

A CRANKY CONTRIBUTION.

From a Friend of "The True Witness."

Seated the other evening, in a chair of ample dimensions, and while inhaling the fragrant smell of trees and shrubs from the rear of my domicile, and the delightful odor of new-laid asphalt from the front, I gave myself up to long, deep thoughts—that is, I tried to do so. But I could think of nothing but supper. I looked about for inspiration, and while so doing saw a tree on the other side of the road. Now, I believe that next to food for the body comes food for thought. The shades of evening were falling, falling fast, and so were the leaves off that tree. There was my inspiration—my food for thought! I do not mean to say that the chewing of maple leaves would furnish me with an idea, or even make me a better Canadian. Oh, no! You will see my meaning as I proceed.

The falling leaves, as they fluttered and trembled in their descent to the hard ground, seemed to whisper a sad farewell to the tree they had adorned so long, and which they were now compelled to abandon. And it seemed to me that the tree sighed as it looked at the departing leaves. A gust of wind shook its almost naked branches, and the sigh developed into a low, sad voice, murmuring, "Ah, they leave me now when I have most need for them; they flee to hide themselves under a mantle of snow, leaving me alone and unprotected against the cold and storm." The reproachful wail put a thought into my head—only one—and, committed to paper, it looks something like this: c-r-a-n-k!

What a trifling event can change the current of one's thoughts,—or of electricity, for that matter, especially if you step on a live wire. A moment ago at the low level of supper, and now at the mountain height of philosophy,—for to speak of cranks is to dip into philosophy, inasmuch as all cranks are philosophers, morally speaking,—and all caused by a falling leaf!

Of course there are different kinds of cranks. Barrel-organ cranks; street-piano cranks; hoisting cranks and—every-day cranks. I will confine myself to the last named of the species.

What a wonderful thing is the crank! He turns sweet, sour; makes milk, vinegar; with him, peaches are lemons; in a word, he is a veritable acid. And he complains of everything and everybody: no one does right—in his eyes. From observation I find that the civic father—the alderman—is particularly the butt of the crank. Now, to my mind, every alderman is a philanthropist. His bump of benevolence is abnormally developed; if it be not, he is not fit to be an alderman. Who, I ask, passes sleepless nights, thinking of, planning for, his beloved people? The Alderman! He is the only man on earth who would willingly and cheerfully leave his business, yes, even his dinner, to sign a civic contract in order that a poor but worthy contractor might have the wherewithal to feed his little children!—And this man is the target for the arrows of the chronic crank!

I was on the top of the mountain the other day. I stood on that beautiful structure called the "Lookout." A man and a girl stood near me, doing as I was doing—gazing at the panorama spread before us. The girl turned to her companion and exclaimed, "What a lovely view!" "Pshaw," said the man, "those mountains over there should be a little nearer, and if we had that river out West we'd make her run right through the middle of the town. But there's no enterprise here. Why, there ain't even a bench to sit on in this old lumber-pile!"

He looked at me, and thinking myself called upon to defend my native town, I ventured to remark that as this wasn't a prohibition city, people here were very much afraid of water, and, as the St. Lawrence was a very wet river, their scruples prevented them from moving it closer to the mountain, but they were putting a lot of mud into it at present to try and dry it up a bit. Then with regard to the lack of benches in the "Lookout," I explained that these were to have been purchased last June, but the money appropriated for park purposes had been exhausted, leaving only enough to pay for one bench and a stool; so that under the circumstances the authorities thought it better to allow matters to stand as they were until next year, when the dog-tax will have been collected. At this explanation the tears

came to the man's eyes, and as he shook my hand he said that I, and every other citizen, should feel proud of the fact that we had such cautious, capable men at the head of affairs, and asked me to forget his hasty and harsh criticism of a moment ago.

We all know the crank who nourishes and causes to flourish a feeling of animosity for the electric-car people, simply because they run until one a.m., thereby making his waking hours so much longer for him. The musical clatter of their cars prolongs his day, as it were, giving him a few extra hours in which to think his thoughts and plan his plans, yet he objects. What ingratitude! But then he is only a crank.

Then we have the theatre crank. He, very obligingly and unasked, informs every one within ear-shot what the hero is going to do next, and what he isn't going to do, and what he has no earthly idea of doing. And he tells when the heavy villain is about to stab the other fellow. No doubt he does this so that the fair girls around him may get their nerves ready and not be caught napping.

Then, again, there is the crank who dislocates his shoulder by violent collision with the corner of a building, simply to prove to the sympathising crowd that if the corner had been made round—his own idea and not patented—such a thing would never occur. I would call him a martyr-crank.

