

## BOOK REVIEW

**Love One Another.** Raoul Follereau. London. Burns and Oates in association with the Raoul Follereau Foundation for the Fight Against Leprosy 1968, pp. 270, 35s net. Translation by Barbara Wall.

This is a book of reminiscence full of warm sentiment, by a man who has devoted his life to the causes of the oppressed and afflicted, with special emphasis on the relief of victims of leprosy. He is known to all who work in that field as the originator of World Leprosy Day and founder of the Raoul Follereau Foundation for the Fight Against Leprosy. In the course of some forty years of devotion to these causes, he has—in his own words—“travelled two million kilometers . . . visited two hundred countries, crossed and recrossed frontiers a thousand times . . . and distributed two millions of francs (i.e., old francs) to the victims of leprosy.” Now, after all these years, he has elected “to take stock and remember.”

The basic theme of the book is well covered by its title. Deeply religious personally, although nonsectarian in his ap-

peal, he has fought to break down the barriers of prejudice, oppose all forms of selfishness, and promote the cause of charity and social service. With respect to leprosy he said, in retrospect, “perhaps the greatest lesson of the fight . . . will be not so much the sick who have been cured, the lives that have been saved, the men who have been freed, as that truth . . . often repeated: without love nothing is possible; with love nothing is impossible.”

The book is replete with personal reminiscences of travel, visits to the sick, notes on his association with great men and women who were themselves fighters for reform, and personal letters from some of these. The volume closes with testimonies assembled by friends who had followed his career, pithy statements of his own on the illogic and futility of class struggle and war, copies of petitions Follereau himself addressed to the world's great statesmen, and finally selections extracted from his own writings.

It is a book that lives up to its title.—E. R. LONG