

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

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BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XVI. (CONCLUDED.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1885.

MY DARLING DAUGHTER,—Thank you for your letter of 22nd, received Friday, 23rd. I failed not to see kind Father McKinnon, whose heart is so open to us. As rector of the church, he could and he gladly promised to have two masses said, next morning, (St. Raphael) in honor of Archangel Raphael, for our dear Teresa. Also I had the promise of one for her, same morning, from a Redeemer. And on St. Raphael's day, I offered my communion for *her*. And, next day, Sunday, for her *especially* with others. Please tell her this. Not that I forgot others so dear to me. *Giving* does not make God poor, nor withholding increase riches to Him. He can scatter wide blessings, in answer to one true call. Our dear St. John looked especially *worn*. I made my visit short. Their gala-day for their English general had imposed extra duties on St. John in musical work, and she was *suffering*. Suffering! Hard word for flesh and blood—but golden words, as written in the "Book of Life!" Thank our dear Sister Teresa once more for the chaplet of the Seven Dolours of our Lady she made for me. How fruitful is a deep meditation of them! How light, even the almost overpowering suffering of *little ones* in the way of the cross, compared, or rather, as *not comparable* with those of our Mother Immaculate! Please give from me this message to our dear little sister: "The most fruitful penances our Lord sends her through Mother Prioress, or Mother Mistress of Novices, are simple obediences. She need desire none beyond. When her Lord and spouse wishes her to suffer more, He will send them, in love, and will give her grace to meet them! Lord do with me as seemeth to Thee good!"

See an old sinner writing advice to a Car-

melite Virgin! Even so Baalam "saw, but not near," the work of the Redeemer; and St. Teresa teaches that one may be an instructor in the science of the saints, without being pious. I have been indeed bitter in soul since my last visit to Carmel and to Sharon. May it work somewhat for me the "*gift*" I drew, last Pentecost, and that Carmel and Sharon both drew for me, all three the same, the gift of "*Knowledge*!" I think I am a little appreciating its present importance to me, for my own poor soul. Good-bye Trudens,

PAPA.

NEW YORK, Sept. 15, 1886.

MY DEAREST DAUGHTER,—I failed writing you in anticipation of the feast of the 14th. At least, with what poor earnestness I could, I offered my communion that morning for the Carmel in Baltimore, and especially for those of whom, at the awful tribunal, it will be asked: "Where is thy flock, the beautiful flock," by each one of whom you (I) stood when the white garment was thrown over it in baptism. And, be sure, I tried to offer the holy sacrifice and communion for dear Mother Beatrix and others. Thank, abundantly thank, dear Rev. Mother, for having special prayers said for me. I know God will do what is best, but it were want of humility not to ask prayers of those, on earth as in heaven, whose prayers are more acceptable to our Lord, as said with purer intention, and from more worthy hearts than mine.

I would not live without sorrow and pain. Do you not know—of course you do—that *a life without the cross is an idle life*. The result of it is a gross, selfish life, pleasing not God, and having no good odor even among men. I dare not ask a life free from the cross for any of those dear to me as my own soul. Why should any of you ask it for me? It