

sistants." "Will Mr. McAll be here?" "No. He is unwell, and leaves to-morrow for England. But Mr. Saltau, the Secretary, will be here on Friday and give you all needed information." I took stock of the room. It was seated with chairs for about 200. The walls were adorned with Scripture texts. In one corner there was a refectory, suggesting that a cup of tea and refreshments were frequently in requisition. In another, there was a library. At the further end, a reading desk, and along side of it a harmonium. The place was well lighted and clean. The congregation began to drop in. A lady took her seat at the harmonium. Several hymns were sung. Presently, a smart, middle-aged man passed quickly up the aisle and on to the platform. He read a portion of Scripture, and then spoke for fifteen minutes, very fluently, and with characteristic animation, from the text "By grace ye are saved through faith, &c." Then followed a short prayer, with another hymn, and the meeting closed, without the benediction, but not before the greater number had shaken hands and exchanged the salutation—*Bon soir*.

Another evening I went to the *Salle New York, No. 10 Boulevard de Sebastopol*. The hall was much larger than the other, and it was crowded to its utmost capacity, chiefly by men in blue blouses—the genuine *ouvriers* of Paris—men who, on slight provocation, would be foremost in a street row. Yet I never saw a more attentive or orderly congregation. The speaker was one of the city Lutheran ministers, whose forcible and eloquent address on the Divinity of Christ, was evidently relished by the audience. It takes a Frenchman to speak so as to rivet the attention of a crowd like this. He is humorous, grave, pathetic, by turns; he entreats, beseeches, in the most winning way; he gesticulates with his arms, and his head, and frequently by a peculiar shrug of the shoulders; he speaks with his hands and his eyes, as well as with his mouth—speaks gracefully, very rapidly, and extemporaneously. The singing was good. It was touching, indeed, to hear these three hundred and fifty stalwart working-men singing with all their hearts, as it seemed, *O Quel Amour!* to the familiar tune of "O How He Loves!" At the close of this meeting, more than fifty remained half an hour longer for a "Bible Reading."

And I might take my readers to the *Salle Faubourg St Antoine*, still larger than the last named, if not quite so attractive, where services are conducted precisely in the same manner, and into which 400 Sabbath-School children are frequently packed on a Sunday afternoon. The only difference is that this *Salle* is in the centre of a very hot-bed of Communism—notoriously the most depraved, lawless, and dangerous quarter in all Paris. But enough has been said to illustrate the kind of work that is being done. Let us now see how it began.

*Rev. R. W. McAll* was minister of a large and attached congregation at Hadley, in England, with plenty of work to do at home. In the summer of 1871, he and Mrs. McAll came to spend a few days in Paris for the first time. He didn't know a word of French. Late in the evening before they were to leave, these two strangers walked out to the crowded slums of Belleville, carrying with them a few tracts. Stopping in front of a wine-shop, they commenced distributing their tracts. Not only were they accepted, but one man, speaking for the rest, said to Mr. McAll, in good English: "Sir, are you not a Christian minister? If so, I have something important to say to you. You are now in the very 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 and oppression. But if any one would come and teach us religion of another kind—a religion of freedom and earnestness, many of us are ready to listen." Strange to say, Mr. M. never saw this man afterwards, but the "call" thus addressed to him made such an impression that he recognized in it the Lord's purpose to use him in the work. He resigned his charge in England, came back to Paris and took up his residence in a humble lodging in the midst of the workmen's habitations. Again he and his wife visited the same place as before, scattering among the motley crowd a printed invitation addressed *To the Ouvriers*, to the effect that on the next Sunday evening at 8 p.m., an Englishman desired to speak to them of the love of Jesus Christ. Assisted by some English friends, the first meeting was held in a small room hired for the occasion. There were 28 present. At the second meeting there were a hundred. A