A Tragedy.

One song lost to the summer day, Ah me! ah me! One pair of flashing wings the less In the apple-tree.

Four moaning babies motherless In the home nest, A dying bird upon the ground With wounded breast.

Who can in such a peaceful place The wrong have done?
A little thoughtless-hearted boy, And just for fun!

-The Outlook.

## Nell's New Sister.

Nell stood at the gate, looking out into the icy, snowy road. The little front garden was entirely dry now, for as soon as the storm was over, her father had shoveled the snow all away from there, so Nell could go out when the sunshine came again. And there it was, making the fresh air warmer, and gilding the trees and houses and fences with its bright rays. Nell was just wondering how little girls man-aged who hadn't any kind father to care for them, when she saw a child about her own age coming slowly along the road. Presently she drew so near to the gate that Nell could see that her shoes were thin, and that she wore no

"My!" Nell cried, for she had a very friendly disposition and talked to neareverybody who passed. "Do your folks let you go out into the snow with-out any rubbers?"

The child turned a pair of sad-look-

ing brown eyes on her questioner, and

"I haven't any folks."
"What? No folks? How's that?
Haven't you any father and mother?"

"Sisters and brothers?"

"Aunts or uncles or cousins?"

"Not even twenty-second cousins?" asked Nell in astonishment, for the twenty-second cousin that had often been jestingly spoken off in her presence was in Nell's opinion better than no relation at all.

"No, I told you that I hadn't any folks," was the decided reply.
"My, what a situation!" This was an expression often used by Nell's grandmother, and the child was fond of repeating it. "What became of all your folks, then?" she asked, after a slight

"I hadn't anybody but mamma, and she died a year ago." The words were spoken softly, showing a tender reverence for the mother who had gone.
"That's too bad—but," persisted Nell,

"there are always folks besides fathers and mothers. I have ever and ever so many, and so have all the children I know about. Don't you believe that Here passed one day, nor came again, you could think up a few if you tried?"
"No, I couldn't," said the little girl with a despairing shake of the head, A vagabond upon this earth.) "I never had folks. I just came along to this country wth mamma, and when Jones took me because go. She said I could just until she found a home stop with an't found any yet, so for me.

rather have folks of th curiosity a little girl who was all And, turn it as I will, one in the big world. She had never The breath of the myrrh and aloes efore heard of such a thing, even

orphan asylums. This question brought tears to the

child's eyes. "Of course I would," she answered; 'no one wants to have nobody but Mrs. Jones, who just lets you stay because she don't want to put you out on the

Nell's tender heart was deeply touched. 'Never mind," she said, sympatheti-

cally, "perhaps you will find folks some day. I can't just believe that you will always be without folks. I suppose you have a name, haven't you? Or do you have to be a Jones, too?"
"O, no, I don't have to be a Jones.

My name is Alice May Evans.' "What a pretty name," said Nell,
"and what nice brown eyes you have." "Have I?" said the child wondering-

ly, "I don't know. I never cared much about my eyes. I just wanted a family-folks, as you call it-of my own. It was a kind of a family with mamma, but it seems a long time since I had For a moment the little girl looked wistfully at Nell, and then, turning away, she added: "Mrs. Jones sent me on an errand. I must hurry

Later in the day Ne'l was sitting in a corner quietly thinking about something. Suddenly she spoke. 'Mamma," she said, "do you suppose we could afford to be folks to anybody

Mrs. Morris looked at Nell in surprise and asked:

What do you mean, dear?" "Why, I know a poor little girl who

hasn't any folks at all, not even a twenty-second cousin, and she seems Mrs. Morris looked interested.

a long time she and her husband had regretted the fact that their little daughter had no companion of her own age. They lived outside the village, and there were no children near. ey thought it would be better for Nell to have a playmate than to be so much alone, and they sometimes thought that they would adopt a little girl if they could find one who needed a home. Of course Nell knew nothing of this, so she spoke rather hesttating-

ly when she added: You see she lives with Mrs. Jones, but she can only stay there until Mrs. Jones finds her a place. Do you think we could afferd to let be live with us and be her folk?"

