

Exchanges.

Ring Out the Chimes.

Ring out the chimes once more again,
 O'er cloud-capped hills and towering trees,
 Ring out the tones upon the breeze,
 That all may hear upon the plain.
 The years, how swift they onward press,
 Each trampling on the others' heels,
 And whirling round like tireless wheels
 In one unwavering ceaseless race.

Ring out the chimes, loud, swell on swell,
 O'er heaving sea and running stream;
 Life, after all, is but a dream
 From which we wake at death's loud knell.
 We live and breathe our little span,
 The generations come and go,
 Ane go and come, and ebb and flow,
 Submissive to the Maker's plan.

Ring in the year, the infant year,
 Ring out all cares that trouble life.
 Ring out hard times, of late so life--
 Ring in good times, faint hearts to cheer;
 That all may know and all may feel,
 There is a God of truth and love,
 Who watches o'er us from above,
 And rules all nature for our weal.

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How do you know that Hamlet had a bicycle? Because he said:
 "Watch over my safety while I sleep."—Ex.

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Although scientists cannot prove that man springs from a monkey, yet it is evident that woman jumps from a mouse.—Ex.

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GIRLS WHO MAKE POOR WIVES.

The following may be interesting to all our readers. It should also be profitable at least to many. We insert it for the use it may be to the students generally and not that it is needed in the Royal City and suburbs:

I never see a petted, pampered girl who is yielded to in every whim by servants and parents, that I do not sigh with pity for the man who will some day be her husband. It is the worshipped daughter, who has been taught that her whims and wishes are supreme in a household, who makes marriage a failure all her life. She has had her way in things great and small; and when she desired dresses, pleasure or journeys which were beyond the family purse, she carried the day with tears and sulks or posing as a martyr, the parents sacrificed and suffered for her sake, hoping finally to see her well married. They carefully hide her faults from her suitors who seek her hand, and she is ever ready with smiles and allurements to win

the hearts of men, and the average man is as blind to the faults of a pretty girl as a newly hatched bird is blind to the worms upon the trees about him. He thinks her little pottish ways are merely girlish moods; but when she becomes his wife and reveals her selfish nature he is grieved and hurt to think fate has been so unkind to him.

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We notice in the December number of *The Sunbeam* a note referring to the general trend of our articles. In reply we beg to say that our aim has been to make THE REVIEW a college paper, one that would be of practical value to those engaged in agricultural pursuits. We conceive that our articles, being of a more or less scientific nature, might seem dry and uninteresting to the fair sex. We are conscious, moreover, that articles in the literary line would be more acceptable to the general public, but we must always keep the agricultural interests to the front. It must be admitted, however, that there is some ground for the criticism, and we take this opportunity to thank our critics and to say that we shall always be glad to receive just criticisms from any source, and especially from such as the above.

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We take the following from *The McMaster Monthly*: HOME is the sweetest spot on earth. The name itself awakens in our minds fond recollections which neither time nor trouble can efface. No matter where one may roam, the mention of home recalls to him instantly the scenes of childhood. Every nook and corner is dear to the memory on account of their associations. It makes no difference what one's fortune in life may be the recollections of home are always dear. Or if he establishes a home for himself the charm still remains in the mother and children. It would be difficult to over estimate the influence of the home on life and character. The brave deeds of heroes, the nobility of manhood, the chivalry, courage and fidelity of the good and brave are in many cases the result of seed sown in the home. The Spartans owed their renown to their home training. The lofty ideas of liberty of Washington and Lincoln were the fruit of Puritan homes. The Wesleys imbibed much that made them what they were at their mother's knee. The home is also the mightiest factor in a nation's life. A nation's power and influence is not to be measured by area, wealth or arms, but by her fire sides.

"For the hand that rocks the cradle
 Is the hand that rules the world."

Home is not however a place of residence only, it is a place of sympathy, mutual confidence and love. It is for all to see that they do all in their power to make home what it really should be. Cursed be the man who sullies this heaven planted institution with vice, profanity or intemperance! Shame on that woman who does not give her best service for her home!

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"John, did you take the note to Mr. Jones?" "Yes, but I don't think he can read it, sir." "Why not, John?" "Because he is blind, sir. While I was in the room, he axed me twice where my hat was, and it were on my head all the time."—Ex.