

A VICTIM TO THE SEAL OF CONFESSION.

A TRUE STORY BY THE REV. JOSEPH SPILLMAN, S. J. CHAPTER XX.

ONCE MORE IN THE RUE DE LA COLOMBE. On Good Friday Mrs. Montmoulin and her daughter were released from detention, as the prosecutor deemed it unwise, seeing how little ground there was for suspicion, to prefer a charge against them, for inquiry had in fact been advantageous rather than disadvantageous to them.

The period of detention, combined with anxiety about her children, and heart-rending suspense concerning her brother's fate, had quite undermined Mrs. Jardiner's health. Her hair had become grey, and grief had traced deep lines on her kind and comely countenance. As to her aged mother, she was broken down as to appear almost decrepit. On hearing that she was to be set at liberty, she could only throw her arms round her daughter's neck and between her sobs ejaculate the words: "My son—your brother—condemned to death!"

"O mother," the daughter replied, "he is less to be pitied than we are. All will soon be over for him, but for all the remainder of our lives we shall be branded with the mark of his shame. What is to become of us?"

"How can you think of us," the mother answered, "it will be with us as God pleases. But he, a priest, condemned to death as a murderer!"

"He will die innocent. But how are we to get along with this disgrace attaching to us? How am I to keep and educate my poor children?"

The Governor and other prison officials who witnessed this scene were evidently touched, though they were pretty well hardened to tears and lamentations. The Governor endeavored to console the unhappy women by informing them that the prisoner bore himself with serene, almost cheerful resignation. "And after all," he continued, "the guillotine is by no means a painful death, not nearly so much as many a natural death. How one sees poor creatures writhing in agony on their beds, until death comes to deliver them from their sufferings. Now with the guillotine it is one, two, three, a man is strapped to the plank, pushed under the beam, down comes the knife, and before he has time to think about it, all is over. Hallo, what have I said? The old lady has fainted; bring some water quick, and a glass of wine."

When Mrs. Montmoulin had recovered, she still felt so weak that a cab had to be fetched to take her and her daughter to their home in the Rue de la Colombe. On the way they stopped at the house of the kind baker, who had been so charitable as to take the children in, to inform their good friends of their release from prison. The children were at Church, and Mrs. Jardiner invited their mother to come in and await their return. But she declined, saying her aged mother was so unwell, that they had better go home at once, and asking her to send the children as soon as they came back. With heartfelt thanks for the great kindness that had been shown them, the two women went on their way to the home they had left a month before, the key of which had been given to them when they left the prison.

When they got there all looked desolate enough. Mrs. Jardiner made her mother lie down on the couch in the sitting-room, while she opened the windows and took down the shutters, so as to let light and air once more into the rooms. Then she hastened into the kitchen to light the fire, in order to make a cup of tea for her mother. But when she looked around there was nothing of all she wanted. In the shop the police had turned every thing upside down. In the money-box there was only a few shillings, and the poor woman did not know what to do. Now for the first time she realized the full extent of the calamity which had come upon them through her brother's misfortune. They would lose all their friends, all their customers, for who would frequent the society or come to the shop of the sister of a priest who had been executed? She would be ashamed to look anyone in the face. She wanted all manner of provisions—a little wine for her mother, but she could not resolve to show herself out of doors. People would point the finger of scorn at her in the street. And then the money she had on hand was barely sufficient for present needs. Who would in future let the sister of a felon have the necessities of life on credit? Overcome by a sense of her misery, the poor woman sat down on a chair in the shop, and covering her face with her hands wept bitterly.

Her mother heard her in the adjacent room, and calling her, attempted to comfort and encourage her. "We must bear the cross with Francis, my dear child," she said. "Remember this is Good Friday; Easter will come in its turn."

"There will be no Easter for us again on earth," her daughter answered amid her sobs.

"Who knows but there may?" rejoined the mother. "And if not, think how short time is compared with eternity. What if here on earth we have to bear the cross and shame with our Lord and His Saints, all will soon be over!"

"I would sooner have died with him. It would have been easier than to bear the misery and disgrace that his death brings upon us and our innocent children. It is more than I have strength

to endure!" and her tears burst forth afresh.

She had dried her eyes and set to work again, when the door opened and in came Mrs. Lenoir, bringing the two children, and a large, well-filled basket. "There children," she said, as she set the basket down, "go and comfort your mother and grandmother, and if I can be of any service, you just come round and tell me." Then she turned to the two women, and expressed her sympathy in a few kind words. Before bidding them goodbye she promised to come again that evening or the next morning, and bring a bottle of old Bordeaux, which she said was the medicine Mrs. Montmoulin most needed. "Do not thank me," she concluded. "It has been such a pleasure to have the children with me, that I feel myself obliged to do so."

