ON A CERTAIN PROVERB.

There is a saying which, though meant for good,
    Is so expressed to give impression wrong   ·
    That "all things come to him who waiteth long—"
A proverb making most delicious food
For the dull palate of the laggard brood,
    Or for the ill-rewarded 'tis a song
    Which dims despair, tho' only to prolong—
But for ambition 'tis a stumbling wood.

Wait not beside life's deep, storm-tortured river
    For waves to fall and tempests to subside,
    Or magic bark to bear thee smoothly o'er;
Plunge in the torrent's rage nor fearful shiver
    Buffet the billows, on the surges ride,
    Turn not nor pause and thou hast gained the shore.

March, 1892.   E. BLACKADDER, '94.

TWO OLD WORLD PROFESSORS.

SOME years ago I saw on one of the shelves in the Mathematical alcove at Harvard a book entitled : "The Elements of Quaternions, by Peter Guthrie Tait, M. A., Professor of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh." The book to outward appearances seemed harmless enough, but on the fly-leaf was a warning note: "All hope abandon ye who enter here." The words had been written by a poor fellow who had spent the previous year in preparing his own grave, for he never got through the June examination. Many an amateur whose one anchor has been certainty of self has sailed in gaily on the sea of Quaternions and come out at the end hopelessly adrift. *Possunt quia posse videntur* is as true now as ever—for. never was it literally true.

The author of the "Elements" holds a place of proud distinction in the School of the Mathematicians. To the minds of many, indeed, he occupies a position very similar to that held by Milton among poets: a poet for the poets, a mathematician for the