

FINE DAY, ISN'T IT?

Perhaps it is. Of all the uninteresting and hackneyed subjects under the sun, the weather is perhaps the most unexciting; and it is humiliating to realize that the aforesaid subject is the most commonly discussed in all circles today. We are all, alike, incapable of beginning any discussion, however momentous or trifling, without at first referring to the weather. It is, as it were, a necessary preliminary, which must first be disposed of, before we go into whatever matter is under our consideration. In fact, if we should meet an individual, today, who would neglect to express his private opinion concerning the existing weather conditions, we should likely set him down as a very eccentric person, if not a down-right crank.

The human mind in this modern scientific age is not satisfied with a natural occurrence, but must search for, and, if possible, assign reasons or causes for our continual reference to the weather. Being a very impersonal subject, it has this advantage, that it may be referred to in any company and under all circumstances, without offence to anyone present. This, we find is perhaps the first and main cause. Then again, in the case of a not too brilliant conversationalist, it serves to fill many an awkward gap. Thus, what is more natural, in the case of a romantic, but diffident young man, who is endeavouring, during a moonlight walk, to express to his adorable companion the ruling passion of his life, than to intersperse his halting declaration with numerous comments upon the weather? And furthermore, we must not omit the case in which we have a perfectly legitimate right to express our opinion of the conduct of the weather-man. For it is a well and widely known fact that, at times, the atmospheric conditions merit our strongest condemnation. However, in all fairness, we must admit that we are ever more prompt in condemning the inclemencies of the weather than in commending its good behaviour.

In this regard it is often interesting to compare the comments on the weather by the optimists and those of the opposite class, the pessimists. To the ordinary mortal, each is equally exasperating. We have all met the optimist who, as soon as he is within hailing distance, delivers himself of some flattering comment upon the weather, when our own perfectly reliable senses assure

us that the present condition of the atmosphere is far from ideal. A man of his temperament is indeed much to be envied; he is also much to be avoided.

But this class of people is comparatively small in comparison with the number whom we term pessimists; and, although each type is equally annoying taken individually, the latter, as a class is much more provoking through very force of numbers. These chronic grumblers seem never to find their ideal weather conditions. Indeed, it is doubtful if such a day as would satisfy them will ever come. It is either too warm or too cold; too dark or too bright. Such characters are, truly, annoying, and the less scrupulous of us are at times almost tempted to consign them to an abode where the temperature is, if not altogether satisfactory, at least constant.

There is one other class of people whom we must not overlook, while we are on this subject. I refer to the weather prophets. We have them in abundance and, if they confer no real benefits on humanity, they at least cannot harm us. They are, as it were, a self-constituted adjunct to our meteorological stations, and do not hesitate to enlighten us where the weather bureau does not consider itself competent to do so. They are usually local celebrities, and have built up whatever reputation they may have, either by good luck or by good judgment. Some of them develop either a certain instinct, concerning the weather, which reasonably often coincides with nature's program; or they, through long practice, attain a special skill in the art of guessing. But whatever be their qualifications, the advice we receive from them is in most cases worth just what we pay for it.

But such persons should cause us not the least uneasiness. For no matter what we may say or do concerning the weather, we can produce not one iota of change, not even the slightest variation in its regular behaviour. Not only does it absolutely refuse to be governed by us; it does not even permit us the most fleeting glance at its program, except for a very few hours in advance. Scientists, who have concerned themselves with this subject for centuries, are now able to forecast weather conditions with reasonable accuracy twenty-four hours ahead; they hazard a vague prophecy of what the conditions will be forty-eight hours hence. Beyond that they are discreetly silent. But even that is a wonderful boon

to humanity, especially to picnickers. No doubt it is best for us that it should be so; for we have quite sufficient responsibilities at present, without assuming the regulating of the weather.

E.M. '31

TON NOM

"Hier, distraitement, quelqu'un vous
a nommée"
André Rivoire.

Devant moi, l'autre jour, quelqu'un a prononcé
Ton nom! Et j'ai senti mon coeur battre plus vite.
J'ai donc tendu l'oreille, on ventait ton mérite.
De ton coeur généreux, on disait la bonté.

Sans doute on ignorait que c'était mon amie,
J'étais heureux alors! que d'orgueil contenu!
Savait-on que ce nom, à moi, m'était connu,
Qu'il chantait en mon coeur comme une mélodie?....

Distraitement bientôt, je me mis à rêver
D'un rêve doux, si doux: je revis ton sourire,
Je revis tes chers yeux où tu me faisais lire.
Sur ma lèvre passa ton nom comme un baiser!

—L.V. '29

The best portion of man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.—*Wordsworth.*

Not she with trait'rous kiss her Saviour stung,
Not she denied Him with unholy tongue;
She, while apostles shrank, could danger brave,
Last at His cross, and earliest at His grave.—*Barrett.*