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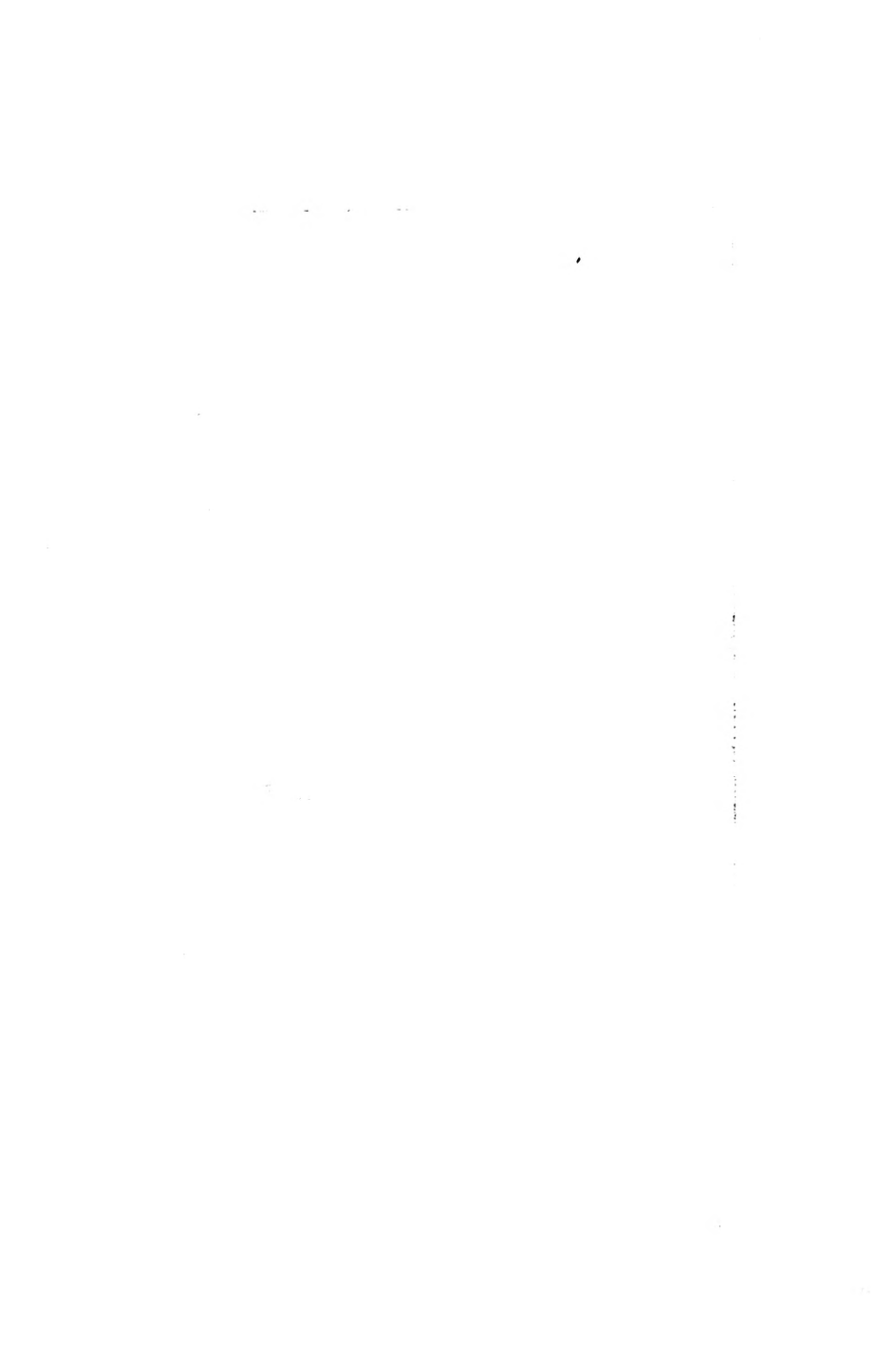
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Frank J. Metcalf

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ROBERT WHITAKER McALL





Sincerely yours
R. W. Wall

ROBERT WHITAKER McALL

FOUNDER
OF THE
McALL MISSION, PARIS

A FRAGMENT BY HIMSELF
A SOUVENIR BY HIS WIFE

WITH PORTRAITS, FAC-SIMILES AND ILLUSTRATIONS

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P R E F A C E.

'A PRESENCE, NOT A MEMORY.'

IT was said by some one across the Channel that he of whom these pages speak never used the little pronoun *I*: the *moi* was almost absent from his ordinary speech. Never, certainly, was there one less self-assertive, in the usual acceptation of the phrase, yet 'he made himself felt.' It could not but be so. From his strong personality he came to be a leader of others; his life makes one think of Joseph's coat of many colours, or a series of chromos: it was 'drawn through various scenes,'—*mouvementée*, sometimes *agitée*—but deep down the depths were clear. His life divides itself naturally into four parts: the childhood and youth up to the time of his father's death, 1821—1838; his life as a student of architecture, afterwards of theology, 1839—1848; his pastoral career in England, 1848—1871, when the French chapter opens, and so remains until its close in 1893.

No easy task, although emphatically a 'labour of love,' lies before her who sees herself called to tell this story. The work might have been put into very distinguished hands, and so much would have been gained in scholarly tone and finish, but the honoured and eminent friend who would at her request have so charged himself, has come, after due consideration, to decide that it 'falls to her' to make the essay. Her heart accepts that decision, repeated

as it is from across the Atlantic by one well known to the British Churches who also loved her husband well. Yet, while it is true that her vantage ground of *opportunity* has been unique, she sees, alas! too well her limitations from another standpoint; but in face of all this she would humbly look to 'Him who increaseth strength to them who have no might,' and so take courage. Happily for her, there is a kind of chart or sailing-orders, so to speak, by which she may steer; for shortly before the end her husband had begun to write what might have been, had God so willed, an outline of his seventy-two years' journeyings, with glimpses grave or gay of many men and things, and of the father, whose image he kept to the last a holy heritage in his heart of hearts. He wrote, alas! only too few pages; but they strike the key-note, and in no minor mode, for he begins thus: 'The Joy of Active Service.'

Does not this recall a lovely mediæval legend, and one which may have something to say to the men of the nineteenth century?—

'LE SAINT GRAAL. Cette relique précieuse est invisible aux infidèles. Outre les biens temporels que procure la contemplation du Graal, tels qu'une perpétuelle jeunesse, une force invincible dans les combats, elle donne au chevalier pieux *une certaine joie céleste*, un pressentiment du bonheur éternel.'¹

¹ J. Demogeot, *Histoire de la Littérature Française depuis ses origines jusqu'à nos jours*.

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ROBERT WHITAKER McALL.

CHAPTER I.

‘THE JOY OF ACTIVE SERVICE.’ 1892. AGE 72.

(FRAGMENT BY DR. McALL.)

‘NOTHING more strongly urges me forward to attempt as a septuagenarian a brief history of my own life than the profound conviction that few if any persons ever had a more *truly happy* life than I. Indeed, I have been led to dream, at various conjunctures in my career, that I was surely the very happiest being on earth. That might be, in some sense, a dream, but I am very sure that a wonderful wealth of joy lay at the origin of the reverie, the review of which calls me, at seventy-one years of age, to look up with intense gratitude and praise to Him who made it mine.

‘What was this joy, and whence derived? Emphatically, its source has been in that which very many persons would deem the very reverse of true enjoyment: in a word, in the pursuit of a career absorbed in incessant efforts to fill a humble sphere in the Master’s service; an absorption involving the renunciation, not at all as a merit, but from the exigencies of the service itself, of very many things which, on superficial estimates, would be classed as essential elements in a cup running over with joy. Observe, I do not hold out mine as a model career—far otherwise. If all could be told, my much-privileged life would be seen marked by countless and most humiliating imperfections. Often I have been ready to conclude that never was the proportion between rarely equalled privileges and the use of them for

our Lord's glory so condemnatory as in my own case. But I desire here to record how, notwithstanding all these drawbacks and all this unfaithfulness, the effort to lay myself out for His service day by day *brightened* for me the successive steps of that pathway, and caused, if I may so speak, unnumbered flowers of heaven to spring up in a pathway which to an earthly minded observer might seem rather that through a dry and thirsty land.

'My one aim in this record shall be to bring out, in characters impressed on my own life, that which I firmly believe: that the very intensest and ceaseless consecration of every energy of our being to the effort to do first what the Master has for us to do, is the secret of a quiet, unmingled, perennial joy of the heart, to be found in such service alone. Need I remark that, in order to partake the joy, it is not essential that, as in my own case, the worldly calling should be laid aside and the whole of time and strength be set apart for directly spiritual service? Even with me, a very large part of that which devolved upon me, though associated with the effort to advance Christ's kingdom upon earth, involved the downright wear and tear of incessant and, in themselves, in great part secular details. In each instance, let Christ's servant devote to the Master, up to the full measure, whatever of time, talent, influence remains over to him after the faithful pursuit of his earthly calling; the principle of His blest service and of its recompense is that he shall be fully sharer in the pure joy to which I refer. Thus my whole aim shall be to *recommend*, as I do from my heart's depth, the standard of devotion I have indicated to every one who would share with me the experience of the pure joy.

'I am referring more especially, in these statements, to the twenty-one years employed in the daily pursuit of Christian aggressive effort in Paris; in principle, the teaching of my career, imperfect though it has been, is from first to last the same. If I attempt to write something with respect to my early life, the record must shine brightly with the unspeakable privileges already referred to. Who else could have so happy a childhood's home, so shielded from all adverse and worldly influences? In our home, the fear and love of God reigned supreme. Every influence coming upon the child was pre-eminently an influence God-

ward. My father was the eminent Robert Stephens McAll, LL.D., a man whose intellectual endowments were second to none in his generation. But to those who knew him intimately these shining and amazing gifts seemed as nothing when placed beside the absorbing devotion to his Lord's glory of a nature which had won its way to the hold of a simple faith in the Atoning Sacrifice through untold assailments of human wisdom and the darkest suggestions of unbelief. I will make no attempt, in this sketch, to delineate what he was as a Christian thinker and orator. One or two incidents, however, which passed before me in my boyhood, when he was himself my tutor and permitted me the sanctum of his study, and which, I think, have not been elsewhere recorded, may throw some light upon his rare and, in certain respects, almost unequalled qualities.'

And is that all—that mute and spotless page? Thank God, no! else these lines had never been written. 'Traced by the hand so soon to 'lose her cunning' are the road-marks, so to speak, which we may surely follow—our compass and our chart—for he had thus sketched his career in outline in what he calls a 'Thread,' written at some time between March 28 and May 11, 1893.

'*Thread* in my life.—"Iron door of own accord."

'Other doors to be hardly opened.

'*Business* qualifying.

'Here, an outward event (man of Macedonia, Belleville).

'There, a voice within (London, Union Chapel). Uprooting from pastorates, in spite of, etc.

'Can any one hesitate to recognise a *plan* in all this, and *not mine*?

'Sketch of early life. Parentage, father's side; mother's. Glimpses of my father. Macclesfield. Birth. Delicate health. School. St. George's—Pew. Mr. Leigh, afterwards Mr. W. Alexander. Convictions of sin. Holy Spirit's work at three and four years old. Manchester—Father's amanuensis. Alarum for pulpit. Last sermon. His last words: "You must become a Christian minister," etc. Father's death. Architecture. London Office. Sir Charles

Barry. (Panchaud?) etc. Change of career. College—*happy* days. Sunderland and Leicester. Eighteen years. Two churches. Ministry. Conversions, etc. *Delight* in preaching and pastorates. Manchester short time. Birmingham. Hadleigh. Numerous *calls*. Call to *Paris*. General characteristics of work there. Administration. Secular duties. *Going* to meetings, *all weathers*, late each night with Mrs. McAll. *Grave* and *diversified* trials. Twenty-one years. *Fêtes*, '20, '70, etc. *Légion d'honneur*. *Personal estimate*. Effects on mission of illness. Manifestation of affection, etc. *Emphasise leading Hand*, etc., etc.'

The foregoing, with the Fragment at the beginning of this chapter, were found on the study table at Auteuil some weeks after Dr. McAll's death. Here, then, is the plan of the house; but where to find straw wherewith to make the bricks? It has been found in old and more recent letters and MSS.; in the racy talk of my mother-in-law, whose brain could have stood, I am well persuaded, the stiffest of examinations ever yet prescribed to girl-graduate in these modern times; in a series of pocket diaries covering more than fifty years; in notes of journeys expanded into lectures for his young people's classes; in sermons; in tracts and hymns, English and French; in the French agenda and preaching plans; in numberless papers and notices, official and personal; in a series of homely notes made by the writer during the early years of the Mission aux Ouvriers—notes which, while flowing alongside its regular Reports, do not mingle with them, presenting rather glimpses and side-lights not to be discerned in these official statements. Much will, of necessity, be left out which we could have wished to put in. May it prove that the selection has been guided by a Counsellor who can make no mistake!

CHAPTER II.

THE THREE ROBERTS. 1766—1821.

'The chief of the sandy Coll.'—*Lord of the Isles*.

IT would seem that my husband's people hailed from Coll—how far back deponent sayeth not; it would also seem that, the Tweed crossed, the name came to be written with an a, but this is a Southern 'estrangement' which the second Robert proposed to suppress, restoring the original o.

We can only remount some hundred and twenty-seven years, during which three successive Roberts have appeared and passed away. Of these the first, handsome, fluent, easy-going, was a favourite preacher in the good Countess of Huntingdon's Chapels of Gloucester, St. Ives, and old Sion, Whitechapel. He was a great smoker withal; which fact, perhaps, caused Robert the second to say to young Robert the third: 'I want you to make me a promise.' 'What is it, father?' 'I wish you to promise before I tell you what it is.' 'Is it what I can do, father?' 'Yes,—that you will *never smoke*.' The boy promised, and faithfully kept his word.¹

¹ While these pages are passing through the press the author has unexpectedly come upon traces of a fourth, and still earlier, Robert. Among some letters in an old desk, which came originally from 54, Paternoster Row, was found a slip of blue morocco with 'Robert McAll, 1767' upon it in gilt letters, and written upon the piece of paper to which this slip was glued, the words 'longs to Robert and Ann . . . which now belongs to Robert and Jane McAll, St. Ives, May 1, 1808.' This Robert was doubtless the great-grandfather of R. W. McAll.

The first Robert came to St. Ives, and there won his wife, Jane Ley, for 'Love will still be lord of all.' Nevertheless, it would have fared but poorly with the gentle girl, who braved her father's anger by marrying the poor minister,¹ had there not been a kind Aunt Stephens to befriend her during life, and dying, remember her in her will. So it came about that their firstborn (our second Robert) was called after her by the young people in grateful memory. If walls could speak, Tregenna Castle (now a hotel) would have something to say about this good aunt. After twenty-seven years we see Mrs. McAll on a visit to this son, possessed of a wife and infant daughter, at Macclesfield, where he is already a well-beloved and popular preacher. At parting she leaves a stray thread hanging from the mantel—frail memento, yet there it must surely stay, for this second Robert will not let it be disturbed. The journey to London by coach is tedious: on her arrival she writes to her son—'The Koran is herewith sent, and we hope soon to send you Bythner's *Lyra Prophetica*,'² his father adding, 'I am glad I have it to send you. . . . No fish has been taken at St. Ives this season that I hear of.'

Later on we find the following:—

'LONDON, *December* 19, 1821.

'MY EVER DEAR SON,—Your kind, *most welcome* letter of the 17th is just come to hand, and has been read by your dear mother and myself with tears of joy—the tidings of a firstborn son to you and a grandson to us is truly pleasant. As from the instant of your birth you were given up to the Lord in solemn dedication by us, so I have no doubt but that you and your affectionate lady have in the same manner devoted to God this pledge of His favour. We shall join with you in this solemn act.'

The little one was baptised by his grandfather, 'Robert

¹ It would seem that he forgave her after, and left her a house.

² Alas for Bythner! it will go with more important volumes, coins, silver, etc., in 1871, to make a little money for the Paris campaign.

Whitaker McAll,' on May 3, 1822—entered in the register-book of Townley Street (now Park Green) Congregational Chapel, Macclesfield.¹

It is a 'far cry' from St. Ives to Macclesfield; yet the transit will be quickly made, for have we not at hand a *lapis merveilleux* swifter than 'the Flying Dutchman'? Adieu then to the quaint little town of a hundred years ago and its mercurial people; to the sandy Cornish beaches with the tiny rose and amber *Pectens* (Cuvier's 'butterflies of the sea'); to the 'seine' fishery—with Saint Brandan's open-mouthed audience of pilchard and dainty red mullet; and to the grand motto—'One and all'! At Macclesfield the colouring is dark red in the town, with green and grey on the lofty hills which divide it from Derbyshire on the east (Axe-Edge is 1795 feet above sea-level); Buxton is not far away if you take the moorland road, passing on its crest the lonely Cat and Fiddle; whilst leaving the Hibel-road station, a short three minutes in the Manchester train shows us Prestbury, the mother-church of Macclesfield, with lych-gate, and the quiet village on the left bank of the little Bollin, making its unobtrusive way to the Mersey. Here Robert Stephens McAll and Sarah Whitaker were married on November 6, 1815; and here, 'within the church's shade,' and beside her kindred of distant generations, lies Mrs. Mary

¹ The following is a complete list of the children born to the Rev. Robert McAll and his wife Jane Ley. It has been kindly supplied by the Rev. T. Morgan, minister of the Countess of Huntingdon's Chapel at St. Ives, from a copy of the original Register, which was sent in 1837 to Somerset House, as required by Act of Parliament.

	BORN	BAPTISED BY
1. Robert Stephens . . .	Aug. 4, 1792 .	Rev. Andrew Krusiman.
2. John	Dec. 31, 1794 .	Rev. R. McAll.
3. Francis Ley	Oct. 17, 1796 .	Rev. Mr. Winter.
4. William	April 1, 1799 .	" "
5. Selina Elizabeth . .	March 9, 1801 .	Rev. R. McAll.
6. Mary Ann Laing . . .	Aug. 4, 1803 .	" "
7. Edward	Feb. 17, 1806 .	" "
8. Samuel	Oct. 5, 1807 .	" "
9. Eliza Stephens . . .	March 3, 1810 .	" "

Millet, the endeared and never-to-be-forgotten guardian of my husband's early years and his most faithful friend always.

A shrewd yet kindly bearing used to characterise these



MRS. MARY MILLET.

Cheshire folk. We were travelling by the North Stafford, when an elderly couple entered our compartment; on their quitting it, my husband said, 'Can you tell where those people come from?' 'No, can you?' 'Oh! they could *only* come from Macclesfield!'

In 1772 the Rev. David Simpson, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, came to the Old Church. 'In 1778 he was nominated Prime Curate by the mayor, but the bishop refused to induct him, as being a Methodist.' The curate was 'turned out'—but this 'turned out rather for the furtherance of the Gospel,' God putting it into the heart of a wealthy gentleman to build and endow a church in 1775, which has since been called Christ Church or the New Church. There, Mr. Simpson preached until his death in 1799. He was succeeded by the Rev. Melville Horne. John Wesley was a frequent visitor in the neighbourhood. He used to stay with Mr. Richard Bruce of Tattenhall—Mr. McAll's great-grandfather, who had been at Oxford with Mr. Wesley and was himself intended for the Church—but came away, saying that, 'had he remained there, he should have been ruined body and soul'! From this you may gather that here was an old gentleman *fortement trempé*, and one by no means loth to 'speak his mind'! He was one of Mr. Wesley's lay preachers, and lived to the advanced age of ninety-six.

In 1796 Mr. John Whitaker, my husband's maternal uncle, began with a few others to gather the poor children of Macclesfield, giving religious instruction with reading and writing by *unpaid* teachers in a room offered for the purpose.¹ 'I ventured at it,' says Mr. Whitaker, 'ventured as some

¹ 'There existed, indeed, some so-called Sunday-schools—a name which did not belong to them, for they were open only on week-day evenings (and the children were not taught, but only taken to church on Sundays). They were in a very decayed state and badly governed.' The teachers were all *paid*, and the masters were '*those paupers* who could read and write, as thereby the poor rates would be diminished'! Here is the copy of a bill sent in by one of these schoolmasters:—

'Gentlemen of the Committee of the Sunday-schools.

To William Harvey

To instructing ten in writing and reading	6s. 8d.
" " twenty in reading	6s. 8d.

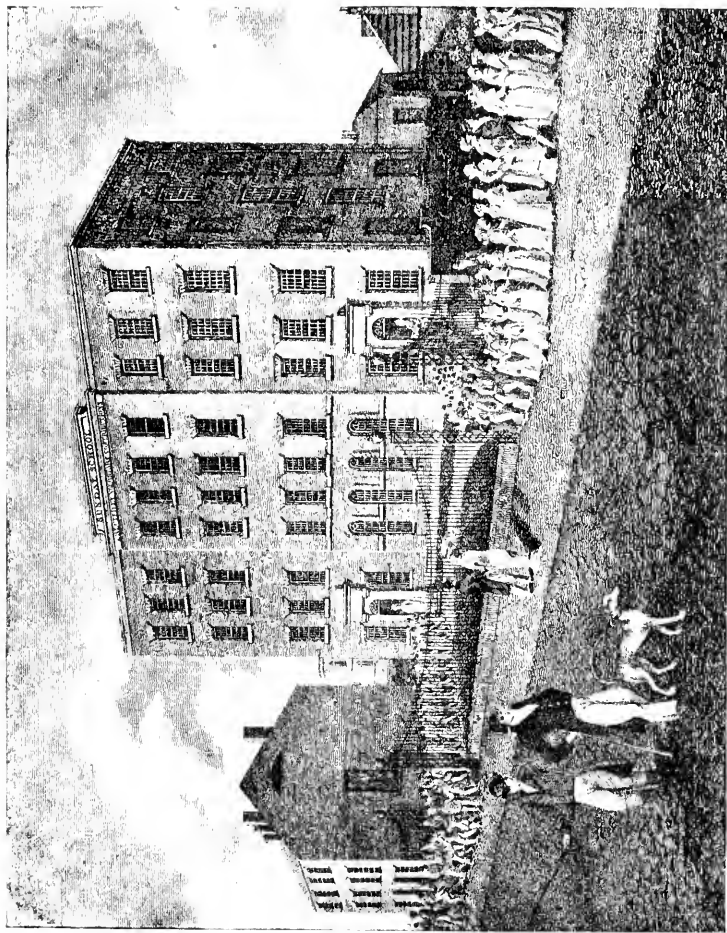
'When the visitors went round, it was no unusual thing for the master to *borrow* the neighbours' children for the time, in order to induce the visitor to believe and report the flourishing state of his

might think at random; but, however, it has not yet appeared so. But where must money come from? Indeed, at first I did not want much besides what books would cost, and this had been supplied by a friend who had given two guineas, but in four weeks the place was found too small for us. Another was, however, found, to which we removed on the fifth Sunday, but this place required desks and forms and other matters.' Another removal still, and we find them in 1797 in 'Hardern's factory.' In 1812 the number of scholars was 2149; this forced them to erect the building of which we give an illustration. The teachers and scholars alone subscribed the very large sum for those days of £1676 15s. 9½d. This Institution has already celebrated its Jubilee, and is looking forward to its Centenary in 1896, D.V.

The revered founder passed away October 29, 1820, at the early age of forty-seven, worn out by much trial and hardness encountered in carrying on the blessed work. Two thousand people wept at his grave, where he lies near his friend Mr. Simpson, and Charles Roe, the generous founder of Christ Church. He was a man of peace, but could show fight on occasion. He kept the school undenominational, 'holding the fort,' at untold cost to his sensitive spirit, against the clergy on the one hand and the Methodists on the other.¹ It was generally believed (and with reason)

school.' These schools had been established in 1778 by the venerable David Simpson, who for some years superintended and carried them on himself, and while he did this they prospered. Afterwards they fell into the hands of a committee, who scarcely knew that they had anything more to do than to attend at church twice a year to collect the money. (Mr. Simpson 'got subscriptions how and where he could'). 'It was not,' says Mr. Whitaker, 'till after many fruitless endeavours that the old charity might be improved, that I was resolved to start upon fresh grounds, and leave the old charity to do what it could.'

¹ Surely this piece of his mantle was to fall on his as yet unborn nephew! Had he lived in these days, would he not have been a staunch Evangelical Alliance man?



THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT MACCLESFIELD, FOUNDED BY MR. JOHN WHITAKER.
(From an old print.)

that he had been 'crossed' in love. His father used to say, 'Our John has lost his sweetheart, but he has taken all Macclesfield in her place!'

Let us go back to 1798. We are in the house of God, surrounded by the young and the middle-aged; one who is a worthy successor of Whitefield and the Wesleys is speaking. Hear what he says:—

'Give me your attention a few moments longer, and I will tell you an honest and honourable tale. God, my brethren, the great and good God, who delights in the improvements and welfare of His creatures, hath put it into the heart of one young man to undertake, free of all expense, the education of all the poor people's children in the town, at least as many of them as will put themselves under his care, and submit to proper regulations. He saw the deplorable condition they were in, and his heart yearned over them; he meditated their relief, the Lord gave him wisdom, and discretion, and vigour to form and execute a plan, and he is a father, a friend, a schoolmaster, and a minister unto all the young people you see around you; insomuch that I really believe he is likely to be a greater instrument in the hands of God, of good to precious souls, than all *we*, the clergy and preachers in the town, put together.'

Thus the Rev. David Simpson, M.A., preaching in Christ Church, October, 1798, 'when the teachers and scholars went to that place of worship as a body for the first time.' So did John Whitaker learn 'the Gain of Loss'! To the school as chaplain, introduced by the courtly and amiable Dr. Collyer, came Robert Stephens McAll, M.A., in November, 1814; he preached on Sundays at 7.30 in the morning and 2.30 in the afternoon.¹ He was soon to take 'deeper root and throw out yet wider branches,' for in writing to a member of the Whitaker family in September, 1815, he says,—

¹ He continued to do so until October, 1823, when he entered on his ministry at St. George's, which was built for him.

‘It is expected that, like my celebrated kinsman at Glastonbury, I shall put out my first blossoms very soon, and be seen in my full flower and foliage some time about or before Christmas.’

The writer was married on November 6, to Sarah, the youngest sister of John Whitaker, in Prestbury Church.

Two pretty pastels in old oval frames show us little Sarah, at eleven, perhaps, book under bare arm, and coalscuttle bonnet, and the already upgrown brother with long, rather wavy hair, and gentle, quiet eyes, pale blue waistcoat, and white satin cravat loosely but not negligently worn. Other sisters there were, all ‘blondes’ and sweet-looking: Martha Roe, Elizabeth Higginbotham, Mary, and Rachel. Old Mrs. Whitaker, the grandmother of all these, would seem to have been in her way a sort of Janet Geddes. The Whitakers were Presbyterians, and attended the chapel in King Edward Street until, a pastor coming whose teaching blossomed out one Sunday morning in the brutal statement that the ‘blood of Jesus Christ was of no more value than the blood of a bull or a goat,’ Mrs. Whitaker rose, saying,—as it has been told me—‘That is not the Gospel: you who are of the same mind follow me.’ There was an *exit*, and an *exodus*, the seceders being ‘the great bulk of the congregation.’ They worshipped in a room ‘until the appearance of the Rev. David Simpson as the town’s curate of the Old Church.’ This valiant woman was Robert Whitaker McAll’s great-grandmother! No wonder he had the ‘courage of his opinions’! His mother’s mother was Elizabeth Bruce, daughter of the before-mentioned Richard Bruce of Tattenhall, who, as a family tree showeth, was a lineal descendant of that Robert de Bruce who was ‘competitor of the crown of Scotland against John Baliol in 1295,’ through his son John Bruce, ancestor of the Bruces of Clackmannan. This Robert de Bruce was the grandfather of Robert *the* Bruce, King of Scotland.



JOHN WHITAKER.
(From an old pastel.)



SARAH WHITAKER.
(From an old pastel.)

Elizabeth Whitaker (*née* Bruce) was, I have heard, never seen to kiss her children! Was this some mysterious heritage from those iron ancestors of hers? *Nous n'en savons rien!* Let us hope that if the 'outward and visible sign' were lacking, the 'inward and spiritual grace' was *not*: certainly I ought not to forget that when her baby grandson, Robert Whitaker McAll, was presented to her, her greeting was—'Eh! but thou hast beautiful eyes!'

Of Mr. Whitaker senior it is said, 'A good man, conducted his household religiously—family worship. On his deathbed sought to fall on his knees in prayer when strength had failed.' Miss Rachel Whitaker said of a chair at her father's bedside, 'If that chair could speak, what it would tell!'

CHAPTER III.

'GLIMPSES OF MY FATHER.'

'Christes love, and His apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.'

CHAUCER.

'GLIMPSES of my father,' and here is one also of his little son. I think I hear the soft Scotch inflections of our aunt's¹ voice as she tells the little story at past eighty years of age.

'Robert would not sing a hymn which his father desired him to do. "I can't, father; there is something the matter with my throat." "You must sing when I bid you; if you do not I will forfeit my ticket to London [by coach probably] and give up going."

He was going to take some public engagement, but felt that the training of his son had even greater claim. He would doubtless have stayed at home rather than fail to obtain obedience. After clearing his throat the son sang as desired.

Another small glimpse. When Robert was a little boy, his father had an assistant at St. George's (Macclesfield).

'Oh, papa, I *wish* you would let Mr. Leigh preach always. Why *don't* you?' 'What makes you say so, Robert?' 'Oh, papa! because he is so *short*!'

Some years after, in Manchester, 'papa' caused an alarum to be constructed which should go off when he

¹ Margaret Wardlaw McAll, widow of the Rev. Samuel McAll, formerly Principal of Hackney College. He was the youngest son of our first Robert.

transgressed in matter of time. It was put on a shelf under the pulpit bookboard, and the deacon sitting beneath was told to pull at twelve o'clock. On the first morning he pulled, but no heed was taken; a second pull provoked only a thunderclap; the third was fatal, for the preacher stopped—*not himself*, but the instrument! Truly, in respect of this great besetment of lengthiness, Dr. McAll might have said, 'Myself mine only grief.'

'In our home, the fear and love of God reigned supreme. Every influence coming upon the child was pre-eminently an influence Godward.' Can we wonder, after this, to see the note 'Conviction of sin—the Holy Spirit's work at three or four years old'? I have often heard my husband say in his playful way that he was a very good little boy—much better then than afterwards! May we venture upon what follows, or is it too trivial? Told by himself it was exquisitely funny. One evening, on going to take his candle, Mrs. Millet found him much depressed. On inquiring the cause, Robert confided to her—that he had swallowed a tamarind-stone! 'Heyday! what then?' said she. 'But—Mary,—sha'n't I die?' 'You die! not you indeed!' I wish I could reproduce her tones. He had quite given himself up, believing his last hour to have come!

Amongst the souvenirs of those early days there was the 'pew' at St. George's where the little boy sat and found his father's sermons too long. Also a book belonging to 'Master Robert McAll' when from six to eight years old, in which are three prophecies: a very fair attempt at an old-fashioned chapel with great organ behind the pulpit and a big clock in the front gallery; a wonderful copy for so young a child of an altar-tomb with recumbent figure; and—

'There's an inheritance devine (*sic*)
 Reserved against that day;
 'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,
 And cannot waste away.'

This, a great favourite, appearing several times; also 'Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings.'

Dr. McAll *père* had in a high degree that mysterious something which we call magnetism. His power to quell disturbance in a meeting, or when coming suddenly upon a street row, was extraordinary. On committee, if the weather broke, he was always the one to pour oil on the waters; and this recalls his son, who had besides the happy art of dispersing the darkening clouds by some droll sally given to him at the precise moment it was needed. Is not this a gift to be 'coveted' by all good chairmen of committees?

Of his brother's tenderness to animals the Rev. Professor McAll said: 'His abhorrence of cruelty was beyond expression. The knowledge of its perpetration harrowed and overwhelmed him. I do not think that in his life he ever trod on a worm; and I have often seen him stop when walking, and not observed, to lift one from his path and place it out of danger.' As to his kindness to the poor,—when his quarter's salary was brought to him at a time of general distress in Macclesfield, 'he said to the gentleman who waited on him, "Can nothing be done for the poor? Take this back and begin a subscription with it, rather than let them starve!" and it was done, his friends accepting part of the sum so offered.' 'In the riots which were so general in the manufacturing districts, when the mob was approaching the part of the town where he lived, persons unknown to him stationed themselves opposite his door, and when the crowd arrived and asked, as it appears they did at other places, "Who lives here? shall we throw?" these persons, joined by others in the throng, cried out, "No, no; he is a good man."'

It was in January, 1827, that Robert Stephens McAll began the ministry in Manchester which was only to end with his life in 1838. During these years, when, as his son

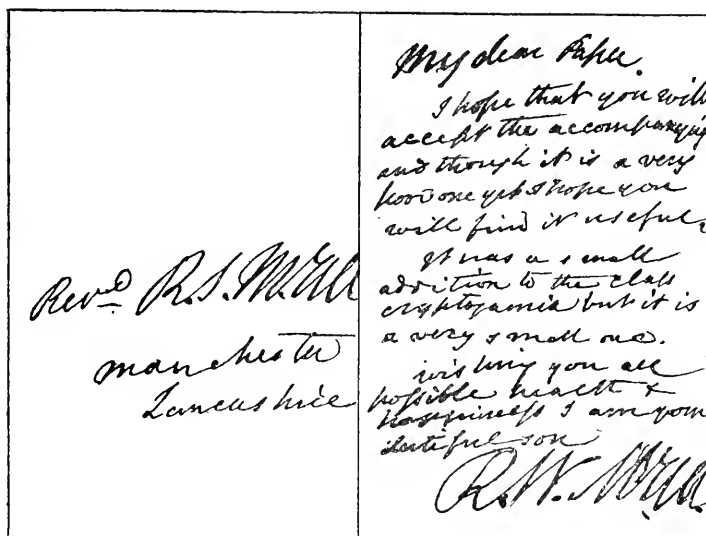


ROBERT STEPHENS McCALL, LL.D.

says, 'he was himself my tutor,' there grew up between the two a sweetness of relation which shines through the little notes which have been kept by the tender hand of Mrs. Mary Millet—known in this narrative as 'Mary.'

We shall see them—'mighty hunters,' but whose 'sport' hurt no living thing—in the sandy Southport warrens, or in wild Wales at Aberystwyth or Beaumaris. Happy *camaraderie*! For such as they, old age cannot come; they must be always young.

Here is a fac-simile of the tiniest, perhaps the earliest, of these *billets-doux*.



'February 5, 1830.

'MY DEAR ROBERT,—I receive with very great pleasure your map of England and Wales, and hasten to acknowledge, that you may not look in vain for my note when you come down in the morning. I trust this map will be of service to you, while it is a prize to me, and one I would not part with for a great deal of money. We must contrive to begin our

famous map of Europe very soon ; but at present I have not a sheet of paper large enough to receive it, even if I had time to draw, which you know I have not. However, the days will be long in spring and the nights shorter ; and we must make the most of them, for they will never return.

'You will not forget what I have taught you to-day upon our curious skittle globe. Perhaps we shall have a better one some day ; but we must say nothing about it, at least for a little while. When you have done the map of Wales for your aunt, pray let me look at it. I expect to be very busy to-morrow ; but yet we must find time for a copy, and perhaps a little geography. Farewell. I am your loving father,

'R. S. McALL.'

(Undated.)

(*Birth-day Letter.*)

'MY DEAREST BOY,—I have only just time to write a single sentence, but as I know that my doing so will afford you pleasure, I cannot refuse it, and its object shall be to assure you that during the past year your conduct has given me the highest satisfaction, and led to the hope of all which a parent can desire to witness in one who may most truly be called "the son of his love."'

In concluding a 'Testimonial for R. W. McAll,' as to his studies, etc., the father's prayer is, that his son 'may partake abundantly of that celestial influence which, alas! it is not in the power of a parent's fondness to impart. May the great Father of mercies, to whom alone it belongs, pour out this grace upon my child continually, blessing him, and thus still making him a blessing!'

In 1833-4 the studies were 'almost wholly laid aside in consequence of continued and severe indisposition.'

In a note to his father dated October 30, 1834 (not yet thirteen), he speaks of '*my headache*,' a sad possession truly, and one which he retained through life.

'When Mary and I were going to Manchester in the afternoon, we had the good fortune to meet with Mrs. Callender on the way, who took us in her carriage and set

us down at Love & Barton's, and told me I might lay out 10s. for Eliza and 10s. for myself. I had, as you may imagine, much difficulty in choosing the books; but at length determined on *Conversations on Botany* with coloured plates for Eliza, and, as I could not obtain any mineralogical work, a beautiful volume of poems for myself.

'If there are any objectionable poems, you can tell me, and I will avoid reading them.'

'February 16, 1835.

'MY DEAR FATHER,—I, though with great difficulty, have at length persuaded myself, feeling it to be my *duty* to do so, to write you these few lines to say that it would be a source of very great delight to me could I secure a short time in the evening to be alone, feeling that the hasty manner in which I prosecute the object of prayer *will do no longer*. I would have said this to you, but can write it more easily. Forgive haste, etc., and believe me to be

'Your dutiful and affectionate son,
'R. W. McALL.'

TO HIS FATHER.

'June 11, 1835.

'... You will probably be surprised that I had my headache yesterday. Mother and I having formed a plan to take Smith's *English Botany* so as to be my own, we sent to London to inquire how many parts have hitherto been published, and we received the answer that no less than eighty have already come out, upon which we of course relinquished our plan.'

TO HIS FATHER.

'SOUTHPORT (*Undated*).

'... You will have now got your labour over. I trust you have found the MS. pleasant and easy to read.¹

'I have found much difficulty in *Xenophon*, both with con-

¹ He wrote out all his father's sermons in a large, bold hand—the same, but better than that of later years, when worn by the cruel calls of a ceaseless correspondence.

tractions and in the translation ; I fear I have done it very imperfectly.'

August 4, 1834, at Beaumaris, on his father's birthday, he offers a pocket copy of *Paradise Lost*, knowing that 'you had only a very poor and ugly copy of Milton.'

Here is an editorial notice which from *internal evidence* we must place somewhere in 1835 (not yet fourteen).

THE REV. DR. McALL.

' EXMOUTH TERRACE.

' R. W. McALL regrets that the *Miscellaneous Magazine* has been so delayed in its appearance for several weeks, but he hopes in a short time to be able to make up the numbers. In presenting his best thanks to Dr. McAll for his subscription to the *New Tour*, he begs to say that, as he shall now probably be able to write it better than a little while hence, from the greater freshness of his recollection, he shall leave the *Miscellaneous Magazine* until the *New Tour* is completed.'

CHAPTER IV.

LA CHASSE AUX FLEURS.

‘MARTIN MERE, *June 26, 1837.*

‘PAPA and I having to our great surprise and delight heard from Henry Aughton, a native botanist of Southport, that he had found the *Butomus umbellatus* (Flowering-rush) in Martin Mere, about four miles off, and the time having arrived for its coming into flower, we made our arrangements to proceed with him thither.

‘Nothing very remarkable occurred in our way except that we were gratified by the sight of the Butterfly orchis, *Orchis bifolia*. At length we arrived at the spot, and found just one bunch of flowers come out, the sight of which was truly delightful, as it was a plant we had often wished to see. We returned home another way, when we had the pleasure of seeing the Cranberry, *Vaccinium oxycoccos*, now subdivided into the genus *Oxycoccos*; and afterwards of the *Osmunda regalis*, Osmund royal, the handsomest of English ferns, and quite new to us.’

The extract just given is from Number II. of *Nine Excursions near Southport, Lancashire, in 1837*, by R. W. McAll, Author of *Three Tours in Wales, Studies of Nature*, etc. Second Edition. Published and drawn by R. W. McAll. 1837. There are six illustrations in water-colour, of which the prettiest are ‘Sand-hill Scene near Southport, drawn on the spot by R. W. McAll’; ‘Southport from the Sand-hills’; and ‘Formby Church, drawn on the spot by R. W. McAll.’

During his early life young Robert produced quite a

FLORA MANGUNIENSIS.

- Monandria Dignia.
 1. *Callitriche*. Water-Station;
 1. Doubtful. | Ditch, Brook
 | Stream
- Diandria Monogynia.
 2. *Geranium*. | Spadewell
 2. *Saxifraga*. | In moist fields
 3. *Beccaranga*. | Ditch, Brook, wet
 4. *Affricida*. | Common. | Plant Hall fields.
 5. *Chamaejasme*. | In moist places.
 3. *Samolus*. | In wet places.
6. | Doubtful. | Pool, Brook, etc.
 4. **Arthrum*. | In wet places.
 7. | *Arthrum*. | In wet places.
- Triandria Monogynia.
 5. *Tris*. | In or by
 8. | *Androsace*. | Yellow. | Pond &
 6. *Eriophorum*. | In wet places.
 9. *Agrostis*. | Common. | In wet places.

FLORA MANGUNIENSIS,

OR,

THE NATIVE FLOWERING

PLANTS

of

MANCHESTER,

and its Neighbourhood,

By R. W. M. S. A. I.

The descriptions taken from the

Work of Galpini

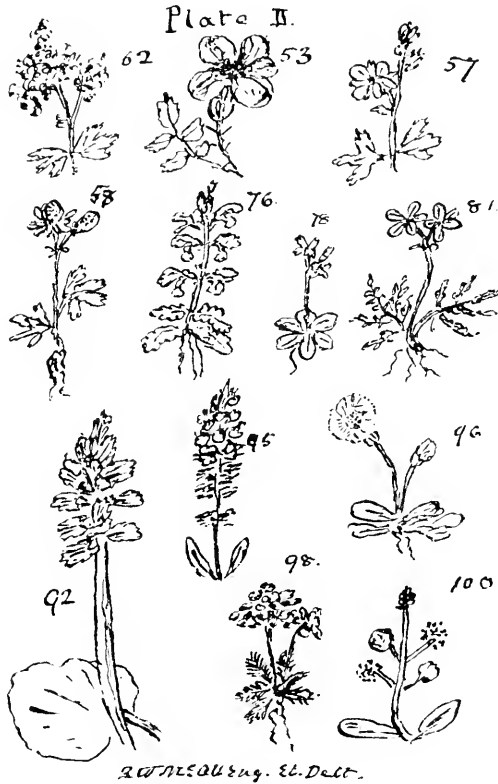
The Second Edition re-written
 & Much Improved

Manchester,
 Printed and Sold by R. W. M. S. A. I.
 also in London, Birmingham, & Manchester
 107-111, Abchurch Lane, & Castle Lane

Aberystwyth

1837

library of these little books. Many of them still exist, neatly written, fully illustrated, well bound and complete. The following is a list, quite remarkable in its way, as the work of a boy not yet thirteen years old.



SPECIMEN OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN FLORA MANCUNIENSIS.

Encyclopædia Brevis. Illustrated series in thirty-six Parts. 1833 and 1834. Size $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

The Botanical Magazine, 4 vols. A monthly illustrated. 1833 and 1835. Size 4 by $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

Views of Buildings. Series in Parts. 1833 and 1834.

Outlines of Universal Geography. Illustrations and Maps. Series in Parts. 1837 and 1838.

FIRST
Annual Report
of the

Oxford
Road
Tract Society

Sept. 1834
Manchester
Printed for the So-
ciety by Mr. W. G. &
P. Bennett, Curran
7834

2
It is with great
pleasure the friends
of this society must
receive its extra
nine Carbons this
Year. 500 is valued
A large number
of tracts - five
Ginn's school
some good
Magazine
articles from
them

Sept. 23 1834

Report.
The friends of the
society in concert
with Mr. W. G. &
P. Bennett.

Receipts	
2r	£. 9,
1	shillings
2	2" 10.
3.	2" 5.
4	4" 7 1/2
<hr/>	
Total	9" 10. 1/2
3. 3.	

- The Miscellaneous Magazine*, 3 vols. Illustrated. 1834 to 1836.
A History of New Colonia. 1834.
Roman History, Illustrations of. 1831.
Researches in the Country of Terra Incognita. 1834.
Easy Introduction to Part of the British Genera. Illustrated.
 1831.
Libertas, with Introduction. 1834.
A Topographical Dictionary of England and Wales. 1832.
The Little Encyclopædia of Science. 1832.
The Young Travellers. 1832.
The Works of R. W. McAll. Vol. i. 1832.
Historical Anecdotes. 1832.
First Annual Report of the Oxford Road Tract Society. 1834.
Guide to the Modern Ethiopic Language, with printed characters.
 1833.
New Colour. 1833.
Anecdotes of Different Qualities. 1833.
May Day Customs. 1833.
McAll on Dreams. 1833.
Habits of Insects. 1834.
Gazetteer Vocabulary of Kingdoms. 1831.
Eminent Travellers and Voyagers.
What it is to be a Good, Obedient, and Industrious Child. 1832.
British Characters. 1833.
History of the Potato. 1833.
Conversations on Botany. 1832.
Six Very Notable Things. 1833.
Little Encyclopædia of Amusement. Family Tour. 1833.
Dr. Byrom's System of Shorthand Improved. 1833.
Conversations on the Remarkable Buildings.
The Herdsman's Son, or the Good of Industry. 1832.
Moral Maxims.
Conversations on the History of England. 1832.
Progress of Civilisation. The House. 1833.
The Habits of Caterpillars. 1833.
Christmas Customs. 1833.
Life of Columbus. 1833.
The Theory of Self-denial. 1833.
Triumph of Perseverance. 1833.
Conversations on Natural History. 1833.
Conversations on Europe's Capitals. 1833.
Conversations on Astronomy. 1833.
Conversations on Mineralogy. 1833.
Old England. Poems. 1832.
A Visit to Chester. Illustrated. 1835.
A Chart of the Labours of Christ and His Apostles.
A Chart of the Journey of Christian the Pilgrim.

Botany was one of his well-loved subjects of study, and many of his letters and booklets deal with it.

Life of St Peter.

This eminent Ap^ost^l is
the wa^r of Bethsaida
in Galilee and
a fisherman. He
is reported to have
been Bishop of
Rome but this
doubtful when
these things began.
However, it



Life and
Travels of
St Peter
As recorded in the
Acts of the Apost^l
les.

Manchester.
Proprietors: J. Emworth
Lancaster.
1833

ΠΑΤΛΟΥ ΤΟΥ
 'ΑΠΟΣΤΟΛΟΥ
 ΗΣ ΠΡΟΣ ΤΙΜΟ-
 ΘΕΟΝ

ΕΠΙΣΤΟΛΗ ΠΡΟΣΤΗ.

ΚΕΦ. Α'.
 ΠΑΡΑΚΑΛΗΣΙΣ
 ΤΗΣ ΑΓΑΠΗΣ ΚΑΙ ΕΠΙ-
 ΤΑΓΗΝ ΘΕΟΥ ΣΩΤΗΡΟΣ
 ΗΜΩΝ ΙΗΣΟΥ ΧΡΙΣΤΟΥ
 ΥΙΟΥ ΤΗΣ ΕΛΠΙΔΟΣ
 ΗΜΩΝ.