So saying the good little woman slipped away, thinking her friends would rather be alone just then, and also because she could scarcely restrain her feelings on seeing what a sad plight they were in. For meeting the children again under such circumstances, almost more pain to them than pleasure. "O Mother, how did you have got!" Julia exclaimed, "You look almost as old as grandmother, your hair is quite grey. And grandmother's hair has turned perfectly white."

"I wonder my hair has not turned white," Charles gravely remarked. "They say anxiety changes its color, and I have been in the greatest anxiety about uncle and all of you the whole time."

The two women could not help smiling at this, and the boy's mother said he was now relieved of a great part of his anxiety. Then she busied herself with Julia's help in getting the dinner. In the basket Mrs. Lenoir had brought they found everything that was wanted. The children ate the simple meal with great appetite, but their mother could hardly swallow a morsel. For many years she had struggled to keep her self, and it went hard with her to be beholden to the charity of a baker's wife. During dinner Charles gave an account of his visit to the President of the Court of Justice, and announced his intention of paying him another visit, to beg him not to have his uncle executed. But his mother told him he must not think of taking such a liberty; besides the judge could not alter a sentence that was once passed.

By this time it had become known in the neighborhood that the mother and sister of the condemned priest had been released from detention, and had returned home. They appear to have had no part in the crime, said some. Others shook their heads and said nothing had been proved against them, but one could hardly believe good of the mother and sister of a priest who had been found guilty of murder and robbery. Many however felt for them the profoundest compassion. But all were curious to see the neighbors after their return, and hear what they had to say about the execution.

Thus under one pretext or another all found their way to the modest house in the Rue de la Colombe. Some expressed their sympathy with the clergyman who was unjustly condemned, or with the relatives who had to suffer on his account through no fault of their own. But what they spoke thus of cold and contemptuous looks belied their words, and showed the true feelings that actuated them. Others repeated what they had heard this one or that say about the unfortunate priest and his relatives, while they professed to be themselves convinced of his innocence, and only wanted to know if he was quite certain that he would be executed.

One can imagine what Mrs. Jardiner felt when questioned on this painful subject by these heartless people. At length she could stand it no longer, and withdrew to the room where her mother was lying down to rest, leaving her little girl to serve the customers and satisfy their curiosity. But soon she found it necessary to protect herself from their ill-timed intrusion, so she put up the shutters, and fastened a paper outside with the words: "This shop will be closed for a few days, denying herself to all visitors on the plea of her mother's indisposition. Our position here is intolerable," she said to herself. "I can remain here no longer, we must leave Aix. Yet what can I do? We must either beg or starve. Have compassion on us in our trouble, O merciful Father of the widow and orphan!"

Towards evening two visitors came, against whom the door could not be shut. The first was Mrs. Lenoir. No one who looked at her could doubt that her sympathy was unfeigned, and she expressed it by deeds as well as by words. She took in the situation at once, and understood how severely her friends were tried. She asked Mrs. Jardiner if she did not think it would be well for her to leave Aix for a time, until this unhappy affair had blown over. There were some relatives of hers living in Lambese, who were good Catholics, and who she was sure would be pleased to help Mrs. Jardiner if she could open a little business there; and she herself and her husband would willingly lend her a few pounds on very low interest, or without any interest at all.

She would very much like to take the children to live with her permanently, as she had got very fond of them, but she thought it would be better for them to leave Aix for at least a few weeks.

Mrs. Jardiner thanked the good baker's wife most gratefully, both for her past kindness, and the generous offer of help for the future; she said she should only be too glad to escape from her present surroundings, but she feared what had happened would be known in Lambese and indeed everywhere, and she would be shunned in consequence. Under these circumstances she could not venture to accept a loan, as she saw no probability of being able to repay it.

"There is nothing for me," she said, "but to earn my bread by the labor of my hands. Mother is so broken down by grief, that she cannot carry the cross much longer. But the children—I know that I cannot support them. I have to go into service and yet I don't

know how I shall bear being separated from them."

The two friends were still in consultation when the door bell rang and almost directly Charles came in to say Father Regent was there. Mrs. Lenoir took leave at once, begging that her proposal might be thought over, and the reverend gentleman was shown into the little room.

