

The Miracle Of Saint Januarius.

NAPLES, September 10, 1912.

To-day for the fourth time during my two years' absence in Naples, I have seen the famous miracle of St. Januarius. In fact, I have just returned from the Cathedral, and now while the events are fresh in my memory and while my soul is still stirred with emotions of awe, I shall try to accurately describe everything just as it took place.

When I entered in the early morning, at about 8:30 o'clock, there were already waiting some hundred persons who, like myself, had anxiously come in advance to witness at close range the wonderful sight. Precisely at 9 o'clock, from another adjoining sacristy, came five or six messengers and as many assisting ministers wearing white surplices, and the venerable Canon who had to hold the vessel of blood during the miracle and show it to the people. He had a richly-embroidered red stole. No sooner did they move towards the entrance to the chapel than everybody waiting rushed to accompany them. As soon as we arrived on the altar I felt deeply grateful that I had come early through the sacristy, for the spacious chapel was already thronged to its utmost capacity with about 2,000 persons, a larger number than I had seen on any previous occasion.

This Chapel of St. Januarius where the miracle takes place, leads off from the right side of the mammoth Gothic Cathedral. It is considered to be the richest chapel perhaps in the world—a gem of artistic beauty—loaded with gifts of silver lamps, candelabra, altars, statures, chalices, etc., the gifts of kings, princes and wealthy persons of all nations from the time of its erection as a votive offering after the plague in 1656 down to the present day. Indeed, so rich is it in these gifts that it is commonly called Cappella del Tesoro (The Chapel of Treasure).

The blood is most carefully preserved in a glass bottle globular in shape and holding about a wine glass and a half. I have seen this bottle brim full of the blood and at other times only about half full. For this is one of the most remarkable features of the miracle, that the blood not only changes from the solid to the liquid state of itself, but also that, before the eyes of the spectators, it changes its color, its volume and even its mass. Repeated weighing has shown conclusively that the weight varies considerably before and after, so that really it is not so much the same liquid changing its color, state of density and volume, as it is a veritable decrease and increase of the blood taking place. And this with the blood hermetically sealed. In fact for more than a century the seal has never been broken. Slightly corked and enclosed in the second surrounding hoop-shaped reliquary is the blood-vial that it would be impossible for human hands to remove the stopper without breaking the two outer plates of glass. When not actually before the gaze of the multitude this doubly sealed relic is kept in a strong metal safe, built firmly in the wall behind the superb main altar. In the same safe is contained the lifelike silver bust of St. Januarius with the skull of the martyr within. Its heavy silver doors are locked with four great keys, two of which are in the custody of the Archbishop of Naples and two in that of the Mayor of the city. From all this it follows that it is absurd to believe that there is any tampering with the blood—for genuine blood it has proven to be. Among other tests for genuine blood, it has been demonstrated and pronounced unquestionably to be such by the well-known spectroscopic analysis of Professor Sperindeo and Professor Rafael Januario of the University of Naples with others, on the evening of September 26, 1902.

Having arrived at the main altar the clergy say a few prayers, and then retire with lighted candles to the depository, where the different representatives are sitting with their respective keys to unlock the great silver doors. The faces of these doors, once beautifully engraved, have been smoothed by the kisses of the millions of devoted pilgrims who have come hither during the past centuries.

First the martyr's skull in the silver bust is carried to the front of the altar and deposited on the gospel side; immediately after this the blood is brought forth by the aged Canon. At this moment the sacristy gates are thrown open and as the people pass on and fill every inch of space, I take my stand with other fortunate ones, on the very top step of the altar. Now as the blood is held up before the people I gaze at it closely, for now it is only about one foot distant from my eyes. It occupies about half the globe of the altar, and when turned upside down, it means perfectly fixed. So that the assisting ministers declare the absolute truth when they say after scrutinizing it, "E dare" (It is hard). Of this fact I am absolutely certain. At five minutes past nine my watch, the blood showed no more sign of being liquid than so much cold, hard, dark-red sealing wax. From now on until the liquefaction this solid blood is held up in full view of the two thousand spec-

Pains in the Back

Are symptoms of a weak, torpid or stagnant condition of the kidneys or liver, and are a warning it is extremely hazardous to neglect, so important a healthy action of these organs.

They are commonly attended by loss of energy, lack of courage, and sometimes by gloomy foreboding and despondency.