The First Epistle
 of
 Paul
 the Apostle to
 TIMOTHY
 Chap. I.

I. Paul, an Apostle of
 Jesus Christ by the
 commandment of
 God our Saviour, &
 Lord Jesus Christ,
 who hath given me
 grace & our hope;

1 2 3 4 5

1 2

W.

6 . I

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11
 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 21
 22 23 24 25 26 27 28 29 30 31
 32

TO HIS FATHER.

‘July 17, 1837.

‘. . . I met Henry Aughton on Saturday and asked him about the *Pyrola rotundifolia*. He said there were but three or four plants of it behind Mr. ——’s house, and that it was not come out at present.’

In another he says :—

‘Mr. Bowman preached both times yesterday ; in the morning a sort of funeral sermon for the King’ (William IV.).

And to his father :—

‘You have now, I hope, only one more of these wearisome Saturday and Monday journeys, and then a week or two at home before you enter upon your summer’s rest.’

Another :—

‘Mr. Hayward of Liverpool, the brother of Mr. Hayward of Blackburn, preached here yesterday ; and Mary and I heard Mr. Alexander of Churchtown.’¹

‘I saw Henry Aughton ; he says he can show us (I believe) the moonwort. I asked him whether he knew where the *Ornithogalum umbellatum* could be found. He said he has seen it not far from Birkdale Mill. He thought he probably could find it for us there. This would be delightful.’

I fear many of the Southportians of to-day will ‘add small faith’ to our story.

¹ A saint, a light shining in a very dark place from 1805. About 1850 my husband took me to see the dear old man on his dying bed. He was the father of the late Rev. John Alexander, D.D., of Norwich, who was in the old Macclesfield days assistant minister at St. George’s.

CHAPTER V.

CONSECRATION. 1838. AGE 17.

FIRST COMMUNION. 'ONE FAMILY.'

'We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said ;
Upon our dreams a fading eye
In mournful fondness seems to lie ;
But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain ;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.'

NEWMAN.

'**G**REAT King of heaven, eternal, immortal, invisible, who dwelleth above the heavens, shine, I beseech Thee, in all Thy benignant brightness upon my lost and ruined soul. Shine in the person of Thy Son Jesus, and so brightly as to lead me, utterly forgetting everything earthly, to rise to heaven. Show me my Redeemer crucified on the cross for my redemption, show me His bleeding hands, His pierced side, His agony, His gentle countenance, His free invitation, His present exaltation, His earthly poverty, meanness and sufferings—all as applied to and undertaken for *me*. Bring them *home* to my mind, and enable me by Thy grace to add a solemn Amen to this declaration which, relying upon and hoping in Thy strength, I make. Amen.

'I, an unworthy creature, deeply sensible of my lost and ruined estate by nature, of the unsatisfactory nature of all earthly things, and of the impossibility of being any otherwise saved than by the death of Jesus, do now declare it my solemn purpose (which God enable me to fulfil!) to declare an absolute, interminable, and unflinching war against every sin, and to devote myself as far as possible to the service

and love of my Saviour. I yield myself now to Him alone—His merits alone can give me acceptance before God ; I know His perfect righteousness and finished salvation, and hope it is applied to me. In a word, I own it my purpose, though nothing in myself, to devote myself to the glory of God and the Saviour ; and I can conceive no greater happiness—it is inconceivable—than to stand humbled in the dust and casting my crown at the feet of Jesus, and uniting in the singing of praises to God and the Lamb for ever.

‘R. W. McALL, *January 17, 1838.*

‘God enable me to fulfil these my purposes, work in me His grace mightily, enable me to live to His glory and honour, show me my own wretchedness, my Saviour’s perfect righteousness, and bring me at last to His eternal kingdom ! If there is anything amiss in my motives ever so delightful, Lord, root it out. And now, Lord, I fall into Thy hands, and would desire to render to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost everlasting praises. Amen, Amen.’

‘Gracious, gentle, merciful, compassionate Jesus, whose very name is fit to inspire my heart—Thy charming name, Saviour of lost and ruined sinners, Redeemer, Judge, High Priest, Prophet and King—fain would I, now will I (by the grace of God assisting me) *come* unto Thee, and prostrating myself in humble submission before Thee, entreat that Thine unfailing mercy, Thy golden sceptre, may be stretched out to me—even to me, lost and ruined as I am—that I may live, live to show forth Thy praise and emulate Thine all-lovely example here below, and to join in the triumphant songs of Thy happy and redeemed people above. With them I desire to cast in my lot, and O ! may the decision I hope ere long to declare, not be found in the last great day to have been rash or hasty in its declaration. May I be preserved and guided here below by Thy blessed Spirit, and at last received to the mansions of everlasting peace above.

‘Merciful God, may these resolutions be ratified in heaven ! may I be enabled for ever to keep them : increase, O increase my faith, warm my love, awaken my zeal, purify my motives and thoughts, enable, O enable me to resist in Thy strength the devil, and so come forth victorious. And to Father,

Son, and Holy Ghost I would desire for ever to ascribe eternal majesty—I an unworthy creature of dust, yet I hope a child of God. All I trust, relying on the merits of Jesus, my Jesus, my Saviour, my all. Amen, Amen, Amen. *January 29, 1838.*'

'How shall I, a creature of the dust, less than nothing before Thee, presume to come into Thine awful presence, O Almighty and Eternal God, much rather offended God? Yet Thou art infinite in mercy, and of Thy boundless compassion hast provided a way in which such a rebel worm may approach Thee. Through the Saviour's intercession I desire therefore with deepest humility now to venture before Thee, and even to enter into a covenant with Thee, to resign myself wholly to Thyself. Thy service is perfect freedom, Thy yoke easy, Thy burden light: *how joyful to enter such a service*, and to bear such a burden—burden—no! rather I rejoice to be permitted to lay down all my burdens at the Redeemer's feet. I acknowledge myself a sinner—a complete, absolute, undone, ruined sinner—one whom in justice Thou mightest have already consigned to the blackness of darkness for ever! I acknowledge that there is no other way whereby I can be rescued from my ruin but through Thy Son Jesus. Hereby I solemnly accept of His salvation, declare my determination, assisted by Divine strength, to place my hope upon Him alone, and to enter an absolute, interminable war with my sin. My powers, O God, would I now devote to Thee; take them as entirely Thine—this is an infinite privilege to be a servant of the King of kings, much more a son. I yield myself, merciful Father, to Thy disposal for ever. Do with me whatever shall most conduce to Thine own glory and my everlasting happiness. Subdue wholly my will—my hardened will; give me complete and absolute resignation. Root out the dearest things which would prevent my final salvation. I, in a word, make a solemn and entire surrender of myself, with all my powers, to Thee—Thee alone, Thee for ever! Accept, accept, Lord, of me. Make, O make me Thy child. Subdue, O subdue everything contrary to Thy perfect laws. Increase my faith, renew my love, elevate my motives, purify my desires, fix my thoughts on heaven. . . .

‘I would make Christ my pattern—glorious pattern—perfect example. Grant me the benignant influences of Thy Holy Spirit to cheer and guide me through the “Wilderness of this Life,” and when I have finished Thy work and accomplished the great end of showing forth Thy glory here below, *may I be sustained on the bed of death, and be enabled in that trying hour, if not exultingly yet confidently to say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth!”* And when this is past, may I stand before Thy face with calm tranquillity, and be enabled peaceably to give up my final account before Thy judgment seat. And when this too is over, may my emancipated spirit, released from every hindrance, fly, fly, fly, till I see my Redeemer face to face, and become one of that all-glorious, all-peaceful, all-happy assembly, whose greatest joy and noblest triumph is casting their crowns at Thy feet, to unite in one rapturous song! “Worthy.” Now, though bound by these earthly fetters, I joyfully exclaim and then hope to echo at Thy feet, “Worthy is the Lamb that was slain.” “Blessing and honour, glory and power be unto our God that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb for ever and ever!” I entreat all in the name and for the sake of my dear Redeemer, and in His strength form these solemn resolutions. Amen and Amen.’

‘Suffer yourself now to be conducted into the small circle of what might be called, even on sin-stricken earth, a *happy* family. It appears complete. There are the parents at its head, and beside them an only daughter and an only son; and these, the days of infancy and childhood passed, are just rising into maturity.

‘For a moment let us single out the daughter. No vicissitudes in her quiet career. She drew her earliest breath in that already honoured father’s house, lived her brief day through beneath the parental roof, and closed it there. The same eyes which brightened with pleasure at her first infant smile watched over her every step, then met her parting glance, and resting on a faded countenance shed bitter tears. And her meek, tender spirit was like her quiet career. In childhood, simplicity of purpose, fear to offend, love of retirement, seemed to speak her neither fitted nor designed to meet the ruder scenes and engage in the strifes of a world regarding which, in all such respects, she knew little indeed.

‘When at length she was enabled to claim Christ as her own Redeemer, her joy, though essentially that of a meek and quiet spirit, was manifested on her very countenance. But that countenance was already lighted up with one of those mysterious beams which speak, you know not how, from their first rising the hour of their sinking at hand.

‘It was a solemn, memorable day in the history of the family when the father welcomed his child at the table of the Lord. Something, however, was wanted to make the parents’ joy full. Another child, the son, remained behind. A few weeks elapsed; again a heartfelt welcome, and a yet more memorable day. The son appeared to complete the circle, as an avowed follower of the same Saviour. The father saw his *whole family* around him at the sacramental table. He felt much: but joy and thankfulness prevailed in his spirit. After alluding before the assembly to the deeply interesting circumstances, as if to seal the dedication, he announced the beautiful verse—

“’Tis done, the great transaction’s done;
I am my Lord’s, and He is mine!”

The whole family met around the table. It was the first—the last time. Already a lingering, enfeebling disease had made its inroads on the daughter’s delicate frame, and her father’s aspect was painfully significant of a not less precarious state.’

Since March strength had been fast failing; nevertheless we see him on Easter Monday, April 16, 1838, about to fulfil an engagement to preach in behalf of Wesleyan Missions in the great Chapel, Oldham Road, Manchester. ‘Mighty to save’ was the text, but now he needed a clearer MS. The son volunteers to write it out afresh. ‘You cannot do it, the time is too short.’ ‘Yes, father, I can,’ and Robert works with a will. The day comes, morning, afternoon, and still much remains to be written! ‘You *cannot* do it!’ ‘Don’t be uneasy, father, it *shall* be done.’ Five o’clock! and it will soon be six, and the ready pen, driven by the swift, supple fingers, flies over the page.

They send to the chapel to ask that the introductory portions of the service may go forward, and the Rev. Dr. Bunting reads and prays. At length it is finished, that copy,—the last tender help of the kind it will be given to Robert to render, for the preacher never preached again. ‘That sermon will never be forgotten,’ says Dr. Raffles, ‘by any who had the privilege to hear it. . . . For a full hour he poured forth the strains of a most powerful and impassioned eloquence, when, at the suggestion of one of the ministers, who saw the state of physical exhaustion to which he was reduced, a hymn was sung, after which he resumed, and continued for nearly another hour to rivet the attention of his audience.’

What nobler text than this to touch as with heavenly fire the dying lips of Christ’s ambassador! Now the oar-strokes grow fainter and the shore is not far away, but there is one who is to land first, one whose last fear seemed to vanish, her last care to be lulled to rest, when they told her she must die. Her father stood beside her couch: she said to him, ‘Papa, I could wish you to recover for usefulness, but I think I shall soon see you; I think we shall soon meet.’ As night drew on she requested that all the lights might be removed and that she might be left entirely alone. When the attendants returned it was obvious that she had finally committed her spirit into the Saviour’s hands. In early morning the *king* came, but he had left all his terrors behind him. Another King, the King of kings, was there.

‘From that hour her father, though not a murmuring word had escaped him, was seen to droop. Just three weeks after the daughter’s decease her brother was beside him, the drooping head sustained in his arms. He looked into the worn countenance, he strove to mark the labouring breath; but no! tears filled his eyes as he said, “His happy spirit is with the Lord.” So gentle was the dismissal that they were unable to ascertain the moment of its flight.

'The two, though in history, temperament, career, so contrasted, were brought in the very same spirit to the very same place. Their very language, who would have spoken upon the same theme in most dissimilar modes before, appeared at last to be suggested from the same fountain of thought, as it told of the same object of faith and love. And thus it might be said of them in all the tender sweetness of that expression, "In death they were not divided." *Where* at this moment are they—those loved ones? I think they are *not far* from me now as I write, nor will they be distant from you as you read. For I have not dealt in fictions or exaggeration, I have not even written from hearsay or respecting strangers. No; I have told you of those over whose dear memory my own heart bleeds and rejoices. I could take you where, in the centre of a little green plot, a tree with pendent branches shades a humble tomb, and show you their names recorded together on the stone beneath which they lie in death's long sleep.¹

'I am myself that only son. I saw their fading countenances, I heard their dying words. I stood by as they were laid in one grave. Can you refuse, when a son entreats you, to let his father and his sister, "being dead, yet speak" to you? To write of them thus makes me feel as if I had lost them but yesterday. How fresh, though years have passed, the wound! And yet I love to dwell upon their holy lives and happy deaths; most of all because I hope soon to rejoin them in that better home where we shall be "One Family" again.'

¹ Written by R. W. McAll before 1854, when a monument was erected in the cemetery, Rusholme Road, Manchester. The foregoing extracts are made by kind permission of the Monthly Tract Society.

CHAPTER VI.

SERMONS IN STONE. 1839—1843. AGE 18—22.

‘YOU must be a Christian minister.’ It would seem, then, that ‘the thread’ is to guide to this in the end; but as yet there is no hint of such an issue, when, after the father’s death, we see the son qualifying as an architect in the office of Mr. Lane, St. Ann’s Square, Manchester, and afterwards with Mr. Walters. The following generous lines explain themselves:—

‘MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER, *December 31, 1839.*

‘DEAR SIR,—Allow me to present you with ten pounds: it may be useful to buy some little instrument in your profession.

‘I am induced to do this out of pure respect for your dear and much lamented father.

‘If at any time I could be of any service to you in the way of business, pray do not be afraid to ask me.

‘I am, dear sir, yours respectfully,

‘SAM BROOKS.

‘MR. McALL.

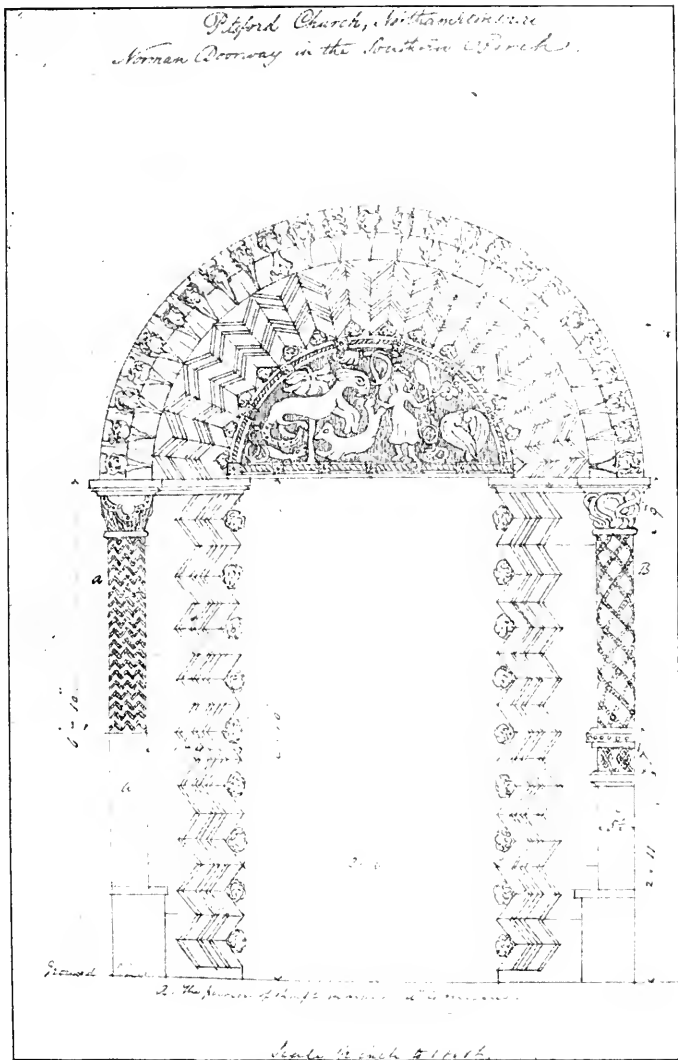
‘Mr. McAll, you’ll never succeed as an architect until you learn to swear at those fellows’—this from one of the principals, who, coming upon the scene, found him remonstrating with a workman.

‘Then I shall never succeed,’ was the prompt reply. Nevertheless in 1843, having completed the term of his articles, we see the following entry in his diary:—

‘*January 11.*

‘Manchester to London.—Arrived J. Wilson, Esq., High-bury Place.’

*Pitsford Church, Northamptonshire
Norman Doorway in the Southern Porch.*



DOORWAY, PITSFORD CHURCH.
(From original drawing by R. W. McAll.)

Writing to his mother from that hospitable house he says :—

‘I am surprised how easily I find my way in London—my friends seem astonished at my doing so with such readiness—but I really think in about a week I shall be as much acquainted with the streets and directions of London as I am with those of Manchester.’

Again on April 21, 1843 :—

‘MY DEAR MOTHER,—It seems quite a long time since I wrote to you, though only a few days, and I feel as if I had been committing a crime in delaying till to-day, though it is in accordance with our present arrangement, and therefore you would not expect I should write earlier. Since my last the fine weather has really been quite cheering to the spirits. Indeed, in my present situation—I refer to the office—I have a large share of benefit from the fresh air, etc., etc., as our rooms are exceedingly cheerful, and we have the sunshine in full vigour. . . .

‘Nothing very new has occurred since I wrote, except that I paid a visit to the P——s on Wednesday—an evening party, and quite a stylish affair. Several friends inquired particularly after you.

‘I begin to look out with some anxiety, or rather, I am quite ready for my money—as having had several payments to make recently, I find all of a sudden my cash coming to an end. I doubt not, however, I shall receive your remittance before the expiration of my stock. I wish I could some way a little curtail my expenses, but I cannot see how this is to be comfortably effected.

‘I hear no more about my grandfather’s affairs, but intend soon to write to Uncle Edward.’

On the 26th he entered upon a short engagement with Mr. Sydney Smirke and Mr. Basevi, which being concluded, he ‘entered upon business with Messrs. Scott & Moffat’ on May 29.

‘20, SPRING GARDENS, *May 27, 1843.*

‘DEAR SIR,—I think if you were to come to our office on

Monday morning we should be able to make some arrangement with you, and as we shall be rather busy on that and the following day, your assistance would be very serviceable to us.

‘ I am, dear sir, yours truly,
‘ GEO. GILBERT SCOTT.

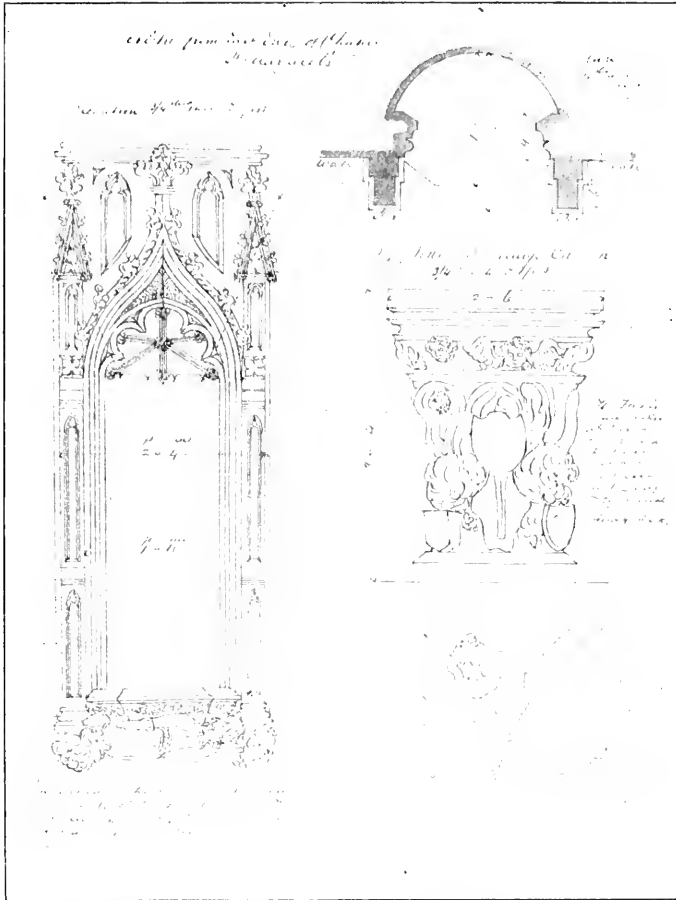
‘ R. W. McALL, Esq.’

Here he had ample opportunity for perfecting his knowledge of the English style under that eminent master Mr. (afterwards Sir) Gilbert Scott. In his pocket-book are entries like these :—

‘Went with Mr. Moffat to Camberwell New Church. He works upon the drawings of Burton Agnes Church and Chancel ; at Lambeth on drawings of Clifton Hampden Parsonage ; Halstead belfry and roofs ; Leeds Church working drawings, Wakefield Chantry and Swallowcliffe Church, Dover Church details.’

Further on we read, ‘Completion of drawings ; at work till 2 o’clock in the morning ; four hours’ extra work.’ Many such sittings-up he will know in the far Paris future. ‘Hospital Chelsea competition completed, five hours extra.’

To those who have seen him at work in later years, preparing diagrams for his young men’s classes, the speed at which he went was astonishing ; his pencil really seemed as if born with him. He loved the English style. There exists an album of exquisitely finished specimens of it—the fruit of many a loving pilgrimage from 1839 to 1843—from which we have selected for illustration here the Norman doorway of south wall of Pitsford Church. In the coming years, when he will be called to design for himself and his friends, it will be the Italian style which he favours, as being in his view the best lending to a popular and all-embracing worship. Simplicity and repose characterise these designs. He loved to have a sea of faces before him in a well-pitched front gallery ; and here, as all are agreed who have seen,



A PAGE FROM R. W. McALL'S BOOK OF ARCHITECTURAL DRAWINGS.

he succeeded perfectly: the *pitch* was a study with him, hence the resulting comfort to speaker and hearer alike. we think of what *was* Ebenezer Chapel, Sunderland, and *is* London Road, Leicester. Abbey Road Congregational Church, Torquay, was also designed by him.

'Beloved for the father's sake' first, and afterwards for his own, the social side of this London sojourn is pleasant to look back upon, albeit many who were in their respective circles a 'strength and stay' have passed away.

'Spent the day at Mr. Wilson's; dined with Mr. T. S. Raffles at the Temple; breakfasted with Mr. Roger Cunliffe, Junior,'—and many more names follow.

On March 11, 'Death of my Grandfather' (the first Robert), 'Funeral from Bethnal Green—reading of will,' and the firstborn grandson returns with his uncle Edward for a few days to the lovely home in the Isle of Wight; historic, too, for in the rectory garden at Brighstone the devout Bishop Ken composed his evening hymn, the path leading to the arbour being still called 'Bishop Ken's Walk.'

The holidays were gladdened by the arrival of the dear mother on August 2. On the 5th they went to Windsor, and they met the Queen driving in the park with Princess Clementine, daughter of Louis Philippe, Prince Albert, the Princess Royal, Prince of Wales, and Princess Alice. They never forgot the benignant recognition vouchsafed by our most gracious Sovereign Lady! They were to have 'a good time,' as our American friends would say! They went to Tunbridge Wells, *by coach*, through Sevenoaks, Knowle, and Tonbridge; afterwards to Hastings. On the 12th with Mr. and Mrs. Wilson to Penshurst.

'On the 13th attended service in Episcopal Chapel: Morning, Bishop of London; Evening, Archbishop of Dublin. The faultless "get up" of the one and the robust negligence of the other thenceforth an edifying souvenir.'

'September 2.—The year is rapidly passing away, and we seem to be in a mountain valley whose sides are approaching so nearly as to leave at the issue a very narrow pass into the region beyond.'

His engagement with Messrs. Scott & Moffat terminated, and in his ambition to know and see all to be seen and known in his profession, he writes as follows, not without warnings from well-meaning friends as to its utter uselessness without powerful introductions, to Mr. (now Sir Charles) Barry :—

'1, ST. PETER'S STREET, ISLINGTON, *December 16, 1843.*

'SIR,—I beg you will pardon the liberty I take in addressing you without introduction. I have completed the term of my articles to the architectural profession, and subsequently have spent some time in London under Mr. Sydney Smirke and Messrs. Scott & Moffat. Believing the advantages afforded by your practice to be superior to those I should meet elsewhere, I venture thus to ask if it would meet your convenience to receive me into your office for twelve months, accepting my best services as a compensation. I would with pleasure furnish such references, professional or otherwise, as you may desire, and wait upon you at any time in the coming week you may be pleased to name. A line in reply at your earliest convenience would be esteemed a particular favour.

'Yours very respectfully and obediently,

'R. W. McALL.

'CHARLES BARRY, ESQ.'

In reply to this, Wednesday, December 20, 1843 :—

'WESTMINSTER, *Wednesday.*

'SIR,—I shall be glad to see you on the subject of your letter, if you will call here to-morrow between nine and ten o'clock.

'Yours faithfully,

'CHARLES BARRY.'

'December 21.—Waited upon Mr. Barry, 9½, to present testimonials, etc.

'Mr. Scott promised testimonials. Evening music, etc.'

'December 22.—To Manchester, 8¼ (for the Christmas holidays).'

And here the faithful diary forsakes us. No entry further for 1843.

We must not forget to speak of 'Panchaud'—who was he? Panchaud was a French boy,—a *mauvais garnement*, a forerunner of many more who will appear on this stage *plus tard*. He could make 'eyes like saucers,'—as Hans Andersen has it, and twist them about in a manner wonderful and hideous to behold—when the teacher (*i.e.* Mr. Robert McAll) was not looking—so making all the boys in the class as naughty as himself. This was in the Sunday-school of Claremont Chapel in 1843; but more of him hereafter.

CHAPTER VII.

COLLEGE DAYS. 1844—1848.

‘An Architect who builded better than he knew.’

‘Mirth, admit me of thy crew.’

L'Allegro.

‘ON a Sunday evening in the winter of 1844 I was sitting in a metropolitan chapel. Neither the occasion nor any circumstance possessed for me special interest. It was a place I rarely attended. The preacher, I believe, I never heard before, and certainly never since. The sermon, in support of a religious institution, was manly, truthful, earnest, but conveyed no new idea or estimate. Perhaps I ought to be ashamed to make confession that the trains of thought and even the text failed to fix themselves in my treacherous memory. While I listened, I meditated and virtually resolved upon an entire change in respect to the aim and business of my life. In short, a resistless desire arose, soon forming itself into a changeless purpose, to relinquish a profession adopted from intense fondness, and for which I had secured the needful qualifications, and to enter afresh on a preparatory course with a view to the Christian ministry. This incident, not in itself, probably, unusual, will appear at least in some measure worthy of record, when the reader is acquainted with some features of my earlier life.

‘My purpose, earnest as it was, had not the characteristics of recklessness or precipitancy. I determined to visit my relations and friends and seek their counsel, as I had already submitted the important alternative to Him who had always proved Himself more than a father to me. Strong as my impression was, I held myself ready, should their calmer judgment differ from my own, greatly to regard it. Before

leaving London, also, I was enabled to make the most eligible arrangement for return to the duties of my profession, should the decision be unfavourable. The result was that, after a brief interval of reading, I entered the college for ministerial training at Whalley Range, Manchester, and securing the kind commendation of my tutors, was enabled to pursue and complete a course of varied studies, somewhat brief, but pursued with full ardour and great enjoyment.

‘The most marked incidents attendant upon this otherwise retired life were occasioned by the almost weekly calls for my services, as well as those of my fellow-students, in preaching; the scenes of these earliest ministerial efforts being most diversified—from the cottage meeting, with its great Bible illustrated with supernatural copper-plate engravings, and lighted up by a solitary and almost invisible candle, to the brilliant hall or semi-cathedral, beneath whose ample roof the pealing organ almost overawed the introduction, while a dozen neckcloths of more than clerical whiteness fairly undid the application. A momentary glance on certain of these scenes may at least afford amusement. To me, they now appear charged with significance I then imagined not.’

The preceding fragment I found on December 17, 1895, when looking for something very different; it supplied a missing link. I could not help also taking note of the day: it was the 17th! Had the writer been spared, he would have attained to his seventy-fourth year. The narrative is brief and simple; it does not speak of any interior struggle at the thought of relinquishing a calling ‘adopted from intense fondness,’ and for which God had given very singular aptitudes. ‘Yet his was a strong will, and his plans were dear to him.’¹ Certainly he had his ambitions; but here was the ‘expulsive power of a new affection,’ the voice of God recalling the dying words of his father and kindling

¹ *A Great Life*, by Rev. A. F. Beard, D.D. Reprinted from the *Missionary Review of the World*, September, 1893.

un feu intérieur qui ne s'éteindrait qu'avec sa vie; and yet we cannot believe in the extinction of a passion so Christ-like.

'They sin who tell us love can die.'

May he not still be watching for those whom he sought to win to the Saviour in the earthly days?

Now come on the college days; but he is not forgotten in London by his fellow-students in the office, nor yet by Panchaud, as the following lines prove:—

'February 20, 1844.

'MR. MACALL,—I begin these lines in asking Pardon for my past conduct in your class; as now I think how we treated you I am quite ashamed. Mr. Backhouse has, I dare say, wrote to you, so I shall not praise my selfe. I am very sorry that you left the school, and I shood be very glad to see you or hear from you again. I think Charles Corby will write to you. I now end my (*sic*) with a sinsear regard to you.

'I remain yours most affectionate,

'AUGUSTUS PANCHAUD.

'Mr. Backhouse told me that you did not forget me, nor do I forget you. I should have wrote before had I have known where you lived.'

Many more letters from Panchaud, and many from Mr. McAll to him, are noticed in the memoranda, but this is the only one we have found.

It was in September, 1844, that R. W. McAll entered the Lancashire Independent College, Whalley Range, as a student.

And here we sadly place some lines from a brother-in-arms who has just passed away.¹ Recalling some of his

¹ Mrs. Clark, writing to Mrs. McAll on February 15, 1896, says: 'I remember how, whenever we were on the Continent, he always used to say as we returned, "Let us go by Paris and see McAll."'

reminiscences of college life, the Rev. Absalom Clark wrote the following letter :—

‘DEAR MRS. McALL,—My chief remembrance of our college life is that he and I used each to conduct a cottage meeting once a week at a village about two miles distant (Stretford). We used to walk to the village together, and after the close of our meetings return in company. These walks were very pleasant, and I was reminded of these meetings by the reunions in the early days of your husband’s work in Paris.

‘I remember, too, how, in harmony with the profession in which he was engaged before entering college, he used to be planning a large chapel, long before Spurgeon’s Tabernacle was built, that might accommodate a large congregation, bringing all within the sound of the preacher’s voice. He thought that if the right man could be found to occupy such a position it would economise ministerial agency, and be better than a number of small chapels. I often thought of this after Spurgeon’s Tabernacle was built. To some extent he realised his idea in his own ministerial life while a pastor in England; but his voice and influence reached even a wider circle in France, by the use of smaller meeting-places planted in various localities, and thus covering a wider area. Diligence and devotion to his Master’s work have been the distinguishing features of his eminently useful life.’

The following letter, dated Sunderland, January 27, 1846, was from Alfred Vaughan, the future author of *The Mystics* :—

‘MY DEAR McALL,—Though I have next to 0 in the way of news, I just, in remembrance of your kind request and your unanswered epistle from Torquay, scrawl a line informing you of my whereabouts and my whatabout. I have two services a week, and a Bible-class on the Thursday evening after the service. H——’s profane wish of seeing me surrounded by an army of anxious inquirers has not been gratified. The chapel is large, and so is the congregation. They are very kind to me, abound in deacons, and a certain hearty and straightforward hospitality. The most enchanting feature of my present mode of existence is the large amount of time I have at my own disposal. I go off this morning

to visit Brother Rogers at Newcastle, who has pressed me over thither. I must not miss the train. Will write again, probably to yourself or Willans. Give my kind love to latter, and tell him that I shall bitterly reproach him on my return if he has not read bang through Nicomachean Ethics, Book I., of which he will find the Greek in a small book laid horizontally on my second shelf, and very likely an indifferent English translation in the college library. It is not long, and not very difficult, only *peculiar*. I just recommend it to keep him from chess-playing, to which he is disgracefully addicted. Yours,

‘VAUGHAN.

‘Remember me to Bedell and Hurry, and tell Clarke I am much obliged to him for his directions, and arrived here without loss or hindrance.’

‘People who live in glass houses,’ Mr. Alfred Vaughan! Did you ever recall the day when, by an unlucky slip of *some one’s* knee, the pieces on a miniature chess-board were sent flying under the table in the class-room of a learned professor? The lecture concluded, the students rise and retire—all but the unhappy two, who remain sitting! So, alas! does the professor; he having a desire to see this game out, admonishes, and in his delightfully dry way bids them ‘pick up the pieces’! R. W. M. used to dwell very feelingly on their discomfiture!

Truly there was a merry side to this college life—‘happy days,’ as he calls them. ‘Quips and cranks’ were not wanting to lighten labour, or ‘Laughter holding both his sides.’ Among his fellow-students figure, too, the names of many who have since ‘made proof of their ministry’ and ‘gone up higher’—James Bedell, Absalom Clark, Enoch Mellor, Alexander Raleigh, F. E. Straker, the lovable wag and wit, Peter Russell Willans, Alfred Vaughan, and others. What a rush there used to be on Friday morning to hear the list of engagements read out for Sunday! Mr. McAll’s memoranda furnish names which may interest some Lan-

cashire folk of to-day. There is little Churchtown in the sand-hills, with its rustic congregation and whitewashed cottages ; murky Poland Street, or Ashley Lane, Manchester ; with Mosley Street, of many memories for him ; Dr. McLaren's (the first building), of which he was trustee ; Bowdon (the little box on the Downs), Great George Street, Liverpool, Macclesfield, or Chester. Sometimes he would be sent to the Countess of Huntingdon's chapels. On one occasion, when taking the service in one of these, he entered the vestry to change the surplice for the black preaching-gown, when an obliging sacristan appeared, and unlocking a cupboard, produced a decanter of port. 'You must be exhausted, sir ! You have been accustomed to read the prayers ? You will take some wine, sir ?' (pouring out a glass). 'No, thank you.' 'Then I will !' suiting the action to the word.

At college it was against the rules for a student to keep any animal in his study. It was also the habit of one of the resident professors to pay unlooked-for visits to the men, without knocking. One day the doctor presents himself in the sanctum of S——, who is seen sitting, and on the table beside him a demure-looking pussy ! 'What's that you've got there ?' in the learned man's driest tones. 'It's a cat, doctor.' 'Umph'—pause—'do you give it anything to eat ? because if you don't, it'll die !' *Exit* doctor. Another student had a little Samuel adorning his chimneypiece ; some cruel one came in his absence and tattooed the immaculate boy all over ! Many more such 'tales' could she 'unfold' who writes, but she *must* not ; they would always lack that exquisite and nameless flavour which made the charm of her husband's stories. Her own childish days are bright with pictures of evenings in Blackburn at her father's fire-side, when he, beloved and prized by his students, would flow on in eloquent, scholarly talk, and they, feeling quite at home, would entertain mamma and her little daughter with glimpses of their frolics—things 'to dream of, not to tell !'

On July 13 we find this entry:—

‘Somerset House, passed Matriculation, first division.’

On the first day of examination, through the blunder of a friend, he lost the train at Croydon; arrived at Somerset House, found the doors shut; at that moment an examiner happened to be passing through the hall. The case was stated, and entrance allowed; but there would be small chance for him, they told him. He then intended that the B.A. should follow, but he did not lay his account with the stress he was so soon to feel as pastor and preacher to a large congregation, in such a town as Sunderland. Nevertheless, looking back, we seem to hear these words—‘Purchased to himself a good degree!’

During these few days in town Panchaud reappears, an affectionate disciple at his old teacher’s side.

In November, Dr. Vaughan, requested by the pastorless Congregational Church in Sunderland to send them a suitable supply for the pulpit, Mr. McAll is chosen, and finds himself one dismal day landed in that remote quarter of our land—much more remote then than now. His first impressions were doleful in the extreme, but the memoranda tell of kindly surroundings and hospitalities from the good North-country folk, and so his visit passed. What came of it our next chapter will relate; meanwhile let us close this one by the following letter from the Rev. Nicholas Hurry, one of his fellow-students who still lives, having known in his own blessed past what was the ‘joy of active service.’

‘KESWICK, *July* 30, 1895.

‘It was my privilege and pleasure to sit next him at our college table during the four years we were together, viz., from 1844 to 1848; and as usually we took our daily walk in company, I was favoured to know more of him than of the majority of my fellow-students. Before he entered our Theological College he had been trained as an architect,

and so had more cultivation of taste and accurate information than most of us. To me, it was of special value to enjoy his friendship; for in our walks he had a keen eye for every natural beauty. He had studied botany, and this had so quickened his taste for wild flowers, that I remember being at times impatient that he would stop so often and so long to secure and examine the treasures that I (being destitute of his great delight in floral beauty) would readily have passed by.

‘As a student he was very constant and diligent, always standing well in his classes, and having a special facility in expressing his thoughts, whether in conversation or in written discourse.

‘He was very affectionate in disposition, looked forward with ardour to his work as a Christian minister, and gave to all the impression of being a sincere and devout follower of his blessed Lord. He was of a very sensitive nature, and shrank back from everything that was irreverent or coarse or ungenerous; at the same time he was most ready to oblige, and most eager to embrace every opportunity of usefulness.’

CHAPTER VIII.

SUNDERLAND FOLK. 1848--1855.

SUNDERLAND folk in 1848 were the Galatians of the North, whose life ran swiftly in their veins, in a place where news flew almost as swiftly from the Docks to Bishopwearmouth Church; where men buttonholed each other in the street, and deadly colds were caught when the wind blew from the eastern sea! Amongst this quick-witted, impulsive, impressionable people was R. W. McAll's life to run during seven eventful years. The visit mentioned in the last chapter ended in a hearty 'call' to the pastorate, before his term of study was completed. It was given January 31, 1848, and accepted February 24, 1848, with the kind consent and commendation of his professors and the committee of the college.

The following letter from one he greatly revered was doubtless not without its weight in determining his action:—

FROM THE REV. JAMES PARSONS.

'December 21, 1847.

'MY DEAR SIR,—I trust you will pardon me for sending you a few lines. I understand that you have recently been supplying at Sunderland, and that you are going thither again for the first two Sabbaths in January. My object is to request that if you receive any invitation from the people there, you will give to it as favourable a consideration as possible. I have known the place for many years, and am very anxious for its prosperity, not only on account of

Sunderland itself, but on account of the interest of our denomination in the north of England. A good settlement at Sunderland would be of immense value.'

There is one also from the Rev. John Angell James, full of paternal counsel, the length of which forbids its insertion.

Is it true that a first 'call' is to a student what a first offer is to a maiden? Some people say so! Certain it is that the fervour of this first devotion never quite passed away from the future founder of the 'Mission to the Workingmen of Paris'; for had it ever been a question of complete retirement to an English home, he would, we think, have wearied after Sunderland. On the flyleaf of his pocket-book for 1848 is a little sketch showing the line of the Wear from the bridge to the Ballast Hills, where, say the botanists, lie the seeds of exotic plants thrown out by ships on our inhospitable shores; in the distance is old Monkwearmouth Church—suggesting thoughts of Jarrow and the Venerable Bede.

Now came the inevitable adieu to the 'retired' but merry college life. On March 19 he notes a farewell meeting with students at his rooms—with supper. Then, on the 20th, he left Manchester for Sunderland. On April 1 he commenced his stated ministry there, and in June returned to Manchester to conduct his mother to her new home.

In August he was ordained by his father's successor, the Rev. Robert Halley, D.D., the Rev. James Parsons, his father's old friend, the Rev. Samuel McAll, his uncle, and the Rev. Robert Vaughan, D.D., Principal of the College. He entered with 'full ardour' into this new existence; his ministry was very fruitful, and destined to continue so; the pastoral duties were faithfully fulfilled—no easy task with a church numbering two hundred and seventy-four communicants on its roll—the village preachers' work was well organised, while young men's and young women's classes

sprang up and flourished under the genial, stimulating influence of the young pastor. Leaping back some forty-five years, let us single out two testimonies which came with wealth of comfort to the writer in 1893!

FROM MR. THOMAS RUTHERFORD TO MRS. McALL.

‘SUNDERLAND, *May 12, 1893.*

‘The memory of the past rushes upon me as I write these lines—all that he was to us young men in the days which seem so far off, and yet are so near; how he led us gently to consecrate our lives to the service of the same loving Master that he served, and how freely we responded to his appeals. Many would be waiting to receive him at the pearly gates, and many more will follow who can look back and date their conversion and consecration to his work in Sunderland.’

FROM MR. JOHN FROST, H.M.’S VICE-CONSUL, RABAT,
MOROCCO, TO MRS. McALL.

‘*June 7, 1893.*

‘To those who knew him since he devoted himself with you to the noble work in France his loss will be deeply felt, but it is those who, like myself, knew him in his younger days that will most keenly mourn him. What I owe to his faithful ministry in Sunderland it is impossible to express. As I look back on a thousand vivid scenes of his labour there, and hear again his sweet voice in pulpit and in meeting, or, surrounded by his young men, giving rein now and again to his playful humour, the long intervening years seem to be wiped out, and it appears to be but as yesterday. His work is done and he has gone to his rest—blessed rest after labour so abundant and work for the Master so faithfully done!’

The seafaring people had a large part in his sympathies. Sometimes the pews would be ‘garnished’ with captain, mate, and a goodly number of a ship’s crew, come into port overnight, and the sight of them was certain to draw out the

very best the preacher had to give. When, too, 'trouble was on the sea,' and he was called to break the sad tidings of her loss to some bereaved wife or mother, he would seem to have learned in his own chastened past 'that noblest art' which 'skills of comfort best.'

After learning the death of a dear and most faithful friend, the late James Knight Heron, Esq., he writes :—

'SUNDERLAND, *September 5, 1848.*

'As tried friends are removed our grief is best soothed by the hope of reunion—and at such times I am frequently led to *rejoice* (though unworthy) in my office and employment. I *would* not resign it, if even the humblest measure of success may be mine. It introduces me almost daily to tender and instructive scenes. Last week I committed to the tomb a poor man on whom I had attended during his last sickness. I found him, after a careless life, quite unprepared for and fearful of the change. He lingered long—I saw him often, and was allowed gently to guide him to a simple trust on the Saviour. Peace reigned in his dying chamber. Hope seemed to brighten over the little company as we surrounded his tomb. I *expect* to see him again, where there is no languishing. Such labour is unspeakable delight.'

Referring to these days in a farewell address to his congregation seven years later, he says :—

'I came to your town, a stranger, from the quiet scenes of college life; summoned to take the responsible duties of the pastorate before the usual period of preparatory study had been completed. On calling to remembrance my earliest labours in Sunderland, I am powerfully impressed with the conviction that, on the very day of commencing my stated ministry, there was given to me a deeper insight of the solemnity and privilege of our relation, and to not a few around me a quickened spirit of prayer for Heaven's benediction to attend it. Gratitude to God becomes me when I allude to my entrance among you.'

In the summer and autumn of 1848 there are changes in the

air. 'If you would be happy, get engaged,' had said Alfred Vaughan when writing to R. W. McAll from Halle. In July, 1849, he was married to Elizabeth Siddall, the only child of Daniel Burgess Hayward and Jane Wood, his wife. In the days when the college was at Blackburn Mr. Hayward was the Classical Professor.

The following lines of bridesmaid's gossip give a glimpse of the home-coming :—

'SUNDERLAND, *August 10, 1849.*

'DEAR M——,—There is something delightfully invigorating in the sea breezes. We hope next week to have some good bathing. On Monday and Tuesday last we sat from twelve to five with incessant callers, and were heartily tired. The people of the congregation are all very friendly.

'Eliza's new home is a charming little place ; the drawing-room is pretty and commodious, the dining-room comfortable, and the study delightful ! Dr. McAll's books make Mr. Robert such a beautiful library, and he has got the best room in the house for it : indeed, no other would contain the books. It is a treat when he is out to get into it. I have taken Goethe's autobiography, and find it very amusing ; also Molière's *Plays*, but we have not much time for reading.'

Never was there kindlier welcome than that given by the Bethel people to their minister and his wife. Their loyal greetings, their large hospitality, will never be forgotten by her who writes. As for that bonnie North Countrye, few people not of it can give it its due. Many were the innocent joys it offered. A walk to Tunstall Hope to see the *Daphne Mezereum* unclothe its rosy blossoms on the grey limestone ; to Ryhope or Hawthorn Dene to find the oxlip-primrose ; to Castle Eden for the lily of the valley, the sword-leaved helleborine, or (crown of all) the lady's slipper orchid, which must be fenced to shield it from sacrilegious touch.

There was also a visit from the now venerable Dr. Stoughton when he made a pilgrimage to the shrine of

Bernard Gilpin, at Houghton-le-Spring; and memory has a picture gallery full of grand and saintly faces now passed from this earth—a lifelong benediction!

In July, 1850, Mr. McAll first saw Scotland; thenceforward it became his playground; later, in fifteen more visits he was to gain strength and refreshment in its pure and bracing air. The following extracts are abridged from an account of this fourteen days' run among the mountains of Sutherland and Wester Ross with a friend of congenial tastes and walking powers, after making acquaintance with Ben Klibrech or Clebrig.

'Passing the now deserted shores of Loch Naver, we reached the equally desolate Loch Laoghal; there was a certain painful interest about this scene. The clear waters of the lake, about six miles in length, were spread out before us, studded with several small fertile islands, whilst rude rocks and stupendous precipices were seen to tower in all directions. Near the margin of those quiet waters were sloping banks of brilliant green, and these were even diversified here and there with little clumps of trees. Of what did all this tell? Of those who had once been there. At the solitary cottage of Lettermore we learned something of the days gone by. The shepherd and some few labourers who were under his roof told us that there was "many a fine man, as bonnie a lad as in all Scotland," in those parts, but under the depopulating system of sheep-farming they had been literally driven from their homes, and most of them had gone to seek, though sorrowfully, a new abode in distant lands.'

On Sunday they attend Divine service at the Free Kirk in Strath Tongue, and, says Mr. McAll,

'I felt greatly interested in observing the mode and effect of the Gaelic service. The singing (so appropriately called wailing) struck me very much, and the preaching also.

