for class and study, and in the jungle and woods, on the beautiful Lake Victoria, or in the White Nile or the Albert Edward River.

But why dwell on these when they little pertain to my story. One day during the wet season a British Government surveyor and his assistant came to our house for hospitality. We were only too glad to receive them. The surveyor was Arthur Montgomery; his assistant, a fellow of my own age, just eighteen, was George Harris. He had to survey a tract about nine miles South of Kajaha, and expected to stay about two weeks. Father insisted they make our home their headquarters, and they both consented.

It was the third day after their arrival and we had begun to shake off conventionalities and try to make them feel at home, which they both did very well. This day, an exceptionally good one for the season, Anna and I had been riding hard, racing the dogs, and we were hot, and tired, and dirty. We came in, disposed of our horses, and sat in a hammock behind the heavy curtains on the front piazza. We must have been there about ten minutes, reading magazines, when Anna touched me lightly on the knee and motioned me to keep quiet and listen. Just below the piazza rail on the lawn our two guests were engaged in very earnest conversation. I could tell by their facial expression and gestures that it was of some mysterious or strange thing or occurrence they were talking. Creeping close to the rail I managed to catch some parts of their sentences. Montgomery was doing most of the talking. All I could make of it was, that they had learnt that Walda had some great treasure, that it was hidden in the jungle, but the location of it was sketched in a large golden locket the negro kept about his person. I discovered, too, that they were here not to survey but to get that treasure, and they meant to get it even if forced to kill our dark friend. To say the least, I was frightened; Anna was a brave girl but she clung to me, as if for life, and I had to appear calm to comfort her. She and I decided not to tell father, but Walda. I was elected spokesman and we, at once, found Walda and told him all we had heard. At first he appeared greatly agitated and troubled, but, quickly remembering, perhaps, the presence of Anna, he quieted his emotions and even tried to smile. Then he told us to go for a romp and think no more of it and told us not to bother about the hidden treasure. Needless to say, we left him, disappointed and worried yet unwilling to tell our parents, fearing to cause them undue anxiety.

But that same day, after the afternoon class, Walda invited me to his room. I could see he wanted to say something and found it hard to do so. He was troubled and I was at a loss to help him. When he got inside his room, he locked the door carefully, then looked to all the windows and draperies, under his bed, behind each of his stuffed animals with which the room was filled, then he sat down on the divan beside me.

"Pierce," he said, "I always feared for your safety in telling you, what I have long wanted you to know. Now, however, I find I must tell you, but before I do so I must warn you to keep it rigidly secret from everyone. These two men, whom we are entertaining here are villains. You know my life is in danger. You alone can save it, and it is for this I ask you here to-day. The only way it will endanger you is if you tell my secret. Tell me you'll do what I ask, Pierce?"

"I am only too glad," I answered, "to help you in any way, whether it endangers my life or not, provided it will save yours."

"That's what I knew you would say Pierce. Now here is the locket that Montgomery spoke about; keep it always on your neck; it contains all the details about my treasure. This locket is, in truth, the secret; you must never let anyone know you have it, not even your parents or your sister. When you are twenty-five, open it and find my treasure. I have saved it for you, and on your twenty-fifth birthday, it is yours. Even if I am killed you must not tell why."

I left that room bewildered, dazed, surprised, saddened, determined. Determined to save Walda, determined to thwart Montgomery's base designs. I could not even thank Walda; I knew not what he had given me, I could not even think. For a few days I was like a man in a trance, I did everything mechanically, automatically, so much so, that it began to trouble my family and I had to make all kinds of excuses and pass it off in different ways. Not for long, however, for an event occurred that put all the thought of treasure, locket, danger and murder out of my head. No, not murder! would it had! but that thought was rather made real to me. I almost sicken telling the tale.

