

morning with a great swinging stride, this on account of the Mussulman slippers down at the heel which he wears; he can be heard half-a-mile away by their flip-flap against his bare heels as he walks. When within a few yards he stands, slides out of his shoes, carries his right hand to his forehead as he bends gracefully forward, more or less nearly to the ground, in proportion to his ideas of our importance or his hopes of future profit out of us, and thus salutes us. Primarily this munshi cares little for us, but if he teaches me the language quickly and well he will get a good name. He will get to be munshi, to cram some young official for his exam., who in return will secure this loyal citizen a position on the revenue department of Government service. He will get a small salary and a smaller pension, but his heart is not set on either of these but on the facilities this office affords for speculation and bribery. He is much disgusted because I insist on learning the vulgar, every-day words of the language, he always brings forward the long, jaw-breaking, Sanscrity ones, which endanger a fit of lock-jaw. He needs money badly, he is paying interest, R.5 a month, on his marriage debts. He does not do this willingly, but the Soucar harasses it out of him by his villifying importunity.

My munshi is an enterprising man and he means to learn as much English as I do of Telugu. He notes the semblance of a smile on my face as he blunders in English, he will not be satisfied till he knows the mistake and corrects it. This correction he keeps repeating under his breath for hours. The difference between us is that I give the pay and he receives it. He is hungry for information, as curious as Mother Eve. I fear he often indulges in a peep when our backs are turned. One day my wife was using a pretty strong bottle of smelling-salts for headache. Munshi watched the performance narrowly. We went to breakfast and returned sooner than usual, we found my munshi in convulsions, his eyes staring, his features distorted, his arms and legs whirling wildly in the air, his turban fallen from his shorn head and he gasping for breath had fallen from his chair to the floor. He had been tampering with the bottle of salts. Once I asked him to accompany me to a Paria village to interpret while I preached. He! how could he pollute himself by going into a Paria street? I might cut his head off, might how him into a myriad of pieces, but he would not go. "Well," I said, "I am sorry, but I suppose there are others who will go. Just think the matter over and let me know in the morning." In the morning it was, "Honored sir, you are my father, my mother, my provider, how can I displease you, I will go."

On another occasion a number of vultures lit on a tree in our Compound. It was my first sight of the disgusting creatures, so I took my gun and shot one. On returning with it to the house I was amazed to see my munshi rise quickly, gather his flowing robes about him and with horror-stricken countenance rush from the house. The carcass was pollution to him. These Brahmans pretend great reverence for life. My munshi dusted his chair every morning before sitting down, lest he should destroy some insect, yet he would starve or abuse a horse or bullock, a dog or cat to death without any compunction. If occasion arose he could hire a Paria to poison or beat to death a neighbor who had become obnoxious to him. Or he would set fire to his enemies' houses at night with the chance of the inmates perishing.

It was funny to hear my munshi spell in English. He had a difficulty with the initial vowel and always invariably preceded it with a "y" sound. One day we came across a word in our lesson whose equivalent in English munshi failed to make-us comprehend. At last, out of

patience, he spelled it thus: yel, o, yu, yea, ye. Can my readers make it out?

Munshi was with us about a year, then we sent him away with the usual character. But he came back next morning with a very solemn face, saying the character would not do at all. I asked him what kind he wanted. He then proceeded to detail one containing the most fulsome flattery of the official to whom it was addressed; the most absurd representation of bearer's capacity, faithfulness and honesty and the most exaggerated statements under which a compliance with my request by that official would place me. I simply laughed at him and told him that any Englishman to whom I sent such a letter would think me mad. His character got him a position, though not on the revenue department. Years after I met him as Inspector of schools: he seemed glad to see his old-time pupil.

JOHN MCLAURIN.

Sketches of the Modern Missionary Movement—No XI.

BY MRS. J. C. CYLE.

Returning again to the latter part of the eighteenth century we find two other remarkable men born, the one in 1796, the other in 1796; the one the son of Scottish parents, the other of English; the one living during his earlier years at Carron Shore, not far from Edinburgh, the other at Tottenham High Cross, near London. The elder of these two children was Robert Moffat, afterwards missionary to South Africa; the other, John Williams, the apostle of the South-Sea missions, the martyred missionary of Erromanga.

Moffat in early life was employed as a gardener, and Williams as an iron-monger's apprentice—two lads of humble birth and lowly calling, yet each, by the very occupations of his boyish years as well as by the careful religious training of pious parents, receiving the physical and spiritual discipline that was calculated to best fit him for the great work God was preparing for his after life.

Moffat's call to the work of a missionary was singular. As he was walking into the town of Warrington one evening in summer his eye fell upon a placard pasted upon the opposite wall and lingered with a strange sort of fascination upon the words "London Missionary Society," and "William Roby, of Manchester." It was simply the announcement of a meeting of some sort that had already taken place, but the words fixed his attention and held him rooted to the spot.

"These two lines," says his biographer, "changed and henceforth dominated his life. He could not move from the spot nor withdraw his eyes from the placard. Passers by may have thought he was some ignorant youth thirsting for knowledge and striving by the aid of those large letters to learn to read. . . . But thoughts had been awakened in his mind that could no longer sleep and he was already started on a new career. 'The sight of that placard alone had,' to use his own expression, 'made me another man', and between the few hours of his coming to Warrington and returning to Leigh, an entire revolution had taken place in his views and prospects. The stories his mother had told him concerning the Moravian missionaries amid the snow and ice of Greenland were recalled to his memory. He was fired with a noble resolve to emulate their example, and become a messenger of salvation to some benighted part of the world. 'A flattering and lucrative prospect far beyond what such a youth as he could expect' lay before him, but