Mrs. Morris thought it best not to encourage the idea until she had learned more about the child, so she merely You know that two little girls

means double the expense that one lit-tle girl does, my dear." s, ma'am, I know," and Nell sigh-

ed and said no more on the subject. She remembered that there were grandma and grandpa, manuma and papa, and herself, all to be support-ed. Perhaps it would be too much for them to try to be folks to another But she felt sorry for Alice May Evans, and often thought of her during the next few days.

In the meantime, Mr. and Mrs. Morris made inquiries about the child, and earned that she was the only daugher of a poor but respectable English woman who had come to the village a year before and died there, leaving the little girl alone among strangers.

Mrs. Jones, out of pure good-heartedness, had taken her in until they could ness, had taken her in until they could flid some place for her to go. "She is a good little thing, and seems well brought up," she said in answer to some questions put to her by Mrs. Morris, "but I am poor myself and am getting along in years, and can scarcely stand the expense of a child. If somebody who could afford it would give her a good home I'd be thankful." Mrs. Morris made no decision at the

Nell in her arms and talked to her very seriously about Alice May Evans.

"Papa and I have been wondering if we could afford to have her live with us," she added.

Nell clarated.

Nell clapped her hands for joy. "O, you darling mamma," she cried, "wouldn't that be lovely? Alice would have folks, and I'd have a little gir!

"But just wait a moment, dear. I want you to think over the matter very carefully. Having Alice here would make a great deal of difference to you besides your having a little girl to play with. You know you have always had pretty much everything you wanted because you were the only one, and we could afford to indulge you. But we couldn't afford to indulge two little girls in the same way. You'd have to share your good things and your good times with Alice. Sometimes we could only spend half as much on you because she would need the other half. Now, papa has always given you a dollar for your birthday. If Alice came, he could probably only give you 50 cents, because Alice would have a birthday, too, and she would want something. If we are going to be folked. something. If we are going to be folks to Alice we must be kind folks, or not try to do it at all." Nell looked serious. She loved to

have good things and be petted and indulged, and she didn't know exactly how she would like giving up half, even to Alice May Evans. She laid her head on her mother's shoulder and thought for a long time. Presently she said, with a little sob:

"Half of everybody's love, too, mamma?" "Oh, no, my darling, we will all love

you just as much, and have plenty to spare for Alice." There was another pause after that, and at last Nell threw her arms round

her mother's neck and said: "Then I can share all the other things, mamma, for it is ever, ever so much worse for Alice to be without folks than it is for me to give up some of my good things to her."

And when Nell saw Alice's delight at the idea of having a home where she could stay, with folks who would adopt her as their very own, she felt that she had every reason to be glad of her decision.-New York Observer.

Stevenson Memorial.

An Inscription for the Drinking-Fountain to be set up in San Francisco. God made me simple from the first, And good to quench your body's thirst; Think you he has no ministers To glad that wayward soul of yours?

Here by the thronging Golden Gate For thousands and for you I wait, Seeing adventurous sails unfurled For the four corners of the world.

A prince among the tribes of men. (For man, like me, is from his birth

Be thankful, friend, as you pass on, And pray for Louis Stevenson, That by whatever train he fare He be refreshed in God's great care!

## In Remembrance.

Nell asked, regarding My cup is the cup of sorrow, Clings to its sharp edge still; But if ever I fain would leave it With the bitter dregs unquaffed, Jesus, I try to remember Thine was a harder draft!

> My path is beset with briars; They tear my lagging feet; Dark are the ways I wander, Cruel the foes I meet; But if ever I fain would linger, Then comes that Face divine-

Jesus, I try to remember A wearier road was Thine. My cross is of fire and iron; It wounds to the very bone; But if to the top of Calvary

I needs must climb alone, When the soul that I would have died Turns, ice and stone, from me,

Saviour of all, I remember A world rejected Thee! We select the above from among the religious poems of the hour, presuming that it is new. It appears anonymous

ly in Ave Maria. "Oh, Bairnies, Cuddle Doon."

The following poem, which fairly rivals the most exquisite and tender of Burns' household lyrics, was written by a common Scotch laborer some fifteen years ago, says a writer in the New York Mail and Express. He was section hand on the North British grass. Railroad, and the poem was published in a local paper. So far as can be learned, the author has never given any other evidence of literary talent than that contributed in this one marvelous production:

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht Wi' muckle faucht an' din; Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues, Your faither's comin' in; They never heed a word I speak I try to gi'e a frown; By aye I hap them up an' say.

