

heaven-bradled mysteries?" If one truth of Revelation is violently wrenched from its true position in a complete whole, and presented alone without respect to its relations, it may no longer be absolute truth, but illegitimate error, if that term be correct.

SANDIE.—Yer hittin at the chaps they ca' revelists. Noo, dinna ye be runnin yer heed again' a whinstane. They may be angels, or if no', they're second cousins to Lucifer, as the Dominie would say. Their settin folks by the lugs is no' a bad sign, for truth, if spoken, will aye mak' a stir. Janet and me has been wranglin' aboot them, till we agreed to lat them alane an' read the Bible for oorsels. But I would like to hear something frae Amanda.

AMANDA.—I regret that I can contribute little to the edification of the club, except a piece of poetry, or maybe I should call it simply rhyme. until the club decides on its merits or faults. I will recite it:

UNION IS STRENGTH.

Snowballs gather, as they go,
Strength from every frosty pile;
Singing streamlets, as they flow,
Vibrate waves on distant isle.
Crystal sands make granite rocks,
High as Alpine rugged towers;
Lightning's nervous, scathing shocks,
Reel before cohesive powers.

Silkworm's glittering, fragile strands,
Break before the passing breeze;
Spin the threads with gentle hands,
Silken ropes defy the seas.
Warriors on the battle plain
Rend opposing ranks together;
Courage ebbs not 'mid the slain,
"When feather ever toucheth feather."

Nations, united, ever stand
Defiant, knowing no decay;
Ne'er can ruthless vandal hands
Disintegrate them all away.
Ours the Empire built by men
Who scorned disunion ever;
Ours the Empire held by them
Who shieldeth it forever.

DOCTOR.—There is a close connection between soul and body, and so there is between the soul and body of poetry. You may rhyme well, and use choice language, and have all the necessary poetic feet in each line, but you must also breathe into the nostrils of your creation the breath of life before it can be called poetry. The statue may exhibit every muscle of Hercules in marble; but it is motionless. The canvass may, by the touch of genius, be covered with figures so life-like that you almost think you see them breathe and move; but there is no life there. Poetry is "human passion in its deepest intensity." Machine rhyme can be spun out by the yard by those who never mounted Pegasus, nor climbed the steep sides of Parnassus, nor drunk of the