

about two months after his reception into the Church, James A. McMaster sailed for St. Trond, Belgium, where he purposed entering the novitiate of the Redemptorist Congregation. He was accompanied by Isaac T. Hecker, afterwards Father Hecker, and Clarence of Walworth, later Father Walworth, who, along with McMaster, formed a part of the advance towards Catholicity in this country, which corresponded with the "Oxford movement" in England. On his way to Belgium McMaster went to Littlemore, to the Monastery, of which Dr. Newman was the head. He always gave a most interesting account of which, it is to be regretted, there appears to be no written memorandum of his meeting with the late Cardinal, and likewise with Dalgairns. His stay was shortened by an incident which reveals the character of each, the Cardinal and McMaster—the courtesy and kindness of heart of the one, the humility of the other. McMaster was awakened on the morning after his arrival by a slight noise in his room, and there, on his knees before the open grate, was Dr. Newman in the act of lighting a fire. This was too much for McMaster, and he left the Monastery that day. He could not endure to have a man, whom he considered superior to himself in other ways beside the point of age, waiting on him.

McMaster spent about a year in the novitiate at St. Trond.

"The novice master easily comprehended McMaster—an over-frank temperament, impulsive and demonstrative. Not only were his banners always hanging on the outer wall, but his plan of campaign also,"—(*Catholic World*, 1891, p. 897.)

McMaster always looked back with love and gratitude to those happy days. He felt he had acquired habits of practical piety which he would otherwise probably never have attained. He often said he had never felt a call to the priesthood, but that he was so overpowered with the thought of the wonderful mercy and goodness of God in his regard that he longed to sacrifice himself to Him in return. He was in hopes that the Fathers would at length be persuaded to receive him as a lay-brother, which was all he had aspired to, from the beginning. But towards the close of the year, he was finally convinced that this was not the will of God for him. His master of novices, Father

Ottman, whom he never mentioned but in terms of great love and respect, and whom he would affirm had died in the odor of sanctity, prophesied to him in the confessional, that "he would return to America and become a Catholic journalist, and would lead many souls to God." McMaster rose to his feet in indignation, exclaiming: "Become a journalist! I would rather pick eggs!" But it turned out as the good Father had said.

He always retained his love and veneration for St. Alphonsus and his congregation, and ever declared how much he owed to his novitiate at St. Trond. He said that if he had not a vocation to the religious life he had had one to the novitiate. The picture of St. Alphonsus he kept hanging in his study-room. His book, "Visits to the Blessed Sacrament," he carried in his pocket. Not long after his return to his country, McMaster felt convinced that God had called him to be a Catholic journalist. He was in possession of Catholic truth. He was ever so thankful to God who had bestowed upon him the free gift of divine Catholic faith in an extraordinary degree. His Protestant acquaintances and also many other enemies of the Catholic Church, soon gave him occasion to defend it. It was his greatest pleasure to make it known and to uphold it, no matter what the consequences might be for him. It was this way, he thought, that he could best show his gratitude to God for having called him from the darkness of sin and heresy to the light of the Catholic faith.

"Alas! a man must be really indifferent to God and religion; he must be without heart and without reason to tolerate quietly religious errors. It is in the very nature of every honest man when he has the truth, to guard it with jealous watchfulness, and to repel with indignation every admixture of falsehood.

"Look at the teacher of mathematics, when he discovers an error in the calculation of his pupils, does he not condemn it—is he not intolerant?"

"Look at the musician, the leader of a choir—is he not indignant when some one sings flat or out of time?"

"Look at the lawyer who has carefully studied the laws and is eloquently pleading his case. He quotes a certain law. He has read it even that very morning. Suppose you tell him that no such law ever existed. Is he not indignant at your denial? Is he not jealous of what he knows to be the truth?"

"Look at that experienced physician. Try if you can to make him believe that un-