

BR JAMES, OBLATE O.S.B.
(EUSTACE ST CLAIR HILL, 1873-1953)

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BY
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(EUSTACE ST CLAIR HILL, 1873-1953)

‘What a fine looking man!’ people seeing Br James for the first time were apt to remark; ‘what an old warrior!’ others longer acquainted might murmur, having come to know his powers of endurance and undaunted spirit. Certainly he looked like a retired general, and it was no surprise to hear, after his death - it was characteristic of the man that he did not mention such things himself - from what stout warrior stock he had sprung. His paternal grandfather [[John Humphrey Edward HILL](#)] was a Peninsular and Waterloo veteran who, on applying to the then Duke of York for a pension, mentioned that he had taken part in twenty battles and sieges. He had commanded the Welsh Fusiliers in the Peninsular Campaign, and once even a regiment of Portuguese (whom he described as excellent soldiers), before being eventually disabled by a charge of grapeshot in the shoulder at Waterloo. He got a pension of £300 a year and a C.B. and three out of his four sons served in the army or navy. All his three brothers had been sailors, one being present at Trafalgar. Br James' father [[James Turner HILL](#)], later General Hill, was given a commission in the East India Company, later taken over by the Queen, when he was fifteen, and was in India when the youngest of his six sons was born, at Honiton in Devon, and christened Eustace St Clair. The whole family numbered eleven, but two of the boys died in infancy. Eustace was the future Br James, and he was six years old before his father returned to England again. His mother [[Agnes Jane PENNELL](#)], too, had to leave him when only a year old, and go out to India with the two eldest children to join her husband.

A surviving sister [[Lilian Mary HILL](#)] (2), two years his senior, who has kindly sent us many of these particulars, remembers that it was Eustace's great wish to impress his father with his bravery when he saw him. Yet, she says, too, that he was a very delicate boy and at six suffered from night terrors and the fear of hell - she herself, precociously surely, being partly responsible for the last, as the subject seemed to her to be taken far too lightly in their nursery! As is now generally recognized, sufferings of this kind in childhood can be very intense, and late in life Br James said that as a small boy he had been haunted by fear of hell and the conviction of sin and that *no suffering later had been so terrible*. That he had opened a Bible and on reading some words that were probably ‘God so loved the world, as to give his only begotten Son’ ...(John iii 16) all fear had left him. Nevertheless, some years later when he had been confirmed and came to make his first Holy Communion, he was seen to walk half-way up and then

turn back, feeling himself unworthy. Before that he had been sent to Lancing, where he seems to have got on very well: at all events his devotion to and lively interest in his old school were very marked in later life, and he wrote regularly to his old headmaster till he himself was well into the seventies.

From Lancing he went to Christ Church, Oxford, and presumably by that time he had decided to seek Holy Orders. It appears that he was patriotic to a degree that would be rare to-day, for his sister says that 'his great wish was to serve England, and he wondered if it could be done best by becoming a soldier or by taking Orders. He decided on Orders'. We know little of his life at Oxford, though he sometimes told anecdotes of 'Tommy Strong' and other celebrities he had met there. In a *Life of Bishop Gore*, into which he entered autobiographical notes during his last few years, there is a note which runs: 'I met Gore at Pusey House, 1892, when going to my confession to Stuckey Coles'. This was his first meeting with one who was to be, though perhaps rather indirectly than directly, a momentous influence in his life. Gore, at this time the first Principal of Pusey House, had a few years before founded the Society of the Resurrection, the S.R., and was now busy forming the Community of the Resurrection, the C.R., which in fact took concrete shape this very year. Of this now well-known community, Eustace Hill was to be for many years an active and zealous member. While at the University Eustace took his full part in games and sports: he rowed for his College, and a keen interest in cricket, more especially when South African Test teams were involved, survived even in his last illness.

At twenty-three he went to his first curacy which was at Wrexham, 'then a very drunken mining centre' his sister writes. She goes on to record Eustace's striking popularity with the parishioners.

My Mother and I stayed six months with him there. I was surprised after coming out of church the first Sunday, and joining him, to find we could hardly walk for the crowd around us, which seemed to follow us, and another young curate who was by me, said irritably 'Do let us get out of your brother's crowd and leave him to it. They always follow him like this'.

I spoke to him about it later on and he said: 'It's the easiest thing in the world to be popular, but once you attack evil you lose your popularity. Half the town turned against me when I went for drink and gambling, and vested interests in them'.

