

as a rushing white streak in the dark water, and was coming towards the destroyer with the speed of an express train, coming like a bullet out of a gun.

"Hard over!" cried the captain. The wheel spun, the roaring, trembling ship turned in the dark. A strange thing happened. Just as the destroyer had cleared the danger line the torpedo, as if actuated by some malevolent intelligence, porpoised, and actually turned again towards the vessel. The fate of the destroyer lay on the knees of the gods. Those on the bridge instinctively braced themselves for the shock. The affair seemed to be taking a long time, a terribly long time. An instant later the contrivance rushed through the foaming wake of the destroyer only a few yards astern, and, continuing on, disappeared in the calm and glittering dark. A floating red light suddenly appeared just ahead, and at the same moment all caught sight of the Zemblan.

She was hardly more than half a mile away. Somebody aboard her had evidently just thrown over one of those life-buoys with a self-igniting torch attachment, and this buoy burned a steady orange red just off that side on which the vessel was listing. The dark, stricken, motionless bulk leaned over the little pool of orange radiance. Gleaming in a fitful pool round the floating torch, one could see vague figures working on a boat by the stern, and one figure walking briskly down the deck to join them. There was not a sign of any explosion—no breakage, no splintered wood. Some ships are stricken and go to their death in flames and eddying steam—go to their death

as a wounded soldier goes. Other ships resemble a strong man suddenly stricken by some incurable and mysterious disease. The unhappy Zemblan was of this latter class. There were two boats on the water, splashing their oars with the calm regularity of the college crews; there were inarticulate and lonely cries.

Away from the light, and but vaguely seen against the midnight sky, lay a British patrol boat which had happened to be very close at hand. And other boats were signaling: "Zemblan—am coming." A sloop signaled the destroyer that she would look after the survivors. Cries were no longer heard. Round and round the ship in great sweeps went the destroyer, seeking a chance to be of use—to avenge. Other vessels arrived, talked by wireless, and disappeared before they had been more than vaguely seen.

Just after two o'clock the Zemblan's stem rose in the air and hung suspended motionless. The tilted bulk might have been a rock thrust suddenly out of the deep towards the starry sky. Then suddenly, as if released from a pose, the stern plunged under—plunged as if it were the last act of the vessel's conscious will.

The destroyer cruised about till dawn. A breeze sprang up with the first glow of day and scattered the little wreckage which had floated silly-solemnly about. Nothing remained to tell of an act more terrible than murder, more base than assassination.

The captain gave one searching glance over the awakened sea and ordered the destroyer back to her patrol.

## "FEAR NOT THEM"

BY EDWARD J. HARDING

Alas for all the ruin and the woe  
Of this devouring war! the young lives quelled,  
The tortured bodies, and the hearts that bleed,  
Kingdoms enslaved, and deserted homes!  
But there are powers invulnerable to you,  
Proud warriors, that shall build the world anew.

Will ye put out the sun's eternal fire,  
And rend the crimson curtain of the dawn?  
Turn roaring ocean to a slimy pool,  
And smirch the crystals of the falling snow?  
Level the mountain bastions, and unmake  
The mirrored skies and forests of the lake?

Can ye destroy the majesty of night,  
The lovely moon unveiling silently,  
The sparkling of the innumerable stars,  
The stealing awe, the impassioned ecstasy  
Of souls upborne to heavenly heights sublime,  
Conscious of God, and conquerors of time?

What, will ye paralyze the painter's hand,  
And hush the echoes of the poet's hymn?  
Shall music's lingering sweetness bring no more  
Such peace as when an angel passes nigh?  
Shall apple blossoms lose their delicate hue,  
And beauty flee the world because of you?

Think ye to make of love a pestilence,  
And ban for heresy the mother's kiss?  
Shall man his noblest faculties forego,  
High-hearted hope, imagination fair,  
And all that's genial, all that's glad and sweet,  
Trampling the pearls of heaven with swinish feet?

Go to! Your force is naught, your victories vain!  
Slaves of illusion, ye for shadows war;  
Not yours to alter or obliterate  
The glowing thoughts of the Immortal Mind;  
On transitory things ye work your will;  
The quickening spirit of God abideth still.

