

of all singing birds will remember how he changes his challenge to a melancholy warble as he closes his chants. Two sopranos from a meadow, two larks were up singing in the sky, a rich baritone, a blackbird, was adding his sweet notes to the harmony, while chaffinches, bullfinches, goldfinches, and linnets made a sweet chorus. I must not forget the little robin, everybody's friend, who sings even in the rain, flies out when he sees you on the road, goes into your garden, even into your room, and sings for you; always cheerful, always happy.

There's a little scolding in his voice, too, for as I walked along the road he always seemed to say: 'Well! how do you do? Welcome back! You ran away, but I am here still. It may rain or it may snow, but I'll stay here and have a pleasant chat with the people who remained loyal to this island and stayed behind.'

After the birds on Howth I noticed the children in Dublin, and from there to the Shannon, where I am penning these lines. They have all red cheeks, every one of them; but so have the people, young and old, with hardly an exception. 'Has that big policeman red whiskers?' I said to a friend in the streets of Dublin, and I pointed to a big fellow fully six feet five inches. The Dublin police are all giants. 'Nonsense,' said my friend, 'it's his cheeks that are red.' And they were as red as two Oregon apples. From the little urchin in the streets, in town and in country, to the young women and the old, to the young men and to the old, it is the same clear skin and red cheeks.

'Is it tuberculosis?' I asked my friend, a learned gentleman who has lived in Dublin forty years. Again he said: 'Nonsense! You have got that foolish idea from some of those who have been exaggerating in speaking and writing of the spread of consumption in Ireland. Those fresh, rosy cheeks come from the simple food, the purity of the people, and the genial climate of Ireland. The hot sun in summer and the intense cold in winter thicken the skin of you Americans. You know you have too much cheek, anyhow, and the blood does not show through it. But in Ireland the bloom of the rose and the sweetness of the shamrock appear in the faces of our children and people.'

I could not argue with him, for he is a poet and a theologian. I think he is right. At any rate, the universally red cheeks are no sign of tuberculosis in Ireland.

Then I visited the schools. I'll say a word only of the primary schools. Of course I saw Maynooth with its seven hundred seminarians, and All Hallows with its two hundred; then many of the training schools. But the primary schools interested me most. In Dublin I heard in the church at Fairview, near Clontarf, the best boys' choir I ever listened to. They sang on Holy Thursday and Easter Sunday, voices clear and sweet, time perfect, unison complete, and trained by the Christian Brothers in their elementary schools. Passing through the country from little parish to little parish, I found every school flourishing. The Government supports the Catholic schools and the priests absolutely control them. Score one for the liberality of the English Government. You could not puzzle the little boys or girls in catechism. I tried it. They are talented, they study hard, and they are anxious to learn. They learn Gaelic in every school, and sing sweetly Gaelic songs. The teachers are usually in the small parishes laymen and laywomen, good, fervent Catholics co-operating in everything with the parish priest.

And he is a worker. Run through the country everywhere. You will find the old church of the days of persecution replaced by a beautiful new stone building of good architecture, furnished with costly marble altars and mosaic floors. Go to the old town of Trim on the Boyne and see the grand granite columns and the stained glass windows in the church there; pass over to Kildalky or to Summerhill; or farther on to Kinnefad in Westmeath, or to this spot on the Shannon on the borders of Roscommon, once a very poor district, and see what costly churches are going up all over the country. This is the age of the Irish 'Renaissance.' May it continue!

Yet the people emigrate still. Even the Protestants are going away. Where there used to be fifty of them in a Leinster country parish, there are now not half a dozen. They have not emigrated, they have simply died out. I went the other day into the Protestant church at Clonard, the site of one of the most famous monasteries in Ireland during the golden age before the Danish invasion, and saw in that church an old Catholic baptistery of the eighth century. It is a beautiful work of art, and is in the wrong place. But it cannot be bought. Although the Protestant congregation there has died out to a few poor hangers-on, the authorities hold tenaciously to the relic and still call the Catholic Church 'a foreign Church'; and they still call the dwindling little sect of Anglicans in Ireland 'the Church of Ireland!' A document before me proves all this. When will man fully deserve the title of rational animal conferred on him by our philosophy and our theology?

The Hair Color Restorer, which can be procured at Leary's Pharmacy, Palmerston North, restores grey or faded hair to its natural color.

