

enthusiasm for the missionary enterprise, to be placed, for a series of years, under the direction and superintendence of such master spirits as Grandpierre and Audeber and Frederick Monod, of more than one of whom we can write with the recollection of personal friendship, who combined, in a remarkable degree, the gift of eloquence with glowing zeal, geniality of spirit, and practical wisdom. There was labor in the mission house without weariness. Every hour had its prescribed work. Exegetical theology held a large place in the curriculum of study, for men such as Monod had sat at the feet of Robert Haldane at Geneva, and had learned from his instruction and example the divine art of bringing out the mind of God from a passage of scripture, and to regard this as the highest function of a minister of Christ.

The young neophytes were also introduced to some knowledge of those sciences which might be turned to practical account on the mission field. Some of their hours were also spent outside the mission house, in visiting the sick and the poor, in experiments in evangelism—as birds learning the use of their wings—and in acting as hands and helps in the distribution of charity. As months and years rolled on in these congenial services, the thoughts of Eugene Casalis wandered more and more to Africa and its dark millions; he became impatient to go forth and share the toils and conflicts of the mission field. It is possible for the mower to spend too much time in sharpening his scythe. The unanimous voice of the directorate in the mission house at length said to him, “Go.” It was a welcome sound, as that of the trumpet to the war horse. On October 18, 1832, he was solemnly ordained by assembled presbyters to the office of a minister and missionary of Jesus Christ, his friend and pastor, M. Pyt, who had foreseen and foretold his destiny, and left on him the deep impress of his own noble character, fitly presiding at the laying on of hands.

A few weeks were spent by him in a visit to his parents in the old home at Orthes, there being a wise arrangement, however, that their intercourse should not be darkened by allusions to his departure till the hour for farewell was near at hand, for so strong was the impression in those earlier days that the separation would be for life, that the “*Au revoir*” was usually pronounced with the finger pointed to heaven, as if there must be the next place of meeting. We give a few sentences of the young missionary’s own account of his parting, in which the self-denial and bravery of his venerable mother shines nobly out: “The horses were brought before the door of our house at four o’clock in the morning. After a prayer, mingled with sobs, there began a scene which I can only compare to that of the supreme separation at the moment of death. My father, my brother, my sisters were overwhelmed. My mother alone had power to speak.