He inquired first in the kindest manner after Mrs. Montmoulin, and on hearing how very much she felt the blow, he said: "I expected that it would be so. And for you too, this trial is a very heavy burden. In your all have intruded on you in a shield were it not that I hoped to be of some comfort to you, if only by assuring you of my heartfelt sympathy."

He then asked if he could see Mrs. Montmoulin, and on Julia's being sent to ask if her grandmother was well enough to receive him, the old lady came down, leaning on her granddaughter's arm, for she said she could not trouble so honored a visitor to climb the steep stairs to her little room. Father Regent began by telling her that he and all his clerical brethren were fully and entirely convinced of her son's innocence, nor had the Archbishop the least doubt on the subject. They all took the deepest interest in the fate of the unfortunate prisoner, and also in what concerned his mother and sister personally. For himself, he said, he was persuaded that Father Montmoulin was not only innocent of the crime laid to his charge, he had not the slightest doubt that he was unable to clear himself because the obligations of his sacred office sealed his lips. How it was, he could not say, but he knew nothing for certain, but he could not but believe that if his friend—her son—were put to death through this unjust sentence, he would die a martyr's death and the crown of martyrdom would be awarded to him. Though his fellow-men might regard him as a murderer, the day would surely come when earthly shame would give way to heavenly glory, and a cruel death would open to him the gates of eternal life.

Then the pious priest spoke to them of Him who for our sake was unjustly condemned and put to a cruel and ignominious death, a death of expiation which they commemorated on that very day in common with the whole Church. His words, inspired by faith and charity, fell like soothing balm on their aching hearts; with tears in their eyes they thanked him for the solace he had afforded them, and they promised to bear the suffering and shame that must be their portion patiently in imitation of their crucified Lord.

After this Father Regent spoke of the future, and Mrs. Jardiner told him how dark a prospect it held for her. "I thought," he replied, "that after what had occurred it would be impossible for you to remain in Aix. But do not be downhearted. I spoke to the good old priest of La Grange about you, and he said I was to ask you if you would like to go to him as his housekeeper; and as his presbytery is large, he would allow your mother to occupy a small room in it. I think it would be the very thing for you to talk it over, you need not decide to-day. As for the children, you must not be for their mind to part with them, most all parents must, when they send their children to school. I hope to get Julia taken free by the Sisters of St. Joseph at Arles, a good education will be given her there, suitable to her station. And my little friend Charles, of whom his teachers give an excellent report, would do well to be sent to college at Marseilles. He is too young, but at a word from the Archbishop an exception will be made in his favor. What do you say to this proposal?"

What could the two women say, but that they were truly grateful to the kind priest. The children too, when they were called, were delighted with the prospect. Julia said she would go anywhere, so long as she could get out of Aix, for she was ashamed to be seen out of doors. Charles said he should be a missionary very soon, and being at Marseilles, he told his mother, he would be able to embark on one of the ships going out to the West Indies whenever his Superior considered him to be sufficiently prepared.

Just as Father Regent rose to take leave, Mr. Meunier, the solicitor, came in. He begged the kind priest to stay a few moments longer, as he was very desirous to hear what he thought about a matter which he had to lay before the two ladies.

The matter was this: Mr. Meunier stated that after consulting Father Montmoulin, an asking the opinion of some of his colleagues, he had decided against appealing to a higher court, as it would probably be useless, and would involve great expense. Father Montmoulin had negatived the proposal most emphatically. If the appeal were granted, he said, I should have to appear again in court, and that I have no wish to do. It is his hope that nothing more should be said or written about this scandal with which I am connected. A fresh trial, if an adverse sentence were given, as is most probable, would only give the affair greater publicity and greater importance. I will not speak of the torture that a second trial would inflict on me. I would rather die than appeal against the verdict; circumstances render it a matter of impossibility to prove my innocence. Some weight may perhaps be attached to my assertion when on the scaffold. "That," Mr. Meunier continued, "is what our poor friend said, and I really think he is right. I asked him if he would not petition for a pardon, we could get many signatures here and in the neighborhood. He would not hear of this, but I have come to hear what you say to it, and I consider myself very fortunate as I should certainly have gone to ask his opinion."

Father Regent said he should like to hear first what Mrs. Montmoulin thought about the suggestion. After a moment's reflection, she said: "If

the pardon were granted, what would be done with my son?"

The solicitor shrugged his shoulders, and said: "Of course he would not be executed, and if his life were spared, we might hope that some fortunate chance might render his innocence apparent. Anything is better than death."

