

# The Catholic Journal.

Vol. IV, No 26.

Rochester, N. Y., Saturday, March 25, 1893.

Price, 3 Cents

## THE STORY OF A MIRACLE

The Liquefaction of the Blood of St. Januarius.

Facts and Testimony Reviewed—Attempts at Imitation—Historical Misrepresentations—Narrative of Henri Cauvain—Sir Humphrey Davy's Conclusion.

The facts of the liquefaction of the blood of St. Januarius (in Italian Genaro), patron saint of Naples, which ordinarily takes place several times every year in that city, have been grossly misrepresented by the many who have sneered at and derided the alleged miracle. Many falsehoods have been printed about the matter. The purpose of these lines is to state briefly and accurately what has taken place in the past, and takes place now, leaving it to our readers to judge for themselves, says the New York Sun.

Januarius, a native of Naples, was, in the third century, Bishop of Benevento (now Benevento), a city some thirty miles inland. In 805, during the persecution under Diocletian, the fiercest and most sweepingly destructive of all, he and six companions were apprehended as Christians, held in prison, and condemned to be exposed to the wild beasts in the amphitheater of Pozzuoli, about five miles from Naples. But, on the day appointed, the ravenous wild beasts, when let loose in the arena, instead of devouring the victims did them no harm, and even fawned upon them and licked their feet. The Prefect, Timotheus, with the majority of the spectators, attributed the preservation of the martyrs to the power of sorcery and witchcraft, and ordered Januarius and his companions to be led to the summit of a neighboring hill and there beheaded in the sight of all, and as a warning to all.

The amphitheater of Pozzuoli is now one of the attractive sights in the environs of Naples, and is exceptionally interesting because of the good condition of preservation of the curious underground passages in which the business of the show, the preparation of the gladiators, and the care of the wild beasts were attended to; the ascent to the arena above being by openings having marble covers and resembling tombs. The head and body of the martyred Bishop were taken by the Christians, transported in secrecy across the bay, and buried between Vesuvius and the sea on the farm of a Christian named Marcan.

It was customary among the early Christians, in those days of persecution, to gather, whenever they could, the blood shed by a martyr and preserve it in small glass vials called ampullae, which were placed with the martyr's remains, in his tomb. In the catacombs at Rome such vials in a niche are the surest sign that a martyr was there deposited. Some of them, or fragments of them, are still to be seen in the opened vaults or niches of the catacombs. The vials have within a thin dark-reddish crust, showing still where the blood reached in the glass. About twenty-five years ago a chemical analysis of a portion of such crust, or pellicle, made by direction of the Pope, fully confirmed this historical and traditional statement of its origin. Many such vials are also to be seen in the Vatican and other Christian museums, and in the churches to which the remains of the martyrs have been transferred. As St. Januarius was a prominent Christian, and as his martyrdom was of so extraordinary a character. It is to be naturally supposed that his case was no exception, that a portion of his blood was gathered, and, as usual, that the vials containing it were deposited with the body in the tomb.

This practice by the early Christians of gathering the blood shed by Christian martyrs has found its repetition, in this century, in China and the kingdom of Annam. In the Chambre des Martyrs of the Eglise des Missions Etrangeres in Paris are to be seen paintings by native artists in which guards are represented driving away native Christians trying to do this very same thing.

In the year 885, peace having been fully restored and Christian churches built, the remains of St. Januarius were solemnly transferred from their original resting place to Naples, and were placed in a church or chapel dedicated to him and situated just outside the city walls. In course of time the head of the saint and the ampullae containing his blood were transferred into the city and placed in some church, probably the cathedral. His body was taken to Benevento, thence to Monte Vergine, and, in 1497, was transferred to Naples, and now lies under the principal altar of the subterranean crypt beneath the sanctuary of the cathedral.

In 1646 on the west side of the cathedral, a spacious, splendid chapel, which it took 38 years to build, was consecrated. It is called the new Tesoro, or Treasury chapel of St. Januarius. Entrance to it from the cathedral is by a large archway, closed by a lofty open-work railing of bronze, in which there is a folding door 12 feet wide. In this chapel, behind the main altar, in the massive masonry of the wall, is a double closet closed by strong metal doors and secured by four locks. Therein are kept, each in a separate compartment, a silver gilt life-size bust, made in 1806 by order of Charles of Aragon, then governor of Naples, glittering with diamonds, emeralds, and other precious stones which is held to contain the blood of the bones of the saint; and a reliquary,

enclosing two ampullae containing his blood. These relics have been, since 1646, in the custody of the Archbishop of Naples and the city authorities, each having two keys, so that the safe cannot be opened unless both custodians are present.

