

The Infinite Unknown.
Oh, world unknown, that round about us
shimmers.
A dreamy mist.
Holding our souls, like songs of rhythmic
numbers.
How'er it list.
Touching our lives—yet never to behold,
Leaving us never alone.
Vague and impassive, yet ever enfolding—
Yet ever unknown.
What glory lighteth up thy streets immortal
We may not see.
Or sorrow waiteth at the hidden portal,
To be let free.
We are—we shall be—only this is certain:
All else is doubt.
"Whither" and "whence" is hidden by the
curtain.
The great Without.
Somewhere, some way, God's tender love
unfolding.
Shall find his own:
Here will we rest, all else is unavailing—
All else is vain.
He, whose we are, has given this sweet
foreknowledge.
This rock of rest.
It is enough, our coming and our going
He guideth best.

THE APPARITIONS AND MIRACLES AT KNOCK.

In the end of December of last year the writer met at Knock a young man who had journeyed from England that he might at Knock return thanks to Heaven for the recovery of his health. This recovery he attributed to the intercession of our Lady of Knock, whose intercession he had invoked, and the cement from whose shrine he had used. After having begun his devotion to our Lady of Knock in his English home, he believed he had been favored with a vision of our Blessed Lady, and, at the writer's request, kindly forwarded the following account of his cure, his vision, &c., stipulating the while for the non-publication of his name.

Dear Sir, the following is a true statement of my case as well as I can now remember.

For nearly three years, prior to the 17th of last August, I had been suffering very much from general debility, palpitation of the heart and dull heavy pain in the region of the latter, which made me many a time to wish for death (for which my God forgive me!) I was treated by the best doctors in Liverpool and Warrington, and the most they did was to give temporary relief. On the 15th of August I received a small portion of the blessed cement from a lady who had accompanied the Manchester pilgrims. On the next day I dissolved some of the cement in water, and drank the mixture. It caused in me an extraordinary sensation, which I find it very difficult to describe. I can liken it best to a mild form of electricity, accompanied by a gentle warmth diffused through my body. Each time I used the cement I felt like a sensation, but not in the same degree, and this would continue from thirty minutes to an hour.

It was while in this state about ten o'clock in the morning of a day in the beginning of September that I had the vision I spoke of to you. I thought it so sacred that I kept it a secret from every one for a long time, and then mentioned it only to my brother. I do not remember speaking of it to anybody else in England. At Knock I felt myself quite free to speak of it.

With regard to what I beheld, it was not like any image of the Blessed Virgin I ever saw before; the features were round and full, their complexion a rich brown, and all exceedingly beautiful. For some minutes before I saw it, I felt a strange dimness come over my eyes, and a change to brightness, then a variety of shades of light moving to and fro before my eyes, and resembling hosts of stars, and, last of all, I saw the beautiful figure. I thought it remained between five and ten minutes, when it disappeared very slowly. I do not know whether I was asleep or awake, but I was awake shortly before and very soon after.

The figure seen by me in the vision was more like the statue of our Blessed Lady that I saw in the vestry of Knock church than to any other that I had seen, only that the features were more full, and on the head, which inclined slightly forward, there was a crown.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude for the favor the angels had bestowed on me, and came from heaven to see how anyone on earth could so closely resemble them.

They found nothing extraordinary in his life; he kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars give light and the flowers give perfume.

Two words summed up his day—he gave and forgave. But these words were never on his lips, you only read them in his smile, in his amiability, in his kindness, in his untroubled clarity.

The angels said to God: "Lord grant him the gift of miracles."
"Willingly," replied our Lord; "ask him what he wishes."
And the angels said to the saint: "Wouldst thou have the gift of healing, so that when thy hands touch an infirm body it shall be healed?"
"No," replied the saint; "I would rather God alone would do it."

"Wouldst thou have thy words win back guilty souls and erring hearts to God?"

"No," replied the saint; "I am satisfied to pray; I do not preach."

Finally the angels said: "What wouldst thou have?"

"Well," said the saint, "let me do a great deal of good without knowing it."
The angels consulted together for a while as to how this could be accomplished; then they asked our Lord to grant that every time the saint's shadow fell at either side of him, the angels should be made manifest, so that he could not see the power of curing the sick, consoling the afflicted, and comforting the sorrowful.

Our Lord assented, and wherever the saint's shadow fell, the pathways of heaven, the parched earth was refreshed, the turbid streams became pure and limpid, the dying flowers revived, a fresh healthy bloom came to the pale cheeks of little children, and tears of joy to the eyes of sorrowing mothers.

But the saint kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars give light, as the flowers give perfume, and the people, respecting his modesty, silently followed him, never speaking to him of

his miracles. They gradually forgot even his name, and spoke of him simply as "The Holy Shadow."