'On Monday, pursuing our route, we had an excellent opportunity of observing a most curious procession—I refer to the people returning from the Sacrament. At the Free Kirk of Duirness the day before they had been gathered

according to custom, we were told, to a number exceeding two thousand, from all the neighbouring parishes ; and even aged persons were pointed out who had walked as many as thirty miles out, and were then walking the thirty miles home again.

‘ Pursuing the road thus singularly enlivened, we enjoyed a succession of most diversified scenery. From the high grounds we saw the group of the Orkney Isles, noticing especially the extended shores of the Mainland and the cliffs of Hoy. But I have no language to describe the next glorious scene, when in a moment we found ourselves at the foot of Loch Hope, and saw Ben Hope, frowning over the dark waters, and rising in almost unbroken precipices, upwards of three thousand feet above sea-level—here the “eagle, the merlin and the red deer still hold their ancient domain”—on to Loch Eriboll, with its friendly haven to mariners tossing in the stormy Pentland Firth. . . .

‘ To Scowrie for the night. Next morning, though it was showery and misty, and rather a heavy sea was on, we set off in a tiny boat to explore the wonders of the Isle of Handa. At first, so dense were the mists, we could not see the terrific cliffs until we were right under them. The island presents to the Western Ocean a range of columnar heights, broken into numberless columns and recesses, and everywhere, by the action of the billows, channelled into countless terraces from the base to the summit. The height is in many places seven or eight hundred feet. Each little terrace is lined by a regiment of sea-fowls, the different kinds of birds ranging in successive series from the base to the summit. Thousands are continually foraging, whitening the air with their wings, and near the island there is a continual noise ; and, indeed, by this we knew when we were near, for we heard it before the place was in view.

‘ Scowrie to Assynt. Resting for a day in this usually secluded place, we were informed that the duke was expected to pass that way, and whilst I was in the act of making the sketch of the little picture before you, his grace appeared in his travelling carriage, and seemed pleased to find tourists in his remote country. From the banks of a woody islet in the middle of the loch I saw and sketched the rugged and whitened Ben Mhor of Assynt. . . .

‘ Ullapool—a “right bonnie place.” Sailing on the often

tempestuous but then placid ocean in a small boat, manned for the purpose, and rounding the headlands at the outlet of the Great Loch Broom, we obtained a series of glorious mountain views. In grandeur Wester Ross far surpasses Sutherlandshire; and indeed it may be doubted whether any part of our island affords such an assemblage of mountains—peak upon peak, ridge behind ridge, varied with nearly every tint and colouring imaginable.

‘To Poolewe for the Sunday, and on Monday sail up the whole length of the wonder and pride of these parts, the magnificent Loch Maree. By Ben Leogach, Ben Eye, and Loch Torridon to Loch Kishorn. See us again embarked to cross the sea, then safely landed, after noticing by the way the spouting of a whale in the distance, on the coast of Skye.’¹

During the winter of 1850-1 the activities were great both in the church and school—which indeed might well be compared to a great hive. We suppose in all communities, religious and secular, there will be, until the millennium, the Progressives and the Conservatives: the tenants of this hive were no exception. The old bees had their respectable, excellent way of doing things; the young bees wanted to go ahead! The minister was a Progressive by temperament, but he had also a statesmanlike Conservative side. Certainly he could drive fast, but, in general, he was safe not to overturn the equipage. So, with more grief than these words can express, on January 30, 1851, he tendered his resignation. The young bees and old bees alike, to the number of three hundred and ten, memorialised him and urged him to stay; still, God did not give him to see that he ought to remain, and he prepared to depart. It so fell out that on the last evening on which he took the lecture-room service, his text was, ‘Follow Me.’ Amongst the hearers was a dear old body who took his departure much to heart. When, in the course of events, the inevitable *swarm* took

¹ The above sketch is abridged from a lecture given by Mr. McAll to the Sunday-School Union, Sunderland, December 9, 1850.

place, 'Aye, aye,' said she, 'didn't our canny man say, Follow me, follow me? Aye, aye!' The 'canny man' would repeat this with appropriate inflections and high glee to the last.

The full history of the seven years spent in Sunderland would detain us much too long. Suffice it to say that the Heavenly Father has not failed to bless both the mother church and the daughter: the one has changed residence and become The Royalty; the other rejoices in the name of The Grange Congregational Church, a handsome structure in the English style; the splendid site in Fawcett Street, once occupied by Ebenezer (for which the pastor spent brain and purse), having tempted the committee of management to an advantageous sale. Here, however, we outrun our story. The opening services of the new church, built for the congregation which had left the older church with Mr. McAll, were celebrated November, 16-23, 1851. In the joy of entering upon their new home, the happy services which they had enjoyed, thanks to the hospitality of the late Mr. Halcro, were not forgotten by pastor or people. Let the following extracts from the pastor's diary serve in their 'self-revealing' touches as a soul-history, blending as it does with the outward life.

'November 26, 1851. *Wednesday*.—This evening, the bustle and pleasing excitement of the opening services of Ebenezer Chapel over, I sit down, for the first time, to attempt to study with the view of Sabbath labours. Never was I more painfully conscious of a lack of spiritual earnestness and prayerfulness on my own part. The Sabbath, singular in all respects, appears to me very *trying* in prospect. If I have one ground for hope regarding it, that must be found in the fact that I feel I have neither strength, wisdom, nor yet grace adequate to my position. I am resolved to attempt my ministry in the new place more in prayer—to pray more in connection both with study and with preaching, to pray *spccially* for aid and blessing regarding *each sermon*. God of

my father! give me grace to keep this resolve! Sometimes I feel as if on Sabbath it would be all joy to stand again among my people as a messenger from God! Again, I feel as if I could not. *Where* am I looking for strength? and what is the great end before me in the services? O my Lord and Master, take my heart, and fill it with burning desire to *glorify Thee*. May I begin the Sabbath humble, and end it rejoicing in my Lord! And may my first Sabbath's labour in that place be blessed to some soul—and, if it seem good to Thee, may I be *permitted* to know it! (This prayer was answered.)

'November 29, 1851.—In prospect of the Sabbath, I was much cheered last evening by the kind words of a Christian friend; but O! how little do I feel either of the privilege of trusting my anxiety to God in prayer, or of the privilege of standing before the great congregation in my Master's name! Lord, preserve me from the snare which menaces me to-day, with a force I tremble to perceive—the snare of seeking to please men—and so crippling my energies, and leaving my Master's work undone.

'November 30.—At the close of the day, what language shall make its review? Twice have I appeared before my people—in the evening before a vast mingled throng—to preach the gospel. All day I have had a truly *afflictive* sense of my own inadequacy and failure; in the morning apart, some sweet meltings of spirit on account of my kind-hearted people—in the evening, some kindling of desire and earnestness for sinners! I know not what to say. Alternately realising the worth of prayer, and feeling as if I could not pray, I have been in a great conflict; and now that the long-expected day is past, my chief comfort is in some, I believe, earnest prayers offered at the evening after-meeting for me and my poor labours. Have I craved too much in asking one priceless soul as my joy? "O Lord, I beseech Thee, send now *prosperity*." (One was given.)

'December 1.—What cause have I for thanksgiving to-day? O let not one proud thought rise in my heart! In the earlier hours I felt as if I might resign so great a charge, yet along with this affliction a sweet consciousness of earnest desire to be employed in guiding sinners almost overcame me; so that I was happy before any cheering intimations reached me: but the kind words of friends in

connection with the prayer-meeting, where I felt much helped—how precious!—and to be permitted to hear of one resolved “to resist no longer,” to yield at once and for ever to the Lord! O may that impression be yet deepened! May I be assisted in directing that inquirer! May the fulness of peace and devotion crown this my joy! I feel as if my heart were not large enough for its own overflowing of gratitude. May it ascend to *Thee*, my Jesus!—and O for a deeper sense of Thy presence, and a more complete devotion and more absorption in seeking Thy glory! Thus, O! prepare me for the momentous engagements which will so soon be here again! Still I must cry—Give me, above all, tenfold the spirit of *prayer*!

‘*December 2.*—Full of joy! Alas! not humble enough.

‘*December 5.*—Looking on to the Sabbath, O for a spirit of prayer for me—for those around! Let not these hallowed beginnings remain alone. O *will* Thou carry on Thy work? May I on the coming Sabbath be the *steward of Jesus* indeed! *Meet* with us at Thy table! and in *each* service O come with power!—in the morning, if it please *Thee*, to melt believers with Thy love; in the evening, to allure sinners! But, O my Master! take this wandering heart—and *fit* me to stand as between two worlds! Thou art all-sufficient—constrain me more to seek *Thee*—then shall I feel *Thee* near! And when the day closes, may it be as though a voice said, “One ransomed sinner more!”’

On December 8, 1851, he wrote to Mr. Hayward, his father-in-law, as follows:—

‘Whatever my duties and anxieties have been in the past (and you know they have not been small), I am at present like one beginning life and its great work over again, having just come within the threshold, and the whole course before me and awaiting me. I have been as yet, you are aware, but two Sabbaths in the pulpit of the new place, and eventful days they have been!

‘I have no ground whatever for boasting, yet I am greatly encouraged; there has been a solemnity and earnestness of attention very marked to me—and more, some direct testimonies to the presence of One who brings the true, unmingled

blessing where He comes. In regard to numbers I shall not forget my feelings when, before rising to preach on last Sabbath evening, I saw them bringing seats into the aisles, every part of the large building being completely filled, to the back forms against the walls and above the galleries.

'This, of course, we cannot expect to continue. Persons of all classes come. The actors and clowns from Cooke's Royal Circus have been several times among the rest. So much for novelty and curiosity. May it be used for nobler ends!'

'December 10, 1851.—This morning I observe with surprise the absence of any record for the past Sabbath. It was a day I cannot forget, I felt so much delight and freedom in my work, as if I could speak with a trumpet voice, exhorting men to leave their sins and embrace the way of holiness. And at the sacramental board, what sweet views I had personally of Him whose head once wore the thorny crown! and in the evening when about eleven hundred persons were congregated, what a glorious occasion for the uplifting of the cross! I longed for a prayer-meeting at the close—went home rejoicing. The week has brought its trials with it. One, on Monday, very threatening to the peace of the church, I felt able to leave with the Lord; but since, it has distressed me much. O that I were more trustful and simple-hearted! Delightful were the brief seasons spent at one district prayer-meeting last night—all seemed happy; they knew not my trouble. And yesterday I heard (O why not more grateful?) of two young persons brought to decision under a sermon at Bethany. Now, Lord, my work is again before me, I need Thee to be *very near* to me on the coming Sabbath. O disappoint me not! Permit my importunity! Sweetly control and constrain my spirit, and when the day closes, raise my spirit in the aspirations of humble praise! And wilt Thou give me a *seal*, O my Master! to my worthless labours?

'P.S.—I thought if it might but be allowed me to *commence* with comfort, and some hope of usefulness, in the new place, I could go onward fearless in Divine strength. My desire has been fulfilled—the first difficulty is overcome. O may I have pardon for so tardy a heart-acknowledgment! But now I feel as if the difficulties and responsibilities were but

increasing. "As thy day, thy strength shall be!" There let me rest.

'*December 13.*—The Sabbath is at hand, and I, through hindrances I could not prevent, wholly unprepared for it. May I trust my care with the Lord, assured that in this exigency He will help me! I hope it is not presumptuous. O to pray more fervently for aid in study! Yesterday, deep grief fell upon us. The loss of a dear and valued friend, with his only son at sea, and the duty of informing the family of their heavy bereavement! May my share in their sorrow prepare me with more hallowed frame to enter my Lord's house; and yet again—O to plead more fervently than ever!—may one at least be convicted, and won for the Redeemer! Amen and Amen!

'*Saturday night.*—I have even heard of one, from his own lips, *decided* last Sabbath evening. May I, rejoicing, exclaim, "One rescued sinner more!" "Stay not Thine hand of power!"

'*December 17.*—It is late this evening only to record God's mercies to me on the past Sabbath—for already I am travelling near to another. The time, however, has been like a vapour to me, through the multiplicity of engagements. All I can say as I review that Sabbath is that "the Lord stood with me, and strengthened me." What more could I desire or receive? O what a privilege to stand before the great congregation for my Master! Would that time were allowed me now to dwell on all His love to me, in bearing me through on that day: my prayer shall yet ascend that in crowning mercy He would yet further gladden my heart, if it may be, by tidings of one, at least, converted! O my Master, let me labour, with a single eye, for Thee! Take all my powers—let not one vain man-pleasing anxiety war with my devotions! O for the thousands of sinners around! Lord, bring those wanderers in! Once again I commit all to Thee. O on the next Sabbath shall I plead in vain? Plead by me, O Spirit of grace! plead by the dear memory of my departed friend, as I strive to speak of him. Bless the youthful portion of my charge! O for a renewed and glorious working on their tender hearts! If allowed, ere long, to meet them again, do Thou, my Master, be there!

'The Sabbath evening was one never to be forgotten.

The crowds were beyond imagination—hundreds unable to come within the doors. I believe I was much strengthened to speak, though imperfectly. I am told that many felt much and wept much. Lord! shall it be in vain? What hinders a rich blessing and a *tide* of conversion?

'*December 25.*—Much to cheer me in the congregations to-day—especially that of the evening. Find some, at least, of my people *expecting* a great and blessed work amongst us—powerfully convinced it is near at hand—and noticing already some blessed tokens of it. Would I might venture to share their expectations! Truly from my inmost heart I desire it—yet can it be, and I so cold, so prayerless still? O quicken me, Thou Heavenly Master! Give me grace for the Sabbath, now so near, and may my devotion and love to Thy work *grow* week by week as Thou sparest me to labour!

'*December 29.*—Another Sabbath ended. What shall I write? This afternoon, as I spoke to the children, I felt my heart drawn towards them. In the evening also what a noble assembly! They lay much on my spirit. I never felt more enlargement, more power, more hope in preaching. The Lord only knows the result. And to-night a sweet calm at the prayer-meeting. I believe the people are praying for me! O my Lord, is this Thine own time for a blessed work, and wilt Thou deign to work *by us*? Take my every power, my every affection, and make me an instrument in the rescue of many dear souls from the burnings!

'*January 6, 1852.*—We have many a humbling lesson to learn by the way. What a process I have passed through since writing the above! On Saturday, and even Friday night, whilst toiling *hard* to study and praying for help, I found myself completely prostrated by a severe and stupefying cold. The Lord help me to keep right onward—humbly conscious of a desire for His glory! O let me be at once more submissive and more peaceful, more anxious for the glory of Christ in saved sinners, and less, far less, for my own! I am led to propose some special addresses to young men. I have asked special prayer from the church. Enable me, O my Master, both to toil and pray for them, and O! give me seals from this deeply interesting number!

'*January 12.*—Yesterday was a season of much mercy,

and I trust of some fervent prayers. I felt the Lord with me in my arduous labours: and again, this evening, I am not without cheering hope. I was even told by one that he had heard of fifteen persons under impression! O to have the privilege of leading them to Jesus! Let me be prepared by grace for my arduous duties. Delightful work! O for more of my Saviour's spirit in it! Less of myself—and more of Thee, O Jesus!

'*March 6.*—A process of excessive labour, attended with circumstances threatening greatly the church's peace, while, I hope, they have led me to increasing trust in God alone, has much interfered with private devotion and chastened joy in the Saviour. In a dream last night, I felt under an imagined threatening of sudden and violent death, a sense of preparation unspeakably delightful; but I dare not *rest* on such a criterion of the genuineness of my faith, yet I feel it in a measure encouraging. Now the Sabbath is at hand. In it I can do nothing without the presence of my Master. I have reason to believe He has not left me of late. O, draw yet nearer, and take many hearts to Thyself!

'*March 27.*—Another Sabbath, and an arduous one, just at hand. O that I felt it a *privilege* to have permission to spend another day in labouring for Christ and souls! Surely it should be so! I am a perplexity to myself. At no former period have I heard in the time of so much to encourage in connection with my ministry,—so many blessed, blessed seals, as the last two or three weeks; yet never (I feel persuaded) was this heart colder, or my hope more trembling. I am astonished the Lord *permits* me still to labour so. Last Sabbath I felt great assistance from on high; almost, to my shame, *unsought*. Let the morrow be with us one of the "days of the Son of Man upon the earth!"

'*June 19.*—To-morrow is the Sabbath—O that I could feel it a privilege to have another opportunity of preaching Christ so near in prospect! I am thoroughly conscious of doubt and fear, lest I should not please men; but beyond this I can realise nothing! O what would I give to *feel* to-morrow, with the apostle, "I desire to know nothing among you, save Jesus Christ," etc., and to preach Him with energy and love, and to lead some *poor sinner* to His feet!

'*June 26.*—Duties have been so incessant, and I am so

thoroughly worn down, that, though I *deeply* regret my apathy, it is, perhaps, inevitable.

'July 3.—Another week, much interwoven in its history with trials. I now feel completely *worn out*. In the best and most glorious of all works, a degree of *repose*, of late *wholly* denied me, is surely needful. I am most willing "to spend and be spent," but it is indeed hard to labour on from morning until night, when the oppressive sense of languor forbids the mind to think, save of difficulties—and almost hinders the hand from moving.

'December 15.—After nearly six months! shall I attempt to write again?—months during which I have been unable to entertain even a hope of continued usefulness, and through many portions of which even *eternity* has seemed *very, very* near to myself!'

What does this break in the memoranda mean? After an exciting—too exciting visit of three weeks to Orkney and Shetland, the first Sunday in August saw him break down; and then followed three months during which he was laid aside entirely; the doctors ordered six months of absolute rest, but, with characteristic force of will, he resumed at the end of three, saying that if he did not return *then*, he should never do so; he himself, too, prescribing the gentlest means of putting on the harness, by preaching two Sundays at Westhoughton, a favourite place with him in his student days. 'Twas a time of trial—three months without sleep! At last, in God's own gracious time, gently, almost imperceptibly, he seemed to regain himself, and again he was borne on, for the ministrations in the pulpit and out of it were greatly blessed.

He had been enabled to compile a hymn-book for the use of the congregation during those overtaxed spring months, and on his return it was brought into use: in the preface, dated August 22, he speaks of the far away Foula (the Ultima Thule of the Romans), which he had just visited, and where, he says, 'I found the aged and the young

familiar with the same hymns in which you and I delight.' This love was a heritage. His father had compiled a book for use at St. George's, Macclesfield, in 1824. In the future we shall see him writing a goodly number of hymns, both English and French.

Here follow a few lines from one between whom and himself there was a very singular attachment, all the more because on some points they were poles asunder, and upon these pamphlets were published and the combatants waxed warm. One at least of them justified Enoch Mellor when he said, speaking of college days, in one of his breezy talks in our Leicester home, that 'in fairness to McAll it must be said he was never backward at a fight!'

FROM THE REV. A. A. REES.

'TATHAM STREET, SUNDERLAND, *September 18.*

'MY DEAR SIR,—Will you accept a copy of my hymn-book? I think you will like the hymns in general; and perhaps you may approve of some of their peculiarities.

'Yours affectionately,
'ARTHUR A. REES.'

In 1855 Mr. McAll removed to Leicester, not, however, before the claims of the church and congregation at Bond Street Chapel in that town had been repeatedly put before him. In a farewell address to his people¹ he says:—

'The occasion of this letter would cause me to write with a trembling hand, had I not the all-sustaining con-

¹ The following extract is from a Farewell Address to the Members of the Congregational Church in Ebenezer Chapel, Sunderland, dated May 1, 1855, called 'The Changeful and the Changeless.' It was printed, but not delivered, and in it he says: 'Unwilling to distress your feelings, and fearful to trust my own, I offer this calm expression of my views on retiring from your pastorate; preferring it to the exciting custom of pulpit address. You must forgive me in not even visiting you at your homes to say, "Farewell": assuredly less of realised oneness must attend such a relationship than has characterised ours, to render such a procedure, adding so much to the conscious pain of severance, possible.'

viction of having sincerely desired, at this solemn crisis, to act according to the will of God. One sentence comprises the entire ground of the step I have taken: the prospect of my further usefulness at Leicester seems to me to *exceed* that in this town. Hence I should be *unfaithful* to Him I desire to serve, were I, with unaltered estimate, to pursue any course but one. Here then, with unchanged affection, and believing yours towards me to be also unabated, I am summoned, by the impression of highest duty, to pronounce the word—"Farewell." Farewell! It is my fond hope we may yet have on earth many happy meetings; future days which I may be permitted to spend where, even during absence, much of my heart must dwell, seem to rise before me, relieving the pain of our severance. But these hoped-for interchanges can only be transient, and for a few short years. The last of them will come. Brethren, are you and I meeting for it?'

CHAPTER IX.

LEICESTER. 1855—1866.

THE removal from Sunderland to Leicester involved a great change in the conditions of life and work. There, all was movement; in Leicester things did not go fast in those days. The two spheres were entirely different, but it was God's hand which had brought His servant to that place. He had a work there for him to do.

Nevertheless the path of duty was not made clear at first, nor did it become so for many months. Indeed, the first overtures from Leicester were put aside; but at length, in God's good time, His servant saw the way, and took it. In his farewell statement at Sunderland, Mr. McAll gratefully mentions that the total number of admissions to church fellowship during his ministry in that town, including the time of his pastorate at Bethel, was three hundred and ten, a number which gave, as he says, 'very nearly the average of one name for every Sabbath I have spent in Sunderland.' And God continued to bless that ministry. Many new worshippers were gathered into Bond Street Chapel, Leicester, as the following testimony from one of his hearers there, in a letter dated 1856, shows:—

'Some have been attracted by the efforts made on behalf of those who do not come to any place of worship. It was to do good that he went into the highways. His sermons have become the topic of conversation in workshops, and many are there who express their thanks for his going to Sanvey Gate and elsewhere. Nor are the effects of his

work confined to this place. Others have established Bible-classes. Young people have looked forward to the weekly meetings, and expressed their gratitude and thankfulness to one who has laid himself out to benefit them. He is doing his Master's work.

'After two years of successful work, Mr. McAll resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church in Bond Street, and in 1857 London Road Chapel was erected from his designs.' The following letter, addressed to a number of his friends assembled in council, will clearly set forth his views on a subject very near to his heart:—

'SOUTHFIELDS, *September 7, 1857.*

'MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—In your deliberations this evening I am aware that such arrangements as you adopt for the maintenance of religious ordinances among us, will of necessity have special reference to myself. While this fact renders my presence at such a stage of the meeting unsuitable, I am impelled to make reference to one or two points which otherwise, from the deference and kind feeling of yourselves and others, might interpose difficulty. I shall esteem it a favour, therefore, if you will lay this letter before the meeting.

'First. When the proposal of a new church and congregation was originally made to me (immediately after my retirement from the pastorate of Bond Street), I expressly mentioned that, in my opinion, should the project be undertaken, it would be a main point so to arrange all connected with it as to present a *broad front of free invitation* to those of our fellow-townsmen not yet under Christian influence; so that they might be unable to regard the movement as of self or party interest, but see it to be pursued in the spirit of our Divine Master—an effort to do them good. I also stated on that earliest occasion my belief that this end would be greatly promoted by the *abandonment of pew-rents*, and of all defined exactions from those attending our services, and the substitution of a system of *silent and purely voluntary contributions*. The opinions then expressed I retain without change; and while I would not dictate to the congregation,

I am anxious that no doubt should remain as to my own estimate of the matter.

‘But connected with this point is another. An objection may seem to lie against the plan suggested, on the ground of its *involving continued uncertainty* as to the *means of support*. Allow me to assure you that, in this respect, I am prepared to commit myself unreservedly to Him who has promised to care for me. That every one ought to contribute towards the maintenance of divine ordinances, and that such contributions should be made with regularity, is unquestionable, since there are unavoidable exigences to be met. But I am much mistaken if, on a clear understanding of the mode of contribution proposed, with the reasons for its adoption, our friends will not act up to their responsibilities. In order to the efficient working out of this system, I should judge it wise to apply the purely voluntary mode to *all* the items of strictly *current* expenditure connected with religious ordinances, while for all other objects, those not embraced in that routine, I regard special appeals as wholly unobjectionable.

‘I will only add that I shall be happy if the judgment of the meeting be in favour of a fair trial of this voluntary mode. In case of its adoption, would it not be well to arrange for a periodical meeting, similar to that of this evening, at which all its results should be stated to the congregation?’

‘In order to convince those not hitherto reached by Christian influences of our earnestness in respect to their eternal welfare, I would most gladly, were it in my power, dispense with any return for my poor services beyond the prayerful co-operation of my people; but, it may be, this would not be either for your good or my own. My reason for giving utterance so decisive to my convictions on the subject now before you, is the impression that this altered method (a mode rapidly coming into use in our churches) will go far to obviate those impressions as to mercenary motives which have in many circles greatly hindered success.

‘Trusting that you will receive the “wisdom profitable to direct” you in this and in all matters, I remain, your friend and pastor,

‘R. W. McALL.

‘TO THE DEACONS OF THE CHURCH CONNECTED WITH LONDON ROAD CHAPEL.’

The trial was made, and successfully carried out through the remaining years of Mr. McAll's ministry in Leicester. He had the pure joy of knowing that popular prejudice among the working people was being disarmed; many were drawn into the beautiful building, where the Saviour was indeed 'found of them who sought Him not.' Hear what one says, more than thirty years after, on a touching occasion:—¹

'Believing that the proclamation of the gospel should be literally "without money and without price," Mr. McAll, supported by deacons imbued with a similar spirit, swept away the whole machinery of pew-rents and fixed contributions, and threw himself unreservedly on the Christian "willinghood" of his people. . . . It will be readily credited that this mode did not meet with universal approbation, but in the minds and hearts of the majority an affectionate and loving enthusiasm was created, which a lapse of over thirty years has failed to quench.'

By way of contrast we take an extract from an article in the *Manchester City News* for 1879, the last of a series on the old city chapels, in which the writer states that

'John Owen, the founder of Owens College, formerly attended Mosley Street Chapel, and had a large square pew. When Dr. McAll became so popular, and attracted such crowds, the half-empty square pew was regarded with covetous eyes by the deacons, who greedily snapped up every spare square inch of sitting room. Mr. Owen was asked to be so good as to allow part of his pew to be let to others, but he was so offended as to leave the place.'

My husband told me that Mr. Owen had a padlock put on the door of his pew!

Referring again to the statement of the Leicester friend, we read:—

¹ The erection of a monument to the memory of the first pastor and founder of the church, 1894.

‘During this time, 1857—1866, the church membership was increased from one hundred and twenty to four hundred and fifty; a flourishing mission station was established in the village of Rearsby; a large Sunday-school was gathered; open-air preaching was resorted to; classes, social gatherings, temperance work, and philanthropic undertakings were fostered, and healthy, vigorous life abounded in every department of church work and enterprise. The attendances at the Sunday services were, for that period, quite phenomenal; frequently the ordinary seats were all filled, others were placed down the aisle and within the altar rails, and even the pulpit stairs were brought into requisition. These results were the more remarkable from the fact that no sensational means were employed to obtain them, both service and preaching being of a simple and unpretending character. The intense earnestness of the messenger, his profound conviction of the truth and the solemn import of his message, his ardent desire to secure its acceptance by his hearers; these, with a life and conduct marked by the utmost purity, devotion, and loving self-sacrifice, were the only means ever used and the only arts ever employed by Mr. McAll during his ministry in Leicester.’

The ministry was ‘unpretending’ because Mr. McAll could not be pretentious; it was ‘simple,’ but with the simplicity which culture, a careful exegesis, and a thorough grasp of his subject brought; above all and beneath all, was his heart yearning to bring men to the Crucified One as their Saviour and Redeemer, in whom alone can be felt the true Fatherhood. His preaching was, like himself, many-sided: his texts show something of this, and whatever the subject, such was the style and treatment.

‘As thy servant was busy here and there, he was gone.’

‘The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!’

‘He could not live after that he was fallen; and I took the crown that was upon his head, and the bracelet that

was on his arm, and have brought them hither unto my lord.'

'John fulfilled his course.'

'The law was our schoolmaster to bring us to Christ.'

'What think ye of Christ?'

'And they said, The Lord hath need of him.'

'And after that, they durst not ask Him any more questions.'

'And the rest, some on boards, some on broken pieces of the ship; and so they escaped all safe to land.'

'They came unto the iron gate that leadeth unto the city; which opened to them of his own accord: and they went out.'

'Run now, I pray thee, to meet her, and say unto her, Is it well with thee? is it well with thy husband? is it well with the child? And she answered, It is well.'

A few evenings before the opening of the new London Road Chapel a little group assembled in the beautiful building, so chaste, so simple, yet with a certain impress of command. We sang,—

'Here would I find a settled rest,
While others go and come,
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at home.'

It was indeed delightful to feel that in this our new house of prayer 'the rich and the poor would meet together.' Mr. McAll, ably seconded by many willing helpers, saw the place thronged by eager worshippers. The passers-by were invited in from the London Road, that favourite promenade on Sunday evenings—another prophecy of Paris! The multitude came—they came again; all was kindness and courtesy; they *responded* to the invitations of their brethren, of their God! Yes! was there not here the 'Leading

Hand' which had brought him from Sunderland, with its many endeared memories, to do a special work in Leicester?

Here, as there, the young men were to have a large share in his care and toils. To the last, they met in his study once a week. In this work also he was ably seconded by elder friends. The session generally lasted from October to April; then a *soirée* was held, to which ladies were invited. Here is a glimpse of one of these:—

‘LEICESTER, *April 7, 1865.*

‘DEAR MRS. McALL,—As the charade¹ last evening continued somewhat long, and as the meeting dispersed immediately upon the conclusion of the charade, there was a stain left upon our manners as a class which we would now hasten in some measure to rectify. We wish then to convey to yourself and Mr. McAll the thanks of the class for the exceedingly kind manner in which you welcomed the class on this occasion.

‘We feel that the having so large a number in your house even only for the space of one evening must be no inconsiderable tax upon you in many ways, and we would wish our thanks to convey to you our appreciation of this. Thanks to you, we believe that the class passed a pleasant evening. We would include those ladies who so kindly rendered assistance during the evening in our thanks.

‘JOHN LATCIMORE, JUNIOR, *Secretary.*’

For the young women's Bible-class, which met on Monday evening in the lecture-room, and numbered a hundred and twenty, Mr. McAll wrote special papers—such as an imaginary narrative intended to bring out certain practical points, and a modified Pilgrim's Progress. He also gave out written questions, to be answered in writing by those who received them. The questions were so cunningly devised that, if the receiver did not thoroughly understand the point aimed at, she would be sure to give a wrong answer! One who is

¹ Got up on the spur of the moment, not prepared.



now the devoted wife of a prominent evangelist, said to me in speaking of another class: 'We always knew when our answers were wrong, because Mr. McAll used to begin by *praising*: he would say, "Well! this is a very nice paper, and got up with evident care; there are *just* one or two points."'

Music had a great charm for Mr. McAll; organs followed in his train. As might be expected, he loved tunes with bold features, which the people could take hold of readily; and his fine bass, of a very peculiar *timbre*, would make itself heard in the midst of the other voices, preserving its identity throughout, thus justifying the *critique* of one old lady at North Berwick, 'Mistress McAll, your husband has an unco' strang pipe!' 'Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof,' said some one of the Sunday-evening service; and our organ-blower confided to Mr. McAll: 'Well, if them pipes doesn't praise God, I don't know what does!'

The holidays in July were generally spent in Scotland, rambling and walking, often in places where there was no road, as when, crossing the country diagonally from Loch Duich to Beauly, we had for a considerable piece nothing but a track made by the black cattle from Skye; a most lovely route from sea to sea fifty-three miles in all, and occupying three days. Another delightful playtime was in 1864, when we revisited Clova, divided from the Queen's country by a barrier of wild mountains. This district being favourable to some Alpine species, is the resort of many Edinburgh botanists. Mr. McAll embodied his observations and excursions in a lecture to his Young Men's Class in December, 1864—from which we give a few extracts.

'MOUNTAIN GARDENS; OR, BOTANICAL RAMBLES IN THE
HIGHLANDS.

LEICESTER, *December*, 1864.

'You have heard of hanging-gardens, indoor gardens, winter gardens; but what of a *mountain* garden? A "moun-

tain garden " is planted and nourished without human hands. "Its living flowers," as Coleridge says, "skirt the eternal frosts." The green velvety surface is often limited to a few square feet, or even to as many square inches. And frequently the explorer, coming upon one of these, has the reasonable persuasion that no *human* eye has ever before rested upon that particular individual spot with its many-coloured treasures.

'After descending some great mountain, I have many times paused to look back, fascinated by the awe of its sublime form and front; and I have thought with wonder of the host of fairy things nestling on its rugged surface, utterly invisible, of course, from beneath, but covering each little ledge, and peeping forth from every crevice of the highest cliffs.

'If disposed to moralise or seek similitudes, some happy truth might be found in this: "Come nearer" (so the silent language might be interpreted), "look *more closely* into things which are *heaven ordered*; you need not be afraid. The awful rock-front will in detail reveal to you, on its cold breast, a hundred little spots, genial, crowded with softest beauties. . . . The storms with which God has dashed the mountain face, and splintered it into frowning pinnacles, have prepared countless screened and dewy recesses, the home of lovely forms of life which could neither be nurtured nor painted in the lower atmosphere. And do not the *life storms* thus leave behind an impress, moulding to new patience and humble love the heart against which they raged?"

'I said the highest cliffs; and these alone of the British ranges present the true mountain gardens. None of the summits of our island quite touch the snow-line.

'There, far above the desolate slopes of shifting stones and *débris*, are numbers of narrow ledges,—small tables. Each of these, if geological structure and the aspect favour, becomes a spot of verdure and luxuriance, literally a small *paradise*. In such a mere handbreadth what do we find? Half a dozen mosses forming its carpet, as many species of *marchantia* and *lichen*, and a few delicate *fungi*, colouring its edges of rock; half the number of graceful ferns sprouting from the cracks and chinks, and the wavy forms of the Alpine *grasses* and *sedges*. These are the accessories, the settings-off,

of your garden ; while its central adornments are ten or a dozen of the loveliest Alpine flowering plants, in such a natural grouping as to please and rest the eye with their rich contrasted tints. . . .

‘I came upon a most special treasure. Deep down in a small tomb-like basin of rocks, into which, I feel certain, no eye had ever peeped before, I espied a lovely fern. The moment I saw it I felt it to be wholly *new* to me ; and I have every reason to believe it is a variety not before discovered. I left the plant in the Royal Edinburgh Botanic Garden, and I am sorry to say the fronds are at present in London, under the inspection of an eminent botanist. I extremely regret that I cannot exhibit them to you. The plant appears to be a new variety of the pale mountain polypody, and I suppose I may aspire to the honour of being its discoverer.’

Mr. Moore of the Botanic Garden, Chelsea, wrote, October 10, 1864 :—

‘Respecting the fern, so far as I can judge I have not seen any like it. I should, therefore, be very glad to see the one you refer to, and will of course return it.’

The fronds were sent, and it was named by Mr. Moore, *Polypodium Phegopteris var. laciniatum*. The sight of it ‘all glistening with baptismal dew,’ and Mr. McAll’s delight, were worth the seeing, not to speak of Mrs. Robbie’s ‘teerible fine’!

Pleasant days, those spent in the grazier’s cottage at Whitehaugh, Clova. The door was so low that Mr. McAll could not enter without abasing himself considerably ; and if we wished to see the sky, we could only do so by going right up to the wee window in the ben, because the cliffs in front were so high. There was a stream behind the house with a broken foot-bridge ; I remember trying to cross *à cheval*, but found it rather rough fun because of the nails. Mrs. Robbie, our landlady, in winter crossed on stilts. We ladies essayed—a few steps only ! The simplicity and freedom of our life here were charming : we went first in 1863, to return in

1864. What delight, after toiling up Jock's Ladder, and ascending the Greater Culrannoch, to descend to the Little Culrannoch, itself three thousand feet above sea-level, and there gaze upon a *bed* of brilliant Alpine lychnis, rosy clusters, soft and full—the only spot in Britain where it is said to grow.¹

The mountain sides at the head of the Clova valley are terrible to scale. The late Mr. Don having descried in this region from below a specimen of the Alpine *bartsia*, was seen hanging on spider-like, when his friend from below, in great fear, cried out, 'Will you risk your life for one small plant?'

He, quite oblivious, and enraptured, sang out from above, 'Eh, mon, there are twa!'

This delightful ramble ended on the shores of Largo Bay, 'the waves rolling to our very feet; the fishermen's children and their parents too; while the old people were drawn into the group, and we taught them hymns concerning One who said to the wild sea, "Be still"; and many eyes dropped a tear, as with their clear voices the children sang, each time, their favourite parting hymn—

"Little children will be there,
Who have sought the Lord by prayer."

I shall never forget the hearty sounds of the three times three cheers they volunteered us on the shore the last night, nor the kind farewells of these poor people, as we passed through the rude village street on our departure, and one and another said, "The bairns will aye mind you."

The course of life and work at Leicester can be indicated here by extracts from some of Mr. McAll's correspondence.

¹ We heard afterwards that specimens had been found on one of the Cumberland mountains; *planted*, it was suspected, by some botanist.

The following was written after learning of the death of a very dear college friend :—

‘LEICESTER, *August 14, 1863.*

‘DEAR MRS. WILLANS,—It is impossible to describe what we felt on reaching the door in York, and learning what we had not in the least suspected. I cannot yet realise it, yet I trust to profit by an admonition so direct to myself. I cannot express to you the intense regard I ever had for him who has left his many sufferings behind. Few knew him so well as I had done,—very few. I always felt him to be one whose true religious devotement was of a rare order. In many things I used to wish to be more like him. Had it not been for the afflictions resting upon him, I have no shadow of doubt he would have been manifestly one of the most honoured and successful ministers of our day. Along with a rarely equalled power of carrying to his hearers the resistless conviction of his deep earnestness, he had at once the happiest modes of clear illustration and the sweetest touches of high poetry. Why he was not permitted to pursue the career to which he had so nobly girded himself we shall know hereafter. In private, he was a most captivating associate. I shall never forget his ingenious humour; I hope I shall never lose some impress from his piety.’

FROM THE REV. THOMAS BINNEY.

‘UPPER CLAPTON, LONDON, N.E., *April 3, 1863.*

‘MY DEAR “NEVY,”—I have always considered it fixed for me to be at Leicester as soon as possible after the May meetings. I think I may positively promise that (D.V.) I will fulfil this purpose either on the last Sunday in May or the second in June. The one or other of these you may “make a note of.” . . .

‘We were at Birmingham last Sunday. We came home on Wednesday evening. We enjoyed the visit. I only preached once on Sunday: if I take two services for you, which I hope to do, I must have help. Thank you for your sermon;¹ I read it over to Mrs. B—— on Wednesday

¹ *Lights and Shades.*

evening. I got three out of the royal wedding. You had got hold of some of my thoughts; I suppose the minds of many ran in the same groove.

‘Yours, my dear friend, very truly,

‘T. BINNEY.’

In 1862 we visited the Ben Lawers district, staying in a delightful farmhouse on the banks of Loch Tay, just under the mountain. Having a great desire to find the *Cystopteris montana*, which is known to grow in Glen Lochay, not far from Killin, we hired Mr. McDiarmid’s cart, and set off, a merry party, intent upon sport—not *devastation*, so we shall not transcribe the very clear and tempting directions how and where to find the treasure—which *we did not find!* Starting too late in the day, the gloaming (or rather, night) surprised us in the glen, and we were obliged to stay there all night until the horse rested, and we could fairly start on the journey back early next morning. It was worth the fatigue to see the mists rolling off Loch Tay as the sun mounted higher and higher, but we were very sleepy.

‘LEICESTER, *March 7, 1864.*

‘DEAR MR. PARSONS,—I regard your invitation so kindly sent to preach at the anniversary at York as an honour of which I was wholly undeserving. Most grateful indeed it is, as indicating a place in the esteem of one I cannot but revere and love. . . . I am unwilling to cause you the trouble of writing again, nor would I do so, had I not the impression that you have allowed a kind thought of friendship connected with one “gone before” wrongly to prevail.

‘We look with special pleasure towards your visit in April. All are truly grateful for your promise.

‘Believe me, with the highest regard,

‘Ever yours,

‘R. W. McALL.’

‘YORK, *March 8, 1864.*

‘MY DEAR MR. McALL,—Allow me, in spite of your misgivings, to regard you as booked to be with us for the

second Sabbath in June and the following day, the 12th and 13th.

‘I can only add that I remain affectionately yours,

‘JAMES PARSONS.

‘REV. R. W. McALL.’

When Mr. McAll was a little boy, Mr. Parsons had come to preach for his father. On the way to the service the young gentleman was seen to be much admiring himself in a new nankeen coat and gilt buttons—all yellow, like a small narcissus. ‘Robert, what will you give me for your buttons?’ said his friend. Did not this count in ‘affectionately yours’?

Never could there have been a public man who shone more brightly in the home than ‘James Parsons of York.’ A halo of dignity and sweetness surrounded him. He was a wonderful teller of a story. What follows, however, tells its own story:—

Scene, a village chapel not far from York, on a Sunday afternoon. A great pew beneath the pulpit, full of instruments and players. After the sermon, Mr. Parsons announces the closing hymn. The choir remain silent. He waits with patience; perhaps they have not found the place? but no! Again he announces the number, in that small, thrilling voice of his! At this a head appears, craning up to the pulpit bookboard from beneath. ‘Pleas, sir, t’ man ’at plays t’ sarpint’s gaen ta milk t’ coo.’

Among his other occupations in Leicester, Mr. McAll compiled in whole or in part two Sunday-school hymn-books. One of these was for the use of his own teachers and scholars at Bond Street, the other for the Sunday-schools in the town. In the year 1857, late at night, *Chapeltown*, from which some extracts will appear in the next chapter, was written. He was very clever with his fingers, and had several times in Sunderland made flowers in wax to illustrate a lecture to the Sunday-schools. Later on he ventured upon the flowers of Snowdon and Ben Lawers. The paterus

were cut from plates in Sowerby's *Botany*, and when finished they were planted on blocks of wood hewn out and chiselled into a sort of resemblance to the peaks. He had once, with infinite painstaking, produced a model of Foula, Shetland, after his visit there in 1852. At the removal to Leicester, by the Vandal who was superintending the packing the whole structure was sliced off the board, which, no doubt, in the poor man's eyes was a precious tablet containing many inches thick of good solid deal!

'48, EUSTON SQUARE, LONDON, *February 7, 1865.*

'MY DEAR MR. McALL,—Last Thursday evening you were elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society, along with a very good associate, Captain Douglas Galton, so I shall look for your promised visit on Thursday the 16th, that I may have the pleasure of accompanying you down to Burlington House. There is an entrance fee of £6.

'Believe me, most truly yours,

'J. HAMILTON.'

There used to be a pleasant ministers' breakfast held, at which hospitality was offered in turn by each member. About this time it fell to Mr. McAll's lot to take the part of host. Among those present was the Rev. R. P. Mursell, the successor of Robert Hall, and a great Baptist luminary in Leicester. The new F.L.S. came upon the carpet; and Mr. Mursell, who was very fond of fun, said to my husband, 'F.L.S. !—F.L.S. ! Mr. McAll, what does that mean? Something about a flower? F L O S !' Thus rallied, Mr. McAll promptly replied, 'Oh! I will tell you: it means Fellow of the Leicester Orthodox Society!'

Curiously enough, on the evening of the day when Dr. Hamilton's note was written, Mr. McAll was delivering the lecture on 'Mountain Gardens' already referred to, with numerous diagrams and illustrations, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch. The preparation of these diagrams had made a busy house.

Delightful times, too, they were, when, in old study coat, brush and colours in hand, he worked away 'like a Trojan.' Always 'full up,' he gladly accepted the help, as gladly rendered, of those young friends who could draw or paint. It was quite a small 'bee'—joyous, full of fun, the captain with his seven-leagued boots outstepping them all.

In this way he had worked at several other lectures: 'Monte Rosa, or Perpetual Snow'; 'The Sixth Day, or the Earth made ready for Man'; 'The Jews'; 'How Plants get their Living'; 'The Argyleshire Hebrides,' and others. Those were pleasant hours, hardly won from ceaseless work, when we could go into Charnwood Forest, imagining ourselves when at Beacon Hill on a mountain twice its height; for here is a miniature granite chain, and many mountain flowers are to be found there for the seeking.

There is a French proverb which says 'it is always the unexpected which happens.' In the closing months of 1865 trouble arose in the community gathered in London Road Chapel. One can only think of it as resembling those cross currents in the passage between Newhaven and Dieppe which, quite below the surface, may be suddenly disturbed in their course by the great current setting in from the shores of Brittany. The sea 'gets up' quickly, and goes down as fast.

On November 1, 1865, the pastor and his colleague, the assistant minister, resigned. Mr. McAll was entreated once, twice, at successive church meetings to reconsider his resolve, and twice he confirmed it. It was never accepted; but on November 20, seeing the inevitable, the people formed a committee of management for twelve months, of which they elected Mr. McAll a member. Thenceforward he devoted himself to their service in the search for such a pastor as they needed.

Meanwhile, so soon as his resignation at Leicester was known, he was sought by the church in Grosvenor Street,

Piccadilly, Manchester, from which on December 2 a most cordial invitation was sent. The following letters reveal his deep anxiety and desire to follow the 'Leading Hand.'

TO JOHN HOLT, ESQ.

'LEICESTER, *January 12, 1866.*

'I feel that the time is rapidly coming on in which my decision on the important alternative, of remaining here or removing to Manchester, must be arrived at. It is my great support, in view of all that is involved, to believe that, in answer to many prayers from many hearts, He who rules all spirits and even guides our thoughts will cause us, when the time arrives, to have an impression in accordance with His will. And if that is so, what have we to fear?'

Writing again on the 16th, he says to the same friend:—

'When I write officially to Mr. Armitage, I will also send you a line. I purpose to write on Thursday, all being well. We must still ask that the right impression may rest upon my mind at the crisis of decision.'

TO THE SAME.

'LEICESTER, *January 18, 1866.*

'I have forwarded to Mr. W. Armitage by this post a letter addressed to the Grosvenor Street Church and congregation, signifying my acceptance of their invitation. I feel very thankful to be enabled to come to this conclusion; the anxious question as to my course of duty seems settled and at rest. I venture to conclude that, had my acceptance been contrary to the Divine will, some hindrance, or at least an impression that I must act otherwise, would have presented itself. I do indeed feel inadequacy; the future seems all unknown. Still, humble hope is not wanting. I shall greatly rely on your prayers and those of the brethren around me for continued guidance and blessing.'

On February 1, 1866, he writes to the same friend:—

'I am glad to say the church has agreed to a most cordial



SARAH McCALL.

and unanimous invitation to Mr. Allen last night, and a congregational meeting is to be held next Wednesday to confirm it. I believe he will accept.'

