage of enthusiasm wherever it existed. This was the general policy, for the English Church Union and the Federation of Catholic Priests had an organization which covered the whole country, in each case on a diocesan basis, and the Congress Committee collaborated with them. The arranging of Station Days of Prayer for the area was undertaken by Rosenthal with the assistance of Fr. Hunt of St. Patrick's, and in this work they achieved a real success. Another most popular venture was the holding of Anglo-Catholic reunions on a large scale, in which there was very little speech-making and much merriment, the whole ending with a great dance. Rosenthal

conceived the idea because of his intense desire to show the joyous and friendly side of Catholic life, which to him was so important. The reunions were very successful in every way, and other areas followed the example.

About the same time that the Anglo-Catholic Congress was beginning to grow in strength in the provinces, somewhere about 1924, the interest which many members of the Congress felt in social matters made itself felt, and it began to be said that the Catholic faith was incomplete in expression unless it was concerning itself with the social life of mankind. This concern had been expressed by Frank Weston, Bishop of Zanzibar, in the famous speech he made at the end of the 1923 Congress, when he spoke of the Christ in the Tabernacle and the Christ in the slum. The movement gave birth to two children, the series of Anglo-Catholic Social booklets edited by Fr. Widdrington and Fr. Tribe, and the Anglo-Catholic Summer School of Sociology, which has become an annual event, and with which Rosenthal was closely connected. The Congress Committee felt that these schools offered an unique opportunity of collaboration with other societies, and in consequence for the first few

years they were organized by a committee composed of representatives of the League of the Kingdom of God, the Federation of Catholic Priests, and the English Church Union. But the actual work was done by Rosenthal, who as honorary Treasurer and Secretary worked quietly behind the scenes. Finance was difficult, for the school could not be self-supporting on the attendance fees. It was Rosenthal's persuasiveness in getting grants and his able financial administration that pulled it through year after year. It was his tactful but firm administration, aided by the devoted labours of Miss Hirst, that made the school run smoothly.

Though he did not often join in the debates, his enthusiasm for the cause of human liberty led him to make many effective comments and suggestions at the annual conferences that drew up the programme and the syllabus for the schools.

One or two of his interventions in debate stand out in memory. On one occasion he made a stormy protest against what he thought was the assumption that another speaker envisaged unlimited plenty for all as the Christian social ideal. He had misunderstood the speaker; but

his reminder of the necessity of the simple life and the need for asceticism was a healthy correction, and to those who knew him well it was no secret that his enjoyment of the good things of this world was consistent with a detachment from material pleasures. We had ample evidence of this after his death, for he left hardly any intimate personal possessions at all.

On another occasion, when some members of the school, with more feeling than knowledge, were giving vent to hot air about swollen dividends from investments, he asked with devastating result whether the speakers knew the difference between preference and ordinary shares. He explained afterwards to an intimate that he had always had a great interest in industrial finance—a characteristic, evidently, of his race, subdued by his own devotion to his calling as a Christian and a priest.

It was in the Summer School that his knowledge of European history peeped out from time to time. His success as an orator often led people to forget that underneath the gift of expression was a very solid foundation of knowledge and power to think.

It will be seen from what has been said above that Fr. Tribe and Rosenthal were in

close contact over many affairs. Also they were great personal friends, and Tribe was an ever-welcome visitor, as in fact he is everywhere, but especially in a house where there are children. Fr. Tribe wrote a note for this memoir in which he says:

"A fifteen years' association in Anglo-Catholic work and two courses of Lent sermons preached in his parish gave many opportunities for intimate personal knowledge. And in this respect one thing stands out—his calm heroism when the first bout of heart trouble touched him in 1936. He knew then that it might mean death for him.

"So he prepared himself for anything that might happen, and one of the results was the book on *Survival*, in which he set out with emphasis a conviction about which he was often vehement—that the Christian doctrine of the life after death is not mere immortality, but the Resurrection of the body. The other results are known only with certainty to God and the angel of the Judgment, but we who saw his spirituality thus put to the test can guess that it emerged into eternity strengthened and illuminated."