Early one morning our whole household was aroused by a couple of shots, fired somewhere in the house. My mother, Anna, and all the maid servants, white and black, huddled in the big backkitchen. Father Colbert, myself and a couple of the men, armed with pistols, ran toward the noise, which appeared to be near the part of the house, upstairs, where Walda's room and my father's library were. It proved to be Walda's room. It was filled with smoke. Walda, my father and Harris were standing like statues. Montgomery was dead, his back broken by a bullet from my father's revolver. I just entered as my father fainted into Walda's arms. Oh! what a night! What trouble it was to cause me! What losses I was to suffer from it! What pains and pangs to suffer for it! I doubt if I will ever get all the circumstances. It seems that my father was just entering Walda's room, when he saw Montgomery with Harris near him, about to blackjack Walda, who was reading at his table. Hardly knowing what he did he took out his revolver, for all carried revolvers in Africa, and without aiming or considering, he shot and killed Montgomery. Harris left the house unnoticed and returned later in the day with a company of British soldiers,—God forgive me if I wrong England, to whom I am a loyal subject, but I must tell events as they occurred.

I know it was no fault of the king's; I know too, that the exceptions prove the rule and hence if all his subjects were not loyal, his nation must not be called unpatriotic. Certain it appeared that every man of this company, which Harris brought, were paid accomplices to him and the dead Montgomery. Our whole land was under British Martial Law, it being only one year after England's tussle with the Boers, and it took but an hour for this usual court to try, convict and shoot my poor father, despite all we could do or say to save him. He died like a man and a Christian. Father Colbert said he went from earth to heaven, for he had never done wrong. He looked his executioners in the face, refused to be blindfolded, forgave those who sought his ruin, tried to comfort all of us, who felt, if possible, worse than he did, and then passed quietly away, commending his soul to God, so differently as Walda said, from Montgomery, who had died cursing and blaspheming. And on the tenth of August, my father's name David Bret, entered England's annals as a murderer, God knows how unjustly.

And now to come to the principal scene of my life's drama. Father Colbert had long been instructing me for one sole end, the priesthood. The next year I was to go to England to finish my studies and be ordained. Now all was changed. Till my father's name was cleared I thought no Bishop would wish to receive me. And, to complicate matters Walda left a few days later, without even a farewell to me. He left a note and said we were never to look for him, that he left to keep us from danger, as he would be sought by Harris and his gang. He asked us, for our own sake's and his, to try to forgive and forget him. What was I to do? Father Colbert and my Uncle Hugh were my only advisors now. My mother and sister were too stricken with grief to advise or think. Then I had a fine offer to sell the estate. For good, as Father Colbert said, and my Uncle Hugh positively refused to allow me to hear of it. "There is some mischief behind such an offer, and you must not let it go." Mother, Anna, and I took a trip to America and during our absence, Father Colbert and Uncle Hugh were to change the entire appearance of our home and grounds, leaving only Walda's room intact.

In two years we came back, the old days returned, though some of their charm was gone. My mother was resigned and devoted herself to charitable works and to teaching the natives the ways of civilization. She and Anna found this an excellent means of doing good and both of them were almost revered by the African villagers. I tended to our affairs, aided by Father Colbert and my uncle; never, however, loosing sight of or neglecting to continue studying and striving for one great aim, to be like Father Colbert.

It was just the eve of the seventh anniversary of my father's death, or murder, as it more likely was. Father Colbert and I were out walking on the broad road along the shores of the Albert Edward, we were talking over the events of seven years ago, when suddenly we heard the 'toot toot' of an auto, and turned to see it as it passed. The colored chauffeur stopped only a few rods from us, then jumped out hastily and ran toward us calling us to go to the car. Father Colbert and I did so. Between the seats, on the floor, was a man. It was Harris, I knew him as well as I did myself. Agony and despair were imprinted on his countenance. He had but a little time to live. Father Colbert and I tried to ease him. I put a flask to his lips and the draught seemed to relieve him a little. He opened his eyes—stared a while at us—then recognized me.

"At last," he gasped. "It is you Pierce Bret, and I am at the Bret mansion?"