Everything is regulated by the long and minute agreement entered into in 1646 by both parties. The learned Bollandists, in their great work, the "Acta Sanctorum," incline to the opinion that the liquefaction commenced in the tenth century, because, at its close, St. Januarius, who, during the preceding one, had been ranked among the minor patrons of the Church of Naples, then held the most prominent place in its calendar. The earliest historical mention of the liquefaction dates about 1380. Lupus dello Specchio, in his life of St. Peregrine of Scotland, states that the saint, who came to Naples about the year 1100, came to witness this celebrated and continual miracle—quodiduum el insigne miraculum. Maradus, the Carthusian, who, as historiographer, accompanied his abbot, Rudolph, to the coronation of Roger, King of Sicily, tells us in his "Chronicon" how in 1140 Roger visited Naples and venerated the relics of the head and blood of St. Januarius.

After 1400 the notices of the liquefaction are more frequent. Eneas Silvius Piccolomini (afterward Pope Pius II.), gives an account of it. Robert Gaguin, the old French historian, narrating the journey of Charles VIII. into Italy, mentions visiting Naples in 1495 and witnessing and examining the miracle of the liquefaction. In 1470 Angelo Catone, a physician of Salerno, wrote a brief but clear account of it. Francis Pic, Prince of Mirandoli, one of the most remarkable men of the early part of the sixteenth century, in his work published in 1563, entitled "De Fide et Ordine Credendi," has not only left his testimony as an eyewitness, but also an argument sustaining the genuineness of the miracle.

Since the invention of printing and the multiplication of books there have been many accounts of it from travelers and authors published in every language in Europe. Ever since September, 1659, ten years after the opening of the new Tesoro chapel, an official diary has been kept in it, recording day by day the expositions of the relics; in what state and condition the blood was found when taken out of the closet; after the lapse of what length of time the change, if any, occurred; what was its course and character; in what condition the blood was when safely replaced in its closet in the evening, and, generally, any other facts of the day which the officers charged with this duty deemed worthy of note. Another diary, commenced long before that of the Tesoro, is kept in the Archiepiscopal archives, and from 1639, is complete.

The ordinary expositions take place on the first Sunday in May, the anniversary of the translation of the relics from Marcan's field to Naples, and daily throughout the octave; on the 10th of September, the saint's festival, and daily throughout its octave; and again on the 16th of December, in commemoration of the deliverance of the city on that date in 1631 from a terrible eruption of Vesuvius, which burst out after an unbroken sleep of 194 years.

The story of that miraculous deliverance is this: Early in the morning there was a very perceptible tremulousness of the earth, increasing in violence as the hours rolled on, and the atmosphere became sultry and close. About 9 a. m. a huge column of smoke was seen swiftly springing upward from the cone of Vesuvius, and expanding into a dark and fearful cloud, which shut out the heavens and darkened the day. Later in the day was added a pouring rain, heated and charged with volcanic ashes, which lasted all night. The trembling of the earth had indeed ceased, but instead there came sharp, quick shocks of earthquake, four or five of them every hour. The Cardinal Archbishop at once directed religious services to be commenced in all the churches and to be continued without intermission, and the relics of St. Januarius to be borne in a procession through the streets near the cathedral. As this was done on the afternoon of the next day the rain ceased, but the dark cloud still hung over head and the ashes kept on falling. As the procession issued from the cathedral a blaze of sunlight beamed around. The procession moved on to the gate of the city looking directly toward Vesuvius and the advancing streams of lava. There an altar had been prepared in the open air, and after psalms, prayers and litanies had been chanted, the Bishop, ascending the steps of the altar, stood on the platform, holding aloft the reliquary of the blood, made with it the sign of the Cross toward the blazing mountain, and all prayed that God, through the intercession of their great patron saint, would avert the dreaded calamity. Ere the Archbishop descended from the altar an east wind sprang up, the smoke, cinders and ashes were being blown away over the sea, the mountain grew calmer, and at once the stream of molten lava ceased its movement and was seen to grow cold. On the return of the procession to the cathedral the sun was shining brightly and cheerfully. Outside of the city 5,000 men, women and children perished; within the city not one building had fallen, not one life had been lost.