"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!" Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid, He aye sleeps next the wa', Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece!" The rascal starts them a'. I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks. They stop a wee the soun', Then draw the blankets up an' cry,

"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!" But ere five minutes gang wee Rab Cries out frae 'neath the claes 'Mither, mak' Tam gi'e owre at ance, He's kittlin' wi' his taes." The mischief's in that Tam for tricks, He'd bother half the toon: But aye I hap them up an' say, 'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!'

An' as he steeks the door, They turn their faces to the wa', While Tam pretends to snore. "Hae a' the weans been gude?" he

As he pits off his shoon. The bairnies, John, are in their beds, An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just before we bed oorsel's. We look at oor wee lambs; Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's

neck, An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's. I lift we Jamie up the bed, An' as I straik each croon, I whisper till my heart fills up, 'Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht. Wi' mirth that's dear to me; But soon the big warl's cark an' care Will quaten doon their glee. Yet come what may to ilka ane, May He who rules aboon,

Aye whisper, though their pows bauld, "Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

That Cyrious Ganine—

Cartoonist Walt McDougall Describes His Bowwow Ben-Hur-The Dog at a Tollgate.

He Rings Up Fares on the Pike County Man and Then Comes Home-How the Intelligent Creature Once Saved the Artist's Life.

Copyright, 1896, by the Author. Why has nothing been written about dogs? Why has the faithful friend of and who now rests from care. man been left unsung, while the chimpanzee at Central Park and the living blue greyhound with 82 well defined skeleton receive columns of fulsome attention in the press?

Yet the dog is full of good, lively, material, and lends himself to poesy and song. He has character, talent and affection, and sheds about him cheerfulness, hair and parasites in a way that should endear him to us. I am



fond, perhaps too fond, of dogs, and my affection knows no distinctiocs, for I admire and respect every dog regard- at once. less of color, sex or previous conditions of servitude.

I once bought from a Broadway connoisseur, who told me the dog was a St. Bernard, a fluffy little puppy that looked like a roll of cotton batting. The vendor said it was the only white St. was a wonder. This was the only truthful statement the dog merchant made, for as Ben-Hur-for that was his name

but my hair had turned gray. The cartridge was picked up next day by a man who put it in his stove to dry,

Then I gave Ben-Hur away to a man ribs and a corrugated tail. But we could not live up to him. His surroundings were not in keeping, and after spending considerable money in refurnishing the villa I sold him for \$2 to our iceman. The next day Ben came back, with the mange as an additional attraction. His hair would come off in clouds when he scratched, and so easily that one day, when he got in front of a wind blast in the hat factory, it blew all his plush off, and for some time he posed as a Mexican hairless dog. Before I could enter him in the dog show in that role he began to grow hair again, thus shattering our hopes anew. His scratching proclivities were the cause of his return to us. The man in Pike county had invented a plat-form register for bridge toll gates, a device whereby the bridge company was enabled to keep tabs on the gatekeeper by means of a dial, which record each passerby who stepped on the platform. The company appointed my friend as gatekeeper after accepting his invention, but he had nothing to do but sit in the neighboring tavern and talk about the tariff. The dial did all the work. Ben-Hur came along, however, and sat down on the platform and began scratching with his usual vigor, and ere long he had scratched up \$702 56 on the dial, each scratch costing my friend a nickel. Then he drove Ben into the cold world. We tied a seigh-bell to his collar, and in the hot, weltering dog days, whenever he began to stir up the fur, we heard the merry jangling of the bells, and in fancy we had a sleigh ride and were cooled off

Ben was a sincere and tireless friend of the tramps, and while he would bark savagely at a well attired book agent or insurance man, he would go to the gate to welcome a weary, travelstained hobo and escort him to the back door. When the tramp was driven away with cold reproaches, Ben would Bernard living. He also added that he lead him to his own store of concealed bones, rubber boots and other bric-abrac and plainly proffer them to him. And when a man called to pay a bill grew up he developed into a canine freak whose anatomy revealed traces of sixteen distinct breeds. His color lost—to me, while he allowed two burners and taken that the man would hesitate and be lost—to me, while he allowed two burners are that the man would hesitate and be lost—to me, while he allowed two burners are taken to be part of the part of th changed to a deep greenish-brown, with glars to ransack the house and take yellow spots, and he had an appetite away my sealskin overcoat and my that eagerly embraced not only ordinary edibles, but everything that could plaster, and our family photograph al-



bum without ever interfering with be masticated. If anything, from a them. quinine pills, rag carpet and poker chips with as much apparent relish as he did pate de foie gras or ordinary ment that announced my departure to the entire ward, and would not be

