

THE  
WONDERS OF LOURDES.

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EX-VOTO.

ON the 17th of October, says Mgr. Ségur, it seemed that my mother was to be snatched from those who loved her, by a terrible attack which, in a few hours reduced her to the last extremity. A skillful physician candidly warned me of the danger, adding that certain alarming symptoms left him no hope. The distortion of her features, it appears, was frightful, and her pulse had almost ceased to beat.

After having received the last Sacraments with great faith and humility, the dying woman, who was perfectly conscious, remained in the same condition for several hours. "It will be to-night," she said to me, calmly, "it will be at sunset."

A pious friend of the family, who had come to bid her a last farewell, was inspired to have re-