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St. Ange, as she  
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to Madame St.

Ange, who had her carefully educated in the convents of the Ursulines, both in Montreal and Quebec. While we admit that some small liberties have been taken in our story with the unities of time, place, and person, we respectfully challenge the critic to prove that certain curious and thrilling experiences of the Leslies and their servants, therein set forth, have not their parallels in genuine colonial narratives of CAPTIVITIES among the savages in the eighteenth century—which, by the way, in vivid coloring and dramatic incident, usually read more like romance, than sober reality.

The names of *Lot Leslie's Folks* may not be actually recorded in the Diary (or *Livre de Comptes*) of Père Pierre Potier S. J.—still extant, as Mr. Richard Elliott tells us,<sup>1</sup> in the archives of St. Mary's College, Montreal.

Nevertheless, in their simple faith and purity of life, they are worthy to live, with others of their kind, in the fairest pages of our Church-history in pre-Revolutionary days—in the annals of those early religious Missions, of whose blessed precincts, it may be truly said:

"You never tread upon them, but you set  
Your feet upon some ancient history."

—THE AUTHOR.

<sup>1</sup> *Last of the Huron Mission*. In AMER. CATH. QUARTERLY REVIEW, to which the writer is much indebted.