

and starting a refreshment saloon for the supply of hot tea and coffee, on the arrival of each train.

In my next I shall give a sketch of Evangeline's country, and tell the touching story in prose.

PARADISE ROW, ST. JOHN, Aug. 26, 1870.

A SABBATH AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Mr. Editor.—According to promise, I make the attempt to compile a few jottings from my notes of travelling experience, in the hope that they may prove interesting to the readers of the *Record*. Of course I cannot tell you of all the events that have transpired since I bade farewell to the city of storms and rain and fog. Moreover, so many "wanderers" have illuminated the pages of "Down East" journals with sketches of the grand and wild scenery of the overland road to the Pacific, that it would be out of place for me to fill up your pages with a minute description of what must be already printed upon the minds of many, if not all readers of the *Record*. In view of this, I shall confine myself to a short account of "a Sabbath among the Rocky Mountains." Having learned by dint of enquiry that there was a Presbyterian Church organized, and a neat house of worship erected in the little town, or, more correctly speaking, village, of Rawlings, and no regular gospel preaching in the place,—understanding also that we should arrive there late on Saturday night, and not being particularly in love with the idea of travelling on the Sabbath day, I determined (D.V.) to do a little missionary work, and halted for the purpose of carrying out my design. Matters were pretty much as represented. There were a few, though very few, zealous christians in the place. Two Elders had been ordained to look after their spiritual interests in the absence of a regular minister. Only some three sermons had been preached in the town during twice as many months. A small Sabbath school was in running order, superintended by one of the Elders. But, notwithstanding those signs of progress, spiritual matters were in a very dilapidated condition. The proprietor of the Rawlings Hotel was a Presbyterian in sentiment, and his wife a church member. He undertook to give notice of services morning and evening; but, though he kept his word to the full extent of his ability, or at least *intention*, the attendance upon morning service was very small. After the Sabbath school was dismissed, I determined to see what could be done in the way of gathering a larger audience for the evening service, by going around to the various houses and giving a special invitation to each. An account of my experience while so engaged may be interesting to dwellers in the church-going Sabbath-observing East. Wending my steps to one end of the only street in the village, I saw a respectable looking man busy building a wing to his house. Approaching with the usual salutation, I announced that we purposed holding Divine Service in the church over the way at 7½ o'clock this evening, adding that we would be well pleased to see him present, and clinching all by expressing a supposition that he would have finished his day's work before that time. A smile while giving this gentle reminder of his violation of the Sabbath sanctity, prevented him from getting angry at a stranger's interference with his rights, and I obtained his promise that he would try to come. "All right," I answered, "if you keep that promise, you shall be pretty sure to file an appearance, for a man can do almost anything he tries to do." Nothing extraordinary happened until I had left my invitation at several other houses. At length I entered a store, the door of which was standing invitingly open, and the obliging owner of which was in his accustomed place behind the counter. I saw that he was inclined to put me off with an answer like that which some others tried to dismiss me with, and which left him free to attend or not, so I