

VOL. XVI

NO. 1

THE AMERICAN M^CALL RECORD



FEBRUARY
1898



STATUE OF THE BOY LUTHER



THE AMERICAN McALL RECORD

PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY BY THE

AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION

ROOM 21, 1710 CHESTNUT STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PENN.

SINGLE SUBSCRIPTION, four numbers with Annual Report, postpaid, 25 cents a year. **CLUB RATES**, twenty or more subscriptions: To one address, 10 cents a year; to separate addresses, 12 cents a year.

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Entered at the Post-office, Philadelphia, Penn., as second-class matter.

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NUMBER I

The work carried on at Bicêtre described in our last number has not been allowed to drop. After the "mission" of a few weeks, it was agreed to continue the meetings twice a week, at the earnest desire of the people, and they have now been moved into a room more suitable for work in the cold season than was the former hall, which was, in fact, nothing but a shed, and quite uninhabitable in winter. A good temperance work has been carried on, and our friends have been greatly encouraged in their efforts.

We are sorry that Pastor Henri Monnier, who has been for the past twelve months working at Bercy Church with Mr. Greig, is about to leave the Mission, having accepted the call addressed to him by the Church of the Étoile to undertake their mission work in the quarter of Les Ternes. M. Monnier will continue, as far as he may be able, to render us service in the midst of his other duties.

Mrs. McAll is preparing, with the help of M. Réveillaud, a French edition of the biography of the late Dr. McAll. The volume will shortly be issued by Messrs. Fischbacher, of Paris, and will be in many respects different from the English Life.

Good tidings come from our friend, Pastor Escande, from Madagascar. M. Escande has been kept in excellent health and writes cheerfully, though he finds his work most fatiguing owing to the long journeys he has to take continually, having a large number of churches under his supervision. He requests that constant prayer be offered on his behalf, that he may have wisdom for the many difficult questions that come before him for solution.

We trust that the Auxiliaries are vigorously pushing the work of obtaining subscribers to the RECORD. The editor in recent visits to a number of Auxiliaries was not a little grieved in some instances to find how few copies of the RECORD were taken and how little even these copies were read. The RECORD is issued with the single desire to stimulate interest in the work by spreading a knowledge of its details. The expense and labor expended upon it are justified only so far as the little magazine is read.

AN EARNEST WORD TO THOSE GOING ABROAD.

Once again, and as emphatically as possible, would we urge our members who visit Paris to give the Mission a more prominent place on their schedule of sightseeing. How often does it occur that when a member—even an officer—of an Auxiliary returns home from Europe, and her fellow-workers are eagerly awaiting a report of her impressions of the work, of the condition of the hall which they help to support, of the special methods of the Mission, they find with deep disappointment that all she has to say is like this: “Yes, I visited the Mission. We had not much time, you know, but I went to one hall. It was in the rue—rue—Oh, down there by the Madeleine, you know—Rue Royale! Yes, that is the place.”

This we would earnestly urge is *not* the way. *Don't* leave your visit to the Mission till the last minute, only to learn possibly that the last minute must perforce be used for something else—the dressmaker, perhaps. *Don't* think you have seen the Mission when you have simply called at the office in the Rue Godet de Mauroy—haply, on a day when the principal officers are on duty elsewhere. *Don't* fancy that you can learn all about it simply by going to one of the American churches. Above all, *don't* run away with the conclusion that the Mission is not making much impression, because when you asked at your hotel or in one of the shops, where the “McAll Mission” was to be found, no one could answer your questions. *We* love to connect Dr. McAll's name with his work, but *he* did not so connect it. Ask for the *Mission Populaire* of almost any one in almost any street, and watch how the eyes brighten. To the poor people of Paris the Mission is *their own*, the *people's* mission, not yours, nor ours, nor even Dr. McAll's.

This is how M. Soltau wrote a few months ago in a fit of desperation, due to repeated disappointments in eager expectation from American friends of the work:

“I would urge you to ask intending visitors to note the address of the Mission office here, and then *as soon as they arrive*, to *send a postal card to say that they are in Paris*, and want information as to times and places. We would then furnish them with all information. It is, however, most discouraging to make all sorts of arrangements, and at the last moment the people cannot or do not turn up. But this must be expected.

“But fault is found that visitors are not properly looked after here. That is simply their own fault. We cannot divine that “Mr. and Mrs. X., of Bloody Gulch, are in Paris.” We cannot get the hotels to take and keep notices of the Mission. We have tried it and spent time and money over it to no purpose. We cannot, in fact, without an outlay of hundreds of dollars, advertise the Mission. Friends must find us out, or help us to find them out.

“ I feel tempted sometimes to write an article for your Quarterly, on the kind of visits American friends pay us. It would be very instructive to show up the way information (?) is picked up and taken back to the Auxiliaries. For instance, a visit to the office, five minutes spent, off again, ‘so awfully sorry we cannot stay longer, and *see more of the work*, so deeply interested, but we must go to Versailles, and to visit some studios, and Sunday we are occupied all day visiting quite a number of churches. Such a wonderful work you are doing. Are the meetings in French? Do many come to them? Is it connected with the *Jerry Macaulay Mission in New York?*’

“ Those are only a specimen of exactly what has been said to me many times over.”

POSTERS AND PUBLIC MORALITY.

Our readers are acquainted with the vigorous effects which right-minded French people, of whatever religious belief, are making to raise the tone of public morality. These efforts are chiefly directed toward Sabbath observance and the purification of the cheap newspapers. Many of the latter are indescribably vile. Another branch of effort for a higher public morality is found in the war these benefactors of the nation are waging against the public exposure of obscene pictures. Some of the posters seen on the thoroughfares of our own cities are sufficiently coarse and vulgar, but they are propriety itself as compared to the obscenity of the posters displayed on the advertising kiosks of the streets of Paris. The demoralizing influence of these pictures upon the minds of the children of Paris is beyond description. How peculiarly gratifying a fact then is the elevating and moralizing influence of the children’s work of our Mission. Mr. Greig emphatically states his conviction that the elevating influence of the Sunday and Thursday schools is very marked. The moral tone of the entire population has been distinctly raised in those regions where the schools have been carried on for a long term of years.

AT THE CEMETERY GATES.

We were able to make a large distribution of tracts and gospels at the gates of some of the cemeteries this year, at the great fête of All Saints, when it was estimated that over a million persons visited the cemeteries on the two days. We gave away over 14,000 tracts, etc., and it was remarked that they had never been so well, we may say so eagerly, received before.

Other friends also took advantage of the occasion for giving away the Gospel message, and Pastor Hirsch, who carries on “*L’Œuvre des Affligés*,” which was founded by the late Pastor Armand Delile, made a large distribution, with the aid of M. de Neufville.

GLIMPSES OF THE INSIDE LIFE OF THE McALL MISSION.

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION.

It was my privilege to spend some weeks in Paris this fall, when I had an opportunity to see many phases of the McAll Mission work, and to visit the people in their homes, as well as to wander through the streets made memorable as the scene of Dr. McAll's first efforts for the French people. Perhaps the readers of THE RECORD will be interested in some extracts from my journal.

It is Rue Championnet (Salle Beach) to-night, and with Dr. Hunter I leave the hotel at 7.30. We drive rapidly through brilliantly-lighted streets, meeting gay crowds, until gradually we come into the poorer streets, rough pavements dimly lighted, and after half an hour draw up at the door of Salle Beach. There is the usual man outside to invite the people in, and a woman inside to give out hymnbooks and show to seats; as a rule the people show the same desire for the back seats as in our Mission Meetings, and the attendant has fairly to drive them forward. The hall is bright and attractive, better ventilated than some. The people are for the most part fairly well dressed. All are attentive, some eagerly so. There are many men as well as women and children. This is a Protestant district as shown by the audience, who mostly stood during prayer. The room was well filled. Beginning at 8 o'clock they sing a few hymns, then there is a scripture reading and prayer, and Mr. Brown talks. He is simple and colloquial in his style and the people follow him closely.

After him M. Migot is to speak, but we cannot wait for that and hurry off to another meeting. But just here I may as well describe another visit to this hall on "Dispensary day," which is Saturday. Four ladies are in attendance and they go soon after noon, so as to meet the people as they gather. Two of the ladies are Americans, Miss Chickering from Pittsfield, Mass., and Miss Johnson. The other two are English, all devotedly attached to the work, all giving their services.

Miss Chickering receives the people as they come, gives each man, woman and child a ticket; if this is their first visit their names are taken and cards made out by Miss Coldstream. If not, their cards are looked up and seen to be all right. Miss Johnson then conducts them to seats well forward, and the ladies talk with them as there is opportunity.

