

ROBERT WHITTAKER McALL, D.D.

Said a gentleman once on his return from a visit to Paris, in speaking of Dr. McAll. "When I saw that man, so gracious, so gentle, and yet wielding such marvellous power, I felt that the most wonderful sight not only in Paris, but in Europe was Dr. McAll himself."

Though little more than twenty years have passed since Dr. McAll was first in Paris, the fame of what he has been able to accomplish there has long since been world wide. On August 18, 1871, not three months after the loved Archbishop of Paris had fallen a victim of the Commune and near a spot where many priests had been massacred by the furious mob,—in Belleville, the very hot bed of the Commune, Robert McAll and his wife stood in front of a wine shop distributing tracts. As they stood there a man stopped and said in good English, "Sir, are you not a Christian minister? If so, I have something of importance to say to you. You are at this moment in the midst of a district inhabited by thousands and tens of thousands of us working men. To a man we have done with an imposed religion, a religion of superstition. But if any one would come to teach us a religion of another kind, a religion of freedom and earnestness, many of us are ready to listen."

Such a call could not be disregarded by such a man. Robert McAll came of Highland ancestry. His father and grandfather were ministers, and as to his own profession, the French workman judged rightly. He was then pastor of a church in Hadley, Eng. He was a scholar, of refined tastes, and had fitted himself to be an architect. On the coming seventeenth of December he would complete his fiftieth year. It was ignorance of French that had led him to resort to the method of distributing tracts. But the strange call came to one who, above everything else, was not disobedient to heavenly visions. In earlier years fame and fortune had been sacrificed for the ministry; and now when assured that he had again heard a divine summons, he opened his first mission hall on January 17, 1872. Police officials who favored the work said that it could more easily be done in the worst quarter of London. Twenty-four chairs, Mr. McAll was told, would be an ample supply. On the second evening one hundred were needed, and last year a million and a quarter of people thronged the stations in France, Corsica, and Algiers, now numbering nearly one hundred and fifty.

Says Theodore Monod, who bears a name highly honored, "When I became a pastor I wanted to have a mid-week service, and I could not get a baker's dozen to attend. Mr. McAll came and opened a hall a short distance away, and he fills it every night in the year except Saturday." A result is that the mission has counted among its earnest helpers such men as Monod, Bersier, and Pressense. The leader's consecrated ingenuity is shown in the history of the mission boat moored in the Seine in one of the most magnificent quarters of Paris, and visited by 23,500 people in seven weeks. It is now planned to build a boat that shall traverse the network of waterways giving access to all parts of France.

Dr. McAll's artistic talent finds play in the composition of hymns, which, aided by his wife's skill, have made music a leading feature of their work, the favorite tunes being those familiar in gospel meetings here. Dr. McAll has not the remarkable eloquence for which his father was famed, but the son's smile has won hearts as effectually as did the father's silvery speech, and his presence every night in a meeting is an inspiration when his voice is not heard. He went to France knowing only how to say, "God loves you," "I love you," and he has been teaching others to say the same. The lower classes are gained, but high officials are also charmed. The gospel story is told; controversy is never allowed; opposition is disarmed; even Catholic priests are won, and prefects of police say, "Where there are McAll missions we need fewer police."

"I remember," writes the Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., a most gracious and kindly welcome at Dr. McAll's flower-embowered home and hospitable dinner table in the outskirts of Paris, some four years ago. The great evangelist was not at home when called upon, but the writer was made to feel exceedingly welcome by the gracious

hospitality of Mrs. McAll while awaiting her husband's arrival. In half an hour he came home, thin and pale, and quite exhausted by a hard morning's work in securing a new building for one of his missions in the heart of communistic Paris. His frail body looked as if it could endure no further strain, and yet for the rest of that day he had engagements enough to weary a Hercules, and every day since has been full to overflowing of earnest service. I left that beautiful home strongly impressed with its unaffected, unostentatious, simple, and Christly character.

A TEACHER TAUGHT.

BY MAUD RITTENHOUSE.

The text for that Sunday was in bright letters on the black-board, and the children spelled it out carefully, following the click of Mrs. Champney's little pointer.

"Let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus."

The superintendent, looking in at the door of the room, congratulated himself that he had secured this particular teacher for his primary class. How bright and earnest she was! How simple and sweet her language! How plain and practical her illustrations! At the close of the lesson, he felt that no child among those sixty

Mrs. Wyld remarked, looking down the gleaming street where the maple trees were showering scarlet leaves. "And it will be all the more delightful for being planned in such a hurry. I always love impromptu parties."

"The roads are fine!" Mrs. Dana interposed, "and the nuts so thick they cover the ground. My boys were out Saturday, and they say there never has been such a year for nuts. I declare I feel like a child over it! I can hardly wait for to-morrow to come!"

"There is room for one more in our hack," Mrs. Champney said thoughtfully. "It's a pity to waste any space."

"There's Mrs. Boardman," Mrs. Dana suggested.

"But she has a couple of guests. We couldn't well leave them out."

"Or Miss Owen—she's so entertaining."

"She went to Chicago yesterday."

Harry, in the corner, had dropped a shower of blocks with reckless disregard of the last high house, and was listening with all his ears.

"Mamma," he said, coming gravely toward her, "why don't you ask old Mrs. Stimson round the corner? I guess she'd like to go nutting."

At this the ladies laughed in concert, so spontaneously, so merrily, that Harry

what reason had she for refusing a day's pleasure to this lonely woman save that she too was shabby and obscure and unfortunate?