"It is I, and you are at Bretwalda Manor, or, as you call it, at the Bret Mansion. What can that be to you, Harris? Can it help you on your way to eternity? We have all forgotten your deeds here, and now turn your thoughts to your soul; you are soon to die."

I turned to leave him alone with Father Colbert, but he clutched at my arm and held me near him.

"I am already damned," he stammered, "but I must tell you all; bend close to me, and tell Father Colbert and my faithful chauffeur to listen as witnesses."

We all bent over him and listened to his story.

"First of all, I am not George Harris but Ralph Harrington!"

"Ralph Harrington!" I exclaimed, "The Ralph that used to room across from me at Oxford."

"The very same," he replied, "but you must not interrupt me, I have a great deal to tell. It was I who had you expelled from Oxford. You know you were the only one who could rival me at cricket, and a cricket champion was held in some esteem those days. I have no other cause for hating you than this. Then I turned to drink. It was I who was carried home drunk and your friends thought it was you and took me to your room.

Blind fate kept you out late and somehow I managed to get away before you got back. This happened two or three times. At first I was loath to have you blamed for it. I did not hate you that much. But soon the King's Tournament was played, and you stripped me of all honors in the field and I determined to let the mischief take its own course. That night I dressed in your clothes, feigned drunkenness, and, as usual, two of the fellows carried me to your room. This can easily be accounted for as we looked very much alike. The next day you were dismissed and, for awhile, I had cricket championships all my own way. But only for a while. I could not stay in Oxford. I left and picked up with Montgomery and a few others. I told them how rich you were and of my hate for you. I had, by this time, made myself believe you were the cause of all my ill-luck. We came here and by a mere chance, through the natives, heard of Walda's treasure. We determined to get it. The night of Montgomery's death we had arranged to get the location of it from the locket. But I had lately been quarreling with Montgomery and only that day had laid a litle plan to get the treasure for myself. It was I who killed Montgomery. Your father's bullet just grazed my hand, you can see the scar, see—. Don't interrupt me, I am positive of all I say, your father did not aim; I did, and I shot sure. I am right, I assure you. It was easy to win the soldiers over, and—but you know the rest. Those soldiers, shooting your father, have been before me ever since. I have drunk heavily and suffered much from drink. It brought on fits of insanity, and this morning I shot myself and that brought me to my senses. I told my chauffeur to take me here in hopes I could help you, and do a little to atone for my evils. And now I must die and be damned for my sins."

"No, No!" Father Colbert interrupted, "you can still save your soul."

But it was a useless task to talk to him. He tried to speak again, but could not, the blood filled his throat and choked him. We did all we could. Father Colbert gave him conditional baptism. The black chauffeur and I tried to ease his pain. He smiled his appreciation, pointed to his pocket, from which I took a paper and he motioned me to keep it, it was for me. Then he turned his head, struggled a little, as if to rise, gasped, and Harris was no more.

What a death! I cannot dwell on it! I never found out why Harris killed Montgomery just when he did, or why he did not wait till they had secured the treasure or the means to get it. Nor did I learn why he sacrificed my father and not Walda, or Father Colbert or myself, against whom he had a grievance. Perhaps he thought this would hurt me more and if so he was right. But the poor fellow never finished his story. It is perhaps as well he did not. I had found out all that was necessary. The black drove the car up to our house and we fixed up the body of poor Harris or Harrington as well as we could. The next day the coroner came and allowed us to bury him. Only then could we talk. The black chauffeur, Father Colbert, uncle Hugh, my good mother, my sister Anna and myself assembled in the library to discuss the whole affair. Joy and sorrow were strangely mixed in all our faces. The black was the first to speak:

"Well, Pierce," said he, "you are not quite twenty-five, but you can look in that locket to-morrow."

As he said this he removed his glasses and a small mustache he had on. In one bound I was in the arms of Walda, for he it was as hale and good as ever.