At 1.15 Mr. Anderson (who visited us some years ago) goes to the desk. Hymn books are given out and they sing, then Testaments are passed, many take them and follow the scripture reading. There is only a brief address, most listen with interest, all give respectful attention. A prayer follows, closing the public service. Then Miss Coldstream marshalled the forces for

the doctor. It was interesting to watch them. They had to be treated as children for they would get out of order and make endless confusion.

As each patient came from the doctor's office they passed in to the apothecary prescriptions and bottles, and received their medicines. The amount was marvelous. Some would receive four and five bottles. "They think its of no use if they do not get a lot of medicine," said one of the ladies.

While waiting their turn the ladies talked with them individually and Mr. Anderson handed round copies of the Gospel of St. John which anyone could have who wished. Many took them with evident pleasure. Others said they had them already.

These Gospels are usually paid for by some one who allows them to be given away. Mr. Anderson has prepared a simple narrative of the Life of Christ, in the phrases of the four Gospels.

Gradually the number melted away. Ninety tickets had been given out. Sometimes it will be six o'clock before all have had their chance with the doctor and the apothocary. The ladies stay until the last, finding that these people in trouble are most susceptible to spiritual influences.

Next, let me take you with me as I go out to Bercy one Sunday afternoon to attend service in Mr. Greig's little church and visit Mr. and Mrs. Greig in their home. It is a plain wooden building and filled with little wooden chairs, so small as to make long sitting on one extremely uncomfortable. As they are fastened together, they make very snug quarters, when all the chairs are occupied. There are large numbers of young people and many children, who keep remarkably quiet.

Evidently whole families come to church. Mrs. Greig is at the organ. There is a baptism, with godfathers and godmothers, not only for the new baby but for each of the other children (two) who stand up with them. Mr. Greig preaches without notes to an attentive congregation. A collection is part of the service, and I notice nearly every one puts something in the bag. After service Mr. and Mrs. Greig have a friendly word with this one and that one, and then I go with Mrs. Greig to her home, a most unpretentious abode, and I learn many things which I cannot speak of here. There are ten mouths to feed, and ten bodies to clothe, when food of every kind costs double (or more) what it does with us. Fuel is exorbitantly high. As we came in, "the baby" came to meet us. Poor little fellow! He has had a hard fight for his life, for he was born with club-feet. Treatment is bringing them into normal shape, but it is tedious and expensive. French doctors do not give free treatment to the clergyman's family, as they do so generally with us.

Mrs. Greig showed me the rooms where meetings of some kind are held every day, sometimes two or three in one day, and I realize that this little church congregation means Mothers' Meeting, Christian Endeavor, Sunday Schools, Industrial Schools, in each and every one of which Mrs. Greig takes an active part.

After taking a cup of tea with them Mr. Greig said, "We are going over to the Faubourg St. Antoine for the Sunday School, will you go with us?" I said I should be glad to, so off we started. They said it was only a little way; I think it was fully a mile and a half. They always walk. The sidewalks were so crowded that often we had to go into the street.

The children were waiting for them. Some of the older ones came forward and greeted Mrs. Greig with great affection. She has her class there, too. Often there are three hundred children in the school from half-past five to seven o'clock.

"Why," I said, "can they come after dark?" "Oh, yes. They would be in the street if not here. This is far better for them."

Then I took a cab and drove back to my hotel, through crowded streets, where there was no suggestion of the Sabbath. The shops were open and displayed all their usual attractions, and I thought sadly of these small spots for evangelization, scattered here and there, and wished they might be augmented a thousand fold, and supplied with all the brightness and attractiveness, without the vice, that these gay throngs desire. Another day I went again to the Faubourg St. Antoine to the Mother's Meeting, which Mrs. Greig conducts. The picture left in my mind is a vivid one. There were fifty or more present, women of all ages. A few had babies with them, but the little things were quiet. The women bring their own work. Some one reads to them for half an hour, then Mrs. Greig takes her seat in the midst of them and tells them the Sunday-school lesson for the next Sabbath in a simple way, using her own language and illustrating from her knowledge of their life with its temptations and sorrows. Sitting on the edge of their chairs (these same small, hard chairs!) straining forward to catch every word, with nods or shakes of the head, a pleased smile sometimes, and a sorrowful "No, no," in a soft voice as she asks them if they are trying to do God's will in their homes day by day. Her own face lights up with exceeding love and tenderness. I can see it all as I read over my notes. There is one old woman who for a long time lived on ten francs (two dollars) a month. After putting aside the rent she would invest the rest in bread, cut it up in small pieces so that it would get hard and dry. Then, as she used it, she would boil it in water and call it soup. Whenever possible a daughter (also very poor) would bring her bit of meat or vegetable to put in

her bread soup. After a time her allowance was increased to twenty francs (four dollars) a month, when she felt that she was a rich woman. But with almost constant sickness she found that even twenty francs had a limit in luxuries, and began to pray that she might be allowed the thirty francs given to women over eighty years of age. Now she has it and is very happy in that her prayer is answered.

The women have a wee cup of cocoa and a piece of bread. The cocoa is so thin that a pound will last a month, even if there are fifty women at a time. Then they go home. This is the one bright spot in their monotonous lives. At one time Mrs. G. proposed to close the meetings for a little while in the summer, but the women came to her begging her not to, as it was their one solace. She consented, and it has never once been closed. Forty-two is the smallest number ever gathered.

Mrs. Greig told me of her Bercy Mothers' Meeting, where a friend gives them material to make up for those poorer than themselves. The women have agreed to fine themselves two cents when not at the meeting, and that makes a fund to help others when in straits.

And now let us go together out to the Salle Boston, on the Rue Barbès, and see one of the Thursday "Sunday-schools." The room holds 250. There were few vacant chairs. The leader is giving a general address when we come in. After this the school breaks up into groups, each with its teacher. The leader is pastor of a French church. He brings his teachers from his church, thus doing a double work for his church and the Mission. The children were very quiet. An amusing thing happened when the leader picked up a small boy and, holding him up, said, "Does anyone recognize this boy as belonging in her class? He does not know where he belongs." A teacher claimed him and he was disposed of.

Picture after picture arises in my mind as I live over again those weeks in Paris—pictures of devoted, consecrated effort on the part of the workers, and of cordial response from the people, and I thank God and take courage.

MISS BEACH'S LETTERS.

"August 31. I presume father remembers the letter he received from Dr. L. giving such a doleful account of the rudeness of Parisians and of their treatment of ladies in the street. Now I am studying the people very carefully, as well as their language, and I like to record the pleasant things. I have been obliged to take very long walks, and have been in many different streets, but I have always been treated with the most perfect politeness. The policemen are models in this respect. Sometimes I have asked a direction of

some salesman in a store, and always, if I did not seem to understand the spoken answer, the person addressed would write it for me.

“September 5. Friday afternoon I went to the garden of the Palais Royal and heard for an hour the delightful music of the band of the Garde Republicaine. It was a rare pleasure, I assure you. The music seemed to me absolutely perfect. The entertainment was not very expensive: chair, 2 cents; programme, 1 cent; total, 3 cents for an hour of rare enjoyment. If you choose to stand and dispense with a programme your expenses are reduced to zero, and cheaper pleasure one could not ask. * * *

“I find I am losing in some degree my fear of speaking. I don't feel now as if every sentence would choke me. Until this week it has seemed to me that I was one person, my own self, when I spoke English, and quite a different being when I tried to speak French; even my voice was not the same. The other day I spent two hours and a half on one sound. I am determined to pronounce as the Parisians do if patient practice can accomplish this result. Yesterday we were startled by the news of the sudden death of M. Thiers. This is a sad loss to the country, especially sad in the present crisis, for his age and experience made him a leader, though he was not nominally at the head of the nation. The Bonapartist journals lost no time in insulting him, but I trust their malice will injure none but themselves.

“The funeral services will take place next Saturday, when the true friends of their country will spare no effort to honor one who has done so much for France. The Republicans mourn for him as we did for our beloved Lincoln.

“Madame Thiers has refused to give up the funeral arrangements to the Government. She accepted the offer of the Government to take charge of the funeral with two conditions—that she should defray the expenses, and arrange the procession as she pleased.

“The first condition she yielded, and will give the amount received from the Government to the poor of Paris, but upon the second she insisted.

“MacMahon and his clique are trying to squeeze out a few crocodile tears over the loss of such a ‘distinguished statesman,’ but the effort is a pitiable failure.

“It will be useless to try to gain admittance to the church, as it is not a very large building, and we shall not go to the cemetery, but content ourselves with a sight of the procession as it moves along the Grand Boulevard.”

