

time during the second world war when, marooned in Peking, he had to content himself in this respect with taking his geologist's hammer with him on Sunday picnics in the nearby hills, he was a constant traveller and explorer. The places of origin of these letters, and his magnificent descriptions of them and their inhabitants, constitute a record of wanderings many times, in sum, over the face of the earth. Years, of course, were spent in China (with return visits to France as often as he could manage them—there was something about Paris which he, the most cosmopolitan of all men, could never do without for very long), and in China he ranged far and wide through the Mongolian and Gobi deserts, on those splendid expeditions through which he gained, not only scientific eminence but, more important, that 'feeling' for the world, both in time and space, that give him such astonishing insight into the full implications of the fact of the Incarnation. But as well as China, here are journeys to Ethiopia, and Burma, to Northern India, Java, America and South Africa—and, of course, Rome! His accounts of people and places everywhere show that deep sensitivity and open-hearted response for which 'love' is the only fitting word. He loved his neighbour, and he recognized a neighbour in everything as well as everyone he met.

The translation is the best to date of Teilhard's writings, possibly because the subject-matter is so much easier. Those who have hitherto been put off by his Gallic lyricisms, should make this volume compulsory reading. Here is no idle dreamer, spinning webs of phantasy, as some of his critics have supposed. Here is the essential man, down to earth and practical, as gentle as a dove, certainly, but also wise as we are instructed to be wise in the ways of the world. He wanted his worldly platform, in the form of scientific honours, in order to gain a hearing not only from the world in general but also from those obscurantists within the Church towards whom he showed such forbearance. The collapse, by orders of Rome, of his hopes for the chair in the Collège de France, and the final refusal of the publication of *Le Phénomène Humain*, in 1948, were grievous blows and hints of sadness creep into his letters after this time. But he prayed, and asked for prayers, that he might 'end well'. His prayers were answered to the full.

One of the three items that form the introduction to the book starts, in the words of Pierre Leroy, S.J., 'The look in his eyes when they met your eyes revealed the man's soul'. There are two magnificent photographs which amply confirm this statement.

BERNARD TOWERS

CHURCH AND STATE IN HISTORY, by Douglas Woodruff (Faith and Fact Books); Burns and Oates; 8s. 6d.

This book deserves a warm welcome. If only, one is tempted to exclaim, it could have come out thirty years ago! It is strikingly planned in a series of chapters: The Church and the Roman Empire, the Church and Feudal Society,

the Church and the Emergent Nation-States. Then follow chapters on the relations of the Church with the Protestant princes and with the Catholic monarchs, on the nineteenth century and the twentieth century states. In addition, Mr Woodruff has provided the reader with notes on the American tradition (a particularly useful piece of writing), on the Catholic monarchies and on nuntios and legations. At last, then, we have what has long been wanted, an historical essay, explanatory rather than 'apologetic', by means of which the twentieth century observer can see the problems of Church and State, whether of the past or of his own day, in their proper perspective, and by which he can appreciate how the methods and objectives tended to shift from one period to another so that what the ruler of one age were only too willing should be the business of the Church will be regarded by them in the next in a very different light. There is a test for this sort of book, from which it emerges successfully: it conveys the sense of practical reality. These are real men, pushed forward by events and currents of thought and policy, working in the context of their own generation, its problems and institutions.

There are a few points of no great importance on which a reader may be allowed to hesitate. On page 16 the British origin of St Helena, which was so proudly proclaimed by our ancestors, is not maintained. On page 44 the real background and effect of *Praemunire* is very insufficiently considered, and on page 46 it might have been worth while to give the reader a full idea of the purposes which lay behind Boniface VIII's policy. On page 56 one wonders whether there is really any firm foundation for the attractive story that Henry VII intended that the future Henry VIII should be Archbishop of Canterbury, though it is true that the youthful Prince Rupert was to be suggested as a likely man for the see of Durham. And today the Catholicism of Shakespeare's father is, I believe, considered to be more doubtful than Mr Woodruff supposes on page 60.

T. CHARLES EDWARDS

IN SEARCH OF A YOGI, by Dom Denys Rutledge; Routledge; 30s.

IMJI GETSUL, by Lobzang Jivaka; Routledge; 28s.

Both of these books are concerned to interpret something of Eastern religion to the West, the one Hinduism, the other Tibetan Buddhism. They are both by educated Englishmen, who went to see for themselves. The first is a Benedictine, the second a Buddhist monk. The first is more serious. Dom Denys Rutledge, after some years spent in establishing the beginnings of an Indian Benedictine community, decided it was time for him to withdraw from it, to let as it were the Indian modulation of Benedictine life develop on its own. On his way home he took the opportunity to check some of the claims put forward by Hinduism for the powers obtainable by the practice of yoga. The book is