Admission to the very best place for witnessing the miracle is obtained without difficulty. Any person who chooses to go to the sanctuary half an hour before the time appointed, and to introduce himself as a stranger anxious to have an opportunity of seeing the liquefaction as closely as possible, is sure to be kindly received by the canons, whose courtesy to strangers on these occasions is well-known, and will be placed in an advantageous position as can be procured for him.

The reliquary is of heavy glass, round, and about four inches wide. Its glass faces are united by a very heavy silver setting. It is surmounted by a silver crown and cross. Below it has a silver hollow stem, a fraction over three inches in length, which serves either as a handle or for placing the reliquary on a stand on the altar.

From its appearance the reliquary cannot be less than 800 years old. Looking through the glass faces its exterior is seen to contain two antique Roman vials of dull, dark glass of different patterns, held securely in their places by rude masses of soldering, black with age. The smaller vial is empty, save some patches of stain or pellicle adhering to the interior of its sides. The other one, which might hold a gill and a half, contains a dark-colored solid substance, occupying about four-fifths of the space within it. Between the vials and the two opposite glass faces there is a space about the breadth of a finger.

In 1649, Cardinal Ascanio Filomarini, Archbishop of Naples, determined to replace the old silver reliquary by a new one of gold, of excellent workmanship, adorned with rich jewels, and got up regardless of expense. Accordingly, on September 1 of that year, he came into the Tesoro accompanied by some of his clergy, delegates from the city, chosen goldsmiths, and public notaries, in order that proper legal record might be made of everything. For several hours the goldsmiths tried to open the reliquary. They failed, and gave it up. They could break the reliquary, if so directed, but could not open it. The Cardinal, unwilling to give the matter up, made trial, accompanied as before, on the 8th and 16th of the same month, but with no success.

On the days when the liquefaction is expected to take place the bust is first taken out of its compartment and placed on the main altar at the Gospel end (the left of the spectators). The reliquary is next brought out of its compartment, is borne to the altar, and held by a priest midway between the middle of the altar and the bust—that is, about a foot from the latter. He is assisted by a second chaplain bearing a lighted taper in a silver candlestick, who holds it eight or ten inches from the reliquary, in such a position that the light may be thrown on the interior and aid inspection. Prayers are said; hymns, psalms and litanies are recited by the clergy kneeling near. Certain women of the lowest class of the people, who claim descent from the nurse of St. Januarius, or from his family, have occupied from time immemorial two benches near the altar rail outside and have a right to recite there aloud their prayers, which they do, crying out at the top of their voices. From time to time the chaplain holding the reliquary moves it from side to side, holds it horizontally, and even reversed, in order to see whether the expected change of the substance within the vial has taken place or not and he presents it to the bystanders, crowded around him on the steps of the altar, that each one that chooses may reverently kiss it and closely scrutinize its condition. At length, perhaps in a few minutes, perhaps only after many hours, the solid mass within the vial becomes liquid. Sometimes the entire mass becomes liquid, and fills the vial to the very top, having the exact appearance of blood drawn fresh from the veins of a living man; sometimes it seems to froth or show bubbles on its surface—to boil, as the Italians say; sometimes only a portion of the mass becomes liquid, the remaining portion floating as a still hard lump in the liquid portion. There is record of one instance when the center of the mass liquefied, while the edge did not, and contained the former as it were in an inner cup.

Pending the change, the chaplain holding the reliquary rubs the glass faces with a white handkerchief to see more clearly the interior. When he has ascertained that the liquefaction has taken place, he announces it, and the Te Deum, intoned by the spectators, resounds throughout the cathedral. On the vigil of the first Sunday in May, in the forenoon, a solemn procession bears the bust containing the relics of the head of the saint Chiara. In the afternoon another more imposing procession conveys the reliquary of the blood of the same church, in which the liquefaction is then looked for. About sunset both relics are borne back in procession to the cathedral and Tesoro Chapel, and at the proper hour are duly locked up. In the festival of May there are nine successive regular days, and for the entire year eighteen regular ones of exposition. There have been frequent instances in the past when kings, princes, or nobles, of high rank have visited Naples and obtained the favor of an extraordinary exposition in their presence. On such occasions masses are celebrated successively until the liquefaction takes place. These distinguished personages had to wait as others waited, and were sometimes disappointed. Instances are given in which viceroys, nobles, and princes waited until they were tired out. Soon after their departure when the faithful and fervent people might freely crowd the chapel and