On September 9th, with Mme C. and a friend, Miss Beach went to the house of Mme Thiers to see the body lying in state. It was a very rainy day; all public conveyances were full; it was necessary to go on foot; but such conditions never hindered Miss Beach.

After arriving at the house, they were obliged to wait nearly an hour in the street, until those who had preceded them had been admitted. The first thing to do was to write their names on the visitors' list, then to patiently wait their turn in a pouring rain. She writes: "Umbrellas to right, umbrellas to left, before, behind, punched us and dripped on us; but we stood firm, occasionally advancing a few steps. At last we reached the gate, and, after passing through a little court and an arched passage, the principal entrance, we reached the room where the body was lying. This room looks upon a beautiful garden, a large square of green surrounded by flower-beds. The house is very large, and, I am told, it is really princely in its adornments.

"A low railing separated the path from the flower-beds, and this was draped with black bordered with heavy white fringe. Similar drapery hung beside the door, bearing the initial T and the crossed palm branches, the emblems of the Academy, of which he was a member. The coffin, covered with black and loaded with wreaths and crowns of immortelles, rested on a low platform just within the door; many large candles burned around it; at the foot was the holy water, which each visitor could sprinkle upon the coffin with a prayer for the soul of the departed. I evaded this part of the ceremony.

"Thousands of the friends of M. Thiers visited the house during the three days before the final service.

"Yesterday morning the rain continued with discouraging persistency, but, to our delight, ceased about the time when the procession left the church. Bishop Dupanloup would not permit the funeral service to be held in the Madeleine, which is a large church and surrounded by an open space which would accommodate the crowd of spectators. There is a rule of the church requiring the funeral service to be in the parish church of the deceased. The church nearest the home of M. Thiers is very small, not at all adapted to such a service; but Bishop Dupanloup could not think of such a sin as violating the rules of the church. It is rather interesting, in this connection, to read an article in the *Rappel*, saying that it is only a short time since this same scrupulous bishop granted, without any hesitation, a violation of this rule for the funeral of an actress of notoriously bad character. I fancy M. Dupanloup will not greatly enjoy the article in the *Rappel*, which is terribly and justly sarcastic.

"The three gentlemen started together. Madame and I preferred to go to a different quarter. We took the omnibus at the Place de la Bastille and then walked a short distance. We were in the midst of a great crowd, but we both thought we could see much better on the sidewalk than at a window, and two men, one of them a workman, very politely offered to protect us from the pressure of the crowd when the cortège approached. Then I wanted to be,

for once, in the midst of a French crowd and see for myself how they would behave under circumstances of strong temptation. One could not blame them very much if they did cry, 'Honor to Thiers and the Republic,' 'Down with MacMahon!' This is just what the government would hail as a pretext for declaring martial law.

"After we had waited more than an hour, the cavalry rode rapidly down the street, driving the crowd right and left, to make way for the procession. We were fortunate enough to be almost in the front rank. Our friends stood between us and the horses, and we could see perfectly well.

"There was a low murmur from the crowd, as the procession approached. I thought, perhaps, the time for the explosion had come, and here I was right on the top of the volcano! But no, the murmur died away, and there was almost perfect silence in that vast crowd.

"First came the soldiers marching to the beat of muffled drums, then the hearse, or rather the triumphal chariot, draped in black with white trimmings, and drawn by six horses whose black coverings, embroidered with silver, almost swept the ground. I call it 'triumphal chariot,' because it was literally covered with wreaths and crowns, the offerings of a grateful people.

"On either side walked four men, bearing on rods resting on their shoulders the wreaths which could not be placed on the coffin or the hearse. Next came the three hundred and sixty-three members of 'the Left,' the members of the Academy, the distinguished citizens invited to join them. Victor Hugo and Gambetta were pointed out to me, and I saw them very distinctly. Then the multitude were permitted to follow. Thousands followed to the gates of the cemetery which they were not allowed to enter. Last of all came the carriages containing the family friends. The first was the family carriage of M. Thiers and bore his initials. It was almost covered with crêpe and contained Madame Thiers, her sister and another lady.

"As the hearse and the Republican members passed, the excitement became intense. I could feel it, and understand it, too; but not a single cry was heard, a suppressed murmur was the only expression of the agitation of the crowd. We did not go to the cemetery, as we could not enter, but took a carriage and came home. I was very tired, but glad that I had been permitted to see the grand spectacle of a great multitude controlling excited feelings and giving the government no pretext for proclaiming martial law.

"I have read the speeches of Jules Simon and M. Grévy at the cemetery. Both are very fine. Gambetta is to be prosecuted to-morrow for saying in a speech at Lisle that if the election proved unfavorable to MacMahon, the latter must either submit or resign.

“September 12. I have hardly recovered from the fatigue of last week, yet I am glad I went into the crowd and saw for myself the spirit of the people. I have just heard that 20,000 ‘secret police,’ armed, were distributed among the crowds with orders to fire if there was any disturbance. If this order had been carried out, of course we should have been quite as fair a mark for the bullets as anyone else.

“September 16. Friday afternoon I walked alone to Notre D ame. As you all know its foundation is very ancient, and it is one of the most interesting buildings in Paris. It looks like an old relic with its two high, square towers, rows of the statues of ancient kings extending along the front, and the numerous quaint dragons and indescribable animals stretching out their droll heads along the side. ‘The dim, religious light’ of the interior makes it rather difficult to distinguish anything clearly at first, but there is more light as one advances. The arches and pillars are very fine and everything seems to carry one back to the Middle Ages. As in all the churches, there are little chapels all along the sides of the building. The statuary in some of these is very beautiful, and so is the high altar.

“Just to amuse myself I went with other visitors to see the relics and treasures of the church. Candor compels me to say that I returned not greatly edified. The guide had the regulation tone and rolled the words out of his mouth so rapidly and monotonously that it was enough to put one asleep. The expression of his countenance never varied in the least, whether he showed the garment of a murdered bishop, or the ornaments given by Napoleon III on the occasion of his marriage. Of course, there was a piece of the wood of the true cross, and doubtless all the other usual relics. There are many beautiful vases of gold, and vessels used in the services, which were given by various sovereigns. In large drawers are kept the superb robes worn by the bishops on State occasions; these are embroidered with gold thread and are very gorgeous. One of these robes was given by Napoleon I at his coronation. I wanted to ascend the towers, but had not time. Some other time I shall do this for my exercise for the day.

“A priest sits near the door ready to give holy water to all the faithful from a queer little sprinkler. Most of the company touched it and made the sign of the cross, but I, being a wicked heretic, passed by on the other side. Very near Notre D ame is the H otel Dieu, a fine large hospital. This is a new building, but most of the houses on this little island have an ancient look.

“Yesterday I walked through the Champs Elys ees and along the quai to the Grand Exposition Building on this side of the Seine. This building will remain, and it will be a real ornament to the city. It is advancing rapidly toward

completion. From the high ground on which it is situated one has a fine view of the city. From this side the Bridge of Jena, built by the first Napoleon, leads to the Champ de Mars where the temporary buildings are rising on a grand scale. I intend to explore the city as thoroughly as possible in my walks.

“October 6. Our own experience last year qualifies us to appreciate in some degree the feelings of earnest republicans here at the present moment. They feel that the future of their country depends upon the result of the election of the 14th. * * * I am sure my teacher was right when he said yesterday, ‘We have learned moderation and self-control in the school of misfortune. The calmness of the people is wonderful, even to me who have watched so carefully the results of their sufferings.’

“October 11, Sunday morning I went to church and to the communion service which follows the sermon. M. Bersier read the service and M. Monod preached. I enjoyed the communion service very much. I do not feel that I am a stranger when I stand beside the table of our Saviour with a little company of those who love and serve Him, although I do not know the name of one person among them. The love and presence of Jesus never seemed so real and precious as here in this foreign land. In the afternoon M. Bersier preached a very interesting sermon from the text, ‘Render unto Cæsar,’ etc. He alluded to the troubled state of the country, and spoke very earnestly of the duty of the Christian citizen at such an hour.

“I take a long walk every day, for I find this is necessary if I wish to accomplish my object. Tuesday afternoon I walked to Passy, a quarter remote from the center, passing the grand building of the Exposition. I returned by the river as the sun was setting and enjoyed the reflection of the sunset colors in the water. Wednesday afternoon I attended M. Bersier’s weekly Bible lecture. He finished the explanation of the tenth chapter of Luke. You would all have enjoyed the description, so clear and vivid, of the two classes which have always existed in the church, the active and the contemplative Christians. He brought out very clearly the danger of each class, and cautioned each against harsh criticism of the other.

