

he himself had gazed while the miser sorted his wares. The place was dim and ghostly; and she made a striking picture with her white-clad shoulders and gleaming head lit up by the only ray that found its way into the twilight.

She turned to him, smiling with genuine delight.

"So you have come at last," she said; "but how did you know I was here?"

"I did not know you were here," said Paul.

"Ah, well, you see, I drew you to the place. I knew that you were coming to Toberevil to-day; and I thought I should ask you to take me home through these dreadful woods."

"Certainly," said Paul, but he said it unwillingly; for he had some expectation that May would come to meet him, and at this moment he felt feverishly anxious to be near her. If he could but see her just now, the barrier of reserve might be broken down between them. Now he could confess, could ask for help; later his mood might change, so that the words he wished to speak would be no longer on his tongue.

"We had better go at once," said Paul; "May is coming to meet me."

Katherine laughed.

"You need not be uneasy about her; for she is making cakes, and she could not leave them. She would not risk the proper shade of brown upon the crust—not for the sweetest conversation that heart ever held with heart."

"You wrong her," said Paul. "She can do much for those she loves."

"Who are they?" said Katherine. "May love anyone! The fancy makes me smile."

"You forget that she loves me."

Katherine shrugged her shoulders.

"Does that idea really still bewitch your imagination? You think May loves you? It is so odd."

"I remember that you are a lady," said Paul, "but you try my patience too much."

"Do I?" said Katherine. "I admit that I am rather outspoken. I am not like her—calm, cold and proper. My patience is tried. I cannot quietly look on, and see one like you bound heart and soul for life to such an iceberg."

She was still leaning against the little window, with her head and shoulders framed by it. A stray gleam of sun had pierced the opening; illumined her golden head and scintillating eyes; put a carmine touch on her speaking lips, and a rosy curve of light round the rim of her peachy face. The white-furred shoulders stirred slightly, and the jewel at her throat quivered as if with feeling. Never was an unlovely soul more enchantingly disguised. Paul stood opposite, wrapped in the twilight, leaning against one of the goblin presses. His face was stern; but he started as a flashing look of homage was flung upon him, flattering from head to foot. Katherine went on without waiting for him to recover from his surprise.

"Ah, you think she is not an iceberg. Men are so easily deceived! A few sweet words will keep you happy for a year—that is, while you are suitors; but how will it be through life? A selfish mate, a cold heart—freezing all the warm efforts of your own. One who can make cruel plans to fool you while you are her lover—what will she be for sympathy after years have gone past?"

"What do you mean?" asked Paul; and his heart shook with terror of an evil far greater than anything he had imagined.

"Oh, I have said too much! Surely I have forgotten myself. Whispered words between friends ought to be kept sacred, ought they not? I am sure you know that girls are apt to make confidants of each other; but I forgot that you have known so little about women," Katherine sighed. "I have already said too much. I will not be guilty of making mischief between you."

"You are rather late with that resolution," said Paul. "I am at a loss to know why you have spoken so at all."

(To be Continued.)

DEATH OF PERE GARAVEL.

(Sydney Freeman's Journal, October 17.)

GARAVEL.—October 9, at St. Thomas's Presbytery, Petersham, Rev. Joseph M. Garavel, aged 61 years.—R.I.P.

ONE who for over twenty years occupied a singular place in the affections of the priests and people of the archdiocese, and of whom—so great was the reverence for his goodness, his gentleness, his charity, and his simplicity—no living soul was ever heard to say a hard word, ended his days in the peace of a holy death, at the close of last week. There was no priest better known in the archdiocese, and no priest better loved than poor Père Garavel. He was loved and revered for his cheerful self-sacrifice and devotion to duty, for his genial charity of heart and mind, and for a graciousness of manner and sweetness of disposition which characterised his long, eventful, and blameless life. The melancholy announcement on Saturday last was a painful surprise for many, for so silently and so submissively had he borne his illness that it was known to a few only that his end was approaching; and the expressions of affectionate regret heard on all sides showed that the death of this good, gentle Frenchman, the beloved pastor of Petersham, had touched the community deeply and tenderly. Père Garavel was 61 years of age. Thirty-six years ago—it was in 1849—he commenced his missionary career among the Maoris in New Zealand, with whom he spent fifteen years, and the mention of this early period of his priestly life revives memories of those first labours of his and of those heroic sacrifices and services too little known. Ordained in Auckland, New Zealand, by Bishop Pompallier, whom he had accompanied thither from France, Father Garavel at once entered upon his difficult and dangerous mission in the Waikato district. At that time there was not even a worn track to travel by, and riding was both difficult and perilous. He had not entered upon his duties long before he tasted a little of what was so amply provided for him in