And lastly we have the poor, unfortunate crank, who, to escape a world that cannot or will not appreciate him, shuffles himself into the river, thinking that by so doing he will better himself. This is the cold-water crank, and if his brethren would go and do likewise this weary old world would roll along in peace, and the people who inhabit it would live a happy life—more or less—and die only of old age. While on the subject of cranks I could say a great deal more than I have done, but life to the young is sweet, and I wish to live as long as I possibly can. J. M.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

An Inscription of Great Historical Importance.

Although the following letter was not intended by its author for publication, still we are confident that owing to the great interest it must create he will pardon us for giving it to our readers.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

In a note-book I had with me when in London, two summers ago, I copied the inscription which I send you. The business I had gone over on brought me to the Chamber of Council in the Temple. Even if you have never been in London, I dare say you know more about the Temple than I do. You know that it is off the crowded Strand, the busiest thoroughfare in the world, from which it is reached through a narrow gateway, at the foot of Chancery Lane, near the new Law Courts where Temple Bar stood till quite recently. Down this gateway, and even nearer the Strand than is Notre Dame de Piété to our own Notre Dame Street, is the Temple Church. Outside its walls it is that, as Denis Florence McCarthy has it, "a white stone rises over Goldsmith's ashes near the quiet cloistered Temple Bar." It was dedicated in 1185, but now it is given up to the services of the Church of England and none but barristers and persons invited by the benches have a right to attend. The Norman arch of the entrance is one of the most perfect of its style in England and is much admired for its beauty. Inside, lying full length and life-size on the floor are several figures of knights-templars in coats of mail, those who were crusaders having their feet crossed. But the most interesting thing I saw in this old church of early Anglo-Norman times is the inscription inside and over the entrance, so high up, however, as to escape the notice of the greater number. This is how it runs:—

Anno ab Incarnatione Domini, MOLXXXV. Dedicata—heo ecclesia in honore Beate Marie a Dno Erastio Del gratia See Reurrectionis ecclesie Patri archa. IIII. Idus. Februarii. Q. ea Annam Petetib, IVNTA. Penitetia LX. dies indult.

This must be a very well known inscription, and though it is the only one I particularly noticed, I suppose that the antiquities of England are full of evidences equally convincing as to what was believed by English Christians who lived at the source of Christianity in England. Surely it is at the source that purity should be looked for. If then the

eager Londoners who throng the Strand were eager to know where are still taught the same religious doctrines that were preached in Britain 700 years ago, not more than 50 yards from the Strand they would find the written proof that what was then taught is now denied by Protestants, but is still the teaching of the Catholic Church. Here they would find that Heractius, the Patriarch of Jerusalem, in 1185 dedicated this church to the honor of the Blessed Mary and indulged all those annually visiting it with 60 days of penance imposed on them.

Looking at that inscription I could not understand how the Protestant occupants of the pulpit in that church could, Sunday after Sunday, face that old inscription and still preach Protestantism, while the writing on the wall told them so plainly that their forefathers in early Christian times built churches for the service of God, in honor of the Blessed Virgin; that they confessed their sins to priests of the Church; that these priests imposed penance for sins confessed, and that then, as now, the Church granted indulgences.

The great fire of London swept the city from where the monument stands, but, though it reached and scorched it, spared the Church of Our Lady of the Temple. This seems to me less wonderful than that during all these years since the Reformation the old inscription of early Catholic times should have been allowed to remain and contradict the Protestant preachers. H. J. K.

OUR LADY'S STATUE.

To the Editor of THE TRUE WITNESS:

SIR,—On witnessing last Sunday week the splendid Catholic demonstration in honor of the Immaculate Virgin, the ever glorious Mother of God, one cannot help thinking of the tempestuous and boisterous opposition made a few years ago to the proposed erection of a statue on Mount Royal to the surangelic Mother of Our Blessed Lord and Saviour by the sects of this city, headed by their pastors. How happy and overjoyed were Catholics on that occasion to give openly and publicly a grand testimony of their admiration, confidence and love for their heavenly queen and mother, and solemnly give a formal protestation to the insults of heretics in general, and in particular, as citizens of our fair city, a rebuttal to the injury inflicted on the honor of the ever Blessed Mother by the multiform sects of this town. Happy were we to claim anew that Montreal is still, as it has ever been, and will ever be, the Royal City of Montreal, of Mary, in spite of what may do or say the sects calling themselves Christian but all united in offering insult to the beloved mother of the Lord Christ.

