

uneasily. But Mr. McAll was equal to the occasion. He first procured necessary authorization from the Prefecture, then he scrupulously shunned the least references to politics and religious controversies. He wished it understood that he attacked no Church or system. Everything that looked like the doings of the priests whom the people hated was passed over. Even prayers at first formed no part of the services. A people trodden down too long under the sandals of clericalism listened, and discovered that the *voice* tone of their spiritual guides did not harmonize with their *life* tone, and so, too cruelly perhaps, they cast them away. Now they are about to swing into the opposite extreme—disregard of God and spiritual things, or are groping for a *real* religion. What they need is the Gospel of the Grace of God, and this Mr. McAll is bent on giving them.

He secured "shops" as mission halls. Hence they are on the streets within easy reach of the passers-by. A large calico sign over the door arrests the eye, while at the entrance stand two or three helpers who invite the people within. At first they are timid and suspicious. Again and again are asked such questions as, "What is to pay?" "Surely, not free?" "The hymn book, *cantique*, and discourse for nothing?"—questions significant of Rome's grinding money process of saving souls. When they come in they see no crosses nor regalia. The walls are ornamented with Gospel texts. They sit down and receive before the exercises begin, by way of antidote against native uneasiness, the French counterpart of the "British Workman," a Bible or tract. In the service, brevity and variety are aimed at. Hymns are freely used, Scripture is read with pointed remarks, prayer is not offered until the people seem prepared for it. The sweet songs quiet the heart, the simple earnestness of the speaker wins them; grace and love, a free gospel, these terms fall upon the ear of these Church crushed workmen with a quieting surprise. They knew only too well of "fraternity, equality and freedom,"—their revolutionary motto—but what of this new thing that proclaims the same motto but in such a different way!

"On the day of our first meeting," says Mr. McAll, "the Commissary of Police for the district, though cordially approving our object, expressed his fear that in consequence of the previous disposition to mock at religion we should be unable to go forward. The worst spot in St. Giles', London, he said, would be far more easily worked. We opened our door with trembling hands. At first the people seemed to hesitate and pass by. The little company, however, numbered forty. There was no molestation. Our hopes began to revive. At the next meeting (Sunday evening) the place was quite filled, more than 100 being present."

As you read the simple modest reports of this mission you are amazed at its rapid progress, and the interest manifested. Heathen Japanese could not listen to the Gospel with more signs of surprise and novelty than these *ouvriers*. And this charm of novelty did not vanish as the workers feared. The hall first opened soon became too small. A larger "shop" had to be procured. Soon earnest appeals came from other quarters of this suburb with its 100,000 inhabitants, who are mostly all workmen. Their hours are long. They must not be taken too far away from their homes and families.

We stated that the first meeting was opened in January, 1871. "In February," the report goes on to say, "we opened a second station. Our little room was thronged from the first day. We have been obliged to hire a larger one, and that also is crowded." In April a third station was opened in a spot