"Would he be imprisoned for life?" again inquired the mother.

"I hardly think that," Mr. Meunier replied. "It is most likely that his sentence would be commuted to penal servitude for life, or transportation."

"To see my son in a convict's dress, dragging a chain, with fetters on his wrists, doing the hardest, most degrading work with a gang of the lowest convicts, and hear people pointing him out as a priest, is more than I could bear. No, it would be worse than death for a pardon. What do you say, daughter; should you like to meet your brother in the streets under such conditions?"

"No, Mother, I think as you do about it. We will not petition for a pardon, especially as Francis himself does not wish it."

"I should not wish it in his place," Father Regent said. "As I told you, I look upon his as a martyr's death. Who would refuse the crown when it is placed almost within his grasp?"

From what Father Montmoulin said to me," the solicitor rejoined, "he appears to take the same view as his mother. Very well, as your Reverence approves of the refusal to appeal, we will abandon the idea, and not avort, or postpone the sacrifice, which her son is the innocent victim."

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FIGHT FOR A SOUL.

THE POWERS OF GOOD AND EVIL WALK THE NIGHT.

By Robert Hugh Benson.

Gathered together in a continental country, says the Ecclesiastical Review, a number of clerics listened with awe to the recital of an old priest whose piety had given him many a victory over Satan. This was his tale: "About twenty years ago I had charge of a mission in Lanescaire, among the hills. The name of the place is Monkwell. It was a little village; then, and well: it was only one street, and there was only one church. My little church stood on each side. My little dozen houses at the head of the street, with the presbytery beside it. The house had a garden at the back, with a path running through it to the gate; and beyond the gate was a path leading on to the moor."

"Nearly all the village was Catholic, and had always been so; and I had perhaps a hundred more of my folk scattered about the moor. Of course I knew all my people well enough; but there was one woman that I could make nothing of. She lived with her two brothers in a little cottage a couple of miles away from Monkwell; and the three kept themselves by weaving. The two men were fine lads, regular at their religious duties, and at Mass every Sunday. But the woman, when she came near the church, and before every Mass, she would say to me: 'I do not come; but I know the reason. The poor creature had met shame and sorrow in Blackburn, and could not hold up her head again. Her brothers took her back and she had lived with them for ten years, and never one during that time, so far as I know, had she set foot outside her little place. She could not bear to be seen, you see. She was out one Sunday in January that Alfred told me that his sister was unwell. It seemed to be nothing serious, he said, and of course he promised to let me know if she should become worse. But I made up my mind that I would go in any case during that week, and see if sickness had softened her at all. Alfred told me too that another brother of his, Patrick, on set eyes, was coming up to them on the next day from London, for a week's holiday. He promised he would bring him to see me later on the week."

"There was a fall of snow that afternoon, not very deep, and another next day, and I thought I would put off my walk across the hills until it melted, unless I heard that Sarah was worse. I went out on Wednesday evening about 6 o'clock that I was sent for."

"I was sitting in my study on the ground floor with the curtains drawn, when I heard the garden gate open and close, and I ran into the hall, just as the knock came at the back door. I knew that it was unlikely that any one should come at that hour, and in such weather, except for me to call; and I opened the door almost before the knockings had ended."

"The candle was blown out by the draught, but I knew Alfred's voice at once. 'She is worse, Father,' he said; 'for God's sake come at once. I think she wishes for the Sacraments. I am going on for the doctor.' 'I knew by his voice that it was serious, though I could not see his face; I could only see his figure against the snow outside; and before I could say more than that I would come at once, he was gone again, and I heard the garden door open and shut. He was gone down to the doctor's house, I knew, a mile further down the valley."

"I shut the hall door without bolting it, and went to the kitchen and told my housekeeper to grease my boots, and set them in my room with my cloak and hat and muffler and my lantern. I told her I had had a sick call and did not know when I should be back. Then I ran into the church through the sacristy to fetch the holy oils and the Blessed Sacrament."

"When I came back I noticed that one of the strings of the parsonet I held the pyx was frayed, and I set it down on the table to knit it properly. Then again I heard the garden gate open and shut. 'At first I supposed it was Alfred come back again for some reason. I put down the string and went to the door without a light. As I reached the threshold there came a knock. 'I turned the handle and a gust of

wind burst in, as it had done five minutes before. There was a figure standing there, muffled up as the other had been."

