

Indians, Mr. Young stated that the great majority of such as had been brought under the influence of the Gospel might be relied upon to remain loyal to the "great mother across the water." Those in the vicinity of Battleford were to a great extent, he was sorry to say, pagans, and their action was not to be depended upon. The halfbreeds, he explained, were divided into two distinct classes—the French halfbreeds and the Scotch halfbreeds—the result of intermarriages with the Indian women by the French employees of the North-West Company and those of the Hudson's Bay Company respectively. The former (French) were the disaffected ones, while the latter, he ventured to assert, would be found loyal to the core. Riel, he said, was a very intelligent man, and had been educated for the Church, but owing to his uncontrollable wickedness was refused admission to the ranks of the Roman Catholic clergy, and has ever since pursued a restless course of almost uninterrupted mischief-making. The particulars of Scott's murder were given with a minuteness of detail only possible to one thoroughly conversant with all the facts, and the shooting of the already half dead man and the subsequent dumping of the body, wound round with chains, into a hole cut in the ice, elicited a thrill of horror on the part of every one present. The speaker closed a most interesting address by stating that he had offered his services to the Government with a view to counteract, as far as possible by his personal influence, the machinations of Riel and his gang, but that as yet he had not received a reply—a statement which is scarcely necessary to say was received with much applause. A cordial vote of thanks was tendered to Mr. Young for his admirable address.

Old-Fashioned Mothers.

THANK God some of us have had old-fashioned mothers. Not a woman of the period, enamelled and painted, with her chignon, her curls and bustle, whose white, jewelled hands never felt the clasp of baby fingers, but a dear, old-fashioned, sweet-voiced mother, with eyes in whose clear depths the love light shone, and brown hair just threaded with silver lying smooth upon her faded cheek. Those dear hands worn with toil gently guided our steps in childhood and smoothed our pillow in sickness, ever reaching out to us in yearning tenderness.

Blessed is the memory of an old-fashioned mother. It floats now to us like the beautiful perfume from some wooded blossoms. The music of other voices may be lost, but the entrancing memory of hers will echo in our souls forever. Other faces may fade away and be forgotten, but hers will shine on. When in the fitful pause of business life our feet wander back to the old homestead and crossing the well-worn threshold stand once more in the room so hallowed by her presence, how the feeling of childhood, innocence and dependence comes over us and we kneel down in the molten sunshine streaming through the open window—just where long years ago we knelt by our mother's knee, lisping; "Our Father."

How many times when the tempter lured us on has the memory of those sacred hours, that mother's words, her faith and prayers, saved us from plunging into the deep abyss of sin. Years

have filled great drifts between her and us, but they have not hidden from our sight the glory of her pure, unselfish love.—*Detroit Free Press.*

After.

After the storm, the calm,
After the bruise, the balm;
After the pang, the bliss,
After the tear, the kiss;
After the battle,—rest?
The good Lord knoweth best!

After the darkness, light,
After the blindness, sight;
After the doubt, belief,
After the pain, relief;
After the weakness, strength,
And the grace of God at length!

After the quicksands, clay,
After December, May;
After the fever, sleep,
Solemn and sweet and deep;
After the race, the prize,
And the doors of Paradise!

Learn to be Handy.

Room can be found in the house or barn, and a little money will put a boy in the way of becoming a handy man. In my workshop I have two hand-saws, a hammer, two chisels, a small anvil, a large and small vise, a jack-plane and a smoother, a mitre-box, mallet, gimlet, screw-driver, brace and several bits, nail-set, try-square, drills, rule and awls. With these tools you can do almost any job required about the house. The handy boy is going to make the handy man, and the handy man is going to save himself many dollars and many vexatious delays by being able to handle different tools.

In pulling the table around a caster comes off. Are you going to send it to the shop, or get a carpenter to come up? If you are not a handy man you will have to; if you have a screw-driver and two or three screws about, you can fix it in five minutes. A door sags and shuts hard. Let it go for awhile and you'll break the locks and have the knobs off. If you are not a handy man you'll go from two to six blocks out of your way to a carpenter shop. A workman will come up that day, or that day week. He'll lift the door off its hinges, run his plane over the sagging end a few times, and your bill is seventy-five cents. Ten minutes of your own time would have accomplished the work. A door-lock refuses to work. Something is the matter with the bolt. The lock is fixed and your bill is at least fifty cents. Now, the wire spring had slipped out of place or got bent by a jar. Any handy man would have fixed it with no other help than a screw-driver.

When you have your workshop, take care of your tools. In that you can learn the value of order and time. Have a place for every tool and keep it there when not in use. Have every article where you can find it at midnight without a light. If the handle of your hammer becomes loosened don't drop the whole thing into a pail of water to swell the wood. Don't drive nails into the end to fill up the eye. Knock the handle out, split the end which goes into the eye, and when you have replaced it drive a wedge into the slit.

If the ear comes off a pail, tub or coal-scuttle, you can replace it by drilling a new hole and using a soft rivet. With a screw-driver and hammer you can put one of the patent fasteners on a garden hose in two minutes. You will find a glue-pot an indispensable article in your workshop. Wherever you are making a joint which is not to

be exposed to the weather, glue will hold almost like nails. After a while get a pair of tinner's hand-shears. They not only come handy to cut all sizes of wire, but you can peel off the end of a joint of a stove-pipe like paring an apple, work over a piece of old eave-trough or make use of tin cans kicking about.