pray, the liquefaction would occur. In 1702, when Phillip V., King of Spain, to whom Naples was then subject, was present at a special exposition of the relics, four masses were celebrated during about two hours, and, no liquefaction having taken place, the king departed. But the people stayed, and at the sixth mass, just as the king had entered his carriage at the cathedral door, the blood liquefied.

I have before me the narratives of the Earl of Perth, Lord Chancellor of Scotland at the fall of the Stuart, dated February 1, 1690, and all written during the present century—of the distinguished historian, Frederick Hurter; of Rev. George Townsend, D. D., canon and prebendary of Durham; of Henri Cauvain, one of the editors of the Constitutional and author of several books; of Rev. J. Spencer Northcote, M. A., of Corpus Christi college, brother of Sir Stafford Northcote, of Rev. John Virtue, a convert from Anglicanism, secretary to Mgr. Caetano Bedini, sent in June, 1853, by Pope Pius IX., as Nuncio to the Government of the United States, and of the English naturalist, Charles Waterton. I may also mention here that the verbal testimony of Sir Humphrey Davy, who was also a witness, has been preserved in Naples. He carefully examined the liquefaction, and made no secret afterward among his friends of the deep impression it produced upon his mind and of his decided judgment that chemistry, so far as he knew it, could not account for the phenomenon. I have found no mention of this in his writings, although some of his latest ones reveal very strong inclinations toward Catholicity. Henri Cauvain saw the miracle on Sept. 19, 1856, and his account of it was copied from a Paris paper by the *Courrier des Etats Unis* of this city on the 15th of October following. I think his narrative best suited for selection, because he was well known to be of a skeptical turn of mind, and the conviction worked in his case was so extraordinary and unlooked for that it brought out the remark from the *Journal des Debats*: "Voila un miracle qui ferait croire a tous les autres." (His case is a miracle which would render the belief of all others possible.) Henri Cauvain wrote: "The reliquary is made of silver. It is circular, and in shape resembles an enormous watch case, with a crystal front and back. The edges and handle are covered with ornaments in relief which bear traces of having been gilt. The reliquary seems to belong to the fifteenth century. In its center, enclosed between the crystal sides above mentioned, are two flat vials, with rounded edges and with short and narrow necks, one of which presents its side and the other its edge to the spectator. These vials are quite similar to those which are found in ancient tombs and designated under the name of *lachrymatoria*.

"While the officiating priest exhibits the reliquary a priest holds behind it a lighted candle, which gives abundant opportunity to scrutinize closely, and at a distance not exceeding two fingers' breadth, its appearance and contents. We examined it several times with the utmost attention, and saw distinctly what follows: "The vial with its side turned toward us was about two-thirds full of a brown substance, solid and thoroughly dried up. The vial with its edge turned toward us was about one-third full of the same substance—the drying up of which, in either vial, seems to have occurred at a very remote period.

"After having shown the reliquary, in the state above described, not only to the Cardinal and the ecclesiastics, but also to the strangers who surrounded him, the canon came down the altar steps, placed himself before the chancel, and, elevating it in his hands, exhibited it—permeated as it was with the light of the candle held behind—to the assembled multitude. He then ascended to the altar and began in a loud voice to recite prayers, in which he was joined by all the persons present. Afterward, laying the reliquary on the mouth and forehead of everyone around him, he allowed them to kiss it. After twenty-five minutes had elapsed, worn out with fatigue, he handed the reliquary to another canon, nearly as aged and feeble as himself, and knelt, with emotion, on the altar steps.