Another of those in close contact with him at the Summer School was Maurice Reckitt. I remember once arriving for an annual visit to the school when these two friends were full of enthusiasm for a wonderful effort of translation from a Russian speaker to which they had been listening. The writer's suggestion that what was really needed was someone to translate the speeches of the ordinary speaker on sociological matters was half made in jest, but although the joke was enjoyed, it was acted upon. "Rosie" looked at every suggestion made to him "to see if there was any sense in it", and year by year a summary of the proceedings of the school has been issued in language understood by the non-expert.

Reckitt writes:

"Rosenthal's share in the school was principally the thankless one of organizing its business side, and you know how well he always did that sort of thing. His financial appeals were models of the way to do this difficult job.

"There is one thing I should like to add. Once or twice it so happened that I had some very sharp passages of arms with Rosenthal

at the school. It doesn't matter now what these controversies were about, and I don't think it was merely cantankerousness on either side which caused them, but I am an outspoken person and sometimes I was voicing what others wanted said but were not prepared to say—a position in which I seem to find myself rather often! What I shall never forget is the remarkable way in which Rosenthal took these verbal assaults. I don't think I have ever met such a determined desire for reconciliation. I think he knew there was no personal malice behind my outbursts, but not very many people would have been so ready to make peace, or so gracious in doing so. It is the finest recollections I have of him."

Mr. Reckitt also reminds us of the gatherings each night at the school, usually in "Rosie's" room and with him acting as host. This became known as "the night-club", where everything under the sun (or moon) was discussed until the small hours.

The Anglo-Catholic Congress movement relied for financial support upon the results of the appeals made at each Congress. A fairly

large capital sum would be raised at the Congress itself, and subscriptions promised for the ensuing three years. During the period between Congresses no special efforts were made to raise funds, but the subscriptions and a certain proportion of the capital provided the necessary running expenses. It therefore became necessary to organize the appeal on sound lines and Rosenthal was an expert in such matters. We wrote the appeals for several Congresses together, and he was especially pleased with *White Unto Harvest*, an arresting booklet, well illustrated, which helped to raise a large sum of money. Naturally he was one of those selected to make appeals at the Congress sessions, and was delighted when one such speech produced over £4,000 in cash and promises spread over a number of years.

We had been asked to draw up the appeal for the 1940 Congress, and there were certain plans in his mind, for he believed very strongly that even in these difficult days people would give readily for a good cause, and he could think of no better cause than the spread of the Catholic religion. In this connexion he was insistent that the work of the Associations of the Church Union needed much greater sup-

port. His first love was the Literature Association, but he was very interested in the work of the Fiery Cross Association, which has maintained continuous prayer day and night since 1924 and given more than £21,000 to the training of Ordination candidates.

He helped from the beginning with the work of the Fiery Cross Association, and his booklets in preparation for Station Days of Prayer have had a huge circulation, and done much to rouse interest in the campaign of prayer. He was a member of the Anglo-Catholic Ordination Candidates Committee from its foundation in 1926, and to the end of his life he maintained that its work was of the first importance. He would have fully supported the writer in the *Church Times* who said: "The root of the matter is an adequate supply of priests." He had seen so much of the understaffing of parishes in Birmingham that he was determined to do all he could to put the matter right. Believing firmly that the small subscriber should be encouraged, he began to collect 50,000 shillings through *The Fiery Cross* Magazine and had raised more than 30,000 before his death. He did not originate either the campaign of prayer or the Ordination Candidates Fund,

but he provided many original ideas for both in the course of years, and we shall miss him very much from our committees.

The last great scheme which he originated was made public by his speech to the Church Union Council on October 15, 1934. He called it, not too happily, "The Truce of God", and he felt more keenly about it than any other of his plans and projects. The subject became almost an obsession with him, though he knew that he was ploughing a lonely furrow and that for once his friends were not wholehearted in their support. Indeed, at times, he lost his sense of proportion and humour. It was gradually apparent that his health was failing, and that he knew he was lacking the physical strength to carry such a scheme through; yet as his strength of body waned, he seemed to gain fervour of soul and clarity of mind, so that we found it extremely hard to resist him.

