

was, therefore, guilty of simony; hence, that he was no true Pope. He deliberately and continually disobeyed the dictates of the Pope. He refused to journey to Rome when summoned. After he was excommunicated he still continued to preach. He reserved to himself the keeping of his own conscience. He made his appeal from the Pope to Christ. Here he was standing on Protestant ground. In reserving to himself the right of private judgment in regard to papal commands, and in reserving the right to appeal from pope and council to the word of God, Savonarola was a Protestant.

Here is his thought concerning the modern doctrine of infallibility: 'Thou art mad to say that a Pope cannot err, when there have been so many who have erred. . . . I tell thee that the Pope may err, even in his judgments and sentences. Go, read how many decrees have been made by one Pope and revoked by the next, and how many opinions held by some popes are contradicted by those of other pontiffs.'

It is now more than 400 years since the fires went out at the stake to which Savonarola was chained. His persecutors found that, though they had burned the man, they could not extinguish his influence. The fires of his testimony to truth and his witness to morality and virtue had been kindled never to go out. His disciples were wont to come to the spot marked by the flames, and kiss the stones of the pavement. Learning of their devotion, the reigning duke determined to put a stop to the annoying custom. Accordingly, he caused to be erected a great fountain, with Neptune and Tritons and four sea goddesses. This expedient served only one purpose—that unexpected. It served to mark for all coming generations the sacred spot of the martyrdom of the great Florentine. Whatever doubt might have come to exist as to its exact locality, it is now forever fixed by a monument. Travellers and pilgrims from every land turn to the hallowed spot, and say: 'There was burned the martyr of Florence, one of God's missionary apostles, who kept up the true succession in the age of apostacy.'

Maid Margery's Laugh and the Chinese Mob.

A TRUE STORY.

(By E. A. Taylor, in 'S. S. Times.')

It was nearly noon on the 11th of June, 1894, in Canton, China, and there were very anxious hearts in the house beside the 'Jesus Hall.' All round its compound the streets were filling with an excited mob, shouting vile tales of the 'foreign devils,' and urging each on to plunder and kill them.

There were two, though, in that threatened home, quite undisturbed by the nearness of danger. Margery Daw sat with Jack Frost on the big bamboo lounge, and listened to the yells of the rioters with lofty indifference. Two little fair-haired, blue-eyed children they were, though both born in Canton, and Chinese faces and Chinese talk had surrounded them for the two years of their lives.

There was a crash as the compound gate went down, and, only pausing long enough in the garden to utterly destroy everything, the rioters broke into the house.

Hardly knowing why, their mothers sat the two babies side by side on a small table against the wall, and stood beside

them as the mob swarmed into the room, their slanting eyes aflame with evil, and their yellow faces distorted with hate.

And then, unprompted and unbidden, Margery rose to her feet, and raising her clasped hands to her forehead, bowed her plump little body in the Chinese 'salaam,' her baby voice lisping the salutation of peace.

The rioters stood still. Then Jack followed his playfellow's example, bumping his little forehead on the table, while he struggled through the Chinese speech of peace and welcome. Gravely they went through the ceremony of respectful salutation that every Chinese child is taught to offer his elders. And the rioters stood still.

There was a babel of Cantonese street cries, and another wave of rascality broke into the room, flourishing their heavy bamboo sticks and savage knives.

One man swept a shelf of cups and vases off with his hand, and, mingling with the crash of breaking china, came the sound of a baby's laughter. Again the mob stopped to look at the child, who watched them with eager fun in her eyes; for, missionary's daughter though she was, there was never an anarchist with a more rabid love of destruction than this same Margery.

'Little foreign devil!' screamed a newcomer, hoarsely, as he seized a brick and hurled it at her head. It struck the wall not an inch to one side of her, and fell broken on to the table.

Margery clapped her hands. 'Do it again,' she commanded in her broken Chinese. 'Nice noise. Make some more.'

A second brick was thrown, but not at her. It crashed instead against the farther wall. Murderers though they were in their hearts, no man among that mob could meet those laughing baby eyes and not know that it was impossible for him to harm her.

Then as Margery laughed again, and repeated her orders for 'more nice noises,' the savage scowls on the faces round her gave way to broad grins. And that day in Canton it was an English baby girl who really led the Chinese mob in their pillage of the mission; for they brought everything breakable in the house to be smashed in pieces before the table where she sat, rocking her fat little body from side to side in her ecstasy of laughter, while Jack pounded on the table with chubby fists and shrieked applause.

Everything in the house was destroyed, —furniture and crockery broken, clothes and bedding cut to pieces, books taken page by page and torn to fragments, but no one laid a hand on the babies or their mothers. Even when some of the viler spirits in that mob suggested that the 'foreigner's treasure' was probably hidden on the persons of the women, and wished to search them, they were only hustled into the background. The mob had settled down to the business of making Maid Margery laugh, and were not going to be turned aside even to look for treasure.

But even a Chinese mob cannot destroy when there is nothing left to be destroyed, and so at last Margery and her Chinese friends looked sadly at each other, realizing that their good times were over for the present. Then, after saluting her gravely, the leaders of the mob withdrew, and their followers trooped after them. And Margery looked down at the ruin heaped all round her on the floor, her face dimpling with the memory of past delights.

Down the long street which led to the mission hurried the missionaries, who had been detained at the Yamen until the mandarin in charge judged that the mob had time to finish their work of pillage—and worse. Then with sarcastic apologies the two men were released, and sent home with a guard of twenty soldiers to defend the mission.

It may be said that, though these soldiers carried the regulation rifles, there was not a single cartridge among the twenty of them,—a fact of which the rioters were well aware.

So they reached the mission, and the white men stood still, horror-stricken at the sight of the broken gate and the ruined garden beyond.

Then through the shattered windows, across the terrible silence of desolation, came the sound of a baby laughing.

How to Become a Christian.

'We must repent, that is, be so sorry at having grieved God that we are willing to give up doing wrong, and resolve to do what is right.'

'God asks us to give him our hearts. To do this is to place our affections on God, and strive to please him in everything.'

'Faith is taking God at his word, fully trusting him. He promises if we confess, and forsake, our sins, he will cleanse us from all unrighteousness.'

'Just tell Jesus what you are, and what you need. Trust in him and salvation is yours.'

'Soon as your all you venture
On the atoning blood,
The Holy Spirit enters,
And you are born of God.'

(These selections were kindly forwarded by J. D. Sterling, who, in an accompanying letter, spoke very nicely of the 'Northern Messenger' and its work.—Ed.)

Personal Work.

(J. H. Todd, in 'Ram's Horn.')

Personal work is important, because of the value of a soul. Mark viii., 36. If we valued a soul in the same way as God does, we would do more for the salvation of souls. It is important because it is necessary. A great many attend church services, gospel meetings, Bible classes, etc., who would like to be Christians, but do not know how, or are prevented by some fear or doubt, or misconception as to what it means to accept Christ. Some of these are anxious to be saved and just need a word of help from some Christian to lead them into the light. Standing at the door of a theatre at the close of an evangelistic meeting I was shaking hands with different ones as they went out, looking for an opportunity of speaking to some one. Amongst the people was a young woman whose face indicated that she was not happy. I drew her aside, and after some little conversation, she accepted Christ, and at once took a decided stand in her home for Him. She told me afterwards that she had felt miserable in the meeting, and had decided that if she got out, she would never go back to a meeting of that kind again, but fortunately she was stopped and spoken to, and led to Christ. This is one instance out of many who might be won by a little personal effort.