

## Book Reviews

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-

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forward honesty of mind and purpose. All this exaggeration defeats the very purposes and ideals Mr. Leys has at heart. It is a great pity that he indulges in so much exaggeration for, up to a point, there is a great deal of truth in his criticisms of the general system and policy of local Governments. Things move rapidly in new countries and many quite unexpected things happen. This book suffers from being destructive in nearly every paragraph and constructive in few or none. Mr. Leys blames the authorities (and says they are being egged on by the settlers) for withholding from the natives opportunities for their own systems of home life and native government. Again he criticises Sir Donald Cameron for giving the native councils so much independent power that sundry chiefs are able to impose their own wills upon the tribes they rule.

The natives are daily becoming more conscious of the inferiority of their position in the body politic and economic. They are rapidly learning—or imitating—many lessons from the white man. That is an inevitable change and calls for guidance—firm guidance—not mere weakness such as that of an inefficient governess in a schoolroom of children who would like to boss their own teachers.

**SAINT AUGUSTINE.** By Heinrich Hubert Lesaar; translated by T. Pope Arkell. (Pp. xii, 280. Burns, Oates & Washbourne; 6/-.)

Any attempt at making the great Bishop of Hippo better known must be welcomed and Mr. Pope Arkell has presented us with a readable translation of Lesaar's volume. But the author himself disarms criticism by saying in his *Preface* that as he proceeded in his task he realised more and more his own incompetence; he insinuates—he does not say so explicitly—that he felt he had not a sufficiently intimate acquaintance with St. Augustine's works. He has certainly left us with the impression that had he read more assiduously he would have written somewhat differently. For though interesting, this *Life of St. Augustine* contains many unguarded statements. For example: that Africa was converted by Roman missionaries (p. 4); that Augustine was the eldest son (p. 7)—is there any proof of this? that Monica wanted to have him baptized (p. 13); that his father became a catechumen 'probably for political reasons' (p. 20). The tendency to read between the lines and make the narrative more lively betrays itself repeatedly, e.g., pp. 14, 39, 44, 48, etc. Did Monica actually forbid Augustine to eat at her table? She thought of doing so, it is true. Was