

finger in a contract or two, and otherwise fattening the bank account. Considering the large amount he is now drawing from the Missionary Society, and the meagre reports he is able to give of revival and ingatherings under his own personal ministry, a good many of his brethren think that at least all the sales from ranch or farm ought to be turned over to the funds of the Missionary Society.

The criticisms about the lumber at the saw-pit, and which son was at the burial of the loved ones, and also those about Joe and Maskepetoon, are, to say the least, in strange taste. To the readers of the book it will be seen by the perusal of the whole that, gathering my material from many sources, I designed to kindly and lovingly place before the readers the trials and sufferings and bereavements endured at times in lonely mission homes. In the lapse of years the memory may lose its ability to always call up correctly all that was heard; but as regards all I have written of those incidents that came under my personal notice, I stand by and defend every line.

Very refreshing is the reference to "our literary meetings this last winter in Morley," and the way in which the horseradish story is served up and settled. So now let it be forever after known that the horseradish was mustard, and that the two Indian chiefs were a couple of fresh Irishmen; for *we* of Morley have spoken, and the mustard one is "the original story." There are floating around many other stories of uncertain parentage; but here is an infallible literary society that can settle them all. So let the world take notice and act accordingly.

Reference to the covert sneer that there is so much that "is foreign to both time and scene," and the boorish Western rudeness in his use of the offensive expression "tenderfoot missionary," who perhaps will be found, ere these defences of his "Wigwams" end, to wear a good-sized boot, and a number of other things I will leave to some future time.

In the meantime, I hope all who can will get the book and read it a little more carefully than this superficial "critic" has evidently done.

EGERTON R. YOUNG.

#### MY ANSWER TO MR. YOUNG'S SECOND REVIEW OF MY "CRITICISM."

Here Mr. Young again emphatically asserts that the word "squaws" is not once mentioned in the book, and says this reveals "not only the cruel but reckless spirit of the critic." Now, let others judge as to who is reckless when, by turning to page 27 of this book in question, the above word is found, and