

a great estate and made his home. In his letters we read almost from day to day of his plans. He had a strong heart and a deep faith. He reared a large family and built not merely for himself but for his posterity. And yet, just one hundred years after he began his work at Murray Bay, the last of his descendants was laid in the grave and the family became extinct. It is the fashion of our modern fiction to end the tale in sorrow not in joy. Perhaps the fashion has a more real basis in fact than we like to think. At any rate this true story of the seigneur of Murray Bay ends with the closed record of his family history on a granite monument in Quebec. There is no one living for whom the tale has the special interest that attaches to one's ancestors.

I have received help from many but my deepest obligation is to Mr. E. J. Duggan, the present seigneur of Murray Bay, for his great kindness in permitting me to use the letters and papers in the Manor House. I owe much to the Right Honourable Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, who has taught me, in many holiday outings, most of what appreciation I have learned for French Canadian village life, and has corrected errors into which I should otherwise have fallen. So