

Of this large number, 5,259 or 77.2 per cent., were fully verified ; 996 were only partly verified ; 91.9 per cent. were verified fully and partially. The residents of the Upper St. Lawrence District are apparently the most fortunate of the inhabitants of the Dominion, for the highest percentage of "fully verified" predictions is recorded there, viz., 78.6 per cent. It is thus evident that the Weather Bureau may be relied upon. The percentage of verifications is quite large enough to satisfy the ordinary citizen that when the Probabilities mention "Rain" or "Local Showers" it will be wise and prudent to carry an umbrella, if for no other purpose than to scare off the rain !

THE RHYMING MANIA

Oliver Wendell Holmes ends his article in the March *Atlantic* by the following bit of delightful satirical verse, entitled *Cacoethes Scribendi* :

"If all the trees in all the woods were men,
And each and every blade of grass a pen ;
If every leaf on every shrub and tree
Turned to a sheet of foolscap ; every sea
Were changed to ink, and all earth's living tribes
Had nothing else to do but act as scribes,
And for ten thousand ages, day and night,
The human race should write, and write, and write,
Till all the pens and paper were used up,
And the huge inkstand was an empty cup,
Still would the scribblers clustered round its brink
Call for more pens, more paper, and more ink."

Dr. Holmes is right ; the Rhyming Mania is abroad, and may not improperly be classed under the head of "zymotic diseases." But not only is this so, but we fear it is a symptom of a poetical paresis which is fast setting in. It is not proper, neither is it correct, to dignify current magazine verse by the name of poetry. That is, if we keep in mind what Emerson has said of the poet. In a striking passage in one of his Essays he says : "Poetry was written before time was ; and whenever we are so finely organized that we can penetrate into that region where the air is music, we hear those primal warblings, and attempt to write them down ; but we lose, ever and anon, a word or a verse, and substitute something of our own, and thus mis-write the poem. The man of more delicate ear can write down these cadences more faithfully, and these transcripts, though imperfect, become the songs of the nations." We hardly think the ubiquitous versifier can lay claim to the possession of so fine an organization as to breathe that pure spiritual ether in which Emerson says that the divine afflatus can alone be felt ; at least, if he does so, it is but for a few moments at a time, if we may judge of the period of inspiration by the average length of his verses. Probably what we are forced to read in the magazines to-day are the substitutes for the word or verse which, as Emerson tells us, the poet loses ever and anon.