I would add to your workshop a tinner's soldering iron, a bar of solder, a penny's worth of rosin and a bottle of muriatic acid. I'll venture to say that in nine houses out of ten there's a job awaiting the tinker. There's a leak in the wash-boiler—in some of the pans, the wash-dish, the dipper, or some other much used article. This leak bothers and annoys, but to get it mended you must carry the article a mile and back. I should simply take the leaky dish and scrape the tin around the leak. This to remove the grease. Your acid is in a bottle, and you put it on with a brush made of a stick and a rag. Your iron is heated in the stove or range, and when you have wiped it off, touch your bar of solder and pass the iron over the leak. In thirty seconds you have saved yourself a visit to the tinner. In soldering on new tin use powdered rosin in place of the acid.

Besides the saving of time and money in being handy, you have a quiet satisfaction in having accomplished this or that. In handling a rule you get a quick eye for distances. In using either bit or drill you must exercise care and exactness. Your eye says that the end of a board is square; your try-square shows how easy it is to be deceived. With a saw-awl and a couple of needles you can repair almost any break in a harness. Five cents' worth of material in your glue pot will cure all the lame chairs in the neighbourhood. A mitre-box enables you to make a joint which the best carpenter dare not try with his eyes for a guide, and gives you a chance to use mouldings and fancy pieces.

I don't want to see the plumber and lock-smith and carpenter and tinner shut up shop for the want of patronage, but I believe that the handy man is a blessing to a whole neighbourhood. He can supply a missing bolt for a boy's velocipede, adjust a sewing-machine needle, put in a window light, make a bench, glue in a chair leg, fix a spring for a screen door, doctor a lock, hang an axe, adjust a lawn-mower, mend a toy, make a box and feel dependent upon nobody's convenience or caprice.—*M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.*

The St. Gothard Tunnel.

YEAR by year the mighty barriers of nature are yielding to the needs and skill of man. How many vast improvements a rapid thought of the past twenty years recalls to the mind! The Atlantic cable, wedding Europe and America by its mystic bond; the Suez Canal, revolutionizing the method of mercantile transit between Europe and Asia; the Pacific Railway, a girdle binding our Atlantic and our Pacific coasts; the Mt. Conis Tunnel, doying the Alpine heights by shooting beneath them,—these are some of the vast and once thought impossible works which genius and patience have achieved, within the memory of men yet young. The work of subduing the difficulties of nature to the necessities of the race still goes on. It will not be many years before the Isthmus of Panama will have its watery way, as well as the

Isthmus of Suez; and then the world will not complain of doubling of either the Cape of Hope or Cape Horn.

The greatest recent engineering has been the completion of the tunnel beneath the famous St. Gothard Pass in Switzerland. The figures which relate to this noble achievement give some measure of its extent. The cost was not far from fifty millions of dollars. It took ten years to penetrate the rocky bases of the mountains which it passes. The tunnel is some fifteen thousand yards in length. Other tunnels connecting with the larger one, carry the total subterranean length to over forty thousand yards.

Already, indeed, for some years the Mt. Conis Tunnel has been in working order, so that the traveller has no longer been obliged to creep, in lumbering coaches, slowly up the zig-zag passes, and over the steep highways, going from Switzerland into Italy. But the St. Gothard road is much the larger, and is besides much the shorter and direct way between these picturesque lands.

Some idea of the time saved by the tunnel may be judged from the fact that the traveller passes through from end to end, in the space of forty minutes. In the old days, it took him to traverse the same journey, at least twelve hours.

Thus the tourist who takes a summer trip in Europe this year, for the first time, may make the most rapid possible trip from Central Europe into the land of the Caesars, the Popes, and the great masters; at the same time enjoying almost to as great a degree, the sublime scenery which his predecessors viewed on the St. Gothard, and which for many generations has been the theme of poets and painters.

The valley of the Reuss, which the railway traverses between Lake Lucerne and the tunnel is the narrowest, most rugged, and steepest of all the Swiss valleys; while, on the Italian side, the road passes by a gentle descent down the famous valley of the Ticino, where some of the most notable scenes of the Italian war of 1859 occurred. The Ticino valley, all smiles and verdant and lovely slopes and bright picturesque landscapes, form a most vivid contrast to the gloomy grandeur of the valley of the Reuss; and so the tourist in this thrilling jaunt, is excited by every emotion which the varied beauties of nature impart.

SOME years ago William Cullen Bryant received a letter, as editor of the *Evening Post*, which was written by a servant girl, yet so simply and beautifully expressed that he and some of his literary friends were interested to learn how she had acquired such an admirable style. On questioning her she told him she had a dread of spelling words wrong; and when she undertook to write anything, if a word suggested itself to her which she could not spell, she selected another which she was sure she could spell right. This was the secret of her pure and simple style.

A MAN who claimed that he knew a great deal about ships, once went on a voyage on a leaky vessel. Seeing the sailors working the pumps, he said "Dear me, Captain! I did not know you had a well on board; but I am really very glad, as I do detest river water."