How easy it is for any fair-minded Protestant to see where is to be found the truth and the true spirit of God, for Catholics know very well that the Immaculate Virgin has crushed the head of the infernal serpent; hence his hatred for all that aims to glorify her, and hence the opposition of his followers and imitators, inspired by his spirit.

J. A. J.

September 14, 1894.

AT THE GESU.

Following is a list of the recently elected choir officers of the Church of the Sacred Heart:—Honorary president, Rev. L. T. Adam; president, J. Gagnon; vice-president, A. Lapierre; secretary, J. A. R. Bastien; treasurer, C. Verdon; librarian, O. Bernier; committee, Messrs. A. Therien, O. Dufault, C. Corbeil, D. Verdon and Z. Gauthier. It has been decided to retain the services of Dr. J. A. Lapierre as choir leader and Prof. Brun as organist.

FANCY FAIR.

The ladies of the sewing circle of St. Mary's parish are organizing a Fancy Fair, to be held in St. Mary's Hall, about the middle of October. To make time spent at the Fair as pleasant as possible, there will be a series of concerts and other entertainments each evening. The proceeds of the bazaar will be devoted to the purpose of assisting the poor of the parish. The ladies who have identified themselves with the work are already working very energetically, and there is every prospect of the Fair being a most successful one.

ST. PATRICK'S.

"SIN AND THE CONFESSIONAL."

A powerful and effective sermon on "Sin and the Confessional" was delivered in St. Patrick's Church, on Sunday, by the Rev. Father Kiernan, formerly of Montreal. The Rev. preacher dwelt logically and eloquently on the heinousness of sin and the value of the confessional. As an illustration of his subject he said: "In your own splendid Catholic paper, the Montreal True Witness, there was the story of a man who went about the world with a cloud continually hanging over him, he was always striving to do good but his efforts seemed in vain, all his plans for resisting temptation and performing good works seemed to be frustrated; at last, when almost despairing, he sought the grace of God in the tribunal of penance,—that grace was given him and repose and sanctity filled his soul in place of the sorrow wrought by unavailing effort to do right."

COTE DES NEIGES BAZAAR.

The Catholic bazaar held last week by the ladies of Cote des Neiges, in order to raise funds for the enlargement of the chapel, resulted in the netting of about \$1,600. This is a very creditable sum indeed when the smallness of the place is taken into account, and the ladies of Cote des Neiges who worked in the interest of the bazaar deserve every praise for their energy.

ST. MARY'S YOUNG MEN.

The members of St. Mary's Young Men's Society are organizing themselves again after the summer vacation. The first meeting will take place in St. Mary's Church Hall on Friday evening, when the members will begin to consider what steps to take for the entertainment of the members during the coming winter months.

CATHOLIC CONCERT.

The members of St. Ann's C. O. F. are preparing for a grand concert to be given by them in the Victoria Armory, on October 31, Hallowe'en. There is no parish in the city that can produce concerts and theatrical performances superior to St. Ann's, and the members of St. Ann's C. O. F. are determined their Hallowe'en concert shall be equal to the best.

ST. ANN'S BAZAAR.

The young ladies of St. Ann's Parish intend presenting a series of tableaux during the progress of the forthcoming charity bazaar. The ladies have already begun rehearsals. Each evening during the bazaar there will also be a short concert. Several other amusements calculated to make the bazaar attractive are being contemplated.

STATUES BLESSED.

A special service was held in the Franciscan church on Sunday afternoon, when the three new statues of St. Joseph, St. Francis and the Sacred Heart were solemnly blessed by the Superior. The statues are very beautiful life-size ones, that of St. Francis especially being a splendid piece of work. The church was crowded with the tertiaries of the Third Order and other friends.

ENGLISH CATHOLIC IMMIGRANTS

A batch of 56 orphan boys and girls, from Liverpool, will arrive, on the Numidian, at Quebec on Saturday or Sunday. The children are consigned to the Montreal Catholic Immigration Home, and Miss Brennan, the superintendent, will journey to Quebec to meet them. Miss Lucy Yates, of Liverpool, accompanies the children as far as Quebec only. Miss Brennan has already applications for over 90 girls, but the 20 or so that come here this trip will be distributed to those whom she considers they will be the most useful to. Any ladies having boys' or girls' clothes they care to give away would be doing an act of charity in giving them to these orphans. Clothes sent will be accepted and promptly acknowledged by the superintendent of the home.

Never neglect the daily bath for the children.