

to flog me and then put me out of the window. The first one who moves from his seat I will shoot." The youths felt they had a master to deal with and he found them quite manageable during his stay. He gave another proof of his courage and charity about this time in nursing for three weeks a young man attacked with black smallpox, from whom those about him had fled in horror of the frightful disease.

On leaving Union, young McMaster entered Columbia College, in order to study law. Here he formed that close and intimate friendship with Arthur Carey which was one of the great joys as well as one of the great sorrows of his life—a great joy because of their mutual love and sympathy with each other; a great sorrow because they had suffered and struggled together in search of the true Church, which McMaster alone had the happiness of finding.

The *Freeman* of Jan. 8th, 1887, is mistaken in speaking of Arthur Carey as a convert to our holy faith. He may have influenced McMaster in becoming an Episcopalian. But whatever caused him to take the step, it is certain that he became a member of that sect somewhere about that time and was baptized in old Trinity Church, New York City, by Bishop Onderdonk. He used to say it was probable that his baptism in infancy was valid, but he was quite certain of the last one. A Christening was given in his honor by one of his friends, but he was so wet with the water flowing off his head that he had first to go to his room and change his clothes.

After his baptism in the Episcopal church he gave up the pursuit of law and entered the Protestant Episcopal Seminary in New York City. He forsook the bar. His characteristic love of the truth made him reject a profession that might tempt him to assert as facts when he would know such to be contrary to his convictions. The following incident brought about this change. He had taken a case somewhere in a country town in New Jersey. While pleading the cause of his client he became fully persuaded that guilt lay on his side. However, he won his case. But "riding homewards on horseback, a mile and a half, with the moonlight shining down upon him, he felt strangely awed by the thought of the presence of his God and Creator, to Whom he had told a lie." He accordingly determined to study for the ministry. McMaster had been captivated with the beautiful prayers and outward forms of the Episcopalian service, so grateful to his ardent nature and so unlike the cold stern creed of his forefathers. But the peace and joy he felt were but transient, and soon the old yearnings and struggles for the truth were once more renewed.

TO BE CONTINUED.

MAY BELLS.

By MAZILDA CUMMINGS.

For the Carmelite Review.



ONE that's true repeated ever,
One refrain 'tis fit to tell;
Loving so, it dith never,
Ringing changes on its bell.

Variations on the old air,
Dearest as the years do pass;
Sweet attractions falling modern,
Save on "time's mirroring glass."

Thus the May time, remeth ever,
Making new the gladsome earth;
Wakening this which thought can never,
Paving love's undying worth.

For the May belongs to Mary,
Her's the realm of birds and flowers,
Her's the garden where no thorny
With her wand runs through the bowers.

But a Queen, and she our Mother,
Queen of nature, queen of song;
Virgin fairest, like none other,
Hymn we praise all day long.

Came's heights ring out their joy bells
Valleys how repeat the rhyme;
Hill or dale but one sweet song tells
Love the burden of each rhyme.

Like the beauty ancient ever
As that beauty ever new,
So our love, as that a lover,
Flows upon it all we do.

Welcome them, sweet mouth of beauty,
Full of fragrance, rich in bloom;
Ours to greet thee, sweetest day,
Bright dispenser of all bloom.

Mary, gentlest Mother hear us,
Queen and mother of fair love;
Turn thine eyes of mercy towards us,
Be their light our guide above.

THE enemies of the truth should be overcome by the practice of humility, patience, and all other virtues.—ST. DOMINIC.

THE Lord will crown with an eternal reward if you imitate the most Blessed Virgin in her purity and humility.—ST. ALEXIUS.

Do not shrink, my son, from obeying the call of grace, be faithful and persevere generously in your holy resolutions.—ST. ROXFILIUS.

RELIGIOUS life is a school in which we must learn two things: to govern one's passions and to imitate the virtuous examples of others.—ST. AMADEUS.