

any nearer to the Almighty than the choir behind them or the people in front of them. Methodist preachers are religious democrats. But every Methodist minister seems to be able to speak easily and without book. Dr. Sutherland soon proved that he possessed this characteristic in a remarkable degree. He preached a very interesting sermon. It was a review of the missionary operations of the Christian church from the earliest ages. He brought us down from the utterance of the divine command "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature" to the present day. He spoke of the spreading of Christianity over the Roman Empire, of the retreating of the church into monastic seclusion in mediæval times, of the Reformation and Martin Luther, of the providences of the mariner's compass, the printing press, and the expansion of trade. He did not give the Jesuits missionaries a "show." But he spoke of Carey, and told how that pioneer missionary had, no doubt, felt the impulse of the awakening under John Wesley. The sermon concluded with a peroration of a rather florid character: "God might have written the message of the gospel on the bended heavens in stars of light—but He did not. He might have told his winds to utter it to the four corners of the globe, and Heber's hymn 'Waft, waft, ye winds, His story' might have been made literally true—but He did not. He might have sent His angel messengers to declare the glad tidings of salvation throughout the wide world—but He did not. The work was left to be done by the Christian church, which, year after year, was to follow the example of those who in past days had not counted their lives dear to them." The sermon being ended, and a very eloquent one it was, Dr. Henderson announced that a second collection would now be taken. Envelopes had been placed in the pews, he said, on which promises of subscriptions could be written down. It was their solemn duty to give. It seemed to him that the salvation of the world had come to be largely a matter of dollars and cents. If they had happened on that particular morning—the first time for months—to have come to church without a pencil in their pockets, the friends had provided for that for pencils would be sent around with the plates. On the whole it seemed to be impossible to avoid putting one's name down for a decent sum, regardless of the badness of the times. If one didn't it was not Dr. Henderson's fault. The plates were sent along the rows of seats for the envelopes, and while this was in process Mr. Warrington sang "Why do the Heathen," from the Messiah, as if to bring the objectionable characteristics of the heathen world in a realistic way before the subscribers. He sang it very well, and the aria took off unpleasant attention from those who did not use the pencils. Rev. Mr. Cassidy had, by this time, arrived from Japan, and, after another hymn, he pronounced the benediction. As we came out the organist played Guilman's "March Nuptiale." The idea left on my mind by the service at Sherbourne Street Church is that it is bright and friendly without being over devotional.

J. R. N.

The Character of Sir John Colborne.

A HISTORICAL NOTE.

IT has become the habit with certain of the demagogues of Lower Canada to embitter the recollection of the Rebellion of 1837-8 as much as possible. Exaggerations of fact, suppressions of documents, and the introduction of absurd stories, untruthful on their face, are united in these accounts with a certain versimilitudinous skill. The type of such works is L. O. David's "Les Patriotes." Some years ago, they received a check by the publication in the *Montreal Star* of a series of narratives from the lips of survivors of the period, representing all its shades of opinion and experience, which resulted in disproving, if not dispelling, most of the false notions of the rebellion current in Lower Canada. Recently a similar check was given in connection with the proposal by the same clique to erect in one of the public squares of Montreal a statue to Chenier of St. Eustache, the extreme type of the Anglophobe of the time. One of the men whose memory has been most vilely bespattered with the same object in view is Sir John Colborne, the then Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the forces. Sir John is represented as a butcher, deaf to all feelings of humanity, and animated only by a greed of bloody retribution. No one has yet taken the trouble to put on record

any facts tending to prove the opposite, though such facts are known to a number now living, and although the duty of Colborne to effectively suppress the rising on its second appearance was clearly imperative. Mr. Alfred Perry, a well-known citizen of Montreal and a prominent member of the volunteers who put down the outbreak at St. Eustache, has personally informed me that Colborne constantly told them to avoid any harshness and to treat the people well. "Boys, be kind to those people," were the words he used when addressing the force just previous to its march for St. Eustache. A like incident was related to me some years ago by a Vermont gentleman whom I met at an American watering-place. This gentleman, who was a man of fine bearing, wealth and intelligence, said that in his youth he had business dealings in the neighbourhood of Chateauguay, where the rising of 1838—"the second rebellion"—took place. There he frequently met the Notary, Cardinal, and his young clerk, Duquet, aged twenty, both of whom were afterwards hanged as rebels. The merchant himself heard of the rising when in Troy, N.Y., and that the pair were about to be hanged. It seemed to him that if he could only get to Colborne and explain what he knew of the extreme youth of Duquet and his relations with Cardinal, which were such that, in his opinion, the younger was a mere instrument in the hands of his employer and quite irresponsible for anything so serious as a rebellion, that Colborne could be induced to grant a pardon. This was in the depth of winter. The merchant, however, at once took sleigh for Canada, and hurried through to Montreal. He hastened to Sir John and explained to him the state of the case. The Governor listened in an agitation which surprised him. "My God!" he exclaimed, the tears coursing down his cheeks, "why did you not come yesterday? That poor young man was executed this morning."

W. D. LIGHTHALL.

The Silver Thaw.

The snow fell deep on the ground last night,
And coated each leafless tree
With flaked masses of crystals, soft and white,
Falling thickly and silently.
No rough-mannered wind shook their burden down
From branchlet and twig low bowed,
But the bushy tops, erstwhile gray and brown,
Became fleecy as rainless cloud.

In the clear still morning, the ardent rays
Of the sunrise touched each top,
Till the flake-white burdens began to glaze,
And in liquid threatened to drop:
But, ere the sun's melting mood was law,
Came the west wind sharp and keen,
Arresting the drip, and the silver thaw
Is a coating of icy sheen.

Now that sun shines down upon fairy land,
With myriad gems aglow,
Where jewelled arches have over-spanned
The paths of untrodden snow;
And the fresh west wind through the branchlets glare
Is clanging their icy shells,
Till they clink in chorus, and fill the air
With the music of silver bells.

As the spirit of pride to destruction leads,
And haughtiness ends in fall;
As the colour that covers consumption's seeds
Is the loveliest colour of all;
As the drunkards of Ephraim's beauty rare
Was that of the fading flower:
So the silver thaw is the raiment fair
That is worn for a fatal hour.

More and more heavy the burden grows,
All beautiful though it be,
And strong is the west wind that fiercely blows
Against each over-laden tree.
The snow floor is covered with icicle cores
Of broken-off twig and bough,
And giant limbs, split from their trunks in scores,
Are helplessly hanging now.

Yet the stems still live, though the silver thaw
And the wind have pruned them well,
Still strength is theirs, from the earth to draw
The sap that Spring's buds shall swell.
So should we in pride find Fortune's dower
Transformed to a chast'ning rod,
We'll joy that the inner life has power
To flourish in courts of God.

J. CAWDOR BELL.