"What is it?" I said, "I am just coming. Is it you, Alfred?" "No, Father," said a voice—the man was on the steps a yard from me—and he said that Sarah was better and does not wish for the Sacraments."

"Of course I was startled at that. 'Why? who are you?' I said. 'Are you Patrick?' 'Yes, Father,' said the man, 'I am Patrick.' 'I cannot describe his voice, but it was not extraordinary in any way; it was a little hoarse, I supposed he had a cold, but I did not see his face at all. I could not even see if he was stout or thin, the wind blew about his cloak so much. 'As I hesitated the door from the kitchen behind me was flung open, and I heard a very much frightened voice calling: 'Who's that, Father?' said Hannah."

"I turned round. 'It is Patrick Oldroyd,' I said. 'He is come from his sister.' 'I could see the woman standing in the light from the kitchen door; she had her hands out before her as if she were frightened at something. 'Go out of the draught,' I said. 'She went back at that; but she did not close the door, and I knew she was listening to every word. 'Come in, Patrick,' I said, turning round again. 'I could see he had moved down a step and was standing on the gravel now. 'He came up again then, and I stood aside to let him go past me into my study. But he stopped at the door. Still I could not see his face—it was dark in the hall, you remember. 'No, Father,' he said, 'I cannot wait. I must go after Alfred. 'I put out my hand toward him, but he slipped past me quickly, and was out again on the gravel before I could speak. 'Nonsense!' I said. 'She will be none the worse for a doctor; and if you will wait a minute I will come with you.' 'You are not wanted,' he said, rather offensively, I thought. 'I tell you she is better, Father; she will not see you.' 'I was a little angry at that. I was not accustomed to be spoken to in that way. 'That is very well,' I said, 'but I shall come for all that, and if you do not wish to walk with me, I shall walk alone.' 'He was turning to go, but he faced me again then. 'Do not come, Father,' he said. 'Come to-morrow. I tell you she will not see you. You know what Sarah is.' 'I know very well,' I said, 'she is out of grace, and I know what will be the end of her if I do not come. I tell you I am coming, Patrick Oldroyd. So you can do as you please. 'I shut the door and went back into my room, and as I went, the garden gate opened and shut once more. 'My hands trembled a little as I began to knot the string of the pyx; I supposed then that I had been more angered than I had known, but I do not now think that it was only anger. How ever, you shall hear. 'I had hardly begun to knot the string before Hannah came in. She bobbed at the door when she saw what I was holding, and then came forward. I could see that she was very much upset by something. 'Father,' she said, 'for the love of God do not go with that man.' 'I am ashamed of you, Hannah,' I told her. 'What do you mean?' 'Father,' she said, 'I am afraid. I do not like that man. There is something the matter.' 'I rose; laid the pyx down and went to my boots without saying anything. 'Father,' she said again, 'for the love of God do not go. I tell you I am frightened when I hear his knock.' 'Still I said nothing; but put on my boots and went to the table where the pyx lay and the case of oils. 'She came right up to me, and I could see that she was as white as death as she stared at me. 'I put on my cloak, wrapped the comforter round my neck, put on my hat and took up the lantern. 'Father,' she said again. 'I looked her full in the face then as she knelt down. 'Hannah,' I said, 'I am going. Patrick has gone after his brother. 'It is not Patrick,' she cried after me. 'I tell you, Father—' 'Then she shut the door and left her kneeling there. 'It was very dark when I got down the steps; and I had not gone a yard along the path before I stepped over my knee into a drift of snow, that had banked up against a gooseberry bush. I saw that I must go carefully; so I stepped back onto the middle of the path, and held my lantern low. 'I could see the marks of the two men plain enough. There was one track on this side and one on that. 'When I got to the garden gate I saw that Alfred had turned off to the right on his way to the doctor; his lantern going down the hill. But I was astonished to see that the other man had not gone after him as he said he would; for there was only one pair of footmarks going down the hill; and the other track was plain enough, coming and going. The man must have gone straight home again, I thought, so I determined to follow along the double track as far as Sarah Oldroyd's house, and I kept the light turned on to it. I did not wish to slip into a snowdrift. 'Now, I was very much puzzled. I had been thinking it over, of course, ever since the man had gone, and I could not understand it. I must confess that my housekeeper's words had not made it clearer. I knew she did not know Patrick; he had never been home since she had come to me. I was surprised, too, at his behavior, for I knew from his brothers that he was a good Catholic; and well, you under-

