

Bourgas, The boatmen shouted and scrambled to secure the passengers.

When we reached the shore it was, with difficulty, that I climbed to the rude landing and gained footing, amid the eager crowd, in the land where I was to begin my missionary life. The blight of

Turkish rule was apparent everywhere; for signs of ignorance and superstition were all about us. We made our way through narrow streets bordered with low, mud-built houses, and shops that opened into the street to display their

uninteresting wares.

As we passed along, the shopkeepers filled our ears with the ~~of~~ din of their strange jargon.

At last we reached a rude Khan, (the best in the place.) We were shown into a small room, opening upon a court, and lighted by a single small pane of glass.

On the earth floor was a piece of straw matting on which lay a bed of hay; with its meager, filthy ^{poor} covering. A three legged stool completed the furniture.

The heads of curious natives soon filled the window and the door,

They gazed at the strange foreign lady until their scrutiny became painful. To me they seemed almost hideous, clad in their odd, grotesque costumes, made of light colored home-spun fabrics. Here amid the confused noises of the street, and wrangling of traders I spent the holy hours of my first sabbath in Bulgaria.