

The Funeral Bell.

Knell! knell! knell!
Rings through the air the funeral bell,
Fringing with cold woe,
Now high, now low—
Tolling so mournfully
Tolling so mournfully
Deep-toned, grief-toned, sorrowful bell!
Knell! knell! knell!
Peal the sad notes of the funeral bell;
Dismally—dreadfully—
Ever so wearily,
Float the sad tones
Echo'd in moans,
Down the dark dome of the funeral bell.
Knell! knell! knell!
Ever the same story to tell,
Told a lone hier—
Memory's tear
Shrill in the dust
Sinful and just
Peal the sad notes of the funeral bell.

Knell! knell! knell!
Dirges of woe that know so well,
Tolling on high
Tolling each sigh—
Antheims of gloom,
Psalm from the tomb
Deep-toned, grief-toned, sorrowful bell!
Belleville, Ont. T. O'HAGAN.

THE APPARITIONS AT KNOCK.

A LIST OF THE PERSONS CURED.

ANOTHER PROTESTANT JOURNAL'S STORY.

(From the London Daily Telegraph Correspondent.)

ROSCOMMON, Feb. 26.—I am going to tell an extraordinary story, which needs a word of preface. Since it has to do with the supernatural and miraculous in relation to a particular form of religious belief, and is, therefore, certain of credit from some without thought, and equally sure of rejection by others without examination, I shall do well, in my character as simple narrator and witness, to avoid siding with either party. It will be my care to express no opinion on the matter in hand, nor even to suggest that I have formed one of the more because, from the very nature of the case, what any one thinks about it is neither proof nor disproof. Further, I do not mean to piece together fragmentary evidence and observation in order to make up an article whole. I shall narrate

just as the details came to me, and for the rest disclaim responsibility. Some time ago a rumor began to spread through Ireland that supernatural manifestations had taken place at or near the Catholic chapel of Knock, in County Mayo. It was stated that an apparition of the Virgin Mary, attended by celestial personages supposed to represent St. Joseph and St. John, had appeared to several persons on a certain night in August; subsequently to others on New Year's Eve, and a third time, to yet others, on the eve of the Epiphany. The report excited a good deal of attention, and presently found its way into the newspapers, a first to publish it in a way into the *Nation*, which sent down a special correspondent charged to collect evidence from the witnesses. But this was not all. A further rumor stated that miracles of healing were frequently wrought upon the afflicted persons who came to the shrine, that miraculous virtues were possessed by the very plaster from the walls of the church, and that the faithful were crowding in ever increasing numbers to the place thus suddenly famous for its obscurity into fame, and for its mission connected with Irish distress, I found myself at Claremorris, a little town about six miles from the much-talked-of village. It became my duty there to seek an interview with the parish priest—the Very Rev. Ulick J. Bourke, Canon of Tuam, and the late President of St. Jarlath's College—a gentleman well known to philologists as the author of a learned work on the Aryan origin of the Gaelic race. Canon Bourke, having acted on a commission appointed by the Archbishop of Tuam to take the evidence of those who asserted that they had seen the apparitions, was well able to put me in the way of ascertaining particulars for myself, and, within an hour of my introduction to him, I was face to face with one of the persons who was deposed to the August vision. This was a boy of 14 years of age, named Hill—a bright, intelligent little fellow, who told his tale clearly and simply. I shall put Hill's statement in the first person, pledging myself, however, to literal exactness, and promising that the narrative was not continuous, but frequently interrupted by questions going to the bog for turf, and did so.

ON THE DAY OF THE AUGUST APPARITION, taking my little brother with me. When night came on I went into the house of a relative not far from Knock chapel. It was raining hard and very dark. While there some one (naming him) ran in and said, "Oh, come up to the chapel and see the Blessed Virgin against the wall!" We all ran up, and saw the end of the chapel covered with light. At first we stood against the wall of the yard, but presently we got over and went close up to the gable. Then we saw the Blessed Virgin standing like a statue so (lifting his hands and eyes) on her right was St. Joseph bending towards her, and on her left St. John, dressed like a bishop, his left hand holding a book, his right raised with two fingers pointing upwards. Above, and to the left of St. John, was an altar with a lamb on it, round which moved what seemed to be the wings of angels, whose heads and bodies I could not see. We stood and looked at the figures a long time, and my little brother cried out that he wanted to take them home. They did not move, but lights kept playing about the wall. Presently, there were ten or twelve of us looking, and we all knelt down and said "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." Then, as the rain kept on and we were very wet, we went away. I did not look behind me when standing in front of the figures, and cannot say whether any light was to be seen except on the wall." Having told this story in the manner already described, Hill departed, and presently a lad was brought in who witnessed the appearance in his company. The new-comer's statement did not agree in every detail with that of his predecessor, but

