

the ditch. But the hands of the dying Schweitzer refuse to part with the treasure. What is to be done? He tears the banner from its staff, or breaks off the upper part of the staff, rushes up the bank, while, clasping the fragments, the old banneret closes his eyes in death—true to the last.

It is Kampli that is now the object of pursuit. A ball reaches him, and hinders his flight. The enemy surround him; but, grasping the banner in his left hand, he wields his sword with the right, and keeps them for a while at bay. One of them seizes the flag; another, the broken staff. Kampli cuts them down, and calls for help. "To the rescue, and save the banner." Adam Naeff rushes forward, and the man who had seized the colours falls. Another Zurichier hastens to the rescue, and the standard-bearer is freed. Forward he rushes, partly holding up and partly dragging the banner, with sword in hand. Wounded and weary he crosses fields and marshes, leaving a track of blood behind him. Two of the enemy pursue him swiftly.

"Heretic, surrender, and give up the banner," cried they.

"Not while life lasts," was Kampli's answer. His two pursuers shouting after him, press up the hill. But, though he is encumbered with the banner, they are still more so with their armour. Feeling this, they stop to unbuckle their cuirasses and cast them away. This gives Kampli a minute's respite, during which he gets more in advance. Three brave companions now join him, and all four reach Husen safely, half way up the Albis. But the steepes of the mountain are still before them, Huber, one of the three, falls pierced with wounds. Dumysen, another, next sinks down, two of his sons dropping beside him. Upward Kampli still presses, though with sinking limbs. In a little, want of strength compels him to halt beside a hedge which bars his flight. Lying here exhausted, he sees his two pursuers, now joined by others, approaching. But his strength is gone; he cannot climb the hedge. Raising himself as he best can, with all his remaining strength he seizes the banner and hurls it over the barrier, shouting to some of his brave comrades to save the banner and the honour of their city. "For me," he cries, "I can do no more; God be my helper." With this last effort he sinks. But Dantzler, one of the brave three who had joined him, clears the hedge and grasps the banner. Upward and upward he rushes, distancing his pursuers, till he reaches the height of the Albis, and places the colours beyond the reach of the enemy.

The banner is saved. The ancient flag of Zurich is in the hands of friends. The colours, though stained and torn, are carried back without dishonour.

There is now going on a battle more perilous than that of Kappel; and a banner, more ancient than that of Zurich, is in danger. Let no standard-bearer faint. Whatever be the issue of the conflict—**SAVE THE BANNER!**

HOPING FOR A HOPE.

A man dying from thirst stands before a fountain.

"Have you drunk?" "No! but I *hope* I shall."

"Do you *wish* to drink?" "No! but I *hope* I shall wish to drink."

"Do you see that you are just ready to die for want of water?" "No! but I *hope* I shall see it."

Why does he not *drink*? Because he has no desire to. Why then does he stand there? Because he *hopes* he shall have such a desire. But if the promptings of a dying agony, and the sweet gushing streams before him leave him without that desire, what does his life amount to?

So stand we poor sinners by the fountain of the water of life. We look at the waters, and look at those that are drinking, and look at the invitation, "whosoever will," and then stand there still and *hope* that we shall drink. What is such a hope good for? Why not "take the water of life freely?" This hoping for a hope is often the devil's opiate for a partially awakened sinner. God's direction is, "*Lay hold upon the hope set before you.*"—*British Messenger.*