His care for the London Road Church prevailed over all else. He would not quit the ship until he saw it furnished with another captain. It would have been the same in Sunderland, but for the withdrawal at the last moment of the pastor invited, who had seemed virtually pledged; so there Mr. McAll was compelled to leave his people without the happiness of seeing a successor in charge. An excellent gentleman with his family having come to Leicester about the time of his leaving, and showing a disposition to 'settle down' at the London Road Church, Mr. McAll used to the utmost his arts of persuasion, and in his humorous way offered to let his own house to them at a lowered rent,—if they would promise to attend at London Road!

The 'settled rest' of which we sang that sweet spring evening in the new and pleasant building was not to be ours literally. The 'Leading Hand' pointed onward, and still onward. To no one could the pastoral relation be more precious than to Robert Whitaker McAll. He has said so a hundred times; hence these 'uprootings,' as he calls them, cost him more than can be told. Yet the Hand which pointed him the 'way out' had also furnished him with a wonderful vitality, showing itself in his power of adaptation to new surroundings—most of all in the French sojourn.

To-day on the east wall of London Road Chapel, and near to the pulpit, are two memorial tablets, thus inscribed:—

'In memory of
SARAH,

Widow of the REV. ROBERT STEPHENS McALL, LL.D., of Manchester, the Beloved Mother of ROBERT WHITAKER McALL, Minister of this Chapel, who caused this Tablet to be Inscribed as a Memento of Filial Affection. She was Born at Macclesfield, February 13, 1784, and Died at Leicester, February 4, 1858.'

Among her last words were :—

‘Wilt Thou cast a sinner out
 Who humbly comes to Thee?
 Dost Thou not forbid my doubt
 That mercy waits for me?
 Let me then obtain the grace
 And be of strengthened faith possessed :
 Jesus, Master! seal my peace
 And give my spirit rest.’

‘These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.’

‘To the Honoured Memory of
 ROBERT WHITAKER MCALL, D.D., F.L.S.,
 First Pastor of this Church. Founder, and for twenty-one
 Years Director of the Evangelical Mission in France. Created by
 The French Government Chevalier of the Legion of Honour.
 Born 1821. Died 1893.
 Co-worker with God.’¹

¹ Unveiled on February 14, 1894, in the presence of a large assemblage. With the London Road friends were associated in this tribute of honouring regard friends from the mother church at Bond Street, and other Christian communities.

CHAPTER X.

‘CHAPELTOWN’; OR, THE FELLOW-STUDENTS.

I N 1857 Mr. McAll wrote and published a book with the title which forms the subject of this chapter. In his preface the author says:—

‘Every character sketched in this book is ideal, and every incident imaginary. The reader’s time would be wasted in attempting to identify allusions, or to trace pictures to an original, since any possible coincidence is not only undesigned, but to the author unknown. And yet these pages treat of *realities*, for he has been surrounded from earliest days by associations affording opportunity for minute acquaintance with the subjects. He writes pure fiction in one sense; in another, he writes only those “things which he has seen and heard.”

‘The author has no sympathy with any of the foreboding cries of the day. A distinguished charge rests upon the British Churches of this order, alike in promoting spiritual elevation, and in the direct work of evangelisation; and he is persuaded that the sacred trust will be recognised and fulfilled, yet the ministerial aim is not always so regulated as to tend in the highest degree to that fulfilment. The fact that certain distinct *modes*, differing even in the main principles upon which they are framed, characterise the ministry in our day, is sufficient proof of this assertion. An effort is here made to delineate several of these modes, that the reader may be enabled to judge which is “the more excellent way.” But while attempting discrimination, the author has sought to raise an earnest protest against two common errors—that of charging individual shortcomings

upon a system, and that of questioning the sincerity of our brethren on the ground of varieties which do not go deeper than the *forms* of thought and expression.'

The character and contents of the book may be judged from a selection of the references made to it in the contemporary press.

'This tale has evidently been written by a man well acquainted with the working of English Independency. It describes the career of three Fellow-Students; of whom one, fluent and popular, is, though godly, too fond of applause; another presents a Teutonic theory of Christianity, learnt from Schleiermacher, in an Anglo-German garb, unintelligible to the farming and shopkeeping intellect; the third has a pure aim and a wise method, but is somewhat pharisaic. The first obtains at the outset a showy "settlement" with a large salary, but breaks down after a while. The second cannot "settle" at all in the usual way, and is driven to answering advertisements; one of which introduces him to a small, but, in their own estimation, select audience in London. The third accepts an invitation from some plain people in the country, where, after brief but successful labour, he dies of consumption. His two friends, however, learn the lessons from his short and wise ministry and fitting deathbed—each where his error lay, and how to abandon it; and forthwith recommence their work under new and better auspices; purified—the one from unpractical mysticism and pointless wordiness, and the other from self. Such is the outline. In the filling up there is much depicting of human nature in the various aspects presented by Dissent. The spirit of the book is good, and the manner lively and charming. We should like to see *Chapeltown* widely circulated, believing it fitted to do good service amongst the worthy inhabitants of that famous borough.'—*The Homilist*.

'The prime object of *Chapeltown* is to enforce upon Independent clergymen that their "call" should be unanimous. Unless this is the case, they will be (at least for a time) the object of dislike to the minority, and very possibly the victim of intrigue. No delicacy, no superficial appearances of cordiality, should induce a minister to waive actual

examination upon this point; and if he find that a *party* have opposed him, to decline that church, and thus eventually the congregations may be compelled to obedience.

"If in the acceptance of calls," says an old clergyman in reference to some action of the tale, "ministers would make more searching inquiry as to *actual unanimity*, boldly avowing their resolve not to undertake charges in its absence, I am convinced that great sufferings would be escaped, and also that the uniform practice would tend much to check the spirit of factious dissension. And I would even add, if, on the rising of antagonism, in church sections, to ministers already settled, they would give their churches to know that either the party conflict (almost invariably lying beneath) must be abandoned or the pastor relinquished, similar good would on the great scale result. The impression that it is the pastor's *duty to sit down with* depreciation and insult, and either try to conciliate, or become a warrior and drive the disaffected from his territory, has, rely upon it, the tendency to embolden our church-disturbers. The people should be gently taught that the ministerial relation is too *delicate* in its involvements to be treated lightly." Another purpose of the writer is to impress upon young ministers that self should be forgotten—not the grosser forms of worldly selfishness, but the efforts after eloquence and display in the pulpit or elsewhere. This abnegation, too, would have a tendency to check insubordination among the people, when they saw that the minister was only anxious for their souls.

'A couple of well-educated, refined, and zealous young clergymen, with their gentle wives, respectively accept a provincial town and a rustic congregation. In each case there is some demur; but at Chapeltown, the village, it is only individual, and easily overcome by the spiritual mind of Clifton. In the busy town of W—— Fielding has to contend with the difficulties and evils already intimated, until, discovering the whole truth, he throws up his church. A considerable portion of the tale is devoted to a description of these evils. They bud very early—in fact, on the arrival of the minister—and become full blown on the Monday after his sermon, when the members of the congregation call. Among the rest was the great man of the chapel.

'One o'clock brought a fine carriage to the pastor's door.

The liveried footman presented cards, announcing Mr., Mrs., and a couple of Misses Temple. Caroline could not help observing that, as the latter entered the room, they stepped and looked very much as people do when crossing a muddy and bustling street. They were constantly exchanging glances. Beyond these their expressions were remarkably harmless; for silence and hauteur were equal.

'Clarence Temple, Esquire, was Clarence Temple, Esquire, everywhere. He bade Mrs. Fielding welcome to W—— very good-naturedly, but speedily rose into vaster and more public considerations.

"Mr. Fielding," he said, "I am with you in the views you gave us yesterday of masters obeying—I beg pardon—servants. That's a fine sentiment, 'Whatever others do to you, do to them.' I'm sure that's the kind of preaching. What could a public man do in these days, unless he acted it out? I have tried it, sir. You told us to act it out. And if in W——, and indeed in the Legislature, any small share of preponderance has fallen to me, I wish to use it only for that purpose. The masses must and will rise to that level. I told Lord F—— the other day, that Government ought not to have sanctioned that iniquitous bill on taxation. But I forgot: Mrs. Fielding, you must pardon me; I am a public man. How do you like W——? Your talented husband will rise, I know. He gave us two stunning sermons yesterday. I wish my lads had heard them. Williams tells me—excuse my mentioning it—that Mr. Fielding's salary is only——"

"Oh, Temple, my dear," interposed his better half, "I wonder at you, Temple!"

"Come, come, Florence, I know that this good lady will excuse me. I wish our minister to have a little style about him. Mr. Fielding, don't be afraid of it. I was angry with Williams, very. I said, 'That's downright shabby, deacon.' I'm not a first-rater at quoting, but I managed it famously. I said, 'Williams, have you forgotten that the Apostle Paul, or one of them, says in his epistle, or somewhere, "The labourer is worthy of his hire?"' They must have a meeting to raise the terms.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Fielding," again the remonstrance broke forth, "what *will* you think of my husband? He *does* go on so. You see, we're not much accustomed to things of this sort.

Other people are more in the way of chapel affairs. You mustn't take any notice of Temple's not being out quite so often. I can't let him. What with public affairs, he's half killing both himself and us."

'So far, those honoured by this distinguished visit had remained patient listeners.

'The following dialogue from a lower grade in society, though the gentleman is an office-holder, gives the young couple the first inkling that the call was not unanimous.

'The deacon struck in: "There's a deal, a vast deal, Mr. Fielding, as wants getting up among us. We've lost a sight of way. Them aristocrats, as has stuck themselves up in such a manner about you" (this was the first intimation to Fielding of anything like a *party* opposed to him), "did a mischief to the church as years won't remedy. See how they've kept us out of a pastor. And the people is sore still about Mr. Stevens. That wovnd won't be healed yet awhile."

"Mr. Stevens," asked Fielding: "who was he?"

"Oh, bless you" (Mrs. Haddock kindly saved her husband the trouble of replying), "don't you know about Stevens—he as the people was so anxious to have as their pasture? Why, there was more votes for him, Haddock, than now there is of members! He was a uncommon eliquent preacher was Stevens. He had such a way with him. Oh, you've no idee. Such a way! He told my husband here, as he'd rather have the likes of him for his right hand than a dozen of your purse-proud folks. Thirteen families—but you must have heard—took theirselves sheer off, because our stiff deacon, as thinks himself wiser than a hundred parsons and as many churches put together, would go on so, saying that the like of Stevens, who had some liveliness in him, would 'let down the tones' of the church. Well, things looks a bit brighter. You mustn't be chice over a few ups and downs."

"Really, Mrs. Haddock, you make me uneasy. Did others besides Mr. Hatchard oppose my coming? Is there some want of cordiality unknown to me?"

"Oh, don't take on so. There's nothing particular, nothing for Mr. Fielding to be unsettled about, is there, Haddock? What if a half-a-dozen ——"

"No, indeed," interposed the deacon, fearful of a report

to his fellow-officials; "we had no intentions of making a unfavourable impression. We shall look up. Our minister's heart is with us. He's going, I expect, to strain every nerve. I'm sure, though I say it before his face, he's done well to-day. Them sermons, with the bits of directness and outspeaking, which will come readier every week, will do the business. Oh, how the people want visiting—a thorough good roosting up! I suppose you'll make a beginning to-morrow, sir?"—*The Spectator*.

'A genial spirit pervades the whole book, and the warmest supporter of Independency need not take offence at the occasional sarcasm and ridicule, when the object of the tale is to show that the *system* is not to be quarrelled with on account of the eccentricities and absurdities of a few of its adherents. The writer repudiates the intention of giving a *fair sample* of Congregationalists, and distinctly asserts his oddest characters are exceptional. We ought not to omit our commendation of the humour of many passages in the book.'

CHAPTER XI.

'ROBY' CHAPEL, MANCHESTER. 1866—1867.

WE too have our patron saints! And although Grosvenor Street Chapel, Piccadilly, Manchester, be the legal designation, yet the Rev. William Roby has so left his mark upon it and its people, that here it must be 'Roby.' If I attempt to speak of it, he of whom I write would not forbid me to call up some faces and speeches of the past which we used together to dwell upon lovingly. There were ten deacons! nearly all *old* deacons and *old* men—the greater pity! Would that such as they could 'live alway'! They looked upon us as quite young, although we were mature and middle-aged; still it was not ungrateful to be treated as young once more—for is there not something unspeakably pleasant to dwell where you are known and loved for the 'fathers' sakes'? And we had both lived our early life so privileged and sheltered. If we cared for them—our Council of Ten—I think, indeed I am sure, they cared for us. And *this* was the *measure* of the homely Lancashire wrath of one at least among them at our departure. Dear old Mr. Ziba Armitage, what unction, native strength, utter unaffectedness in him! When he lifted up his voice in prayer, it woke one up to *reality*. When Mr. McAll went away, solely because he felt he was not making aggression where he had hoped, amongst the outsiders, the 'lapsed masses,' the tide of population having receded to the outskirts, Mr. Armitage could not see it.

'He'll be whipped for it!' was his safety-valve ; but this lash of his failed to hurt us much.

Writing in August, 1867, Mr. McAll's own words are :—

'The chapel is in the very centre of the city. The available population having been completely drawn off from the entire district around it, I find it impossible to *make progress*, to accomplish *any aggressive effort*.'

There was also a fine Sunday-school, kept up by the ceaseless efforts of devoted teachers, while on Missionary Sundays the 'Roby' traditions asserted themselves in collections of £200 for the L.M.S. All honour to the pastor who has stood by the noble old ship—a steady steersman—since Mr. McAll's departure !—though bereavement has greatly thinned the ranks, and of our 'Council of Ten' one only is left ; but there are young ones who hold up his hands.

Of Roby it may be said that 'she sent out her boughs to the sea, and her branches to the river'—for not only in the suburban churches in Cheshire and on the coast are to be found those who themselves, or their parents, hailed from thence, but there are links with noble names in the great Mission Field, Royle in the South Seas, Jonathan Lees in China, and last, not least, the venerable Robert Moffat, who wrote of his 'stay under the watchful care and instruction of Mr. Roby, which lasted nearly a year, at the nursery-garden, from which I could only visit him once or twice in each week.' The great missionary thus describes his first interview with Mr. Roby :—

'The task of knocking at the good man's door seemed very hard. A second time I reached the door, and had scarcely set my foot on the first step when my heart again failed. At last, after walking backwards and forwards for a few minutes, I returned to the door and knocked. This was no sooner done than I would have given a thousand pounds, if I had possessed them, not to have knocked ; and I hoped—oh, how

I hoped with all my heart that Mr. Roby might not be at home! resolving that if so, I should never again make such an attempt. A girl opened the door. "Is Mr. Roby in?" I inquired, with a faltering voice. "Yes," was the reply; and I was shown into the parlour. The dreaded man whom I had wished to see soon made his appearance. My simple tale was soon told. He listened to all I had to say in answer to some questions with a kindly smile. He said he would write to the Directors of the Society, and on hearing from them would communicate their wishes respecting me.'

In the autumn of 1867 Mr. McAll felt himself moved to an expression of opinion and consequent action on behalf of the three Fenians condemned to death on October 8 in Manchester. We may call this a forecast of Paris, 1867—1872.

Here let us lift this veil, and make a flying visit to the storm-centre before returning to Manchester. Nearly seven years have passed. At the *sortie* of an excellent Sunday afternoon meeting, Boulevard de Ménilmontant, close to Père Lachaise, a workman, who was evidently very Red, and had besides probably taken a little too much, desired to know *what* we were. Were we—were we Monarchists, Bonapartists, or Republicans? Being very insistent, Mr. McAll said at last: 'Dans mon pays je suis Radical' (which has the same force in France as Liberal with us), 'mais ici je ne suis que chrétien.' This avowal made a great change in the man, who had been troublesome in his questions.

The newspaper cuttings which follow set forth clearly both the occasion and the results of Mr. McAll's action in Manchester.

The *Manchester Examiner* for September 19, 1867, stated:—

'As two of the Fenian leaders, Colonel Kelly and Captain Deasy, were being conveyed in the prison van to the gaol at Bellevue, it was attacked by a number of men on arriving at the railway arch across Hyde Road. With a volley from

revolvers they dispersed the policemen, eleven in number, who accompanied the van, broke open the van, and set the prisoners free. A policeman, named Brett, who sat inside the vehicle, was shot, and died soon afterwards at the Infirmary. Two or three other men were somewhat seriously injured. When the surprise consequent upon the sudden attack was over, the attacking party were pursued, and the leader, a man named Allen, was arrested, and was identified as the murderer of Brett. Up to last night the two Fenians, Kelly and Deasy, had not been retaken. A reward of £300 has been offered by the Home Office for their recapture, and £200 reward is offered for the capture of the Fenians who took part in the attack.'

'October 8.—Three of the seven men charged with murder were declared guilty and sentenced to death.'

The same paper published on November 6 this letter:—

'SIR,—I hear from all sides the sentiment that the leniency exercised in sparing the lives of other Fenian convicts having "signally failed," the only course is to "make an example" of one or more of the unhappy men now under death sentence. That this is a hasty conclusion, based on insufficient grounds and a superficial estimate, strikes me most forcibly. Was it reasonable to anticipate, in view of the spread and hold which, unhappily, Fenianism had already attained over many of our Irish fellow-subjects, that the effect of this leniency would be at once triumphantly evidenced, or even that the acts of reckless outrage would be at once restrained? The conquests of calmness, clemency, generosity, are not so easily won. The angel-form of brotherliness must endure many a wound, ere the rude hand which inflicted those wounds is extended to ask the clasp of eternal friendship.

'If the former estimate was correct, if forbearance promised more than terrors towards winning back the disaffected to allegiance, I submit that there are the strongest grounds for believing that to reverse the procedure now would be to cut off the benign experiment while yet only half tried. Scarcely could so shallow a view be adopted as that we should not to-day have to deplore these fatal deeds, if stern justice had been carried out before. My firm belief is, that the renewed outrages, terrible as they are, are far less than

the fury and recklessness which would have been stimulated by making the men in question the "dying heroes" of the misguided populace. I long for a voice of persuasion and influence that I might say, Destroy not this wise and brotherly experiment in the midst; give to it, at least, this one further trial. Deeper than the dark surface of lawless passions, it may be already preparing its healing work. Beyond all that is mere passion and recklessness, there is with multitudes of the Irish people, at least, the belief in real wrongs. Above all, I plead the broad aspect and bearing of the whole question, as connected with the future of the sister isle.

'What generous English heart does not desire that a thorough brotherhood might speedily be brought about, in which the Irish race, with all their fine features and capabilities, shall become so linked and mingled with us, that it would be scarcely possible to make the distinction ?

'The execution of these men, or of Allen alone, if I rightly read human nature, must decisively tend towards distancing that happy result. To commute the sentence to penal servitude, even for him who madly fired the fatal shot, as well as his comrades, would be a powerful expression of the resolve of the English people to teach their fellow-subjects that they would have them as fellow-brethren. Whatever the immediate appearances, I cannot believe that such a lesson would be without ultimate and beneficial effect.

'I am, sir, yours faithfully,

'R. W. McALL.'

No pains were spared to obtain a commutation of sentence upon the condemned men. An influential meeting, convened by the Rev. R. W. McAll and others, was held in the Corn Exchange, and a memorial in favour of a reprieve unanimously adopted November 19.

Never shall I forget that meeting, the thousands assembled, the place dark with men's heads, the heart-rending occasion, the Christian forgiveness of the widow of the murdered policeman, brought by her pastor, the platform on which every denomination was represented, the broad, sober, merciful tone of the speakers, fully recognising the heinous-

ness of the offence, while taking note of the extenuating circumstances. The time for action had been terribly short, the petition for commutation had been signed in the streets ; without the most energetic initiative on the part of the promoters the demonstration could not have been made. Mr. McAll received no encouragement from personal friends ; they were all on the side of severity.

The petition was not granted. In spite of all efforts to save them, the three convicted men, Allen, Larkins, and Gould, were executed November 23. Sad indeed it was to think upon the poor young fellow of nineteen who had so suddenly been led away by his companions ! His uncle and friends came over from Dublin, and their gratitude was too touching as they came to thank Mr. McAll at the cab door. Who can tell how much this expression on the part of so many thousands of their countrymen may have contributed to calm revengeful spirits ?

May a wife be pardoned for just saying she was very proud of her husband that evening ? It seemed that these poor fellows would never cease cheering him. She has never lost the vision of two arms in the farthest corner of the gallery whirling round like the sails of a windmill when all the rest had stopped !

After that I do not think any Irishman would have attempted to molest him in an open-air service, as they did once, when, followed by a number of his congregation one fine Sunday evening, he sought to preach Christ to them. One man threatened to knock him down. Our young men from Roby immediately closed round, but one of his companions said to Mr. McAll, ' You go on, sir ; he's my mate ; there shall no harm come to you,' and the service passed with the greatest attention and stillness, above all, in the prayer. Mr. McAll kept up the practice of open-air preaching throughout his ministry in the middle of summer, after the evening service, when numbers of the congregation used

to follow, and everything passed with the greatest order and decorum. We long to see the day when every preacher who is gifted with voice enough, and love enough, shall go out from his 'steeple-house' to seek the 'lapsed masses' thus!

As often as I read the following the more touching does it seem. Here and in what follows was, we cannot doubt, the 'Leading Hand.'

'ROBY CHAPEL, GROSVENOR STREET, MANCHESTER,

'September 25, 1867.

'That this church receives with great regret the resignation, just read, of its esteemed pastor, the Rev. R. W. McAll; and whilst they feel convinced, by the decided terms in which he has expressed himself, that no alternative is left to them but to accept it, they cannot contemplate a dissolution of the important relation so recently entered into without feelings of deep sorrow. They desire to express their warmest sense of the fidelity and ability with which Mr. McAll has fulfilled his ministry in this place, and to convey to him, and his amiable and devoted partner in life, the expression of their sincere Christian affection and esteem, and to assure them of their earnest wish and prayer that their steps may speedily be guided to a sphere where in comfort they may labour successfully for many years to come, in the house of the great Master, whom it is their desire and delight to serve.

'Passed unanimously with unaffected sympathy.

'EDWARD LEWIS, *Chairman.*'

CHAPTER XII.

BIRMINGHAM AND HADLEIGH. 1867—1871.

THE autumnal meetings of the Congregational Union were held in Manchester in 1867, and Mr. McAll fulfilled the office of secretary for the second time; the first having been in 1854, when the Union met in Newcastle, Sunderland, and North Shields. This brought about a meeting with the late Rev. T. Feaston, who, then on the point of quitting his charge at Lozells, Birmingham, brought all the artillery of an enthusiastic nature and a strong will to bear upon Mr. McAll, whom he conceived to be the very man for the position. He succeeded. The time for action was short: Mr. McAll had already other prospects opening before him; but the retiring pastor did not 'let the grass grow under his feet.' Hence, a call, given with much *empressement*, was accepted, as Mr. McAll himself explains in the following letter:—

'TRINITY ROAD, BIRCHFIELD, *January 14, 1868.*

'CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—After very anxious thought, I have concluded that it is my duty to present through you to the church the withdrawal of my acceptance of their call. I had, as many of you are aware, misgivings respecting my course of duty, before responding to the invitation. My esteemed friend, your recent minister, was mainly instrumental in inducing me not to act upon them. It is now evident to me that the impression I mentioned to him was correct: that the peculiar circumstances of the church required some

brief interval to elapse "between the close of the present pastorate" and the introduction of a successor. I have not the slightest doubt that my retirement before any attempt is made to cement the union will be, in the result, for the well-being of your community. I ought to have been alive to the fact that our mutual acquaintance on my brief previous visits was not sufficient to warrant so responsible a step on my part. My peculiar position at the time, in consequence of having so quickly to decide on overtures from other churches, led both you and me to a course of action too rapid to be secure. It is a consolation that there is nothing to hinder our parting with the best feelings. I shall ever be grateful to you and the church for the readiness and concord of the invitation, and to Mr. Feaston for all his personal kindness. The best light in which to view the case is, not as a resignation, but simply as a regretful yet conscientious withdrawal on my part from cementing the mutual relation. My fervent prayer shall ascend that the Chief Shepherd may make you all specially conscious of His presence, and ere long guide you to a happy and successful ministerial settlement.

'Begging you to convey my decision to the church, and again assuring you of my cordial esteem, I am, Christian friends, sincerely yours,

'R. W. McALL.

'TO THE DEACONS, LOZELLS CHAPEL, BIRMINGHAM.'

The excellent friends thus addressed could not bring themselves to view the point in question in the light presented to Mr. McAll; they begged him to withdraw his letter—and prevailed—so that it was not presented to the church. His conviction remained unshaken. His will was strong, but it did not allow him to be regardless of the feelings and impressions of those with whom he was associated, officially or otherwise; he was not the man brusquely to take his own way. He once preached from the text 'Christ pleased not Himself,' and various passages in his career would seem to show that the Master had taught him that beautiful lesson. Short though the residence proved,

as the sequel will show, it was long enough for us to form friendships—of which some have been interrupted only by the hand of death.

The surroundings of our Birmingham home are pleasant to think upon—Sutton Coldfield, with its splendid hollies, or even Handsworth Wood, where by some fine instinct Mr. McAll once said to a little party, ‘It looks as if there might be white hyacinths here,’ and lo! in a few instants, behold them!

When out for a day or two Mr. McAll had a great delight in attending all sorts of small services, thereby enriching his repertory with many rare and surprising titbits. Here is one from the hymn-book of a certain little chapel, not a hundred miles away from the Midland metropolis :—

‘Clipt are the greedy vulture’s claws—
 No more we dread his power ;
 He gapes with adamantine jaws,
 And grins—but can’t devour.’

Mr. McAll’s stay in Birmingham was brief. Still, after reading the foregoing letter we are in some measure prepared for what follows. On July 9, 1868, when all the flowers were in bloom, a very large assembly gathered in the pleasant house at Birchfield, the object of those composing it being to testify their affectionate regard for their retiring pastor ; and to these were joined many ministerial and other friends who in person or by sympathetic letter expressed their communion of feeling. On this occasion a handsome testimonial and the following address were presented to Mr. McAll :—

‘LOZELLS BIRMINGHAM, *July 9, 1868.*

‘REVEREND AND DEAR SIR,—It is with unfeigned regret that we address you on the eve of your departure hence, begging your acceptance of this testimony of regard for you as our pastor and friend, and our appreciation of your

Christian and devoted ministerial labours amongst us. We trust that it may be gratifying to yourself upon retiring from the pastorate of Lozells Chapel to possess a tribute of affection from those who have had the pleasure of personal and profitable communion with you, affording to us in its acceptance an opportunity of giving expression to our sentiments of sincere and lasting esteem, and earnest desire for your future well-being and prosperity. Your removal from our midst, so fraught with regret and sorrow, is attended with united and heartfelt prayers to the All-Wise Disposer of events that it may tend to His glory and the more successful carrying out of His work by you. May His Holy Spirit guide you and illumine your path through life, causing you in reviewing the way in which the Lord hath led you to acknowledge that He hath done all things well!

‘We desire to assure you that you will continue to be remembered by us with loving sympathy, and devout prayers shall ever ascend that Heaven’s choicest blessings may rest upon you and your beloved partner.

‘The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make His face to shine upon you, and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up His countenance upon you, and give you peace.

‘*Chairman*, JOHN HICKMAN ;
Treasurer, GEORGE IRELAND ;
Secretary, GEORGE SHEARD.

‘Presented with three pieces of plate.’

The following is copied from the slight and abbreviated notes left by Mr. McAll of his response to the testimonial :—

‘LOZELLS, BIRMINGHAM, *July 9, 1868.*

‘Unlooked for . . . especially after so short a residence, etc. . . . The brevity of that residence measures, I feel, the expressive and consequent value. . . . I know this has not been done as a matter of course. The entirely spontaneous mode enstamps a special value upon it. I receive this costly gift as the pure expression of confidence and of hearty friendship ; for the kind consideration which originated the idea, for the zeal and care which have carried it out, for the generosity of the contributions, for exquisite taste exhibited in the selection, for the love accompanying its presentation, I

shall be ever grateful. The address, the sentiment of which I only wish I could have deserved, will be esteemed among the truest ornaments of my house, wherever my lot may be cast. While it is with deep regret we leave the place which we had hoped to make our permanent home, we have been permitted to form friendships with which we could not bring ourselves to part. We hope and believe they will be as lasting as life. However far removed our residence may be, in after years memory will often revert to this scene, and fondly recall the affectionate regards and genial countenances of this evening.

‘When your own kind thoughts may find a place for us, I should esteem it the highest privilege to be recollected by you as a servant of the Divine Master, whose aim, however feebly pursued, was to live and work among you for Him.’

After exactly a quarter of the century, to receive expressions like the following, gave to her thus addressed a singular comfort and joy:—

‘LOZELLS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WHEELER STREET,

‘BIRMINGHAM, *July 27, 1893.*

‘DEAR MRS. McALL,—We, the pastor, officers, and members of the church and congregation worshipping in the above church, do hereby tender to you our heartfelt sympathy in the deep and irreparable loss you have sustained in the death of your dear husband. Though only a short time pastor of the above church, the impressions he made upon many friends are not yet effaced. The honour conferred upon him by being made the centre of such a vast sphere of usefulness has been rejoiced in by all here.

‘We desire as a church to place on record our indebtedness to him for his valued services, and to express to you the sympathy we feel towards your honoured self. We commend you lovingly to the tender care of Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow.

‘On behalf of the church.

‘REV. W. G. PERCIVAL, *Pastor*;
JOSEPH HOOD, *Treasurer*;
FRANCIS WEBB, *Secretary*.’

'LOZELLS CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, WHEELER STREET,

'BIRMINGHAM, *July* 27, 1893.

'DEAR MRS. McALL,—I am desired by the church to ask your kind acceptance of the enclosed vote of sympathy, passed at the first church meeting held after the announcement of your loss reached us. It was moved by our honoured senior deacon, seconded by another dear old friend, and supported by others who all counted it an honour and privilege to have known and worked with him at Lozells.

'I am, dear madam,

'Yours very respectfully,

'FRANCIS WEBB,

'*Hon. Secretary.*'

To JOHN HOLT, ESQ.

'BIRMINGHAM, *December* 4, 1869.

'I must send you just a line to say we are going to Hadleigh, Suffolk. Hadleigh was the seventh charge to which I had been asked since resigning Birmingham. The call from Hadleigh, however, was so decisive and quite unanimous, that I felt I could not hesitate. You must come and see our new sphere and judge for yourself. We shall count upon your doing so. The chapel is a fine, large, plain structure, seating about fourteen hundred. Noble schoolrooms and premises very complete. There are seven village chapels belonging to it, besides four smaller stations. There are two assistant ministers, one to help in the town (as there are three Sunday services), the other in the villages. I should gladly say much more, but am hard pressed.'

In another letter Mr. McAll refers to other features of the new field of work :—

'The sphere at Hadleigh presents special features. Side by side with the educated portion of the congregation is found a multitude of brave rustics who flock to the "big meeting" from all the surrounding district. It is a fine sight on a Sunday morning, one great gallery lined exclusively with the faces of men, many of whom have walked miles and

miles because they are "glad when it is said, We will go into the house of the Lord." I have known not a few amongst those farm-labourers who, if not gifted with all the genius of Bunyan, possessed bright kindlings of the same holy fire, reminding one, in many characteristic traits, of some of the heroes of the world-famed dreamer.'

Here again, in the girdle of villages, is surely another forecast of Paris and its mission stations. It is true the surroundings are widely different,—hedgerows and white-washed cottages instead of wineshops and cafés; the Paris omnibus or the original vehicle known as 'shanks' pony,' will replace that curious but comfortable little box—our 'sociable'—which carries us safely to the farthest village and back, although our small horse shies occasionally. We go out nearly every night, as we shall later on in Paris, and our pleasure is in making friends with the poor people whose only education has been the Bible and the pulpit.

And surely if Hadleigh points Paris-ward, it has a singular link with the past, for in his early ministry in Sunderland we find the following: *Footprints Heavenward; or, Christianity in Devout Lives*. A Series of Sabbath-evening Discourses by R. W. McAll. 'They glorified God in me.'—Galatians i. 24. November 27. I. Dr. Rowland Taylor of Hadleigh. Little did R. W. McAll foresee that the 'Leading Hand' was to guide his feet sixteen years later to this quaint little town of almost Flemish attraction, reminding one of the prints in Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*. Dr. Rowland Taylor was the fourth martyr in Mary Tudor's reign. The spot on Aldham Common hallowed by his last suffering is marked by a small memorial stone.

A few words about this Hadleigh residence must suffice, although we would so gladly linger there. We learned to love the quiet surroundings. Here are no great park walls to shut out the pedestrian and 'shut him up' to the 'wayside drear,' but there are little hills and undulations,

and many roadsides with a soft green border to walk upon. It is free, open, natural. The flora is not to be despised. Within a few fields of our cottage and near the railway cutting were hundreds of the beautiful bee orchid, and the not less beautiful though less prized saintfoin.

‘What did the pilgrims say
 About this flower?
 Said they, when in time of old
 The Infant in the manger lay,
 Thou thy blossoms didst display
 And chang’dst His humble birthplace
 To a bower!’

The ‘Great Meeting’ was quite a picture on Sunday—for there the custom obtained for one gallery to be occupied only by men. This was immediately opposite my seat, so there was ample room to remark the curious costumes in dress. There were blue swallow-tails with gilt buttons, and umbrellas blue and green with beaks formidable to behold. And the faces were perfectly original and characteristic, not in the least like those you see in towns, where civilisation brings down everything to its own level. One droll story is told of a wife who did not like sitting apart from her husband on Sunday, so she boldly made the plunge, and one morning was seen in the men’s gallery—for the first and last time! Strong-minded as she was, public opinion was stronger still!

Mr. McAll, in replying to the cordial invitation sent by the church and congregation, had said:—

‘BIRMINGHAM, *December 3, 1869.*

‘MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I am deeply sensible of the expression of your confidence and regard in asking me to become your pastor; and have considered your invitation with (I trust) the sincere desire to be guided to that course which should be most for the glory of Christ. Circumstances beyond my control have rendered it necessary that

I should seek to weigh the indications of my duty with reference to several spheres presented to my attention at the same period. The result is my conviction of the Divine will that I should cast in my lot among you, prayerfully committing the issues to Him who is ready to take all our interests into His hand. I therefore, in humble dependence upon that strength which is made perfect in weakness, accept the important trust to which you have invited me, and wish to devote my best energies to the work of Christ in your midst.

‘I doubt not that your esteemed deacons and committee will in all things render me most valuable co-operation and help. That you already have among you one who will be especially my assistant in pulpit and pastoral engagements, one whose devotedness to the high purposes of the ministry has justly placed him so high in your Christian affection, I regard as most desirable aid in attempting the responsible duties of the position. I rejoice also that I shall be associated with another who in the remoter parts of your district is fulfilling a work of so much evident usefulness. The spirit of Christian enterprise distinguishing you, brightens my hope of blessings in days to come. Your large band of Sunday-school teachers and village preachers will be regarded by me as “my fellow-workers unto the House of God.” Each of your stations will engage my warm interest, and it will give me delight, as opportunity arises, to visit them and mingle in their services. And now, if the steps hitherto taken have been attended with the spirit of prayer, let us all remember that only as we go on to look to the Divine Source can our best hopes be fulfilled. I crave your co-operation, your sympathy, your forbearance, your constant supplications. May grace from on high enable me to be for you “a faithful minister of Christ.” Believe me, etc.,
‘R. W. McALL.’

These hopes were not to be disappointed. What happy meetings there were in the village chapels and in the cottages! And this good work is still going on, all revolving round the mother church in the ‘Big Meeting.’

CHAPTER XIII.

THE CALL TO PARIS. 1871. AGE 49-50.

'But we that were nursed on the knees
Of the hills of the North, we would fleet
Where our hearts might their longing appease
With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat.'

ANDREW LANG.

THE following brief entries are scraps from the note-book for 1871 :—

'*Sunday, July 23.*—Preached at Hadleigh, morning. Attended E. W. Jones's Sunday afternoon. Preached Hadleigh, evening. Preached open air, Angel Street, 7 $\frac{1}{4}$, with Mr. Field ; 220 to 230 present. Closed 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ p.m.

'*Tuesday, 25.*—Left for London, 8 a.m. Rev. J. Feaston, French Consulate, Foreign Office, Cook's Office, Adam Street. Mr. Roger Cunliffe, Prince's Street. . . . Dreadful heat. Continental Bradshaw. Guide to Normandy and Excursions 3s. 2d. Stay at Cook's the night. E. S. M.

'*Wednesday, 26.*—To Royal Academy Exhibition ; to International Exhibition ; to Linnean Society's Rooms. Left for Edinburgh at 8.25 p.m., St. Pancras Station.'

Why this sudden change of plan? Preparation one day for France, the next off to Scotland! Simply that, children of the North, we dared not face the Continental heat. During that dreadful night in London Mr. McAll began to repent his rash resolve to cross the Channel ; but then our tickets are *taken!* 'Perhaps,' we meekly suggested, 'perhaps they might *exchange* them for Scotch tickets!' Happy thought! it is done, and we find ourselves for the sixteenth time, for one of

us at least, in bonnie Scotland, landed in our old quarters at Captain Butters', Largo Bay, just above high-tide mark, with the wee window in the 'ben,' out of which Mrs. Butters looks to see her husband's boat coming round the Point, and where, across the way, Kitty's father's sea-boots may be seen standing yard high, right up against the cottage door!

Before we leave, it is rough weather, which fulfils its healthful mission of bracing and cooling; and now Mr. McAll takes up his first intention, seeing a good fortnight ahead, which we may devote to the French visit, his sympathies having been so deeply stirred for the suffering people during the late sad events. But first some pleasant days are spent with choice friends.

'*August 2.*—St. Andrew's, at Dr. Traill's.

'*Sunday, 6.*—Independent Chapel, morning. Town Church, Rev. Dr. Boyd, afternoon. St. Mary's, Rev. H. Hill, evening.

'*Wednesday, 9.*—Shore; to Edinburgh in afternoon; day of Scott centenary celebration; to Miss Traill's; leave 7.40 p.m. for London.

'*Thursday, 10.*—To Tract Society: French tracts. We forgot to take the parcel, and found ourselves without it, waiting to take train for Newhaven at London Bridge. Mr. McAll rushed back to Paternoster Row for them, as on no account would he start without them.

'*Friday, 11.*—At Seaford and Newhaven, waiting for passport at Mr. Shaw's—engineer of Alexandria.

'*Saturday, 12.*—Left Newhaven for Dieppe, 11.40, to Hôtel Victoria; "a sea of glass mingled with fire!" so hot is it.

'*Sunday, 13.*—At Rouen. To St. Ouen, and Cathedral. To Protestant Reformed Church, St. Eloi; attend service 11 a.m. To Church of England, 3½ p.m. Huet's café. Distribution Tracts (130), Champ de Mars, evening.

'*Tuesday, 15.*—To Paris. To Hôtel Percy, Rue Boissy d'Anglas, Rue St. Honoré, Mlle. Genton, etc. Ill—headache.

'*Wednesday, 16.*—To Tuileries Gardens, Louvre and

Galleries, Rue Royale, Rivoli, etc. To Madeleine; attend Mass. Ill—headache.

‘*Thursday, 17.*—To Versailles, Château, Gardens, etc., and return to Père Lachaise, Ménilmontant, etc. To Champs Elysées, Invalides, etc., 45 to 50 tracts.

‘*Friday, 18.*—To Notre Dame, Luxembourg Galleries and Gardens, to Jardin des Plantes, St. Denis Abbey, and return. Prussians at St. Denis, Rue Lafayette, Boulevard de la Villette, Rue de Belleville, etc. Tracts; enthusiastic reception. 820 in Paris.’

Referring to this visit in a paper read fourteen months later (1872), before the Congregational Union of England and Wales, in Castlegate Chapel, Nottingham, my husband says :—

‘The eager reception of the tracts we offered first impressed us. At that period (August, 1871) the populace, fresh from heart-rending disasters, seemed specially responsive to any manifestation of kind feeling. We would not leave the city until we had taken tracts into the heart of the artisan districts—Belleville. We contrived to meet the workmen as they returned homeward at night.’

It was our last evening in Paris, and it turned out the best of the four! On arriving at the Gare du Nord from St. Denis, we made our way along the unattractive quarters which skirt the Villettes to Belleville. We were soon to know them ‘like our pocket’! Our Parisian friend had forsaken us at the station, resolved not to set foot in Belleville. The tracts were given on the way and in the little shops on the Boulevard de la Villette and the large restaurant at the foot of the Rue de Belleville. I cannot forget the perfect behaviour of the young waiter, how he took me round to some of the tables, omitting others, conducting me back to Mr. McAll, whom I found the centre of an eager group outside.

‘One intelligent man,’ says Mr. McAll, ‘who could speak

a little English, stood forward, and asked if I were not a Christian minister. How did he find that out under the light tourist costume? "Sir, I have something to tell you. Throughout this whole district, containing tens of thousands of workmen, we cannot accept an *imposed* religion. But if any one would come to teach us religion of another kind, a religion of freedom and reality, many of us are ready for it." We heard them saying as we moved away, "Bons Anglais! bons Anglais!"

Was it then possible that English or American workers would have advantage for gaining the popular ear in consequence of their freedom from political complications? Could this, so unexpected, be a *call* to break the ties of home, pastorate and country, and to gird on the missionary harness for the bold essay? Espousal this not to be 'enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly, but reverently, discreetly, soberly, and in the fear of God.'

This happened on Friday evening, August 18, 1871.

'*Saturday, 19.*—Left Paris—to Evreux, Lisieux, Caen. Cold. At Caen the Paris experiences repeated. Enthusiastic reception of tracts: 70, 35, and 120. At Trouville and Le Havre, at Honfleur, the same thing. Then the lovely Norman coast, Etretat and Trouville, drawing rein at Rouen and Dieppe. Our quiet distribution had numbered 1370 in all, for what we took from England had to be supplemented in Paris. A few more days at Seaford and Newhaven, then home—not to arrive without a welcome at station from my dear father and the Rev. Wallis Jones.'

Fourteen days among French people; and what came of it? We were not likely to forget what we had seen and heard; yet we should not 'run before we are sent,' so counsel was taken of God and man. Among other friends counsel was taken of the late Rev. Baron Hart, Rev. J. Shedlock, and the lamented Dr. Georges Fisch, upon whose answer to his letter of inquiry my husband was led to balance the

'to be or not to be' of this, to us, unspeakably momentous step. The reply came. I took it to the library myself; I left him with the letter before him. Well might he pause before breaking the seal, yet that 'letter had' already 'been spread before the Lord'—and it said in effect, 'Come': but that meant 'We go' for us; and as I look back I wonder more and more. 'If the Lord had not been on our side!' It is not pleasant to face an adverse public opinion, all the more when you know that it is held by those who love you and wish you well. 'You'll excuse me, Mrs. McAll,' said the kindest of kind lady friends in our congregation, 'but I think you're going on a wild-goose chase!' And here is another utterance, from 'a voice,' alas! 'that is still.'

'FINCHLEY, *Sunday Evening, October, 1871.*

'MY DEAR COUSIN,—Your letter reached us in due course, and was sent on to Annie. Thank you for it. We were aware of the movement to which it refers, having been during this last week to Hackney. Indeed, it is very difficult to know what to say, or think, of your intended change. I have no knowledge at all of France, or its people, except what the current literature gives. My impression of the state of things in Belleville, just now, is that another outbreak there is imminent. I may be wrong; but if such an outbreak occur, it will, I should fear, render living there very perilous. But perhaps on the spot there may be no alarm at present.

'The question of a *foreigner* teaching Frenchmen is one on which I am very doubtful; trying to make the case our own, and putting St. Giles or the Cowgate for Belleville. How would a foreigner answer there?

'But, however, you have better ground to form an opinion than I; and as your decision *is taken*, and has been taken, I am sure, after anxious thought, I would not desire to impugn it.

'Since the thing is to be, we can only wish it success, and hope that our judgment about it, formed far away and in ignorance of much that you know, is an erroneous one; and we do wish all success, for it cannot be forgotten that such

a step as you are taking involves much real self-denial, even at the best. Difficulties are sure to come up; and far away from friends you will largely have to face all these things alone. There will need courage, patience, prayer; and our sincere and hearty desires will go with you for an abundant blessing.

‘I am, my dear Cousin, yours ever faithfully,
 ‘S. WARDLAW McALL.

‘THE REV. R. W. McALL.’

This letter is in the minor key truly! so let us now modulate into the major!

‘PARIS, *October 22, 1871.*

‘MY DEAR SIR,—I cannot tell you the deep feeling of gratitude towards God which filled my heart whilst I was reading yesterday night your most excellent letter. Truly the Lord is merciful to our poor smitten France, as He Himself comforts our hearts by His spirit of love. I see clearly God’s calling in your experiences of Paris, and in the way in which you were brought to that desire of giving up everything for saving souls in our city. Of course if His voice had not been heard so clearly saying, “Set apart Barnabas and Saul for the work,” I might shrink from taking any responsibility—if I did not see God’s hand, who takes Himself the whole responsibility of His calls. I know that you will find here much disheartening; our Parisians are light, as easily distracted and disturbed as they are easily moved and attracted. But where is the mission which escaped difficulties and a long waiting for hearts?

‘I do not think that your being a foreigner will in the least injure the result of your work. Our people feel very thankful when a stranger in his broken French brings them words of true love. By a very providential coincidence I had this morning the visit of an admirable young lady, Miss de Broen, to whom the Master said also, Go, and she went. She was present when the Rev. Baron Hart spoke of your good designs and commended you to the prayers. When I communicated to her your kind letter she was much delighted, and will take the liberty to write you.

‘You may be sure, my dear sir, to find here brethren who will love you and co-operate with you. May the Lord make

you instrumental for saving a great many souls! I remain,
my dear sir, very sincerely yours, 'G. FISCH.

'P.S.—My wife joins with me in giving to Mrs. McAll the best possible welcome.'

