

FOREWORD TO NEW EDITION

In adding a final chapter to this *Life*—after the passing of Père Lacombe—I desire to state for those who have not had the happiness of a personal acquaintance with him that there is no inaccuracy in the variety of tongues in which he seems to speak in this narrative of his life.

On occasions—and perhaps this is not always sufficiently indicated in the text—I simply translate into English what he, speaking in French, has said to me or to others; and the same is true of extracts from his writing in French.

But on every possible occasion I have preserved what he said to me in his own inimitable and picturesque English. The result may be to represent him as speaking broken and picturesque English at one time—and more usual English at another. But I feel that readers will understand the seeming variance.

I would also state—with regard to some of the early reviews written outside of Canada—that where I repeat conversations in Père Lacombe's *Life* I am not making magnificent guesses at what these people likely would have said. I am repeating from the lips of participants what actually was said—or what I myself heard.

This record is *History*—picturesque western *History* caught for posterity before it had passed out of memory—and while many of its makers still walked with us.

K. H.

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