

Mother of God, and of all the heavenly host—fire!" and volley upon volley flashed from the levelled arquebuses and echoed back from the surrounding mountains. "How can we stay calmly upon these heights," exclaimed Zwingle, "while our brethren are shot down? In the name of God, I will die with them or aid in their deliverance." "Soldiers," cried the leader, "uphold the honour of God and of our lords, be brave, like brave men." "Warriors," said Zwingle, who stood helmet on head and halberd in hand, "fear nothing. If we are this day to be defeated, still our cause is good. Commend yourselves to God."

ZWINGLE SLAIN.

The action had scarcely begun when Zwingle, stooping to console a dying man, was smitten by a missile which struck his head and closed his lips. He struggled to his feet, but was twice struck down and received a thrust from a lance. Falling upon his knees he was heard to say, "What matters this misfortune! They may indeed kill the body, but they cannot kill the soul." These were his last words. As he uttered them he fell backwards and lay upon the ground, his hands clasped, his eyes upturned to heaven. Crushed beneath the weight of numbers, the little band of Protestants, after performing deeds of heroic valour, and leaving 500 men dead upon the field, was utterly defeated. Twenty-seven members of the Council and twenty-five Protestant pastors who accompanied their flocks to the field of battle were among the slain.

The darkness of night was now gathering on the field of battle. In the deepening gloom, stragglers of the Catholic army prowled with torches or lanterns over the field of carnage, to slay the wounded and to rob the dead. "What has your heretical faith done for you?" they jeeringly demanded of the conquered Protestants. "We have dragged your Gospel through the mire. The Virgin and the saints have punished you. Call upon the saints and confess to our priests—the mass or death."

The dying Reformer lay upon the gory field, hearing the groans of the wounded and the shouts of the victors, and surrounded by the mangled bodies of the dead. Beyond the moonlight and the starlight he looked up into that heaven whither, all life's battles and fightings over, he was soon to pass. "Do you wish a priest to confess you?" asked a soldier prowling near. Zwingle could not speak, but shook his head. "Think at least of the Mother of God and call upon the saints," said the man. Protesting against the errors of Rome even in his latest hour, the dying Reformer again expressed his emphatic dissent. Hereupon the rough trooper began to curse him as a miscreant heretic. Curious to know who it was who thus despised the saints, though in the very article of death, he turned the gory head to the light of a neighbouring camp fire. "I think it is Zwingle," he exclaimed, letting it fall. "Zwingle," cried a Papal captain, "that vile heretic! Die, obstinate wretch!" and with his impious sword he smote him on the throat. Thus died the leader of the Swiss Reformation, in darkness and defeat, by the hand of a hireling soldier.

But still further indignities were heaped upon his mangled frame. The ruthless soldiery demanded that his

body should be dismembered and distributed throughout the Papal domains. "Nay," cried a generous captain, "peace be to the dead. God alone be their Judge. Zwingle was a brave and loyal man." But the cruel will of the mob prevailed. The drums beat to muster, a court-martial was formed, the dead body was tried and condemned to be quartered for treason, and burned for heresy. "The executioner of Lucerne," writes D'Aubigne, "carried out the sentence. Flames consumed Zwingle's disjointed members; the ashes of swine were mingled with his; and a lawless multitude rushing upon his remains, flung them to the four winds of heaven."

RESULTS OF HIS DEATH.

The kindled fire of the Swiss Reformation seemed extinguished in blood. Zurich on that night of horrors became a Rachel weeping for her children and refusing to be comforted because they were not. As the wounded fugitives, escaping through the darkness, brought the tidings of disaster, the tocsin of alarm knelled forth, and tears and lamentations resounded through the streets. Almost every household mourned a husband, brother, son, among the slain. Anna Zwingle had lost all three, and her son-in-law, her brother-in-law, and other kinsmen besides. As the fatal news "Zwingle is dead! is dead!" rang through the streets and pierced like a sword her heart, she knelt amid her fatherless babes in her chamber of prayer and poured out her agonized soul to God.

The city in the hour of its deepest despair was roused to heroic effort. It rallied every available man and gun. The imminent danger of the capture of the city was averted, and another battle with the army of the Papal cantons was fought. The latter made a night attack, the soldiers wearing white shirts over their armour and shouting their watchword—"the Mother of God"—that they might recognize each other in the dark. The men of Zurich were again beaten, and 800 of their number left upon the field. But they proved too stubborn a foe to be completely conquered. Zurich maintained the Protestant faith; and from the pulpit in which it was first preached by Zwingle it has ever since been manfully declared. On the neighbouring battlefield a grey stone slab commemorates the spot where the Swiss Reformer fell; but his truest monument is the Protestant Church of his native land, of which he was, under God, the father and founder.

Zwingle died at what may seem the untimely age of forty-eight; but measured by results his life was long. He was not a disciple of Luther, but an independent discoverer of the truth. "It was not from Luther," he said, "that I received the doctrine of Christ, but from God's Word. I understood Greek before I ever heard of Luther." The great mistake of his life was his consent to the use of carnal weapons for the defence of the Bride of Heaven, the Church of Christ. But in extenuation of this grievous fault—and grievously he answered for it—it has been pleaded that he believed that the fatherland belonged to Christ and His Church, and must be defended for their sake: and that Switzerland could only give herself to Christ so far and so long as she was free. Wiser than he, Martin Luther over and over declared. "Christians fight not with the sword

and arquebuse, but with suffering and with the cross. Some trust in chariots and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "My kingdom is not of this world," said the Master, "else would My servants fight." Not with weapons forged by mortal might, but by weapons of immortal temper—the shield of faith, the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God—shall earth's grandest victories be gained.

