

Blackfriars

a diminution of the true nature of neither. Theology is not an appendix to science; science not inerey ancillary to theology. In itself, science is neither theistic not atheistic, nor is it concerned to establish or deny theological or philosophical principles. The unpredictable jump of the atom no more proves free-will, for instance, than the old scientific determinism disproved it.

Admitting all the strictly scientific discoveries of modern times, Catholic teaching remains unshaken. Professor Julian Huxley has told us of how science has forced theology to shift from various positions—a flat earth, a geocentric universe, a material heaven aloft and so-on. This reminds Fr. Walker of the stockbroker who was accosted by a friend with the remark: 'I hear you made a hundred thousand dollars in Chicago last week over a deal in cotton.' To which the stockbroker replied: 'What you say is more or less correct; only it wasn't last week, it was the week before; and it wasn't in Chicago, it was in New York; and it wasn't in cotton, it was in wool; and it was not a hundred thousand dollars, it was *one* thousand dollars; and I didn't make them, I lost them.' Another good point he makes is that the disinclination of Catholic thinkers to accept the popular hypothesis of Evolution can be explained, not by prejudices acquired from Scripture or their traditional philosophy, but by a habit of mind formed by a rigorous training in the use of logic.

Once or twice the distinction between the fields of science and philosophy seems rather blurred: and is it true that the notion of duration is bound up with actual change? The price is reasonable, but the book certainly deserved something better than its cheap-looking cover. It should be bought by all who desire a clear and very readable account of the relations of Catholic theology and modern science.

T.G.

NIGHT OUT. By Rupert Croft-Cooke. (Jarrolds; 7/6.)

Mr. Louis Golding heralds this book with a pæan of praise that is likely, I think, to redound to the author's discredit while it successfully advertises the novel. I refer to the phrase 'it is a book which diabolically analyses the futility of a lost generation': that surely does less than justice to this 'rattling good story': to my mind it suggests a malicious triumph over the myopic and the wilfully blind, and I find Mr. Croft-Cooke so sincere in his single-mindedness, and so—albeit starkly—truthful, that the suggestion of malice prompts me to defend him

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against his friend! The tale of an average, agreeable young man in revolt against average life in what the Prince of Wales has characterised as 'a world sick with weary doubt,' his examination of it, and his fight against it with the awful dénouement may not be new, but no one, to my knowledge, has told it as well as Mr. Croft-Cooke or as conscientiously. Perhaps the Catholic speaker in Hyde Park might have been rather more mundane and so more convincing, and perhaps the prelude to Justus' adventure might have been shortened (though there is none too much of the story) and perhaps there is one touch of realism that is just too cruel to be necessary; otherwise I have no adverse criticism to offer. I offer my congratulations on this book and my welcome to its successor.

R.R.

A LAST CHANCE IN KENYA. By Norman Leys. (The Hogarth Press; 8/6.)

Kenya presents problems that are not found in any other British Colony or dependency. It used to be the main highway for the slave trade that was carried on in brutal fashion by Arab raiders from the coast. To destroy this inhuman traffic, the British Government about forty years ago started to build what is known as the Uganda Railway, some six hundred miles long, to connect Uganda and Lake Victoria Nyanza with the Coast at Mombasa.

Then, when it was realised that the Kenya highlands at elevations up to seven thousand or eight thousand feet, had a delightful climate suitable for white settlers, many of these began to take up land. The problem at present is how to form a system of government which is satisfactory to white settlers, Indians, and natives, and it has not been an easy one to solve.

Mr. Norman Leys, the writer of *A Last Chance in Kenya*, has lived there many years. He is obviously a sincere and honest man, but he is one of those enthusiasts who go a bit too far in their championship of the native Africans' cause. He seems to believe that great injustice is being done, and that all such 'injustices' are wanton and consciously selfish inflictions by the white unofficial upon the native African for the ruthless self-benefits of the white unofficial.

He seems to regard the government of the country from the Governor downwards as comprised of fools or knaves. Mr. Leys seems reluctant to give credit to a single soul, official or unofficial, for possessing even commonsense with plain straight-