

of intuitive knowledge of what profession in life they are most fitted. Others again experience a great amount of doubt and hesitancy before they can decide upon their life work.

There are some whose life would be almost useless should they make a mistake in the choice of a profession. But to the majority, it does not so much matter what profession they enter as it does how they exert themselves in that profession. Success must depend on one's own efforts. Many think that *genius* is always necessary to become an eminent man. This, every one cannot in a high degree possess; but to all who are endowed with good, common sense, steady hard work will stand in as good stead, and nearly always accomplish as good results.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

(REVISED VERSION.)

Oh, that this too, too solid Greek wou'd melt,

Thaw and resolve itself into English,
Or that the Principal had not fixed
His canon 'gainst translations,

How very stale flat and unprofitable,
Seems to me, all this *Initia Grecia*.

Fie out! Oh fie! And only sentences,
Vocabularies, and still rarer things,

Possess it merely. O that it should come to this.

About two thousand years dear, yes more,
And yet, this language must 'uncarthed

Why was it not left with its masters, now asleep,

Until the trumpet raises again to life,

To get its due. Heaven and earth

Must I remember! Why he gave us more,

As if increase of study, had grown with time.

Let me not think on it, F— thy name is Work;

A little, and ere the smile, with which we nailed

A page reduced to half, had op'd

His eyes—why even he—Oh! friend!

A man whose very soul was Greek, could not

Have been much worse. But I must cease The clock, with wicked speed,

In striking mine. So I must do my work
If I would seek, to-night my downy bed.

BILLY SHAKESPEARE.

2nd Edition.

SKATING.

The other day I concluded to go to the Skating Rink this winter, and learn to skate; so on the morning of the day on which the Rink was to open, I began to prepare. I bought a new pair of boots, and a new pair of skates. When I had made my purchase, I tried on my boots, and sewed on a missing suspender button. I sat down to wait for 7 o'clock and to while away the time and get some profitable information, read through Beadle's book entitled "How we learn to skate in half an Hour." And when I was done I concluded that I would be able to master the art in that time. Seven o'clock came at last; I proceeded to the rink; fastened on my skates and got ready to make my first venture on the ice. I stepped boldly down, and—what happened at this point I am not able to state distinctly; but "something" did happen; of that I am quite certain. Perhaps I was so surprised with the sense of my own courage in attempting the feat of stepping down alone, that I sat down in too great a hurry, or perhaps the ice may have been a little too slippery at that particular place. At any rate, one portion of the ice seemed to have flown up and struck me on the back of my head, just above the ear. After several minutes I got up, caught hold of a post and prepared to start out again, a little more carefully. I gave two or