

Seeing I was overcome, she cried, 'Courage, my son, it is for your God. Go without regret; commit yourself to Him. I know that He will take care of you.'

On November 11, 1832, Eugene Casalis sailed from London for South Africa, the appointed scene of his mission, having associated with him M. Arbousset, a young minister like-minded with himself in his French vivacity and spirit of persevering endurance, and Gosselin, a Christian artizan without culture, but to whom educated men delighted to listen because of his practical sagacity and open-hearted piety, and who was to prove himself a priceless acquisition. After a few days of sickness, these young heralds sought to increase their equipment for their sacred work by reading and study, mingled with much prayer and with hymn-singing, in which they remembered the example of Christian David and his two Moravian brethren, a century before, sailing to Greenland and standing at nightfall on the stern of the vessel and singing those hymns which once had echoed on Moravian hills. But these congenial exercises were disturbed by more than rude adventure—a great deal more pleasant in the retrospect than in the experience. For several days their too small and overladen schooner was visited by a tremendous storm, which swept the deck of its hencoops and bulwarks and every other movable thing, and drove the vessel far out of its course. At a later period in their voyage, when they were away out of the usual sea-path and in unknown waters, a pirate ship hovered near them and its ruffian crew were only at length scared away by the bustle of preparation and the signs of defiance which they saw in their coveted prize. And even when they were within sight of the harbor of Cape Town, and could hear the sound of the lowing of oxen and the crowing of cocks, and the vessel had begun to graze on some sunken rocks, it was only as it by a hair's-breadth they escaped shipwreck. It was with hearts overflowing with thankfulness that they trod at length on the soil of Africa, and saw the noble form and heard the cheering welcome of Dr. Philip, the superintendent of the missions of the London Missionary Society in the Cape Colony, whose heart and home were open to missionaries of every name and from every land, whether going forth to work or returning after years of earnest toil to a season of well-merited and needed rest.

But what was the astonishment of Casalis and his associates to be told, when the unwelcome news could no longer be withheld from them, that the mission which they had come to reinforce and enlarge had, during the very time when they were at sea, been broken up and ruined! A period of despondency followed, in which everything seemed to be covered with mystery and gloom. Table Mountain, with its dark summit rising before them 5,000 feet high, appeared to represent the impassable barrier which rose between them and the