After reviewing the work of the Union and its strength at former times of crisis, he argued that an ever greater crisis faced the Church at this time, through the violent challenge to Christian Faith and morals. He argued that there were two ways in which the emergency could be turned into a magnificent opportunity.

"We can bend our best energies and use our resources to the utmost limit in the work of evangelization. There is urgently needed among us a revival of the apostolic zeal that fired the Tractarians, a deeper realization of the truth that we are put in trust with the Faith in order that we may spread it, a new conviction that the Holy Ghost will do among us the mighty works he did of old if only we are faithful. The true way to meet the present challenge to Faith and Morals is to turn from defence to attack. Do not misunderstand me. I am not suggesting for a single moment that the splendid work of defence which has been carried out by the Union in the past should come to an end. Wherever the Faith is attacked, we must defend it; wherever those who preach and practise it are persecuted, we must support them. But defence must no longer hold the chief place in our thoughts. The time has come for the trumpet of faith to sound the attack. I plead for a new spirit of missionary enthusiasm throughout the Union which shall make it plain to the people of this country that our primary interest is not the triumph of our party, but the revival of religion, that we

are willing to spend ourselves without stint to bring it about, and that we have consecrated ourselves afresh to the inspiring task of kindling devotion to Christ and to his Church in the hearts of the people of England.

"Secondly, we can play an important, and indeed, as I believe, a decisive part in getting rid of that most formidable obstacle in the path of evangelism: the miserable spectacle of party strife which the Church of England presents to the world. Last year we inaugurated the Centenary with a General Communion for peace and unity in which many Evangelicals joined with us. At the last meeting of the Council we followed up that effort at reconciliation by passing a resolution urging the cessation of ecclesiastical controversy in view of the peril with which the Church is confronted. But resolutions, however pious they may be, are not enough. If they are to be of any use they must take shape in action. I suggest to you that the time is ripe for us to give practical expression both to our Centenary Communion and to the resolution of the Council by inviting all churchpeople of goodwill, whatever their

party, to unite with us in a supreme endeavour for the evangelization of England on the basis of no compromise, but close alliance in the face of a common enemy. Mark well, I say on a basis of no compromise. The way of compromise is not the way of Christ, and it can never expect his blessing. The doctrines and practices of the Faith do not belong to us to barter or make terms about. They are an inheritance which we must preserve unimpaired that we may hand it on in its integrity to the generation which is to succeed us. It is not by any policy of compromise or concessions, it is not by saying we will give up that if you will give up this, it is not so that the broken fragments of the Church of England will ever be welded into a united and harmonious whole. There is another way, a more excellent way, the way of charity. In any quarrel somebody must make the first advance to a reconciliation; why should not that advance be made by us, by inviting the various parties to enter with us in a Truce of God, during which each of us, holding to our own convictions as strongly as ever, will abandon the childish and futile policy of fighting in the

attic while the basement is in flames, and will agree instead to move forward side by side as different regiments of a common army on one great united campaign for the conversion of England? I am convinced that that is the lead which thousands of people are waiting for, that if we have the faith and the courage to give it, we shall meet with a response beyond our wildest dreams, and that what was achieved by one man (Keble) in the closing days of his life for the Catholic party, may be achieved by a united Catholic party for the Church of England as a whole."

Those who heard the speech will remember its closing phrases:

"This is not the time for shortening sail, or for husbanding our resources, or for cutting down our commitments, or for limiting our ventures, or for drifting about aimlessly in the shallows. Our ship is now refitted and ready for new adventure (an allusion to the amalgamation of A.C.C. and the E.C.U.). We must weigh anchor and make for the open sea."