It is easy to explain his popularity, at least in part. Besides good looks and other physical assets, he was never a bit shy and was in fact completely unself-conscious. He thoroughly enjoyed social life - the dances, dinner and tennis parties of Victorian days, and 'rags' at college, when he went to

Oxford. He was what is called to-day a good mixer, equally at home with soldiers over their camp fires and in the officers' mess. What he loved most of all, his sister relates, 'was a children's party - if he could have children alone to entertain that was his greatest pleasure. He enjoyed dropping into a miner's cottage in Wrexham, of an evening, when the children were home and the mother busy, and telling them stories over the fire with the little ones on his knee. That was in 1897, when the houses were all overflowing with them!' She gives too a deeper reason: 'He cared intensely for his individual friends, and the possibility of losing their friendship for his convictions, but never valued public opinion. I think men felt with him that he knew them to be capable of much grander things than they thought themselves, and that they could do heroic acts, with the grace of God'.

At Wrexham, Eustace was curate under the Rev. Clement Thomson, who was a member of the Society of the Resurrection and, he says, 'led me to join the S.R. in 1897 and go to the S.R. Retreat at Birkenhead, and also visit Mirfield and lunch with Gore at the C.R. at Westminster'.

After about two years at Wrexham, Eustace Hill went to South Africa as chaplain to the Sisters at St Peter's Home, Grahamstown, where his eldest sister [\[Gertrude Ella HILL\]](#) was one of the community; and in the following year he joined up as C.F. in the Boer War, which broke out in October 1899. Some of his impressions of the campaign are given in an article printed in PAX (Autumn 1941), which he entitled 'Duty and Discipline', two words that were watchwords of his life. 'His deep earnestness and the wholehearted way in which he tackled his job as chaplain, made a very deep impression' wrote one who served with him. He was mentioned in despatches, and his Colonel - much to his horror - wished to recommend him for the V.C. His picture (3), drawn by a black-and-white artist, came out in illustrated London papers with some such caption as 'Padre Hill consoles a dying soldier, under fire', and he was altogether a well-known figure, immensely popular with the troops. An eyewitness has recorded that once, at Grahamstown, two trains were held up because a regiment returning from the front caught sight of him, and many of the soldiers, followed by the engine driver, left their train and swarmed into his coach!

Soon after the war concluded Eustace became assistant chaplain on the Railway Mission, then a comparatively small concern working mostly in the Diocese of Grahamstown. Meanwhile his religious vocation was developing. In 1900, while on sick furlough due to typhoid and dysentery, he had kept the Rule of the Society of the Resurrection. On the Railway Mission his health gave further trouble. An African doctor diagnosed consumption of the throat, though quite incorrectly, hinting that he had only a month to live, and

also burning his patient's throat badly with strong disinfectants! Eustace thereupon resigned his work as C.F. and Railway Missioner, and returned to England, where his throat trouble - laryngitis - was speedily cured, and then went as a probationer to Mirfield in July 1904.

This step was not unconnected with an event of the previous year which one suspects must have affected his religious outlook deeply. In 1903, his mother [[Agnes Jane PENNELL](#)], a widow then for some years, had become a Catholic. She was a woman her family greatly looked up to as well as loved, and Eustace was the son with whom she had most in common. The happening is thus referred to in one of the notes entered long years after in his Life of Gore.

My Mother became a Catholic about 1904 as Girdlestone introduced Litany to B.V.M. at St Andrew's, Worthing. I refused to listen to doctrinal arguments as I felt R.C.s more lax on morals than Anglicans, e.g. indifference to *maisons tolérées* in France, gambling and alcohol. I was repelled by an R.C. I met, but promised Mother if ever the Pope stood *contra mundum* on a moral issue I would join him. The Boer war made me hope Pope would forbid Christians fighting Christians.

This is illuminating: it shows that already, in his twenties, Eustace saw matters of morality as the major issues. His mind was essentially practical. His promise to his mother, too, in the light of his action nearly forty years later, seems almost prophetic. After a year or so, two of his sisters followed their mother into the Church, one of them [[Muriel Agnes HILL](#)] becoming a nun; his two remaining sisters, who had joined Anglican sisterhoods, remained where they were.

After his profession at Mirfield Eustace was sent back to South Africa early in 1906 to join the staff of St. John's College, Johannesburg. Besides his teaching he now became known as a preacher: while in England his throat trouble had induced him to take a voice production course, and as a result he could make himself heard easily all over a big church, seemingly without effort.

