

I was attacked by an incurable malady. In the course of last year, I had again sojourned several months in a capital of Europe, in order to consult for the last time the most renowned physicians who were there. I submitted successively to the prescriptions of three of the most celebrated doctors without being the least relieved.

I will add that the third one, an old professor of the University of France, declared to me after several days of examination, that I should no longer consult any physician, but give to time, rest and good diet, the care of restoring me little by little, if it were possible at all to do so.

It is evident, from what has been seen, that I spared nothing to cure myself. And behold, a few weeks after having consulted these medical celebrities, and finding myself reduced to the sad state of old, without experiencing any amelioration, I had the happy inspiration to gird myself with the Cord of St. Joseph, to make a novena of prayers in his honor, accompanied with some promises and my sickness disappeared as if it were by enchantment. I say with assurance : St. Joseph cured me ! Glory to this Great Saint !

L. J***, PRIEST.

Pious reader, our little work here comes to a close. We hope that we have not written it in vain ; and, if it makes you love more the august Spouse of Mary, or feel more confident in his credit and tenderness, our efforts have certainly not been useless. You may have remarked that we have