THE TURN OF THE YEAR.

THE days are brief, and dark, and cold,  
The barren fields are brown and acre,  
The world is chill, the world is old,  
And speeds the flying year.

The birds and flowers are gone away,  
Or sleep in mother Earth's warm breast,  
But I amid the storms must stay,  
And toil and never rest!

Hush, heart unquiet and dismayed!  
Soon shall the sun in strength return,  
Why dost thou mourn, of life afraid?  
Soon the black year will turn.

The darkest day preludes the light,  
However man its depths bewails,  
After the longest, loneliest night  
The morning never fails.

What if thy year be near its end;  
If failing heart and flesh be faint,  
What if thy lovers, kin and friend,  
Be deaf to thy complaint!

Even as turns the faithful year  
In the slow days of storm and gloom,  
And spring begins her journey here  
To tempt the earth to bloom,

So shall the Sun unveil His face,  
And all these mists in radiance burn.  
Wait but His hour, take heart of grace,  
Thy year begins to turn!

—Rose Terry Cooke.

A NEW YEAR'S THOUGHT.

BY AUNT HOPE.

IT was New Year's morning, and the snow that had been falling fast all night lay thick and white on the streets. Merry sleigh bells rang out their "Happy New Year;" bright faces passed and re-passed; joyous laughter chimed in with the glad day; and as I gazed out from my window upon the passing crowd, I could not help comparing it with the snow, pure and fresh in the morning, but trodden under foot ere night-fall. I thought, "How many of those merry voices will be smothered in drink, and what a heart-burden there will be carried to many a poor father and mother! It makes one shudder to think of the sin committed at the beginning of the New Year—the time for good resolutions, and the day to put them into practice. How freely the wine flows, and how few young men resist the tempter in the form of a handsome lady, who, with bright smiles and coaxing eyes, says, "Just one glass in my honour." And fast on to that glass follows many glasses, until the glorious New Year becomes a blank to them.

Oh, why is woman so often the tempter! She who was made for man's helpmeet, but who, too often, proves his curse. Oh! you tempters, think of the end; think of what you are doing against your God, yourself, and the world; think of the homes you are helping to blight, and henceforth be a blessing to your sex, and never curse your high position of womanhood, by using it to help the devil in his work. Rather help every one to keep good resolutions made on

the coming of the New Year, and let your merry voice and bright eyes and happy, encouraging words, be the only stimulants offered by you on New Year's Day.

ANOTHER YEAR

ANOTHER year is fading  
Into the shadowy past,  
What if for me, my Saviour,  
This year should be the last!  
Could I, with joy recalling  
The hours and moments gone,  
Say I had well employed them,  
Nor o'er one failure mourn!

Another year is passing,  
And I am passing too—  
Passing from earth and earthly scenes  
To those earth never knew  
What shall I plead when standing  
Before the "Great White Throne"  
Nothing, O Christ, but thine own blood,  
Thy righteousness mine own

Another year is dying.  
And Time is dying too,  
And all things here below, with him,  
Are passing out of view  
Passing as swiftly as our thoughts  
Flit through our minds, then flee.  
Oh, realizing facts like these,  
What ought our lives to be!

Another year is adding  
To those already dead  
Dead! will they never rise again  
Where, all the actions fled!  
We surely yet shall meet again,  
This old year and our souls  
His deeds will greet us yet, though now  
Oblivion o'er him rolls.

We leave the year with Jesus  
To sprinkle with His blood  
Jesus the Loving One, who once  
As our Sin-bearer stood.  
We leave the year with Jesus,  
And thus the weight is gone.  
We trust the future all to him  
Who all its weight hath borne.

THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

RING, ring, ye gladwime bells,  
From yonder bell-tower high!  
Ring out your joyful strains  
From earth to sky!  
For, lo, a stranger comes  
Kingly and proud,  
Upon the blast  
He rideth fast,  
Peal out your welcome loud!  
Ring merrily,  
Ring cheerily,  
To the great, the coming year,  
The glad New Year!

We'll lift with braver heart,  
Life's burden once again,  
We'll act a nobler part  
Among our fellow men—  
Hope's flowers again shall bloom  
Along life's dusty ways,  
And murmurings and sighs  
Shall change to prayer and praise.  
Faith shall with clearer vision  
Look toward the coming days,  
When peace shall o'er division  
Reign with benignant rays,  
When man to man as brother  
Shall lend a helping hand,  
And God's best benediction  
Rest on our smiling land!

Ring, ring, ye bells!  
Ring loud, ring high!  
Peal out your merry cheer  
From earth to sky,  
To greet the glad New Year,  
The ever glad New Year.  
—American Rural Home.

"WHAT did you say your friend is, Tommy?" "A taxidermist." "What's that?" "Why, he's a sort of animal upholsterer."

"PLEASE to give me something, sir!" says an old woman. "I had a blind child. He was my only means of subsistence, and the poor boy has recovered his sight!"