

a smoking, drinking, profane, silly infidel. It was all done in a short time. Will the God of mercy ever put in the new wheel!

I sometimes see a Sabbath-school teacher who has lost his interest in his little charge, and his duties are a drudgery. He says nothing to the little ones about the soul, and all the light he pours upon them is the dry light of the intellect. They are not interested in him or in the school. What is the matter? The trouble is that he has got into gay and worldly society, and the world has touched the heart—the balance-wheel, and it all goes wrong.

And that little girl, who used to be so punctual in her lessons and attendance, has lost her interest. Her teacher cannot catch her eye now. She has no pleasure in singing the hymns, or in the exercises of the school. What is the matter? Alas! she has allowed herself in a *very* bad habit at home! The balance-wheel has been touched by sin, and she does not carry it to Christ and ask him to put in the new wheel! Do not my little readers understand me? Then ask your teacher, or your mother.—*S. S. Times.*

SAVE THE BANNER!

The cross is our banner. Not the old wooden cross, of which so many pretended fragments have floated over Christendom on the waves of superstition; but that true invisible cross which Paul clasped so firmly, and of which he said: "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ." The cross in which Paul gloried, was the great truth which the cross presented—the giving of life for life—the life of the Son of God for the life of the sinner. It is in this sense that the cross is our banner; for it is this truth that is our salvation and our eternal life.

"Life through death" is the motto inscribed on it; and it is with this that we go forth to battle; it is with this that we overcome.

The banner is not liked by all; and its inscription is so hated by some in our day that they would fain tear the banner down, or at least erase the inscription from its folds. The cross is set aside, and the doctrines from which it has from the first been identified are vilified as "the religion of the shambles." A new school has appeared, whose whole efforts are directed against "the sacrificial theology." Retaining old words and names, such as sacrifice, priesthood, altar, etc., they empty them of all the old truth which they contained; thus deceiving the unwary, and making use of the symbols of truth for teaching falsehood.

"Save the banner," then, we say; save the banner! To the rescue! Show the spirit of the old Swiss bannerman on the field of Kappel. The story is an old one, but the moral is ever new.

One fresh August evening we were standing on the mountain platform of the Righi, looking round on the snows and peaks of a hundred mountains, and down upon the beauty of countless lakes and streams. The field where the brave Zurichers fought and Zuingli fell was before us. We could trace the whole scene—the advance, the battle, the rout, the flight. We seemed to see them all.

The aged Schweitzer raises the banner of Zurich, and the men of the canton gather round it—a few against a host, for their numbers are sorely thinned, and the battle is against them.

"Lower the banner," cries a voice, "for we are routed, and it will be taken."

"Stand firm," shouts old Schweitzer to his flying comrades. But they cannot stand, for the tide rolls furiously against them. The old man will not fly. His one hand still grasps the flag, while the other repels the enemy, whose blows and bullets are falling thickly.

Kammli rushes forward, again shouting "Lower the banner, or it will be gone." The old man, now mortally wounded, allows himself to be dragged off the field, along with the flag, which he still grasps. But a deep ditch is in his way; and, weak with wounds and age, he rolls to the bottom, with the banner still in his hands. With shouts the enemy hastens to the prey, certain that the glory of Zurich was now in their power. Quick as lightning Kammli leaps into