

The skating has already proved an inspiration to our College "laureate." We think that her spirited skating song will speak best for itself—

See them go!
Some in row,
Some in merry twos and threes.
Voices ringing,
Laughter ringing
On the frosty evening breeze.

See the rosy,
Bright and cosy
Flving, flitting figures pass;
Pretty dresses,
Floating tresses—
All a whirling, twirling mass.

Cheeks are tingling,
Bells are jingling,
Eyes are flashing in the light;
Skates are tinkling,
Stars are twinkling
In the deep blue dome of night

Some are cutting
Corners jutting—
Waltzing "outside edge" and "vine;"
Graceful gliding,
Slipping, sliding,
Up and down the joyous line.

'Midst the falling,
Tumbling, calling,
Constellations strange arise,
Which no eyeing,
Peering, spying,
E'er can find within the skies.

BOTHERSOME PEOPLE.

THE term bothersome, though perhaps not to be found in the dictionary, is one whose use is authorized by almost universal acceptance, for its exact shade of meaning is not expressed by any other word in our language. It generously covers a multitude of petty, unintentional faults with the garb of excusableness, by reminding us that all have likewise sinned. To be bothersome is the inevitable lot of humanity; it has been so, and will be so while time endures; Adam and Eve before the fall were the only exceptions to this rule. Yet consider the influence on society, on the world, were the failing eradicated wholly: patience and endurance would languish for lack of employment; fortitude would grow weak from inactivity, and much valuable energy would be lost, while the great calamities of life would overwhelm, simply because the mind had not been trained in the school of everyday trials. Among the bothersome people,

we do not include those who find pleasure in adding to an already lengthy list of such misdeeds; who take a delight in teasing and worrying others; and as for being the first to tell bad news, they positively relish it, watching the writhings of their victims with evident gusto.

From infancy to old age we are liable to errors of the kind: increasing years bring wisdom and watchfulness, and help us to avoid like occurrences.

Probably the most laughably bothersome period of life is that of childhood, from the time when we used to make raids upon people's hair, noses, and in fact every projecting object within reach; when we wailed by the hour for a forbidden toy and would not be comforted; or went on voyages of discovery, not resting till we had ransacked the bureau drawers and dissected the family photograph album, the musical box or mother's new bonnet. What a queer fashion we had of putting everything into our mouths, and thereby swallowing such things as beads, buttons, tacks, and caterpillars. How often did we treacherously gain admittance to the kitchen, and when there worry poor cook to death by putting salt in her preserves, and cold water in her kettle, or by slyly tasting the savory dishes when her back was turned.

Then came the period of school life, when every faculty was on the alert for fun, and the all-engrossing thought was of the means by which lessons could be recited without study; when the school-teacher's life was made a burden by reason of our never-ending exploits and experiments; when everything that was heard was stored up for repetition, and given out boldly without regard to time, place, or circumstances.

One would suppose that after childhood and youth are passed there would be no more such mistakes: it is true the offences are not so glaring, but they nevertheless occur. There are always people in this world who seem to have no particular occupation, but rather a general oversight of the occupations and domestic relations of their neighbors, friends, and even acquaintances; their sympathies, whether real or affected, are unlimited, and as for knowledge, they would be quite equal to the functions of the city directory or daily newspaper; they drop down upon you at the most unseasonable hour of the day, and exult in being the first