

and sons and brothers who have made the supreme sacrifice. Its treatment by the well known English preacher and writer, Dr. J. D. Jones, of Bournemouth, in a series of sermons without texts, under the title *If a Man Die* (Hodder & Stoughton, London, New York and Toronto, 231 pages, \$1.25), is well reasoned, careful, and convincing. The list of Chapter titles indicates the line of thought. *If a Man Die*; *If It Were Not So*; *The Banished Fear*; *Spirit with Spirit Can Meet*; *With What Body do They Come*? *Shadow and Substance*; *At Long Last*; *The Open Door*.

Like Professor Law, Dr. Jones has much to say of the "spiritual body." "I often wonder whether we are really creating that spiritual body here and now—creating that spiritual envelope of the soul which shall afterwards be revealed as its time and expression and instrument . . . whether the spiritual body of the resurrection life may not be the garb which during these mortal years the soul has woven for itself." The study, under leadership such as that of Dr. Jones, of death's tragedy and the triumphs of the life beyond, will help not only to the bearing more bravely of our portion of the sorrow of the time, but will nerve us to share valiantly in the endless struggle for the betterment of this sinful and suffering world.

Two stories which have come to our desk are linked together by a somewhat striking coincidence. Both are spy stories, and in both the spy, who, up to the very close of the stories, is made to appear as a leader in a German conspiracy, turns out to be a spy playing a most important and perilous, and in the end, a highly successful part, in a British counterplot. Apart from this coincidence there is a wide difference between the stories, while each of them is of thrilling interest. *The Web*, by Frederic Arnold Kummer (The Century Company, New York, McClelland & Stewart, Toronto, 280 pages, \$1.50 net), goes back to those anxious days in British Admiralty circles, when Admiral Cradock's squadron had been so disastrously defeated in the Pacific and Sturdee's squadron was being sent out to do battle with the victorious von Spee. Against a background of intricate and baffling intrigue, in which British wits matched themselves against German wits in the effort to discover and despatch information of vital importance to one side or the other, stand out the thrilling adventures of a man and woman who risked their all in their country's cause. In *The Apartment Next Door*, by William Johnston (Thomas Allen, Toronto, 301 pages, \$1.50), Jane Strong, the daughter of well-off parents living in a Riverside apartment house in New York, becomes "K-19," an agent of Secret Service agents who are

hunting down German conspirators just after the United States has entered the War. Set to watch two suspicious looking "Germans" in the next apartment to her own home, her horror at finding apparently conclusive proof that the younger of her two neighbors, with whom she has fallen in love, as well as the elder, is an enemy spy, creates a tense situation relieved by the discovery skilfully held back till the very close of the tale, is really a British naval officer detailed to thwart German plots.

"Eighty foot of match boarding shaped like a razor, with an engine room (500 horsepower, by the way) taking up one-third the space, and four huge tanks to contain fuel for a long patrol, does not leave very much space for anything else," is Lieut. Eric Dawson, of the Royal Navy Volunteer Reserve's, description, in *Pushing Water* (Frederick D. Goodchild, Toronto, 123 pages, \$1.00 net), of one of the "movie" fleet of motor boats which patrolled every inch of the turbulent sea about the coasts of Britain, night and day, during the long four and a half years of the War, and without which patrol, the greater vessels of the Grand Fleet could not have done their work. Lieut. Dawson went from the Rockies, early in the War, exchanging the mountains for the sea, and going through hardships and lonesomeness and perils which were not surpassed in any other branch of the service. The "movie" motor boat was a new thing in sea fighting, and the officers and men were mostly landsmen hastily trained for the new job. What it was like, and how they went unflinchingly through with it till the time of peace came, is told by the young lieutenant with boyish vivacity, and with a skill and sense of the picturesque and humorous which are quite exceptional. His little verses entitled, *Letters from Home*, by which the story is prefaced, pathetically reveal one universal phase of the experience of our overseas boys. They are worth quoting entire, even though the boys are home.

"Night like a sable pall
And the clouds hang low,
And out of the gloom a star
Shoots by with a pale white glow.
Feet that stumble—and eyes
That have lost their sight—
A voice whispers "Courage!"
A hand stretched out in the night.
Dawn—and the day breaks drear—
And how will it end?
Hope murmurs once again
In the voice of a friend.

So are your letters to me
From across the sea—
Winged Courage, winged Cheer,
And Hope for what is to be."