“On the evening of the 9th M. Gambetta addressed an audience of seven thousand people in a large hall not very far from the Bastille. More than half his audience came from Belleville, the stronghold of the Communists during the last war, and one of the worst quarters of the city, yet the most perfect order prevailed during the meeting, and at its close—this, too, when they knew that their candidate had been prosecuted a second time by the Government for repeating in a letter to his constituents the famous ‘submit or resign.’ His speech was grand; he is a genuine orator.”

The 14th of October, the day for the elections, was Sunday. Miss Beach was too anxious to sleep much the preceding night, and when she fell asleep it was "to dream of troublous times." Waking early, she went to Sunday-school and morning service at M. Bersier's church. Of the state of the city she writes: "There was the most perfect order everywhere. I saw fewer people than usual in the streets and nothing to indicate an election. I went to the afternoon service, and heard a most interesting sermon from the text, 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and forever.' I never heard M. Bersier preach with more earnestness and feeling. He prayed for the country in the closing prayer, as if he realized her peril.

"The church was crowded, two rows of chairs were placed in the broad aisle and several persons were obliged to stand during the service.

"The same order reigned through the day. I did not see a drunken person. Crowds gathered in the evening on the Grand Boulevard to hear the news. There was the greatest eagerness to hear but no disturbance.

"October 19. We can hardly rejoice enough in the result of the elections—a majority of 120 at least—probably more. * * * Last evening three friends of the family dined here. One of the gentlemen is the artist who painted the famous Siege of Paris which I have described to you. They were all well educated people, and I enjoyed listening to their conversation. Prof. C. introduced me as 'one of the few Americans who wish for France the blessings of a free government like their own.' I blush for shame that so many of my countrymen and countrywomen here wish for a return of the Empire."

A VISIT TO SOME OF OUR PROVINCIAL STATIONS.

By REV. C. E. GREIG.

ROCHFORT.

As All Saints' Day is one of the few occasions on which a French workman or clerk can count on a whole holiday, it has for some years now been set apart by our friends at Rochefort and La Rochelle for an all-day meeting. This year it fell on a Monday, and the series of meetings really began on the previous evening, when the hall was quite full and the audience deeply attentive. I was the only speaker, along with M Dürleman, our agent. Next morning we had first a prayer-meeting at a quarter past nine, attended by some forty people, several of whom took part. The La Rochelle contingent, about twelve strong, arrived while it was in progress, and, perhaps, half a dozen friends came in also from Saintes. The rest, with the exception of

Pastors Adolphe de Richemond and Nazelle, were all from Rochefort itself, and it was very striking to see so many people cheerfully giving up to religious exercises the whole of their hard-earned holiday.

Of many, M. Dürleman could tell interesting stories, for his personality is the centre round which all gravitate. That young farmer who has ridden in on his bicycle is now all alone, with no religious service of any kind attainable on Sunday, for the cattle must be seen to, and many other things; and except on special occasions he cannot absent himself for half a day. So it is at least a month's provision of spiritual food that he is looking to receive to-day. A public school teacher is in like case, with the additional burden of three children whom she would fain train up in godly ways, but she also, as former Sunday-school teacher and organist, is utterly isolated. And whereas our young farmer can and does testify to Christ boldly to all whom he meets, and has even now a goodly provision of tracts strapped on to his machine, her tongue is all but tied by Government regulations interpreted by Catholic spite. Then look at those three lads sitting closely together. One, the smallest, with an indescribable air of still readiness about him, is the head boy of the Lycée, and the other two, curly-locks and hatchet-face, are not far behind him. These three have founded a Y. M. C. A., the members of which will shortly sing us a chorus, and have further founded a boys' Temperance club, recruited mostly among their school-fellows and openly patronized by the best of the masters.

And yonder bright-faced young woman from La Rochelle, the survivor of two sisters who have for years borne good testimony to Christ in the midst of continuous persecution, sometimes open sometimes secret, has just gained a victory which may perhaps bring about the conversion of her mother. She was engaged by this mother to a young man of good reputation and excellent worldly prospects, but when she found that he was not a Christian she refused to marry him and kept to her resolution in spite of many jeers and even blows. Another girl, a rival, was only too glad to accept what she refused, and her vulgar triumph was not easy to bear. But after a few weeks of marriage the real character of the man came out. He lost his situation, took openly to drink, and now forces his poor wife to support him in idleness and sin. It was nothing but Christian principle that saved our friend from lifelong misery, and even her mother cannot but acknowledge that her daughter spoke truly when she said that God Himself forbade the coveted marriage.

But meanwhile the hall is filling up for the forenoon meeting. The subject is the first paragraph of the Eighteenth Psalm, and three or four speakers find it rich enough to afford matter for as many expositions. Then the townsfolk return home, taking with them now and then a friend from outside, and the

rest sit down to an extemporised lunch, hurried over as fast as may be to allow the more time for tract distribution at the gates of the cemetery.

At 2 p. m. the third meeting begins, and soon the hall is crowded to hear four or five addresses on the epistle to the Churches of Laodicea. So deep and genuine is the interest that even the arrival of a photographer, and an interruption of a quarter of an hour or so to get two photographs taken, does not destroy in the least the seriousness of the audience. At sunset there is another dispersion, but by 7 p. m. the hall is once more crowded to the door and beyond; and it is only reluctantly and slowly that it empties for the last time about half-past nine.

During the whole series of meetings the organ had been admirably played by the pastor of Rochefort, M. Laroche, who felt such a deep interest in the work that he came out time after time in spite of an attack of low fever which was hanging over him. Ten years ago he would not have done so, having been trained up in very different traditions; but the good resulting from these meetings and from the work generally was so indubitable, that he has now thrown himself heartily into the movement. Such a result shows what can be accomplished when the innovator is really Christ-like in his spirit and methods.

LA ROCHELLE.

Next day I accompanied M. Dürreman on his bicycle to La Rochelle. The meeting there was good, and we made several interesting visits during the afternoon, but the ride itself was what impressed me most. The country is exceedingly flat, and the road is bordered the whole way with meadows, on which during the summer quantities of sheep browse and great flocks of geese wander aimlessly about. To each shepherd and goose-girl our friend Dürreman's bicycle is as well known as the *soutane* of M. le Curé, and he has acquired a quite amazing dexterity in the art of taking a tract out of his pocket while going at full speed, and handing it to some expectant mortal who has risen out of a ditch or uncoiled himself from a dust-heap to receive it! In return he is overwhelmed with nosegays of wild flowers, and has even had game urged upon him by some waif whose notions of property in living creatures were not formed on the code! This is in the true sense itinerant evangelization.

NANTES.

From the scene of Richelieu's triumph I went on to that city of Nantes whose name is so indissolubly associated with the cause of Protestantism in France. There is nothing imposing about the place. Even the massive gateway of the chateau calls up no image of the past. Our hall is well situated, near the Bourse and the theatre, and not too far from the temple. It is clean

and well-lighted, two things of value anywhere, but specially worthy of notice on the outskirts of picturesque, untidy Brittany. Alongside is a second room, nearly as large as the first, and used as a *salle de lecture*, and behind a good-sized kitchen comes handy for bookbinding and other useful occupations. I was quite unannounced, but the meeting was very respectably attended. I was struck by the good behavior of even those who evidently had come in for the first time. There was none of the whispering and forced laughter to which we are accustomed in Paris; every one was at least respectful if not sympathetic. Of the *habitués* hardly any, M. Leuba told me, were Protestant by birth, but a goodly number had joined the Church by conviction since the McAll Mission had begun its work in Nantes. Seven, I think had done so last Whit-Sunday, and double that number were anxious to get regular instruction with a view to following their their example. This is a very hopeful sign, and the arrival of a young pastor, who has asked as a favor to be allowed to speak at the hall as often as his other work will allow, permits us to feel confident that these converts will find what they seek.

Among the older converts I made the acquaintance of a woman who, with her daughter, also converted, keeps an old clothes shop. A profitable part of her trade used to be the sale of second-hand *soutanes* to the clergy, but since one of these gentlemen found her reading her Testament, not one of them has crossed her door. Another, a man of some little education, but poor, sought out a Bible for himself in another of these repulsive rag stores, and found one, which proved to be a rare edition, and worth some hundred times what he gave for it. But God has prospered him in a small way since, and he will not part with his book—the very volume whose quaint pages God illumined by His Spirit to the saving of his soul. Being a bookbinder by trade, he gives his evenings to putting the reading-room library in good condition, and has taught the younger rag merchant to give him very efficient help in stitching and folding. It was a pleasant sight to see them all at work that Thursday night; these two; our evangelist, M. Leuba; a student, who had just gained some university distinction; and two others, whose history I at this moment forget.

CHOLET.