For some months he had penchant for running away from home, and just when we thought he was really lost for good and all somebody would bring him back with a new supply of fleas and an assorted outfit of dirt, to be washed and made fit for refined society. He was very partial to fits and always selected as the moment for having an attack a time when he would attract attention and create a sensation. He would wait in front of the church until the congregation emerged and go into convulsion after convulsion in the midst of the excited worshipers. This occurred so of-ten that in mercy I resolved to destroy Ben-Hur, and taking a blasting car-tridge of dynamite, I led him to the rhubarbs of the village, and fixing the bomb securely to his long, irregular tail I lighted the fuse and departed with some show of haste. It was one of his peculiarities that when you wanted him to come to you he would run away, and if you did not desire his company, he would bury you under polite attentions. Relying on this habit called him to follow me. Instead of darting away he ran eagerly toward me, the fuse sputtering away behind him viciously. I realized that the fuse was too short to last long, and I fled at once, with Ben bounding gleeful-At length they hear their faither's fit, ly at my heels. I expected every mo-



me. t to be blown into eternity, and my whole double life passed rapidly in review before me. I remembered my sins, how I had voted twice at one election, drank in a New York saloon on Sunday, made Beardsley posters, opened jack pots with deuces, beat railroads out of fares, lied about my income, and a hundred other offenses, and I felt that my wind could not hold out much longer. After I had run a mile and a half Ben got in front of me, and I may that he had lost the garding

Yet such was his hold on my afections that I could not harbor illfeelings against him. He was also most passionately attached to me. When I left him, he would lift up his powerful, rich baritone voice in a la-



comforted nor solaced until struck by a piece of kindling-wood. Then he would go out and sadly dig up a lot of newly-planted rhododendron bushes or pull the washing off the clotheslines and trample it in the mud. But I could not blame him for loving me. It is rarely that you find beauty, brains and wealth combined in one man, and he doubtless felt the charm that exudes from my presence and is acknowledged by all. He was not one of those sad-eyed,

misanthropic dogs, who cast a gloom over an entire community. Nor did he wear an odor of sanctity. His odor was quite different, but fully as con-vincing and as disagreeable. His men-tal qualities were superior to those of welcomed me at the corner when I came home. No matter whether it was day or night Ben-Hur seemed to know beforehand the hour at which I would arrive at my house. No one else could guess it, least of all myself. So when he rose from a deep slumber, shook himself and went out all my household was aware that I was about to appear on the horizon and had their remarks prepared.

suffice. I went fishing one day and took him along. I rowed out on Staten Island sound in a flat-bottomed boat and anchored about a mile from shore. Ben sat for more than an hour in the center of the boat, with a pained ex-pression upon his features, now and then emitting a short, sharp cry, for which I could assign no reason, although I studied him carefully as I adjusted my bait between the intervals of fishing.

Gradually I became disgusted, as the fish refused to take anything but the bait, and I weighed the anchor and pulled slowly ashore. On reaching the sandy beach, I sprang out; but, to my surprise, Ben-Hur remained seated in a constrained attitude, and with a doubtful look on his intelligent face. I called him, but he only emitted a low moan, which quickly changed into a howl of agony as I dragged the boat upon the beach. I examined closely and discovered that his tail was inserted into the circular hole in the bottom of the boat, which is used to allow the water to run out when the boat is cleaned.

I saw it all. Somebody had removed the wooden plug from the aperture and had forgotten to replace it. Ben had



noticed the deficiency at once, and, realizing that the boat would fill and sink, had promptly introduced his tail into the opening and saved my life! The poor fellow's tail had been so swollen by its long continued immersion that he was unable to withdraw it, and so tender that the contact with the sandy beach caused him great suffering. I turned the boat on its side and tried to help him remove his caudal fixture, but it was impossible. I saw also that the fishes had been at it, and that accounted for his piteous squirming at times. I took a large stone and knocked the board out of the boat's bottom, and Ben carried it up to the house, where I placed him before the fire, and he sat there patiently until the tail had shrunk to its usual size, when he easily withdrew it, little damaged by the experiment. Since then I have cherished him as my preserver, and he has grown so old and toothless that we now feed him only upon chicken or sweetbread croquettes.

