THE SHAME OF SOREL.

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As field Secretary of the A.B.H.M.S. of New York City, after a survey of our French Missions in New England, I visited the Province of Quebec, and on Monday the 5th September arrived in Sorel to inquire about the arrest of Mr. Gendreau of which I learned through the Witness. Judge of my amazement when on my arrival on Monday Evening, I was told he was in prison, put there by the authorities of Sorel on some technical point in connection with this case, falsely imprisoned as a leading lawyer of the place believed. Tuesday morning, with Rev Mr. Cote, I called on Mr. Gendreau in jail, in the ordinary felon's cell, his hard bed, straw pillow, and scanty covering presenting a most dismal picture. Leaving the prison I decided that a photograph should be procured of him in prison. In this I succeeded. It is an impressive object lesson. My blood boiled with indignation of such treatment of a servant of Jesus Christ. My thoughts fell into rhythmical form as follows:--

"THE SHAME OF SOREL."

A horrible thing 'neath the sun has been done— English justice perverted; a victory won By the cohorts of wrong! the forces of hell Have covered with shame the name of Sorel.

I have seen it—the shame! I have seen in his cell, In the gloomy, cold jail of the city Sorel, A servant of Christ snatched away from his home Thro' the power, indirectly of the prelates of Rome.

And here on the square, I have stood on the spot Where the crime was committed, the crime, sir, was what? For telling God's truth in a mild peaceful way, To some men of Sorel who were passing that day.

Most falsely accused! Most shamefully tried Convicted, imprisoned with the right on his side O Canada free! There's a stain on the sod An egregious wrong that cries out unto God.

True men of Sorel! Arise in your might Blot out the disgrace, this outrage on right, For wrong, now exultant, ring out the death knell, Or the Lord will proclaim the shame of Sorel.

H. L. MORRHADER

[&]quot;Montreal Daily Witness," Sept. 20th, 1893.