And now the rest is easily told. I saw it all in a flash. He did not have to tell me. His quick, correct mind, had formed a plan and he had carried it out to perfection. God had done the rest. Walda had not thought the end would be so tragic; he had even hoped to save Harris, but it had been willed otherwise. His noble soul, pure, self-sacrificing and generous had brought all to a happy outcome. The next day I opened my locket in the presence of all. Here again we were to see his mind and soul. A packet in the casing explained how to find his immense treasure. His presence saved us the trouble of looking for it. He himself could not tell us its exact value, and I doubt if it could easily be estimated. At any rate, I need not tell more of it.

Last Sunday I said my first Holy Mass in our little chapel at Bretwalda Manor. The chief witnesses were my dear mother and sister, Father Colbert, my Uncle Hugh, all our servants and a few villagers, and lastly, Walda, right up close to me all the time, and he was radiant. Walda had procured all this happiness for me. He had made me the happiest of men, and as I said before, perhaps the richest.

Needless to say we wrote at once to London and had all things made clear again. I sent the paper Harris had given me, which was a brief but full confession of both affairs. And I wrote to Oxford and to Doctor Walker, my former history professor, and told him all. His answer is here now. His words of years ago had been verified:

"All will end happily some day, never fear; do your best, Pierce. God has other purposes for you than Oxford and a lawyer's life."

And He had. God had brought me over the road He Himself traveled, through suffering and hardships to happiness.

THE TROUBLE IN SPAIN

Disquieting reports continue to come from Spain of the struggle which is going on between Church and State. While too much credence must not be given to all the dispatches which reach us through the news agencies, as many of these are known to be manufactured in Paris by the instigators of the Ferrer agitation, still it is certain that the new Spanish ministry under Canalejas seems bent upon forcing a crisis.

It is difficult for American Catholics to understand the type of man represented by Senor Canalejas. They cannot explain the contradictions which appear at times in the Latin statesman.

Senor Canalejas appears to be formed in the same mould as Waldeck Rousseau the originator of the separation law in France. He goes to Mass on Sunday, he was married not long ago in the Church with a religious ceremony. He is neither an atheist nor an infidel in private life.

And yet in his public life he has become one of the most determined opponents of the Church in Spain. He is following as far as circumstances permit the same tactics which his French protagonist carried out in France.

Will he succeed in bringing about a separation in Spain of Church from State? We doubt it. At least not to the same degree as has been done in France. Spain and France are different in many respects. In Spain there has been no great upheavel against the Church such as the French Revolution. The great traditional union of Church and State had had an unbroken continuity for centuries. Her people are conservative in their instincts and sentiments.

This is a mighty force to cope with and presents a strong barrier to Senor Canalejas and his party in the execution of their designs against the Church. Already there are signs of healthy Catholic reaction. The united episcopate of the peninsula has issued a strong formal protest which has produced a deep impression upon the country and a central committee of action, headed by powerful Catholic laymen, has been established in Madrid, to organize the Catholic forces and give effective voice to Catholic sentiment.

The source of the agitation against the Church must, as in all the Latin countries, be sought in the secret plotting of the Masonic lodges, which by manipulation of the press and manufactured public demonstrations endeavor to mould public opinion to their aims.

The remedy against such a warfare must come from strong Catholic organization conscious of its strength and ready to defend its rights. Only in this way may union be brought about among Catholics in these countries, when in face of a common danger they forget their political differences and preferences and become bound to the greatest common cause of all, the cause of the Church and religion.

Germany by her splendid Catholic organization teaches a lesson in this respect to the Catholics of the world. There religious persecution has ceased in the face of the solid front of the Catholic phalanxes forming an invincible army for the cause of God and country.

When the other nations of the world learn to respect Catholic organized strength, as the German Catholics have taught their fellow citizens to do, we shall hear less of religious strife the world over, and the attempts to despoil the Church of her property and to rob her of her rights will be rendered so difficult that few will have the courage to undertake the ignoble task.—Pilot.

