

DIETY—Eats, 1856; incorpore 1840. Meets last Wed. 92 St. Alexan. Monday of the meets last Wed. Rev. Director, P.P.; President, 1st Vice-Pres., 2nd Vice, E. W. Durack; Secretary, W. J. Secretary, T. H.

AND B. SO. second Sum. St. Patrick's under street, at of Manage hall on the y month, at 9 Rev. Jas. Kil. H. Kelly; Res. ly, 13 Valle

B. SOCIETY, Rev. Director, President, D. J. F. Quinn, Street; treasure St. Augustin second Sum. in St. Ann's and Ottawa n.

Branch 26 November, 1883, St. Patrick's der street, on month. The transaction in the 2nd and a month at 8 rs: Spiritual illoran; Chan- President, Ja -President, J. -President, J. Secretary, R. dale Ave.; As- J. J. Macdon- ry, J. J. Con- n street; Treas- Marshal, J. J. O'Regan; W. A. Hodg- Gahan, T. Advisers, Dr. E. J. O'Con-

MUTUAL Association COUNCIL UEBEC. Falls, N.Y., rated by Spe- ri State Le- 79. and increasing Benefits in r 1, 1905. oned by Pope by Cardinals, eral of whom ANGER, by (and comm), ST. QUENNO BAULT, of Quebec. TREET, DENIS STREET. death claims oods. S' CLUB, MCOMB, ay Evening I. The finest Sunday. ay evening y m., to 10 a. to re p.m. MON STS. LOUR. ATED IC FLUOR the Best. he empty bar Montreal.

Those Handsome Eyes

The story I am about to relate is a true one; a remarkable narrative indeed, and one which must stamp itself on the mind of every one who hears it. It is a tale of wonder, beginning with girlish vanity, and ending in horror, and at last salvation for the heroine of it, who may be a lesson for those who love flattery and forgot prayer. It was told at St. Xavier's years ago by a visitor who was next to eye witness to the incidents recorded. The visitor said:

"When I was in Ireland I spent some time in Dublin; while there I visited a certain convent of nuns at the request of a friend who had a relative there. The mother superior was an English lady—very business-like, practical and cool; so much so that it would be an impossibility to suspect her either of enthusiasm or extravagance. With great kindness I was shown through the various parts of the institution—large buildings devoted to laundry purposes, etc., where numbers of young women were employed under the watchful eyes of the Sisters. After seeing the house I was conducted to the little cemetery some distance off. Passing through this quiet, humble resting-place of the dead, with the mounds marked only by little crosses of conventional simplicity, I did not notice that the superior was leading me to a new-made grave. It was the last one of a long row, and its fresh, yellow clay told that it was very recently made indeed. Standing beside it, she told me a tale strange and terrible, yet consoling, the memory of which, as I said, will never leave my heart. In the quiet, matter-of-fact way that compels belief, she began:

"In that grave lies the body of a poor girl whom we buried a day or two ago. She has been with us twelve years, and was one of our best workers—the most skilful ironer we had, although she was totally blind. I believe she is a saint with God to-day. I will tell you her history. She did not know her parents, but was the adopted child of some good people of the city, who cared for her, instructed her and brought her up with parental affection. The little girl was a model of virtue, and was especially devout to the Mother of God. She loved to call the Blessed Virgin her mother. When she was about eighteen, passing through the city on some errand, she was detained at a street crossing long enough to receive the insolent stare of some officers who were passing, and to hear the exclamation of one: 'Look at that girl's handsome eyes!' It was only a moment's work, but the poisonous dart entered deeply into that guileless soul. 'Handsome eyes!' she muttered to herself. 'I didn't know I had handsome eyes.' When she returned to her room she consulted her little mirror, and, with swelling heart, said to herself: 'He was right; they are handsome eyes! I was blind not to know it before. I know it now, and others shall know it, too.'

"From that hour a terrible change came over her. Love of admiration, love of dress—vanity—led her away step by step; she sank from one depth to another; she became a sinner of the vilest kind. Her friends cast her off, and then she tried to drown her shame and guilt by drink. Slagging through the streets, pouring out curses, she became a known and abhorred name for infamy. Constantly arrested and imprisoned in drunken brawls, the wretched creature seemed lost to all human influence, and, more like beast than woman, dragged out a horrible existence.

"One evening she was found in a fearful state of intoxication in the public street. Dragged to jail, she was flung in a cell and left to recover from her drunken stupor. During the night the guard heard a piercing shriek proceeding from her cell. No attention was paid to it, for such sounds, it seems, are common inside prison walls. Another agonizing cry, and then dead silence. Still no heed was taken; she was beyond sympathy. Next morning two guards went to conduct her to the court to receive her sentence. They unlocked noisily the iron-barred door, but, though accustomed to evil sights, they stood aghast at the one before them. In the middle of the floor, in a pool of blood, lay two human eyes. Seated on the side of the iron bed, with her hands clasped and the blood streaming out of her eyes, the woman was the picture—no, the horror indeed, quite calm and collected, and with a certain dignity, as if that more had she been the one to say. She rose and took me to the grave. The



quietly. 'I am ready; I deserve far more punishment than I can receive. You must lead me, for, you see, I am blind!'

