

trash out of here." And then, as if nothing had occurred, he re-commenced making the Sign of the Cross most devoutly. When others would laugh over this incident, afterwards, he would reply that St. Paul enjoined us to pray always without ceasing. His children considered him a delightful companion to travel with; he never wearied in paying them all the delicate little attentions so gratifying to poor human nature.

Although McMaster took exceedingly great delight in the company of his children, yet, with his characteristic unselfishness, preferring their interest to his own, he sent them to boarding-schools, sacrificing the home life, so dear to him, and contenting himself with a couple of rooms which he called "his hermitage." He went even further. He chose for his daughters a Convent-home at a distance from New York, because he was charmed with the simplicity and solidity of the education given by the good Sisters in charge of it. When asked by others, seeking for a school for their children, what he thought of the Society of the Holy Child Jesus, he would answer: "Do you think it is for nothing that I keep my daughters nearly a hundred miles away from me?"

The years which followed were indeed dreary ones to McMaster. His repeated losses, and the separation from his children, besides the anxiety he felt for their future welfare, weighed him down. He grew sad and gloomy, but yet his brave heart still clung to what he believed was best for his dear ones, in spite of his own sufferings. It is to be regretted that all his letters to his children at this period have not been preserved. Loving and tender, elevating and encouraging in tone, they indeed portrayed the character of a true Christian father. He did not overburden their young hearts with his own gloomy forebodings. But, if at any time a little of the pain he endured escaped him, he always amply atoned for it, by assuring them that suffering was good for him, and a special grace from God, for which he was most grateful.

When he visited his daughters at school he would have private talks with them, and his instructions were beautiful and practical. "I remember," writes one of them, "how he tried to impress upon my mind that there was no standing still on

the road to Heaven; that not to advance was to fall back; and I used to wonder why he wrote so much about 'the glorious day of the Resurrection' in his letters to me at that time, for being so bad as I was, I could not appreciate it. Even in those early days he would dwell upon the value of sufferings, which he esteemed as the choicest favors of God—a token of His special love."

In 1877, McMaster's second daughter, having finished her education, returned home, and her father was once more enabled to enjoy his own fire-side. Seven happy and peaceful years passed by—years, not unbroken by sorrow for the old losses and other trials.

He loved each of his children with a personal and individual affection. He may have depended more upon one than another, according to the age and disposition of each, but he loved all equally. Whichever child needed him most at a given time, was sure to find in him all she could desire. The following incident shows his sentiments on this point. Two of his daughters were one day engaged in conversation in the corner of his study-room, where he sat reading. One asked the other: "Suppose there were a great fire, and you could only save one person, who would it be?" Not being ready with an answer, the latter turned to their father, proposing to him the same question. He rose to his feet, paced up and down the floor, enthusiastically exclaiming: "Am I a father? Could I choose between my children?" Astonished at his unexpected earnestness, they endeavored to soothe him. "We never were 'a father,' we don't know what it is like." Quick to see fun, he soon joined with them in a hearty laugh. But the event made its impression on them, showing the loyalty of his heart. He had an intense love and appreciation of music, though knowing naught of its theory or execution. He loved to sing in Church, when anything familiar caught his ear. His children did not always appreciate his devotion in this respect.

One Corpus Christi whilst his daughters were at boarding-school, he asked the Rev. Mother to take them for a picnic into the woods, where they spent a very happy day with him. On returning to the Convent