



BEGINNING OF THE MCALL MISSION, AUGUST 18, 1872.

of another kind—a religion of freedom and earnestness, many of us are ready to listen.”

These words were enough. They impressed the visitor deeply, and clung to him as he journeyed to England; and pondering them, he could not help recognizing in their solemn import a message from God. After three months, largely filled with prayerful consideration and the best and fullest advice, he took the final step, and the English pastor became the evangelist in France.

This was a romance of middle life, for he was just completing his fiftieth year, and stepped into the new field with the quiet wisdom of age, while, at the same time, full of the sweet and buoyant enthusiasm of youth. The supposed “dead line of fifty” to this man of hope and courage and love and spiritual ideals, was the threshold of his real life, and the portal to unfading renown. He left, it is true, a good record in England,

but his great work, for effective service and rich fruitage, was now just beginning. With his zealous and devoted partner, Mrs. McAll, who was gladly willing to co-operate with him, he took up his abode in Belleville, a suburb or faubourg of the city of Paris, containing a population of about a hundred thousand people. This quarter of the metropolis is inhabited by the poorest classes, and is famous for its poverty, wretchedness and crime.

See yonder, at the highest part of the Rue, near one of the present mission stations! What is it? A large garden with an iron gate. Look through the bars and you will see at the farther end, a wall—a blackened wall—with an inscribed stone. Into that garden numbers of the priests of Paris were brought by the exasperated Communists; to that wall they were fastened and shot. It must have been a dreadful scene of blood and butchery. And the men of Belle-