

agree that it is hardly just to expect one man, however able and self-sacrificing, to take entire charge of the department of Pure Mathematics, most especially when he is engaged in publishing text-books which bring honour to the University. Of course he has the assistance of a Tutor. But a Tutor, who is expected to have at least half of his attention fixed upon studies of his own, and who is engaged for only a year, giving place to another when he is just beginning to have a good command of his work, is not a very valuable assistant. It is true that Prof. Dupuis has this session delivered only ten lectures per week, perhaps not a greater number than the other Professors have had. But while ten lectures in a week in Latin or Greek would only deal with three or four authors, the ten lectures in Mathematics are upon ten different subjects, ranging from the Elementary Algebra and Geometry of the Junior Class to Differential Equations and Quaternions, each of which has its peculiar ideas and processes. The Professor is thus required to keep in mind all the time the whole range of Mathematics even down to minute details. This, we submit, is too much to require of one man, and we hope that the next addition to the staff will be an Assistant Professor of Mathematics.

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## LITERATURE.

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TO ———

**I**N dreams before my eyes they shine,  
 That figure and the face divine,  
 Oh, would that I might call them mine.  
 Bright golden locks, from calm clear brow,  
 More purely white than driven snow,  
 In long rich ringlets gleaming flow.  
 And eyes whose purity of hue,  
 Rivals the ocean's deepest blue—  
 Eyes like their owner—good and true.  
 A mouth, like op'ning rosebud sweet,  
 Where teeth like pearls together meet,  
 And chin and neck. Ah! Most complete!  
 A waist so small, one scarce can hold  
 His arm from being far too bold,  
 That slender waist to tight enfold.  
 But yet I must not. Why? I'll tell  
 You, tho' perhaps you know it well;  
 Because she is another fel-  
 low's girl.

M. Q. V.

AD PULCHERRIMAM.

Love, thou art fair, yea, passing fair;  
 Yet others fair as thou may be;  
 Though soft and silken is thy hair,  
 Softer and silkier one may see.  
 Nor can I tell the reason why  
 My love shall never cease for thee  
 Until I die.

Though sweet and melting are thine eyes,  
 Where truth and purity do dwell;  
 Visions of other orbs arise,  
 Whose beauty passes me to tell.  
 Nor do I know the reason why  
 My love for thee shall never fail  
 Until I die.

But ah, what matters it to me?  
 Thy love alone my breast doth fill;  
 If other women fairer be,  
 Let others love them and they will.  
 I love thee; 'tis the reason why  
 My love for thee endureth still  
 Until I die.

CLASS POET, '93.

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J. M. Barrie has risen to fame with a rapidity almost equal to that of Kipling. A year ago he was known only as a clever essay-writer, while now everybody has read and enjoyed one or other of his books. We hope that he will not write himself out, but it looks rather like it at present. In the last eighteen months we have had "A Window in Thrums, The Little Minister, A Tillyloss Scandal, My Lady Nicotine, A Society for getting rid of some people," and two or three others. He has at present a three-act farce running in a prominent London Theatre, and every month he contributes to one or other of the English magazines a short story. His range so far seems to be limited to Scotch subjects, for "My Lady Nicotine," and "A Society for Doing Without Some People," are at best mediocre, and "The Little Minister" has its charms from Rob Dow, Snecky Hobart, &c., not from The Gypsy and Lord Rintoul, of whom Andrew Lang well says that Rob Dow is as true to life as they are to the Family Herald. His farce, which we have not seen, has indeed been greeted with a unanimous burst of praise but however good it cannot rank with his Scotch scenes. His most perfect work as yet is "A Window in Thrums," a succession of perfectly cut cameos, presenting at once the purest humour and that deep pathos which always accompanies the best humour. Perhaps in "The Little Minister" the scene where