

THE NAME OF JESUS is an impregnable rampart. There is no peril or ornament that can be compared to the name of Jesus. We sound the trump's sweet harmonies when we pronounce the name of Jesus. — B. Henry Saw

FIRST MONTH January THE HOLY INFANCY

DAY	DATE	Feast	Hours	Notes
1	Jan 1	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
2	Jan 2	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
3	Jan 3	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
4	Jan 4	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
5	Jan 5	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
6	Jan 6	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
7	Jan 7	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
8	Jan 8	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
9	Jan 9	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
10	Jan 10	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
11	Jan 11	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
12	Jan 12	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
13	Jan 13	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
14	Jan 14	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
15	Jan 15	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
16	Jan 16	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
17	Jan 17	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
18	Jan 18	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
19	Jan 19	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
20	Jan 20	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
21	Jan 21	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
22	Jan 22	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
23	Jan 23	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
24	Jan 24	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
25	Jan 25	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
26	Jan 26	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
27	Jan 27	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
28	Jan 28	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
29	Jan 29	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
30	Jan 30	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."
31	Jan 31	Epiphany	7:51	Office of Vigil of Epiphany. Vesper Hymn "Cruella Herodes."

Indulged Prayer

An Indulgence of time that with at it of the cross, invoking the words "In the Holy Ghost"; also an Indulgence of 100 days with holy water, pronouncing at the mentioned words.

BLOOD OF ST. JANUARIUS.

Interesting Description of the Liquefaction Miracle by a Canadian Layman.

The Register has this week received a very interesting letter from a subscriber, a lady living in Dundas, Ont., enclosing one from her brother, now in Naples, Italy. We publish the latter communication in full as a remarkably obscure and clear description of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius.

Pennelope Poll,
Parco Margherita,
Naples, Sept. 2

My Dear—
How I wish that I could have some of you here, if only for one day, to have you driven around to see some of the wonderful churches and just now, too, you would be able to kneel in the Cathedral and kiss and see the relics of St. Januarius. But we cannot have miracles worked to meet our own conveniences.

I had told you that if I were here on the 19th of September intended to see the liquefaction but your letter spurred me on.

I had read nothing about the miracle or the life of the saint myself, only I know that he was headed by order of Diocletian in A. D. 306.

However, your letter caused me to go early so that by 7 A. M. I was inside the great Cathedral, one of a crowd standing before the great bronze gates which closed the entrance to the chapel of St. Januarius.

At 7.50 they were opened and we rushed in, for it was really a rush, and I got a position in front, against the altar rails, up one step in height, so that I could see perfectly well. Of course I was opposite the altar of the saint, where the relics are preserved, but there are two other altars in the chapel equally large and almost as beautiful. There were neither chairs nor benches anywhere. At 8 o'clock the chapel was crammed full and they commenced saying Mass at all three altars. Only one Mass was said at the saint's altar, but they were continuous at the other two, directly one was finished another priest came in. All this time the people recited the Rosary, the Litany of the B. Virgin or the Credo and some hymns were sung, all in Italian, of course. At about 8.30 several canons and priests came in, all robed, and some man wearing rather a gay sort of uniform and wearing white kid gloves. An American lady who has lived here some years and is staying at my hotel, told me he was a government representative and had to do with unlocking the receptacle containing the relic.

These were followed by a crowd of ladies and gentlemen with a score or more of priests in private capacity and about five or six nuns, all crowded round the altar. There is no doubt that had I known the routine of the day before, I could have been there also, but I did extremely well as it was. At this time there would be about 200 people on and about the altar and at least 2,000 in the chapel, packed

numerous candles lighted in front of it, they were also numerous on the altar and all round the chapel.

Now some of the canons brought a bishop's robe, shortened to suit the bust, on which they placed them and a mitre which they placed on the head. You might say that the mitre was on the saint's own skull with the silver casing intervening. It all looked most strange and weird to me, there was an apparent mysticism about it which I cannot explain. All this only took a few moments for there was no ceremony, the people said their prayers in their own way and Masses were still being quietly said. It was not yet 9 o'clock when one of the canons took up the reliquary which was of silver, circular in shape with a round piece of glass about four inches in diameter, at the front and back, forming a case and the hermetically sealed phials being secured within. The circular pieces of glass were the windows at which you looked at the phials. An attendant was there holding a lighted candle which they now kept placing behind the glass while they looked through. It was not yet liquefied. All those standing found and upon the altar, priests and laymen and women were privileged to look through, with the candle always held just behind and the reliquary being frequently moved up and down to show that there was no fluid within. Occasionally it was held at arm's length to show the people for by means of the candle you could see some distance away. I was about twenty feet away from it and could see quite plainly; there was no liquefaction, and so half an hour or more passed away, all those on the altar looking all the time and for each one who looked it was moved round so that a fluid could be seen to move. It was all done in a quiet, straightforward manner, the good priest seemed never to tire of showing the people. It was conducted just like a court of enquiry, with as many people as possible on the committee.

All this time Masses were being said, one was reminded of that by hearing the bell at the elevation whilst hundreds in the great crowd kept saying their prayers. Once some woman towards the back in a loud and impassioned voice broke out in a supplicatory prayer in Italian, which lasted three or four minutes. It caused some sensation for those on the altar craned their necks to see the woman who was evident in some trouble. It seemed to be quite an unrehearsed effect.

About 9 o'clock the canon stopped showing the relic whilst he recited the Credo, which the people repeated after him.