stand, gentlemen—it was very puzzling. But Hannah was Irish, and I know they had strange fancies sometimes. Then there was some thing else, which I had better mention before I go any further. Although I had not been frightened when the man came, yet, when Hannah had said that she was frightened, I knew what she meant. It has seemed to me natural that she should be frightened. I can say no more than that. 'Well, I set out across the moor following carefully in the double track of the man who called himself Patrick. I could see Alfred's single track a yard to my right sometimes the tracks crossed. I had no time to look about me much, but I saw now and again the slopes to the north, and once when I turned I saw the lights of the village behind me perhaps a quarter of a mile away. Then I went on again and I would say as I went, 'I will tell you one thing that crossed my mind, gentlemen. I did wonder whether Hannah had not been right, and if this was Patrick after all, I thought it possible—thought I must say I thought it very unlikely—that it might be some enemy of Sarah's—some one she had offended—an infidel, perhaps, but who wished her to die without the Sacraments; that she who had thought that; but I never dreamt of what I thought afterwards and think now. 'It was very rough going, and as I climbed up at last on to the little shoulder of hill that was the horizon from my house, I stopped to get my breath and turned round again to look behind me. I could see my house lights at the end of the village, and the church beside it, and I saw that then I understood that Hannah must be in my study and that she had drawn the blind up to watch my lantern glow across the snow. 'I am ashamed to tell you, gentlemen, that that cheered me a little; I do not quite know why, but I must confess that I was uncomfortable—I know that I should not have been, carrying what I did, and on such a very lonely out there, and the white sheets of snow made it worse. I do not think that I should have minded the dark so much. There was not much wind and everything was very quiet. I could just hear the stream running down in the valley behind me. The clouds had gone and there was a clear night of stars overhead. 'Now, gentlemen, I entreat you to believe me. This is what happened. You remember that this point at which I stopped to take breath was the horizon from my house. Well, I turned round, and lowered my lantern again to look at the tracks, and a yard in front of me they ceased. 'They ceased, gentlemen. I swear it to you and I cannot describe what I felt. At first I thought it was a mistake; that he had kept a yard or two—that the snow was frozen. It was not so. 'There a yard to the right were Alfred's tracks, perfectly distinct, with the toes pointing the way from which I had come. There was no confusion, no hard or broken ground, there was just the soft surface of the snow, the trampled path of—of the man's footsteps and mine, and Alfred's a yard or two away. 'If he had kept he did not alight again. 'Well, gentlemen, I confess that I hesitated. I looked back at the lights and then on again at the slopes in front, and then I was ashamed of myself. I did not hesitate long, for any place was better than that. I went on; I dared not run; for I think I should have gone mad if I had lost self control; but I walked, and not too fast, either; I put my hand on the pyx either; I gave my breast, but I dared not turn my head to right or left. I just stared at Alfred's tracks in front of me and trod in them. 'Well, gentlemen, I did run the last hundred yards; the door of the Oldroyds' cottage was open, and they were looking out for me—and I gave Sarah the last Sacraments, and I heard her confession. She died before morning. 'And I have one confession to make myself—I did not go home that night. They were very courteous to me when I told them the story, and made out that they did not wish me to leave their sister; so the doctor and Alfred walked back over the moor together, and told Hannah I should not be back, and that all was well with me. 'And Patrick?' said a voice, after a pause. 'Patrick, of course, had not been out that night.' 'History of the Rosary. October is so essentially the month of the Rosary that all thoughts turn to the beads during this month, when special devotions are held in all the churches. The history of this devotion carries us back to the time of Saint Dominic, but of the precise date of its origin we have no authentic record. It has been asserted that the devotion was in use prior to the time of Saint Dominic, and that the faithful were in the habit of repeating a certain number of Our Fathers which they counted on knotted cords, or strings of beads, whence these beads themselves were commonly called Pater Nosters. These intricate beads of popular devotion were sold in great numbers in England, and their name was applied to the localities where vendors of these goods congregated. Hence the title Pater Noster Row, which still survives in London. 'Christ's Prison' Discovered. What is supposed to be the prison of Our Lord, between the Via Dolorosa and a subterranean cell hewn out of the solid rock. The cell is connected with the series of underground chambers discovered thirty years ago near the Esco Homo Chapel, but this was only a group of cells covered the other day by some original cells, who were clearing out the original cells. 'Christ's prison' is one of a group of cells which appear to be ancient Roman dungeons; they are hewn out of a rock similarly to the Latomie at Syracuse, Sicily.