Partly as a result of this speech and of the

many efforts he made in connexion with his plan for a "truce" he was made a member of the Archbishops' Evangelistic Committee, of which that well-known Evangelical leader, the Bishop of Leicester, was Chairman. The Bishop writes:

> "The Revd. G. D. Rosenthal's membership of the Archbishops' Evangelistic Committee led to a friendship which I greatly valued. His zeal and enthusiasm won the respect of us all. If, as was more than once the case, he made a suggestion which was not accepted by the Committee, he was patient and ready to be convinced by others.
>
> "Owing to failing health for a long time he was not able to attend our meetings and we missed his spirit of fellowship and his inspiration. I shall always remember him as a man who obviously had great gifts for the Ministry, who was a warm-hearted friend, and above all, a devoted servant of God."

Another and much more successful scheme in which Rosenthal had at least some part as an originator was of the plan for liturgical reform or use which became known as the

"Interim Rite". It may surprise some to learn that this "extremist" was a great "Prayer Book man" and that the services at St. Agatha's were such as could be followed by anyone familiar with the Book of Common Prayer. Indeed, Evensong was almost as typically and triumphantly "high church" as at St. Mary de Castro, Leicester, of which he was very fond. This naturally led him to feel that the only possible line of liturgical reform was by strict adherence to the words of the Book of Common Prayer, with such alteration in order as would bring the service into conformity with more primitive use. He was convinced that it was the only possible line on which progress and improvement might be expected. He and Humphrey Whitby were often in consultation on these matters, and it may well be that eventually some of the plans they have discussed will bear fruit.

Perhaps the way in which his mind worked in liturgical questions is best shown in the memorandum which follows:

"*The English Litany and Devotions*

"1. The object of this memorandum is to suggest the advisability of bringing Devo-

tions within the context of the Prayer Book by the use of the English Litany.

"2. The following considerations would seem to show that the Litany is peculiarly suitable for this purpose:

"(*a*) Nearly the whole of it is addressed directly to our Blessed Lord.

"(*b*) The directions of the 1928 book allow the priest to say, after the opening Invocations, such of the suffrages as he thinks convenient, provided that at least one is drawn from each section, and that all are concluded by 'Son of God, we beseech thee to hear us'.

"(*c*) Another direction of the 1928 book allows the use of hymns and anthems at the beginning or end of any service. Thus 'O Salutaris' could be sung before the Litany, and 'Tantum ergo' after it, in strict conformity with the rubrics.

"(*d*) A Litany of some kind is the usual form of devotion used at Benediction and Exposition in the Western Church."

The memorandum concludes with a long section containing some powerful arguments for the adoption of this policy, partly because

controversy with the bishops would no longer centre round the rite but the ceremonial which accompanied it, and partly because there was a good possibility of securing unity among Catholics on these lines. Rosenthal thought that in acting in this way the lead of the Tractarians was certainly being followed, and ended his memorandum by saying, "If the Bishops desire to prevent us associating in our minds the words of the Prayer Book with the Blessed Sacrament, let us challenge them to make that amazing demand publicly."

By way of footnote, it should be said that although the 1928 book is quoted in argument, he was resolute in his refusal to accept the book in any way whatsoever.

His genius as a source of original ideas was shown most plainly in his drafting of programmes for Congresses and Conventions. The 1927, 1930 and 1933 Congress programmes owed much of their inspiration to him and there are some of us who remember with gratitude the way in which he would seize upon our halting ideas and fit them into a plan. He left us the syllabus for the 1940 International Convention, and although it has been considerably revised, the main plan is his.

Rosenthal learned to "think internationally" during his tour in the United States and Canada and ever since was the force behind the plans for this Convention. He thought, and many will be found to agree with him, that the Union of Christendom was of first importance. It may well be that this Convention, and the programme and syllabus upon which we shall work, will prove to be his last but greatest contribution not only to the movement for which he lived and died but to the whole Church.

