

**JOSHUA
ROWNTREE**

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Joshua Rowntree by S. E. Robson

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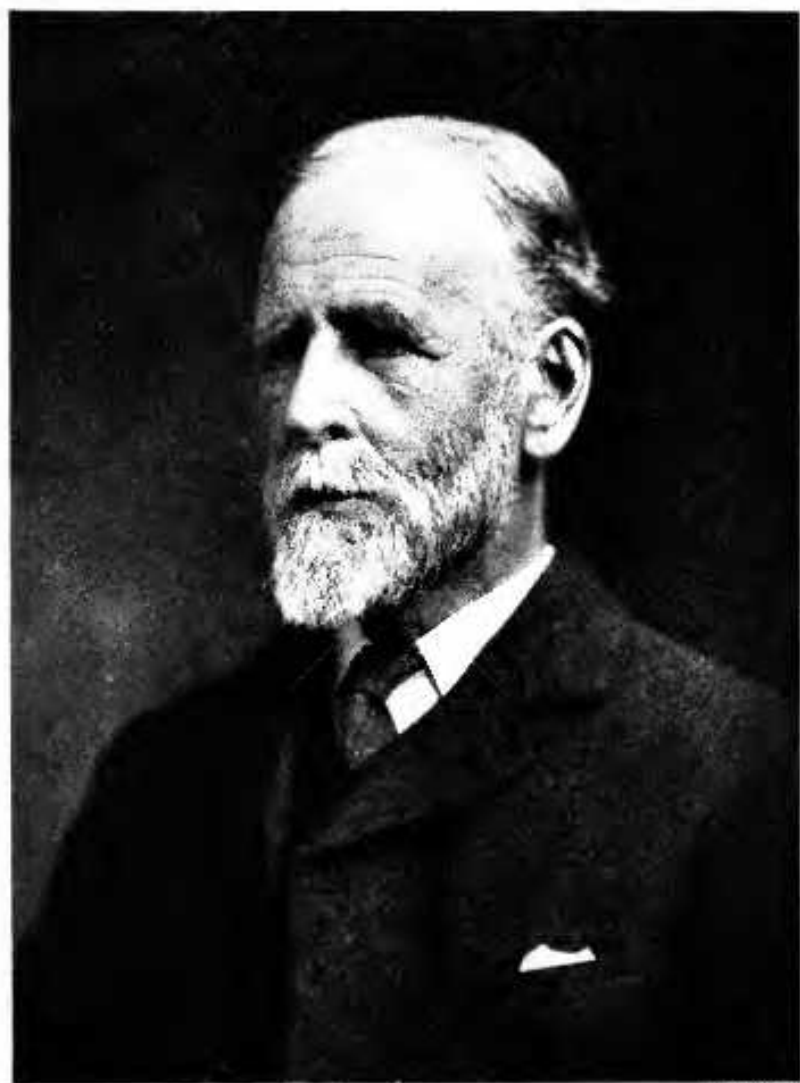
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S. E. ROBSON

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J. Elliott & Fry.

JOSHUA ROWNTREE.

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BY

S. E. ROBSON

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

J. RENDEL HARRIS, M.A., D.LITT.



UNIVERSITY OF
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AUTHOR'S NOTE

I DESIRE to record my grateful thanks to Mr. John Dillon, M.P., and Mr. T. Healy, M.P., for their kind permission to print the passages of this book which relate to them; also to Mrs. Keir Hardie for her willing consent to the publication of her late husband's letter, and to Mr. E. Richard Cross, for the details of the perjury case in Chapter II, and other information kindly contributed by him.

It is impossible to thank by name all those who have placed letters and papers at my disposal, and who have contributed valuable reminiscences, but my gratitude is sincere, especially to some who have given lavishly of their time and experience and whose advice and criticism have been of the greatest help.

To those who are nearest of all it would be an impertinence to offer thanks. I can only ask them to forgive all the shortcomings in my work.

S. E. R.

March 1916.



FOREWORD

THE suggestion has been made to me that I should write a few lines by way of preface to this memorial volume, which contains in epitome the story of the life of a lifelong friend, something of what he was, an intimation of what he aspired to be, and the inevitable conclusion that there was much that men ignored in him, even his friends and lovers who wished most to know.

This suggestion has, on one side, a natural attractiveness. It ought to be materialized; it would be if it knew how to be. His face is one of those that, if we were artists, we should want to paint, either with the dull craft of lines of ink, or the more various limnings of memory and affection that use the rainbow for their treasury of colour, and steal the rays of the setting sun for their illumination. Those who knew him well want to say to others that they should have known him; those who knew him best find it hardest to say how he was to be known. The suggestion even of an inscription of love falls upon encumbered ground. His own retiring spirit leaves a legacy of

menace to those who would discourse about him; he is trying to upset my tiny inkpot as I write. Public man as he was, citizen, world-man, politician, minister of the Word, he lived in a retreat and worked from it. You might be sure he was at the forefront when hard or daring deeds had to be done, and that winning causes knew him at the end of their long day, and losing causes, or what seemed to be such, knew him in the strain of their long night. It was quite another thing to find him at home in his real home of the spirit; only sometimes it happened that one's own burrow opened into his, and the discovery was made of a communication trench lying on another plane than the plane of conventional living, and by that road, once found, it was easy to find him again. The heavy artillery of death has not battered it in, the quick continuous fire of time and change will not fill it up, though it covers many things, as though they had not been. If that be true, we may say of our friend, of our friends, whom we have known in God, and loved in the Light of God, that they are nearer to us than ever, by the fact that they cannot be removed; and we scarcely need to talk of seeing them again, they have gone such a little way from us.

RENDEL HARRIS.

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