A Woman Suggested For Regent. A correspondent of the New York Tribune calls attention to the fact that death has left a vacancy in the board of regents of the New York university (a directing, not a teaching institution) and asks: "Has not the time come when women are fitted by education and experience to fill creditably positions on the highest governing board of education in the state? Would not the presence of a woman on the board of regents add to that body an educational influence of value? Is it not fitting that the place filled so honorably by Mr. George William Curtis should pass to a woman, especially since so large a work for the educational advancement of women was done by Mr. Curtis?" Professor Lucy M. Salmon of Vassar college and other college women are interested to secure the election of a representative woman as university regent.

A Model Kitchen. In the Woman's building at the World's fair is to be shown a model kitchen, provided with every known labor saving device and convenience. It will be a revelation to housekeepers as showing the up to date possibilities of this department.

## IN THE EAST INDIES.

A People Who Call Themselves Christians of St. Thomas.

They Number Over 600,000 Souls—How They Are Governed—Their Grievances Presented in an Address to Mgr. Zaleski, the Delegate Apostolic.

The London Tablet has received from India the text of an address presented to His Excellency, Mgr. Zaleski, the present Delegate Apostolic in the East Indies, on the occasion of his late visit to the Malabar coast, from Ceylon. The address has been largely signed, and represents the mature and serious deliberations arrived at in an influential meeting of several thousands of people. It was much regretted by some that Mgr. Zaleski has done little or nothing in the matter, to meet the wishes of the petitioners, and the people whom they profess to represent. It may not be generally known that a large and flourishing community of native Christians existed in Travancore and Malabar from the first century of the Christian Era. These call themselves Christians of St. Thomas, the Apostle, who is credited by a well attested tradition, with having planted the faith on the Malabar and Coromandel coasts. In the third century, however, they received a large increase to their body by a colony of Christians from Chaldea who came and settled among them, chiefly for purposes of trade. Subsequently these people appear to have been spiritually governed by Nestorian bishops, who found their way to Malabar from Babylon. It would not be correct to state the Nestorians succeeded in proselytizing the whole of the Christians of St. Thomas, as there is evidence to prove that a considerable number remained steadfast to the Catholic faith. However this may be, the Catholic Primate of India, in the person of Don Aleixo de Menezes, then Archbishop of Goa, in A. D. 599 reclaimed them to the Catholic faith. For the space of nearly half a century the whole Community continued Catholics under the Portuguese Padroado, or bishops appointed by Portugal under the right of advowson granted to the Portuguese Crown by the Holy See. But this arrangement was distasteful to the people, who resisted the anomaly of a Community of the Syro-Chaldaic Rite recognized by Rome being governed by European bishops of the Latin Rite. They therefore continued petitioning Rome to have a bishop of their own Rite, but their request does not appear to have been granted, although for a time they had a native bishop of their own. Under the Propaganda bishops the people still continued petitioning Rome.

A portion described by the petitioners as being governed by six native bishops, a thousand native priests, and upwards of 200,000 laymen have, in consequence of the refusal of giving them native bishops, gone over to the Jacobite Patriarch of Antioch, and although the remainder, numbering about 300,000 souls, still continue Catholics, several churches among them, with their congregations, have elected a native bishop of their own, whom they got consecrated by Mar Simon, the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon, about 26 years ago. The schism thus created appears of late to be assuming large proportions since the appointment of a Vicar Apostolic for Cochin, and another for Trichore, two of the central towns of Malabar Romano-Syrian community.

The Portraits of Our Divine Lord. It is of little or no moment that critics tell us the portraits of Jesus and the early Apostles were and are mere altered copies of various heroic faces of the Roman Pantheon. In truth, the new faces were a new moral creation, and either the lives were lived in Judea that stand for these faces or the artists themselves were a new moral creation. History and true criticism know well enough that the faces in question did and do represent actual lives that were lived for the good of the human race, and that the lives of those faces are an advance on all the noblest portraits of the world. The best faces of Jesus are in no sense altered reproductions of the face of and of the ancient gods or men. It is a new face crowned with new anguish and glorified with a new sense of kingship and moral and spiritual power and victory.—The Globe Review.

It is a blessed thing for any man or woman to have a friend, one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our backs; who will give us counsel and reproof in the day of prosperity and self-conceit, but who will give us comfort and courage in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight our battles as best we can.

When you have meditated upon the grievous anguish which our Master endured in the Garden, and in union with Him prayed to the Father for consolation, if it does not please Him to send it think no more of it, but brace your courage to work out your salvation on the Cross, as if you were never to descend in triumph, and as if you were never to see the atmosphere of your life clear and serene.