Next day a ride of some forty miles past the little town of Clisson, with its ivy-covered castle, brought me to Cholet. On the way I passed several of the absurd little dogcarts that abound in these regions. They are specially employed for the milk traffic, but may, of course, be turned to any use. One of them, to which three dogs were harnessed abreast in the usual way, and which carried a man and a boy besides the milk cans, overtook my bicycle going down a long hill, but the team could not keep up the pace on the level.

At Cholet I had expected to find a temperance meeting the evening I arrived, but though I found the address given in the report, no hall was to be discovered, nor any information obtained. Next day I learned, after some searching, that the hall had been recently moved and as the pastor who has charge of the work lives at the town of Moncoutant, a considerable distance away, I resolved to wait for the Saturday evening meeting, which he had announced as taking place regularly, and meet him there. Accordingly at 8 p. m. I knocked at the door which had been pointed out to me as that of the Protestant meeting-room, but only to be told that no service was to be held there that night; it was removed to the house of a friend who lived on the other side of the town. Fortunately I had my wheel with me, and after some inquiries I at last got to the right place. I was taken down a narrow passage, along a garden and across a sort of court, and finally ushered into a small kitchen. Two children were sleeping on a bed in one corner; the rest of the space was occupied by some thirty people, tightly packed together, some standing, most sitting. I was greeted cordially, and given a seat close to the stove. I had just come off my machine, and every window was carefully shut. I introduced myself, and the evangelist who has special charge of the work coming in, we had a very nice, earnest meeting. Among other interesting facts which I learned afterwards from the evangelist, I may mention that a man and his wife are just now completing their arrangements to come and live in Cholet, in order that they may get the religious instruction they desire. The man, a country workman, had heard the Gospel preached and had obtained a Bible, and the truth so wrought upon him that he and his wife, after devoting two days to come to Cholet and learn something more of Christ, have now sought out and obtained work in the town in order that they may be able to attend Gospel meetings regularly.

This work is sustained by the Free Church at Moncoutant, the Mission helping by a small annual grant.

C. E. GREIG.

FRUITS OF DISPENSARY WORK.

I had one day been giving a simple Gospel address in the Medical Mission which has been opened this year in the Epinette quarter of Paris. While speaking my attention was attracted by a young woman, whose eyes were riveted on the speaker and who seemed literally absorbing every word that was said. At the close of the service I entered into conversation with her; after the first few words she burst into tears, sobbing out, "My mother used to talk like that; when I heard you speaking it all came back to me." I found that her mother, originally a Roman Catholic, had been converted many years before, and had evidently lived afterward a consistent Christian life. Doubtless many and fervent had been the prayers which had ascended

for this, her only child, before she was permitted to see the answer. Now it had come and was to bring with it temporal as well as spiritual blessing. The girl was bowed down under a sense of sin and a desire to find her mother's God and Saviour, and very shortly after our first introduction she was able to rejoice in Him. The result of this new found salvation on her inner life produced a naive astonishment very sweet to see. "I am so changed, you can't think," she said to me one day.

"In what way?"

"I seem so much better. I used to get into a passion if any one annoyed me, but I never do now. I have written to my aunt, who was very unkind to me, and whom I have not spoken to for years. There is another woman, too, who has said dreadful things about me. When I met her in the street I passed her by, then I remembered how much the Lord had forgiven me, and I went back and shook hands. My friend was very angry that I had 'no spirit,' but you see I could not help 'making up,' because I was so glad Jesus had pardoned me."

This same friend told me later, "She did not know whatever had come over Albertine, she had become so meek and gentle, she that used to fire up so easily."

Albertine had been for some time in a state of health which precluded even light work. Her illness, as is inevitable with those who have to gain their livelihood,—had brought in its train poverty and privation; one felt almost hopeless as to how she was to be extricated from her tangled web of difficulties, met as she was at every turn by her ill health, but one need have had no anxiety, for a covenant-keeping God was watching over her. We were able, shortly, to get her into the Deaconess Nursing Institute, and from thence to the Convalescent Home. When she left there, at the end of three months, care and proper nourishment had produced so beneficial an effect that she was able to enter the service of some friends who had known her mother, but had entirely lost sight of the daughter. A month or two later she was received into the little Mission Church of Grenelle. A visit she paid me before I left Paris for my holiday filled me with joy. Her heart was overflowing with gratitude to God and those who had helped her, and most touchingly did she pour it forth in prayer and thanksgiving. Her health is sufficiently improved to allow of hope that she may continue to perform the services required of her, and if this be the one point of anxiety in her material outlook, for that as for all else we can trust the God who shows mercy unto children's children.

In another case the ripening has been not for earth but for heaven. No one could have seen S., on whose pale, intelligent face consumption had but

too evidently set its seal, or heard the racking cough which shook his worn frame, without having his deepest sympathy awakened. Though seemingly in the prime of life, the whole strength of his manhood was ebbing out in the unequal struggle with the fell disease.

This is one of those histories which repeat themselves with such sad monotony in the annals of the poor. A neglected cold, working for daily bread instead of necessary care, till the moment of forced inaction comes, bringing the poverty which hourly becomes more bitter, as piece by piece, till all is gone, the cherished furniture disappears to provide nourishment sufficient to prevent starvation, but not the comforts which an invalid requires. A well educated, superior workman, well able to gain a comfortable livelihood, S. was now drinking to its dregs this bitter cup.

From the first he listened eagerly to the Gospel story and quickly appropriated it to himself. So that very soon in the midst of increasing weakness he was able to rejoice in the forgiveness of sins and the hope of eternal life. His is such a happy nature, grateful for any kindness, and always greeting one with a bright smile, even when unable to speak. At his earnest request the communion was administered at his bedside by the pastor of the Church at Grenelle. He had years ago cast off the superstitions of the Romish Church, the only religion of which he knew; while an avowed freethinker he had signed and given to a comrade a paper stating that he wished his funeral to be entirely civil, with no religious ceremony, but at my last visit, held up by his wife, he undid with his trembling hands that act of ignorant unbelief, and I have now in my possession the expression of his last wishes, a farewell request that a Protestant pastor may conduct his burial service. His peace is unclouded. He has seen the Saviour, he says, who blessed him with outstretched arms, assured him of his love and the acquittal of all sin, adding that shortly he would come and take him to himself. Whether dream or vision, who shall say? It will be reality soon, for the end cannot be far off now.

What we have most to contend with in dealing with souls brought up in Roman Catholicism is the intense self-satisfaction which feels no need of a righteousness other than its own, so that we thanked God to-day for the Holy Spirit's work in finding more than one among our sick folk who felt their sinfulness and were earnestly longing for pardon.

One woman brought first into touch with the Mission by the Dispensary, and who is regular at the mothers' and the evening meetings was, I hope, led this afternoon to look from self to Christ.

THE "BON MESSENGER."

ON THE YONNE.

After leaving Misy, the next station that the boat visited was Courlon, and then Pont-sur-Yonne. It was found better not to stop at some places on the upward journey, but to leave them for the return. Both at Courlon and at Pont-sur-Yonne the work was most encouraging, the audiences gathered nightly being not only large but most interested. At the latter place the feeling was that permanent work should be attempted, as the impression was more deep even than that at Misy.

AUXERRE.

At Auxerre we had the advantage of the regular help of Pastor Villeger, of the Société Evangélique, who has been laboring there for some years. The ground is very hard in the department of the Yonne, and it is with deep thankfulness that we are able to speak of such encouraging results as those given in the following letter from M. Villeger, of date 6th December, 1897.

"During the four weeks that the 'Bon Messenger' was here we held meetings every evening with the exception of Saturday.

"All were good, even very good, and well attended; the attendance was never less than 125, and sometimes we had as many as 250 in and around the Boat, and we managed to make all hear by speaking as loudly as possible. The attention of all was most marked, and I know that much good was effected. I have had several visits from those who attended the meetings, and who are seeking the salvation of their souls. Consciences have been awakened and hearts have been touched. Only last Friday a good woman came to thank me for the good I had done her husband. 'He never gets angry now,' she says, 'and never complains, and is as gentle as a lamb; in fact, it is no more the same man,' says his wife. Last Sunday I saw the husband, wife, and their three children at our morning service. They come regularly to our Thursday evening service, and we have about fifty others also who have followed us from the Boat. I am sure that we shall draw in many more when our hall is opened on Sunday next (the 12th inst.).

"Thus we can sum up the result of the visit of the Boat as being a great success, and we have already some sixty new hearers gathered around us.

"MONÉREAU.

"At Monéreau, where I go three or four times a week, the meetings are also excellent, and the people in this village are more sympathetic even than at Auxerre.

"Last evening (Sunday, the 5th inst.), there were 150 persons at the

meeting, and it was indeed a joy to see the 300 eyes fastened upon the speaker, and to know that 300 ears were drinking in every word falling from one's lips. And to hear the 150 voices singing with all their might the sweet words:

Jusqu'à la mort nous Te serons fidèles,
Jusqu'à la mort Tu sera notre Roi.