Sudden tears leaped to her eyes as she said to little Harry:

"Mamma will ask Mrs. Stimson this very morning, for indeed it is the same, and 'big folks ought to try same as little ones to have the Christ mind within.'" And then as the child went happily back to his blocks she briefly told her friends the story of last Sunday's lesson, and her determination to practise hereafter as she preached.

Mrs. Wyld went with her, half an hour later, to the little brown house around the corner.

Old Mrs. Stimson, bending over her needle, had reached that stage of physical weariness and mental depression where it seemed to her the monotony and cheerlessness of her life had grown a burden she could hardly bear. She had tried so earnestly to be cheerful and do what good she could in the great world, but her efforts seemed so pitifully weak, and the mere struggle for existence so hard, that her courage well-nigh failed her. All morning her heart had been dwelling with a longing she could not stifle upon the old glad days of her girlhood, when the sun, the fields, the forests, the song of birds and the tinkle of streams seemed her natural heritage. How she had loved the brilliant Autumn time in the dear old country home, the leaves rustling and crackling under foot, the nuts dropping and rattling through the interlacing boughs, the chattering of the squirrels, the smell of the golden-rod, and the long tramps over the winding yellow roads!

She wiped an unbidden tear from her faded eyes as she stitched, stitched away.

And then there was a rap at the door, and a bright little woman stood there smiling, greeting her with extended hand, and inviting her, as though it were the most natural thing in the world, to join their next day's nutting-party.

"You needn't bother about lunch, for my basket is huge—unless you would like to take a loaf of your delicious brown bread. Then I'm afraid my angel-cake would never be touched."

Mrs. Stimson's careworn face flushed with pleasure. She took such pride in her brown bread, and she would feel so much easier if she could contribute a little toward the festivities. Wise Mrs. Champney knew that well.

"And wear heavy shoes and some old wool dress, so that you can tramp without fear and not mind burs and briars or any picnic accidents. And bring a basket or bag, whatever you do, to put your nuts and treasures in. The woods are full of pretty things now!"

The very shabby little room looked new and different when Mrs. Stimson turned back into it, having seen her callers out. And if tears again splashed down her thin cheeks they were the tears that gladden and refresh.

So happy a heart beat all next day beneath the old wool gown of this gladdened woman that the happiness was infectious, pervading the very air. When Mrs. Inglis said to Mrs. Champney at the day's close, "I never enjoyed the time so before?" Mrs. Burns added heartily, "And what a bright, sweet woman Mrs. Stimson is, and what a thorough lady! Though she's almost a stranger to most of us, the day would not have been complete without her!"

"That from the aristocratic Mrs. Burns!" Mrs. Wyld ejaculated under her breath, and then she added softly, her arm through her friend's, "Dear little Harry! He pointed the way to the only happiness that is real and abiding. If we could only remember always to try more for the mind that is in Christ Jesus!"—Advance.

STRENGTHEN ONE ANOTHER'S HANDS.

Pray for one another, teachers. Not only let there be a fellowship in work but when alone with Christ, let there be also a fellowship at the throne of grace. The structure of a school is strong where co-operation exists, but stretching among the joints and pillars of such work let there be seen the strengthening and binding beams of prayer. Make strong one another's hands by joining them at the throne of grace.—*Evangelical Messenger*.



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little boys and girls could possibly have failed to understand the lesson and to appreciate all of its beauty and helpfulness.

And then he listened as she told them the story of a little maiden who had tried to "mind" the things Christ "minded" and to keep in her heart the spirit of the Master. The children scarcely stirred while she spoke. It was a pretty story, wherein the small heroine, having denied herself that she might invite a shabby and unpopular little play-fellow to her birthday party, was doubly repaid in the happiness of her guest and the approval of her own conscience.

"And, mamma," little Harry Champney said, squeezing his mother's gloved fingers as they walked home, "it means for us all to try to be like Susie, doesn't it, and to want to do the things we think Jesus would do?"

"Yes, dearie, that's what it means," the mother responded; and then they walked on in silence, Harry deeply impressed with the lesson and the story.

It was several days later that Mrs. Champney in her airy dining-room sat, pencil in hand, dotting names and numbers into her note-book. Mrs. Dana and Mrs. Wyld sat with her; and Harry, unobserved, built towering block houses off in the sunny bay-window.

"The weather will be perfect for it,"

smiled a little too, although he looked at them with puzzled eyes.

"Fancy old Mrs. Stimson sitting down to lunch with Mrs. Burns or Mrs. Inglis!" Mrs. Wyld exclaimed, and there were actual tears of amusement in her blue eyes.

"Poor old soul, how out of place she would feel!" Mrs. Champney said. "No, little son, I'm afraid we could not ask old Mrs. Stimson. She hardly goes with this set," and she smiled a little as she patted her small boy's curly head.

Harry looked but the more puzzled as he said, "But isn't it the same for you as for Susie?"

"What can the childie mean?" his mother laughed, gathering him up into her arms.

"Oughtn't big folks to try same as little ones to 'let this mind be in you which was also in Christ Jesus?' Susie asked the poor little girl to her party. Doesn't it mean for you to ask the poor lady to your party too, just the same?"

Mrs. Champney's laughing face had grown suddenly very grave.

Her own preaching was certainly being preached again to her, and her inconsistency standing forth in plain view to even this small reasoner. What a point she had made of little Susie's selfishness at the first in being unwilling to ask her shabby little friend to mingle among pretty, happy, more fortunate ones! And she herself—