Then they recommenced the examination until I thought the good priest's arms would ache, showing each one and moving it around. You could still see them shake their heads, there was nothing fluid, but at last the Canon's face brightened, he became alert—something was happening—there was a deathly silence, only that you could hear the priests saying Mass. It was quickly held before the faces of five or six who seemed to nod assent and say, Yes, yes. He held it up with his left hand and waved a white handkerchief aloft with his right. The liquefaction had taken place.

Then the crowd broke out with a tremendous shout—not a hurrah, but one single shout of triumph, which was taken up by the thousands outside and inside the Cathedral.

Then bombs were fired, which was like the booming of artillery, and told all the people of Naples that the miracle was accomplished. Above all the noise I heard people wailing and sobbing, and looking round from my elevated position I could see that

and then another would come to relieve him, wearing red vestments. He would first kneel down and examine the relic closely, then kiss it, etc., as I have explained.

The cord was then placed round his neck, he rose from his knees, and the priest being relieved would then kneel and examine the relic and kiss it, etc. This seemed to be the prescribed rule.

I bought a common little picture of the Saint at the Cathedral door, and touched the reliquary with it as I kissed it. I enclose it, and you will no doubt appreciate it as a souvenir.

Well, now you see I have not been delayed here for nothing. I have been prevented from coming to see my dear parents, but I know that my father will be glad indeed that one of his own family has been privileged to witness so astounding a miracle. I went there expecting to see something—but still I thought that something would be left to my imagination or faith to fill in; but there was nothing wanting—everything was clear as day.

RELIGION ON THE STAGE.

"The Desirability of Producing on Our Stage Plays Dealing with Religious Matters" was the subject of a debate at a meeting of a London dramatic club recently held under the presidency of Mr. H. W. Massingham, literary editor of The Chronicle. The matter was introduced by Mr. Edward F. Spence, who moved a resolution: "That it is not desirable upon our stage that plays dealing with religious matters should be presented"—which resolution was not put to the vote. Mr. Spence contended that such matters should be excluded from the

A Column of Verse.

On Juda's Hill.

By Mabel Earl in Sunday School Times.

The day on Juda's Hills was done,
And, sailing slowly toward the west,
The stars went onward one by one,
Like freighted ships to find their rest.
Wrapped from the wind in mantle gray,
The shepherd mused and watched the skies,
While close against his bosom lay
The lamb for next day's sacrifice.

The torchlight flared in Juda's stall
On shining hoof and horned head;
Strange shadows flickered on the wall
Above Immanuel's lowly bed.
The patient oxen watched the flame
With drowsy wonder in their eyes,
When unto David's city came
The Eternal Lamb of sacrifice.

While yet the shepherd pondered,
The purple heavens flashed with fire;
More bright than mortal eyes
Might know
Shone out and sang the angelic choir.
Down to his knees on Juda's hill
The shepherd sank, and veiled his eyes,
While on his bosom slumbered still
The lamb for next day's sacrifice.

Christmas in Sweden.

They tell a lovely story, in lands
Beyond the sea,
How, when the King of Glory lay
On His mother's knee,
Before the Prophet, princes came,
Bringing gifts in hand,
The dumb beasts felt the miracle
Men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey and the
Ox that trod the corn
Kneel down beside the manger, and
Knew that Christ was born.
And so they say in Sweden, at
Twelve each Christmas night,
The dumb beasts kneel to worship
And see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to
Creatures needing care,
They give them Christmas greeting
And dainty Christmas fare;
The cat and dog sup gaily, and
A sheaf of golden corn
Is raised above the roof-tree for the
Birds on Christmas morn!

We do not live in Sweden, but we
Can feed the birds,
And make dumb creatures happy
By kindly deeds and words.
No animal so humble, no creeping
Worm so small,
But that the God who made us has
Made and loves them all.
If we to them are cruel, like Christ
We cannot be!
And this shall be our lesson from
Our dear-Christmas tree!

Failure.

Oh, long and dark the stairs I
trod,
With stumbling feet to find my
God.

Gaining a foothold bit by bit,
Then slipping back and losing it.
Never progressing, striving still,
With weakening grasp and fainting
will,

Bleeding to climb to God, while he
Serenely smiling, unnoting me.

Then came a certain time when I
Loosened my hold and fell thereby.

Down to the lowest step of my
fall,
As if I had not climbed at all.

And while I lay despairing there
I heard a footfall on the stair,

In the same path where I, dis-
mayed,
Faltering and fell and lay afraid.

And lo! when hope had ceased to
be,
My God came down the stairs to
me.

—Theodosia Garrison in Smart Set.

Noel.

Star-dust and vaporous light—
The mist of worlds unborn,
A shuddering in the awful night
Of winds that bring the morn.

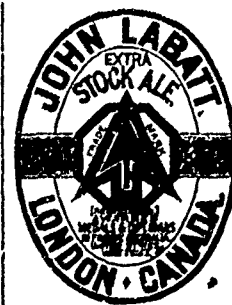
Now comes the dawn; the circling
earth
Creatures that fly and crawl;
And Man, that last imperial birth;
And Christ, the flower of all.

—Richard Watson Gilder's "In
Palestine."

Christmas Day: Glory to God in the Highest
(By E. M.)

"Glory to God in the highest"
For Christ the Lord is born!
Rejoice, rejoice, dear children,
This happy Christmas morn.

Join the angelic chorus,
And kneel with shepherds mild,
To praise the Lord of Heaven,
A humble little Child.



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