

added, with the most natural air imaginable, "Do you think you will manage to be present?" I had asked this question several times before, and now I was getting used to it. But the answer was a new one, "No, I am afraid not. I belong to a society which holds its meetings on Sunday evenings, and I think I must go there,—but there are two young men helping me in the store who will probably meet with you,—I shall give them your notice and invitation." My curiosity is not largely developed, but it was aroused to discover what society could there be whose meetings were more important than those of the Church of God. With an Eastern man's privilege of questioning, I proceeded, "May I be so bold as to ask the name of your society?" Though I half suspected what the answer would be—indeed that was the reason why I asked the question—still the answer came like a thunderbolt—"The Fenian!" You can fancy how I felt. There was I, fresh from beneath the Old Flag's folds. I had just been reading about the last raid into Canada. I had been in Ontario when the raid of '66 took place, and imbibed some of the spirit of *love* (?) towards the robbing murdering gang that the circumstance was calculated to produce—and there was a live Fenian standing before me and coolly declaring his preference for a meeting of that association to a gathering of the Church of God. I couldn't trust myself to speak for a moment or two, and I fear his Fenianship must have noticed my look of blank astonishment. The next thought was one of anger; but I had recovered my self-possession, and of course saw the absurdity of getting into trouble at that time and place by giving expression to my views. America is a free land—every man enjoys the liberty of speech: but it is often very wise to enjoy that liberty in a quiet way. So, having due regard to consequences, I bade my friend a polite good afternoon, and went on my way rejoicing, perhaps, but wondering a good deal more. After calling at a few other houses, I reached a billiard saloon. The question was, "Shall I go in here?" My better angel whispered that I should not pass any by, and in I went. Several games were going on, and matters generally looked rather blue; but I made my business known, and started off upon the path of duty. Ere long I reached a gambling and drinking house—a little nearer to my idea of hell than any place that I have ever seen. In addition to the usual drinking surroundings, there were tables set for cards, and around one of these were gathered five of the most degraded looking specimens of mankind that I have ever put my eyes upon, and among the first words that struck my ears—garnished by the usual oath—were, "*Play away, can't you.*" I was prepared for something *hard* before I entered, but the spectacle made me feel worse than I can explain, and put an end to my invitings for the day, though I left my notice there as well as in the other houses at which I called. Those poor wretches needed it more perhaps than all the others. I would not have you fancy that all the inhabitants of Rawlins are of the classes above described. There are some excellent persons in the place. There is a church organized, and Sabbath school in full operation. There were also, upon the Sabbath alluded to, some strangers from Boston, who had formed part of the great Pullman excursion party, and whose religious principles caused them to detach their car from the train and lie over on the Sabbath day. A very intelligent company they formed, and added much to my pleasure during that long-to-be-remembered Sabbath day. Three creeds were represented by the party, Unitarian, Baptist and Presbyterian. All attended service in the church; and while I was out beating up recruits for the evening worship, they were in their splendid palace drawing-room car, singing sacred songs, reading the Word of God, and the Collects and Prayers of the Episcopal Church. Why does our church not bring more prominently before her children's minds, the admirable compilation known as Prayers for Social and Family Worship? A copy should be in the hands of all our people, and then, when far away from home, they would not be compelled to turn for the language of Social Prayer to the pro-