"The sight of that pale, awful face, with its sickening wounds; the streams of blood on her long hair, on her garments, on her clasped hands, appalled the rough men. They gazed in speechless horror. At last one of them found voice to say: 'Girl, who did this to you? How did it happen?' 'I will tell you nothing,' said the prisoner; 'lead me out.' The prison officials gathered around. Questions and threats followed, to no effect. There was only one answer—'I will tell you nothing—I will tell you nothing. Make my sentence as severe as you can. I deserve it all, and far more.'

"At last the prisoner was brought before the judge, who had listened to the story with manifest annoyance. His stern and severe examination elicited not the least information, only the humble words: 'I am deeply guilty; you all know my crimes. Treat me with all the severity you can.' Refusing the services of a surgeon, she only staunch the blood that flowed from her frightful wounds and baffled all the curiosity of spectators by the constant reply: 'I have nothing to tell. I am deeply guilty. May God have mercy on me.'

"There was an awkward pause in the learned court. The prisoner was perfectly sane, and there was a sort of majesty about her that awed those present. Without doubt this was a case fitter for the halls of a reformatory than the cell of a jail. So at last the judge decided to send her here. We placed her in the hospital and cared for her. No one questioned her; no one referred to her sad past. When her wounds were healed she began to make herself useful even in her blindness, so that before long every one was anxious to have her services. Her life was the most silent, the most holy, the most prayerful I have ever seen. Being blind, she could be observed at all times, and for twelve years she has given us such an example of sanctity that we counted her presence a blessing to the house, and her loss will be one that can never be repaired.

"Her last illness, continued the superior, was brief. The night she died we were all with her. She called me with a strong voice and said: 'Mother, I have never spoken to any one of what happened to me the night I lay in the prison, twelve years ago. I want to tell you before I die, that you may let every one know of the love of the Mother of Mercy for her erring children. When the officers threw me on the bed in that prison cell I was stupid with drink, and knew nothing. Suddenly I thought I had died, and was standing before the judgment seat of God. I was judged and condemned to hell. I saw all the crimes of my wicked life rising up like a huge pyramid, but the pyramid was reversed, the broad part was above, in frightful width, and it sloped downwards on both sides until it rested on a single point, and on that point was one word—'Vanity.' I gazed horror-stricken. Just as the demon stretched out his claws for me a white-robed, beautiful lady, shining like the sun, came swiftly and threw herself at the feet of my Judge, pleading—yes, pleading for me. 'Give her one more trial, my Son,' she said, 'she once loved me, and she is ready for many years' more of penance.' My Judge said to me: 'You may say: 'I have hands to the ground, and I have eyes to take me to the grave. The



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of Mercy only pleaded: 'One more trial, my Son.'

"It seemed to me," the penitent went on, "that there was silence in heaven. I felt as if I were suspended over hell by a single hair. I heard my Judge say: 'Be it so for thy sake one more trial.' And I awoke with a wild shriek. I was sober, then, mother; a cold sweat was on every limb; the prison cell was dark enough, but I knew I was awake, and that God had been there. When I collected myself enough to think, I went back over my life, sin by sin, year by year, until I reached the beginning of my fall. It was the sin of vanity, caused by the words of an officer in the street—'Look at those handsome eyes!' The words came back and pierced my heart like red-hot iron. I screamed aloud in my bitterness, and, with the strength of horror at my folly, I tore out my eyes with my fingers and flung them from me! You know the rest, mother. Pity me, and pray for me. I go again before my Judge, but the dear Mother of Mercy will be with me, and in humble trust I cling to her."

"The voice of the patient, so strong in the beginning, grew almost inaudible, and I saw she was in her agony. In the solemn awe of that revelation we said the prayers for the dying, and she breathed her last sigh, clasping the crucifix, and with an expression of majesty and sweetness on her face that thrilled us all to the very depths of our souls. We buried her here, and I feel, as I think of her, that she is among the saints in heaven."

"This was the story I listened to standing by that new-made grave. It has touched you all, I judge how it affected me, standing almost in the very presence of that life of penance. I could not speak. I shall never forget the feelings of that moment. And though years have passed, the memory of that scene comes vividly before me, and I can only thank God and the Mother of Mercy for that scene and the lesson it has taught me."

her 'handsome eyes' almost proved to be the loss of her immortal soul; who repented and, through the sweet Mother of Mercy, found eternal happiness at last.—S. M. A., in St. Xavier's Journal.

USED MEN AT THE OFFICE UP AND TIRED OUT WOMEN IN THE HOME CHILDREN AT SCHOOL

Every day in the week and every week in the year men, women and children, feel all used up and tired out. The strain of business, the cares of home and social life and the task of study cause terrible suffering from heart and nerve troubles. The efforts put forth to keep up to the modern "high pressure" mode of life in this age soon wears out the strongest system, shatters the nerves and weakens the heart. Thousands find life a burden and others an early grave. The strain on the system causes nervousness, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, sleeplessness, faint and dizzy spells, skip beats, weak and irregular pulse, smothering and sinking spells, etc. The blood becomes weak and watery and eventually causes decline.

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It is a trite saying that a kind word, a gentle word, costs nothing. Yet nothing is so precious, and, alas, nothing is so rare.

There is always a weak in November when Nature sends a bit of yellow glass to our eyes, and like children, we catch a glimpse of the golden age.—J. P. M.