

LIFE AND LETTERS

—OF THE LATE—

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BY THE LATE VERY REV. MARK S. GROSS.

CHAPTER XIV.—(CONTINUED.)

NEW YORK, April 16th, 1885.

*This letter is for our "little Mother"—  
my most sweet, loving hearted and ex-  
ceedingly dear daughter in Domino:*

But, my sweet "little Mother" and sister, and daughter, when you have time turn to the 83rd Psalm, "*Quam dilecta*," and read in it how the "vale of tears" comes in! Why, in the connection of sentences, these "tears of the valley," in this Psalm, speak of the tears of joy—for the whole Psalm is one of joy.

I know, my sweet daughter and sister, that the children of Carmel, and of St. Teresa, shed tears other than of spiritual joy. It was not to people living in the world that St. Paul wrote: "Our fight is not against flesh and blood, but against the chiefs and powers—against the heads of the world of these (hellish) darknesses; against spiritual (devilish) works of wickedness, in regard to what relates to the Religious life." I have never forgotten your request to pray for you, that you may be "an humble and obedient nun." I told you, yes! Praying for that, I pray you may be a *saint*. Yes, my dear and sweet daughter, study the "*Magnificat*," and folding yourself under the mantle of our Divine Mother Mary, say

it often as her child: *Quia respexit humilitatem meam!*

My sweet daughter and sister, it was a singular grace to you. It was a grace you did not deserve to be a Carmelite! It was a grace our family did not deserve. It was a grace, as theologians express it, "*given free*." But it taught me what I knew only in a general way about Carmel. And—but God's ways are wonderful—the human occasion of drawing to Carmel that wonderful sister, daughter, "step-wife," counsellor, helper, consoler,—that knew how to cheer every one up, and tell them what to do in the world. Now she lives for God only; and you too, my *round-hearted* sister. Let us busy ourselves, the most each of us can, in humanity and thanksgiving: *Quia fecit mihi magna, qui potens est.*

I am writing this beforehand for your birthday, when you will be no longer an infant. I write it now because I am so much in danger of not writing if I delay it longer. And, besides, God willing, I hope to see you on your birthday.

Your loving PAPA.

NEW YORK, January 15th, 1886.

*My most sweet Sister in Domino:*

While our, or rather our Lord's, Sister is in her retreat, I am pressed to