Mr. A. Roberts, fancy bread and biscuit baker, Cuba street and Adelaide road, Wellington, makes wedding and birthday cakes to order on shortest notice, and devotes special attention to catering for social gatherings....

A WOMAN'S PIETY

THE CATHOLIC CAMERONS OF NOVA SCOTIA

A very interesting article concerning the Catholic Cameron family of Antigonish, N.S., is contributed to the *Casket* of that place by a grandson of Mrs. Margaret Cameron, through whose practical piety and staunch devotion to her religion, her husband, and his three brothers embraced the Catholic Faith, and as a result of their conversion the Church has now many faithful sons and daughters who are descended from them, including a number who embraced the religious life. Appended is the substance of the article:—

'More than a century ago, when this country was yet an almost unbroken wilderness, there lived at or near Fort William, Inverness-shire, Scotland, Dougald Cameron and his wife, with an interesting family of sons, young and vigorous, with rugged constitutions and indomitable spirits. Their names were Ewen, John, Lachlan, and Allan.

'They lived in humble circumstances, possessing no more of the world's goods than was absolutely necessary. They were Presbyterians by faith, and the conditions of the time and place granted them few, if any, educational advantages. Like many other ambitious young people, they adapted themselves to conditions, and earned their living by accepting such positions as offered. Thus it was that Ewen grasped the shepherd's crook, it and his faithful dog constituting all his earthly possessions.

'Not far from this place lived a Catholic family named Gillies, who were in rather better circumstances, and from the location of their home, at the head of the lake (loch), were designated the Gillieses of Ceann-Loch.

'In this family was a young, stately maiden, comely in appearance, named Margaret. Between her and the sprightly, attractive young Ewen Cameron an attachment sprang up, which ripened into that passion which brooks no interference, and though her parents opposed it, and arranged a matrimonial alliance between Margaret and one with better prospects in life, and of her own persuasion, yet "Love would laugh at locksmiths," with the result that the poor young shepherd and Margaret were married by the priest on February 1, 1794, under the conditions imposed by the Church in mixed marriages.

'This event in her life, though it cost her parental sympathy, did not lessen, but rather increased, her devotion to her faith, and her strict observance of its obligations. Now, indeed, she realised that she assumed a double duty, requiring redoubled efforts on her part. To win him over to the true faith now became the sole object of her life.

'What means did she adopt? Did she attempt to convince him at short range? No. She invariably showed him from day to day, during a period of about six years, the beautiful example of a good, patient Christian wife and mother, for now they were blessed with a young family of four children, all of whom were baptised in the Catholic Church.

'Ewen's mind was not unimpressionable. The influence of her ways was doing its work gradually and surely. Her devotion to her Church, he could not fail to observe, she held above all else, while her love and natural devotion to her husband only became more manifest as the years went by. His conscience now frequently whispered "that Church must be true which teaches its members to lead such edifying lives, as does my beloved Margaret, and if so why should I not belong to it with her?"

'But, alas! there were obstacles in the way. His employer would dismiss him, did he openly join the Catholic Church, nor did he see any other opening in sight that would not be attended with a similar objection.

'On Sundays Ewen and Margaret usually walked together on the same way to church, separating at a certain corner, whence each proceeded on his or her own way to the different places of worship. Ewen had noticed, on several occasions, that Margaret, often having proceeded a short distance on her way, sat down and seemed to be ill at ease.

'One Sunday, observing that this was repeated by her, he resolved to investigate, and retracing his steps, found his spouse weeping. Now, for the first time he discovered that she was in grief, a grief borne for years, but suppressed in his presence.

'No more was needed to consummate his premeditated resolution. It was no sudden impulse of an excitable moment, but the final act in bringing into happy fruition a conversion carefully considered for a period of six years. Thus he addressed her, the emotions of his heart lending emphasis to his words:

"Margaret, why do you weep?"

'She replied, with saddened tones and dejected spirit, for she could scarcely yet hope: "Ewen, dear, I weep because we cannot go to the one church."

"Thou shalt weep no more," returned he, "for this very day I go with you to your church, for the Church that is so much loved by one of the best women on earth must surely be the Church for me."

'Thus came about the perfect conversion of the first of these Camerons. The agency under God was this good, unpretentious, Christian woman. She possessed no education, nor any extraordinary talents, but she possessed what