RACKED BY INSURMOUNTABLE PAINS, restless by day, sleepless at night, rising unrefreshed in the morning, without appetite, and pestered by varying and perplexing symptoms, the dyspeptic takes indeed a gloomy view of human existence. For him the rest of life seems gone. Heartburn, oppression at the pit of the stomach, and the attendant annoyances of constipation and biliousness, combine to render him utterly wretched. But there is, if he will but take advantage of it, a reliable source of relief from all this misery. NORTHERN & LYMAN'S VEGETABLE DISCOVERY AND DYSPEPTIC CURE, as its name imports, a botanic preparation, free from mineral poison, and an all-sufficient remedy for indigestion in its most obstinate form. It not only enriches the blood by enabling the digestive organs to convert the food received into nutriment, but depurates it by increasing the action of the bowels and kidneys, the natural outlets for its impurities. But while it relaxes the bowels, it never does so violently and with pain, like a drastic cathartic. It aids, but never forces Nature, invigorating as well as purifying and regulating the system. It thoroughly removes those diseased humors which tend to vitiate the blood, purifies the urinary secretion, and promotes a flow of healthy bile into the natural channel, besides expelling it from the circulation. Experience has proved that this standard medicine is a thorough remedy for dyspepsia, biliousness, costiveness, kidney complaints, sciatica, cystitis, salt rheum, lumbago and all impurities of the blood. Price, \$1.00. Sample Bottle, 10 cents. Ask for NORTHERN & LYMAN'S Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. The wrapper bears a facsimile of their signature. Sold by all medicine dealers.

DOCTORS, LAWYERS, NOTARIES.

The following notes relative to an address delivered by Professor Hubert Larue, M. D., at a dinner given by the Notaries Public, at Quebec, in 1872, will be found interesting: "The first physician who entered Quebec narrowly escaped being hanged. I said that he had narrowly escaped the gallows; had he been hung I would not say it. It occurred thus:—Champlain had just landed in the Lower Town and laid the foundation of his abode, when some of his followers hatched a plot against his life. The scheme leaked out, the ringleader was arraigned, found guilty and hung; so far as I know this was the first execution which took place in Canada. Some how or other, Surgeon Bonnerreau, one of Champlain's followers, was mixed up in the matter, imprisoned, but his innocence having shortly after been established, he was acquitted. Dr. Bonnerreau died the following year (1699) at Quebec, of scurvy. If Bonnerreau was the first physician who came to Quebec, he was not, for all that, the first medical man who landed in New France; another had preceded him; Louis Hebert, the first citizen of Quebec and of all Canada. Before Hebert's day the French who came to Quebec came there for no other object than to hunt, hunt and fish; none had thought of settling permanently there. Louis Hebert was the first proprietor in Quebec, the first land holder in Canada; as such, historians recognize him as the first citizen of Quebec—the first Canadian; a surgeon let us hear in mind. Louis Hebert visited New France in 1696, two years before the foundation of Quebec. He spent the winter of 1696-7 a merry one at Port Royal, Acadia, in the company of Samuel de Champlain and Lescaurbot. Lescaurbot was the first lawyer who found his way to New France; Lescaurbot was the first historian of the country; he was gifted with wit—a proclivity to mild satire; each page of his history reveals the lawyer familiar with the bar and his lively forensic display. The winter of 1696-7 at Port Royal was remarkable for good deeds; appetizing repasts, the product of the chase or of the sea, were the order of the day to that extent that Lescaurbot declared that Port Royal was as rich as the island of Reunion. In Paris, apparently, the "Palais Royal" of the French Capital in those times. The third or fourth physician of New France was Robert Giffard, Seigneur of Beaupre, who also was the first settler in that parish; not only was Giffard the first resident of Beaupre, but I have reason to believe, he also was the first settler—*habitant*—of the rural district in Canada. Thus, the first citizen of all Canada would appear to have been a physician; thus, after Champlain, the two founders of the colony would have been physicians. Giffard's Lodge was situated on some portion of Col. Giffard's farm; the leading families of Canada look to Giffard as one of their progenitors; Archbishop Taschereau is one of his descendants. The first Royal Notary—*Notaire Royal*—of Canada was M. Audouard, whose first name rests in the annals of the Prothonotary of Quebec. But two deeds at least had been executed before this first minute. The deed of purchase of the Hebert family (1634) and the last will of Champlain (1635). These two instruments were executed before Metres Duchaine and De la Ville, *officiers*, the *officiers* were *Advocates* also. Another fact worthy of note is that the first time that a Notary's services were put in requisition was at the instance of the heirs of Hebert, the physician.

THE LEGEND OF THE HOLY SHADOW.

A long time ago there lived a saint so holy that the angels made him a fit sanctuary, and came from heaven to see how anyone on earth could so closely resemble them. They found nothing extraordinary in his life; he kept simply on his way, unconsciously spreading the example of his virtues as naturally as the stars give light and the flowers give perfume. Two words summed up his day—he gave and forgave. But these words were never on his lips, you only read them in his smile, in his amiability, in his kindness, in his untroubled clarity. The angels said to God: "Lord grant him the gift of miracles."
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