

representation of our Lord in the tomb for a considerable time, say half an hour, after which the figure of this vision gradually became indistinct.

Later on, Holy Saturday morning, I distinctly beheld the representation of a bishop on the sanctuary wall. His arms were raised as in prayer. I could see only his bust. The figure of the bishop became manifest where the representation of the "Taking down from the Cross" had appeared. (At this time the latter vision had entirely vanished.)

After remaining two whole nights in the church I felt considerably fatigued; at about noon, therefore, on Holy Saturday I repaired to my compartment to rest. I slept soundly for about five hours, and on awaking felt as refreshed as though I had slept the preceding nights. Soon after awaking I saw a figure of the Sacred Heart, with flames rising from the top. This representation was distinct—the outline and shading being as perfect as possible. I looked around to see if this was not a reflection from some picture of a heart on the wall; but there was no such print in the room, the doors of which were closed. Whilst dressing I saw this representation in four different places in the room; and the idea that came into my mind was that a magnificent church to the Sacred Heart would yet be erected at Knock. The happiness I felt on the occasion of this vision exceeded anything I had ever before experienced. (I afterwards saw the representation of the Sacred Heart in the same room on two different occasions.)

On the evening of Holy Saturday, after seeing the vision of the Sacred Heart, I again returned to the church. On the preceding nights the church doors were thrown open to all; but on this occasion only about nine persons were admitted, and, thanks to the kindness of the venerable archdeacon, I was amongst the privileged few. Need I say we felt happy and prayed devoutly; all gathered round the altar of our Lady.

Towards midnight some one directed my attention to a peculiar twinkling or sparkling of the beads on the votive crown with which the Virgin's image was decked. I considered this very remarkable, but thought that such an effect might be produced by the light from the lamps. However, to satisfy some of the others, I said that the lamps might be removed. No sooner, however, was this done, than the statue—instead of growing dark—became dazzlingly bright; the crown disappeared from the head; the face shone with a most resplendent radiance; the blue girdle—it was a statue of our Lady of Lourdes—became several degrees whiter than snow; in fine, a new image seemed to have taken the place of the former. Some said they saw the Blessed Virgin bend lovingly over us; but it (the statue, as I thought) was so exceedingly bright, and beautiful, and life-like that I became slightly agitated, and so cannot vouch for the accuracy of this last particular. After witnessing these wonderful effects on the statue, for the space of ten minutes, we again turned on the lights. When the lights were replaced I observed dark shades pass successively over the image, which gradually grew less brilliant, till, after about six seconds, it had assumed its ordinary colour. All, save one, witnessed these extraordinary effects on the statue.

After Mass on Easter Sunday morning, I saw on the transept gable corresponding to the Gospel side of the altar a statue-like representation of the Blessed Virgin. This was visible on two or three different occasions on the same gable. In the representations hitherto described the figures were *not* statue-like.

Most of the apparitions which I have above described were witnessed during the night; but during my second visit I witnessed on the Feast of St. Catherine of Sienna what I consider to have been a very extraordinary manifestation. Having entered the church shortly before noon, I knelt down to say a short prayer. The chapel was about one-third full. Scarcely had I finished my petition, when I saw a multitude of stars or lights, similar to those witnessed at 1.30 a.m. on Good Friday morning. These lights (which were of uniform appearance) were characterised by two remarkable features—firstly, they appeared endowed with animation; and, secondly, their movements were peculiarly graceful. These stars were not of any one colour; but each star presented the appearance of a variety of beautiful colours blended in the most perfect manner. They did not pass near the walls but in the air, from a foot to about eight feet high, and directly before the Blessed Sacrament. I scrutinised them closely for about twenty seconds. They were incomparably beautiful; but finding that I could no longer restrain my emotions, I resolved on leaving the church. On my coming to the church door I requested some person to "Look at the magnificent lights," but when I turned round to point them out they had all disappeared. This apparition tended to confirm me in the belief that all the other manifestations which I have described were supernatural. I here bring my narration to a close. I believe that Knock has been favoured by God in a particular manner; that the last is not yet heard of this blessed sanctuary; and I trust, in conclusion, that the happy effects of my two visits to this hallowed shrine of our dear Lady may never pass away—that the graces there received may enable me to do God's will in time that I may praise him with His saints for eternity.

Between Brading and Sandown, Newport, at a place known as Morton Farm, well-preserved remains of a Roman villa have been discovered. The tessellated floor of several apartments has been uncovered. Minute tesserae of different colours are worked up into a variety of figures, including a representation of Bacchus, with a Bacchant and a couple of panthers. A considerable quantity of human bones have been exhumed. Several coins have been brought to light of the reign of the Emperor Gallienus.

While our Catholic Marquis, the new Indian Viceroy, is rapidly reaching Calcutta, the Marquis of Bute is travelling in a more leisurely fashion to England, after a visit to the Holy Land. This was not the first occasion on which Lord Bute had visited the East; and the observations made by a Catholic antiquarian and scholar in that profoundly interesting part of the world will, we hope, one day be given to the public in a book.

