

## THE McALL MISSION IN FRANCE.

To many minds the name of this nation calls up at once, Papacy, Atheism, and Revolutions. And this is not to be wondered at; for her general history favors this association. But on the other hand, her Protestant Church history tells a different story. It speaks to us of brave martyrs, such as noble Berquin, Marot, the sweet singer, high-born Coligny, intrepid Condé, and many others unwritten in every history except heaven's. The cities and villages of France, its mountains and valleys, prisons and castles are crimsoned with the life-blood of martyrs. Authentic history permits us to say that France has yielded more martyrs than all the other countries of Europe together, and that for one martyr in England and Scotland there have been 500 in France. We have all read of St. Bartholomew's Day and the empurpling of the Rhone with Huguenot blood. And yet this cruel furrowing was not followed by a rich harvest, as we might expect. But it may yet be so, for God took a servant of His into this land and said: "Look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest," and prompt obedience began "The McAll Mission."

In 1871, a Congregational minister and his devoted wife sought rest and recreation on the Continent. On their way home they stayed at Paris for four days. A people fresh from the sad glories of war were so responsive to kindly feeling, and so willing to receive the tracts offered that they continued the distribution during their short stay. But one evening as a group of *ouvriers* (workmen), at the door of a coffee-house was accepting tracts, one of their number grasped the hand of the minister and said earnestly, "Will you not come and tell us the true religion? Throughout this whole district of Belleville we have to a man done with priests. We cannot accept an imposed religion. Many of us are ready for a religion of reality."

These words fastened themselves upon the heart of this man of God—the Rev. R. W. McAll. They went with him between Paris and his devoted parish, they clung to him by day and by night. He could not shake himself free. They were to him—not a Macedonian—but a Parisian cry, "Come over and help us." Months of anxiety passed. He corresponded with many of the Protestant ministers of Paris. Some believed in the scheme and encouraged him, but others doubted. And they had good reason to doubt. An Englishman to start mission work at Paris—the focus of Continental atheism and indifference, the city of the bloody Guises and Bourbons, the city passionately swayed by the cruel kindness of Robespierre and Voltaire. Why, the thing is vain and foolish! But not simply in Paris, but in the heart of that notorious *faubourg* (suburb), Belleville, whose communistic mob during the siege, in blind hatred of the priests massacred many of "ces imposteurs abominables," as they called them, and where was wreaked upon them in return a terrible revenge, when 500 of these ignorant workmen were marched to Père Lachaise, and shot down into a long deep ditch, and hundreds more sent into exile—to begin mission work here is surely fanatical! But Mr. McAll was full of faith. He reasoned: if God opened the door, and bade me go within, He will come with me. He entered, and God went with him.

Divinely called in August, 1871, we find him and his wife in December of the same year in the dreaded *faubourg* of Belleville, not to make occasional visits but to live there among these *ouvriers*—to be one with them in fellow-feeling, and by God's help to make them one in love to Jesus.

Great tact was needed in beginning such a work, for the smell of powder had not yet left the atmosphere of Belleville, and the masses were yet heaving