time to come. Travelling day and night, often with one meal in twenty-four hours—and that of a very meagre description—having, on his journeys, to cross swollen rivers and swim rapids, he would retire to rest sometimes on a pallet of straw or a heap of ti-tree cut from a neighbouring thicket, with nothing but the canopy of heaven for a roof, and the pale moon to serve as a lamp to light him to bed. He would rise, next morning, stiff in the joints from the effects of the falling dews. After having offered a prayer to God for His mercy and goodness, he would bathe in the nearest stream; then, breakfasting on a biscuit and a drink of water, would move on to his duties. Days and days might pass, during which he would not see the face of a white person, for his energy and devotion had cut him off from all Europeans. To him the Maori was everything. He cared for nothing but to direct them in the manner of their living, and to divert their attention from their cannibalistic practices to those of a more civilised character. Never did he forget the reason why he was sent amongst them, and ever did he seek to do his duty towards them; and it is no exaggeration to say that he has left his name engraven on their hearts and memories. His hardships and sufferings, during his twelve years' residence among the native tribes of the Waikato, have in few cases been equalled, and an account of them would form, if collected, ample matter for a work of several volumes. He was appointed secretary of the diocese, and performed the duty of Foreign Vicar for some time. He travelled through the whole of the interior, visiting every village, not only before, but also subsequent to the King movement. During the war Governor Brown instructed the officers to allow the beloved priest to pass to and fro between their camp and that of the enemy. Father Garavel would stay all night with the Maoris, hearing their confessions, and doing other good and holy things. At daylight, having passed over to the British camp, he would do likewise for the soldiers. His work at this time was one of unceasing toil. He alone was the privileged person allowed to act in such a manner, and to hold intercourse of any description with the Maoris. Several missionaries were refused the same liberty, amongst whom was the late Bishop Selwyn, of the Anglican Church. Father Garavel was undoubtedly esteemed by all who knew him. And one great reason for his popularity among the Maoris was that he never made use of the natives for his own benefit, like many Protestant missionaries; hence the magnitude of his influence with them, and the liberties allowed him by the Government. He was known so well that he was trusted. He was particularly useful in his endeavours to prohibit the Maoris from murdering and ill-treating their prisoners, a very old custom which which they retained at that time. In 1864, he left Auckland for Sydney. His health was breaking, and he required rest from the fatigue which he had undergone before and after the war. It may be mentioned here that Father Garavel was in the Taranaki as well as the Waikato war. He was also present at a majority of the engagements. When he arrived in Sydney, Archbishop Polding pressed him to stay, and the saintly Archbishop arranged with Bishop Pompallier to have him transferred to Sydney. He was placed in charge of Newtown, and during his administration the beautiful church of St. Joseph was erected, at the cost of £6000. He left on a visit to Rome in 1869, and was ordered by the "Propaganda of the Faith" to return to New Zealand. On passing through Sydney, the Archbishop once more persuaded him to remain, and appointed him to take charge of St. Charles's, Waverley. For nine years he was the pastor of St. Charles's, Waverley, and by Archbishop Vaughan he was removed to St. Bede's, Pyrmont. In both Parishes he won the perfect confidence and affection of the people, especially the poor. About eighteen months ago Father Garavel paid a visit to New Zealand for the benefit of his health, and he received a warm welcome, and especially from King Tawhiao and his old friends among the Maoris. Shortly after his return to Sydney he was appointed to the care of the important mission of Petersham, and one of his first acts was to set about building a church at Leichhardt, which is now almost completed. As pastor of St. Thomas's, Petersham, he remained till his death. In his illness the Very Rev. Dr. Sheridan attended him, and it was from the hands of his old friend that the dying priest received the last consolations of religion. The Fathers of the Sacred Heart, Botany, the Mariet Fathers, and the Sisters of Charity, the Good Samaritan, and St. Joseph, all show their deep and kindly sympathy. Up to Monday week, although suffering acutely, Père Garavel determined to attend the annual clerical retreat at Villa Maria, but his illness assuming a most serious aspect, he resigned himself to God's holy will, lingering only five days. In the whole archdiocese no priest ever so completely surrendered himself to duty, or ever manifested a keener pleasure in the performance of kindly acts, however arduous and fatiguing, for his brother priests than poor Père Garavel, and it must have been the crowning consolation of his life and of his death to know and to feel that the whole of the diocesan clergy solemnly assembled in Retreat were, in gratitude, in love, and in charity, praying to God with one heart on his behalf, while he himself was preparing with meekness and humility to go before his divine Master. The retreat ended on Saturday morning, and almost without exception the priests hurried off to Petersham to attend the obsequies. St. Thomas's Church was unable to hold all who assembled to pay the last tribute of respect. The Very Rev. J. J. Carroll, Administrator, presided over the forty or fifty priests who took part in the solemn offices, and the Very Rev. Père Joly, S.M., born in the same part of France as the lamented priest, and a life-long friend, officiated at the Requiem High Mass, and at the ceremonies at the grave. Father McIntyre was the deacon at the Mass, Father Cassidy the sub-deacon, Father Coue, S.M., and Father H. B. Callachor, the principal cantors, and Father Moyagh the master of ceremonies. Dr. Sheridan had general charge of the arrangements, and the solemnities ended with the impressive burial rite in the little plot in the Petersham cemetery, adjoining the church, which is sacred as the resting place of many devoted priests who have passed to their heavenly reward.

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