(an adaptation of Miss Havergal's hymn, 'True-hearted, Whole-hearted, Faithful and Loyal').

"The priest has done all he can to try and prevent his parishioners from attending the meetings, but he has wasted time, strength, and also money; for he has printed a pamphlet, attacking M. Huet and Protestantism generally. He said a few days ago to a gentleman who is a sincere Catholic, but not a bigot, what a pity it was to see the people going to the Boat. His friend replied that he was not at all of that opinion, but that the meetings were excellent, for he had been at some of them himself, and that they could only do good to those who attended. For his part he admired M. Huet and M. Villeger, who never seemed weary of trying to instruct the people and to lead them to God. To do as they do, said he, they must be most thoroughly in earnest, and they must have a true love for souls.

"I am sure that we shall have permanent fruit at this place, and I hope that I may be able to establish a meeting. I look for good times at Gurgy, where the Boat will stop next, and likewise at Bassau, which I know well."

As M. Villeger has said, he is opening a hall at Auxerre. We had one there for some years, which was worked by M. Villeger, but it was closed not long since owing to lack of funds. We trust that this new impulsion will prove to be a lasting benefit, and that many souls will be won there.

MISY.

The work at Misy is progressing most happily. M. Cerisier goes there regularly every Saturday; but as soon as the new pastor is settled at Sens, he will be able to carry it on from there. This will be our old friend and colleague, Pastor Fourneau, who has accepted the call to the Church at Sens, which is also a post of the Société Evangélique. M. Fourneau will be there when the boat passes in the Spring (D. V.), and we trust that we shall have a good season of work there. We did not stop on going up, as the place was then vacant, and we felt it better to wait till the pastor was appointed.

We shall carry on the meetings as long as the weather permits; if the cold becomes severe, we shall lie up for a few weeks, ready to start again as soon as the milder weather arrives.

We ask that much prayer be made for the work, and that funds may be

sent in for it. We have great need of help, having received but little for the boat this season. We remind our readers that for *one hundred and fifty dollars* they can supply *a month's working*; for *twenty-five dollars, five days*; and for *five dollars, one day's evangelizing* of these country districts, where the Gospel is so readily received. Will not some feel it a great privilege to send us sufficient for a day, or for a week, or for a month?

LA ROCHELLE.

Ever since September the audience has gone on increasing, and the hall is now always full. The people are attentive and impressed, and we feel that God's spirit is acting in our midst. Let me mention one instance. A hair-dresser, who has lately come to our hall, gives proof of real conversion; he thirsts after God, and his most ardent desire is the conversion of his wife and his three children. But the wife would never, on any account, set a foot inside the hall. I tried lending her some good books, and asked her to read them aloud to the children. The reading of one of these books, "*Rosalie, l'Actrice Ambulante*" ("*A Peep Behind the Scenes*"), touched them so much, that ever since the whole family comes to the meeting.

Lately, when a storm forced ships to seek shelter in the port, we had a good many sailors at the meetings. Some days ago two of them came up and bought two hymn-books. They told me afterwards—"We escaped great danger, being wonderfully guarded during the last terrible tempest; we were hurt, but our lives were saved. God heard our prayers, and it is He who delivered us. He has been faithful, and we wish to be faithful to Him and live only for him."

A woman, speaking to me of the conversion of one of her neighbors, said: "The change produced in that woman is just wonderful. I have known her for long; when she had her shop, where she made her money, she was always dissatisfied; but now, since her conversion, although old and infirm, she is always happy."

In fact, the meetings at La Rochelle give us much joy and rejoice our hearts by the number of our hearers and their attentiveness. The children's meetings are prosperous, and I believe that Mme de Richmond is satisfied with the mothers' meeting.

J. DÜRRLEMAN.

That dreadful scourge of the century, the increase of drunkenness, has attracted the attention of doctors. The director of the lunatic asylum, with the double authority given him by his position and his post as city magistrate, delivered, under the auspices of the Academy of La Rochelle, a lecture on "*Les poisons de l'intelligence*" ("*What poisons the Brain*"). Lectures

have been given by men of the highest standing on "Social Questions from a Moral Point of View."

Patriots and moralists unite with disciples of Christ in the struggle against *immorality*.

Faithful to their past character, the McAll meetings have remained thoroughly popular and evangelistic, while at the same time they attract the interest and sympathy of those philanthropists who realize the close connection between intellectuality and moral progress, which can alone alleviate want and suffering.

The number of hearers has increased, their attention is earnest, their attitude respectful, and the Gospel has borne fruit in many hearts. A change of life has proved the sincerity of their profession. Increased attendance at public worship has been the result of their assiduity at the meetings. The same encouraging progress is visible among the women, who are chiefly old people, several being over eighty years of age. One of them died bearing testimony to her trust in the Saviour.

DE RICHMOND.

AROUND AND ABOUT.

HENNEBONT, NEAR LORIENT.

Pastor Kissel has for some years been evangelizing the town of Quimperlé near to Lorient, but has felt of late that it would be wise to attack a new place where nothing has hitherto been attempted, and to leave Quimperlé for the present. His thoughts were directed to the town of Hennebont, and he gives us the following account of the beginning of his work there:—

"I am glad to be able to tell you that our work has been begun at Hennebont under most favorable auspices. As I wrote to you, I was happy in finding a *salle* to let in the midst of the working people's quarter, admirably situated, and a good size, with room for 100 people.

"We opened the meetings on Sunday, the 10th of October, and not only the *salle* itself, but a large corridor giving access to it, and even the street itself, were packed with people. They came an hour before the time for beginning. I took as my subject, 'The poverty around us,' and, notwithstanding crowding and heat, I was listened to with the utmost attention.

"The following Sunday, although I had not made any further announcement, there was, if possible, a greater crowd than ever. To give you an idea of the numbers, we gave away 300 tracts at the door. This time I gave a more directly Gospel address, speaking of our Lord as the Friend of man, in the highest sense of the word. I was glad to see that in this crowd, so entirely unaccustomed to listen to such a subject, the preaching of the Gospel drew forth warm applause. I hope to begin singing lessons now.

“We must, of course, make great allowance for the attraction of novelty in this place, and we cannot tell as yet what will be the results of this effort, therefore I make no attempt to pronounce on this point. But we must all see that the beginning has been so far most hopeful, and seem to confirm the opinion expressed by some of our friends on the spot.”

We ask for much prayer for M. Kissel, who is indefatigable in his labor in a most difficult part of the country.

NICE.

I was lately called to visit a young girl who was dying, and on my second visit I found her very near her end. We could not tell if she was able to hear what I said, but I prayed with her, and soon after I left the house she revived and was able to speak again. This revival of strength lasted several days, and during that time she resolutely refused to receive the visits of the priest. She soon sank, and I feel sure that she died in peace, as although very ignorant, I fully believe that light had entered her soul.

L. BIAU.

BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

M. Mabboux planted his kiosk as usual during the fair that takes place here for three weeks in August of each year. He was very glad to place it at the disposal of M. Eberhard, the colporteur of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the sale of the Scriptures. M. Mabboux distributed about 5000 tracts during the fair, and had many interesting conversations with people of all sorts and conditions.

NEUFCHATEL, NEAR BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.

The little iron-room which has done such good service at La Marquise is now pitched at the village of Neufchatel. The work there has begun with many tokens of encouragement, and the Gospel it being regularly preached in that place week by week. We are glad that M. Eberhard is able to give M. Mabboux help in the evening meetings, and his presence is a great cheer to our friend.

LIMOGES.

The old hall of the Clos Ste Marie has at length been exchanged for one in which it is possible to breathe freely. M. Boyer says: “We began last Tuesday with ninety children at the school, who were quite lively enough. Yesterday, Sunday, we had one hundred and six present and the school was excellent. I see that we shall have still larger attendances and I must get more seats at once, for we have places for only seventy-six.

MARSEILLES.

A new branch of our Temperance Society has been set up in Le Rouet. Several drunkards have been helped into the right path and have, in common with their families, testified deep gratitude to us. Further, plain progress may be noted in the Temperance Society of the Quai du Port. Last spring its active membership was fifty-eight, now it is eighty-two. Thanks to this branch of the work, a certain number of drunkards living outside all religious influence have become members of different Evangelical Churches.