As a necessary sequence to these considerations and decisions the following letter to the deacons of Hadleigh Congregational Church was written:—

'HIGH STREET, *October 9, 1871.*

'MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is with a deep sense of the importance of the step, and after anxiously seeking to ascertain my path of duty, that I address you on the subject of my anticipated removal from Hadleigh. Having during the summer visited France, and especially Paris, we received a resistless impression of the urgent need for evangelising effort there, and of the readiness of many among the working classes, through the influence of recent calamities, to respond to such efforts. This impression, as powerful as unexpected, impelled me to very serious thoughts and consultation respecting the possibility of our being of use in such a work. The result of our inquiries, and especially the kind and thoughtful counsel of experienced Christian ministers in Paris, is the belief that it is our duty to devote ourselves to the effort to establish a mission in one of the crowded centres of the vast population. We must expect to encounter many difficulties and discouragements. Still, the call, "Come over and help us," seems too clear and too strong to be set aside. I am alive to the importance and responsibilities of the charge at Hadleigh. But the case presents itself to me thus: Ability and willingness to undertake a charge like Hadleigh are possessed by many. Very few are so placed (through relative ties, etc., etc.) that it would be *possible* for them to give themselves to this purely mission work (so urgently needed) in that vast foreign city. I trust that you, and also the entire church and congregation, will see that, in taking this step, I am actuated solely by the belief of a Divine indication; and that you all will believe that we entertain and shall ever cherish the kindest feeling towards every one at Hadleigh. I am obliged, in consequence of the approach of winter and the need of speedy action in Paris, to think of

an early departure, at or immediately after the end of this month, unless I should put you to inconvenience by so doing. In due time it will be my duty to place in your hands my resignation of the pastorate. Grateful for all past kindness, and with sincere regard, I am, yours faithfully,

‘R. W. McALL.

TO THE MEMBERS OF THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

‘HADLEIGH, *November 10, 1871.*

‘DEAR CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,—You are already aware of the unexpected circumstances through which I have been led to believe it my duty to undertake a mission in the great city of Paris. The impression that there are very few so placed that they could give themselves to the special and arduous effort in view has had a powerful influence in determining our course in accordance with what appears to us the indication of the Master’s will.

‘The necessity of parting from you causes us much pain, but we rejoice to be enabled to do so with the kindest feeling towards every one. We shall anxiously look for tidings of your continued peace and prosperity; and we believe that you will give to us and our difficult work a place in your prayerful remembrance. May my beloved colleague, with whom I have worked so happily throughout these two years, and your esteemed deacons and the whole fellowship, have much of the Divine presence and blessing! It is now my duty to resign into your hands the pastoral charge which I have held among you. Finally, brethren, farewell. “Be perfect, be of good comfort, be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you.” I remain your faithful friend,

‘R. W. McALL.’

‘Our friends at Hadleigh,’ says Mr. McAll in the paper before referred to, ‘to our unspeakable comfort, came to give full weight to the motive constraining us to the pain of leaving them.’ The two months lying between us and our French home were brightened by the harvest festivals of our village stations, and the visits of friends from Leicester and Manchester and Birmingham, among them the Rev. E. G. Cecil, whose beautiful voice we were never again to hear on earth. Time was found for regular French studies.

‘Now advise and see what answer I shall return to Him who sent me,’ was the departing pastor’s farewell text, and on November 7 a touching valedictory service was held. Two of those who that evening took a prominent part have themselves passed to the farther shore—the Rev. T. W. Davids, Colchester, and the Rev. E. Jones, Ipswich, whose young daughter Clara was to prove a charming helper in the meeting-rooms; nor can I forget that the Rev. E. Evans also spared his dear child to the mission, some seventeen years later.

‘I had my headache!’ These pathetic boyish words may well be repeated here—since, for this reason we could not leave the hospitable home of our friends Mr. and Mrs. Lees of Hadley (Middlesex) before the evening of the 16th, when my dear father, my husband, and myself left Ludgate Hill at 6.20 for Paris.

In a letter to the Indiana Auxiliary of the American McAll Association, written some years later, Dr. McAll says:—

‘When I gave myself to the ministry I should have at once offered to go to the heathen, had not my aged widowed mother, whose only near relative I was, hindered me. Again, when twelve or fifteen years later Madagascar opened to the Gospel, I longed to lay down all the dear ties of my pastorate and go forth to aid in planting the standard of the Cross in that land, but again my wife could not bring herself to leave her aged mother. When the second man of Macedonia, on the height of Belleville, Paris, suddenly said to me, “Come over and help us,” I found myself for the first time in my life free from those sacred ties which had hitherto held me. These relations having died, I had only then to break from my church and congregation, whom I loved much, and leave my country and my home. This I did with rejoicing, considering it, as I have ever done, an inestimable privilege to be so engaged.’

Here then was the ‘iron door’ opening of ‘his own accord.’

CHAPTER XIV.

THE BOATS BURNT.

WE arrived in Paris November 17, 1871, having crossed from Dover to Calais the preceding night. Miss de Broen met us at the railway station. We were obliged to wait long for our luggage. My father went on to the Hôtel du Monde in a cab. There was a lovely bouquet for me, the gracious thought of Miss de Broen. We found that Mr. Hart and Dr. Fisch had both been to inquire for us. The next day we sallied out to look for a house; we saw and liked the *appartement* we took, perched as it was on the Buttes Chaumont, with Paris at our feet. Our installation proved somewhat hard, for as yet 'we had only ourselves to help ourselves,' and the walk to the Batignolles luggage station through muddy streets in a heavy thaw, there to be hurried from bureau to bureau to claim our household goods, 'took it out of us' decidedly. We entered *en jouissance* (fine irony) au 32, Rue des Mignottes, Belleville, on December 23. The concierge lit our fire; but 'it is Christmas, and no one will work, and we cannot get our screws undone.' Mr. McAll had various aptitudes, but that of handling tools had not been given; others of the family were born *mennisiers*! We could not get at our cups and saucers! *petites misères* indeed, but not *petites* just then! Faint and famishing, we sallied forth in search of a restaurant; but distrust prevailed, and we turned into a café, and there refreshed ourselves with two cups each

of *café noir*, and (do not cast us out for it, dear total abstainers)—and—cognac! As a natural consequence, we found ourselves sufficiently, yet not 'over-refreshed.' For five days 'we worked painfully hard with our hands, sweeping, and getting our own meals. Mr. McAll put down the carpets and hung the pictures. With the 28th, relief arrived. Mary Tee, our servant, and Clara Jones came, bringing with them beautiful white Minnie, our Angora cat!'

For six weeks Mr. McAll diligently reconnoitred. The ground was surveyed, measurements were taken, literally and also in church matters. The Sunday memoranda show attendances at M. Robin's at noon, in the old shabby room, since replaced by the handsome structure, Rue Julien-Lacroix; at M. Bersier's at four, in the old room, too, Avenue de la Grand Armée; at St. Maur, the fruit of the Rev. Mark Wilks' labours thirty years before, now M. Robineau's; or, it may be, the Taitbout at eleven, or the Grand Chantier with Dr. Fisch or M. de Pressensé, or at the Chapelle du Nord, M. Th. Monod, at evening prayer. Again, during the week, a Bible-reading at M. Lepoids' or Miss Blundell's, with frequent afternoon attendances at M. Armand Delille's, Rue Royale; or, as on the 17th, replacing Mr. Hart there, who has gone to preach for our old flock at Hadleigh, or at a lecture at the Rue Roquépine by Mr. Lockie. In addition to all this the weather is adverse. The thermometer stands at 16° below zero on the 9th! People freeze in their beds. There is a *déjeuner* with kind Dr. and Mme. Fisch, and the hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hart is a real comfort. Mr. McAll's French studies of some thirty years ago are seriously taken up under M. Genton, Professeur au Collège Chaptal, and his daughter. Meanwhile that guerilla skirmisher, 'my headache,' will not let him rest.

The 'one thing' to be done is ever before him: the

choice of a fitting *local* seems all-important ; hence many fatiguing walks along the boulevards and in the Rue de Paris. There are 'discouraging conversations,' too ; but on November 30, 1871, after several visits, we finally agree to hire a room in the Rue Julien-Lacroix, Belleville, at two hundred francs for three months. How many places and shops we have visited before we come to a decision ! The immense pressure in connection with our undertaking can never be known to any one in this world but ourselves ; God knows it, and that is well.

'Monday, January 1, 1872.—To Rue Julien-Lacroix.

'Thursday, 11.—To Rue Julien-Lacroix ; to chair merchants, Rue Chapon, etc.—bought thirty-six seats ;¹ to Dr. Fisch's to lunch ; to Passage du Caire, printers ; to M. Grassart's ; to M. Schultze's ; to Rue Royale ; to M. Gustave Monod, Bible Society, etc.

'Saturday, 13.—Mlle. G., 11 a.m., stove for Julien-Lacroix—to lampiste, Château d'Eau, etc., Faubourg du Temple—M. Alexandre aîné, Bld. St. Martin—orgue ; to Bld. Magenta—orgue secured. To Rue Lepic, M. Genton's French studies.

'Tuesday, 16.—Studies with Mlle. G. ; 11 a.m., Menuisier 11.30, Ecole Protestante, M. Robin's library, to select books ; to Rue Julien-Lacroix—arrangements, etc. Write 102 prospectuses—distribute ditto, and write to M. le Commissaire de Police.'

Here are a few stray lines from my housekeeping book, etc. :—

'January 1, 1872.—Cold ; go out before breakfast for bread. Marmite pour pot-au-feu : two francs, concierge ten francs.

'4.—M. and Mme. Robin call.

'9.—Très triste le soir. Que Dieu soit avec nous ! R. s'inquiète beaucoup.

'15.—Foule de monde au coin de la Rue Puëbla. Belleville—nous distribuons nos traités et nos invitations.

'17.—A most anxious, trying day. Julien-Lacroix at 9 ; menuisier not there. M. Robin at 9 ; await menuisier again.

¹ Mr. Hart had previously lent us some from the Rue Royale.

Go to Rue Chapon about chairs; to Rue du Caire, to Commissaire de Police pour Belleville; long and anxious talk; home to hasty dinner. R. writes M. le Préfet. Prepare written cards of invitation (this because the printers had failed to send); my dear father went down, though suffering, to the Rue du Caire for us, to seek them. This was the beginning of his painful illness.'

The following is an exact copy of our first bulletin, or, as we then called it, prospectus or programme:—

'*Janvier le 17, 1872.*—Rue Julien-Lacroix, 103, Belleville. Ce Soir, à Sept heures on ouvrira une Bibliothèque gratuite, composée de magasins illustrés, etc., etc. Pendant la soirée on chantera des cantiques et on lira des morceaux choisis. Des amis anglais feront à tous un bon accueil.'

'With trembling hand we opened our door. At first the people seemed to hesitate and pass by. The little company, however, numbered forty. We remarked how nicely dressed some were, as if in response to a personal invitation.

'R. W. M.'

The forty included twelve cordial friends, among whom were Miss Blundell and her evangelist. There was no molestation. Our hopes began to revive. M. le Commissaire and M. Robin step in after. What a thrill went through me on hearing Mr. McAll's opening word!

We returned home weary and thankful. We had even been led to wonder if a meeting could be got at all! The night before our spirits were at the lowest: kneeling before the dying fire, realising the gravity of the situation, we might even then have renounced the undertaking but for this conviction, *it is a cause worth failing in*. Now, by God's grace, the meeting was at least a *fait accompli*. Mr. McAll had often said to me that he should esteem forty people so gathered in France as much as he should a thousand in England.

‘Glorious it is to wear the crown
 Of a deserved and pure success :
 He who knows how to *fail* has won
 A crown where lustre is not less.’

The Hadleigh peasants sat in judgment upon a certain preacher for using, so they said, ‘half-crown words’ when ‘sixpenny’ ones would have served! These notes will be seen full of sixpenny, nay, sometimes penny and even halfpenny words—just talking, as it were, to oneself.

‘*January 19.*—A very fatiguing day. To Palais de Justice, 8 a.m. Interview with MM. Nodin and Grouillets, Rue de Flandre; many arrangements; to Passage du Caire. A conversation took place at M. Butot’s, Passage du Caire, when we went on Friday the 19th, very tired indeed, to pay our bill and order programmes for the Rue de Flandre. We found them very anxious to know what these meetings were to be. The ouvrier who had brought up the prospectus that morning had come in his best black coat. I scarcely knew him again—a nice mild-looking man. M. Butot asked what it was: were we Catholics, were we Protestants, were we like the Abbé Lamennais? Madame Butot said we had come with a good design, but at a *mauvais moment*, because the people had *tant souffert*. She wished she could come up to the room, but it was *si loin*, and she had four little children. She did not wish good to the people who had wrought the evil; *they* (she did not say who *they* were) ought to be punished. We tried to remind her that God suffers long with us, and where should any of us be but for His love in Christ? and that Christ died for *all the world*, for *everybody*. Yes, she said, she knew He prayed for those who were crucified with Him. One of her workwomen listened with a countenance suffused with feeling; at that moment she could not keep silence, but said so gently yet earnestly, *Oui, parcequ’Il a fait expiation pour tous*. Mme. had expressed the wish that the wicked might be *engloutis*! Mr. McAll observed that during this time a younger workwoman could with difficulty keep down her emotion. She expressed a wish to come to our meeting, and the workman said he should come on Sunday evening.

'January 20.—This morning, Saturday, Clara and I have been giving out the prospectuses, etc. We began near our own house in the Mignottes by going into some buildings where the workmen were finishing, and gave about a dozen. We were civilly, not to say kindly, received. My lampiste inquired what success we had had, and wished us *de bon succès*. They had all *tant souffert par les Prusses*, but more afterwards, and that it would be a good thing if any one would lead them *tout doucement* !

'We distributed them in the afternoon again ; we gave on the Place des Fêtes, in the Rue de Belleville, and outside a pharmacy in the Rue de la Villette to two *ouvriers*, who received with many thanks, and one immediately stopped to read the prospectus by the light in the shop : when he came to the words *l'amour de Jésus-Christ—un ami anglais, etc.*, he said, *Bon, bon*, and they took off their hats with the greatest politeness.

'January 21.—Rue Julien-Lacroix. Our first Sunday service. We went down at three o'clock to get the room in order. Mr. McAll read the Parable of the Prodigal Son ; then he explained how it was that we were there, our visit in the summer, our impressions after visiting Belleville, what was said to us while there, and our leaving our congregation, friends, and country to take up our abode in the midst of the artisan population there, believing the call to be from our Master, to attempt a purely evangelistic work amongst them. He then spoke from the text : "God commendeth His love toward us, in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us."

He spoke very clearly and loudly, and repeated passages which he wished to take effect with emphasis. They were very attentive. Here is his own description, in a letter to Mr. George Pearse, dated January 24, 1892 :—

'On Sunday night our little room was crowded to the doors, men, women, and children, a considerable number in blue and white blouses, the remainder evidently in Sunday best. At least a hundred and twenty must have been inside—many outside, unable to obtain admission. Again they joined (or tried to do so) in singing, listened to my reading of the

Bible, then to *my first little sermon in French* (a great effort for me), then to one or two touching selected pieces, then to my little closing prayer, to which many said Amen.'

Our invitation paper ran thus :—

'Aux ouvriers! Rue Julien-Lacroix, 103, Belleville. Dimanche prochain, à 8 heures du soir, un ami anglais désire vous parler de l'amour de Jésus-Christ. Vous serez tous les bienvenus. Une Bibliothèque gratuite sera ouverte de sept heures et demie à huit heures.'

In the letter just quoted Mr. McAll wrote :—

'The day of our first meeting we had a long interview with one of the authorities respecting the authorisation. He talked with us for more than an hour, applauding our design; but with the darkest prognostications as to the utter hopelessness of the case; that the people were too wicked or too hardened to listen, that we should be insulted and molested, etc.'

The Commissaire of Police was there and heard Mr. McAll preach. Two policemen were there in plain clothes, and some one said to our doorkeeper outside, 'Do you see those men? they are policemen'; to whom Mr. G—— replied, 'Are they come to see if we talk politics?' 'Oh no! only to keep you from being annoyed.' Indeed, everything the commissaire has done has been of a kindly kind. *I am sure he wishes us success.*

An *ouvrier* spoke with Mr. McAll after the meeting: he said he wished to thank him for what he, Mr. McAll, was endeavouring to do for his poor France. France had been very high, and had come very low, and it all resolved itself into this—there had been a divergence from the eternal law of God, and that in the end nothing could go right which was not conformed to it. What the French people had to do was to come back to the eternal law of God. This intelligent man is an Israelite. I saw him yesterday in the street with his box, etc., and reading a Hebrew Bible!

'February 5, 1872.—Rue Julien-Lacroix. Mr. McAll preached his first sermon composed in French; the others were translations from English sermons. It was just the thing for intelligent *ouvriers*. There were many audible commendations. Some gentlemen listened with the greatest curiosity and gravity, keen-eyed men, one with glasses. A man returned a New Testament lent for a fortnight; he assured Mr. McAll he had read it through. This is the second time we have found the Bible diligently read. Altogether the best meeting yet. One hundred and thirty present: his aim was to show them that there is not, as some people say, "la religion protestante," "la religion catholique," etc., but only one, "la religion de Dieu—de la Bible." He went on to show what religion has done for Rarotonga, Savage Island, United States of America, in the abolition of slavery, etc.; then, turning to his own experience in Leicester, he told how he had visited an *ouvrier* who had been *tristement célèbre* in wickedness, and how this young man had said to his companions who visited him on his dying bed that he had a "King in his heart"—"*un souverain dans mon cœur*"—so that he could never more say the wicked words which used to come so freely to his lips. All listened with great attention, and were very quiet *at the prayer*. This is a great thing; it does my heart good to listen. He prayed for the afflicted, the widow, the orphan, the soldiers, the sailors, that we might all be eternally happy.'

One of these we quote here:—

'BELLEVILLE, le 11 Février, 1872; le 23 Juin, 1872.

'NOTRE PÈRE céleste, Dieu de bonté et de miséricorde infinie, enseigne-nous à prier: nous ne méritons pas que tu nous entende; tu as tellement aimé le monde que tu as donné ton Fils unique, afin que quiconque croit en Lui ne périsse point, mais qu'il ait la vie éternelle. À cause de Lui, pardonne-nous tous nos péchés. Dispose le cœur de chacun de nous à s'écrier avec le publicain, O Dieu, sois apaisé envers moi qui suis un pécheur! Que Dieu bénisse tous ceux qui se trouvent ici (nous soyons étrangers les uns aux autres; mais nous pouvons prier Dieu les uns pour les autres). Nous savons que tu es le Dieu d'amour infini. Bénis les vieillards; bénis les jeunes gens. O notre Père,

regarde avec une grande compassion tous ceux qui sont affligés. Pourvois aux besoins des pauvres. Soutiens ceux qui doivent mourir; fais qu'ils deviennent en mourant plus que vainqueurs! Que Dieu bénisse ce grand pays et cette grande ville! O Seigneur, enseigne-nous tous combien Jésus nous aime! Ces chers amis puissent-ils sentir qu'ils sont pécheurs, et qu'ils ont besoin de Jésus pour leur salut éternel! Exauce-nous, O notre Père, pour l'amour de Jésus-Christ, ton Fils bien-aimé. Allons en paix. Que la grâce de notre Seigneur Jésus-Christ, que l'amour de Dieu, et que la communication du Saint-Esprit soient avec nous tous à jamais. Amen.'

'February 11.—To the Rue Julien-Lacroix. Clara, Mlle. Régert, Mr. George, Julie Ellis, and I. Julie had been taken by a policeman that afternoon whilst giving her tracts to the nearest *poste*. The bright little woman went readily along with him,—showed the officer at the bureau her tracts and portions, and offered him one. When he saw what it was he apologised—they thought it had been political tracts. We had a good evening service—room full. Mr. McAll had perfect stillness during several parts of his sermon. It was an account of his father, sister, and mother. When he came to his mother his voice failed. They were touched. You might have heard a pin drop. The burden of the sermon was—"O Dieu, sois apaisé envers moi qui suis pécheur," showing that we all are alike in this one thing.'

The funds at our disposal did not seem to be large or strong enough to begin hopefully so strange a fight! Here is the original list as it stands in my green book with parchment back—an antiquity!

FOR FUND.

Mr. Ralph Atkinson (Sunderland) £12 10s. (being *the half* of a gift to Mr. McAll some months before our Paris visit by his faithful old deacon of 1848—1855).

	£	s.	d.
Mrs. Windsor (Manchester)	.	.	10 0 0
Mrs. Wood (Sedgley Hall).	.	.	5 0 0

	£	s.	d.
Mr. Mason (Hadleigh)	5	0	0
Mrs. Martin for Gospel of John	0	2	6
Miss M. Lees and friends (Manchester)	0	7	6
Mrs. Thomas and friends (Hadleigh)	1	1	0
Mr. Samuel Green (Hadleigh)	0	2	6
Mr. Parker (Hadleigh)	0	10	0
			<i>Frcs. Cent.</i>
French money by Mr. Green (Hadleigh)	1	90	
" " second contribution	1	0	
" " third " "	1	80	
Eliza Ward	0	10	

All these contributions were received before we left England on November 1, 1871.

We met our own expenses in this way:—

	£	s.	d.
Sale of Great Western Shares, surplus after,	74	14	0
" Sociable	6	0	0
" Books	10	16	0
" Silver cups	6	17	1
" Gold and silver coins	8	6	0

By January, 1873, we had received £489 9s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d., says the *Report for Fourteen Months*, now out of print. We print the list of contributions in the Appendix, hoping that a glance thereon may interest alike those who know something about the Mission and those who know nothing. One pleasant feature is that the contributors, with comparatively few exceptions, were personal friends of Mr. McAll. This statement shows £489 9s. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ d. received; £354 9s. 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ d. spent; £135 os. 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ d., the balance in hand on January 15, 1873; something pleasant to contemplate nowadays! Albeit such a state of things could hardly continue; accordingly, we see the 'Créateur,' as the *Débats* has it, of these *Conférences populaires*, on February 13, 1872, drew up on circulars a statement for distribution in England, and sent it to Mr. Huntley to print.

Saturday, 17th, brought a proof to Paris, Mr. Huntley having received the MS. on Thursday. Saturday night sees it corrected; it was posted on Sunday morning, and on Wednesday the 21st we receive word from Sunderland that six hundred copies have been sent to Hadleigh—a most generous *gift* from Mr. Huntley—where Bernard Taylor and his sisters had most kindly undertaken to address and post them. On Monday night we sat up until two o'clock on this business. We were now in the hands of English friends, under God, as to whether we could go on or not, for of course the Mission needed money, although we *gave ourselves*. The circular was drawn up on February 13; on the 28th answers begin to come in.

February 29.	The Rev. Samuel Pearson, M.A.,	£
	Liverpool	10
„	Mr. Hadfield, Manchester	10
„	Mr. Moore, Sunderland	11
„	Mr. Moore's Son, Sunderland . . .	4
March	1. The Rev. S. Prust, Northampton .	5
„	2. M. le Docteur Gustave Monod . .	20

From this date the response was steady and progressive. *The Report for the First Fourteen Months* is printed in full in the Appendix, and it contains many names and details of great interest in the infancy of the Mission.

CHAPTER XV.

GLIMPSSES AND SIDE-LIGHTS. 1872—1873.

‘*FRIDAY, March 1.*—Ménilmontant, 8 p.m. Our opening meeting; a great success in point of numbers and eagerness. We were greatly encouraged; one hundred crowded into room, and numbers were outside. We had had great toil and trouble in making the arrangements for beginning here. It has been a repetition of the never-to-be-forgotten toils of the first beginning at Belleville, and has borne us down very heavily. Our landlord was there with his daughter, in deep mourning. Mr. McAll noticed how serious and attentive he was during the singing, and at his mention of his *sincere* belief in the things of which he spoke. We went home deeply thankful.

‘Mr. McAll has robbed me of my dressing-table with two drawers to make a stand for the desk there, and then we take down our Latimer candlesticks for the *bougies!*¹ As Mary our servant wisely said, “Mr. McAll is like Palissy the potter, who took the things out of the house for fuel for his furnace!” So we saved the expense of buying. My piano case turned upside down, with two shelves put in, made our first bureau furniture.

‘*Tuesday, March 5.*—Ménilmontant. Our little Bretonne concierge, who has not been married a month, in praising her young husband, says, “Je suis plus méchante que lui!”

‘Belleville, same evening. At the close Mr. McAll was much touched. An “assistant” who had been in the habit of coming more or less regularly, a tall, *raïd*, rather stern-looking man, came and told Mr. McAll at the *sortie* that he

¹ Made of oak from the house where Latimer was born, at Thurcaston, Leicestershire.

was to go to New Caledonia in some position of trust, I believe, the day after to-morrow. He seemed impressed in the meeting. Mr. McAll said to him, "Que Dieu vous protège, monsieur! que Dieu vous bénisse en Jésus-Christ!" These words brought the tears into his eyes, a man outwardly hard, stern. Mr. McAll added in a low voice, for they were surrounded by people, "Je priérai pour vous." The man pressed his hand, and returned again for a parting expression. This is cheering. We shall, I do not doubt, meet that man again—though not here.

'*March 7.*—Ménilmontant. Children's réunion; a great many boys, some of the *gamin* order, but still very tolerable. These children are not so bad as the Hadleigh boys in a juvenile class were.

'*March 17.*—Rue de Crimée. M. and Mme. Paul Artigues seem to have been specially sent to confirm us in our idea of taking up the Boulevard Ornano, where we went yesterday; they say there is no worship of any kind in Montmartre except M. Gaubert's. It is a great anxiety to Mr. McAll.

'Mr. G—— heard a discussion at the door; it was wound up by a respectable gentleman saying: "The gentleman" (meaning Mr. McAll) "speaks French perfectly: he has not made one mistake; of course he has not the French accent, but he speaks very good French."

'*March 13.*—Belleville. At the end of the réunion André our concierge said to Mr. McAll that, when "le curé dit messe chez nous, il boit toujours; mais vous, quand vous chantez et prêchez vous avez la gorge sèche!"

'*March 17.*—Belleville. One nice old man in a holland blouse wished very much to buy a book of the *chansons*. We lent him one. Mr. McAll was well listened to. The Biblewoman brought a message from an old woman. "Did she think madame would give her *cinquante sous* for a messe for her husband?" Another regular attendant asked me if I could go to visit an Englishwoman in great distress and whose husband is dying. I said "Yes" gladly. The young Flamand Henri Bordaen came with us to the house. We gave him a New Testament. He would like one in Flemish. He is sixteen and a half, has been five years in Paris alone, has relations at Bruges, works at the Chaussures for exportation to China! and makes the little ladies' shoes about a

finger long! We have had now forty-five réunions, with attendances of 3481.

'I must not forget to tell about the bourgeois *lady* who asked Clara for one of her programmes here in Belleville which she was distributing on Saturday, and after she had it actually came back, returning it with the tips of her fingers, saying, "*Je n'aime pas les papiers dans les rues!*"

'*March 22.*—Ménilmontant. Seventy-five present; a delightful meeting; the people so interested, and trying to sing too. After the "conversation imaginaire" several men nodded to each other and said, "*Oui, oui, oui—bon, bon.*"

'*Sunday, March 24.*—At the meeting in the Rue de Crimée I invited in a workman who was looking at the announcement in the window; when he turned to reply I saw a hard, repelling face: "*Oh non,*" was his disdainful answer. The district is a most wretched one; superstition abounding on the one hand, rank, virulent, low infidelity on the other; notwithstanding, some nice people come in.

'The same day at Ménilmontant, what a contrast! Whilst I was reading a great deal of bustling, people going in and out. Mr. McAll had it beautifully quiet: a number of the men never took their eyes off him; they said they would come again, and as on Friday, at the end of his address spoke out their approbation to each other of what he had said.

'In the evening at Belleville the dear canny old lady came to me with one of her little darlings, and wanted me to go to the Ménilmontant church to see the *grandes cérémonies* this week, and the archevêque; she said, like a little child, "*It is si beau, si beau!*" She had been receiving the communion daily.

'*March 25.*—To the Commissariat of Police, Montmartre, for *permission provisoire* for réunions at Boulevard Ornano. We are always received courteously by the officials; nevertheless we feel it irksome, and perhaps go again and again. M. Gaubert, the minister of that district, went with us. We found him and Mme. Gaubert very kind. These expeditions do exhaust; they are always anxious.

'Encouraged and refreshed by a little rest, and quieted by the sense of a day's work nearly done, we go down to the Rue de Crimée expecting small things, when lo! a beautiful little réunion, thirty-seven present, only R—— and I, as usual, to conduct it: such a number of *ouvriers* in their blouses, such

wild-looking fellows some of them, with their hair sticking straight up; others tidily dressed in black clothes, and so attentive, poor fellows! On going out several wanted to pay. Mr. McAll lent his second pair of *lunettes* to an *ouvrier* who said he could not see without his, which he had left at home; the good man tried them and seemed highly contented, to judge by "*Bon*" several times repeated; he said he should come to-morrow night!

'*Good Friday, March 29.*—A capital meeting at Ménilmontant: one hundred. Men shaking their heads after the "conversation imaginaire," as much as to say, "That is good; yes, yes."

'The hymns progress; there are now about nine translated: "No God, no God! the simplest flower": "N'est-il pas un seul Dieu, la fleur." "My Father's at the helm": "Mon Père ici commande." "Who are these in white array?" "Qui sont ces hommes heureux?" etc. Leave off,—it is a quarter to 12 p.m.

'*March 30.*—Full of the details which unavoidably fall upon one in this work, and which harass one's spirit with the feeling of other things left undone, equally wanting doing.

'*Sunday, March 31.*—Ménilmontant. A splendid meeting, nearly all men; most of them in their best, and of the better sort of *ouvriers*. Some remarkably grave, sensible faces among them. Their earnestness in listening is perfectly astonishing, and would make an English audience seem tame in comparison; they never take their eyes off. Ninety-five present.

'*April 1.*—A trying day. We set out once more to try to find some *local* in the Rue d'Allemagne, or perhaps once again in the Rue de Flandre. We go as far as Petite Villette, the Fortifications, and the Abattoir. Crowds of *ouvriers* in their blouses outside the cafés drinking; their appearance not prepossessing. We noticed many with hard, wild, savage looks. Certainly the Villettes are not an agreeable neighbourhood; the squalor of some of these parts is disgusting. We searched in vain. I offered Gospels under archways, where we took shelter from a storm of rain. A man who accepted one, and read diligently all the time, touched his hat on going away. Did I ever put down the number of shops we have looked at in this district alone?

Once I remember going into one with the floor strewn with snails ! and millions in barrels : *escargots de Bourgogne*. We returned footsore and tired.

'*April 2.*—This morning we have been looking over the Mission accounts, and we find that if we do not receive any more, we may go on until January, only with a deficiency of sixty-five francs. I think, after all, we shall go to work in the Faubourg St. Antoine, which has been much recommended to us.

'*April 3.*—We walk up Rue de Puébla and the Boulevard de Charonne to look for a shop ; find a little beauty. The walk too was charming, on the heights cut through the chalky soil, and the blossoms are everywhere. After conference with the *propriétaire* we went on towards the Place du Trône, with its giant wild columns, and along the Cours de Vincennes, where a fair was being held. We gave away fifty Gospels, but could have given a thousand had we had them. Afterwards round the Place du Trône, which was filled with booths and shows of all sorts—a motley assemblage ; down the Faubourg St. Antoine some distance : found a nice shop there too ; feel confident we could get people to come in. How different this from the search in La Villette ! I like this district ; it is wild and free. We returned by the boulevard. Shall we take the Ornano or not ? We found Clara arrived from La Villette. The Crimée shop has been let this morning ! To-night a splendid réunion at the Julien-Lacroix,—Mr. McAll's "conversation" was very touching, and the people felt it. "Old Mr. Butcher of Raydon (Hadleigh), and dear little Emma Pittuck." At going out he was thanked. The evangelist came again, spoke too long, said some indiscreet things, worried us much.

'Number of réunions up to now, 61 ; aggregate attendances, 4631.

'*Friday, 5.*—Ménilmontant. Capital réunion, one hundred.

'At the *sortie* an important-looking gentleman who had listened throughout with interest shook hands cordially with Mr. McAll, and said, "Vive la République !" to which the Founder replied—"Vive la Liberté !" and every one seemed satisfied.

'*Sunday, April 7.*—Ménilmontant. Mr. McAll had a very bad headache, and was unable to rise. As the people were assembling M. Théodore Monod arrived. He said to Mr.

G—— at the door, "You do not get this room filled?" "Oh yes, we get one hundred." He conducted a little service. He spoke of our object in coming here, and of his coming in unexpectedly to fill Mr. McAll's place, he being ill, rendered so probably by his exertions of the day before. M. Monod, on hearing that Mr. McAll could not possibly be at the evening meeting, Rue Julien-Lacroix, said he would try to come.

'He came before the close of the meeting, and spoke for some time, greatly interesting the people. It was the best attendance we had ever had at the Rue Julien-Lacroix; several men expressed their pleasure and wanted Bibles; some brought pence, which I was made to receive by M. Monod, for the benefit of the work, as he said.

'April 13.—After thirteen reconnoitring journeys to Ornano, we at last got the decision of madame the propriétaire to accept us as her tenants, and after six visits to Charonne we have obtained a *local* there.

'April 14.—Charonne. A most encouraging meeting; at first the people seemed shy, but the ice once broken the stream flowed in. They were very polite and attentive, and enjoyed the music immensely; several thanked Mr. McAll warmly at the *sortie*. The success was far beyond anything we had ventured to look for at this new station. Sixty-six present.

'April 20.—A hard day of hard work. I go down to the Boulevard Ornano to meet the sign-painter and have the sign put up. He has left word that he will be there at twelve o'clock. I wait until nearly two o'clock, then I go in search of him and meet him with the sign and *châssis provisoire*; he refuses to put them up, and says we must have the leave of the Commissaire de Police or we shall be liable to a fine of fifty francs! I return home, and after dinner Mr. McAll and I go down in a cab with our precious burden of twenty-five mounted pictures, and a portmanteau full of books for the library, one thousand Gospels, etc., etc. Miss G—— goes after the lamps, which had been neglected, for Charonne. R—— begins to put up the pictures, I put up the muslin blinds to the windows, and then start off to Rue Beaubourg for the promised chairs and table; they are not forthcoming, but the *marchande* promises to send them on Monday, or to get three dozen chairs from a friend

of hers : I trust her—foolishly enough, as it afterwards turns out. Returning, I secure two dozen chairs at a small shop. We leave the sign with a young *ouvrier*, and, weary as we all are, we drag ourselves to the sign-painter's to pay his bill and arrange to have him put up the sign and lamps on Monday. After buying two more lamps on our road, we arrive at home after ten p.m. thoroughly wearied.¹

'*Sunday, 21.*—Our three services begin again. Charonne (our first Sunday's trial there). We had something to do to get there : went down to Château d'Eau, and after waiting two or three omnibuses determined to walk the length of the Boulevard Voltaire. It rained and it blew ; it was a long walk. At length we arrived, shortly after two o'clock. At first the men seemed afraid to come in ; we began to fear we should not get a meeting. At length again the ice broke, and we became full—quantities of *men* listening eagerly and respectfully. R— gave them the short account of the Cabin Boy and the Captain : I read the *Petite Chiffonnière* (or rather as much as I could,—for I felt so much, Mr. McAll had to take it up and finish for me) ; I really think the people were touched, some of them. We came away feeling that a more beautiful little meeting could not have been. We walked quietly along the boulevard, very thankful and contented, to Ménilmontant, where there was another beautiful meeting. Very often Mr. McAll offers his glasses to some old *ouvrier* who has come without, and this greatly pleases and amuses them. This is with Charonne pronouncedly a man's congregation. It is very wonderful to us to see them sitting there so attentive, in their blouses, and then, when they go out, shaking hands and speaking so kindly.

'*April 22.*—Another heavy day preparing at Boulevard Ornano. After waiting till 4 o'clock we go to the *marchande* at the Bazar Chapon : faithless people, in spite of their promises they are quite disagreeable, and we go to various shops and buy a dozen chairs at a time till we have made up eighty-four, added to those sent from Belleville.

'After dinner, which was spoiled by waiting for us, we go down for this long-looked-for opening. We could not avoid considerable excitement and anxiety ; there was occasion for

¹ For twenty-three years this Monday night meeting continued. It was changed to Tuesday, April 15, 1895.

it, as the position is a much more public one than any we had yet attempted. The door was besieged early, and when opened, at 8 o'clock, there was a rush; a number of *ouvriers* walked straight through to the top of the room, the chairs were soon filled, and there were people standing all the time of the meeting. The addresses were received with applause, and the people were very pleasant and sympathetic. One hundred and fifty-five present. It all seems wonderful! We came home relieved and thankful.

'*Sunday, April 28.*—Ménilmontant. An excellent meeting. A man present with his wife and little daughter asked Mr. McAll to prepare the latter for her *première communion*. He was referred to the *pasteur*, M. Robin. We came away charmed. The thing is evidently popular. We were beginning to practise a new hymn with the doors closed, when three *ouvriers* knocked and settled themselves down. We could not afford to go on with the practice, the music drew the people so. They spoke beautifully to R—— at going out.

'*April 29.*—Boulevard Ornano. A number of English people present, who entreat Mr. McAll to have an English service; they in effect addressed a call to him to become, so to speak, their shepherd in the wilderness. Some of them were respectable workmen, many of them well-to-do: we feel we shall have to provide an English service for them somehow. Meeting crowded. We walked both there and back. On descending through the Rue Fessart and through the Parc des Buttes Chaumont we had the height of Montmartre gloriously before us, in the evening sunlight, with its old Calvary; in the Parc, the sweetest little flowers of spring—but closed for the evening: banks, where from the up-turned earth were springing tiny plantations of *Saxifraga tridactylites*, *Myosotis collina*, small cresses, geranium, *G. lucidum*, buttercups and daisies, while on the cultivated portion were beds of pansies; the may was coming out, and the horse-chestnuts were in flower everywhere. In our little garden are tulips, lilacs, a peony (red), and an iris yet in bud. In the Parc in the rock-arch are irises and the periwinkle (*pervenche*); in the markets lovely bouquets of white lilac and white tulips, lilies of the valley too (*mugnets*).

'*May 6.*—Ornano. An anxious day in consequence of newspaper attacks; Mr. McAll suffering. Opposition at the

meeting; R—— and M. Théodore Monod's representations well received. The English present offer to distribute notices of an English service in the factories.

'May 10.—Ménilmontant. Our one hundredth meeting; delightful, as they generally are; though the day was wet, sixty-two, mostly men, were present. Very cordial.

'May 13.—Ornano. This formidable place, so public, so full of capabilities, gives us the greatest anxiety; the meeting, coming on Monday after the fatigues of Sunday, falls heavily upon Mr. McAll. All day we were in preparation. Had to write more copies of *Un vaisseau vogue*. Miss G—— and I had written sixty copies of *Qu'ils sont beaux*, and nearly the same number of *Un vaisseau*, and I wrote some twenty more.

'Mr. McAll read his statement, in which he replied to the objection made last Monday; he was well listened to, without the slightest interruption. Two well-dressed men, standing near the door, nodded their approbation to each other during its delivery, and applauded at its close.

'Tuesday, May 21.—Charonne. Sixty-two present. An episode at the *sortie*! the *mauvais sujets* would not go out. Mr. McAll took the ringleader by the shoulders, and with incredible rapidity and *quietness* turned him out.

'Sunday, June 2.—Day of our first using our own hymn-books! We took seventy-five, and brought back seventy-two! We were up late, Mary and Clara pasting and covering; and on Sunday-morning I was making up a few more.

'Sunday, June 16.—Ornano. The Roman Catholic gentleman came again, and a number of ladies. Little English service, at which twenty-five were present. Very touching to sing our English hymns once more. R—— much moved by the lines,—

"O hear us for our native land,
The land we love the most."

'At Belleville in the evening one hundred and twenty present. A capital feature there is the number of young men who attend. We came home encouraged. So closed our Sunday of four services, at which three hundred persons were present.

'June 19.—Rue Julien-Lacroix. A widow from Alsace, who had written us a touching letter, came with her daughter,

and said, repeating what she had heard, "The Gospel has never been explained in this way before."

'July 19.—R—— received a letter from the Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales, conveying the request of the committee that he would give an account of his work in October, when the autumnal meeting will be held at Nottingham. This request filled me with a certain thankfulness and hope—hope in the prospect of getting aid for the Mission, and placing it on a more certain foundation.

'August 3.—Dieppe. We gave away tracts, first to children, then to adults, who followed them; and sitting on the beach we sang hymns, getting them to repeat some verses. Some passers-by mocked, but the people remarked indignantly that they were Parisians, and one voice and another exclaimed: "*Chantez, madame, chantez.*" We had come from St. Valéry-sur-Somme, where the children shook and pulled me about for books, and would not take my assurance that our luggage had not arrived.

'August 5.—Bourg. Again we were mobbed for tracts. And again on the 6th and 7th we gave away large numbers, and held some open-air réunions. Finally we were invited into a cottage where three widows lived together—nice, good people. One of them, an intelligent woman, had lived in Paris.

'August 12.—Nancy. After distributing at Tréport, where a *sergent de ville* raised objections, we came on here, where French and German tracts were eagerly received; then to Epinal, where Prussian soldiers accepted them willingly. Later at St. Maurice we were well received, and from thence returned to Paris, having given away seventeen hundred tracts.

'August 25.—Belleville. One of the best meetings we have ever had. Robert's sermon was one of the most telling I think he has preached yet; simple as it was, he delivered it so well—it is really marvellous. He is the same preacher, attractive, earnest, here that he was in England; it is the same voice, the same man who speaks; only the language is changed! A very great "only"; and yet here is a proof of the triumph of essence over form; the same soul is there, the same nature, and the long habit of preaching to numbers lends its help to the voice, to the whole array of obedient vocal organs, although it is in a foreign tongue. He is a

preacher, a true "lively" preacher in French also. It is wonderful. "Il y a encore de la place": this was the text. He was listened to with earnest attention. At the end we could hear a sort of murmur of approbation, and one man said, "*Bon vraitment*," seriously and earnestly; he had been taking all in with uplifted face; a handsome countenance, a study.

'After such exertion it is not wonderful that the over-worked brain should be sleepless. At night we read together some pleasant things in *Good Words* before Mr. McAll could get composed at all, but he did not sleep until six o'clock in the morning.

'*August 30.*—Ménilmontant. A splendid meeting; one hundred and twenty present. M. Menn, at the door, heard some men talking about us; they were saying we must be handsomely paid for it: he told them that Mr. McAll had resigned his emolument in England, and was living upon his own money, which astonished them.

'On September 2 at Ornano there were forty present; at the English service nineteen, at Ménilmontant eighty-five, and at Belleville one hundred and twenty.

'*September 8.*—Ménilmontant. Mr. G—— heard a discussion as to whether the work is Protestant or Catholic; at last they decided it was Protestant, but "never mind," they said, "we are all treated alike here, all made welcome, and we are not asked to pay for the chairs; it is unlike all other places in that."

'At this time our Sunday routine was as follows:—

'We went down through the Buttes Chaumont past Chiffonville, the city of the ragpickers, to the Boulevard de la Villette, cutting off angles by such streets as the Rue de la Goutte d'Or, to our Salle du Boulevard Ornano in time for the French meeting at two o'clock. We were quite a company, and we had to carry our hymn-books with us until we had made enough to supply all the stations. There were Gospels and tracts to be carried besides. After the French service came one in English; after that we usually, if I remember right, walked to Ménilmontant for a meeting at five o'clock, and that over we walked up to Rue Julien-Lacroix—where we—Clara, Miss Swindell, the Biblewoman and one of our two Mr. G——'s—took tea together, Mr. McAll going home for a short rest before the eight o'clock service.

'*Sunday, September 15.*—Belleville. I realise what a privilege it is to hold these meetings; to see the people and know they are interested deeply and seriously. I am almost afraid to look at them, lest by a glance I should disturb their attention. Many now come to Belleville on Sunday evenings from Ménilmontant.

'*September 16.*—Ornano. A splendid attendance of one hundred and eighty, and an interesting meeting. Mr. Rew from Liverpool spoke, and M. Leuzinger interpreted. Mr. Rew's manner was so earnest and affectionate that it must have been a teaching in itself to these people; the sight of a Christian man, a foreigner, speaking from his very heart what he believed, the interpreter in full sympathy with one whom he had never seen in his life before, was a sermon in itself. Mr. Rew entered at once into the idea and scope of the work, and at the close of the meeting spoke about it in the most sensible, business way, suggesting what is in Mr. McAll's mind already—the planting of these little centres all around, in fact, organising it all so that it may not have to stop with an individual effort, but may go on, having been established, under Mr. McAll's own inspection.

'A salle was opened in the Faubourg St. Antoine on Tuesday, December 10; we had removed thither from 42, Boulevard de Charonne—a very wild place and quarter, which we had already come to know so well, the Place du Trône, with its two great pillars, standing at the head of the Avenue de Vincennes—"Les Chandelles"! "Wild" aptly describes place, people, and surroundings; yet it had been delightful to get into the little room filled by a crowd of men in blouses. *They* enjoyed the singing immensely! I remember one man in the front, just under the harmonium, calling out when the hymn was finished, "Chantons encore un couplet!" Such an encore was irresistible. We were troubled by the roughs at the door outside, and one of our two Scandinavians, a true son of Wodin, once brought a great dog to scatter the disturbers! Imagine our dismay! After over six months' trial of the ground, my husband judged it wise to remove into the faubourg; yet not too far away, so that any who might desire to follow us could still attend. The place presented an attractive field among workmen of all grades. So we removed, and the meeting was opened on December 10, one of the worst days of the year as to weather, with rain,

and a wind blowing chimney pots and roofs off. After a morning of preparation, unable to get a cab, our little party sallied forth in despair at three o'clock, and were almost blown down with our burdens in the Rue de Paris. At length we found a cab, and after spending the afternoon in preparing the *salle*, we had a great reward in the meeting: one hundred and thirty-five present. M. G—— went across to the other side of the street to persuade the people to come in. Mr. McAll was greatly pleased with the cordiality of the men at the *sortie*. We are thankful; it is something to be enabled to advance the standard of the great Saviour in such a district. There were four hymns, reading of the Bible, Mr. McAll's address explaining the object, M. Rouilly's paper, and speeches from M. Théodore Monod and the now departed and regretted M. Lepoids. "Excellent order and attention," says Mr. McAll. "Many men; one hundred and thirty-five to one hundred and forty present.

'*January 12, 1873.*—On this day, a Sunday, the first Mission Sunday-school was opened here by Madame Rouilly and her two or three lieutenants—Zillah Newman, Kate Olyott, Beaty Ledward, and Carrie Colborne; one hundred and six children were present. Service was held after the school, and I well remember the immense interest we felt at this new essay, a French Sunday-school! They had not quite finished when we entered for the meeting. Zillah Newman was "holding" the harmonium for the last hymn! One of those young lieutenants of twenty-two years ago is beside me as I write this, and loves to recall her part in the scene! Who could foretell what that little gathering was to become in the far future under Mr. Greig's clever hand?

'*January 26.*—Faubourg St. Antoine. The Hon. Miss Waldegrave, Lord Radstock's sister, arrived late. A soldier present answered her questions very nicely, so diffidently as to himself. She distributed tracts at the door.

'*February 19.*—A workman said to Robert: "I have reason to bless God that he led you to open that place in our faubourg. In earlier years I heard from an excellent man in the Haute Vienne of the love of Christ in dying for sinners. I have always wished to lay hold of that truth; your meetings have brought it near to me again. While wanting work during this hard winter, I have found wonderful support in believing that He cares for me, and now I ought to be most

thankful that He has provided good work for me again. I wish to follow in this way all my life."

