

sound or varied knowledge, wisdom to use knowledge even when possessed, nor invaluable experience has aught to do with his schemes and hopes. The over-weening desire of being thought progressive often shows him to be more solicitous of letting others see what knowledge he has than to learn what he needs. He fondly believes that he possesses qualities which mark him a being superior to his fellows. Official position, if he attains to it, does not secure to its possessor even an external and superficial courtesy towards his superiors, much less towards—shall we write it?—his inferiors (?)—unless his purposes may be thwarted by such supercilious behaviour. He fancies he has an aptitude for a particular pursuit, but he feels intuitively that his fitness must be supplemented by something else than intellectual ability in order to gain distinction. And distinction is his goal. Consequently modesty is no part of his make-up. Without experience, or at most with a very limited one, he assumes the role of a master-genius and tenders his advice very gratuitously, and very voluminously, to those of wider range of knowledge which has been gained by a more extended experience. Nothing will abash him, and he is as garrulous as a setting-goose. His ambition is not how much he can put into life, but how much he can take out of it—for himself.

( TO BE CONTINUED )

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## The Storm.

The drowsy air lies close along the earth,  
It scarcely moves the feathery films that fall  
From seeding grasses by the woodland brook.  
Fear and expectation clasp their trembling arms  
About the stately beech's pillar'd might,  
For the storm is lurking there behind the hills  
And only waits the coming on of night.

Grasp the rocks with all your anchor roots,  
Ye stately trees that stand on yonder hill,  
For ye will surely need the strength they hold  
E'er morning's golden light comes back this way  
To find your leafy banners torn in shreds,  
And scattered on the meadow lands below.

Hark ! there's trampling in the boughs o'er head !  
The storm is out ! The storm ! the storm ! the storm !

J. S. B.