

TRIBUTES TO THE PIONEERS OF NEW FRANCE.

The Review has been favored with a copy of a sermon delivered by the Rev. James Barclay in Montreal. It is an utterance of a Presbyterian preacher, a glowing tribute to the Pioneers of New France, the Tercentenary of the founding of which is to be celebrated in June. There is philosophy as well as history in the address. "Our inheritance to-day is the result of weary toils, the tremendous struggles, the defeats and the victories of those who have gone before us." The blessings we enjoy are secured for us by Jacques Cartier, La Salle, Champlain, Frontenac, Wolfe and Montcalm, to mention only a few; by heroic women like Madame La Peltrie and Madame Le Tour; by devoted missionaries, Le Jeune, Daniel Brebeuf and Joques, "names that stand out conspicuous and which can never be forgotten in the history of our land." So far we gladly agree with the Rev'd. eulogist, but when he gravely states that "they (the missionaries) introduced a genuine civilization, if not altogether genuine Christianity," we think that the panegyrist is hedging to suit not the truth, but the peculiar bias of his co-religionists. Blood cannot be drawn from a stone. "A genuine civilization presupposes a genuine Christianity," says the *Catholic Record*, commenting on this very passage; and the essence of civilization is, according to Edmund Burke, the union of all that is sacred in religion with all that is gentle and strong in humanity. The early missionaries of Canada were sons of Catholicism that laid, says Lecky, the very foundation of modern civilization; and according to Maitland, was at the darkest periods the source and spring of civilization, the dispenser of what little comfort there was in the things of this world, and the quiet Scriptural asserter of the rights of man." Truly Dr. Barclay wishes to be fair, to be broad-minded, but there is one or two expressions, like the preceding, which jar upon our ideas of what we believe and know to be really so. It is a sort of forced fruit that fails in flavor. "'Tis easy to find a staff to beat a dog," and the charge of superstition, a word here indefinite in its import, is apparently as safe as anything else. In this connection there is in the *Ice Maria* of March 29th, an able article entitled "An Anniversary and a Commemoration," by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. It is a splendid review of "three hundred years, close crowded with vicissitudes."