'February 26.—Robert and M. Rouilly had to wait upon the Commissaire of Police for the Jardin des Plantes district. He said that he had received *une excellente réponse* from the Préfecture, and that he himself wished us every success. The commissaire at Bercy has expressed his satisfaction that we have come to the Faubourg St. Antoine in his district. After the meetings have been scrutinised by agents sent for the purpose, this is the result: we thank God and take courage.'

The following conversation took place between M. Rouilly and two very rough-looking *ouvriers* who had been asked in; and at the *sortie*, when he shook hands with them, as Mr. McAll does, one of them said:—

'Vous dites que c'est dimanche votre réunion?'

'Oui, à quatre heures.'

'Eh bien, j'y viendrai parce que je n'ai jamais entendu prier comme cela.'

The other man—

'Oui, au moins il y en a pour tout le monde,¹ et nous vous en remercions.'

'Ce n'est pas moi qu'il faut remercier, c'est notre pasteur M. McAll qui l'a écrite, et j'espère qu'il se portera assez bien pour être ici dimanche.'

'Eh bien, nous y reviendrons ne serait-ce que pour entendre ses prières.'

'March 20, Rue Monge.—Miss Blundell, who edits the *Ouvrier Français*, expressed herself very strongly as to Mr. McAll's method of conducting the meeting being the right one. She praised the pleasant rooms; she said, "Every picture seems to say, I love you."

'April 1.—To Grenelle to see a merchant, a friend of M. Faucher, to obtain information about the working-classes there, with a view to taking a hall in that district. We were

¹ The allusion was to the character of the little prayer which Mr. McAll had written, and which M. Rouilly had used at the close of the meeting. It contained petitions in which everybody could join, and in which every one was included. As the man said, there was something or everybody.

received in his absence by his partner, who was very polite, and expressed in a sensible way his views upon the *ouvriers*. After searching for some time we found a suitable shop, and M. Faucher promised to see the owner.

'*April 21.*—A day of great anxiety to me. We had an anniversary meeting, with nearly two hundred to tea. In the evening at Ornano, Mr. McAll gave an address of welcome, with statistics of the year's work, and was followed by eleven speakers. A year ago I was unable to look forward to a time when it would be possible to chronicle such a result. The infant days of the Mission were very anxious times to us; it may even be said there was bitterness in them, apart from the glorious end in view, for which it is a privilege to suffer. The opposition, the ridicule, the newspaper attacks, were now all over; at least, a standard had been raised, *planted*—never more to be taken down, I trust. It was planted in weakness, in pain, in toil.

Ornano. After so many journeys to look at shops, to the police bureaux, to see after chairs and fittings, we have now come to feel at home here, and the work has thoroughly settled down into a regular meeting for moral and Christian purposes, and we cannot doubt that the blessing of God rests upon it. There are many regular attendants; some of them have been attending from the first, and there are those who are changed people in consequence of what they have heard and received. There is a lady who was a deist, who never misses when she can attend, who has engaged in the little Sunday-school, and who is anxious to do all she can. She came with us one Sunday to all the meetings. And there are many more. M. Théodore Monod has sent us a note of a conversation which he took down. Two old ladies were talking of Mr. McAll, and agreed that he was "made for this calling; he is so full of animation, so kind, so tender; he has a shake of the hand for every one": "Il est fait pour cette vocation, ce monsieur; il est gai, il est gracieux, il est compatissant, il a une poignée de main à donner à tous." M. Monod writes: "That humble and heartfelt testimonial will be an encouragement to you, dear friends. These poor people understand that the source of all your labour is love."

'*May 25.*—Ménilmontant. The old gentleman who has been one of our model attendants since he first came with his little grandson, in returning a book on the proofs of the

Resurrection, spoke of M. Renan, "the great writer who has written the life of Jesus; but it is all talk, it was like a balloon, very much puffed out, but empty—nothing but wind!"

'June 24.—Meeting of pastors, friends, and helpers at a *déjeuner*. Robert read a paper on the subject which the pastors had begged him to treat—"How to deal with the working-classes religiously." They urged him to print it.

'September 2.—The owner of a shop in the Rue de la Chapelle came and told us her terms; she wished to have us because she had heard of our meeting, and that we are "of no religion"! We were delighted by this slightly equivocal testimony to the unsectarian character of the Mission.

'September 21.—St. Antoine. One of the first Sunday-night gatherings here. We had been very anxious as to this new experiment. Our fears were soon allayed; the meeting was most orderly: one hundred and thirty-four present, mostly men. Three gentlemen from London who happened to be present especially remarked upon the attentive and interested countenances of the men, and expressed a strong conviction that the Mission was to be the hope for France. They promised to have a collection in their chapel for us.

'November 2.—"Le Jour des Morts." Excellent attendance at all the meetings: above seven hundred present. At Ménilmontant one of the largest meetings which we have ever had. Many who had visited the cemetery at Père Lachaise came in; the order, decorum, and quiet, respectful attention were very marked, and very soothing and encouraging to Robert, whose spirit at this particular moment needed a balm, owing to special trials in the work.

'November 27.—A letter from M. Théodore Monod stating that *pasteurs* to the number of twenty-eight wished to cooperate with Mr. McAll in his work.'

In August, 1874, the dear and honoured father of the writer passed away at Hadleigh, aged 74. He had nobly taken his part of the privations brought by the work in the early days.

CHAPTER XVI.

'SECULAR DUTIES' AND ADMINISTRATION.

THE Founder had a quick eye for what was needed. Often he would spy a *boutique à louer* after the ground had been gone over by his lieutenants with the report 'There is nothing' as the outcome. When going to meetings in the omnibus he often discovered a suitable place ; he was always *à la chasse*. But this meant great fatigue, for the proprietors had to be seen and arrangements made. Later on this labour was shared, and eventually taken up, by his esteemed colleague, M. Rouilly.

Then there were commissaires to be notified, and préfets to be written to. No fancy French would do for this, but hard business phraseology. And after authorisation had been given, there were the leases to be signed with all their conditions. It was a formidable thing in France to take a lease for a term of three, six, or nine years ; these were all signed by him, with the one exception of Bercy. Those in the provinces were no exception : originally he signed them all, and when, after a time, the agents there signed them, it was with the understanding that Mr. McAll was the responsible party. This made him alone responsible for the rentals of all the salles—a heavy burden which he bore to the end. I remember that the first lease of the salle in the Rue Foudary, Grenelle, was signed in a very humble cobbler's shop in April, 1873. As soon as he had secured a room he worked up a plan, and with careful measurements himself marked out the number of sittings, in order to obtain the largest accommodation which the room would admit.

On Wednesday morning Mr. McAll and M. Rouilly used to prepare the weekly plan; and this much resembled a game of draughts, since a piece had frequently to be moved two, three, or four times before a meeting could receive its speakers. Why so do, you say? Because judgment had to be exercised in the allotment of the speakers, some of whom were loved in some of the halls, and decidedly not loved in others. It may be imagined what running to post and telegraph this work involved! It is due to the memory of attached servants to say that they 'deranged themselves' in these matters by night and by day, from pure consideration for master and mistress, as also did the young lady helpers, of whom there were occasionally one or two sharing our home. We used to go out at all hours of the day and night, for letters awaited our return from the meetings, and before rest could be taken they had to be answered and taken to post. In these nocturnal flights the proofs of the yearly *Mission Report* were winged from Belleville or Auteuil to the printers in Sunderland or Edinburgh.

As for the correspondence, some idea of its crushing weight may be formed by a simple glance over the accompanying table for the year 1885:—

<i>R. Received.</i>		<i>A. Answered.</i>	
January	R. 262	July	R. 99
"	A. 190	"	A. 220
February	R. 178	August	R. 110
"	A. 138	"	A. 190
March	R. 229	September	R. 253
"	A. 183	"	A. 267
April	R. 255	October	R. 280
"	A. 267	"	A. 274
May	R. 287	November	R. 255
"	A. 292	"	A. 226
June	R. 303	December	R. 322
"	A. 260	"	A. 212

Total Received 2542; Answered or Written 2604.

We must always, as some one has said very truly, remember that 'with God there are no might-have-beens,' yet she who writes has often felt that the life so precious might have lasted longer, had her husband been able to find and secure such secretarial help as was needful. After the formation of the American McAll Association,¹ the correspondence with America became especially exacting—how much so, only those can testify who were at the head there. So quietly did Mr. McAll bear these increasing secretarial burdens that few suspected how much of his time and strength was consumed by them; his only regret being that these duties were a hindrance to the more purely spiritual work, to which in his inmost heart he desired more entirely to devote himself. He often lamented that no time was left to him for the preparation of fresh addresses; and one who had witnessed the effect of those earlier addresses upon the hearts of the people could not help deeply regretting it too.

Many people said to him, 'You should spare yourself, and not go out at night,' to which the reply always came, 'It is just a refreshment after the wear and tear of the day,'—in correspondence, arranging of dry and often difficult details. For our chessboard was not planted with dummies; we were not Jesuits to manipulate dead bodies: they were living, sentient beings with whom we had to do, with strong wills too, occasionally displaying themselves in a contrary sense, albeit belonging to good Christian people. But what does Pastor Appia say?

'In the midst of many varied susceptibilities and individual, national, and ecclesiastical rivalries, he was able, by the instinct of Divine love, to avoid friction, and with tact mingled with equity give to each the part for which he was best adapted.'

¹ This owed its origin to the enthusiastic pleadings of Miss Beach, after her return from Paris in 1878, and was organised by Mariné J. Chase in 1883.

Thus the nightly *sortie* was a true relief, entailing a journey, longer or shorter as the case might be, from far-away Montreuil or Berey, to nearer Batignolles or Rue Royale, mind and body alike profiting by the healthful 'distraction.' Without these interchanges with the people of his large flock, we might assuredly have become two walking Dryasdusts, a pair of secretarial machines!

And then the sweet hymns! How they lifted the weary president out of his fatigues, and brought to us all some of the 'joy' which lay deep down in his own spirit, daily cares and 'grave and diversified trials' notwithstanding.

In the early times, too, many were the friendly omnibus conductors who received an *Ami de la Maison* or tract from the over-stretched pocket. Once he found that he had given an *itinéraire d'omnibus* in mistake for a tract! One day, while waiting at the Concorde for the tram, a poor man who was hawking *La France* came up to him. 'Oui, c'est Monsieur Maccoll,' said he to the *employé* who was standing near. 'Ah, oui! c'est lui, je le connais!' Mr. McAll was delighted; he acted the little scene for me when he got home.

I ought not to forget that we were very frequently accompanied to the meetings by friends from America or Great Britain, who, coming to the Rue Royale Sunday-afternoon service, would accept our invite to afternoon tea at the Villa Molitor on the Monday or other day, and afterwards share the journey to the evening meeting. They will well recall those breathless runs to catch the train!

'If anything, Mr. McAll is only too constitutional!' so said to me once a member of the Paris committee. He never would carry a point over the heads of the 'opposition,' if one may use so harsh a word in such a connection. There might, for example, be two opinions on a question: the Founder had his own; others had theirs. With patience he would listen to the adverse side, then, with the special

facility in expressing his thoughts to which his college friend the Rev. Nicholas Hurry has alluded, and, we might add, with the 'stimulating enthusiasm' which Lord Rosebery so well attributes to Mr. Gladstone, he would bring his reasons to the front, and generally veer the opinion round to his own; or, as our Mr. Anderson laughingly said, 'Mr. McAll got his own way in the end.'

The first years passed under a kind of paternal autocracy or patriarchy; then our desire for two more to join us was graciously granted, and Mr. and Mrs. Dodds were sent in 1877. God knows why He took so early to Himself our dear brother, who, as truly as the Founder, *made the work his own*. After Mr. Dodds' departure, in 1882, M. R. Saillens, rarely gifted as a hymn-writer and speaker, returned to the work in Paris; and that in Marseilles, Nice, Cannes, and Corsica, which he had founded, was united to the Paris work, the union taking effect from January, 1883.

From this time—1882—what is now the committee or board of direction may be said to date; and the name of the work was changed from 'Mission to the Working Men of France' to 'Evangelistic Mission in France, known as the McAll Mission.' It was Mr. McAll's aim for some years before his decease to give to this committee a legal existence in the eye of French law, by making it a *société civile*, as is the case now with so many of the religious and philanthropic works in France. (He himself patiently bore to the last the responsibility of the leases.) In this aim, however, he did not succeed. The present Chairman of Committee and Director, the Rev. C. Greig, M.A., has honourably taken up the responsibility of some of the most important of these leases.

A glance at the title-page of the *Mission Report* during successive years will perhaps give the best hint of the successive changes in the Mission.

The first two reports show R. W. McAll absolutely alone;

the third shows him as honorary conductor, with an assistant conductor and two assistants; in the fourth he stands alone, but aided by five—*i.e.*, the assistant conductor and four more.

In the fifth he is honorary conductor, with assistant conductor and a staff of six—of whom three are evangelists and two pastors—MM. Théodore Monod and Naef. There is also an honorary superintendent of juvenile branch and assistant. The sixth shows again the honorary conductor with assistant conductor and a staff of eight—of whom five are honorary; there is also the conductor of the juvenile department and an assistant. The medal of the *Société Nationale d'Encouragement au Bien* is figured here. The seventh shows two honorary conductors, one at Lyons in the person of M. le Pasteur Bernard de Watteville; in Paris the honorary and assistant conductor and nine on the staff, of whom five are honorary. The medal of the *Société Libre d'Instruction et d'Education Populaires* was this year bestowed upon Mr. McAll.

The eighth report shows in addition to the honorary and assistant conductors in Paris a staff of fifteen helpers, of whom seven are honorary; and three branch missions—Lyons, Bordeaux, and Boulogne-sur-mer. The ninth contains a list of twenty helpers, of whom eight are honorary; and the work has extended to Arcachon, La Rochelle, Rochefort, and villages round Paris—with the two Paris conductors always.

With the tenth report, the 'Working Men of France' disappears from the cover; for the eleventh (the report for 1882) shows us in its place the words 'Evangelistic Mission in France—known as the McAll Mission.' And so it continues until the twentieth report, which runs, 'The McAll Mission in France (*Mission Populaire Evangélique de France*) for 1892'—and so continues.

The work is, however, popularly known as the 'Mission

Macall'; indeed, a new verb was coined about 1882 by the French writers—'maccaalliser' or 'maccalliser'!—when any one wanted to get up meetings after the McAll type. But



this verb has not as yet appeared in the Dictionary of the Academy!

Was there ever a mission just like this, considering the platform of speakers, the workers, and the money-givers?

We are inclined to view it as unique. The five chief constituencies are United States, Canada, England, France, and Scotland; Switzerland and even far away Scandinavia help to feed it. Ecclesiastically it ranges from High Church folk—and many Evangelicals—to Congregationalists, with the two species of Baptists, Wesleyans, Presbyterians of several distinct species, the Reformed and Free Churches of France and Switzerland, and the Brethren. Nor must our Lutheran friends be forgotten, who rendered excellent service above all in the early days of the work; and also some delightful members of the Society of Friends.

As with the speakers and money-givers, so with the workers. When visitors came to the meetings it was truly an Alliance platform. This was very delightful, but none the less was there need for care on the part of the Founder and his colleagues as to the conduct of the Mission train. Everything was centralised—the affairs of each branch mission being administered from Paris. In addition there were the seventy-eight American auxiliaries, with their requirements. This all made up a tolerable amount of business for the weekly meeting every Tuesday afternoon. It began at 2.30, and often the sitting lasted until near six in later years. Wearied and worn, the Founder would come down to tea, and afterwards repair to his meeting. It is certain, however, that this journeying and coming into touch with the people of his numerous halls was *most* helpful and healthful, and often dispersed any shadow which might have been left by anxious or difficult business at the afternoon meeting.

CHAPTER XVII.

SUNSHINE AND CLOUDS. 1875—1891.

IN April, 1875, Mr. McAll received a fraternal letter from the pastors and elders of various Evangelical Churches in Paris, assembled for the May meetings, as we should say, only in Paris these are held in April. The following signatures were affixed to it: Eug. Bersier, Geo. Fisch, F. Lichtenberger, E. Robin, Rossecuw St. Hilaire, Ernest Dhombres, Th. Monod, N. Recolin, Samuel Bost, J. J. Keller, Aug. Fisch, J. Bonheure, Aimé Cadot, L. Boileau, Vernier, A. Pilatte, A. Bastide, A. Malan, Cognoy, E. Voreaux, F. Lemaire, F. A. Vincent, H. Andrieu. This note was added to the letter by M. Bersier:—

‘More than twenty pastors belonging to the National Reformed Church and the Lutheran Church, whose signatures do not appear in this letter, have charged me to state that they adhere to it with all their heart. The address could not be completed while they were on the spot.’

In June, 1876, another kind letter was sent by the Comité de l'Alliance Evangélique de Paris.

In 1875 the salle in the Rue de Rivoli was opened. At Passy also a room was secured through the kind offer of Dr. Forbes to share the cost, he holding a service at 9.45 a.m, Sunday, for those English inhabitants who could not walk to the Rue d'Aguesseau. M. le Pasteur Naef, speaking at Passy, told of a poor woman to whom some one said,—

'You have looked then to Jesus?' 'Oh no,' she replied, 'it is rather that Jesus has looked upon me.'

In 1877 Mr. McAll received a medal from *La Société Nationale d'Encouragement au Bien*. Its Report for that year says :—

'Mr. McAll knew that, in the population of Belleville, there exist sufferings of all kinds, that degradation has its abode there side by side with mental degradation and extreme poverty. Secoded by Mrs. McAll and a few friends, he has founded, and subsequently multiplied in Paris, evening meetings, the object of which is to bring light to the mind, and to calm the troubled heart. Wherever he has directed his steps, Mr. McAll has been cordially received. His words of sympathy have been responded to by expressions of gratitude. *La Société d'Encouragement au Bien* joins in the testimonies of affection which salute the welcome of the benevolent foreigner, and offers him a medal in return for the good he labours to effect.'

In the following year, 1878, he received another medal from *La Société Libre d'Instruction et d'Education Populaires*. What follows is extracted from one of M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire's charming notes, written on June 18, 1877. After expressing the hope of laying in such a good store of health at St. Enogat that he may be able to resume his service for the Mission in the coming winter, he continues :—

'I was so happy to do something for the Lord and for you. And you! when do you start for your glaciers? I wish it might be soon, for your dear and honoured husband has great need of rest. But is it real rest to go to visit the Allée Blanche, and do you really know what you are undertaking? I made that journey now thirty years ago, alone and given up to despair, for I had just lost a much-loved wife. I wished to die, and failed to succeed (so, literally), for I took desperate walks alone and without guide. At that time there was no path. I fell into a *crevasse*, and there I might have remained, but that God kept me for better days, and willed to lead me to Himself by the pathway of trial.

And He saved me. Reflect, dear friend, and get information at Geneva and Chamounix before undertaking such a journey. In any case, don't go without guide.'

This formidable journey we accomplished in six days, with a Sunday's rest at Courmayeur. We went from Chamounix to Orsières on foot. Leaving Chamounix July 24, our stages were Les Contamines to La Balmat on July 25. On Thursday, July 26, we ascended the Col du Bonhomme, 8091 feet, and the Col des Fours, 8894 feet, sleeping at Mottet : on Friday we saw the crown of our excursion, the Col de la Seigne. We remained an hour under the little cross on the summit gazing, and Mr. McAll sketching. From this grand point of view Mont Blanc is brought so marvellously near that it looks as though 'it might be touched.' Then we journeyed down into the Allée Blanche, the descent into which had aroused the tender fears of our friend on our behalf. Down farther still we went, and right under the Col du Géant to Courmayeur, which we reached heartily tired on Friday night.

On Monday we started afresh for the long and toilsome passage of the Col Ferret, accompanied a piece of the way by the Courmayeur evangelist. Before our weary feet found rest at Orsières night came on, and we began to fear we might have to sleep *à la belle étoile* ! But this experience was happily averted. So we made the Tour du Mont Blanc.

In 1878 we ventured for the first time to undertake work outside Paris. A branch was formed at Lyons in November. It was a busy year amongst busy years, for the great Exposition was then held, and in the Salle Evangélique, on the Place du Trocadéro, there were meetings daily. The 'crowds were beyond imagination,' as we found to our cost on returning to our Belleville meeting at night by the Ceinture Railway. I remember once Mr. McAll and myself had to ride outside at the top of the steps, and at every railway bridge under which we passed it seemed as though our heads would

be chopped off; arrived at Belleville, we had to go straight into the meeting, where the people were already assembled—our hands like those of sweeps. We were heartily glad to descend in safety from our perch!

In 1879 a branch was opened at Bordeaux. This gave us the pleasure of a run to the Pyrenees, and over the border to Spain by the Port de Venasque. Although it was the height of summer, we found the Hospice de France sufficiently chilly at night, and our window had to be stuffed up with rags and paper!

At Bagnères-de-Bigorre we had the privilege of a most kind reception by the venerable apostle of those parts—M. Emilien Frossard, since gone to his reward, and M. and Mme. Charles Frossard.

On July 18 we made the ascent of the Pic du Midi de Bigorre (9510 feet) from Barèges, and then went down to Gripp. There was much snow, and we were hospitably entertained at *déjeuner* by M. le Général at the meteorological observatory—a little below the summit.

The branch at Boulogne-sur-mer was begun at this time with two salles—one of them the vestry-room of Trinity Church, kindly offered by the Rev. C. Beauclerc. Mr. McAll notes in the Report: 'Mr. C. Greig, a theological student, of the Free Church of Scotland, has proved himself a valuable addition to our working staff, devoting himself especially to the juvenile and library departments.' In 1880 branches were opened at La Rochelle and Rochefort. Pleasant memories, historic and personal, cluster round these openings. We were the happy guests of the Archiviste of the Charente-Inférieure. The museum is interesting, with its many mute messages 'slipped off' by the Gulf Stream from the western Land of Promise.

'During our short stay at Birmingham in October 1880,' says the Founder, 'we had opportunity of addressing a large

assembly in the Birmingham Town Hall, on our own and other Christian efforts in France. This was on occasion of the autumnal gathering of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Eight years previously, on a like occasion at Nottingham, we reported four stations, with three hundred and thirty sittings; at Birmingham we told of forty stations, with seven thousand three hundred sittings. The welcome accorded to us on this occasion has left an indelible impression on our heart.'

The following were Mr. McAll's opening words:—

'Although pursuing in another country a purely undenominational work, I cannot stand here without deep emotion, here in my own dear land and as among my own people, amidst this great assembly representing the Church of my fathers and my fathers' fathers. Need I restrain an utterance prompted alike by early memories and the retrospect of many happy years as pastor in England? I love our Congregational churches; I love their freedom and their fraternity; I love that element which allows me a place among them while engaged in a task common to all Christians; and I desire to spend my days, as I commenced them, in their fellowship, where, so to speak, "my best friends, my kindred, have dwelt," where God the Saviour reigns as the sole spiritual King and Head of His Church.'

In December there was *déjeuner* of twenty-one pastors and laymen at our house, Rue Pierre-Guérin, in response to Mr. McAll's invitation—his object being to bring the communion question fairly before his friends, the co-operating pastors and laymen. He wished to put before them a plan by which the communion might be observed in the Salles de Réunion—the pastors themselves presiding, or, if they could not, then certain members of the Mission staff. Some thought the measure unnecessary, as they had already received, and were likely to receive again, a certain number of the converts of the Mission. Finally, the general opinion was not in favour of the plan.

In this year Mr. McAll experienced the beginning of what in his diary he calls '*grave and diversified trials.*' During the summer God took to Himself that lion-hearted man, that first of Paris friends and helpers, Pastor Georges Fisch. Then came a season of illness to Mr. McAll himself, the head being always the seat of suffering.

In this year a series of conferences was organised in the Elysée Montmartre—one of the Paris ball-rooms. In 1881 new branches were opened at Roubaix, Croix, Dunkirk, St. Etienne, Saintes and Cognac, Clermont-Ferrand, Montauban and Toulouse. This was indeed 'going ahead.' An incident at Roubaix must not pass without notice. A stranger enters, and communicates his impressions to one of our friends.

'Ce monsieur' (meaning Mr. McAll), 'on voit bien que c'est le vrai type anglais, c'est un original!' (Il riait tout le temps.)

'Vous riez toujours,' replies our friend.

'Oui, il est très sympathique; il me semble maintenant moins original que tantôt—il est tellement sympathique que je sens le besoin d'aller l'embrasser!'

"Lord, and what shall this man do?"

Ask'st thou, Christian, for thy friend?

If his love for Christ be true,

Christ hath told thee of his end:

This is he whom God approves,

This is he whom Jesus loves.

Ask not of him more than this,

Leave it in his Saviour's breast,

Whether, early called to bliss,

He in youth shall find his rest,

Or armèd in his station wait

Till his Lord be at the gate.'

In 1882 a great blow fell on the work in that mysterious call which took from us Mr. Dodds in his fullest ardour. In the same year also Messrs. Moody and Sankey came to

Paris, at the earnest request of a number of friends, and services were held in the Oratoire.

'November 18, 1882.

'MY DEAR BROTHER,—You have seldom written so affectionate a letter, or even sermon, as those ten lines that I received from you yesterday. Well, day after day melted away and my intended letter remained, with many others, inside my "fluid pencil." So when I saw your handwriting, I thought that I was about to read something of a discussion, an argument, an expostulation; and lo! it was just a tiny flower of brotherly love. The letter inclosed *did* "please" me and encourage me, surely; I thank God for giving it and you for communicating it. As to the great question, not one word,—and yet, and yet—just one stroke, underscoring a word—"for our work," you wrote; and that went gently, surely, deeply into my heart. A needle will reach farther than a hammer, you know. Since then, I have heard through M. Ashton that you have been very poorly, and I feel the more like coming to your help. On the other hand, "the way out" (as the English have it in their railroad stations) is not clear at all. In fact, I am being plied with reasons, and strong ones too, why I should remain at my post and concentrate my forces upon my own parish, labouring to revive that first of all—in fact, "beginning at Jerusalem" before I attend to the Samaritans, even to the "good Samaritans." I see much to be said on either side, and I think I am ready to take either course. That the Master will give me full light at the time when it will be needed I do not doubt. I shall be ready to resume my Rivoli meetings on Friday, December 8. And I would like to open a prayer-meeting at St. Antoine on Saturday, December 9, at 8½ p.m., if that will suit you. Our kindest regards to Mrs. McAll. Yours affectionately,

'TH. MONOD.'

From Nantes, so memorable in the religious history of France, a proposal came to us to organise evangelistic work there. This appeal was accompanied by a letter from the regional Synod of the Eglise Réformée, so gratifying that we append a translation.

TO THE REV. MR. McALL.

‘NANTES, *November 6, 1883.*

‘DEAR AND MUCH-RESPECTED BROTHER,—We have the honour to transmit the following resolutions of the Synod of the Evangelical Reformed Churches of the Fourth District, assembled at Nantes, October 9 and 10. The Synod, on the proposition of M. de Richmond (archiviste of the department of Charente-Inférieure) addresses a testimony of gratitude and a fraternal sympathy to the Rev. R. W. McAll, the respected founder of the Evangelistic Mission to the Working Men of France, a work sustained to so large an extent by the generosity of the Christians of Britain and of the United States of America. This testimony, unanimously voted, is but a feeble expression of the admiration and gratitude with which our churches regard your work. In our district, La Rochelle, Rochefort, Brest, and Lorient have already *réunions populaires*, and we trust that soon the same privilege will be extended to Nantes, Rennes, and St. Nazaire.

‘*President*—E. BERTHE, Pastor at Brest.

‘*Secretary*—A. ROUFINÉAU, Pastor at Nantes.’

Mr. McAll in the report for 1883 gives a picture of the work carried on in many parts, and a description of the Salle Philadelphie, Rue St. Honoré.

‘Here, in the now commodious and even, in its way, elegant little hall, seating two hundred persons, may be seen each week-evening, at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 8, and on Sunday afternoons at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 4, a fairly numerous assembly, composed mainly of well-dressed people. These are the regular attendants and the casual passers-by. Persons marked as of intelligence and influence may often be seen there. The red ribbon, designating the *Légion d’honneur*, is not unfrequent. Beside the genial face of our good letter-carrier, attired in his Sunday-best, who found his Saviour in that room two years ago, may be seen the inquisitive or patronising glance of some ominous-looking personage, probably a notability or a *grand savant*. The charm which the Gospel hymns possess alike for all classes is remarkable and significant. I have seen many a supercilious

look at the Rue St. Honoré exchanged for one of awakened interest by the singing of "Redites-moi l'histoire" ("Tell me the old, old story"). But we have reason to believe that a meeting is rarely if ever held in this room, whether on the Lord's day or during the week, which does not comprise some hearers who listen to the Gospel literally for the first time.'

In October, 1883, Lord Radstock conducted in this hall a double series of meetings for Christian workers and for evangelisation. During the after-meetings several persons avowed their decision for Christ. A little daily prayer-meeting, held in the same room at 5 p.m., resulted from this welcome visit. And in addition the impulse was given to organise a series of united evangelistic services, held in the great church of the Oratoire.

In April, 1884, the Salle Baltimore, 8 Boulevard Bonne Nouvelle, was opened, close to the Porte Saint Denis. We take the following extract from a note written in May by that never-to-be-forgotten friend M. Rosseeuw St. Hilaire, revealing as it does a depth of affection for Mr. McAll infinitely touching. Reproaching the writer for not having replied to his postcard, he adds:—

'You can have no idea what uneasiness, indeed what torture your silence has caused. I pray without ceasing, and I tremble for this precious life upon which the existence of a work not less precious hangs. Write, I entreat, if it be but three lines, to say how your dear husband has been since I left. If he is better, make haste to give me this joy; and if worse, keep me informed of all, that I may redouble my prayers; but in any case, remember that, at whatever price, he must have rest, a rest of several months, that he may recover from his long fatigues and his ceaseless labours. If he does not take rest he is lost. Such a strain cannot be borne always, or even for long.'

It is needless to say that here is one of the 'grave' trials of which we have to make mention. With each succeeding

year the physical strain became heavier. Early in 1884 it culminated in exceptionally severe illness. He himself has referred in striking manner to this time of trial.

'*May 3 or 4, 1884.*—On awaking I discovered that I had been favoured with a gentle sleep, after some days and nights of distracting headache, and that the overwhelming pain had ceased (although it returned after two or three hours). Involuntarily, sensible of the unspeakable relief, I exclaimed inwardly, "Bless the Lord for that relief!" Then I added, as if involuntarily, "Alas! that I love Him so feebly, that my faith is so hesitating and so faint." But it is the very desire and craving of my heart to possess a strong and realising hold on the Saviour—that I can testify from the depth of my nature. There is nothing I would not give or resign in order to that. What a marvel that He should have intrusted such a responsible work for the glory of His name to an instrument so immeasurably beneath the height of spirituality and love to Him which it claims—to one of the very last and feeblest, in fact, among those who look to Him! It is my desire that, wherever my poor efforts may be spoken of, it might be known, after I am gone, that I throughout deliberately regarded it as the most wonderful and astonishing of all features connected with this work in France that our Lord should have chosen *me* to lead it onward, that He should have allowed the exalted privilege of being His pioneer in it to one so far, far behind in the spiritual pursuit, so wanting in love to souls and in love to Himself!

'R. W. McALL.

'I desire to sign this paper *anew*, October, 1892.'

These were days of trial and anguish. We can never forget how our friend Dr. Anderson most anxiously strove to cure, or to alleviate his sufferings. The dreadful head-pain returned at intervals all through that summer and autumn. Such alleviation as fraternal greeting and outside recognition of the value of his work could give was offered in abundance. Witness this letter from the General Synod of Reformed Churches :—

‘DEAR SIR AND HONOURED BROTHER,—The General Synod of the Reformed Evangelical Churches of France assembled at Nantes has, in its *séance* of June 17, 1884, unanimously passed the following resolution:—

“That the thanks of this meeting are voted to Mr. McAll for the blessed work which he has been enabled for so long to carry on in our country with so much devotion and success.”

‘You will find the text of this resolution in the Register of the Decisions of the Synod General.

‘I am happy to be called to convey to you this resolution, as President of the Permanent Commission, and I take this opportunity of expressing the personal sentiments of respect and Christian affection with which I remain, dear Sir and honoured Brother, yours most truly,

‘EUG. BERSIER.’

In addition to illness, other ‘grave and diversified trials’ came upon Mr. McAll from time to time in the conduct of so large and so constantly increasing a work. Of these we catch a glimpse in the following letter:—

‘RUE PIERRE-GUÉRIN, AUTEUIL, PARIS, *March* 12, 1885.

‘MY DEAR M. MONOD,—Thanks for your kind little note. I know I have your true sympathy under this really heavy trial. . . . Our relations were, to the last, those of unbroken harmony and cordiality—toward me he always displayed a most perfect sympathy and unflinching readiness to oblige. You can understand what a load of details and perplexing arrangements are thus thrown upon me. . . . No doubt you would have a bright and happy little visit to our kind friends at La Rochelle, on the auspicious occasion in their family. Whenever I write to you, I always wish to say something that might make you smile, but this pain respecting — really deprives me of the power to do so. I will try, however, to diminish the length of my face when the sight of you gives me the power to indulge a momentary *légèreté*. Ever your sincere friend,

‘R. W. McALL.’

A sketch of Mr. McAll at this time, which may interest the reader, is extracted from *A Great Life*, by Rev. F.

Beard, D.D., printed in the *Missionary Review of the World* :—

‘He would scarcely have been selected for a typical Englishman. Not having high physical vigour, he had yet a wiry, rapid, ready energy and nervous force, which is more of the American type. He was a cultivated student, particularly fond of nature and of the natural sciences—facts that made the phenomenal executive ability which he developed, both as to largeness of view and grasp of details, the more singular. His keen penetration of character, and a discriminating judgment, easily gave him the leadership of leaders.

‘His fellowship was delightful. While the missionary spirit was everywhere and in every place controlling, and the great motive of his life dominated him so that he seldom followed his social inclinations, there were now and then occasions which revealed an endowment of humour that would not be expected, and which was to him an invaluable resource in the difficulties and anxieties necessarily arising in the direction and propulsion of the plans which he cherished, and which his will was urging. I shall not soon forget an instance of this humour, nor will others.’ (It was at the pretty old house in the Rue Pierre-Guérin, May 15, 1885.) ‘To amuse the children present, a charade was proposed, in which the writer of this article was to complain to him, as the Juge de Paix, of the loss of his pocket-book, while the children should take supplementary and auxiliary parts. The younger people managed their French with dexterity; but the way in which the Juge de Paix led on the writer to make his statements in tortuous and tortured French, refusing to hear even an explanation by a word of English, became at last indescribably funny, until Mr. McAll, whose face had been twitching for some time with suppressed sportiveness, and whose eyes had been twinkling with laughter, could no longer repress his humour, and abandoning the attempt, he was like a child among the children in his mirthfulness. On the morrow, his consuming zeal and fervour were outworking the great life. It seemed to me, however, that he looked younger for the space of a week.’

We may be permitted here to recall the words of one who has himself passed to the farther shore—the venerable and distinguished pastor Ernest Dhombres. The words are found in *Le Petit Album de la Mission*, published by Mr. Arthur de Rougemont in 1886. They can be satisfactorily given only in the French.

‘Vaillant et doux, plein d'autorité et de charme, il n'a qu'à paraître pour que tous les visages s'épanouissent. Il y a dans son regard loyal, dans son sourire, dans son cordial serrement de main, quelque chose qui gagne même les plus distraits et les plus indifférents.’

On Whit Monday, May 13, 1886, the great Salle des Fêtes in the Trocadéro Palace was filled by the Sunday-scholars of Paris—that is, those of the French Protestants and the McAll Mission. It was the first time such a venture had been made—the great number of the Mission children rendering it practicable. Mr. McAll says :—

‘From the platform we looked on the sea of bright young faces. One and another pastor asked, “Where are your Mission scholars?” We pointed to the vast amphitheatre of galleries outstretched around and above us, and replied, “They fill those galleries.” Then we remembered the first little meeting for children, held by Mrs. McAll and myself unaided, fourteen years before.’

There was in the autumn of that year a ‘straitness’ of income in the Mission, and we were proposing to let our house for six months in order to visit England and try to organise local auxiliaries in the various centres. But the crisis was tided over, so we did not go. New stations were opened at Montpellier, Cette, and Beziers in September, and one at Mentone in November.

Other honours than those directly connected with his work were pressed upon Mr. McAll from time to time.

'July 30, 1887.

'DEAR DOCTOR McALL,—President Gates of Iowa College, the chief college of one of our largest and most important States, and a college which is held in high honour all over our land, knowing my opportunities for extended acquaintance with the abler and stronger ministers of our States, was in conference with me respecting the conferring a degree of Doctor of Divinity. I told him the most meritorious American that I knew of was Rev. Robert W. McAll, and in the process of time and events—lo! it is here.

'I wish to say for this college that while it has not the years of Aberdeen or Glasgow, its curriculum is equal to either of them, and its position in this land is everywhere recognised. I could have the same at any of our Eastern Institutions, but I wanted the great West to know you and to know your work. The college has honoured itself, and I hope that you will allow it to rest in that honour. My love to you and to Mrs. McAll, and my ceaseless prayers for you and for your work. This won't hurt the McAll Mission in the United States. Very sincerely yours,

'A. F. BEARD.'

TO THE REV. ROBERT W. McALL, D.D.

'GRINNELL, IOWA, June 25, 1887.

'REVEREND AND DEAR BROTHER,—It gives me great pleasure to send to you through Rev. Dr. Beard, our common friend, the official announcement that the Board of Trustees of Iowa College has, by unanimous and hearty vote, conferred upon you the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity.

'We trust that this action in recognition of your worthiness as a scholar, your position in our denominational body, and above all your world-known work for Christ among the French, will not be unpleasant to you. In conferring this degree we feel that we have honoured ourselves much more than we have honoured you. Indeed, it does not honour you at all; it only recognises the honour long due to you. With assurance of high personal regard, I am, sir, sincerely and respectfully yours,

'GEORGE A. GATES, *President.*'

FROM THE REV. PROFESSOR McALL.

‘CLAPTON, *August 23, 1887.*

‘MY DEAR NEPHEW,—I have for days, even for weeks past, quite made up my mind to write to you. I have not known what to do about your academic distinction. You did not want it, and possibly may not care to take it up. That it has been well and honestly earned I know quite well. May Iowa have many such, and long be the honour which they shall share and reflect! And now, my dear nephew, I must close. Writing is *pro tem.* almost an impossibility, such is the felt weakness of my present condition. So now good-bye to you both. May He who was full of truth and grace be ever with you!

‘Yours ever truly,
‘S. McALL.’

Not long after the receipt of this letter the Rev. S. Wardlaw McAll, son of the venerable professor, was suddenly called away. In writing to the widow under date of October 28, 1887, Dr. McAll said:—

‘I am sure you are aware that we regarded our dear departed one with a very special affection, not only as a relative, but from what we felt him to be, what he was to us. How often we had wished that he and you lived nearer to us, so that the interchanges of happy friendship, always bringing with them brightness and refreshment, might have been more frequent! Naturally, we had hoped that their renewal would have not ceased to gladden us so long as our own life lasted. The thought that he had to “go before” was not present to our spirit. Now it seems impossible to realise the fact. But the career which, to our dim sight, appears unfinished is, in reality, in a blessed sense, a “finished” one, and so we shall see it to have been in the light of the eternal day. “Unspotted from the world,” single in his heart’s devotion to “the ministry he had received from the Lord Jesus,” faithful to the last in every relation of life, most esteemed and loved by those who had the happiness to know him most intimately, he has now entered into a blessedness surpassing infinitely all we can conceive. He knows now

that "he *pleased* Him who chose him to be His soldier." . . . It is a joyful thought now for you that his whole mature life was devoted to the effort to work out his Lord's plan for him. And now, could we see all, we should see that plan literally accomplished—the last sermon it called for preached, the last faithful word spoken—*finished*.'

In May, 1888, the Synod of Orleans sent a fraternal letter to Dr. McAll, engaging on the part of the pastors to give a larger co-operation in the work of the Mission halls, with the view of gradually transforming these stations into *annexes* to their respective churches.

The summer journey that year was taken in Denmark Norway, the Hartz, and Holland—rapidly, of course, but still delightfully, if we except always that *triste* attendant, 'My head—my head,' always coming, not like the Slave of the Lamp, when called for, but when uncalled and unsought. We went to Skagen and the Scaw, and saw 'what' (Hans Andersen says) 'the Moon saw,' and the sand-hills of Jutland, where Linnæus played truant, learning more from nature than from the pedagogue! We received great hospitalities, too, from more than we can mention, among others from Monsieur le Pasteur Stein, at Copenhagen, and his gifted sculptor brother, who explained to us all that was beautiful in the Thorwalsden Museum.

On June 18, 1854, Mr. McAll preached the annual sermon for the Macclesfield Sunday-school. At that time it numbered two thousand children. In 1888 he had promised to do so once more. Unable to fulfil this intention, his cousin, the Rev. Robert McAll, who had lately entered with full purpose into the Mission work, kindly replaced him.

In this connection we are drawn to insert the following extract, as it appears to us unique, and we even venture to kiss *par la pensée* the baby hand of our Gracious Queen.

'It is now sixty-three years ago, within a few months,

when two Christian ministers, of fair and commanding presence, waited by appointment on the Duchess of Kent, to present to Her Royal Highness addresses of condolence on the demise of her husband, the lamented duke, then lately deceased. These gentlemen came as representatives of two of the largest Sunday-schools then, or since, in the kingdom, situated at Macclesfield and Stockport, and having, it is believed, from four to five thousand scholars. Of these then celebrated institutions, the Duke of Kent had been patron, and it was wished that the patronage should be continued in the person of the duchess and of her brother Prince Leopold. Both objects were effectually secured. On the occasion in view, the members of the deputation were Dr. Collyer, the popular and courtly minister of Hanover Chapel, Peckham, and the Rev. Robert McAll, one of Lady Huntingdon's earlier ministers, father of the eloquent Dr. McAll of Manchester, and grandfather of the Founder of the Paris Mission, whose evangelistic labours have lately excited an unexampled amount of interest. The present writer recollects as if it were yesterday the account given on their return by his father, the senior member of the deputation.

'It must have been an occasion of remarkable interest at Kensington Palace when this "State visit," as it might be called, was paid—the ministers in their robes, the household assembled, a general officer and the family physician being in attendance. The duchess was accompanied by a lady of rank, and while the addresses were read, listened with the deepest attention, and with an interest indicated by many tears. In an account written at the time, it is stated that her feelings were greatly overcome, and that she apologised to the deputation for not being able to address them as she could wish from the state of her feelings, and from the want of fluency in the English language; but putting her hand upon her heart she said she "*felt* the kindness of the friends, and was much pleased with it."

'The formal business of the interview being concluded, the writer of the account says: "Upon my asking after the health of the infant princess (our present Queen, then only thirteen months and a half old), the duchess replied 'that she was well,' and inquired 'if we should like to see her.' To this we replied 'that it would give us much pleasure.'

We all then went into the room adjoining, where sat the sweet little creature on the floor, with her playthings around her and her nurse standing by. The duchess took her up in her arms, and bringing her to us, we had the pleasure to kiss the little hand of her who may one day probably sway the sceptre over this nation.”

‘Instead of the fathers there shall be the children.’ On April 5, 1889, there was held, in Macclesfield Sunday-school, a public meeting on behalf of the McAll Mission. The chair was taken by Charles H. Johnson, Esq., and the Rev. Robert Whitaker McAll, D.D., F.L.S., of Paris, nephew of the founder of the Macclesfield Sunday-school, and son of its first chaplain, gave an address on that occasion. A very charming visit was paid on that date to the old town and school, so full of souvenirs. Both are on the increase, for, when an old friend passes away possessing a picture, or a hymn sung at Mr. Whitaker’s funeral, or any other relic, it is surely sent to the committee to be placed in the reception-rooms.

The year 1889 was shadowed by losses which the Mission had to suffer by death; chief among these being Dr. Horatius Bonar, Dr. Somerville, Professor Elmslie, Rosseeuw St. Hilaire de l’Institut, and Eugène Bersier. On November 18, M. Bersier’s closing words at the prayer, Boulevard Barbès, had been: ‘May each of us be enabled to say, Not my will, but Thine, Lord, be done.’ ‘At 9 p.m.,’ says Dr. McAll, ‘we shook hands and parted. He went home, wrote one or two letters, retired to rest, and at 2 a.m. awoke to draw a few laboured respirations, and to die.’ Eloquent as he was in his church, he loved best to be *amongst the people*, and God graciously granted him his desire—to die ministering to them. The list of losses this year among the warm friends and supporters of the Mission was long and unexampled.¹

¹ See Report for 1889, pp. 20-23.

On April 14, 1890, the Rev. Robert McAll, the endeared cousin of the Founder of the Mission, and during three years its honoured representative in England, was called suddenly away. This was another 'grave trial' to Dr. McAll, for his relative's 'successful advocacy had promised much in the way of rendering possible that extension of the Mission for which the spiritual needs of France so urgently call.' Truly, 'he being dead yet speaketh,' for testimonies to the interest excited by his persuasive pleading and excellent tact are ever and anon appearing. Yet another loss there is to record of one who was perhaps the largest contributor to its funds that the work has known—Mr. David Paton, of Alloa.

The Catholic nature of the Mission is illustrated by the garden party held at Dr. Benham's, Auteuil, on June 7, 1889. About two hundred were present; and, says Mr. Soltau,—

'We heard the remark from some that never before had they seen such a variety of nations and such a variety of denominations assembled together, and that they did not believe such an assemblage could have been held either in London or Paris, or on any other ground than the McAll Mission.'

This was a pure joy to us. It is a significant fact that we should not have been able to say, if questioned, to what particular branch of Christ's Church Catholic some of our workers belonged! Happy community, where the *isms* could be so effaced! And yet a great and grave trial was to be ours within a few short months later, when one, greatly gifted, who had been at the Founder's side from very early days, seceded from the Mission largely on denominational grounds. For his part, Dr. McAll had *always* believed in 'comprehension'—and had always acted upon it.

'Oh! then the glory and the bliss,
When all that pained or seemed amiss
Shall melt with earth and sin away!'

To a young pastor on occasion of his consecration Dr. McAll thus wrote :—

‘ *Le 28 Novembre* , 1891.

‘ Je regrette infiniment qu’il me soit impossible de profiter de votre aimable invitation à prendre part à votre Consécration au saint ministère de demain en huit. C’est l’heure même où je suis appelé à présider la réunion de la Rue Royale, et je trouve qu’il ne m’est pas possible de m’y absenter, d’autant plus que j’ai été empêché d’y aller dimanche dernier par suite d’une affreuse migraine.