In 1906, the Zulu Rebellion broke out in Natal, and 'Padre Hill' took up his work of C.F. with the expedition sent to put it down. A story preserved of him on this occasion illustrates his strong sense of justice.

The officers found the young Zulu boys very useful and employed them, and when they went on to another village took the boys with them as servants in spite of their mothers' protests. The children delighted to run after them but were far too young to be taken from home, and no provision was made for returning them after the campaign. Eustace insisted on making a list of ages, names and villages, and that they should be returned. An officer told him it was

no business of his, and anyway that Eustace could not go on attending to it with them, as the train was full on the next move. Eustace said it was his business and jumped on the train as it was moving, and eventually saw that every child was returned in the end.

After this Zulu War Eustace Hill returned his medals, not being satisfied of the justice of the British case. It may be mentioned here that the Zulus gave him a name meaning 'The Man whose face has looked on God', while the Kafirs called him 'Father of Boots'! This last is obscure till one reflects what impression this more than six-footer, with his great strides, and heavy boots, would be likely to make on a barefoot native. (4)

In spite of his courage in attacking evils, which many supported for their own interests, Eustace Hill had much popularity at Johannesburg, as his sister found when she stayed with him there. She writes:

In 1910 I stayed a month in Jo'burg with him, and an old friend of mine then a Randt mine manager asked me to spend the day with him, and see the mine. Eustace said: 'Do go, but don't talk too much about me!' I said, 'Why not? he is so fond of you'. 'Not now, none of them are. My work has been to get healthy conditions for the natives in the mines and they don't want the expense.' He and others got that done and a hospital built for natives. As a matter of fact Dick bore him no grudge, and I had no difficulty with him.

The crowding round him at Wrexham was repeated at Johannesburg. Before she went out with him one evening to a display of fireworks at which Princess Patricia was present, a man said to his sister: 'You won't be able to see or talk to your brother once the men see him at the fireworks. You had better make up your mind to it and talk to me!' They were soon surrounded, but managed to escape in the darkness by moving quickly to another place.

When the Great War broke out in 1914, Eustace Hill served first as a chaplain in German West Africa and was with General Botha; when that campaign ended victoriously in July 1915 he was transferred to the Western front. Here he again made a big reputation by his courage and devotion to duty. A few years ago *The Church Weekly Newspaper*, published at Durban, produced a 'Centenary' Number with articles covering Anglican church work in South Africa during the past hundred years. An account of 'How the Church of the Province has served the fighting forces' contains the following tribute:

In the Brigade which went to Europe and was nearly annihilated at Denville Wood was Fr Eustace Hill, C.R., whose courage and spirit won him the M.C. and, still more the lasting admiration and affection of every man who knew him¹.

His courage in face of danger was notorious, but his courage in following an unpopular course of action when conscience bade him was as striking - perhaps more so because rarer. Examples of this have been given already but a further one is worth adding here. When he first got to France he wrote how charmingly the officers treated him. Then there was fear that the soldiers were getting too friendly with the Germans and liking their prisoners, and as a counter measure men were sent out to teach them to hate them, on the supposition that this would make them readier to fight. In this case Eustace said, the 'hate propagandist' did it wonderfully well. He himself preached the next Sunday on 'Love your enemies', and said the country had a right to order a man's body, and that it was a soldier's duty to fight, but no man could command a soul and the command stood: 'Love your enemies'.

When he next went to Mess, the Colonel turned his back on him, not an officer would sit down by him, and he had a long time of being ostracized. Then unexpectedly one day the Colonel said: 'Padre, you were quite right to preach as you did', and he then had no more trouble.

The War cost him very dear, for in 1917 he lost his right arm. This occurred under the following circumstances, relates his sister.

He was going out at night with the Wesleyan C.F. into No Man's Land, to carry wounded to the stretcher bearers who waited in comparative safety for them. They had brought in thirty the night before, and Eustace made a point of never taking cover, walking upright. He didn't believe the Germans would fire on the Red Cross, if openly shown. But this night a wounded soldier called to him 'Take cover, a sniper is waiting for you!' and for the first time he dropped on his knees. The man fired and a bullet went through his wrist and another through his foot. He crawled back with his arm over his back, so as not to get dirt in the wound, but got delirious and used both arms. He lost all sense of direction but dropped unconscious into the South African trench.