## Things Not to be Disliked.

It isn't wise, you know, to have strong likes or dislikes, especially when they are only directed against weakness. Life is too short, my friend, for you to hate so emphatically so many things. If you are a woman it will affect the skin and make wrinkles come about your mouth. If you are a man it will affect your digestion. Don't dislike the woman who is prettily gowned; she is not of necessity a fool. Don't dislike the book that is interesting; it is not bound to be trash. Don't dislike the music that is catching; it has a much greater mission than any of Wagner's operas. Don't dislike the woman who changes her mind—be thankful that she knows when she makes a mistake. Don't dislike men who dress well and are good-mannered; it is just possible they are gentlemen. Don't dislike children; remember somebody had to bear with you once. Don't dislike women who have to earn their own living; there's not a single one of them who wouldn't rather have a man doing it for her. Don't dislike anything except that which is mean, low, vulgar and wicked.

## The French Press and the Pope.

The tone taken by the French Press shows that, apart from the question of religion, it recognizes the Papacy as a gigantic force in the world. The Temps, a protestant paper, says in reference to the Papal Jubilee: "There is something startling for the imagination and even for the reason, in the fact that is before our eyes. This century, which had flattered itself at having struck a decisive blow at christianity and at Catholicism in particular, sees at its close crowds of pilgrims gather together from all parts of the world to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the episcopal consecration of the Head of the Church." "We have before us a phenomenon," continues the Temps, "to which the attention of statesmen cannot be too much drawn, in order that, in the direction of human affairs they may not forget to take into account the moral force of the Papacy."

## Mother at Prayer.

Once, says a writer, I suddenly opened the door of my mother's room, and saw her on her knees beside her chair, and heard her speak my name in prayer. I quickly and quietly withdrew with a feeling of awe and reverence in my heart. Soon I went away from home to go to school, then to college, then into life's sterner duties, but I never forgot that one glimpse of my mother at prayer, nor the word—my own name—which I heard her utter. Well did I know that what I had seen that day was but a glimpse of what was going on every day in that sacred closet of prayer, and the consciousness of it strengthened me a thousand times in duty, in danger, and in struggle. When death came at last and sealed those lips the sorest sense of loss I felt was the knowledge that no more would my mother be praying for me.

## Hidden Sorrows.

Concerning nothing do we come to more false conclusions and make more false steps than concerning woman's cheerfulness. Ah! how many of these affectionate creatures are tire who pine unknown, despond smiling, and wither jesting; who with bright, joyous eyes, flee into a corner, as if behind a fan, that there they may right gladly break into the tears which oppress them; who pay for the day of smiles by a night of tears—just as an unusually transparent, clear and mistless day surely foretells rain!—Richter.

Suddenly the gladsome light leaped over hill and valley, casting amber, blue, and purple, and a tint of rich, red, rose, according to the scene they lit on and the curtain flung around, yet all alike dispelling fear and the cloven hoof of darkness, and proclaiming, "God is here." The life and joy sprang reassured from every crouching hollow, every flower and bud and bird had a fluttering sense of them, and all the flashing of God's gaze emerged into soft beneficence. So perhaps shall break upon us that eternal morning, when crag and chasm shall be no more, neither hill nor valley, nor great unvisited ocean, but all things shall arise and shine in the light of the Father's countenance.—Blackmore.

## Effort in the Christian Life.

Remember that the building a noble and God-like God-pleasing character can be erected on the foundation of faith only by constant effort. You do not rear the fabric of a noble character all at a moment. No man reaches the extremity, either of goodness or baseness, by a leap; you must be content with bit-by-bit work. The Christian character is like a mosaic formed of tiny squares in all but infinite numbers, each one of them separately set and bedded in its place. You have to build by a plan. You have to see to it that each day has its task, each day its growth. You have to be content with one brick at a time. It is a life-long task till the whole be finished. And not until we pass from earth to Heaven does our building work cease.

Let us take upon ourselves God's affairs, and transact them so well that the reign of His Divine Majesty will be glorified in us, and He will cause us to reign in Him. "Think of me," he said one day to St. Catherine of Siena, "and I will think of thee." Again, He said to another of His servants, "charge thyself with My interests, and I will charge Myself with thine."