

years after I went to the North-West, and not only that, but they looked with jealous eyes upon all missionaries then, and do so even up to this day, who buy furs from the Indians.

We were at first annoyed, and a little indignant, when shortly after our arrival we were informed by the Hudson Bay Company officials, in language that could not be mistaken, that if we obtained any furs from the Indians, even for our personal use, they would refuse to allow even our letters to come in their winter packets, and in many other ways would make it exceedingly uncomfortable. When we remonstrated with them, and said, "Surely we can buy from our own Indians furs enough for our personal use—for Mrs. Young and myself," the answer was, and will Mr. McDougall please take heed to it, and "criticise" it if he wishes, "We are so annoyed by the persistent fur-trading of some of the missionaries of the Church of England, and especially of your Methodist McDougalls, in the Saskatchewan country, that we have resolved to extend no courtesies of trade or travel to any we can reach."

This, to Mrs. Young and myself, seemed very high-handed and discourteous on their part, and it was their language long after the monopoly was over; but their power in those north lands was so great that they still had the ability to hedge up my way and lessen my usefulness as a missionary. So, after thinking it over, my brave wife and I, for the sake of the most efficient carrying on of the work of saving souls and building up Christ's kingdom among those poor Indians, resolved to pocket our pride, and, for the greater good, to be even domineered over by this great company, even if, in the sight of the laws of Canada, they were wrong. We thought precious souls, redeemed by the Son of God, of more value than a few beaver or mink skins, and so, rather than have many a trail to distant posts closed against us, and thus the little flocks of loving Indians, who were hungry for the Bread of Life, left to starve, we wore our old furs, which we carried out with us when we first entered on that work, until five years after, when, at the call of the Missionary Committee, we made our first visit to civilization for a glorious round of missionary meetings. Then a Mr. Patterson, of the Metropolitan Church, gave me a new sealskin cap; and from my good friends, Messrs. Botterell, of Montreal, I obtained my first fur coat, and Mrs. Young her supply.

These are the *facts* "criticised." Let the readers of the *Guardian* judge upon us.

That our "critic" was not more severely dealt with by the Company was the fact of a marriage alliance that he often presumed upon.