## KNOLL PAPERS

BY LYMAN ABBOTT

### TEXTS AND THEMES FOR THE TIMES

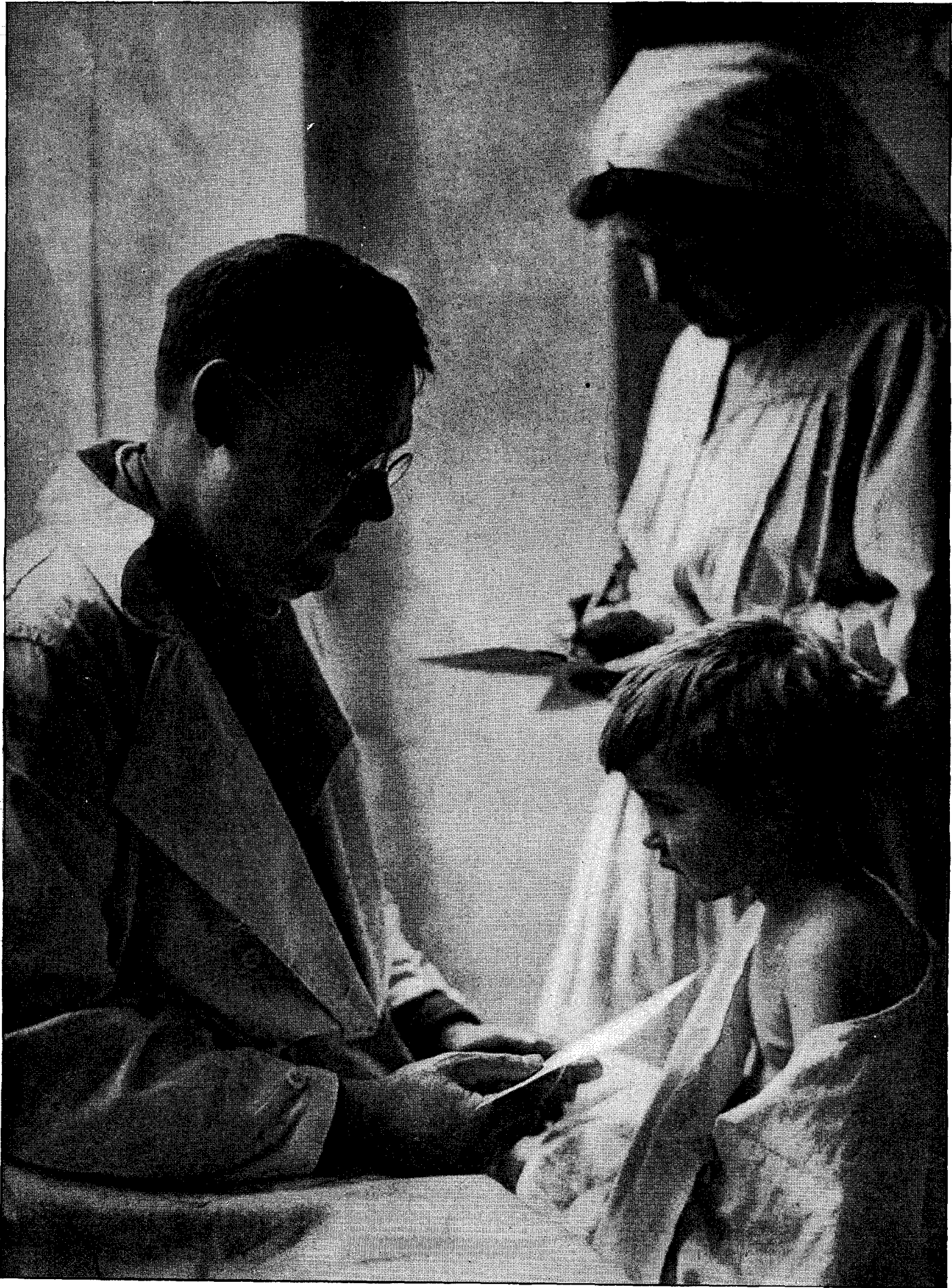
A FRIEND called my attention the other day to an advertisement announcing that the minister in a prominent church in his neighborhood would preach the following Sunday on "How to Choose a Husband." This might have been a good theme for a humorous essay by Dr. Crothers or for one of E. S. Martin's inimitable editorials in "Life." But it hardly seems worthy of a successor of Isaiah and Paul, of Savonarola and Massillon, of John Wesley and Phillips Brooks. And it set me wondering whether there were many preachers in America as hard pressed for a theme; and, then, what are the themes which should inspire the sermons of the preachers of to-day? This paper is the result of some reflections upon this subject.

I am very doubtful about the wisdom of advertising sermon

topics. Such advertising tends to make both preacher and people think of the sermon as a lecture and of the service as mere "preliminary exercises." It tends to make the preacher select topics which he thinks will draw rather than topics which he thinks will minister to life. It tends to make the people look at the Sunday morning newspaper for a preacher who announces a title which arouses their curiosity, and choose their church accordingly. And it tends to make them think that if the advertising minister makes no announcement of his topic he has nothing of importance to say on that Sunday. When I first went to Plymouth Church, a reporter of the New York "World" called my house up by the telephone every Sunday morning to ask if I had preached on "anything in particular" that morning; and my children, one of whom generally went to the



# CURRENT EVENTS ILLUSTRATED



Photograph from Paul Thompson

**SAVING FRENCH CHILDREN—THE BENEFICENT WORK OF THE AMERICAN RED CROSS AND THE ROCKEFELLER COMMISSION**  
The mother of the little boy, Henri, has tuberculosis; but an American doctor and a French nurse are determined that he shall escape the scourge and grow up to be a useful and happy citizen of France. The picture was taken in one of the dispensaries in which the American Red Cross and the Rockefeller Commission for the Prevention of Tuberculosis in France are fighting the disease in a factory quarter of Paris