

LIFE AND CATHOLIC JOURNALISM

—OF THE LATE—

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CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

HER constitution was by no means robust, and her little family increased rapidly. And yet, when evening came, she was always ready to sit beside his study table, and devote herself to her husband, according to his word. She knew his heart, and she held it close to her own by her sweet and loving ways, and by her power of appreciating him and his work. He had told her in suing for her hand that he had a special vocation from God, and she was the one woman who could help to fulfil it. The glowing tribute he paid to her in the first issue of the *Freeman* after her death, is a loving testimony of the manner in which she had corresponded with this sacred trust. A letter of condolence from one of the Fathers of the congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer congratulated McMaster on this article, which he thought was calculated to do much good to souls.

Her death, which occurred on the 5th of July, 1871, was sudden, but not unprepared. She had received the Sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist about ten days before, but her condition changed so rapidly that she only lived long enough to be anointed, and to receive the last Absolution. She always had a great fear of death, but she passed away peacefully, evidently thinking that she was going to sleep, and saying as usual to her husband: "Good night! Jesus, Mary and Joseph." It had been their custom for years, always to make the Sacred Names their last words at night, a practice which they likewise taught their children.

As we live, so we die, and how happy a thing was this easy and simple little habit of piety, which gained for her soul a Plenary Indulgence at the last hour!

On the first meeting with his and her Confessor after her death, McMaster expressed his grief that the end had come so suddenly, that she had not been able to receive all the consolations of the Church. But good Father Dold reassured him, saying: "O, McMaster! I would gladly change places with her to-day!" This reminded him of what Father Helmprecht, who was likewise Confessor to both, had said to him during the first days after their marriage:

"McMaster, you have married an angel." Truly was she the good angel of his life. Daily had they gone to Mass together, in company with their children, who, as one by one they grew old enough, shared with them that inestimable privilege. To her example he was indebted for many little practices of piety. He always said it was she who had taught him the spirit of thanksgiving which so strikingly pervaded his life. The many letters which he received at the time of her death, are a testimony of the universal veneration for his beloved wife, and of the appreciation of the extent of his loss. They were also to him an abundant source of consolation in the numerous promises of Masses and prayers for the repose of her soul. Another consolation was afforded him in receiving a document signed just eleven days before her death, by the late Holy Father, Pius IX., in which he granted to McMaster and to his family, to the third generation, a Plenary Indulgence at the hour of death. Some weeks previous he had made, through the *Freeman's Journal*, a collection for the Holy Father's Jubilee. Oftentimes a quarter of a dollar, or even less, would be sent to him with half a dozen or more badly written names. His patience was sorely tried, but his dear wife lovingly soothed him, aiding him all she could in