‘ M. Anderson étant absent en Amérique, et M. S—— ayant quitté l’œuvre, ma présence à cette occasion-là semble être indispensable. Il va sans dire, cher ami et frère, que je serai des vôtres par l’esprit. Mon désir ardent pour vous c’est que le Seigneur puisse se servir de vous le témoin fidèle à son Evangile,—qu’il vous accorde de longues années dans ce saint ministère, que vous soyez son instrument en amenant au Sauveur un grand nombre d’âmes précieuses !’

On December 17, 1891, the house in the Villa Molitor was thronged by friendly visitors—French, American, English, Swiss—to offer their best greetings, with the most exquisite flowers, on Dr. McAll’s seventieth birthday. The study became a greenhouse. Here is what Dr. McAll himself says in the only one of the many notes of thanks which we are enabled to insert here :—

‘ Memory blesses our friends over and over again, and will not cease until we meet once more in our Father’s flower-garden above’

TO MRS. MARINÉ J. CHASE.

‘ *December 18*, 1891.

‘ I feel that I must have the pleasure of addressing to you one of the first notes I contrive to send out in acknowledgment of a host of tokens of kind remembrance coming to me yesterday. Indeed I can truly say that I felt overwhelmed by the (interval of a day, December 19) *solemnity* of the

crisis—"the days of our years" already completed. I had never felt eternity so near. On making the review of my life, I conclude without hesitation that no human being was ever *so highly privileged*. My whole early life was marked by *all* that could tend to incline the heart Godward and Christward. And then, the singularly unique privilege of my later days,—to have been permitted to become, in some sense, a pioneer of the Gospel in this land. The more I reflect on all, the more am I astonished that such a one as I could be divinely chosen for such a work. It seems to me that I should rather have been *the last* to be allowed such an honour.

'I cannot thank you as I would for all the kind expressions in your treasured letter. Among other things, they convince me that you are alive to the warm attachment we reciprocate, to the preciousness in which we hold your friendship. The coat has duly reached us, and is certainly at once the most *comely* and the most *comforting* of all the kind presents marking December 17. It is remarkable that the really *cold* weather set in here just a few hours after the parcel arrived; and I found wonderful warmth and shelter through your gift last night. Mrs. McAll admires it so much that I think she would like me to wear it all day long—she considers that it "becomes me!" Truly you have sent that which will be a daily and nightly souvenir of your affectionate thought for us.

'I have been profoundly touched by the visits and letters and little gifts crowding in. My study has been quite transformed into a conservatory by the plants and flowers. Dr. Loba tried to photograph them in a group yesterday. I fear the light scarcely sufficed. Quite a number of our French friends have been touchingly kind—the venerable pastor Dhombres and many others. Also friends in Scotland—Principal Cairns of Edinburgh, and a whole series of Edinburgh ministers. But nothing was more welcome than your account of the meeting at Lady Congleton's—of the movement among the London ladies. I am most thankful that you are, so far, encouraged.

'But I must haste to close: correspondence, just now, is really overwhelming. I enclose the latest American novelty—the label of packets of pickles of Easthampton Auxiliary,

and sold by them to help the Mission: good Mr. Anderson sent me the curiosity—the latest American McAll novelty.

‘The launch of the Mission-boat is definitely proposed for March 6. Can you not dare the transit of the Channel before that date, so as to be with us on the interesting occasion?’

CHAPTER XVIII.

‘TWENTY YEARS AFTER.’ 1892.

ON Saturday afternoon, January 16, 1892, a meeting of workers was held to celebrate the twentieth birthday of the Mission, and the seventieth, just passed, of the Founder. The Salle Philadelphie was decorated with plants and flags of the three great countries, France, Great Britain, and America. M. le Pasteur Hollard presided, and in his graceful way received Dr. and Mrs. McAll, who were the guests of the evening. There were speeches, not mere formal words, by the venerable pastor Ernest Dhombres (now passed to his reward); by the pastors Georges Appia and Hocart; by M. Louis Sautter, who presented to Dr. McAll on behalf of many subscribers a pocket-book containing 4750 francs (£190), and to Mrs. McAll a graceful palm and vase on behalf of the ladies of the Mission.

Dr. McAll, greatly moved, replied. After referring to those first helpers, the pastors and others, no more on earth, he thanked a group of English and American friends representing their respective churches and various forms of Christian work, and last, but not least, his own immediate colleagues, concluding thus—‘I render thanks to God for having given to us, in answer to our prayers, my dear new colleague the Rev. Dr. Loba.’

There was also a congratulatory letter from the Board of Directors of the American McAll Association, Philadelphia; and a cordial Resolution from the London Committee, brought by the Chairman, Mr. J. F. Deacon. We were

much moved on hearing M. le Pasteur Decoppet read the following lines, so full of grace, composed by himself:—

‘*AU RÉV. MONSIEUR McALL, À L’OCCASION DU 20^{ME} ANNIVERSAIRE DE LA MISSION POPULAIRE, JANVIER 16, 1892.*

‘*Me sera-t il-permis, au sein d’une chapelle,
De porter la santé du héros de ce jour ?
Et de dire en mes vers tout ce que nous rappelle
Son nom que tant de cœurs disent avec amour ?*

*Il est connu, ce nom, dans toute notre France ;
Il est béni partout et partout respecté ;
Depuis nos sombres jours de deuil et de souffrance,
Comme un joyeux espoir nous l’avons répété !*

*Vous avez tout quitté, cher et généreux frère,
Famille, amis, patrie, un troupeau bien-aimé,
Pour venir annoncer, sur la terre étrangère,
L’Evangile éternel par Jésus proclamé.*

*Et du Maître imitant la charité profonde,
C’est vers les plus petits que vous êtes allé ;
C’est à nos ouvriers, sans espoir en ce monde,
Et trop souvent sans Dieu, que vous avez parlé.*

*Vous avez su trouver le chemin de leur âme ;
Ils se voyaient aimés, ils vous ont écouté !
De l’amour du Sauveur ils ont senti la flamme,
Car son reflet en vous, c’était votre bonté !*

*Ah ! souffrez qu’en leur nom je vous bénisse, frère ;
Souffrez que je vous dise : Ils vous aiment aussi !
De leur cœur et du nôtre en cet anniversaire,
Un même mot s’échappe, et ce mot, c’est “merci !”*

*Puissiez-vous conserver votre verte vieillesse !
Voir votre œuvre arriver à de nouveaux vingt ans,
Et par nous entouré de respect, de tendresse,
“Du travail de votre âme,” en paix jouir longtemps !’*

There is music too—Gounod’s duo so worthily married to Racine’s verse—‘*D’un cœur qui t’aime, qui peut troubler la paix ?*’

On Monday, January 18, 1892, the great church of

the Oratoire du Louvre is crowded for a public service commemorating the same event. Ménilmontant and Montmartre come down from their heights; the young and the aged are there. The old building could never have presented such a sight in its conventual days. Past and Present seem to be nodding to each other across the centuries—so, at least, our fancy paints it. On this occasion, however, the Present has banished the ghosts; yet not quite all, for at a certain moment a figure is unveiled, and behold! the fifteenth century before its *avil*. Not, however, the great Doctor Martin Luther, but a stripling with wallet at his waist, singing, his choral book in hand, as he begs his bread, **Panem propter Deum**, 1497. This graceful statuette in bronze is the work of the Austrian sculptor Beer; it surmounts a small timepiece, and bears the following inscription:—

‘À. M. et Mme. McAll, fondateurs de la Mission Populaire Évangélique de France, les auditeurs reconnaissants. Janvier 17, 1892. Votre travail ne sera pas vain auprès du Seigneur.’

M. le Pasteur Recolin presides, and after his cordial address to Dr. McAll, followed by a handshaking as cordial, Pastor Th. Monod rises, and at a sign from him a number of men from the various Mission halls in Paris rise, and remain standing under the platform while the speaker presents to Dr. McAll an album of letters, 117 in number, representing 136 Mission halls, and containing 5300 signatures. Many of these poor friends have made crosses, for they *cannot write*, and others have made theirs, helped by a friendly hand,—for they are *blind*. The letters are as various as are the characteristics of the writers. Here is one from Marseilles, dated December 21, 1891:—

‘Our position, dear Mr. McAll, was formerly very sad; our heart was blinded, our life was agitated by the pleasures of the world, most of all by the abuse of alcohol, which rendered our home-life wretched. The abyss of eternal ruin

was ready to engulf us, when we were arrested in this rapid career by entering a Mission hall where they spoke of God. We have received Jesus as our Saviour. So all our sins are gone away; the life of heaven has taken the place of that of the world, and happiness that of misery. In a word, peace, joy, the love of God, and eternal life are now our portion. I thank you in the name of all the redeemed ones of Christ for having contributed to this redemption by your labours. Our hearts, full of gratitude, pray God to bless you, and to give you a happy old age.—Signed in the name of the members of the Gospel Temperance Society.'

The volume is bound in ruby morocco, lined with ruby *moiré*, and bears this inscription:—

'À Monsieur et Mme. McAll, de la part des habitués de toutes les Salles Populaires de Paris, de la Banlieue et de la Province, à l'occasion du 70^{me} anniversaire de M. McAll, et du 20^{me} de la Mission Populaire Evangélique de France, qu'il a fondée. Janvier 17, 1892. "Ceux qui en auront amené à la justice, luiront comme des étoiles, à toujours et à perpetuité."'

The affectionate wishes expressed in the letters are epitomised at the head of the volume in some lines. The incident to which allusion is made in the first verse is absolutely authentic. It took place some fifteen years ago in the hall of Boulevard Ornano, Montmartre, Paris.

'À Monsieur McAll, Fondateur de la Mission Populaire
Evangélique de France (1872—1892).

'Un soir de Conférence, une vieille ouvrière
Disait (vous présidiez): "Qu'importe son accent?
Il est si bon, si doux, et si compatissant!" . . .
C'était donner la clef de votre vie entière.

Les arts et les plaisirs, sentiers semés de fleurs,
Attirent l'étranger vers notre capitale;
Mais vous, au lendemain de la guerre fatale,
Ce qui vous attira, ce furent nos douleurs.

Vous aviez entendu, comme autrefois l'apôtre,
 Une voix suppliante : "Oh ! viens nous secourir !
 Et dans un quartier pauvre on vous vit accourir,
 Quittant votre pays pour adopter le nôtre.

Laissez-nous vous bénir, laissez-nous vous aimer,
 Vous, et de vos labeurs la compagne fidèle :
 Vous nous avez porté la Parole éternelle . . .
 Notre dette envers vous ne saurait s'exprimer.

Vous avez fait jaillir l'eau de la source vive,
 Sur la route poussiéreuse où l'on marche à pas lourds ;
 L'Eglise est descendue au bord des carrefours
 Offrir le pain du ciel à la foule attentive.

On parle simplement, pour les simples d'esprit ;
 On prie, et Dieu fait grâce à nos âmes troublées ;
 Combien nous les aimons, ces humbles assemblées,
 Où l'on chante à plein cœur le Seigneur Jésus-Christ !

De faubourg en faubourg, de Paris à la France,
 Le semeur voit grandir le champ de ses travaux ;
 Déjà blanchit au loin l'aube des temps nouveaux . . .
 Il verra la moisson passer son espérance.

'TH. MONOD.'

Dr. McAll, rising amidst great applause, and deeply moved, replies :—

'MONSIEUR RECOLIN, MONSIEUR MONOD, and DEAR FRIENDS,
 —It is not in my power to express the sentiments which fill our hearts. I say, *our* hearts, for my dear wife is one with me in all that I would fain utter. Need I say how deeply we are touched in looking round on the crowd of friends thronging this vast church? How vividly we recall, in contrast, our first little evangelistic meeting in Paris just twenty years ago! Blessed be God for all that He has wrought! We praise Him for you, dear French pastors and laymen, for you, our band of co-workers, and the Christian ladies who so disinterestedly aid us.'

He recalls the honoured names of those 'gone before,' who had spoken the Word of Life in the halls. Then, turning to the attendants of the Mission halls—

'What joy it gives us to see you crowding around us

here! I will not conceal from you that it cost us much, twenty years ago, to leave our country, our friends, our church, and to take up our abode here, where we were then entire strangers. I venture to affirm that no one could delight more than I in the sacred relations binding a Christian pastor to his flock. I well remember saying to Mrs. McAll, just as we were leaving England: “We must prepare ourselves to be entirely deprived of the affection of our congregation, our great family, so to speak. If the French working-classes will listen to the preaching of Christ crucified, we shall have abundant reason to give thanks to God; but as to the personal attachment of those among whom we labour, there is an end of it.” How mistaken we were! Your affectionate regard has been to us a precious encouragement.

‘We are *numerous* this evening. Numerous, I say. One thought most powerfully impresses me as I allude to this fact. There is another assembly convened at this very hour, the company of our beloved attendants of past days, who have gone before us to heaven—of those who received in our Mission halls the knowledge of their Saviour, and have died in His peace. They are now where poverty, suffering, and sin are unknown. And I firmly believe that this assembly on high is, at least, as numerous as the gathering of to-night.

‘Well, dear friends, do we not all desire that these two assemblies may become ere long one undivided and blessed throng? Suffer, then, your old Director to take you by the hand, one by one, and lead you to the feet of that Saviour whom he has sought, during these twenty years, to teach you to love. You who have long frequented our meetings without taking the great decisive step, and you, beloved young friends, who form, so to speak, the future of the Mission and the joy of our heart, say this evening, before God, “From henceforth Jesus Christ for me. From henceforth I belong to The Family. From henceforth I claim a humble place in the great Church of the firstborn written in heaven.”’

A Paris paper next day said:—

‘Yesterday we had a true *fête* of the Evangelical Alliance. . . . Lutherans, Reformed Church, Free Methodist, Baptist,

English Church, French, American, surrounded Mr. and Mrs. McAll beneath garlands of evergreens—a true family gathering.'

TO MRS. MARINÉ J. CHASE.

'28, VILLA MOLITOR, AUTEUIL, PARIS, *March 1, 1892.*

'I wish I could reply at length to your kind letter and tell you all that concerns us here, but you will pardon me, overwhelmed as I am with the complicated duties pressing on me, and the need of preparing all my annual reports (not yet commenced) before leaving for London (D.V.) in just over a fortnight. I am venturing on the arduous Mission campaign solely in reliance on the Lord for strength. I feel it to be, just now, completely beyond my strength, but it seems needful for the finances of the work, and He can bring me through it. Dr. Loba will be a great help to me in it. It seems hard to realise that we have the prospect of seeing you, and the home at Redhill, which we have tried to picture to ourselves, so soon. The most fatiguing part of the journey promises to come after leaving London—two meetings a day and long travelling from town to town.'

TO THE SAME.

'PECKHAM, *April 1, 1892.*

'This is our last day in London, and I must seize a moment from my greatly overcharged time, ere leaving, to say how extremely sorry and disappointed I am not to get a glimpse of you again before leaving. On Tuesday I had looked forward to quite a day with you and Mrs. Robert McAll. Alas! my old enemy was too much for me, and I had to pass all the time in uselessness and acute suffering. How thankful I am to be on my feet again, and, as it seems, prepared for the remaining arduous work of our *tourné*—two meetings yesterday, two to-day, and twelve in the three northern towns.'

The *tourné* was arduous indeed, but lightened because we were so much among our own people, old friends of three degrees—of youth or childhood, of the pastoral days, and of auld lang syne generally. The last stage of our journey

was Sheffield, and there we had much for which to thank the dear friends with whom we stayed, for the old enemy was too much for us again, and two days of intense suffering had to be patiently borne.

The summer's rest was disturbed at the outset by financial disquietudes, ending in advances to the Mission by Dr. McAll and one of the most able and generous members of committee. Clouds and sunshine alternated. On July 12 the official organ of the Government announced the nomination of Dr. McAll to the Legion of Honour, thus:—

'M. le révérend Mac All, R.W., citoyen anglais, établi à Paris depuis 1871. Créateur de conférences populaires, de dispensaires médicaux, Lauréat de la société d'encouragement au bien. Poursuit depuis 20 ans son œuvre philanthropique avec le plus grand dévouement et le plus grand désintéressement. Services rendus à l'instruction populaire.'

On July 22, Monsieur Ribot, Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, writes thus to him:—

'PARIS, le 22 Juillet, 1892.

'MONSIEUR,—Il m'est bien agréable de vous faire connaître que M. le Président de la République, voulant vous donner un témoignage particulier de sa haute bienveillance, vient, sur ma proposition, par un Decret en date du 9 de ce mois, de vous conférer la Croix de Chevalier de l'ordre national de la Légion d'Honneur. Je me félicite d'avoir été à même de faire valoir les titres que vous vous êtes acquis à cette marque de distinction, et je m'empresse de vous transmettre le Brevet et les insignes de l'Ordre. Recevez, monsieur, les assurances de ma considération très distinguée.

'Le Ministre des Affaires Etrangères, RIBOT.

No felicitations were more to be prized than those which came from Dr. McAll's colleagues on this auspicious event.

One little *tournée* was on quite new ground in the north-eastern corner of England.

Our last little journey, how lovely it was! Under the

Cheviots, at Holy Isle, and Bamborough. We returned to Paris, September 2, and another of those 'grave trials' was the departure of the Rev. Dr. Loba for America. The spring *tournée* in London and the country had raised Dr. McAll's hopes very high as to the growing enthusiasm for the work on the part of his long-sought and waited-for colleague. On our return our friend was gone. Weighty questions had to be pondered and grave decisions taken. Dr. McAll's mind was made up. He resolved to return to England and lay himself out there, so far as strength would allow, in pleading for the work he had been privileged to found. His intention was not to leave Paris—that would have been too hard. But an attempt was to be made to divide ourselves—such was his thought—between Paris and London, keeping our Paris home on a much diminished scale, and removing the greater part of our furniture to London.

It was a very hard question to settle at the best, for our hearts had been greatly drawn out towards everything French, and above all during the last two months. On October 18, only six weeks and four days since we landed at Calais, we started once more for England.

On coming to Norwood in October, 1892, Dr. and Mrs. McAll made over £1500 to the Mission in securities and cash as a sum on which the Mission could borrow in time of scarcity: these securities being deposited with the bankers of the Mission, and chosen by them from a list submitted to them by Dr. McAll; the interest at 4 per cent. being paid to Dr. and Mrs. McAll during their lifetime, and at their death principal and interest alike falling to the Mission. On November 6 we were at Hadleigh. At the communion service the words spoken by their former friend and pastor about France touched many hearts. What followed is best told by Dr. McAll himself in a letter to the ladies of the Philadelphia Auxiliary of the American McAll Association.

'13, HIGHVIEW ROAD, UPPER NORWOOD, LONDON,

February, 1893.

'DEAR CHRISTIAN FRIENDS,—By a sudden and alarming failure of my health, I have been forced to desist from the ceaseless public duties of the Mission, to which for the last twenty-one years my life has been devoted. I have thought that some word addressed from the scene of our present retirement might serve, not only to assure you of our undiminished devotion of heart to the work, but, by God's blessing, to keep alive your own prayerful sympathy, and lead you to put forth, if possible, still more strenuous exertions on behalf of French evangelisation.

'Mrs. McAll and I, moved by the great losses sustained by the Mission through the death of very many of its most generous supporters, had seen it to be our duty to sacrifice during a large portion of each year our part in the nightly evangelistic meetings in Paris, which we had come intensely to love, in order to give ourselves to the effort to spread the interest in the work in London and throughout England. By this step we hope to avert the sad necessity for closing a number of stations and dismissing valuable co-workers. We retained half our little home in Paris, and this house was taken and our furniture transferred to it, when three days after our entrance on it terrible illness attacked me, and brought me to the extremity of weakness. A second seizure soon followed, still more threatening in its character. After two months, I am unspeakably thankful to be so far restored as to be able quietly to serve our dear Mission by thinking and writing. For the great strain of public work and administration I have no prospect of regaining my former strength. So far, our cherished plan must be laid aside. But my medical attendants give me hope of being enabled after a time to revisit Paris, and to enter again into the counsels of my esteemed colleagues, and in a small measure to resume a few of the evangelistic and devotional meetings which we so much love. Whatever remains to me of ability and opportunity, I am only too happy to consecrate them to the enterprise with which I account it the highest privilege of my life to be identified. As I have often ventured to say, when pleading the cause of the Mission, had I a hundred lives at

my disposal, I would very gladly devote them all to the effort to win France for Christ.'

We entered our house at Norwood on November 15, and on the 16th Dr. McAll spoke on the Mission at the Clifton Road Church schoolroom, Peckham; on November 17, at Mildmay, at a lecture given by Canon Girdlestone; and on the 18th he was overtaken by his severe illness. By November 21 he was unable to read his letters, and was compelled to renounce all engagements. A round of meetings had already been arranged in London, Bath, Eastbourne, and Leeds. By December 20 he was so much better as to be able to attend a welcome meeting to the new minister of St. Andrew's, and a farewell presentation to the retiring pastor; on the 18th he went to morning service at St. Aubyn's; on the 23rd went out, took a chill, got worse, and on the 31st, New Year's Eve, was at the lowest point he had yet reached. On January 2 he was 'a little better,' and on the 3rd a friend found him sitting up in the study, and on the 4th there was 'a very good night.' Can we hesitate to acknowledge with grateful hearts God's gracious answer to the prayers of the Mission band at the Friday meeting in Paris,—'which,' says Dr. McAll himself, 'became marked not only by large numbers in attendance, but by the highest degree of fervour and affection in approaching the throne of grace'? Here is a telegram full of comfort, dated January 5:—

'Special meeting of all workers yesterday. Assure you of love and prayers. Telegram proposed by Pastor G. Meyer Greig.'

And not from Paris only did such reviving messages reach us: the sympathy expressed by Christians in Norwood was very helpful. Should these pages meet the eyes of any who so delicately ministered in that time of trial to the anxious

and wearied ones, will such now receive the assurance that their affectionate attentions will never be forgotten by the survivor?

It was a lovely feature in Dr. McAll's character that there was nothing morbid about him; he had too much vitality to allow him to sit down and yield to the depression of dark days. He might certainly for a short season suffer from depression, but it never lasted long. If he could but see an opening into the blue beyond, a promise of success in any work he might take in hand, he would push on quietly and steadily to the end. He knew, too, how to 'draw the best part' out of every lot. I remember him reproaching some one with warmth for speaking disparagingly of a position in life which was under consideration. He said, 'You would root up all the flowers!' This gift kept him young. Two dear friends, a brother and sister, spent an evening with us during our stay in Norwood. On reaching home, the boy said, 'Mother, when I am with Dr. McAll, I cannot think of him as *old*, he is so young; he is really younger than I am in some ways!' There were also the children of kind neighbours who would come in now and then. We cannot forget Dr. Beard's wise remark after that merry evening at Auteuil, 'Dr. McAll looked younger for the space of a week!'

The ministrations of the Rev. George Martin were greatly prized by Dr. McAll, and it is to be noticed that, on January 8, one week only from the crisis of his severe attack, that he was able to attend morning service at St. Aubyn's, making fourteen attendances during the three months, including some at St. Andrew's and on several week-night occasions. On March 26 he attended Divine service twice at Dover, exchanging kindly greetings with the pastors at the close, saying he wished to be at work, as 'the time was short.'

Few as were the days of our English residence, he had been enabled to form two good auxiliaries: one at Norwood,

which sprang into life under our roof on February 10; and another at Croydon on March 4. He had been able, too, to visit friends at Clapham, and Dr. and Mrs. Süss Hahnemann.

To the compilation of our Hymnal Supplement he gave the most patient, even painful care at this time.

TO THE REV. THÉODORE MONOD.

'February 23, 1893.

'Am I not anxiously looking out, each post, for another sheet of rigid, but, alas! just criticisms? I am even prepared to welcome the rod! You divine my meaning: our printer will not be able to get on any farther until I shall have received your further suggestions on the other hymns he has set up.

'I commend the poor hymn-writers and Mrs. McAll, who is hard indeed to appease when favourite tunes have to be set aside because the words are faulty, to your tender mercies! But, I assure you, I feel that you are doing us a real service in this. Our quaint Scotch printer writes me, in answer to an apology for troubling him with so many corrections: "Tell Mrs. McAll that she goes to her milliner and is measured for a dress; when it comes home, it does not fit. She sends it to be altered; again it is sent home, very little improved. Then the lady says, 'I cannot trouble the milliner a third time,' and so goes on to wear it in continual misery, or casts it aside unused."

'Is not that a brave Scot? I am filled with admiration of him. Anxiously awaiting your *envoi*, I am, ever your faithful friend,
'R. W. McALL.

'The doctor thinks I may travel to Paris a week or ten days hence, so we shall be away at our favourite post, D.V., when you come to town.'

After five days at Dover, we crossed the Channel on March 28, 1893. The passage was calm, and the arrival at the Gare du Nord is thus described by Mr. Greig:—

'As an Easter gift he came back to us, and almost like one risen again from the dead. A telegram announced his

arrival on Tuesday evening at the Gare du Nord ; and when the crowd had somewhat lessened, we saw him slowly making his way across the well-known platforms, eye and ear seeming to note with satisfaction everything that proved to him that he was back in Paris, back to the battlefield. As he sank down among the cushions of the carriage, to which, with infinite precaution, his long-trying friend, M. Rouilly, conducted him, there seemed almost an accent of triumph in the tired voice that courteously invited us to come out at once with him to his house at Auteuil.

'Few will forget the prayer-meeting at the Rue Royale three days after, on Good Friday. Partly on account of the day, which is a partial holiday in Paris, partly because the news of Dr. McAll's arrival had spread, the gathering was unusually large, nearly filling the hall ; and when, shortly after five o'clock, the well-known form was seen advancing, as of old, hat in hand, up the aisle, a thrill went through the assembly, and not many eyes were dry.

'He set himself at once resolutely to Mission business ; writing letters, devising plans, presiding at committees, even visiting his beloved Mission halls. In vain we protested : he would not spare himself ; and perhaps the joy he felt in once again working for the Master more than counter-balanced the weariness and fatigue.'

The following charming lines greeted us on reaching our 'true home' :—

'7, RUE DE LA CERISAIE, *March 27, 1893.*

'Welcome to your French home—to your true home, dear friends ! I hasten to return the two proofs : (1) 393, Fisch—untouched. I have already done so last week ; but I dare say you were no longer at Norwood when it got there. Let the words fly on the wings of the music ! (2) 38, Saved by Palestrina *un peu "retapé" (dans le dos)*. Ever yours faithfully,
 'THÉODORE MONOD.'

Small histories might be written of the *cantiques* in the Supplement—some of them droll enough.

The following kind expression is from a number of pastors, assembled for the 'May Meetings' :—

'À MONSIEUR LE RÉV. DR. McALL,—Soixante et un pasteurs de Paris, des départements et de l'étranger, réunis ce jour à un déjeuner amical à l'occasion des Conférences pastorales, générales, se font, sur la proposition de M. le Pasteur Dumas, un vrai plaisir d'envoyer à Monsieur McAll leurs vœux pour sa santé, et le prient d'agréer la cordiale assurance de leur satisfaction de le savoir de nouveau dans *leur* pays de France, dans *leur* Paris, à lui et à eux. D'un même cœur ils demandent à Dieu de garder et de bénir cet ami vénéré. En leur nom,

' F. MOURON.

'Un toast ayant aussi été porté aux femmes des pasteurs, Madame McAll nous fera la gracieuseté de vouloir bien croire qu'elle est pour une large part dans cette affectueuse "address" à Monsieur McAll, Paris, ce 19 Avril, 1893, 5 heures de l'après-midi.'

To this Dr. McAll's reply was :—

'28, VILLA MOLITOR, le 20 Avril, 1893.

'CHER MONSIEUR ET FRÈRE,—Je vous remercie bien sincèrement de m'avoir envoyé l'expression de la part de la réunion pastorale. Je n'ai pas besoin de vous assurer que ce témoignage fraternel m'est *bien précieux*. Je suis encore extrêmement faible et souffrant, mais je me réjouis beaucoup d'avoir pu retourner à Paris et à l'œuvre qui m'est si chère. Madame McAll est très reconnaissante pour l'expression d'amitié envers elle que vous avez eu également l'obligeance de nous faire parvenir.

'Votre bien dévoué,

' R. W. McALL.

'M. LE PASTEUR MOURON.'

So the days passed, and the busy brain was ever at work, devising schemes which were to relieve the 'present distress.' Twice at the committee, full of resource as ever, he set forth his plans and had his proposal ready; but his brain, as he himself saw, was working at 'three times its ordinary speed.' It is touching to look through the entries in his pocket-book made during those days and containing the word 'deferred,'

indicating a prospect, alas ! not to be realised. He pleased himself in planning a sojourn in the south of France for the autumn and winter ; but his Father had better things in store for him.

Let us look back at the work done since the beginning of 1893—in the simple item of correspondence alone. January to May 3, 1893 : letters received, 636 ; letters and papers written, 743 ; of these, 131 are for the Hymnal Supplement—*i.e.*, letters, cards, corrections of proofs—and 74 are for the American Auxiliaries ; for these he had help in copying ; and since his return to Paris he had presided, as was his wont, at the Sunday-afternoon meeting in the Salle Philadelphie five times. He had gone once to Barbès, once to La Villette, twice to the Friday prayer-meeting. On May 2 he went down to the Rue Royale, and took the chair as usual at an important financial discussion. ' We all bade him farewell,' says Mr. Greig, ' with many expressions of fear that the sitting had been too exhausting ; but he reassured us with his usual kindly smile, and no special foreboding crept over our hearts.' On the 3rd he was suffering. There were yet eight days to come. When the last one arrives he will ask to be left alone, like his father and his sister.

CHAPTER XIX.

‘CROSSING THE BAR’—AU REVOIR !

‘Jesus, when I pass the wave
Of the dark and stormy sea,
Let Thine arm be stretched to save,
Fix my trembling heart on Thee;
Sweetly chase my every fear,
O my Pilot! be Thou near.
Angels, who your vigil hold
Ever on that solemn land,
When the waters I behold
Frowning rise on either hand,—
Then your sweetest songs prepare,
And I’ll haste to meet you there.’

ROBERT STEPHENS McALL.

MACCLESFIELD, *about* 1817.

‘The heart of God’s child being already within those farther confines, breathing that purer air, what can the transition be, however effected, but a sweet arrival at home!’—ROBERT WHITAKER McALL, *preaching in London Road Chapel, Leicester, March 27, 1864.*

THIS father and son can never more be parted. Did they prove ‘Him faithful who hath promised,’ or were they left alone to face the ‘frowning waters’? Of the one it is recorded, that after the weary months of approaching dissolution, he passed, ‘so calmly departing, that those around him failed to notice the precise moment when the change took place’; of the other, ‘like a child folded in his mother’s arms, so he fell asleep,’ for the Saviour Himself drew near and left His seal on lip and brow—a smile,—a flower dropped from heaven’s gate. Such was his ‘sweet arrival at Home,’ 8.35 p.m., Ascension Day, May 11, 1893.

'Paris is radiant in all the glory of the earliest spring on record. The foliage in boulevard and avenue quivers in the sunshine against a cloudless sky. Yet on many a heart there has fallen a shadow. The friend of the *ouvriers*, of the lonely and toil-worn, is no more. The grave has closed upon "l'homme de bien," "français de cœur," as the French journals call him, the venerated Robert Whitaker McAll. In announcing his death the *Journal des Débats* said, "his cordiality gained him all hearts."

'How he had been led to create in France a religious and philanthropic work essentially popular has been fully told. "He became thoroughly French at heart." *Le Matin* said, "he loved passionately the country of his adoption." Such was the tone of the newspapers of Paris in alluding to Dr. McAll. The great work of his life was not entered upon till he was past middle age. Yet he has lived to see the tiny spark which he kindled in Belleville spread and burn till at his death there were one hundred and thirty-six centres of light and life in the country of his adoption.

'For a few weeks after his return from England in March, whither he had gone in the interest of the Mission, he resumed his place and work, so far as strength would permit, although his fragile form and weary step told something of what it cost. He went on April 30 to the réunion of the Rue Royale, and presided as was his wont, remaining for the English service in the evening. He entered with great joy into these services. Too weary to speak to one and another at the *sortie*, he lifted his hands as if in benediction; then the door closed behind him, and he passed away from the worship of earth. Once again he was present at an important committee of the Mission on May 2. Then nine days of weakness and suffering, borne with most touching patience and submission, lay between him and the eternal rest. When too weak to speak he responded by signs to the words of comfort spoken by Mr. Anderson and others. The end came very gently. When he breathed his last, it was like a child folded in the mother's arms, or a wave which "dies along the shore." So he fell asleep in Jesus. His great desire was to die in Paris, in harness, and surrounded by his devoted fellow-labourers. His remains rest with those of Theophilus Dodds, until the happy hour of reunion shall strike for the companion of forty-three years.

'Eighteen months before, the "Birthday Fête" which celebrated the twentieth year of the Mission and the seventieth year of Dr. McAll's life, was held in the Temple of the Oratoire. On Monday, May 15, 1893, the same building opened to receive another great assembly, and to witness a far different scene. In the former all was joyous congratulation, thousands of people all over France had contributed to give him a token of their love; now a vast assembly gathers round his coffin, and with tears and sadness takes a last farewell.

'Floral tributes of love came to the house of death from all the Mission halls, from the workers, the committee and private friends, till there was no room to place them on or near the oaken casket. Two *ouvriers* in blouses came bringing a *couronne* from Salle G., and with reverent steps they lay it at his feet. Two women, seamstresses maybe, to whom the morning given up meant a meal, came with the wreath from another group. And so it goes on—rich and poor alike expressing the sorrow which is in their heart. Then the tramp of the military is heard, and a guard of twenty soldiers takes up position on the side-walk opposite. As Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, this mark of respect is paid by the authorities. The hymns sung around the coffin float through the open windows, thrown wide at Mrs. McAll's desire, that the soldiers may hear. Then, as the remains are carried out, with arms reversed the men salute, watching in silence till the *cortège* is out of sight. The cross of the Legion of Honour is laid upon the coffin with his "robes"—the beautiful old silk gown itself being almost an heirloom, having been used by his father in Manchester more than sixty years ago.

'At foot pace we traverse the busy streets, by the river-side, past the Eiffel Tower, across the Place de la Concorde; carmen, *ouvriers*, schoolboys, merchants uncover their heads as the hearse passes, hat in hand, gazing after the flower-laden *catfalque*; and from one to another we hear the name "Mac-Coll." It is but a custom, perhaps, yet a beautiful one, speaking of the solemnity of death, and a momentary sharing of the grief of the bereaved. The palm-branches tied with the tricolour ribbon laid on his coffin signify the victor's triumph and the work done for France. The Temple of the Oratoire has been called the Protestant Cathedral of Paris. It was

given to the Protestants by Napoleon the Great. Up the steps we pass into the vast building, filled in every part with a quiet, sombre crowd, all in mourning, and many weeping. Even the upper galleries are crowded, and many people stand all the three hours and more.¹ Even the poor people from the Salles, who were there in hundreds, wore some sign of mourning.² The silence was almost oppressive until, after the Invocation by Pastor Decoppet, those two thousand voices take up the old hymn—

“Sainte Sion, o patrie éternelle.”

‘One of the boons conferred upon the Protestants of France by the McAll Mission is the book of *Cantiques Populaires*, compiled and published under the direction of Dr. McAll and of his wife. Some of the hymns are his own, and in the Mission halls on the next Sunday it was very touching to hear these men and women singing the words he had written for them about the happy land where there is no more sorrow.

‘As the hymn died away in the Oratoire, Pastor Théodore Monod’s clear, musical voice is heard, as with chaste diction and evident emotion he sketches the life and work of his “most dear and honoured brother in Christ.” Then followed Dr. Noyes, of the English Church, who in a brief address expressed the warm appreciation of the English residents in Paris for Dr. McAll and his work. Pastor Hollard struck a responsive note when he said: “This is a day of deep sorrow, but let it not be one of ingratitude. Let us remember what God has given to France by the hands of His faithful servant.” Pastor Appia said: “A fortnight ago I was privileged to take part in the last public meeting over which he presided. I love to think of him behind the little desk at Rue Royale, where, as of old, he took up his work and appeared stronger than he was. I love to see him standing there, to hear him, with somewhat broken voice, give out the

¹ The service was fixed for 1.30, but did not begin before 2.30. Many people were there at 10 o’clock waiting for the opening of the doors.

² A poor woman overhearing some one remark, ‘What a great crowd there is here!’ quickly replied, ‘There will be a much greater one to meet him *up yonder!*’

hymns, and call upon the speakers; faithful to his post, like a French soldier in the day of battle, like an English captain issuing his orders amid the raging sea."

"The Rev. A. D. Philps was the bearer of a message of sympathy and sorrow from the Friday session of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. Amongst other things he expressed the gratitude with which English Christians had heard of the honours conferred upon Dr. McAll, and of the warm place accorded to him in the hearts of the French people. The venerable Pastor Hocart offered the closing prayer.

"The service ended according to the Continental custom. The congregation remained seated, while the widow, supported by her relatives, took her place beneath the lofty porch, to give opportunity to all who wished to shake hands with her. Slowly she came out, and for more than half an hour the scene was most touching, as rich and poor grasped her hand, with tears streaming down. The women embraced her again and again, and many were the whispered words of comfort from Christian hearts. "I owe *all* to him." "Never alone, madame." "Jesus wept." "I will not leave you orphaned." "*Il est maintenant au ciel.*" In the street below was a dense crowd blocking the traffic. At last, after four or five hundred of these personal greetings had been received, we again entered the coaches to commence the last journey to Passy. Hundreds followed on foot, and a long escort of carriages, so that around the grave another large crowd assembles. Here were uttered loving, tender words of remembrance and thanksgiving for the holy life ended and the noble work done, touchingly spoken by M. Louis Sautter; then another hymn to the familiar tune,

"A day's march nearer home."

"Once more Mr. Anderson's voice is heard, as he steps to the graveside to utter the familiar words which come with infinite pathos and yearning at such a moment. "Most dear President, founder and friend, Dr. McAll, adieu! au revoir! To God, till we meet again." The Pastor Vincent offered the closing prayer, and the Rev. Charles Greig pronounced the benediction."¹

¹ Annie McAll Philps. From the *American McAll Record*, July, 1893.

**'In Thy presence is fulness of Joy; at Thy right hand
there are pleasures for evermore.'**

'Unchanged that Voice—and though not yet
The dead sit up and speak,
Answering its call; we gladlier rest
Our darlings on earth's quiet breast,
And our hearts feel they must not break.'

Christian Year.

CHAPTER XX.

THE AFTER-GLOW.

THE following tributes to Mr. McAll and his work, either uttered at his funeral or written shortly afterward, appropriately close the story of his life. Pastor Théodore Monod, speaking at the great service in the Oratoire, said:—

‘What has Dr. McAll done for France? Time will not allow us to retrace the history of the work. Its nature will be sufficiently understood when we recall the good woman who declared, “Our home was formerly a hell upon earth, now it is heaven”; that old soldier, who used to know nothing about the Bible, but now “feeds upon it”; that young girl who, when dying, begged her mother to go on reading the Bible, and comforted her, in a charmingly *French* way, by saying, “Dear mother, you will not grieve for me when I am gone; you will think how happy I shall be up there, *dancing with the angels!*”

‘The health of the President of the Mission was far from robust, and was not commensurate with his indefatigable activity. Several times he was reluctantly obliged to take a season of rest. He suffered especially from frequent attacks of excruciating headache. Last year he grew worse. He felt it was necessary to relinquish the daily cares of the Mission and retire to London for some months in each year, hoping still to forward the work by his counsels, and by helping to secure the needful resources. But this was not to be. The hand of God laid him low; he became seriously ill and unable to attend meetings. He worked to the last, however, preparing an enlarged edition of his invaluable hymn-book, no small part of the inheritance he has left us.

‘In his solitude he pined for France and for his work. I had almost said that he felt “home-sick.” As soon as he could persuade the doctors to allow it, he returned to Paris. But he grew weaker day by day. He was able to revisit some of his beloved *conférences*, and to take part in the deliberations of the committee. Only a fortnight ago yesterday he conducted the meeting at the Rue Royale in the afternoon. He grew rapidly worse. His great desire was for quiet and solitude. Very few saw him during those days. On the last of all, almost his last words, spoken with great difficulty, were, *Laissez-moi mourir; laissez-moi seul* (“Let me die; leave me by myself”).

‘On the preceding day, the Rev. S. H. Anderson, in the course of a short interview, asked him, “Is Jesus still near you?” In his extreme weakness, Dr. McAll replied by nodding his head affirmatively. “How glad we are to know that all is free grace!” Again the sick man smiled and signified assent. “Christ Jesus has been made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption,” said the pastor. Dr. McAll again smiled, stretching out both hands with the palms turned upwards, and gazing into heaven with an expression of rapture.

‘Mrs. McAll wrote me,’ added Pastor Monod, “He fell asleep like a little child in his mother’s arms.” We saw him the next day on the bed where he had breathed his last; it was strewed with flowers and palm leaves and our national colours; his coat was buttoned up, as though he were about to rise and walk to the meeting, and the red ribbon of the Legion of Honour was on his breast.

‘. . . Dr. McAll has given permanent shape to a new method of evangelisation. Listen to a man who is entitled to be heard on such a subject. Mr. Moody says: “I consider the McAll Mission as a model Mission for the world. Its special characteristic is that it preaches the Gospel daily, not in churches or chapels, but in shops on the public thoroughfares.”’

M. Monod then pointed out three chief lessons arising from Dr. McAll’s life and work:—

1. ‘If you desire to accomplish great things for God, do not try to make a great beginning. Let your own concern

be to do faithfully whatever work the Master sets before you.

2. 'Serve God only. How few give to God *the whole* of their heart and life! What strikes me most in these Anglo-Saxon Christians, some of whom have been such a power for good, is the *thoroughness* of their consecration.

3. 'We must always be at God's disposal. When God said to Dr. McAll, as to Abraham of old, "Get thee out of thy country, and from thy kindred, and from thy father's house," he was over fifty years old. He had an excellent position, as a beloved and honoured pastor; he might well have pleaded to be excused from undertaking a work so full of uncertainty, and leaving a position so full of usefulness. But, having recognised the voice of God, our beloved friend did not hesitate.'

The Rev. H. E. Noyes, D.D., of the English Church, Rue d'Aguesseau, in a brief address expressed the warm appreciation of Mr. McAll's work by the English residents in Paris:—

'Dr. McAll was a man raised up for this work by the Great Head of the Church, who ever provides men for the work to be done. God gave him to France as He gave Luther to Germany, and Savonarola to Italy; and no one can read his life here, from the time that cry came to him on the outer boulevards of this city on August 18, 1871, to the last report of the work done, but must be convinced that he had fulfilled the ministry which God gave him to do.

'Dr. McAll had just those qualifications which in any rank in life fit a man to lead, and to organise and carry out a great work, and to these were added the gifts and graces of an eminently Christian character. He had that tenacity of purpose, that strength of will, that grasp of a situation and power of organisation which ever pioneer success. He had, moreover, a gentleness, a kindness, a simplicity, and a love which endeared him to all who knew him. His very presence was like a sunbeam, and his face a sermon. No one could be in his presence without feeling the power of his influence, without being constrained to acknowledge that he was a God-sent man in his right place.

‘I would also say that the large sympathy drawn out for this great work arises also from another cause, and that the character of the work itself. We read in the Gospel that John the Baptist pointed to “the Lamb of God,” although it cost him two of his personal disciples, and it was the glory of the Baptist that it did so. There is no exaggeration in saying that the chief aim of Dr. McAll was not to win adherents to any system, but to point men to Christ. He did not underrate the value of ecclesiastical organisation, but he left that question to be dealt with by the individual influenced by the Gospel. The lines on which the work was to be carried on were deliberately chosen, and the wisdom of the choice has been fully manifested. By it jealousy and rivalry and bitterness have been avoided, and a fervent spirit of charity has been generated, which one hopes will never be allowed to grow cold. And so we find to-day so many representatives who, without any compromise of principle, or any loss of affection for their own ecclesiastical organisation, can join heartily in a tribute of love to one who has carried out the work of the Master in France on the only lines which gave any promise of success, and who has succeeded beyond his utmost expectation. I know I am expressing the feeling of many here present when I say that we are deeply thankful for the anniversary meeting in January last year, when the workers and friends in so many hundreds joined to celebrate our departed friend’s seventieth birthday. It was not too late, and it cheered the heart of our brother, which none of us realised was so soon to be stilled in death. And could he speak to us now, he would say—as he said on that occasion—“What hath God wrought!” “Look not to the instrument, but to the great Giver of all—the Power which enabled me to inaugurate and carry on the work.” And, dear friends, the best tribute we can pay to our departed friend—that which will last and become more valuable when the words spoken to-day are forgotten—is to determine to carry on in the same way the work he began—to press forward earnestly and prayerfully the work of evangelisation, until the sunny fields of France shall afford a rich harvest for the King of kings.’

Pastor G. Appia, Lutheran minister, said :—

In him this work has assumed a *modern shape*. Our

brother has known how to utilise, for the proclamation of the Gospel, the varied forces created by this nineteenth century : publicity, the press, facilities for travelling, fraternal intercourse between nations. He has in some degree antedated the fulfilment of the prophecy that the nations shall bring their treasures to the temple of God ; he appealed to patriotism, to the interest inspired by France in other peoples ; like the householder described by our Lord, he has brought out of his treasury things new and old, renovating old forms of worship, changing church hymns ; first rousing men's curiosity, he then led them to Christ. The work of God has been accomplished in him and by him because he endeavoured to lead captive his every thought, and to bend all his energies to the obedience which is in Christ Jesus. . . .

'He came to the Continent with his heart full of deep, yearning loving-kindness, which he offered, so to speak, to France, as she lay wounded and bruised. Without in the least exaggerating, we may say that *France has accepted it*. Who could have foreseen the magnitude of the task which God was about to confide to His servant, when, encouraged by Pastor Robin and the sainted Georges Fisch, he hired his first hall in Belleville ? It was so easy to criticise him and to question the wisdom of his enterprise, just as David Livingstone was criticised when he seemed to act contrary to the received theories of missionary effort ; but, like the illustrious explorer, he just plodded on in silence in the path he had chosen, because, like him, he felt that he was guided by God. For it was God who had prepared him for his work, and who was showing him the special work he had to do. God knows how to utilise, for the accomplishment of His purposes, the gifts of His children ; man's part is to find out what gifts God has given him, and how to apply them most wisely to whatever task the Master may allot to him.

'He has shown that the readiest way to win men is to love them ; manifesting always and everywhere an invariable charity, and constantly putting into practice the precepts of the apostle, "in honour preferring one another," and "not slothful in business."

'Certainly he was not wanting in shrewdness ; but he never sought from skilful human plans the success he wished to receive from God.