VII

THE GOOD COMPANION

"Rosie's" many friends were not fully informed as to the state of his health, and outside the family circle no one knew that his condition was really serious. It has now been learned that in 1934, four years before his death, the doctors warned him that he had angina, and strongly advised him to resign his benefice and to live quietly in the country, devoting himself entirely to writing, and at all costs to save himself from the fatigues of parish work and in particular the anxiety inseparable from St. Agatha's. Once he went for a cruise and once to stay with his brother in Portugal in his search for health, but had his friends known how serious his state was they might have persuaded him to resign and to seek a more permanent rest. Perhaps it was because he feared to be so persuaded that he kept us all in the dark, and allowed us to believe that in time he would be able to return to full work,

if only he "went slowly for a time", as he used to say. Actually during those four years of constant pain and failing strength "Rosie" himself can have had no such hope, and must have known that his life was drawing to an end. He was determined to hold on as long as he possibly could, so that his faithful folk at St. Agatha's might not be deprived of any Catholic privilege, and that he too might die in harness if that should prove possible. Two or three weeks before his death he decided that the break must be made and his resignation offered to the Bishop, but this had not actually been done, and he died as parish priest of St. Agatha's, although when plans were on foot for his move, he seemed to lose all hope and vitality.

We know how bravely he faced death, and that during the last months he made his preparation for the next world and thought things out for himself once again, publishing these thoughts in *Survival*. We know, too, that at the end he died in happiness and in that complete assurance which comes from that holy religion in the defence and propagation of which he had spent all his strength.

We find already, short as is the time since

his death, on December 9, 1938, that we are to remember David chiefly as the good companion. There never was a man in our experience who so notably exuded good-fellowship. First of all in his own family circle. This is no place to speak of the devotion and love which he and Bess had for each other through all their married life, but it is sufficient to say that during the months of his last illness, she hardly ever left his room in the daytime, and that when she did for a few minutes, he insisted that the door be left open so that he could still hear her movements.

For twenty years the Vicarage was a very happy place, and many were the delightful gatherings in it. There must be very few of those who have had any part in the Catholic Revival of late years who have no pleasant memories of evenings when "Rosie" acted as host to a jolly company, for he was a good host and at his happiest and best when dispensing hospitality. Each Christmas his brother-in-law, a Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge, sent him two bottles of vintage port. One of these was always saved until my next preaching engagement there, quite often Whit-Sunday evening, when the sermon had to contain a reference to the

Whitsun Offering for the assistant priest. After this came the reward of the bottle of port, decanted with great ceremony. Canon Long was often one of the party, and he will remember our host's horror when, after the first round of the decanter, the hostess offered us preserved ginger! Another gift at Christmas was a box of cigars from Colonel (now Sir Bertram) Ford. When "Rosie" was no longer allowed to smoke he still remembered to bring up some of these cigars to town for his friends.

These slight incidents are only recorded to show what was such a marked feature of the man. He loved to share his good things with his friends; when he was alone, tea and the cheapest of cigarettes were sufficient for him. In fact, his tastes were very simple, but occasionally, with his friends, he liked the good things of this world.

He fancied his choice in wines, but his use of them was so limited that his knowledge cannot have been really that of a connoisseur. He had the spirit of a boy in many things, rejoicing in the discovery of a new shaving cream which needed no brush, or a proprietary article guaranteed to remove spots from clothes. He became as interested in such small matters as a

boy with his first bicycle, and was simply delighted when his wife produced a sausage-roll a yard long for the refreshment of General Carleton Jones and John Robinson-Davies, saying she knew men hated the ends of such delicacies, and always complained at the absence of "middle".

One matter he seldom shared, and that was the solution of the daily crossword in *The Times*, usually his first task after breakfast, and completed in almost record time. No one might help in this task but his wife, except on the rare occasions when solution was difficult.

He might have been described as that mythical person of the film and newspaper world, "The Clubman", for he was an ardent member of the New University Club and had a particular affection for the buffalo which looked down so serenely on the smoking-room in that now non-existent place in St. James's Street. He often enjoyed a talk with the head steward, who knew Birmingham well, and delighted to give his circle of friends dinner there, with a bottle of the Chambertin, the supply of which lasted his time. Many a plan has been worked out with him in that top room, which he found such a haven of peace after the storms of

Birmingham and the excitements of our Executive Committees of the A.C.C. or C.U.

