

Missionary Readings.

EVENTIDE.

"NOW I lay me down to sleep."
 Long and hard has been the day;
 I have come a weary way
 Since life's morning, but at last
 Night is falling sweet and fast.
 "Now I lay me down to sleep."

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."
 I have tried—alas! in vain—
 From the world's dark soil and stain
 Free to keep it. Weak and worn,
 With my strength all overborne,
 "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep."

"If I should die before I wake."
 Treasures have slipped fast away
 From my keeping day by day,
 And I shrink from coming ill;
 This thought holdeth joy's glad thrill—
 "If I should die before I wake."

"I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."
 From all the sorrow it hath known—
 Sin and loss, and tear and moan—
 To the dear ones gone before,
 To Thy presence evermore,
 "I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

"This I ask for Jesus' sake."
 Name alone that can prevail,
 Anchor-hold within the vail!
 Every other plea has flown;
 Worth or merit claim I none;
 "This I ask for Jesus' sake."

—Kate W. Hamilton, in "Forward."

A SUNDAY SERVICE.

A BULGARIAN traveller lately wrote to Mr. Thomson: "As I was travelling on private business from Sofia to Karlovo, I arrived one Saturday evening in Pirdop. Next morning, as I was in a great hurry, I bargained with a driver and started. About ten minutes after leaving my khan, I passed by another khan, which had open doors. From within I heard such a beautiful melody—such words! I was astonished and, although in haste, called out to my driver to stop, got down, and told him to wait for me, as I wished to see who these singers were.

"'Ah, my son,' he answered, 'they are Protestants; don't go in; they'll deceive you.'

"'All the better,' I replied, 'if they are such. You come too, father.'

"'Eh, I will come,' answered the old man, and we two entered the khan hand in hand.

"A gentleman was preaching the Word of God, and his wife led the singing. I joined in the singing and listened attentively to the sermon, and in this the old driver began to imitate me, though he had a little before called to me, 'Don't go in, they'll deceive you.' Prayer was offered, and both the old man and I took

part in it. It did not occur either to the driver or to me to hurry. We thought we were in Paradise.

"After the service closed, I found that the gentleman was the brother of the respected Mr. Tonjoroff, of Philippopolis. After exchanging a few words with him and his wife, we took leave and started again. I began to sing one of the hymns that had been sung: 'Come home, come home.' As I sang, I observed that the old man wiped some big tears from his eyes. 'Why are you crying, father?' I asked.

"He replied, 'Why should I not cry? I am sixty years old, yet no day in my life have I ever been so privileged as to-day. I am sorry that I have spent all my life in sins;' and he wept still more.

"Although I, as a young man of twenty-six wanted to show myself more firm, the thankfulness that filled the old man's heart was in mine also, so that I could not restrain my tears. 'Father,' I asked him presently, 'would you like that we should offer a prayer here such as the preacher offered?'

"'I would,' he quickly answered.

"We stopped the horse, got down, and, with tears in our eyes, there under the open heaven gave thanks to God for that happy day.

"Can any one say now that there is anything more powerful than God's magnet? A man who, two or three hours before, had cried, 'Beware of them, they are Protestant,' was now grieving with bitter tears, that he had not earlier in life taken refuge amongst them."—*The (Boston) Missionary Herald.*

THE LIFE OF A SAVAGE.

IT is often said, "Why not leave the savages alone in their primitive state? They only are truly happy." How little do those who thus speak know what that life really is. A savage seldom sleeps well at night. He is in constant fear of attacks from neighboring tribes, as well as the more insidious foes created by his superstitious mind. Ghosts and hobgoblins, those midnight wanderers, cause him much alarm, as their movements are heard in the sighing of the wind, in falling leaves, lizards chirping, or disturbed birds singing. If midnight is the favorite time for spirit movements, there is another hour when he has good cause to fear the first-mentioned enemies. It is the uncanny hour between the morning star and the glimmering light of approaching day—the hour of yawning and arm-stretching, when the awakening pipe is lighted, and the first smoke of the day enjoyed. The following will show what I mean:

Some six years ago, the people of the large district of Saroa came in strong battle array, and in the early morning ascended the Manukolo hills, surrounded the villages, and surprised and killed men, women, and children, from the poor gray-headed sire to the infant in arms. About forty escaped to Kalo, but were soon compelled to leave, as Saroa threatened to burn Kalo if it harbored the fugitives. They pleaded for peace, but without avail. Saroa said, "Every soul must die." The quarrel began about a pig.

Ah! savage life is not the joyous hilarity some writers depict. It is not always the happy laugh, the feast, and the dance. Like life in civilized communi-