By the time they got him to hospital in Rouen, the whole forearm was gangrened, as earlier the surgeon had refused to take off his hand though he begged him to, saying 'You don't know what it is to lose a right hand'.

Though forty-four and minus his right arm, Fr Eustace returned to the front line as soon as he could, and the next year was taken prisoner. He was

¹ There were persistent rumours, some of which reached us at Prinknash, that he won the V.C., and other rumours that he refused it. As he said 'You don't refuse the V.C.' but it is safe to say that he discouraged any attempt to get it for him. He did not mind the M.C., as so many had it.

reported missing, and a fellow C.F. testified that he had been last seen taking a message that we were firing on our own men and carrying it through heavy machine-gun fire. The C.F. said 'He is a born soldier and leader, but he can hardly have got through'. He did get through, however, and came back safely only to find the white flag up and be taken prisoner. He then had some months of captivity at the Schweidntz prison camp, Upper Silesia. He suffered much from hunger as rations were very short, but of this period he told the present writer that though he had dreaded to be taken prisoner so much that he had prayed he might die first, he had found his imprisonment the most valuable experience of his whole life - it had brought him into such intimate contact with 700 officers and men. This doubtless gave a great opportunity for apostolic work, such as he always yearned for. He was among the first to be released after the Armistice.

After the War he returned to St John's College, Johannesburg, where in 1922 he succeeded the retiring headmaster. He held the post for the term of eight years, throwing himself into the work with characteristic enthusiasm; and when he himself retired, at the end of 1930, was given a splendid send-off by the school, which had prospered wonderfully under his care. Not only was surprising progress made with the buildings but the establishment of the School Mission was a notable achievement. A very typical anecdote relating to his retirement has been kindly sent us from Mirfield.

When he laid down the headmastership of St. John's, the Council naturally enough wished to mark their appreciation of his notable work for the College. But well aware of his outstanding selflessness they felt rather shy of approaching him. There was too the question of whether a member of a religious community could receive a personal gift. So in the end they decided to broach the subject on the telephone. At first he couldn't quite grasp what the message was about, but as soon as he understood that he was being asked what he would like to have, 'More brains' was his terse and emphatic answer, and down went the receiver!

On hearing of Br James' death, the present headmaster of the College wrote to us as follows:

Father Hill to us who are now at St John's was a very great name, even to those masters and boys who cannot remember him here; so much of the characteristic ethos of St John's is due to him. The affectionate regard in which he was held by those who were under him as headmaster was indicated by the number who came to the Requiem here; to a whole generation he had given an example of utter devotion to God and His Church, without a thought of self. It is, I think, really significant that his Military Cross, which to most men would have been a personal treasure, he hid behind the crucifix which hangs on the wall of our

sacristy here.

The year 1930 had been a fateful one for him in another and sadder way. We do not know when the matter of 'Birth Control' first began to take the foremost place it took later in his mind, but when the Lambeth Conference in 1930 went back on its earlier decision and gave a qualified approval to the use of contraceptives in certain cases, it struck him a great blow - a mortal one it proved so far as his membership of the Anglican Communion was concerned.

Back in England, he was placed at the London House of the Mirfield Community, and Bishop Gore, who had himself been 'quite overcome with grief' when he heard the Lambeth decision, invited his active help on behalf of the 'League of National Life'.² This was an international organization formed to combat 'birth control' propaganda, and Gore had been its chief founder.

In the next two or three years therefore Eustace did a good deal of speaking and other work on behalf of the League. It proved to be an unpopular crusade, sad to say, and he - who on an earlier visit to England had been inundated with invitations to preach - now found himself generally cold-shouldered. Clergymen complained that he emptied their churches. His difficulties were increased because he refused to accept a licence from any bishop who had accepted the Lambeth Resolution.

He was restless under these conditions, and when a few years later the Archbishop of Cape Town invited him to take up once more the work of the Railway Mission, he consented gladly, with the approval and support of his Community. He returned to Africa early in 1935, was made head of the Mission and carried on the work with much zeal and self-sacrifice for some three years. All this time however the question of submission to Rome was in his mind. It seemed that the Pope's Encyclical *Casti connubii*, which had appeared in the same year as the fateful Lambeth Conference, furnished the case he had visualized many years before of the Pope standing *contra mundum* in defence of a matter of grave moral principle. And in that event he had promised his mother, in 1905, that he would become a Catholic.

He still had no attraction to the Roman Church, and he had for long strongly resented the efforts of those he called 'Romanisers', i.e. those who introduced modern Catholic practices and devotions into the Church of England services.