THE REV. FATHER QUICK AT KNOCK.

THE Rev. Father Quick has addressed to the editor of the *Universe* the following letter, dated Manchester, May 25:—

I have just returned from the Continent, and am assailed on all sides as to the truth of the statement of the Cork Pilgrim, published in your issue of the 15th ult., respecting my alleged miraculous cure at Knock. As your correspondent says she was present at my Mass of thanksgiving, it is to be regretted she did not seek an interview with myself and obtain positive facts before she went into print, and made use of a name, as she says, that is "well known."

I rejoice to say I have had no such lengthened sufferings as she describes, and regret, though compelled in defence of truth, to state that she has been sadly misinformed. She says I suffered much for over two years. My arm was utterly useless. I was debarred from saying Mass during this time. I was attended by numerous doctors of eminence and high standing; that there was but one cure—viz., amputation. The miracle was witnessed by hundreds.

The simple facts are these: I had been suffering some six months from prostration of the nerves, the pain settling principally in my left arm. I was unable to say Mass part of this time, but not on account of my arm solely. I consulted no doctors beyond my regular advisers. There was never question of amputation. I was told I would recover after a few months' rest and repose, but, being anxious to continue my duties, I yielded to an invitation to go to Knock. I did not expect a miracle; I knew my ailment did not require one. After my first visit and devotions at Knock, I felt able to dispense with my arm rest or sling, and during my devotions at my third visit I felt the pain gradually leave my arm and strength return. I had gained all I sought. I made an offering of my sling to our Lady, and obtained permission of the venerable and saintly archdeacon to say Mass there next morning. I was asked to leave a few lines of my cure, but the archdeacon agreed to my suggestion, viz., to wait a short time. I promised to write in three weeks and send an attestation, provided the pain did not return. On leaving Knock, I was sent direct to Paris to inspect the workings of several institutions, which took me a fortnight. It is now over three weeks since I left Knock; since then I have suffered much through continuous travelling, and have had consequently a slight relapse in my pains—hence I cannot yet say I am cured, but I am considerably better. I would state my firm belief in the first apparitions, and in some of the many miracles said to have been wrought there. Let us hope that the time is not far distant when the present humble church will be replaced by one more worthy, and that the sanctuary of our Lady of Knock will equal that of our Lady of Lourdes. One of the best means of attaining this will be, when speaking of Knock, not to exaggerate, but give simple telling facts—abundance of these are not wanting; this will overcome the incredulity of Catholics and the prejudices of non-Catholics. I would say to all afflicted, have confidence, and go to our Lady of Knock, and you will be relieved. I received more than my faith and unworthiness merited.

THE POWER OF "GOOD SPIRITS."

THE *Lancet* remarks:—With the aid or under the influence of "pluck," using the term in a modern sense, and in relation to the daily heroism of life in the midst of difficulties, it is possible not only to surmount what appear to be insuperable obstructions, but to defy and repel the enmities of climate, adverse circumstances, and even disease. Many a life has been saved by the moral courage of a sufferer. It is not alone in bearing the pain of operations or the misery of confinement in a sick room this self help becomes of vital moment, but in the monotonous tracking of a weary path and the vigorous discharge of ordinary duty. How many a victim of incurable disease has lived on through years of suffering, patiently and resolutely hoping against hope, or, what is better, living down despair, until the virulence of a threatening malady has died out, and it has ceased to be destructive, although its physical characteristics remained? This power of "good spirits" is a matter of high moment to the sick and weakly. To the former it may mean the ability to survive, to the latter the possibility of outliving, or living in spite of a disease. It is, therefore, of the greatest importance to cultivate the highest and most buoyant frame of mind which the conditions will admit. The same energy which takes the form of mental activity is vital to the work of the organism. Mental influences affect the system, and a joyous spirit not only relieves pain, but increases the momentum of life in the body. The victims of disease do not commonly sufficiently appreciate the value and use of "good spirits." They too often settle down in despair when a professional judgment determines the existence of some latent or chronic malady. The fact that it is probable they will die of a particular disease casts so deep a gloom over their prospects that through fear of death they are all their lifetime subject to bondage. The multitude of healthy persons who wear out their strength by exhausting journeys and perpetual anxieties for health is very great, and the policy in which they indulge is exceedingly short sighted. Most of the sorrowful and worried cripples who drag out miserable lives in this way would be less wretched and live longer if they were more hopeful. It is useless to expect that anyone can be reasoned into a lighter frame of mind, but it is desirable that all should be taught to understand the sustaining, and often even curative, power of "good spirits."

The Liverpool branch of the Irish National Land League have issued an address condemning in strong terms the proposed subscription to aid Cennemara peasantry to emigrate. They proclaim as a holy doctrine that the true place for the Irish farmer is an Irish homestead, and not a patch of prairie land in Minnesota. Everyone who aids emigration schemes, which have already transported three million of Irishmen, is to be regarded an enemy of Ireland.