I was taken ill with kidney trouble, and became so weak I could scarcely get around. I took medicines without benefit, and finally decided to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. After the first bottle I felt so much better that I continued its use, and six bottles made me a new woman. When my little girl was a baby, she could not keep anything on her stomach, and we gave her Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured her. Mrs. Thomas Jarvis, Wallaceburg, Ont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Cures kidney and liver troubles, relieves the back and builds up the whole system.

labor. As I said, there is no ceremony, no services, no manipulation of any kind. The whole affair from start to finish is done with the utmost simplicity, but reverence. No one touches the relic except the aged prelate, who holds it up in his feeble hands and from time to time turns it upside down to observe the first signs of the prodigy.

I should here mention that the liquefaction commences on the first Saturday evening in May, in the Church of Santa Chiara, after which the blood is conveyed with solemn procession through the streets of Naples to the Cathedral, where the liquefaction is generally repeated during the seven following days. The second commences in the Cathedral on Sept. 19th, the feast of St. Januarius, and generally continues again during the octave. I say generally, because some days it does not change at all, which is regarded as an evil omen. The records show that the time required to wait for the miracle varies from two minutes all the way to eight hours. Scientists have also recorded the temperature on a vast number of these occasions, and have demonstrated beyond a doubt that the liquefaction takes place not in keeping with the greater or lesser amount of surrounding heat, but entirely independent of, and often contrary to, the corresponding variations. Thus, for instance, on the four days I have witnessed the miracle it took less time to change when the weather was cool. Yesterday, the Feast of St. Januarius, I waited two hours and then had to leave without seeing the miracle. The chapel was literally jammed with people, the heat of the day was sweltering. The liquefaction did take place, but only after three hours and twenty-eight minutes. Today, although very much cooler, we had to wait only seventeen minutes.

At the time goes on, the people become more anxious, the prayers are redoubled. At the first notice of the liquefaction a hush falls upon the throng, the bystanders press more closely and strain their eyes to see the transformation. The fortunate ones like myself, at close range can plainly see the color of the blood growing more lively, the inclination of its surface changing when the phial is ever so slightly tilted and in a few seconds the complete liquefaction takes place. At this juncture, when there is no longer a doubt about the verification of the miracle, one of the assisting ministers waves a white handkerchief to the choir-loft, and a thrill of joy is felt through the congregation, contented sighs of "Dio Gratias" (Thanks be to God!) are heard on all sides, the great organ sends forth a glad peal and a thousand voices join in the "Te Deum." Outside the church bells of all the churches are rung, cannons are fired and the whistles of steamers and factories are sounded.

It is an awe-inspiring scene. Each time I behold it I am more deeply impressed, as the realization of what actually takes place grows fuller on me. For here is genuine human blood demonstrated scientifically to be such by eminent chemists of the University of Naples—real blood preserved without any artificial means, according to undeniable testimony for nearly 1,600 years—here and now after this lapse of time, changing its state, of itself, from solid to liquid before our very eyes. Does it not seem prodigious? And yet, this is the simply plain truth, and I can as easily doubt the reliability of my senses as doubt the reality of this marvelous phenomenon.

I was among the first this morning to be allowed to kiss the precious relic, and as the venerable priest approached it to my lips, I was reassured by my sensitivity that the former red mass within the sealed glass phial had in a few minutes, without the application of heat, pressure, friction, electricity or any other external means become completely liquid, and indeed so naturally and perfectly as to color and consistency that no human blood drawn freely from a pulsating artery could appear more lively. You may be sure that I saluted this relic of Christ's noble martyr with devout reverence while

my fervent prayers were raised to God for the innumerable generations. May this glorious Saint intercede for the world, and especially for our beloved America!

One frequently hears that the age for miracles has passed away! Now if this is not a miracle, what is one? Several laws of nature here suspended. The fact that the blood remains so many centuries incorrupt, that it of itself liquefies in no fixed time, and under entirely different circumstances, that it changes its color, volume and even mass. The last mentioned is perhaps the greatest of the wonders.

Interesting as it would prove, present space would not permit us to enter into a scientific investigation of these phenomena. Many of the most noted scientists of Europe have studied the miracle of St. Januarius and have declared their utter inability to explain humbly its causes. The interested reader may consult with profit, among many other books on the subject, the short but thorough investigations and proofs of Rev. Paolo Silver S. J., recently published by the Civita Cattolica, Via Ripetta 246, Rome—Geo. G. Fox, S. J., in America.

In Rome.

Eighteen or nineteen centuries ago Rome was the greatest city in the world. It was not only the largest but it was also the grandest city and the most powerful. Rome was much more than a city. It was the center of a mighty empire. It might almost have been called the center of the world, for wherever there was a nation or even a barbarous tribe worth conquering there the Roman armies went until at last every land in the world known to the Romans belonged to Rome.