² One of Br James' Notes reads: 'In 1931 Bp. Gore spoke much to me about L. N. and his proposing me to be an active member of Executive Committee. He asked me write an article on British Racial Suicide in S. Africa for the Journal of L. N. L.'

The following note written in his *Life of Gore*, explains a good deal.

1929 St. John's College, JHB

When Romanisers neither gave us the R. Liturgy nor the C. of E., using the former privately and mutilating the other by omissions ... I thought I must resign. Remonstrance useless. I went to O.G.H. Party, Bloemfontein, *very* sad. At 1 a.m. a *voice* awoke me saying 'No' and pouring comfort into me, and on for days and weeks³: it was not a moral issue, on which, if the Pope was 'contra mundum' I promised mother in 1905 I would be on the Pope's side. I saw I had to *tolerate Romanisers*. But in August 1930, a moral issue arose and by 1938 the C. of E. was on the side of the World and not on side of Pope on *Contraception* issue. In 1938 Synod of S. African Bishops asked Archbishop Phelps to bid me resign. I proved minor criticisms wrong - entirely - and that left Truth clear. R XV was Heresy and schism I could *not tolerate*. Prison better ... Prinknash best.

Under these conditions Fr Hill left for England at the end of April 1938, warmly regretted by a host of friends and admirers. One very old friend, writing of him in the *Railway Mission Quarterly Paper* (Summer 1938), ended with a graphic character-sketch that will be recognized as true by all who knew the man it describes:

It is difficult to write what is called an 'appreciation' of one who has been a life-long friend and is still in what is known as 'the land of the living', but if I were asked to specify the outstanding characteristic of Eustace Hill I should say it was his complete moral fearlessness. There were no greys or browns in his mind, everything was either white or black. If it were black, every Christian must oppose it tooth and nail; if it were white, everybody must go all out for it. Eustace would never make a diplomatist or a statesman, but he has made a mighty fine Christian.

Before Eustace sailed from Cape Town he had arranged not to go straight back to England, but to first spend several weeks in France and Italy in company with the sister who has supplied so much of this information. Doubtless he hoped that a stay in Catholic countries, or countries in which at least the dominant religion was Catholic, would help him to come to a decision in regard to the Church question. He was unable to get a passage on a British liner, so had to take one on the *Caesario*, Mussolini's fine new ship, bound for Genoa. This seems providential, as it was nearly filled with pilgrims going to the Eucharistic Congress at Budapest, including the Apostolic Delegate to South Africa, who gave Eustace an audience in his

³ As for the 'voice', Br James said that when the time came eventually to leave the Church of England, he found himself similarly directed.

state cabin. Some of Eustace's friends had told him that the Encyclical *Casti connubii* was only 'shop window dressing' but the Apostolic Delegate insisted that the teaching of the Encyclical was real and vital, and this judgment Eustace Hill found confirmed by several priests he consulted later in Florence and Rome. His sister who joined him at Genoa had been a Catholic for many years, and much to her surprise and joy, he went with her to Mass every morning. The churches and contact with Catholics (in Rome he made a special friendship with Mgr Henry Pierce, a distinguished American convert) did their work, and before Eustace landed in England he had decided to make his submission.

He had now to break the news to his old Community of Mirfield, who received it with all brotherly kindness and sympathy, and to decide on his own future. He thought first of the Dominicans, wishing to continue active apostolic work, and stayed at Hawkesyard, but talks with Fr Hugh Pope, O.P., convinced him that his disablement made ordination to the priesthood impossible, and he was considered to be too old for Dominican life. He was recommended to try Prinknash. But he first had to be received into the Church, and after a preliminary retreat, made his submission at the Church of the English Martyrs, Preston, on the Vigil of St James, 23rd July 1938. Preston was chosen as his Catholic nun sister [[Muriel Agnes HILL](#)] was a Sister of Charity there, and helped to arrange his reception. To his grief she died that same year. He had ideas of living with a parish priest and working to spread Catholic moral teaching, but nothing came of it, and soon after he found his way to Prinknash and before long became an Oblate Regular there. He received the white habit as an Oblate novice on 8th February 1939.