‘Yet he recollected that the Master had not only said, “Be ye harmless as doves,” but also, “Be wise as serpents.” This Christian wisdom was necessary for dealing with so many men, and was manifested by his so restraining himself as never to trespass on another’s province, and by his always getting others to do whatever it was not absolutely necessary he should do himself. In the midst of many varied susceptibilities, and individual, national and ecclesiastical rivalries, he was able, by the instinct of Divine love, to avoid friction, and, with tact mingled with equity, give to each the part for which he was best adapted, making each one almost believe that his was the highest post, so great was the healthy illusion produced by that love which “believeth all things, hopeth all things, beareth all things, which thinketh no evil,” and by not being willing to believe in it, finally causes evil to disappear.

‘Certainly, were he in the midst of us, he would tell us the source of all his strength, and would repeat, with the great apostle of the Gentiles, “But God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me and I unto the world.” How he loved to sing, and to make others sing, about this cross, after having striven to understand its sacred harmonies! Listen how he sang of it in one of the twenty-nine hymns he wrote :—

Quel cri perçant a réveillé
 Ton silence, Calvaire ?
 C'est l'appel d'un cœur travaillé,
 Brisé par sa misère :

Pour un malfaiteur tel que moi
 Reste-t-il de la place ?
 Me laisses-tu venir à toi ?
 Puis-je trouver ta grâce ?

Oh ! puisses-tu rendre un ingrat
 À l'amour de son Père !
 Pense à moi, quand tu reviendras
 Couronné de lumière !

Le Sauveur écoute son cri ;
 Dans sa grâce infinie,
 Il dit : ‘Tu verras aujourd’hui
 La céleste patrie !’

Jésus, qui reçut ce pécheur,
 Te recevra, mon frère :
 Accepte-le pour ton Sauveur !
 Retourne vers ton Père.

‘He, the foreigner, brought to them the popular hymns and tunes, and enrolled under the banner of the Gospel, and then led to the combat, the strong, the privileged ones, the men of faith, eloquence, and even of wealth. You remember that it was to his work that Pastor Bersier gave his last hours ; you know how Edmond de Pressensé spoke of it with the deepest interest and sympathy. He succeeded in grouping around him those who were willing to work, and in giving new and blessed channels to the available energies of the Church. He succeeded in this by the attraction of love, and of sincere and real kindness. Listen how he speaks of this in one of his hymns :—

Mon prochain, n'est-ce pas celui
 Qui, seul dans sa misère,
 Mourant de faim, privé d'appui,
 A besoin d'un vrai frère ?

Mon prochain, c'est le malheureux
 Chargé de lourdes chaines ;
 Pour les porter, nous serons deux,
 J'allégerai ses peines.

Oh ! pourrais-je oublier l'Ami
 Qui, voyant ma misère,
 Mourut pour moi, son ennemi,
 Sur la croix du Calvaire ?

Je veux, divin Frère, imiter
 Ta charité bénie ;
 Je veux, Seigneur, te consacrer
 Mes biens, mon cœur, ma vie !

‘A fortnight ago I was privileged to take part in the last public meeting over which he presided. I love to think of him as I saw him then. I love to think of him behind the little desk at Rue Royale, where, as of old, he took up his former work and appeared stronger than he was. I love to see him standing there ; to hear him, with somewhat broken voice, give out the numbers of the hymns, and call

upon the speakers ; faithful to his post, like a French soldier in the day of battle, like an English captain issuing his orders amid the raging sea ; then, at the close, inviting his hearers, with his unfailing kindness, to come again to listen to the appeals of his Master. It is beautiful to think that his great desire has been fulfilled : he longed to return to Paris ; God has granted him this request ; he has returned to lay his bones among those of his children and his brethren, so that together they may arise to meet their Master at "that day" of the great Resurrection.

'And what shall I now say to you, faithful Priscilla of this dear Aquila ? One desire we present you : that you may be able to remain for a long while amongst us ; and that when, wearied with the desert journey, you may stand in need of encouragement, angel hands may place near you "a cruse of water and a cake" during your sleep, and may say to you from the Lord, "Arise and eat, for the journey is too great for thee" ; thus you will continue to work with your husband in the strength which the Lord giveth, taking as your motto those words which the Huguenots driven from France by the "Great King" wrote above a ship driven by the tempest, "Rest yonder !"'

Pastor Hollard, of the Free Church, struck a responsive note when he said :—

'This is a day of deep sorrow, but let it not be one of ingratitude. Let us remember what God has given to France by the hands of His faithful servant. . . . "We weep, doubtless : but we bless God even while weeping."

'We bless God for the grand example His servant has given us. We bless Him for the sympathy of which he had, I will not say the gift, but the genius, as he showed by choosing our country among all other mission fields. Yes, he came to us, to our country, just *because* she was defeated, unhappy, and forsaken ; and he came with his heart wide open, his eye kindling with tenderness, and his hand loyally outstretched. We bless him for this unquenchable faith that he had in us, and in our fellow-citizens—or rather in God, and in what He could do with us and by means of us for the saving of souls, and the building up of His kingdom in this our Fatherland.

‘Yes, we do bless God, but we will also do something else. We will remember those who have inherited the work which Dr. McAll began, and who may well tremble under the weight of an inheritance, most noble truly, but also most responsible. And we would say to them, Be of good cheer! This work is not man’s work, but God’s. God has sealed it with His seal. *It will stand.* God will uphold *it* and uphold *you*. I make bold to add—and I am sure that in doing so I express the thoughts of very many—I make bold to add that, as far as in us lies, we will, with God’s help, do our utmost to uphold *you*, and to uphold *the work*.

‘What! When a foreigner—I use this term for want of a better—when a foreigner has come to us in our darkest days; when he has brought to us all that was most valuable to him, which was also most needful for us; when he has given to us both his heart and his life; when he has strikingly demonstrated that there is room for Christ in every soul, and in every home of the sons and daughters of our people; when he has simply obeyed this order which the King gave to His servants, “Go out quickly into the streets and lanes of the city, and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage,” and multitudes have responded to the invitation—and when he has fallen, worn out by sickness, and still more by the labours and constant cares which consumed him, shall we then do nothing but weep and recount his praises? Oh no! It is not *thus* that we ought to honour those who have lived and died as he did. The true way to do them honour is to seize the sword that has fallen from their fainting hands, and return to the fight, full of the spirit which animated them, valiant and ready for all sacrifices.

‘And this is what we *will* do. Do not let us betray the trust he confided to us, now that he is gone. No! We will, if I may so say, honour his faith and his prayers; we will respond to his last ardent desires in a manner not unworthy of him. And God will bless us.

‘It seems (to return to the parable I just referred to) as if we could hear him saying to the King, up there, “Lord, I have done as Thou commandedst me, and yet there is room,”—and I hear the King say, not to him, for his warfare is accomplished, but to us, “Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled!”’

The Rev. A. D. Philips, who was the bearer of a message of sympathy and sorrow from the Congregational Union of England and Wales, then said :—

‘ Much is in my heart to say on this occasion, but as the time is short my words must be few. I have the honour to appear before you to-day, not only as a member of the bereaved family, but as the representative of the Congregational Union of England and Wales. The yearly conference of this great society, comprising nearly 3000 pastors, was in session, last Friday, in London. That meeting received with profound sorrow the tidings of the death of Dr. McAll. He was well known and greatly beloved by the English pastors. They watched with prayerful interest the growth and prosperity of “The McAll Mission.” I am desirous to convey to the bereaved widow and mourning friends an expression of their deep sympathy and condolence.¹

‘ We in England are greatly touched by the kindnesses and honours you have showered upon Dr. McAll, and by the many tokens of your appreciation. He gave his heart to France, and you have opened your hearts to him. He has entered into rest, but the McAll Mission remains. May we have the blessing of the Lord who is ever with us, and will carry on His work through all the ages! Our trust is in God, though our eyes are dimmed with tears. The Lord gave Dr. McAll to France, and He has taken him away from you; with lowly submission to God’s purpose we bow our heads and say, “The will of the Lord be done.”’

At the graveside, on the day of the funeral, Monsieur Louis Sautter said :—

‘ Dear Friends who have shown your affection for Dr. McAll by accompanying his mortal remains to the cemetery,— Did you not love Dr. McAll? Were you not delighted, every

¹ The following is the text of the resolution voted by the Congregational Union: ‘The Assembly receives with deep regret the information of the removal of the Rev. Dr. McAll, the devoted Superintendent of the Paris Evangelical Mission, and instructs the committee to prepare a suitable resolution on the subject, and to transmit a copy of it to the bereaved family, and further, appoints Rev. A. Philips, of Coggeshall, to represent the Union at the funeral.’

time that you saw, on entering the hall, that Dr. McAll was on the platform and Mrs. McAll at the harmonium? Did you not love to receive his cordial shake of the hand, and his sweet and gracious smile, as you filed past him at the close of the meeting? Are you not sad to think that never, never more on this earth shall you see him again? It has often been told you how much he loved you. For you he left family, friends, and fatherland. For you he toiled, during twenty-one years, going out every evening to one of your meetings, and then returning home, writing until an early hour of the morning to friends in England, Scotland, and America, to interest them in the work of which they were the chief supporters. For you he sacrificed his tastes, his ease, his strength, his life. And do you, dear friends, know why he did this, and why he loved you so? It was because he loved the Lord Jesus, because he had learned of Him what love is; and therefore, as Jesus Christ gave His life for us, he was willing to give his life for his brethren. His aim in coming among you was to lead you to Jesus Christ. By loving you he hoped to make you understand how much more your Saviour loves you.—And now, dear Dr. McAll, farewell until we meet again!

The Rev. S. Honyman Anderson, of the Rue Royale, intimately associated with the work, wrote very shortly after the following sketch of Dr. McAll:—

‘Those who knew that man of God intimately could not but be struck with three attributes which distinguished him: *Love, Zeal, and Humility*. Special love for all God’s people without distinction of denomination—indeed, for all who profess to love the Lord Jesus Christ, be they Greeks or Catholics or Protestants; and love for the precious souls of even the most repulsive in appearance, and love for animals, and love for all the works of God in nature. He could have truly said, with the disciple whom the Lord loved, “We love . . . because He first loved us.”

‘After a meeting in Paris, while he and two fellow-ministers were walking home along the Seine, he said to them: “You and I could form a new church embracing *all* who love the Lord Jesus Christ, adoring Him as their Divine Redeemer,

believing in the Word of God, and endeavouring to follow Jesus as the Pattern ; with all liberty as to rites and ceremonies or forms of ecclesiastical government." His last words concerning the Lord's work were about the French African Mission : a few words traced in pencil on a scrap of paper to remind his colleagues to announce M. Borgner's service at the Rue Royale. One night he was so grieved at a "rough" disturber of the meeting on Boulevard Sebastopol being turned out of the hall, that he exclaimed from the platform to the stern janitor who was thrusting out the man, "It is you, sir, who should go out."

'His *love for children* was great. It was often pleasing to see him stoop to kiss the little ones who came and saluted him after meetings. Some of his favoured young friends will never forget the pleasant evenings which they sometimes spent with him on his only resting night in the week, when he made himself a child like them and took part in their games. He seemed then, for a couple of hours or so, to forget his burden and his toil. During his well-earned rest, in the hottest month, he has been seen wading in the sea with his boots in his hand, and a group of poor little children beside and around him, chatting as they went along ; and thousands of the little *désoléés* of France have received abundant blessing through his Mission among them.

'His *love for animals* could not escape notice. He would sit at his study table doing most important work, with his white cat on his lap. At night, on reaching his abode in the Rue Pierre-Guérin, near midnight, the favourite cat's voice has been heard welcoming him from behind the gate, while the master stood outside waiting for the bell to be answered. One wintry night on the way to the train he stopped to pity a little white dog, shut out in the cold, in a lonely street, and waited till the door had been opened and forgotten doggy had been gratefully received. Another time he said, "I have had to-day such a lovely visitor. A beautiful little bird came and perched itself on my study window."

'His love for plants and flowers made him a distinguished botanist ; and the beauty of mountain, lake, or sky, of ocean, sunrise or sunset, did not lack grateful admiration from him. He was one of those who are ready to feel "My Father made them all !"

‘His *zeal* has by some been considered his weakness, but by others one of the secrets of his success. See him at that London station (London Bridge), on the point of starting for the Continent. He has only a few minutes to spare, but he must jump into a cab, rush to the Religious Tract Society in Paternoster Row, secure that forgotten bundle of French tracts, and rush back again, just in time to jump in as the train moves along. And that moment of successful zeal contributed to make him the greatly admired and honoured man that he is to-day. Zeal moved him and his dear wife to dare distribute tracts in the Communists’ quarter of Belleville, so soon after the Archbishop of Paris and several priests had been shot during the Commune; and while doing this he heard that well-known appeal “Come over and help us!” He came, and during these twenty-two years “he has driven himself and driven all his fellow-workers.”

‘Soon after his arrival in Paris he used to sit up late and early studying the French language. He carefully wrote short addresses, which he delivered in the various halls.¹ He wrote tracts and hymns also. His correspondence was voluminous. Often after a hard day’s work, and long after midnight, he would be writing letters; and even in his last illness, when ordered complete rest in Norwood, he would in one week answer scores of letters.

‘New Year’s night and Christmas night were no impediment to him: he held his meetings as usual. Through the rain or in the slush and mud, in the darkest and most wretched nights, he has been seen trudging to some out-of-the-way hall at Puteaux or Montreuil or Pantin, outside Paris, often with his dear wife, his constant companion, as his only visible attendant. They were not alone; the angels of the Lord accompany His people!

‘With what zeal would he sing at the meetings, his full bass voice distinctly heard always! He made it a rule to stand and give out a verse at a time.² Beside committee-meetings and prayer-meetings, he attended the Gospel halls

¹ Called by the regretted Pastor Ernest Dhombres—‘allocutions courtes, simples, pleines de finesse en même temps que de bonhomie.’

² He had a good reason for the practice: it would be a pity if it were to be discontinued. The *spoken* verses have often arrested and enchained the attention of strangers, and there are also many poor people who cannot see the type, or, if they can see, *they cannot read*.

every night of the week save one, and on Sundays he usually had several meetings. He was one of the founders of the Temperance Society of Paris, and the blue ribbon which he had modestly shown on his breast was replaced, the year before he died, by the more brilliant red one of a Knight of the Legion of Honour of France. The Evangelical Alliance, the Bible Society, the Missionary Societies to the Jews and to the heathen, lose in him a true friend and supporter. The Paris City Mission is deprived by his death of one of its best friends and most assiduous members of its committee. The English Congregational Church suffers a great loss through his decease. It was in a great measure, thanks to his zealous interest in its welfare, that that "little oasis in the wilderness" has existed unto the present day as the resort of many of God's pilgrims belonging to all the tribes of His spiritual Israel. He was elected a deacon of that church, and was like a father unto the minister of that congregation, who for the last ten years has been his colleague and his intimate friend.

'His *humility* was great. He was an illustration of the truth "God giveth grace to the humble," and also of "Happy is he that walketh with the humble." "Be courteous" is rendered, "Be humble-minded." He was both. No man was more polite than Mr. McAll. He was also gentle, meek, and mild, rare qualities in a man of his zeal, with an ever-working brain, as a leader and commander. No matter-of-fact roughness, no wounding rebuke, no slighting of a humble colleague, no rash judgment against any, could he be accused of. That refinement of good breeding which consists in sparing the feelings of others was to be found in him. One who has worked with him twenty years says: "I cannot think of anything in his manner, his words, or his personal acts that could give offence."

'Humility! See him taking off his coat and helping the workman to prepare the first little room in the Rue Julien-Lacroix at Belleville! See him hurrying from the platform, after the meeting, to stand at the door and shake hands with every poor man, woman, and child as they leave the hall at Ménilmontant! He also has been heard to say, "I travel third class because there is no fourth." And in that uncomfortable French third-class train, with hard boards for seats, in the open carriage, in draughts and smoke, he has often

gone to the Creil meeting from Paris, and returned home after midnight! Often has he left the platform, while presiding, to give a hymn-book to some stranger; and often has he lingered behind to write a card enabling some poor beggar to find a bed or a meal in the Refuge at Belleville.

‘On Sunday, April 30, twelve days before his death, he said to the pastor of the Congregational Church, after having presided at the large French meeting in the afternoon: “I will stay for the evening service, but only on one condition; it is that you promise to preach.” The pastor answered, “Should any stranger ask to preach, I will refuse, and for your sake I will preach.” He walked out of that meeting, shaking hands with some, waving to others, and smiling upon all. It was the last religious meeting he attended, and as he left it he seemed to be in the act of blessing his fellow-worshippers and fellow-workers!’

The Rev. Horace Noel, M.A., has contributed the following reminiscences of his friend:—

‘My first acquaintance with Dr. McAll dates from September, 1872. I had been attending, just before, a conference of the Evangelical Alliance held at Geneva. The remembrance of the fearful events of 1870 and 1871 was still fresh in every one’s memory; and much sympathy had been called forth by the sore sufferings which the people of France, and more especially of Paris, had endured. It was not, therefore, to be wondered at that one of the subjects chosen for discussion at the conference was the spiritual condition and prospects of France since the war. In this meeting the late Dr. Georges Fisch took a prominent part; and those who knew him can readily imagine the heartiness with which he spoke on so congenial a theme. Among other things he told us of an Englishman who had settled in Paris, and had been remarkably successful, notwithstanding his foreign accent, in attracting the working people to his Gospel meetings. My own power of speaking the French language had at that time grown very rusty from disuse; but, hearing of Mr. McAll’s success, I thought that I might in some way lend a helping hand. The rest of a party with whom I was travelling were going on to Italy, and I therefore determined to go on to Paris and wait for them there, and occupy myself

meanwhile with Gospel work, if the way were made open for me.

‘A day or two after I arrived in Paris, I called on Mr. McAll, and found that he and Mrs. McAll were on the point of going to England for a three weeks’ visit; one object being to attend the autumnal meeting of the Congregational Union, and there make known what God had been doing by their means among the people of Paris. I told Mr. McAll my errand, and he very readily accepted my offer of help in carrying on the work during his absence. There were then four mission rooms: namely, at Belleville, Ménilmontant, Charonne, and Boulevard Ornano. It is affecting to think that M. Monod is now almost the only one remaining of those who took part in the Mission in its earliest days. Death has taken some away, and others have removed.

‘I returned to England in November; but the impression produced on my mind by what I had seen in Paris led to the formation of the Foreign Evangelisation Society, which has for its object the aid of missions upon the Continent of Europe which are carried on, as Mr. McAll’s was, by individual Christian workers on their own responsibility.

‘The following year, 1873, I received a letter from Mr. McAll asking me to come over to take charge of the Mission for a few weeks, while he and Mrs. McAll were taking a holiday; which they had certainly well earned. I need not say that I willingly obeyed this call. The number of mission rooms had now increased from four to six. The one at Charonne had been exchanged for another in the Faubourg St. Antoine, not far from the present site; and new rooms had been opened—namely, at Grenelle, and in the Rue Monge.

‘When I returned to England Mr. McAll was preparing to open a new room at La Chapelle, which he did the same autumn. I am afraid that if he had hearkened to my counsel he would have decided that he had already on his hands as much as his strength would allow. At a later date, when he was urged to begin a mission at Lyons, I tried again, I must confess, to act as a drag chain. A good many persons would, I dare say, have agreed with me at that time; but Mr. McAll was not an ordinary man, and, happily for France, had in him capacities which were not known till they were displayed in action.

‘ From that time till the end of Dr. McAll’s life I had from him a yearly invitation to come over and help to fill the gap, when he and Mrs. McAll took their summer holiday; and among the privileges for which I have to thank God, one of the foremost is that I should have been allowed to bear a hand in a work which has been so much blessed, and to be associated in it with so many true-hearted servants of Christ. At the same time, the fact that I was wont to come over just for the time when Dr. McAll was absent had this result, that I only saw him for a few days each year. This will explain why I am not able to contribute to his memoir more than the general impressions which my intercourse with him has left upon my memory.

‘ The history of the Mission is full of instruction for those who love to trace the hand of God in His dealings with men. The long-continued miseries of the siege, and the horrors of the Commune, must have done much to prepare the working people of Paris for the Gospel, by making them, for the time, a sadder and wiser race. And the bountiful supplies of food which England had sent for the starving population, after the two sieges, had doubtless made many far more willing than they would have been before the war to hear what an *Englishman* had to say. The invitation which Mr. McAll printed for distribution at the doors of his mission rooms, “*Des amis anglais désirent vous parler de l’amour de Jésus-Christ,*” was well worded for those days, but would not, I fear, be too attractive now.

‘ Besides the qualifications which are to be found in every faithful messenger of Christ, and on which therefore I need not here enlarge, I think that Dr. McAll was specially fitted for his work by a rare combination of prudence with energy and courage. The wonderfully rapid growth of his Mission—from four mission rooms in 1872, to more than thirty in Paris and its suburbs, and more than eighty in the departments, at the present date—was mainly due to the eagerness with which he was ever pressing forward. When the cry “Come over and help us” was heard, from whatever quarter it might come, it was hard for him to refuse. Yet at the same time he was eminently cautious when caution was required. A physiognomist would, if I mistake not, see in his portrait a large amount of benevolence accompanied with great firmness and decision of character. Yet his firmness

was not that of one who can break through briers and thorns without feeling them. His temperament was a highly sensitive one, and his manner in speaking indicated great nervous susceptibility.

‘His kindly spirit and remarkable courtesy of manner were well calculated to gain the hearts of the French. These are no doubt valuable qualities all the world over, but I think that all who have lived in France will agree that they are peculiarly appreciated in that country. The kindly handshaking and friendly smile which awaited the audience at the door of the mission room when Dr. McAll had been presiding, as they went out, had no doubt the effect of making them the more ready to come again and hear the Gospel message. The spirit and manner of the messenger were altogether in harmony with the message which he delivered.

‘There are two particulars in which Dr. McAll’s method of work might, I think, be successfully copied, not only in France but in England. One is that of renting empty shops as preaching places. A man in working dress will not enter a handsome church or chapel, where he knows that he would find a congregation in their Sunday clothes; but if he hears the sound of speaking or singing in a mere shop he may be induced to look in, feeling that he can easily make his retreat if he wishes to do so. And if he finds an audience containing people in working clothes like himself, he may be induced to stay.

‘Another thing, which should be combined with this, is the placing of a friend at the door to distribute bills of invitation and persuade those who take them to enter. In the annual report of the McAll Mission for 1892 and 1893 may be found a narrative of a young woman who was on her way to drown herself in the Seine, but was turned from her dreadful purpose by the invitation which she received at the door of one of the Mission halls as she passed by. Another striking example of the use of this practice may be found in the annual report for 1884. The same method has already been tried in England with success, but not, I think, so widely as it might well have been.

‘English friends of the McAll Mission are, I apprehend, in most cases very imperfectly aware how great a service Mr. McAll rendered to the work of evangelisation in France by

the introduction of a new hymn-book, in which both the hymns and tunes are suited to mission services. The hymns and tunes commonly used in the French Protestant Church are for the most part far better adapted to a settled congregation than to one gathered in by invitation from the street. There was great need of something more animated and cheerful, such as suits the popular taste. One or two very small collections of the sort required had already appeared, and one of these formed, so to speak, the *nucleus* of Dr. McAll's collection, with which it was by degrees incorporated. The *Cantiques Populaires* are now more than four hundred in number. A good many of the tunes are those with which Mr. Sankey has made us familiar, and the words of the corresponding hymns have been translated into French more or less freely, many by the skilful pen of Mr. R. Saillens. Some of the hymns are by Dr. McAll himself; but it would take too long to enumerate all the writers, French and English, whose hymns are to be found in the collection. And the origin of the tunes is likewise extremely varied: in this part of the work Mrs. McAll rendered most valuable aid. The use of the collection has extended far beyond the limits of the Mission; and it would not, I suppose, be too much to say that by its means the Gospel of Christ has been set before hundreds of thousands of French readers.

'The facility with which congregations are gathered into the mission rooms on Sunday evenings naturally suggests the question whether the French Protestant churches might not with great advantage be opened in the afternoon or evening of Sunday, instead of being closed for the remainder of the day when the morning service is ended, as the custom often is. A considerable proportion of the assemblies at the McAll mission rooms are habitual attendants; and those among them who, owing to domestic duties, cannot attend morning service would be left without any public means of grace if the mission rooms were closed. It is to be hoped that our Protestant brethren in France will see before long the importance of utilising more the precious hours of the Lord's day.

'On the other hand, we may hope that the noble example of Dr. McAll will have the effect of stirring up the Christians of England to feel more deeply their responsibility in regard to the spiritual welfare of Europe. The missionary zeal of

England, such as it is, is mainly divided between home missions, colonial missions, and missions to the heathen; and it seems to be almost forgotten that we have within a day's or two days' journey more than a hundred million of human souls who urgently need an evangelist. It is well for France that Dr. McAll was not unmindful.'

APPENDIX I.

THE FIRST REPORT OF THE MISSION TO THE WORKING MEN OF PARIS.

For Fourteen Months, November, 1871, to January, 1873.

R. W. McALL, 28, RUE CLAVEL, BELLEVILLE, PARIS.

Treasurers.

George Taylor, Bank House, Hadleigh, Suffolk.

Mons. le Docteur Gustave Monod, 114, Place Lafayette, Paris.

Stations.

Belleville, Rue Julien-Lacroix 103; Montmartre, Boulevard Ornano 35; Ménilmontant, Boulevard de Ménilmontant 90; Faubourg St. Antoine, Rue du Faubourg St. Antoine 204. New stations about to be opened near the Jardin des Plantes, on the south side of the Seine, Rue Monge 99.

SUMMARY OF THE YEAR'S WORK.

Number of Sitzings.—Belleville, 108; Montmartre, 150; Ménilmontant, 123; Faubourg St. Antoine, 134: total, 515. The new station will raise this number to over 600.

French meetings held during the year, 456; of which for children, 89; aggregate attendance, 37,957; average attendance at each adult meeting, 83; ditto at each of the 4 children's meetings, 80; ditto per week, recently, 1100; Bibles and other books issued from French Lending Libraries, 701; tracts, Scripture portions, magazines, etc., given, above 49,766 (exclusive of 2729 given, and 10 meetings held in summer in Normandy and the Vosges); English meetings held at Montmartre, 36; aggregate attendance, 785; books issued from English Lending Libraries, 179.

Grants of Bibles, Scripture Portions, Tracts, Magazines, Library

Books, &c.—British and Foreign Bible Society, per Mr. G. Monod, jun., 80 Bibles, 50 New Testaments and Psalms, 60 Testaments, and 200 Scripture portions; a friend, per Mr. G. Monod, jun., 15 large Bibles for aged people; the National Bible Society of Scotland, per Mr. J. Slowan, help towards a cheap sale of the Scriptures; Bible Stand, Crystal Palace, per Mr. Hawke, 28,350 Scripture portions; Religious Tract Society, per G. H. Davis, LL.D., tracts and books of the value of £10; Mr. Bewlay, Dublin, 31,500 tracts, children's books, and books of hymns; Baptist Tract Society, Lyons, 1900 tracts and Scripture portions; Société des Livres Religieux, Toulouse, 202 volumes for Lending Libraries; Sunday-School Union, coloured pictures to ornament mission rooms, value £2; Messrs. George Pearson, London, and E. Clover, Hadleigh, ornamental pictures, &c., &c.; the Society of Friends, London, Mr. T. B. Smithies and others, valuable parcels of *L'Ouvrier Français, Aux Enfants, Garra*, illustrated leaves, almanacks, &c.; Rev. J. E. Dalton, B.D., Seagrave Rectory, 300 copies of *Hymnes pour les Enfants*, per Religious Tract Society; Miss Blundell and other friends in Paris and elsewhere, parcels of tracts, books, magazines, &c.; Mr. Dardier, Geneva, supply of *Le Messager de l'Ecole du Dimanche*, for Sunday-schools and children's meetings; Mr. J. J. McCarty, Leicester, three ornamental banners for mission rooms;¹ Mr. Joseph Huntley, Sunderland, 600 circulars, 200 copies of 45 French hymns, and half the cost of 1200 copies of this Report.

*Donations to meet the Expenses of the Mission, November, 1871,
to January 15, 1873.*

	£	s.	d.	
LONDON AND ITS VICINITY.				Craven, Mrs., per Rev.
				S. W. McAll, M.A.
	£	s.	d. 1 1 0
Baxter, Robert	4	0	0	Noel, Henry
Binney, Rev. Thomas	3	0	0 0 16 0
George, W. A.	3	1	0	Noel, Rev. Horace, M.A.
Hammond, W. A., High-			 1 2 0
bury Park	2	0	0	Baxter, Miss, per do., for
Jarvis, Miss	0	4	0	Tracts
Lees, Charles, Barnet	5	0	0 0 8 0
„ „ for 1873	5	0	0	Turner, Rev. G. L., M.A.
McAll, Rev. Samuel	2	0	0 1 0 0
McAll, Mrs. Edward,				Wilson, Joshua, Tun-
Brighstone, per do.	2	0	0	bridge Wells, per
				Rev. J. Ross, Hackney
			 5 0 0
				Six Friends, per do.
			 32 2 0
				Mills, J. Remington, J.P.,
				per do
			 25 0 0

¹ A fruit of the Freewill Offering system—introduced by Mr. McAll there in 1858.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Hill, T. R., Worcester,				Tye, Mrs.	0	5	0
per do.	10	0	0	Sunday-school children			
M. H., per do.	1	10	0	and others, for books			
C. D., per George Pearse				for French children,			
(now in France), in re-				'A token of continued			
sponse to appeal in				affection and interest			
<i>The Christian</i>	1	0	0	in the work, from a			
Clarke, Miss J. C., per do.	6	15	0	few Friends'	10	0	0
Two Friends, per do.	2	0	0				
T. B. G., per do.	0	15	0	STOWMARKET.			
Boyle, Hon. Caroline,				<i>Per Rev. J. Reeve</i> :—			
Portishead, per do.	1	0	0	Webb, Lankester, J.P.	2	0	0
Clatworthy, T., Taun-				Fison, Mrs.	2	0	0
ton, per do.	1	0	0	Hewitt, Mr.	1	0	0
Persse, W., Roxborough,				Webb, S. O.	0	10	0
Loughrea, per do.	0	10	0	Wolby, J., Stowmarket	0	4	0
<i>Per "The Christian" :—</i>							
E. A.	1	0	0	LEICESTER.			
Hutchinson, Mr.	0	10	0	Baines, George, Alder-			
A Friend, Bowdon	0	10	0	man	1	0	0
E. H.	0	10	0	Baines, Mrs. G.	1	0	0
J. J. R., Penrith	0	4	0	Bennet, John	1	0	0
A Friend	0	1	0	Chambers, H. T.	0	10	0
				Dalton, Rev. J. E., B.D.,			
HADLEIGH.				Seagrave Rectory, for			
Alderton, Mrs., and				Bibles and Testaments	5	0	0
Friends	1	0	0	Harris, Richard, Alder-			
Camp, John	1	0	0	man, Annual	5	0	0
Clover, Ebenezer	5	0	0	Rodhouse, George (the			
Cook, R. Hyatt, for Har-				late)	2	0	0
monium	3	0	0	Webster, J., per do.	2	0	0
Green, Samuel, in				A Friend, per do.	1	0	0
French Copper Coins,				Smith, Charles	3	5	0
etc.	0	13	9½	Stevenson, Rev. Thomas	0	10	0
Mason, Benjamin, for				Noble, John, per do.	0	10	0
Books	5	0	0	Swain, Joseph, Alderman	2	2	0
Parker, Charles	0	10	0	Walker, Theodore	2	0	0
Taylor, George	0	16	0	A Friend	1	0	0
Thomas, Mrs. W.	1	0	0	London Road Chapel,			
Do., by sale of Photo-				Donations and Sun-			
graphs, and collected	4	4	0	day-school Contribu-			
Tye, Walter, Juvenile				tions, per Rev. S.			
Collection	0	6	0	Tamatoa Williams	12	0	0

<i>Per Misses Nunneley, Market Harborough :—</i>		£	s.	d.
Nunneley, Joseph, Mar- ket Harborough		1	10	0
Huckett, Mr., ditto.		1	1	0
Dando, Mr., Bristol		1	10	0
MANCHESTER.				
Armitage, William		5	0	0
Hadfield, George, M.P.		10	0	0
Knott, J., J.P., Staley- bridge		10	0	0
Ledward, R. W., M.D.		2	0	0
Lewis, Edward		5	0	0
Needham, John C.		5	0	0
Ramsey, Joseph		5	0	0
Sheldon, The Misses		1	0	0
Windsor, Mrs.		15	0	0
Wood, Mrs., Sedgley Hall		5	0	0
Lees, Miss M. A., col- lected by, including 2s. 6d. for Gospels		0	10	0
SUNDERLAND.				
Atkinson, Ralph		25	0	0
Harle, Johnson, East Boldon		7	2	0
<i>Per W. T. Moore :—</i>				
Anderson, Capt. and Mrs.		2	2	0
Brockhill, William		0	10	0
Douglas, Martin		1	0	0
Mattison, Mrs., per do.		0	5	0
Farrow, Capt. W. (the late)		1	0	0
Hills, John		0	10	0
Hodgson, Rev. S. S.		1	1	0
Mathew, George, jun.		1	0	0
Cory, R., Cardiff, per do.		2	0	0
Moore, G., Esq., London		5	0	0
Moore, W. T.		2	0	0
Moore, Mrs. W. T.		1	0	0
Kearton, Mrs., Durham.		2	0	0
Render, Thomas		1	0	0
Rutherford, Thomas		1	0	0
Steel, Thomas, jun.		1	0	0
Thackray, William		1	0	0
Thackray, Mrs.		1	0	0
BIRMINGHAM.				
Feaston, Rev. J. T., Bognor		2	2	0
Hickman, John		4	16	0
Robinson, William		1	0	0
Lines, F. T.		0	10	0
LIVERPOOL.				
<i>Per Rev. S. Pearson, M.A. :—</i>				
Crosfield, William, J.P.		5	0	0
Crosfield, Mr., jun.		3	0	0
Cullen, Mr.		2	0	0
Hayward, Miss Chris- tiana, collected by		6	0	0
Rew, John		4	0	0
Heriot, A. Maitland, Ragged-school pence for French children		0	0	10 ³
MISCELLANEOUS.				
Brevin, Mrs., Tiverton.		4	0	0
Haddon, Mrs., Dover		1	0	0
Haddon, Miss C. „		8	0	0
Haddon, Miss E. „		1	0	0
Haddon, Miss „		1	0	0
Jupe, M. Charles & Sons, Mere, French money		8	0	0
McAll, Rev. Robert, and Mrs. McAll, Bocking.		5	0	0
Friends, per do.		5	0	0
Jowitt, The Misses, Leeds, per do.		10	0	0
Penrith, Friends at, by Alexander McDougall		2	17	0

<i>£ s. d.</i>		PARIS.	<i>£ s. d.</i>
	Marriage, Miss, Chelmsford	Monod, Mons. le Docteur Gustave	20 0 0
	Newman, Thomas O., Braintree	Moore, J. S., Boulevard Poissonière	10 0 0
	Prust, Rev. E. T., Northampton	Moore, Wm., Reading, Berkshire, per do.	6 0 0
	Rawson, J., J.P., Bradford	A Friend, per do.	4 0 0
	Willans, J. W., Huddersfield	A Friend, per do., annual	4 0 0
		Rouilly, M. Emile, Belleville	3 3 0
	SCOTLAND.	Missionary Association of American Chapel, by the Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, President	4 0 0
	Alexander, Dr. W. Lindsay and Friends, Edinburgh	Fisch, Madame, for relief of sick and poor	4 0 0
	Slowan, W. J., Glasgow		
	Paton, David, Alloa, per do.	SWITZERLAND.	
	Fraser, Mrs. H. E., Glasgow	Brown, Mrs. P., Lausanne	1 16 0
		Easton, Mrs., do.	1 12 0
	NEW YORK.	Wilkins, Miss, do.	0 12 0
	Agnew, C. R., M.D.		
	Jesup, Morris K., President of Y.M.C. Assoc.	Total	<u>489 9 11</u>

Paris Working Men's Mission, November 20, 1871, to January 15, 1873.

RECEIPTS.

Subscriptions and donations in England, Scotland, and Ireland, Nov., 1871, to Jan. 15, 1873.	£	s.	d.	<i>Frs. Cts.</i>	<i>Frs. Cts.</i>
Ditto in Paris, Switzerland, and America, including 100 francs to Benevolent Fund, per Madame Fisch, Paris	420	6	11½	2754	0
January 20, 1873. Grant of 100 francs from the Missionary Association, American Chapel, Paris, by the Rev. E. W. Hitchcock, President	65	3	0	1242	50
	4	0	0	1055	50
Rent of four Stations to Jan. 15, 1873				758	0
Repairs, painting, etc., for do.				134	60
Furniture of do., including 500 chairs, tables, stoves, lamps, signs, bookshelves, etc.				114	85
Incidental expenses of do., including candles, light, fuel, hire of harmoniums, tea for helpers, postages, and sundries				343	55
Bibles, Testaments, books, magazines, children's books and pictures, stationery, etc.				32	95
Printing invitations, bills, and circulars				223	45
Carriage of parcels				72	5
Omnibus fares, including those of Bible-woman and Assistants				7163	95
Cab fares					
Assistance to the Sick and Poor, including 100 francs per Mme. Fisch, Paris					
Tea meetings at Belleville and Montmartre for 200 persons					
Payment, January 15, 1873—one quarter's rent of four stations, paid in advance				923	30
Purchase of four harmoniums; hire deducted				375	0
Rent of new station, one quarter				200	0
Chairs, lamps, and fittings for do.				200	0
				1698	30
				8862	25
Balance on hand, Jan. 20, 1873				£354	9 9½
				135	0 2½
				£489	9 11½

Examined and found correct.

GUSTAVE MONOD
GEORGE TAYLOR

Received for the year 1873:—Donation from *Chapelle du Nord*, M. Théodore Monod, Pasteur, per M. le Docteur G. Monod, £12.

APPENDIX II.

THE deep and widespread interest in the Mission is illustrated by the following list of expressions of sympathy received by Mrs. McAll shortly after the Founder's death:—

Le Consistoire de l'Eglise Réformée de Paris ; Le Synode de Paris ; Le Synode des Alpes et du Jura ; La Société Evangélique de France ; Le Comité Auxiliaire d'Evangelisation ; Le Comité Directeur de la Mission ; L'Eglise Evangélique de Lyon ; La Mission Populaire Evangélique de France. Branches de Lyon, de Bordeaux, de Boulogne-sur-Mer, de la Rochelle et Rochefort, de Roubaix et Dunkirk, de Saint Etienne, de Saintes et Cognac (with separate document signed by many friends), de Toulouse, de Marseille, de Nice, de Cannes, de Grasse, d'Ajaccio, d'Algiers, de Nantes, and de Poitiers. M. C. Antonin, Alençon ; MM. les Pasteurs J. C. Forget and E. Borel, Angers ; Villéger, Auxerre ; Rambaud, Brest ; A. Forget, Montmorin-par-Billot ; Bard, Grenoble ; Delapierre, Menton ; J. Escande, Montmorillon ; J. Narbel, Saint Fortunat ; Monnier, Saint Quentin ; Cremer, Tulle, Brive, Aurillac et Limoges ; le Rév. D. Robert, les pasteurs et les amis de Toulouse ; Rév. C. Bisson, Clamecy. Telegram from Mrs. Parkhurst, President of American McAll Association ; letter from Board of Directors of American McAll Association ; letters from Auxiliaries at Albany, Baltimore, Boston, Brooklyn, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Indiana, Morristown (New Jersey), Newhaven (Connecticut), New York, Philadelphia, Saint Louis, Washington ; the Edinburgh Auxiliary, the Glasgow and West of Scotland Auxiliary, the Dundee and District Auxiliary, and the Lancaster Auxiliary. L'Union Chrétienne de Jeunes Gens de France, Groupe Régional de la Seine ; L'Union Chrétienne de Jeunes Gens de Saintes ; Miss de Broen and ladies working with her at Paris ; Mrs. Lewis and the ladies in her Homes ; the Congregational Church, Paris ; the British and Foreign Bible Society, London ; the Religious Tract Society, London ; the Evangelical Alliance, London ; the Evangelical Continental Society ; the Foreign Evan-

gelisation Society; the Congregational Union of England and Wales; the Congregational Ministers' and Deacons' Association, Leicester; the London Road Congregational Church, Leicester; the Grange Congregational Church, Sunderland; the Grosvenor Street Chapel, Piccadilly, Manchester; the Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester; the Lozells Congregational Church, Birmingham; the Congregational Church, Hadleigh; the St. Aubyn's Congregational Church, Upper Norwood; the St. Aubyn's Road Temperance Society; the English Auxiliary Committee and Ladies' Committee, London; the Canadian McAll Association, Toronto; the American McAll Association, Philadelphia, also from many of the local Auxiliaries. Letters of sympathy were received numbering about four hundred, and there were obituary notices in more than one hundred newspapers and periodicals, embracing the following countries: French, English, Scotch, Welsh, American, Dutch, German, Italian, and Belgian.

Memorial Services were held in and sympathetic souvenirs received from Congregational Churches at Sunderland, Leicester, Manchester, Hadleigh, and Upper Norwood; the English Congregational Church, Rue Royale, Paris; the American Church, Rue de Berri, by the pastor, Rev. E. G. Thurber, D.D., and (June 14) the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., Revs. P. Beaton, M.A., and W. Gibson, B.A.; and the American Episcopal Church, Paris, by the Rev. J. Morgan, D.D.

The following letter was sent by the President of the American McAll Association to each local Auxiliary:—

‘NEW YORK, *May 15, 1893.*

‘DEAR FRIENDS,—The removal by death of the head of the McAll Mission in France has saddened many hearts, and reminded us that we must draw closer together in our work here, if we would carry on the work he has laid down; and it has seemed to some of us only fitting that we should hold memorial services in the various Auxiliaries, that we may consider the lessons his life so amply qualified him to teach, and thank God that such a man gave twenty-one years of his consecrated life to France.

‘To that end, we would suggest Monday, May the 22nd, at such an hour as may suit each Auxiliary, for the gathering of members together for thanksgiving and prayer: thanksgiving that such a life has been lived, and prayer that we may nobly take up the burden he has laid down.

‘(MRS.) C. H. PARKHURST,
‘*President American McAll Association.*’

In compliance with this, services were held by all the Auxiliaries throughout the United States.

The New York Auxiliary presented a very artistically beautiful embossed copy of their service to Mrs. McAll. The following tribute

was presented and read at the memorial service Philadelphia, by the Rev. George Dana Boardman, D.D., LL.D., the entire audience standing to express their approval as it was read :—

‘ROBERT WHITAKER MCALL.

‘When a Christian hero is taken away, it is fitting that Christians meet to honour his memory. Robert Whitaker McAll was a Christian hero, and he has been taken away; and therefore we are here to offer him the tribute of our grateful reverence. How shall I venture to characterise him? Remembering his own beautiful modesty, let my words be few and choice.

‘Dr. McAll was an islander, but not an insular; a Protestant, but not a propagandist; a Catholic, but not a Romanist; a Congregationalist, but not a denominationalist; a missionary, but not a proselytiser; a preacher, but not a doctrinaire; a reformer, but not an iconoclast; a philanthropist, but not a sentimentalist; an enthusiast, but not a visionary; a commander, but not an autocrat; a practic, but not a pragmatist; an opportunist, but not a time-server; a conciliator, but not a compromiser; a tactician, but not a manoeuvrer; an achiever, but not a boaster: in brief, a Christian Nehemiah, rebuilding the Jerusalem of the Huguenots, and sending forth his lieutenants through the Judea of France, to reconvert it to the true Messiah. And in being and doing all this, the Founder of the McAll Mission has taught Christendom, not theoretically, but practically, through his own personality and method, how to organise without paraphernalia, how to administer without irritation, how to disburse without extravagance and without parsimony, how to conciliate without adulation or complicity, how to evangelise without sectarianism, how to persist without doggedness, how to achieve without trumpet—in one word, how to preach Christ without preaching self or sect. And in thus preaching Christ, he followed his Divine Master; like Him, neither striving nor shouting in the streets, but mending bruised reeds, fanning dying wicks, going about doing good, healing all that were oppressed of the enemy, and so sending forth truth unto victory. Robert W. McAll needed no decoration. He served God; and therefore he is a crown of beauty in the hand of Jehovah and a royal diadem in the hand of our God.

‘May the gracious Head of the One Church give to our fellow-Christians of France a garland for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness, that they may be called trees of righteousness, the planting of Jehovah, that He may be glorified. Amen.

‘PHILADELPHIA, *May* 22, 1893.’

The following extracts are from an address by the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, D.D., at the memorial service, Boston :—

‘Dr. McAll chose to be a humble worker rather than an elegant speaker. He preferred deeds rather than words. He entered upon his great work in Paris at an age when most men are ready to retire. With him the dead line of fifty had no meaning, and his later years were his busiest years.

'I would call his great characteristic, his rare catholicity. This was no broad, insane toleration, for he held tenaciously to what he believed to be truth; and as John speaks of love in the truth, and Paul of the truth in love, we find both in Dr. McAll.

'Let us see that his work be continued, strengthened, and extended, bearing ever with it the spiritual glow, the holy radiance of its founder.'

Extracts from an address by the Rev. A. T. Pierson, D.D., at the memorial service at the American Church, Rue de Berri:—

'In Robert Whitaker McAll we have an illustrious example of the principles of the greatest force in the universe, Love.

'The century has shown us no man who has lived a more beautiful life of utter self-abnegation. He loved Christ; hence he found the true blessedness of self-sacrifice. The love of Christ was his strength, and enabled him to love men.

'In the crisis of French history, when the hoof of the invader had trodden down its fair fields, and the restless Commune had filled Paris with lurid flames and dreadful deeds, when France was in the depths of moral and spiritual destitution, he came into the very centre of lawlessness and violence, he went and made it his home, and gave those very people the example of a holy, loving life. I know nothing more pathetic than this man and his devoted wife opening a small hall in an empty shop, putting in a little organ, with a table and a few chairs; then, in the presence of twenty-eight people, telling them of the love of Jesus.

'God has permitted him to construct a Christian mission work which is the marvel of the century in Bible lands. One of the last acts of his was to give part of his fortune to be used in the work.

'Here is a man who did find blessedness in giving. With an exceedingly cultivated mind and disposition, fond of art and æsthetic culture, he gave up everything to live and labour among the working men of Paris; willing to identify himself with the lowest, and to raise them by loving them, and leading them to love Christ. He was content thus to give himself up to them, that he might win them by love, and pluck some of them out of the mire, and present them as trophies to his Master. I never met any one with such rare simplicity. His was the love and simplicity of a little child transplanted into manhood and old age, unequalled in genuineness and frankness and absence of duplicity.'

25.

BOSTON UNIVERSITY



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