SUBSTANTIALLY BOTH WERE IN ACCORD. He, for example, saw no "angel's wings" fluttering round the lamb, but lights twinkling like stars. It was also stated that, though the rain beat against the chapel, the wall on which the light shone remained dry. To the question "Did the figures look as though they were part of a picture?" this witness replied, "No; they stood out from the wall like statues, and we seemed to see round them." To the further question, "Was the light on the gable a circle?" he answered "No; it covered the wall." On the morning after my interview with these early witnesses of the alleged marvel, I accepted Canon Bourke's invitation to drive over to Knock and see the place myself. The six miles of road leading thither were not lonely. It was market day in Claremorris, and the small farmers who abound in that part of Mayo were hastening toward with a multitude of asses bearing oats, or potatoes, or hay for sale at the advanced rates now ruling. But all the travelers we met or passed were not on marketing errands. Some had an "up-all-night" and, indeed, had been keeping vigil in the chapel in which we were hastening; while others, going on the same way as ourselves, moved haltingly on foot, or swiftly in cars, in search of miraculous deliverance from the ills they suffered. The country thereabout is uninteresting. It stretches west and east, in long undulations without variety or charm. On reaching the summit of one of the gentle rises, a tall square tower appeared above the next eminence, and signaled our approach to Knock. The modest cottage of the parish priest, Archdeacon Cavanagh, lies in the intervening hollow, but reaching it the traveler passes a thatched and white-washed dwelling-house, bearing the distinguished mark of a police barrack. One of

THE STALWART OF THE "ROYAL IRISH" changed to be standing in the road as we drove up, and he Canon Bourke introduced as a witness without hearing. The policeman cheerfully came round to my side of the car and told his story, in effect as follows: "On a certain night (named), about twelve o'clock, I and a comrade set out on patrol, our road taking us past the chapel. When opposite the building we saw people, and heard the sound of praying, so we went in to look round and ascertain that all was right. Down to that time, though others professed to have witnessed the apparitions, we had not. On going round to the east gable some one cried, 'There is the light!' and then both I and my comrade saw the church covered with a rosy sort of brightness, through what seemed to be stars appeared. I saw no figures, nor did my comrade, but some women who were praying there declared that they beheld the Blessed Virgin, and one went nearly frantic in consequence. We stood and watched the light for some time before we started again on our rounds." "How do you explain the light?" "I can't explain it."

"Did you look round to see where it came from?" "I did, but every time it came there was no light anywhere except on the gable." Thus the policeman, who offered to produce his comrade in corroboration. Leaving him, we drove to the cottage of the parish priest, and found him in his garden, whither he had gone, perhaps, for relaxation after getting him by every post.

ARCHDEACON CAVANAGH IS REPUTED along all the country side as a man of simple piety, gentle manners, and a man of retiring disposition. This character is justified by his appearance. He is at once about the last man in the world whom a stranger would look upon and suspect of anything but straightforward honest conduct. The very reserved gentleman gave his visitors a cordial welcome, and soon in the little parlour of the cottage, I heard all that he could tell about the visions and miracles, in which he believes with unquestioning and reverent faith. As to the visions, the Archdeacon said in effect: "On the night of the first apparition my housekeeper asked leave to visit a friend, and remained out unusually late. While wondering what had become of her, she made her appearance in a very excited state, exclaiming, 'Oh! your reverence, the wonderful and beautiful sight! The Blessed Virgin has appeared up at the chapel, and St. Joseph and St. John, and we have stood looking at them this long time. Oh! the wonderful sight!' Inferring that the vision had disappeared, and omitting to question my housekeeper on that point, I did not go up, and I have regretted ever since that I omitted to do so. On another occasion a man came down to fetch me a meal, and, after a fatiguing day, and, having in prospect a hard work on the morrow, I did not rise. This manifestly appears as a triumph of the flesh over the spirit. 'I shall ever feel sorry that a sight of the apparitions has been denied me, but God will testify to his blessed mother's presence should come from the simple faithful, and not through the priests. Though I have not witnessed the Divine manifestation, have seen the light, and, once, when standing at some distance, from the chapel, in company with others, a most brilliant star flashed along the gable, leaving a train of radiance.' Questioned as to the miracles, the Archdeacon said: 'I will show you a long list of cures effected by the Divine interposition, and can tell you of one in which I was an agent. Some little while ago I received a 'sick call' late at night, to a man who was said to be vomiting blood, and in extreme danger. Hastening to the house, attended by a boy with a lantern, I found the father of the patient coming to hurry me, in distress lest I should be too late. On reaching the cottage I found the young man covered, so to speak, with blood, and apparently very near death, but conscious. After ministering to him, I called for a glass of water, spilted out a few particles of mortar from the gable wall of the chapel, and bade him drink. He did so, at once began to recover, and is now well. I can speak of other cases, and especially of a man who came from Cork afflicted with a polypos, which extended into his windpipe, and, so said the surgeon, required a dangerous operation; he went, however, to Knock, and performed his devotions for several days, and, to his astonishment, growth—and returned cured. The Archdeacon next showed me his list of "miracles," from which I quoted