The consequences of these decisions have made themselves felt, deeply and happily, in the families and among friends, and the Gospel has thereby been honored. There is, besides, a close relation between temperance and evangelistic meetings; each benefits the other. Of three letters from men who have been thus helped, we give one:—

“I cannot but thank the Lord when I look back upon my life of sin and misery. How wretched I was when I was living without God, a slave to that absinthe which led me again and again into prison. I wish everyone could see into my heart, full as it is of gratitude to the Lord for having strengthened me to take the pledge. Never should I have believed that such happiness could arise from this engagement undertaken before God. The signature was for me the first step, what followed was done through faith in God and in Jesus; without him I could not have stood firm, for my heart was very wicked; nothing but the precious blood of the Saviour could cleanse and change it.”

B., still a drunkard, driven from Algeria by fever, had just landed at Marseilles with his family in utter want. We found them, crowded five in a room, with a single iron bed, of which one foot was wanting. The children, almost naked, were wandering about the threshold, one of them covered with ulcers. The hall of the Quai du Port was for the father the road to Damascus. With the first meetings, at which he was present, the work of God began in the depths of his soul. He gave himself to God, and the change was complete. Thereafter, he tried to win his wife and his children for Christ; they did not miss one meeting. For him again temperance was the key which opened his heart. In consequence of the miserable health of his wife and children, and the long period of want which he had had to endure, he had undergone trials hardly conceivable by one to whom to-morrow's bread is assured. The marvel is that he did not asphyxiate himself with all his family, as so many do. But in all these things he has shown the reality of his conversion. He proclaims Christ's love now in such a way as to move to tears.

A man was dying of a terrible malady, the result of indulgence in absinthe and smoking. His neighbors entreated him to call in the priest. He

answered, simply, "It is to God only that I wish to confess." Since then, the door has always been shut to the priest, but we were able to visit him for several weeks, and the preaching of the love of Christ touching his heart, he has died in peace. His wife, a Protestant, has since become one of our most devoted friends.

B., a Catholic by birth, had received the Gospel in our halls. But he was employed as valet in a house of bad reputation. Becoming aware of the contradiction between his life and his profession of faith, he became a rag picker. After earning high wages, he was reduced to living in a wretched hovel, a black pestilential hole, on 8d. or 10d. a day. In spite of his outward poverty, he was calm and full of faith, never complaining. He managed to buy every month a dozen of the *Ami de la Maison*, and the *Rèlèvement* to distribute around him. He fell seriously ill, and we had him taken to the hospital. It was there that he died, after several weeks' illness, giving to all surrounding him a striking testimony to his faith.

I lately reported to the Committee the news of the conversion of a fine young fellow, a medical student, led to believe by these words heard in one of our halls: "Faith is a setting of our whole being towards God." He perseveres in his faith, and every time we meet him, shows his deep gratitude.

I remember also the conversion of the mother of a Jewish family, since baptized. Here is what she wrote to us from a neighboring town, to which she had to go on business. "The most important of the precious things I have taken with me, is my Bible, for without that the time would seem very long to me. Since the day when Providence led me into the meetings, I have been no longer the same woman. I have won a great consolation, and the sorrows of heart I bore so long have utterly disappeared. Although I am a child of Israel, I have given myself completely to the Saviour. I realize that there is no happiness without Jesus Christ." This friend perseveres, and we rejoice over her steadfast life.

Two of our old converts are preparing to serve the Lord by consecrating all their time to Him. The one is a young man, Catholic by birth, whom God stopped at the very moment when he was intending to set off to seek his fortune in Australia. The ship's company not having allowed him to work his passage out, he wandered through the streets of the town and came into our hall on the Quai du Port as a meeting was going on. He found in Christ a finer fortune, a more glorious treasure than that of which he had dreamed. He is to-day in an evangelistic school, preparing for the Congo Mission. The other is a young girl, a servant in the same house for many years, in whom a remarkable spiritual development has taken place. She took the decisive step in a meeting convened specially for servants, held several years

ago in our hall of the Rue de la République. She has just asked admittance into a school of Bible-women, and we hope much that she will be received.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Mission distributes tracts and magazines, makes visits, keeps order in the meetings and special evangelistic services. Regular distributions have been made among firemen, postmen, cabmen, cigarette-makers, and in out-of-the-way-parts of the Vieux Port and the cemetery, also among soldiers newly returned from the Franco Russian fêtes, clerks, keepers of booths at the fairs, and in seventeen neighboring villages; 12,400 booklets have thus been distributed, and eighteen special religious meetings have been held in various halls by our young friends.

From our book store have gone out during the year 8000 Scriptures, 10,000 almanacs, 3000 books, pamphlets, catechisms, hymn-books, and tracts, 1000 wall-texts, colored cards, etc. Total, 22,000. But it must be remembered that all have not been sold or distributed at Marseilles itself, part has been sent off to different colporteurs. The Italian emigrants have had a large share as usual, because, at each departure of an emigrant ship, we distribute from sixty to eighty copies of the Bible, and there are two departures per month.

Two priests have bought Bibles and a new Testament in Greek. A good part of our time last winter was devoted to the Armenian question. More than 2000 refugees, driven out by the well-known terrible massacres, passed through Marseilles. A devoted English lady came to the help of the first arrivals, and, although collections were made at various services, there was no committee to take the work in hand. The Director of the "Mission Populaire" took the initiative by starting a Franco-Armenian Committee at Marseilles, presided over by M. Eug. Rostand, and recruited among the representatives of various faiths and diverse political views. It is still at work. It was also thanks to the "Mission Populaire" that on the occasion of a visit paid to our town by Professor Thoumaïan—called by the pastors of the Reformed Church to give a conference—a Ladies' Committee was formed, with the aim of sending clothes to Armenia, and having orphans sent from thence that situations might be found them in Europe. Finally, it was in one of the halls of the "Mission Populaire," in April, 1896, that the first conference was given at Marseilles upon the Armenian massacres, thanks to the help of the Director and M. le Pasteur Houter. The workmen who regularly attend our meetings made real sacrifices that evening, with the result that a sum of about 100 francs could be sent to Paris, to the Treasurer of the Evangelical Alliance. These various efforts have, to a certain extent, relieved our consciences as civilized men and Christians in the face of a people massacred for the sake of religion.

ST. ETIENNE.

[From the Annual Report.]

At this period last year, when writing the annual report of this branch of the Mission, I could not help entertaining gloomy forebodings for the future, and in reality the outlook was not encouraging.

The Lord's work here was seriously threatened in its very existence, for the order had come, however reluctantly, to close our halls. The decision was grave as, unlike what happily occurred in other towns from which the Mission was obliged to withdraw, there was no church capable of bearing the expenses of the work or carrying it on. But God in His goodness provided for the emergency in inspiring one of His servants, our esteemed lady friend, Miss Pell of the United States, to supply a goodly portion of the essential needs of the work. Her generous gift induced the committee to strain a point in favor of St. Etienne, and thus we have been able to get through another twelve months without letting our difficulties be known to the outside public, which was a great point, and for which I was specially anxious, making it the subject of constant prayer. If the committee had been obliged to abandon the field, the honor of the Mission would have been to some extent compromised, for the priests would have exulted and repeated once again their boast, that wherever they were dominant, Protestantism could never get a footing. However, there was a higher motive for anxiety, that of seeing a large industrial town like St. Etienne deprived of aggressive evangelization.

To-day we acknowledge God's goodness for the past year, and we are able to entertain much brighter hopes for the future, as to the actual condition of the work, and also as to its extension, which I trust will be soon realized.

As to the Mission itself during all this time, I am exceedingly glad to report a considerable progress in every department. Our one hall, which is very large, has been constantly filled every Sunday night, and more than once we have had to refuse late arrivals. For a long time I have not seen such constant large audiences, and what was also interesting was the number of strangers in every meeting, and also the fact that very rarely any went out before the close.

The Dispensary also increased considerably in the number of patients, and has been much blessed, as will be seen below, while the Friday prayer-meeting has kept up its attendance, but I cannot say it has increased, for two reasons—first, we have only one hall; and secondly, the Free Church, which is not far from our hall, holds a weekly prayer-meeting on the previous evening. Through the Dispensary we have got this year several regular hearers, who are being taught the way of salvation more plainly, while no one has left our ranks to go back to the world.

The open-air meetings, which were so much blessed the previous year, failed signally last summer on account of the incessant rain. I believe it rained every Sunday afternoon for months. We do not remember having ever seen such weather before. We did go out a few times however. This year we trust to have a good time, and we have already commenced our journeys through the country, the weather being very mild.

Besides the several branches of the work already mentioned, I may state that the Temperance Society has been established anew, and on I hope a firmer basis. Although it is a distinct work, and under the direction of a Dutch lady, the Mission has been able to help it by lending certain objects, and by giving periodic conferences against alcoholism. Up to the present the result has not been very brilliant, although alcoholism is very prevalent in St. Étienne, and a total abstinence society has its *raison d'être* in the town, but I think it requires nothing short of conversion to reform from drink.

