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I.—LITERATURE OF MISSIONS.

DR. PIERSON'S LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

No. V.—THE McALL MISSION.

Paris, April 8, 1890.

The more I see of the so-called “McAll Missions,” the more I am prompted to exclaim, “What hath God wrought!” In 1871, he and his wife came to Paris, to view the scenes made desolate by the Franco-Prussian war. That war had prostrated obstacles to the spread of the gospel among the French working people, and he found opportunity for disseminating among them tracts on the vital themes of the gospel. While standing on a corner in Belleville, opposite a wine-shop, distributing these tracts to passers by, a man stepped out from the throng, and, in good English, said:

“Sir, I perceive you are a clergyman; if any one like you is ready to come over here and teach us a gospel, not of superstition, priesthood and bondage, but of simplicity, liberty and charity, there are many of us ready to hear; but we have done with the priests.”

This is the substance of that appeal, from an unknown man, a man not even yet known to any one connected with the Mission. That was the voice of another “man of Macedonia,” saying, “Come over and help us,” and Robert W. McAll heard in his voice the summons of God. Like Paul, he and his wife could say, “Immediately we gathered that the Lord had called us to preach the gospel” in France. And on the 17th of January, 1872, they opened the first *salle* in Belleville, little dreaming whereunto all this would grow. With no little timidity that first room was rented, and about five dozen plain chairs, a table, a Bible, and a parlor organ constituted all its furniture. The first night *twenty-eight* persons constituted the entire audience. Mr. McAll was no French speaker. He could say in the language of those people, “God loves you,” and “I love you,” and that was his beginning. But those poor working people—the commune of Belleville—instinctively discovered that a man and a woman were come to seek their welfare. They were taken captive, as by surprise. There was about this Mission nothing priestly or churchly; no imposing ceremonial or ritual; no robes or vestments; no choir or procession; no altars or tapers; no crucifix or mass in a dead language. Everything was as simple as simplicity itself. A few