

his task, and saying: "Let us be patient, God will repay us in His own good time." He felt that this was indeed a blessed reward.

From the beginning of his conversion to the Catholic faith, McMaster had become accustomed to lead a life of sacrifice. The loss of an affectionate wife, who was both an industrious housekeeper and the tender mother of his little children, must have been the greatest sacrifice of his life. But he bore it with heroic resignation to the will of God, saying with Job: "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: as it hath pleased the Lord, so is it done; blessed be the name of the Lord." (Job. 1, 21.) This we can see from the article which he published on his wife's death in the *Fremont's Journal*:

"TO MY FRIENDS.

"The subscribers to the *Fremont's Journal* are my friends. I owe them no explanation for the absence of leading articles, or of editing other parts of the paper, than to tell them that I have suffered a blow so deep and heavy that it makes the remaining years of my life very different from all the past.

"The wife that for nearly fifteen years has been the sunshine of my house, has been snatched away from me, and from my and her young children. Those who have been intimates, even as visitors of the household, of which she was the soul, and who, on leaving, have looked back and wondered how there could be so much happiness in a family, will add to the burning tears they cannot restrain, the sweet incense of their fervent prayers—for the departed, and for those that remain here below.

"That home, for most part of fifteen years, has been so like a paradise, that to be absent from it, even for one evening—no matter how pleasant the attraction elsewhere—was a period of exile. As time went on, that home became dearer and more dear. Sufferings, sufferings, long and various, welded and deepened the love that had commenced in the sincere seeking of the will of God.

"Who, that was present in Bishop O'Connor's private Episcopal Chapel with the select company of forty or fifty, that were admitted at her Nuptial Mass, can

forget it? Was there a dry eye there during that double sacrifice? The Divine and Adorable Sacrifice was offered on the altar by Bishop O'Connor, who had been a father to her during her girlhood, and had found in her, as she ripened into womanhood, a soul so sincere, and an intellect so bright, as to make her a confidante of some of his thoughts, and even an adviser, on account of the purity of her judgment. Another sacrifice was offered up before the altar. It was the life of a pure virgin, whose prayer all her life, and till her last hour, was that she might do the will of God.

"Before she consented to marry me, she exacted of me but one solemn pledge: 'Do you promise you will try and help me to save my soul?'

"The way of the cross is the way of salvation to the soul, and there is none other. Her marriage to me put her in that way. Bad health and physical sufferings were her portion for many years. Sufferings, long and wearing. At one time, for eighteen months, her eyes were so affected that she could not read a word, nor look at any external object. It was a physical reaction, after the over-strain on her delicate nerves, consequent on the arrest of her husband by the tyrannous order of Mr. Wm. H. Seward, in 1861, for refusing to forego the assertion of correct principles of political morality, in face of the civil war that Mr. Seward had done so much to bring on. May God forgive him! Gertrude Fetterman McMaster was too high-strung to show one moment's weakness or fear, though she felt all the time that to order her husband to be shot, or to have him privately drowned off the battlements of the military fortress, where he was imprisoned without reason and against law, would have been in perfect keeping with the beginnings of the persecutions he underwent.

"In the troubles of those years, in politics, and in other trials later, her intellect and her soul, ever sustaining her husband as believing him altogether in the right, over-tasked her delicate, physical frame. Her voice was never heard in public, nor even in social gatherings. The bright gifts of mind and soul that she had, were poured into the bosom of her