

MY OLD CANADIAN HOME.

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FAIR are thy fields, O Canada!
 And sweet thy forest shades,
 Thy rippling, crystal rivulets
 And daisy-spangled glades;
 In Spring's fresh, vernal beauty,
 In Summer's fervid glow;
 When Autumn heaps the garner,
 Or Winter piles the snow.
 Tho' fate's decree exiles me,
 In foreign lands to roam.
 My heart turns back with longing
 To my old Canadian home.

O happy home of childhood!
 Fond memory twines above
 Thy plain and homely portals,
 The evergreens of love!
 Unknowing pain or sorrow,
 In childhood's deep content,
 The careless hours of infancy
 Beneath thy roof were spent;
 To stranger eyes unlovely,
 Thy walls were rude and bare,
 But every beam and rafter,
 To me were beauteous there!

When soft the southern breezes,
 Breathed on the forests fair,
 And from Winter's death aroused them
 To life and verdure there;
 When the maple, queen of the woodland,
 Was the farmer's lawful spoil
 And her treasured sweetness yielded,
 To crown his homely toil;
 While the snow yet lay in the valleys,
 Tho' wild flowers bloomed on the hill,
 My heart, like the face of nature
 With newer life would thrill.

When wild March winds were quiet,
 And April's sun and showers
 Had decked with fragrant blossoms,
 Thy blooming garden bowers;
 When night's dark veil is lifted,
 And pales the morning star,
 And the sun from his eastern chambers
 Rides forth in his triumph car,
 From orchard, grove and meadow.
 The birds their matins sung,
 And the world was fair and beautiful
 In the days when I was young.

But the brightest dreams will vanish,
 And the fairest visions pass.
 As the wind-vexed clouds of heaven
 Chase their shadows o'er the grass,
 And the hopes of youth's fair morning,
 When the world and we are gay
 Prove nought but vain illusions
 In the light of manhood's day.
 Undone, the things we would do,
 However sweet they be,
 And done, the things we would not,
 By necessity's decree.

And so, when worn and weary,
 And tempted to despair
 By the venom'd stings of worry,
 And never-ending care,
 When duty's road is rugged,
 And all the weary day
 No genial smile of fortune,
 Our labors to repay;
 When hard luck in the present,
 Dims the future to our sight,
 O home and days of childhood!
 Thank heaven, ye were bright!

NOTES AND NEWS.

WHEN writing advertisers mention the REVIEW.

DON'T forget to send in any news you may have in our line.

MESSRS. YOUNG & AGNEW are the official reporters of the long-pending suit re the Dundas St. Bridge. The case promises to be long and interesting.

YOU will confer a favor by showing the REVIEW to your friends; and don't neglect sending us a list of those interested in shorthand in your locality.

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WE HOPE to receive your subscriptions at an early date, as this method of encouragement is most satisfactory, and we shall spare no efforts to deserve it. Don't overlook this.

SIR ISAAC PITMAN has issued a circular respecting a number of changes to be made in his system of phonography. An exposition of the changes will be given in these pages at an early date.

ON PAGE 27 will be found a letter received from Mr. M. O. Hammond, of this city. It has a number of good points for your consideration, and we shall be pleased to have you read every word.

AS WE desire to be as progressive as possible, and make our magazine as interesting and instructive to our readers as it can be, any suggestions that may help to make these pages better in any way will be thankfully received.

We again print this month our "Open Letter to Canadian Stenographers," and it would be a pleasure to us to know that you have read