WALTER McDOUGALL.

# Picked Up In Passing.

Even though human life is very long, it seems, says W. D. Howells, to be the incarnation of but two demands. During the first 30 or 40 years its cry is "Give me," and then for another 30 or 40 years perhaps its cry is "Forgive me," and then comes the end of life.

suggest spiritual forces and relations. The wonderful revelations effected by the Roentgen rays bring to mind these words in the Epistle to the Hebrews: "All things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him with whom we have to do.

That was an astute and original pharmacist in the town of St. Louis, Mich., who arranged a show window containing nothing but poisons. These were paris green, arsenic, morphine, laudanum, face powder, boxes of cigarettes, decks of cards and a bottle or two of whisky.

Dr. Benjamin Sharp says that the Chinese use the whiskers of the walrus for toothpicks. These whiskers are very stiff bristles, three or four inches in length, which grow around the snout of the animal. The Chinese get these singular toothpicks from Bering Sea, where the Alaskans dry them and put them up in packages for their Celestial customers.

There is a new and curious movement on foot for adding a new amendment to the American Constitution. This amendment provides for the right of every child born on American soil to food, clothing, shelter and education, and for every citizen of the United States the right of work to gain an honest living. The new movement is known as the Plain Citizens' Movement, and it had its origin in New York. Whether it comes to anything or not, it is plain that the social question is advancing with rapid strides in the United States.

The eclipse of the sun which occurs on the 9th of August next is likely to be viewed by an unusual crowd of The total phase of the spectators. eclipse will be visible in Lapland, as well as in Nova Zembla, Siberia, and the Japanese island of Yezo. Several special steamer parties are already advertised to sail from London for the purpose of viewing the eclipse from the neighborhood of the North Cape. So one of the greatest of scientific events is to be made, if possible, a popular spectacle. There are not many people who have ever beheld a total eclipse of the sun, but the sight is one worth a very long journey to see.

When the Princess Clotilde, the daughter of Victor Emmanuel, came to Paris as the bride of Prince Napoleon, Eugenie, herself a parvenu, felt some constraint in her dealings with the daughter of a race of kings, but did all that she could to conceal her feelings. Clotilde was very good, very pious, very quiet, but as proud as Lucifer. At one of the splendid fetes that were arranged to celebrate her arrival in Paris, the Empress remarked to her, with an air of one who has been accustomed to that sort of thing always: "I am awfully bored, aren't you?" "Yes," answered Clotide, "but I am used to it." Eugenie never forgave her for this remark.

In large city churches the problem of amalgamating the women of the congregation is one which troubles the pastor who likes to see a fraternal feeling among his people. That the workers in the church should know one any dog I have ever met. He always another, and that the strangers should be strangers no longer, a certain uptown church has inaugurated a series of afternoon teas in the Sunday school room, to which all the ladies are asked. Engraved cards of invitation are sent out, and the tea is like any social function of the kind in appearance-lamplighted, palm-shaded rooms, a dainty refreshment table, and some cordial, well-dressed women, but the spirit prevailing is charity and sincerity, and much mod feeling to the result.

Traveler-May I take this seat? Maiden (from Boston, icily)-Where do you wish to take it, sir?

-:-Jack listened with great delight to the soft purring of his kitten, and then exclaimed: "Dear little thing! just hear her bubble!"

A reporter describing a collection of bric-a-brac says: "The visitor's eye will be struck on entering the room with a porcelain umbrella." -::-

There is a woman in Connecticut who wears a number nine shoe. When she sets her shoe down, her husband walks around it and says, "Yessum, I will." -::-

"Have you seen that portrait of Miss Dawkins by Marulous Boran? It looks just like an old master." "Do you think so? I thought it looked more like an old maid."

Miss Constance-I'm so glad you think I have improved in playing that nocturne. I hope to be perfect in it the next time we meet.

Mr. Smith (gallantly)—Oh, Miss Constance, I'm sure I hope we'll meet before that.