FATHER TOM'S MOTHER

The mother of the great Dominican preacher, Father "Tom" Burke, was much beloved by her gifted son. He used to say: "Mother, the old convent in Galway, and the first dawnings of my vocation are built up in my soul together; the first, my mother, the most intimated and endearing of all." Yet, though Father Tom was an only son—indeed an only child—he was by no means coddled. When in his youth he needed the rod (which, according to his own story, was quite often) his mother did not hesitate to apply it. He often told that his mother considered such corrective acts part of her sacred duty to her boy, and she always began them with prayer. "Direct O Lord, our actions and carry them on by thy gracious assistance," she would gravely say, to the terror of her delinquent son. "When I saw my mother enter the room, make the sign of the cross, and solemnly invoke the light of the Holy Ghost to direct her, I knew I could expect no mercy," said Father Burke; "I never got such a beating as that directed by the Holy Spirit, and I have never forgotten it. At times by way of variety the word 'direct' was changed to 'prevent.' But it never did prevent. Down the lash always came."

MOVE ON WITH FAITH

TRUST IN PROVIDENCE SHOULD BE OUR GUIDING STAR

By Rev. Canon Sheehan.

Nature will not reply, but go on her own way, blind, relentless, undeviating in that eternal circle marked out for her and whose final purpose no man can foretell. "The one far-off divine event is shrouded in darkness which we cannot pierce until the New Heaven and the New Earth stand revealed, and imperfection rounds to perfection and mortality clothes itself with immortality and pain and sin and suffering are no more forever. But now we only hear the rumbling of the machine, and see the pallid faces, the stricken hearts, child and corpse, cradle and bier; and we almost hear the terrible words of St. Peter to the trembling Sapphira; "Behold the feet of them who have buried thy husband are at the door, and they shall carry thee out."

What then? Well, then, as we cannot stop the motions of the heavens, nor lay our hand upon Time to stay him; we are imperfect, and cannot be otherwise than we are, let us move forward with blind unquestioning faith, and with the assurance that the All-Holy and Infinite Being has not set us here for the mere purpose of seeing us agonized over an unsolvable enigma.—Parerga.

Enthusiasm added to our work will shorten the hours and make our burden lighter to bear.

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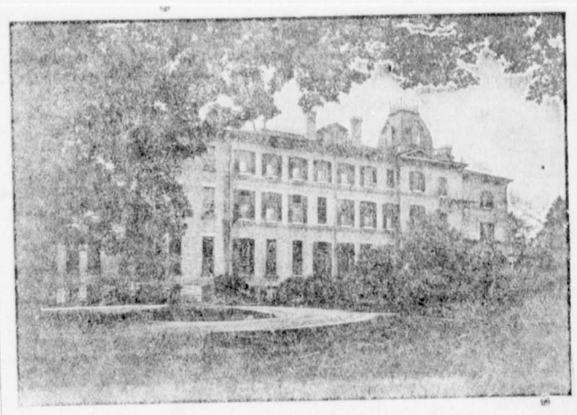

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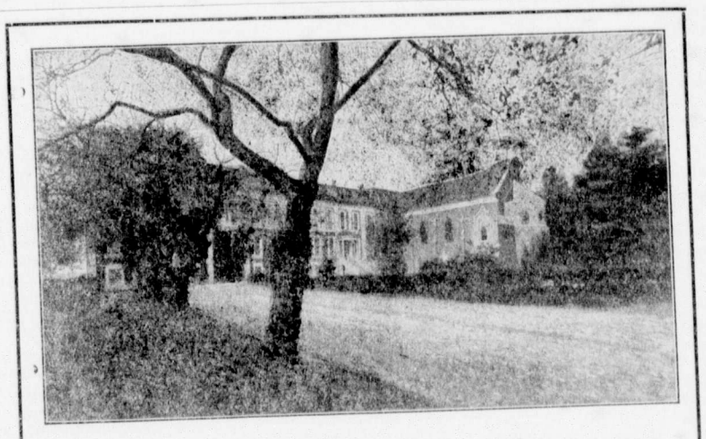

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