It was an embarrassing experience to go with him to see a "show", for he enjoyed the jokes so heartily that his great gales of laughter drew attention to him, yet he was so obviously the provincial enjoying the fun that others began to laugh with him rather than at him.

He enjoyed the comic acrobat and the knockabout turn, and I have often wished I could see him and Sidney Dark at a show together, or enjoyed their company at a meal, for I believe they would have found much in common. "Rosie", in spite of his ancestry, was typically English and Cockney in these ways, and there was a Dickensian flavour about his pleasures. There was also a deep appreciation of the drama and of music; perhaps one of the things he enjoyed most towards the end of his days was the splendid wireless set given him by an admirer, on which he could enjoy the finest music of the world. Only once did he thoroughly dislike a play, and that was in New York and in the smartest theatre, where hardly anyone in the stalls was "dressed" and the seats cost seven dollars!

His closest companions in London were his

colleagues at Abbey House, and he was most friendly with Eric Cheetham and many another of the well-known parish priests of London, for whom he constantly preached; while at home, Canon Long and Canon Belton were closely allied with him, and Francis Underhill (now Bishop of Bath and Wells) never lost that great affection which had grown up when they were associated in parish work. But his good companions were primarily those first named, his own family circle, and his people at St. Agatha's.

Perhaps at Harlech, on his annual golfing holiday in the little primitive cottage, Llanfair Hill, which he rented for many years, he was seen at his best, and the writer was privileged to join in those holidays more than once. Taking no exercise all the year round, he began to play two rounds of golf a day from the moment of his arrival.

It was extremely difficult to get him to walk or swim or do anything but play golf. His handicap was 16, and he was always a rabbit, so that he thoroughly enjoyed telling me when allowed to go round with him—who had no handicap—just how to take a stroke. Royal St. Davids is a "Tiger" course, not suitable for

players of less class. Despairing of ever winning a spoon even in a monthly competition, he proposed a special competition for rabbits with a handicap of 14 and over. The suggestion that this be called the Angora (pronounced Angorwa) was received and adopted with delight by the annual meeting, relates Eric Hamilton, another Harlech devotee, who expresses regret that the proposer did not manage to win even that.

He preached the annual golf sermon at the parish church, attended by all the English visitors, and said Mass each Sunday in the little church at Llanfair in a surplice and Oxford M.A. hood. We argued this matter out and I flatly refused to wear a hood to serve him. Among others of the colony were Georgie Newsom (Master of Selwyn), Bishop Abrahams and all the Graves family, the father noted as the author of *Father O'Flynn*, and his sons Robert and Charles, famous in their own line.

T. H. Ravenhill, his brother-in-law, and a constant companion at these Harlech holidays, says he will remember above all things "Rosie's" great gift of laughter:

> "I shall remember his great gift of laughter, directed nearly always, as I knew it, at

himself or at some situation in which he found himself.

"It is impossible to present it in words—you had to know the man. Especially you had to play golf with him. He and I were both rabbits at the game, both of us hoping, with no great inner confidence, that we would improve. After the round he would describe, with gargantuan laughter, the waning of our hopes. He would then deny that it was of any use to approach the game with any feeling but that of pessimism. 'Do you think,' he would say to me as we approached the first tee, 'that we are in a sufficient state of gloom to begin this detestable game?'

"It was more especially when he was on holiday, free from care, that his laughter irradiated everything in which he took part. He was no athlete, but would occasionally join a party in ascending one of the Welsh mountains. I remember looking round, near the summit of Glyder Fawr, to see him picking his way slowly and gingerly over the rocks. 'I have thought,' he said, 'of an apt description of myself'—and there followed a long quotation from, I think, the *Pilgrim's Progress*. He pronounced his 'R's' like 'W's'

—those who knew him can hear the inimitable laughter ringing out over Snowdonia at the well-chosen phrases.