-::-Customer (looking at himself in the glass)—The trousers are not the kind they are wearing this season, are they? They seem to me to be out of style. Clothing merchant-Mein freindt, dose pants vas all right, but your legs vas yoost a liddle out of sthyle.

A certain young woman was anxious to impress her friends with her knowledge in general and her French in par-ticular. She sought and obtained an interview with a noted woman writer.
"Well," said a friend to whom she was relating the story of the call, "how,

was she dressed?"
"Oh, well," she answered, "she wasn't dressed up much in the morning. She just wore her nom de plume!"

-::-"You'll plaze lave your umbreller or cane at the dure, sor," said the new Irish attendant at the picture gallery. "Very proper regulation," said the visitor; "but it happens I have nei-

"Then go and get one. No one is allowed to enter unless he laves his umbreller or cane at the dure. You may read the carrd yourself, sor."

-::-Judge Walton, who presides over a court at Washington, is a man of grim humor. He had once imposed a sentence on a man who was well along in years and not very strong—a sentence which the prisoner's lawyer regarded as unduly severe. But the man had been convicted of a flagrant offense. "Your honor," said the lawyer,

client will not live a quarter of that "Well." said the judge, "I do not wish to be unduly severe. If you prefer, I will change the sentence to imprisonment for life."

The counsel did not "prefer." -::-The following story of a lawyer and a simple-hearted client is borrowed from Scottish Nights, which professes to have had it from the lawyer him

An Irishwoman sent for the lawyer Discoveries in the ratural world often her in court, and he hastened hither with all speed. The woman's son was about to be placed on trial for burg-lary. When the lawyer entered the court the old woman rushed up to him,

self:

and in an excited voice said: "Mr. B, Oi want ye to git a continuance for me b'y Jimmie. "Very well, madam," replied the law-yer. "I will do so if I can, but it will be necessary to present to the court some grounds for a remand. What

shall I say?" "Shure, ye can jist tell the court that Oi want a continuance till Oi can git a better lawyer to spake for the b'y. The lawyer dropped the case then and there, and we are not informed of the old lady's next move.

He stopped in a Kansas village, and in the evening started out for a walk. The stores were closed, but the moon was shining brightly. He rambled about the place for a couple of hours, and started down the business street for the hotel. Suddenly he saw before him on the sidewalk a big bear, sit-ting on its haunches, with open mouth and paws extended, awaiting his com-In a moment he was on top of a

porch, crying for help, but no one heard him, and the bear sat and watched him. All night long he stay-ed there, for fear bruin would climb the post, but comforting himself with the idea that it was too small to be used by a bear.
At daybreak some men came along,

and one of them wheeled the bear back to the doorway, with the remark: "I wonder who put that sign in the middle of the walk." The tourist descended from the porch

without detection, and had he not sub-

sequently enjoyed the story so much

## that he told it himself, it would never have been known. Best Blood in Europe.

Rev. John McLean, D.D., of St. Columba, in a discourse on the early history of the Celt, at the Glasgow High School Ceilidh, recently, said that, resolving the question of his relations and origin, he found the Celt kin to the best blood in Europe, and to have been in the infancy of his life "rocked in the cradle of the East," whence his inheritance of the embryo Orient dash of genius which yet had ever found its full development, not at home, but in movement through fire and blood toward the West. Early history shows him a man of action and of courage, very much indeed a warrior-and a successful one, too-in those days when, more than now, might was right. Centuries before the Christian era. Britain. France, Spain, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Italy, Turkey and Greece owned his sway. But, as always happens in what is obtained by high-handed force, a day of retribution came. The spoiler, in his turn, was spoiled when the Roman legions made masterful. march through his posessions, even to the forcing of the sea-locked gates of Albion. The religion of the ancient Celt was Druidism—a crude religion of bloody rites. Still, it expressed the strength and aspiration of a strong race. So far, it was akin to Christianity in that it recognized pain and selfdenial as factors of the highest life. Christianity itself came early to Celtic Britain, probably by way of Rome, and the Celtic Church did much for its spread by means of the agency of St. Columba at home, and later on by that of Columbanus on the continent. The lectured proceeded to establish the identity of the Irish Celt with the Scottish Highlanders, and concluded an able and instructive survey by quoting some of the more prominent defects in