

of the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Alton to suggest to him whether, in the meantime, he might not leave the regulation of my personal behavior to the Venerable Bishop of Brooklyn, in whose diocese, for some years, I am domiciled?

"And, as to the general conduct of my *Journal*, would the venerable and excellent Bishop of Alton feel it *unsafe* to leave me to the direction, supervision, admonition, correction, reproof, of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York, Cardinal McCloskey, in whose Diocese my paper is published; and where I have mostly lived, and still principally live.

"These venerable Prelates have known me for over thirty years, know that I am just what I am! Know my great faults; know I am, every now and then, a most *uncomfortable* neighbor! but they do know that I have only to have proof that Ecclesiastical authority—the authority of these Bishops,—commands me, to make me tame as a kitten, in my fiercest moods!

"I suppose these Prelates obedient to Rome. I *know* they are! Therefore, when Rome speaks, I suppose them to speak. But I do not expect Rome to speak to me, usually, except through one or other Prelate, to whom, by residence, or by business, I am under jurisdiction. In short: I know what I am about!

"I am a Catholic, mean to be a *man*, and *save my soul*, as a man ought to make it his first, and best honor, to do.

"I have asked of you, Rt. Rev. Bishop Baltes, to lift, remove, from my *Journal*, an Interdict, that you imposed under *false information*? Impossible! Bishop, had you known my *Journal*, that you could have interdicted it.

"I ask it, now, again! I ask it not as a grace! I ask it as a *right*! If your conscience does not move you to it—then—as you are learned in Canon-law, I *demand* of you to proceed against me, in the Court of the Metropolitan See of New York, where my paper is published! Send your Procurator! I will give him every facility, at my offices. He can have a room to himself, and the thirty-one years of my work, in the *Freeman's Journal*, to hunt over, for something *against Faith, Morals, or Catholic Discipline*! I will, before he goes into that private room, with my thirty-one years' work to hunt over, sign a document, and agree to have it attested by a Prothonotary Apostolic, that I will make no Canonical objection, in regard to a lapse of time, but will count matters of twenty, or twenty-five, or thirty years ago, as valid against me, as if they had been within the year.

"I ask you, Rt. Rev. Sir, once more, to *withdraw, absolutely*, from me, and my paper, the only note of Episcopal Censure that has ever been passed on me or it."

The interdiction laid on the *Freeman's Journal* by the late Bishop of Alton was

afterwards revoked and atoned for privately, but not publicly.

In another article in the issue of the *Freeman's Journal*, March 1, 1879, he denies a charge which was repeated, that the late Archbishop of New York, Cardinal McCloskey, ever *officially disapproved* of the *Freeman's Journal*:

"It is false that the *Freeman* is, or has been, in any way *officially disapproved* by Cardinal McCloskey our Archbishop. Were he not officially to admonish, but so much as to express his judgment to us, in any conceivable matter of discussion, he *knows* we would heed him.

"Once only, on his first return from Rome, after being made Cardinal, he asked us to see him. With the kindness of a true father to a rough son, he complimented us on some passing good thing, and in the gentlest and most exquisite manner—recognizing how far we were right—pointed out in what, *for the present*, we went *farther* than the Pope and the Holy Roman See!

"We took it as an *admonition*, though it was given so as not to *hurt*—were we weaker than we are. And yet, though it touched a vital point in Catholic discipline, that 'instruction' for it was that, has ever since unnerved us in the discussion of the question that we had looked at in a different light."

One of the sweetest consolations of his latter life, as Mr. M. F. Egan tells us, was the affection he held for the present Most Reverend Archbishop of New York, at whose name his eyes would brighten to the last, and in whose praise he was never weary of speaking, and whose sympathy, courtesy—so gracious an attribute to the Prelate—never failed to soothe and please him.

"There is another instance of the instinct of McMaster's faith," said Archbishop Corrigan, "that, with all his positive character, so well known, there was a disposition to submit everything to the local ecclesiastical authority, and I remember one of the last letters he wrote was one asking advice and counsel on a burning question of the day."

It has also been said of McMaster that *there were times when he might have been more prudent, and when his boldness might have been tempered with discretion.*

"Be wise as serpents," said our Lord to His Apostles; but do not stop there: be more over, "simple as doves." Now, there is a *natural* and a *supernatural prudence*, says St. Francis de Sales. We must mortify the natural prudence when it suggests to us various unnecessary considerations and precautions which keep our souls from being "simple as doves."

There is, again, a certain human pru-