A FEW SPECIAL CASES.

for seventeen years, can see. Maria Connolly a cripple, for thirteen years, is now able to walk. John O'Brien, who was born blind, has the use of his eyes. Belinda Masi, of Billina, dumb for six years, has recovered the power of speech. Patrick Boyle, of Glasgow, came to Knock afflicted with heart disease, and returned cured. Michael Martin, of Lisakullen, subject to epileptic fits, visited the shrine, and is now free from their attacks. The daughter of R. Walsh, of Clifden, regained sight after bathing her eyes in water containing a piece of plaster from the chapel wall. John Roche, of Rossy, Roscommon, stone blind for seventeen years, went away to see. John O'Connor, of Ardagh, came to Knock with a bent leg, supported by an iron crutch, and returned home, leaving the crutch as a memorial of cure. Owen Halpin, of Meg, Drogheda, troubled with deafness, placed a bit of mortar in his ears, and had the sense fully restored to him. I must continue these extracts from the Archdeacon's records, but space would fail for a complete setting forth of the alleged cases of miraculous healing.

Before leaving the priest's cottage, I had gone to visit a friend, and, as it was very dark when I set out to return, some one came with me. Our way took us past the church, and, on reaching the end of the building, we saw a light on the wall, and the figure of the Blessed Virgin standing in the middle of it, a little above the ground. The housekeeper's description of the figures agreed in the main with that of other witnesses, and need not be repeated. She continued: "We went close up and fell on our knees, one woman wanting to embrace the Blessed Virgin's feet. We stayed a long time, although it was raining hard; but at last, I ran home, dripping wet, and told her reverence what I had seen. The figures did not look like those in a picture, but like statues. No light was visible anywhere, and, as the housekeeper said, 'where else?' Leaving the door a man came, and, meeting at the door a man who, some light, long lost, was said to be returning, the two priests and myself went up the road towards the chapel, having the famous gable before us the whole way. I saw that, for full half its height, it had been boarded over, a measure necessary, the Archdeacon told me, to protect the wall, since the people after having removed the covering of plaster, began to pick the mortar beneath the stones, as, indeed, they are now doing round the corners, where nothing prevents. My first business was, of course, to take, as Jack Roche would say, 'the bearings' of the place.

THE CHAPEL is a plain cruciform building, having a tall, square tower at its west end, and at opposite extremity a sacristy. It is on the hillside, the gable of the east end of the building, that the figures are said to have appeared. The chapel stands in a rather extensive yard, which is bounded opposite the gable, a distance from it some twenty-five paces, by a dilapidated wall about four feet high. Beyond this a large field and the open country.

THE CHAPEL, supposed he could have focused his picture at such a distance, must have taken post behind the low stone wall; or, if stationed in the school must have thrown the image on the "screen" at a very considerable angle. Within the building, that the figures are said to have appeared, the first witness passed to get a nearer view, and the glare of the lantern would at once have been detected by the observant policeman. There remains the notion of a manipulator stationed in the school-house. I gave my best attention to the windowless gable of the building, and could find no sign of a hole or crack from chimney to foundation. Going inside among the children, to look at the wall from that point of view, the plaster seemed untouched, and the roof too much open to admit of a man working beneath its apex and what there was of a ceiling. In the result, and despite a wish to explain the wonder naturally, I was obliged to conclude that the reported apparitions, however caused, could not have been, and THEREFORE WERE NOT DUE TO A MAGIC-ILLUSTRATION.

