

regard and esteem with which Champlain's character must be considered. It is seldom that we become acquainted with a life in which the pure, tranquil, constant advance of an individualism can be so fully traced. . . . There is no character known to us in the British or French history of the American continent in modern days, which can advance higher claims to honourable fame. If I were to make a comparison between Champlain and any historic name which we possess, it would be with that of Julius Cæsar, with whose excellencies and genius he bears strong relationship, unalloyed by those vices and that social deformity which marked Roman life. Much of the brighter side of Cæsar's character is repeated in that of Champlain; his equanimity, his liberal opinions, his triumphs over difficulties and misfortunes, his modesty and ability in relating his actions, his high-bred stoicism. . . . Both cultivated the elevating and consoling pursuits of literature. . . . Judged by his writings Champlain comes before us with a rare modesty, and a careful observance of truth, so that his statements obtain immediate acceptance. A quiet humour runs through all he tells us. He does not sacrifice reality to effect. . . . To him discovery was not merely sailing up the waters of a river and never penetrating beyond its shores. His genius was to advance to distant localities, to learn the resources of a country, its character, the extent of the population of the native tribes, and to study their manners and customs. He saw that the only means of gaining this end was by identifying himself with the Indians, with whom he entered into friendly relations. His discoveries were remarkable; he made known from personal examination the Ottawa, Lake Huron, Lake Ontario, the St. Lawrence, which he correctly describes, and Lake Champlain. He indeed traced out the southern portion of the Province of Ontario, without the precise minor details. . . . No statue, no monument has been raised to Champlain's memory. No memorial exists to teach the youth of the Dominion what excellence there is in a noble, honest life, marked by devotion to duty, and an utter disregard of self. Canada has shown no honour to his name. It remained in modern days for Laval University to disseminate the true perpetuation of his genius in the record of his life and labours. It is a contribution never to pass away, and one by which Laval has established an enduring claim to consideration in the world-wide republic of letters. . . . Champlain's name is imperishably written in the first and foremost pages of his country's history; it is the name of a man of genius, of pure and untarnished honour, the True Founder of Canada." (See pp. 131 to 141.) A captious critic might object to the comparison of Champlain to Julius Cæsar, and our substitution of *Canadensem* for *Romanam*, in Virgil's line,—but we must remember that, although not invested with the imperial purple, Champlain's were

"Hands that the rod of Empire might swayed,"

and he would have made a better legislator than the monarch whom he served. No French-Canadian can be dissatisfied with the account the book gives of his ancestors, and no English-Canadian can refuse to acknowledge the merits of his French precursors. We trust both will like and patronize this work, and though