He was already sixty-five, or over, and used to taking the lead and exercising responsibility; the change over to a life lived under obedience and so much separated from the outer world was naturally a great trial to him. He was sometimes restive, chiefly in the first years at Prinknash, but by degrees adapted himself remarkably well. The community soon learned to admire his rugged strength of character, his zeal, patience, unceasing industry and other qualities. One of us, who was his Prior at Farnborough for several years, writes:

He was a wonderful old man, with a very strong character. I think what I admired in him most was the way he gradually submitted himself in obedience first to the Church and then to the community. It must have cost him a lot, as he was the most independent person in mind and character that I have known. He was most remarkable in his campaign for 'chaste marriage', where he was in danger of becoming a fanatic, but allowed himself to be directed by obedience, and was eventually able to accomplish a really useful work.

Perhaps the best way to try to show Eustace Hill, now Br James, in his last stage of his strenuous and eventful life is to add two other impressions from members of our community who knew him well. Two of those who lived with him here at Farnborough, as well as at Prinknash, wrote as follows. (It may be mentioned that the first Note is from our librarian):

It is not easy to set down one's impressions of Br James in a sentence, for he was a many-sided person - though 'complex' would be quite the wrong word. He was indeed essentially simple, in the noblest sense of that word, and all the various facets were harmonized without difficulty. One recalls first of all the bowed figure, totally absorbed in prayer: no one was more a man of prayer. But equally characteristic was the sight of him reading Punch and indulging in the most delightful chuckles; or he might be absorbed in some stiff book, which he would read and - unfortunately - mark, with assiduous care. We also remember his tall figure in a strange costume marching off - with a mattock over his shoulder to spend an afternoon, wet or fine, slashing about the weeds in the garden. His very face, though rugged in repose, could yet light up with the sunniest of smiles. But though all these activities were characteristic his whole life was dominated by, or - as he would have preferred to think - consecrated to the all-absorbing fight for social righteousness. And it is thus that we finally think of him, as 'God's Warrior' who knew no fear of moral or physical evil, and fought the fight to the very end, when he felt the time had come to hand over his arms and go to meet his Master.

The second tribute comes from one who helped him a good deal in his literary undertakings:

Brother James was a man one could never forget. Tall, handsome even in old age, his right arm missing as a heritage from World War No. 1, he commanded respect from the start. But when one knew him respect became deep affection. He was one of those simple, somewhat rugged, and transparently sincere characters whom no one could help loving. If he had had the inclination and the arm to write with, he could have written an autobiography packed with interest, but he was not made that way. The episodes of his life had a way of reappearing spontaneously and in disjointed fashion. Chaplain in World War I (as he had been in the Boer War) he undertook it all with the zeal of a Crusade, though in later years as a Catholic I think deeper experience of human motives mellowed his enthusiasm. But he was always what one might call a 'fire-eater', and his military fearlessness still found expression when as an Oblate he would have gone out into the streets to hawk pamphlets and to protest to one and all against one of our great violations of the moral law. Had he been permitted to do this, he would have been superbly indifferent to what passers-by might think or say, just as he was if one burst in when he was having a bath. To lock the door he considered superfluous convention, and one's entry would be greeted

with a hearty 'come in'. As one member of the community remarked to me, joking yet serious, 'If Br James had two arms, he wouldn't be here'. Yet with one arm he became exemplary in a life which allows of but little external contact. With all his zeal he was no fanatic, he had a keen sense of humour and would shake with laughter recounting past events till tears came to his eyes. We shall miss him in the garden, mattock in hand, slashing out weeds - and other things too. His going leaves a big gap which can only be filled again when we meet in God.

DOM MICHAEL HANBURY, O.S.B.

NOTE. The Lambeth Resolution regarding Contraception has been referred to several times in this article. Most regrettable as it was, we do not wish to exaggerate its significance, and are therefore glad to print the following note, kindly sent us by an Anglican correspondent.

I wonder if it is realized that the Lambeth Conference is only a Consultative gathering and that its resolutions have no authority until they are passed by provincial synods? Resolution 15 of the L. C. of 1930 has never even been brought before any provincial synod of the Anglican communion and I should think is generally regretted (the late Archbishop Lang certainly regretted it). It was the one resolution of that Conference (1930) of which the votes for and against were published, so strongly were some of the bishops opposed to it.

Handwritten notes by William Tosco Hill PEPPE:

- (1) Eustace HILL was my 1st cousin once removed and my Godfather
- (2) Lily
- (3) I had this picture framed in my room at Brymfafarm but presume it disappeared after the breakup in 1937 when my father died.
- (4) HILL feet were notoriously large!

Comments and links in square brackets [Name] added by Flemming PEDERSEN