"He got acute enjoyment out of his misery when learning to drive a car. I accompanied him on one of his first journeys, sitting by his side and telling him what to do. I remember that ride well. He was very nervous about it all, and assumed from the first that everything he met on the road, whether car, cyclist, or pedestrian, was maliciously making things more difficult for him. And all the time he was chuckling at himself for this assumption. 'What shall we do now?' he said, at the end of the journey. 'What about a pint of bitter?' I answered. 'Oh—*admirable* idea—*admirable*,' and again the laughter and the apt well-chosen quotation.

"His quotations would be drawn from the utmost confines of literature. But chiefly he loved Dickens and Jane Austen, Chesterton, Belloc, P. G. Wodehouse—whose *Clicking of Cuthbert* illumined many a dark round of golf.

"And I remember, after a hot and dusty walk, knocking at the door of an inn in Wales. It was shut—we could not drink. He lifted up his voice—the apt quotation this

time was from *Pickwick*—'Oh, the hardness of heart of these inveterate men,' he cried. 'Oh, the abominable cruelty of these inhuman persecutors!'

"But the written words look thin and meaningless. You had to be with him, and you had to feel the soul of the man, to realize what beauty there can be in laughter such as his."

Among the good companions those remarkable animals Taffy and Felix must not be overlooked. Taffy, the spaniel, loved going home to Harlech where he was born, but he missed the daily journey to Mass to which he was accustomed at Birmingham, and the remarkably fine bone which he always received from a friendly butcher on the way back. Felix achieved fame in the press, and indeed had a splendid set of whiskers, although not perhaps so splendid as his master alleged. The writer once bought a picture of a puma with heroic whiskers to present to Felix, who received it with scorn.

Trivial matters, these, yet the daily surroundings of the man we loved, simple things making the background of a man so much in the

public eye that he could never have endured and fought the battle he did without the love of his own circle of friends.

Margaret, who was nearly christened Margaret Ruth—but her father found this an impossible combination of "r's"—with her distinguished career at school, her scholarships and honours degree at Oxford, and Michael, with his prowess at cricket, had grown also to be his especial companions. At the age of 15 Margaret was entertained somewhere to luncheon, and accepted the offer of cider in a pewter mug. "Your father has brought you up well."—"Yes," was the reply, "but by example rather than by precept."

Margaret was a source of great joy and comfort to her father, and he had always hoped that she might find a vocation to write, which perhaps inspired the present of a typewriter on her twenty-first birthday. Equally he rejoiced in her engagement, and her fiancé, John Mills, a brilliant young medical student who has done well both at Oxford and Winchester, became a firm friend and a source of much comfort to him towards the end. Michael also, who had not long left school at the age of 18, was growing to be more and more of a

companion to his father, and Rosie rejoiced at the keenness with which his son entered upon a business career.

But his good companions who loved him so much will never forget that first of all, and far above his children, came his closest companion—Bess, who did so much to make him what he was, and so gladly spared him to us and shared him with us. This attempt to describe him in words must be a poor thing to her, who knew him so much better, but she will forgive its faults, and treasure her own more intimate picture of him.

May his soul rest in peace, and may God find some hard and difficult task for him, and may he be allowed to pray for his companions left desolate without his splendid fellowship.

OUR LORD'S PRAYER

A poem written by G. D. Rosenthal for the Jubilee Pageant of the Mothers' Union.

"*Our Father, which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy Name.*"

Father of all, we bring to thee
Our praises on this jubilee;
For blessings on our Union poured,
And strength to serve thy cause, O Lord;
For home defended; wrong withstood;
For dedicated motherhood;
For answered prayers, for grace received;
For burdens shared, for tasks achieved;
For hopes renewed, for conquered fears;
For succour through these sixty years;
We with united voice acclaim
The glory of thy Holy Name.