With any theory not determinable by a reference to considerations absolutely positive, such as those just touched upon, I have nothing now to do. Monday and Thursday are the times when Knock is overwhelmed with pilgrims, many thousands being flocking to the place, once, and it is assuredly afforded an extraordinary spectacle last Wednesday. About ten paces from the gable stands a small roughly constructed pen, wherein pilgrims who no longer require the aid of sticks or crutches are deposited before leaving. Scores of the disabled props to tottering feet were lying there; and a few others, besides the very battered umbrellas, were suspended from the boards that protected the sacred wall. It is needless to say that the wall itself, boarded though it was, excited the curiosity of the people, many of whom they lavished attention in the intervals of devotion. Others, again, wandered round the roof and the chapel, telling their "bears" as they went—

AN ACT OF FAITH. So I was assured, altogether self-imposed. Yet others mostly afflicted with diseases stood about in the road or enclosure, waiting long ago, for the moving of the waters. Night and day they wait, filling the chapel during the dark hours, and praying there so that the sound of their voices can be heard far down the road. At least 200 persons were in the sacred edifice when I entered. The interior is poor of aspect. Beyond the unpretending altar, and two or three small windows filled with stained glass were no attempts at decoration, and very ineffective ones at convenience,

Bridget Kearney, of Sorkwestown, blind

since all the benches in the place would not seat more than thirty people. The floor is roughly flagged and full of holes made by devotees who, in their eagerness to possess some blessed substance, have dug beneath the level of the stones. But, almost the entire area from the altar rails to the western door and from side to side of the transept, their muttered petitions making a continuous and solemn hum. Many sick have been brought there, and some have professed to have gained much benefit.

A POOR PARALYTIC, seated on a wheeled chair, rejoicing at a feeling of warmth in his lower limbs; a woman who had crawled for years on her hands and knees was found sitting upright, and delightedly describing how she could see her feet a very little. Such sights were visible, more or less, on every hand, and as the Archdeacon went about among the people, one and another would go to him and tell of the benefits received by themselves or their friends, and get for answer, "Thank God and His Blessed Mother."

My story is told, and I have nothing more to say. The conclusions to be drawn from it, one way or another, is the business of the reader.

THE TRUTH FROM A PROTESTANT PULPIT.

From the Milwaukee Citizen.

Rev. Henry T. Rose, pastor of Plymouth Church of this city, spoke to his people on last Sunday evening on St. Patrick and the early Irish Church. Among the many complimentary remarks made by the rev. gentleman of the Irish people, were the following, which indicates that Mr. Rose has read the correct history of Ireland, and that it has impressed his mind with a good opinion of the Irish people.

It was a wonderful providence which had prepared in Ireland a sanctuary for religion and learning, out of the reach of their pagan enemies. Ireland was the only safe retreat for learning and piety. The Huns and Vandals overran all Europe. The Northmen scourged the coasts of England. But Ireland preserved a light for Europe. Missionaries, teachers of philosophy and literature, went from Ireland to teach in France and Germany and Italy. The Germans were converted, not directly from Rome, but by way of Ireland and England. Germany and Switzerland were Christianized by the labors of Irish missionaries. It is not an empty Irish boast that all Europe once sat at Erin's feet to learn, but it is true. Great numbers of teachers of philosophy and science in the universities of Europe were Irishmen. In the ninth century the Irish were described as "lovers of learning who distinguished themselves in those times of ignorance by the culture of the sciences, beyond all other European nations." They taught those who taught the people, and all this light which makes the glory of Irish history was kindled from fires which Patrick kindled in his humble and laborious work.

Another feature of the religion which was preached by St. Patrick was its sympathy with education. He taught the people to read. He encouraged the importation of books. He did not believe in a tariff duty upon paper. He established cloisters all over the island and these cloisters were schools. They were not only retreats for the monks, but schools for instruction. Industrial schools, orphan asylums, almshouses, all gathered about one centre, the Church.

The lecture concluded with a plea for recognition of the beauty and strength of many of those characters whose names are enrolled among the saints and heroes of the Roman Catholic Church, with a reference to the debt which the world owes to Ireland, which even generous contributions to her famine-stricken people cannot repay, and with a defence of foreign missions as the ancient and historic policy of the Church.

PATRIOTIC WORDS.

FATHER O'FARRELL'S LECTURE IN JERSEY CITY.

The Rev. M. J. O'Farrell, of St. Peter's Church, delivered a lecture recently in St. Patrick's Church, Jersey City, for the benefit of the sufferers in Ireland. Though the learned gentleman is an eloquent preacher and lecturer, we admire him more for his outspoken sympathy with an oppressed people than for his brilliant oratory.

Father O'Farrell said: I hope to be able to show that the famine in Ireland springs from causes long existing there. These causes are not the work of God, not a result of a visitation of Providence, but are due to the bad laws which have governed Ireland for hundreds of years; and we who love Christ proclaim that the suffering in Ireland is not because the country is poor or too populous, but because the people are ground down by their infamous laws. No matter how much praise we have to bestow upon the generosity of the people who have responded to nobly to Ireland's call, we would be false to our duty if we did not proclaim the fact that the suffering is not the work of God, but is due to the bad laws which have governed Ireland for hundreds of years; and we who love Christ proclaim that the suffering in Ireland is not because the country is poor or too populous, but because the people are ground down by their infamous laws. 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