A queer thing was that wherever the Roman armies went they built fine roads. So if a little nation that had once been conquered became rebellious the soldiers were quickly started off along these fine roads to bring them back to subjection. All through Italy the roads led up into Germany, off into Spain, eastward to Greece and Asia, and even down into Egypt. All roads went to Rome.

When a Roman general led his armies out to subdue a tribe he was almost certain to come back well laden with booty taken from the enemy. It is likely, too, that he would lead home the prisoners taken in battle to the slaves in Rome. Indeed, for hundreds of years the great roads that led to Rome were highways along which the wealth of all the world was always flowing toward the splendid city. When you remember this and when you know that there were hundreds of thousands of slaves in this city to do all the work, you will see how easy it was to make the city magnificent.

The man that had most to say about the money in the public treasury was the emperor. When he wanted to build a temple more beautiful than any emperor before him had built, the money was his own to use. When food was scarce and the emperor wanted to give the favor of the poor he had only to order that 10,000,000 bushels of grain be given away, and it was done. When the people were uneasy and discontented it was easy for the emperor to proclaim games and feasting for ten days, until everybody sang his praises. With slaves to do the work many Roman citizens had little to do except amuse themselves. This was an unfortunate thing, but so it was. Even the emperor was seeking some new kind of amusement.

When Julius Caesar was dictator, a kind of emperor, he started the style of building beautiful villas or country houses along the lakes or in the mountains, just as wealthy people do now for summer homes. After a while came the emperor Tiberius, and then his nephew, Caligula. They were not content with cottages on the shore of the lakes, and so they built magnificent floating palaces, in which they and their friends indulged in the softest luxury, floating about wherever their fancy led them.

It is hardly possible to imagine the splendor of one of these boats or pleasure galleys, as they were called. Not long ago some divers went to the bottom of Lake Nemi, where one of these huge boats lies slowly decaying. It must have looked quite wonderful indeed, for we read that here were beautiful gardens with shrubs and flowers and shaded walks. At one end there was a stage, where performances were given when ever the emperor desired. So, too, there was music when he wished it, and no cost was spared to provide the choicest food. Rich perfumes made the air fragrant. Singing birds delighted the ear. The servants were dressed in garments of bright colors, surpassed only by the brilliant purple and gold worn by the emperor himself. Down below the decks of the boats scores of slaves moved the long oars back and forth as they were ordered, thus propelling the galleys here and there at the emperor's will. Think what rowing it must have taken to move a boat 230 feet long and 80 feet wide!

Although so many centuries have passed since this great boat sank to the bottom of Lake Nemi, yet the divers who examine it from time to time bring to the surface many

FELL AWAY TO A SHADOW.

All Her People Thought She Had CONSUMPTION.

Mrs. Wm. Martin, Lower Ship Harbor East, N.S., writes:—"I am sending you a testimonial of my cure by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Last May I took a cold, and it settled on my lungs. I got so bad I could not rest at night. I had two doctors to treat me but got no relief. "All of my people thought I had Consumption. I had fallen away to a shadow. I had given up all hopes of ever getting better again until my daughter went to a store one day and bought me a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. After taking half of it I felt better, so I got two more, and thanks to them I am well to-day, and able to do my house work. I cannot say too much in its praise, and I shall always keep it in the house."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains all the lung healing virtues of the famous Norway Pine tree which makes it the very best preparation for Coughs, Colds and all Throat and Lung Troubles. See that you get "Dr. Wood's" when you ask for it. There are many imitations on the market.

Price, 25 and 50 cents. See that the name, The T. Millburn Co., Limited, is on the yellow wrapper.

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Prince Edward Island Railway.

Commencing on June 3rd, 1912, trains on this Railway will run as follows:

Table with columns: Read Down, Read Up, Stations, and times for various routes including Charlottetown, Hanover River, Emerald, Kensington, Summerside, Port Hill, O'Leary, and Tignish.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., and times for routes including Emerald Juno, Ar. Cape Traverse, and Ar. 7:40, Lv. 6:50.

Table with columns: A.M., P.M., and times for routes including Charlottetown, Mt. Stewart, St. Peters, and Ar. Souris.

Table with columns: P.M., A.M., and times for routes including Mount Stewart, Ar. 7:05, 3:35, and Ar. 6:16, 2:28.

Table with columns: Dly, Sat, ex, only, and times for routes including Charlottetown, Yarmouth River, and Ar. Murray Harbor.

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H. McEWEN Supt. P. E. I. Railway.

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has been the standard, world-wide treatment for consumption.

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