Father of all, we bring to thee
Our prayers on this our jubilee;
For grace to serve with heart and hand
The children of our Motherland.
Save those by want and care oppressed,
Who have no home to give them rest;
All lonely folk, all who have known
The bitter parting from their own.
Grant that our sons may never cease
To seek both righteousness and peace;
And keep them safe from war's alarms,
Held in thy everlasting arms.

Father of all, we bring to thee
The tribute of our pageantry.
The Christ-taught words thy Church doth pray
Accept in pictured prayer to-day.

Our simple art will strive to show
Deep truths whose fulness none may know.
Anoint our eyes that we may see
The treasures of this sevenfold plea;
That so in after days whene'er
Our lips repeat Christ's glorious prayer,
More worthily our hearts may pray
For all that we have seen to-day.

"*Thy kingdom come.*"

Ruler of men, thy Kingdom come
In field and city, mart and home;
In every place where men are met
May thy eternal throne be set.
In daily tasks may heaven be found,
Make life's rough pathway holy ground.
May love for thee and love for Man
Give to our lives an ordered plan;
With equal laws and conscience free
Through statecraft dedicate to thee,
And tempered justice to express
Thy mercy and thy righteousness.

Not for our native land alone
We suppliant bend before thy throne.
'Neath every sky, in every tongue
Thy name be known, thy praise be sung.
As once of old the Christmas star
Guided the Magi from afar
To seek at Bethlehem a king
And to his crib their treasures bring,
So may the glorious gospel ray
Shine to earth's utmost bounds to-day,
Till all the world its homage brings,
To own thy rule, great King of Kings.

"*Thy will be done, in earth as it is in heaven.*"

O God of love, whose will doth plan
The welfare of thy creature, Man,
Teach us thy leading to obey
In all we think and do and say:

Like Mary, Mother of the Lord,
Submissive to the angel's word.
Above all mothers she is blessed
Who nursed her God upon her breast,
Who heard his first faint infant cry,
And followed him to Calvary ;
Her broken heart beneath the Rood
The price of her beatitude.

"*Give us this day our daily bread.*"

Lord of all life to thee we plead
For gifts to meet our daily need,
Bless all who toil on sea or land
As agents of thy bounteous hand:
Who sow the corn and plant the vine,
Who brave the perils of the mine,
Who win a harvest from the deep,
Who tend the cows, who watch the sheep,
Who fetch and carry, buy and sell,
Prepare and cook, and manage well;
All these may claim a right to share
In this petition of Christ's prayer.

We pray thee, too, for heavenly Bread,
That Life wherewith our souls are fed;
The Body broken on the tree,
The Blood poured forth to make us free;
The love-gift of our saviour Christ
Hid in the blessed Eucharist.
Ah! who can tell the wondrous power
Bestowed in that still morning hour,
While hurrying crowds rush heedless by
Unmindful that their Lord is nigh.
Guests at his Table may we find
New wit and strength to serve mankind.

"*And forgive us our trespasses, as we forgive them that trespass against us. And lead us not into temptation; But deliver us from evil:*"

For weak consent to conscious wrong,
For faults of temper, sins of tongue,
For every harsh and selfish thought,
For all the hurt our pride has wrought,

For every kindness left undone,
We ask thy pardon, Holy One.
Enable us by thy free grace
To make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
That so our homes may ever be
Joy-filled in being filled with thee;
Their chiefest bliss the gift unpriced,
The benison of Jesus Christ.

Girt with the weapons thou hast given—
The peace and purity of heaven,
Enable us to overcome
The embattled foes of hearth and home.
May we unceasing effort give
To win poor folk the space to live.
Help us to keep inviolate
The honour of the wedded state,
That true to death, through joy, through stress,
Christ's law our Union may confess,
And faithful to his great design,
May proudly claim: This work was mine.

"*For thine is the kingdom, The power, and the glory, for ever and ever.*" *Amen.*

O God who dost true zeal inspire,
Inflame our hearts with living fire,
That with united witness we
May render of our best to thee.
In fellowship one Lord we own,
One Faith we hold, we seek one crown,
With gems of loving toil impearled—
A Union pledged to serve thy world.

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