HASTINGS BURROUGHS, M. D.

CANNES, GRASSE, ETC.

Notwithstanding the very unfavorable weather of this season, perhaps the rainiest ever known in Cannes, so that on one occasion our numbers were reduced to fifteen, our statistics, carefully kept, show an average of seventy-four present on Sunday, and fifty on Wednesday evenings. There has also been a deepening of earnest feeling in those who come, an anticipation by faith of larger blessings to be obtained. This has led to a request for the re-establishment of the Saturday night prayer-meeting, which existed some three years ago, but was then changed to a Sunday morning meeting of edification. It is a good symptom when the need of more prayer is realised; the void this meeting had left was always felt, but there were hindrances to its re-commencement; we are glad that now this breach in our walls is repaired. Sixty met together on New Year's Eve, to watch the old year out and the new one in. The two and a half hours spent in prayer and confession was a solemn and profitable season. On the whole we feel we may look backward with thankfulness, and forward with confidence.

A considerable number of places in the vicinity of Cannes have been visited by our Bible woman. Visits to the houses in Napoule, Mandelieu, Pegomas, Auribeau, Mouans, etc., have been made, tracts given and books circulated; thus bread has been cast upon the waters, and the good seed has been sown.

The work in Grasse has taken a new and interesting development, due to the initiative of the people themselves. House to house meetings have been begun. One, and then another, in different parts of the town have opened

their houses, and invited their own circle of friends and neighbors to come and listen. A healthy rivalry has sprung up as to who can get in the largest number; and rooms have been well filled with those who never previously heard the Word of God preached. It has been a special aim in these gatherings to reach such, and by this means the Word has had free course and been glorified. The priests having no influence for the time being to deter the people from coming, have made a virtue out of necessity, and have decided only to "pray for the Protestants." She who told us this, herself a new disciple of the faith, and full of zeal to gain others, remarked: "It is a pity they ever did anything else; if they had never done more, there would have been many fewer victims and martyrs."

A meeting for worship has been commenced on Sunday morning. From twenty to twenty-five people are attending it; representing, as we devoutly hope the nucleus of a larger number yet to be gathered out by the preaching of the Word, and united to the Church of Christ. May God give us the desire of our hearts as to this, in His own time. The Bible Class for Women, conducted by Miss Wallis on Sunday afternoons, gathers a little band of women, who manifest much desire for instruction in the truths of the Gospel. Like Lydia, whose heart the Lord opened, may these humble seekers for light prove attentive to the things spoken, and receive the truth in the love of it. The work at Grasse is not without its difficulties. What real work for God is? Hitherto it has been shielded from dangers, may it continue to be so. It is not a little thing to raise to the life and walk of faith even some, from among populations whose spiritual ideals have almost wholly perished; and who in more than a literal sense "dwell upon the earth." To transform Egyptian slaves into free citizens of Canaan was a work which needed Divine wisdom and strength to effect it; how much more this work. Here, indeed, we learn the lesson that "Salvation is of the Lord," who declares it is "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit;" and "who only doeth wondrous things."

H. WEBBER.

AJACCIO.

This account, taken from the Annual Report, is nearly a year old, but gives a graphic account of the beginnings of M. and Mme Rombeau's work. Since then it has made very remarkable progress.—EDITOR.

On reaching Ajaccio we saw at once that two things were absolutely necessary—a Reading and Recreation room for soldiers and young men, and a Thursday school for children. Some friends from Paris and the Departement du Nord in the first place, and later on some visitors passing through Ajaccio helped us by gifts to organize these two branches of the work.

The Reading-room, open on Tuesdays from 7 to 9 P.M., has an average attendance of twenty young men. Soldiers are not very numerous, but we get four or five at each meeting. At first our meetings were very large—we had as many as sixty young men—but they were noisy, riotous, and to our sorrow a good number of our best books disappeared. Since then, things have been put in order, and the youths who come on Tuesday are serious, and much attached to us.

As to our Thursday school, the beginning was modest—two children, one of them our own little boy, made up our first audience. The following Thursday the number had risen to ten, and in the first week of November we had fifty-five names on the books, and forty children coming regularly. Strange to relate, boys are more regular than girls. We soon discovered the cause; the priests and sisters have far more influence over the girls, and forbid them with threats ever to frequent our schools. To counterbalance this, Madame Rombeau has tried to gain the girls' affections by starting a sewing-school, and giving them the clothes they make. This school has now twenty members, of whom fifteen come regularly, which is very encouraging. The progress of these little ones gives much satisfaction both to them and to us; several mothers have come to thank us.

Our Christmas fête (1896) was splendid, and a great success in every respect; to make room in our hall, we removed the chairs and put in benches instead. At least 135 persons joined in singing our Christmas hymns, the presents were received with enthusiasm, and satisfaction reigned everywhere. Our fête was honored by the presence of several strangers, who had helped us in the preparations, and they were pleased to hear the good answers given by our dear little Corsicans, and the hymns sung with such spirit. We had a certain anxiety as to what would be the state of the school the fête once over. Thank God, the result surpasses all our hopes; up to 15th March, the day that I write these lines, there has been absolutely no falling off in numbers.

I have still to speak of the adult meetings. They are held on Sundays and Thursdays, and have an average attendance of forty, but often there are more. Somewhat noisy to begin with, they are now quiet, and some of those who came formerly to make a disturbance are now serious and regular attendants.

My numerous occupations in Ajaccio have prevented me from accepting the pressing invitations I have received from the peasants to go and hold meetings in their villages. When the heat becomes too great in the town to allow us to continue our work, I hope to be able to do what they ask, and make a tour through the mountains.

Yes, God has blessed us; in spite of all kinds of difficulties we have felt

constantly supported and encouraged. It is true we are alone, far from all brotherly intercourse, but even so perhaps driven to work with greater zeal.

The service held every Sunday morning is attended by strangers come to pass the winter here, and by several *habitues* from the evening meetings.

In closing, we wish to thank all those who have helped us by their gifts, and sustained us by their prayers. Our well-known friend, Mme. Legay, has interested herself very much in the work at Ajaccio, and has personally helped us. Thanks to her we obtained a Christmas gift of clothes and toys, from the ladies of the American Chapel, Rue de Berri. We beg these friends to accept our warmest thanks.

To all the friends far and near who have shown interest and kindness, and whose sympathy has been more precious than we can tell—to them be deepest thanks.

The work is great in Corsica, and few are the workers! We pray that God may bless us more and more, and that He will give us grace to convince and lead many Corsicans to a knowledge of the Gospel. Z. ROMBEAU.

RECEIPTS OF THE AMERICAN McALL ASSOCIATION FROM AUXILIARIES AND CHURCHES

FROM NOVEMBER 15, 1897, TO JANUARY 15, 1898

MAINE, \$110.00		NEW JERSEY, \$169.50	
Bath Auxiliary (Legacy)	\$10 00	Bloomfield—First Presbyterian Church . .	\$58 25
Portland Auxiliary	10 00	Elizabeth Auxiliary	15 00
MASSACHUSETTS, \$172.03		Morristown Auxiliary	198 75
Andover Auxiliary	\$13 28	Newark Auxiliary	67 50
Boston Auxiliary	52 50	Orange Auxiliary	15 00
Easthampton Auxiliary	40 00	Plainfield Auxiliary	115 00
Lowell—S Robitschek	1 00	PENNSYLVANIA, \$780.61	
Northampton Auxiliary	5 25	Chester and Vicinity Auxiliary	\$60 00
Pittsfield Auxiliary	25 00	Easton Auxiliary	15 00
Uxbridge—Miss D. P. Atherton	5 00	Philadelphia Auxiliary	551 25
CONNECTICUT, \$71.81		Pittsburgh and Allegheny Auxiliary . . .	15 00
Norfolk Congregational Church	\$19 81	Scranton Auxiliary	103 68
Norwich Auxiliary	27 00	Wilkes-Barre Auxiliary	35 68
Norwich—Bro. dway Congregational S. S.	25 00	MARYLAND, \$105.00	
NEW YORK, \$564.85		Baltimore Auxiliary	\$105 00
Brooklyn Auxiliary	\$15 00	DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA, \$512.00	
Buffalo Auxiliary	28 35	Washington Auxiliary	\$512 00
Ithaca—Friends	31 50	OHIO, \$50.00	
New York Auxiliary	483 00	Cleveland Auxiliary	\$50 00
New York—Readers of <i>Christian Herald</i> .	7 00	JAPAN, \$30.00	
		Yokohama—Mr. J. G. Van Rijn	\$30 00

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I do give, devise and bequeath to the American McAll Association the sum of _____ dollars.

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