

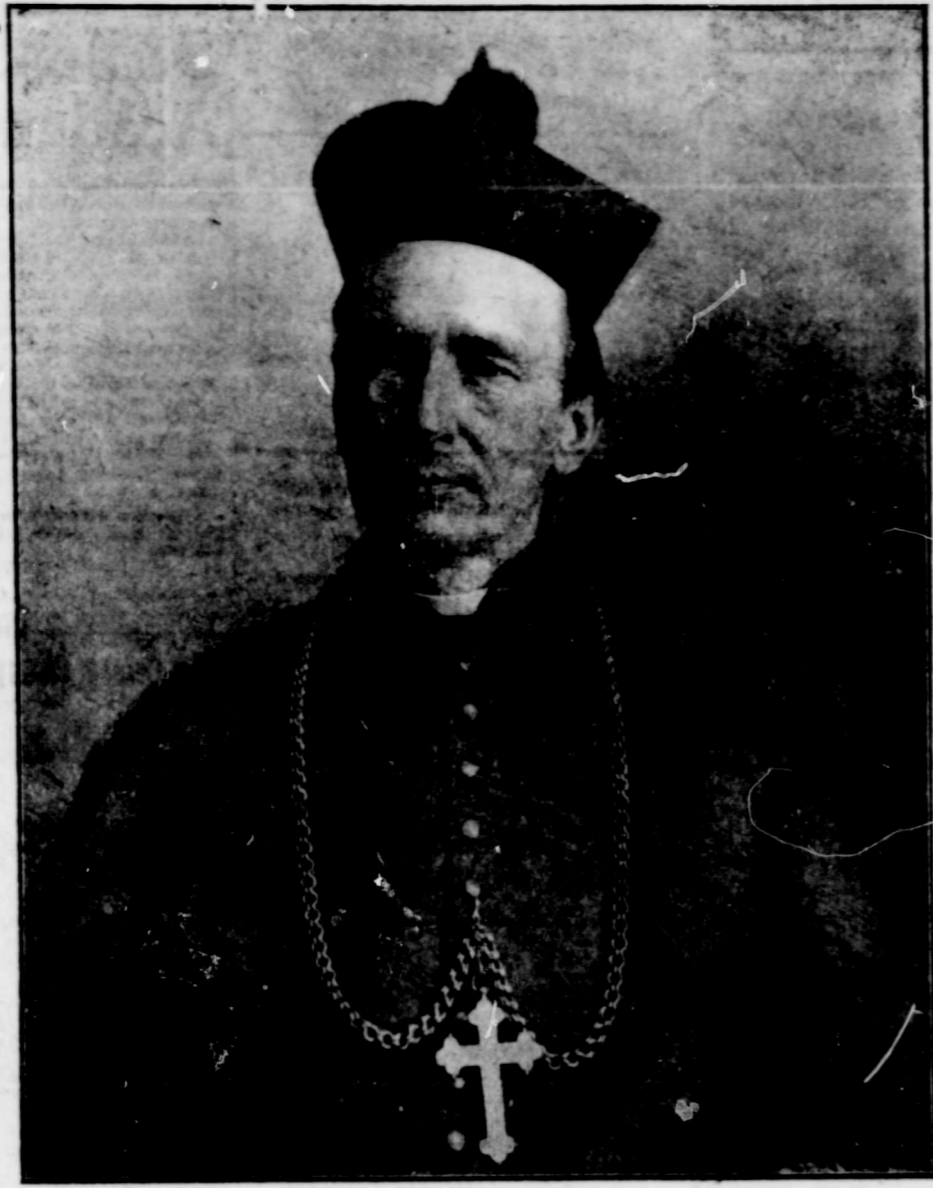
# The Catholic Register

"Truth is Catholic; proclaim it ever, and God will effect the rest"—BALMEZ

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## QUEBEC'S TRICENTENARY

**Magnificent Display of Religious and Patriotic Sentiment—Sights and Pageants Unequaled—Church and State Unite in Harmonious Demonstration.**

(By our own representative, Margaret Lillis Hart)

During the past two weeks the Press of the Dominion has been endeavoring to accomplish the impossible. To describe the indescribable is not for mortals. Words fail and imagination stops short in attempting a portrayal of the uniqueness, beauty, picturesqueness and variety of phases by which the people of Quebec and many from all parts of Canada and from the associated nations of England, France and the United States, did honor to the Tercentenary and to the memory of Champlain the good and great, who three hundred years ago laid the foundation of the wonderful place to-day called Quebec, which keeps so true and constant guard by the blue and tranquil waters of the broad bosomed St. Lawrence.

And after all this was the primary note of the celebration. The note that told of the gratitude of the people who to-day live in freedom and happiness in the spot which but for the intrepid action of the brave founder would have remained unknown to those who now possess it as their much-loved home. The passing of the Plains from the keeping of one nation into that of another, was but incidental. So skillfully and naturally was the passing memorialized that no conspicuous attached itself to the process. The inhabitants of the present day, happy in possession of their Faith and of the things they hold most dear, troubled themselves in no great measure about the day a hundred and fifty years ago, when two brave men fell to their death and the destiny of Canada changed forever. Time, the wonderful modifier, that covers wounds with the balm of oblivion, had thrown the mantle of its influence across the commemorative scenes and pageants, and the French people above all others entered heartily into the meaning of the festivity. To affirm that the French saw anything of an imperialistic demonstration of power in the programme arranged is to do them an injustice, and to detract in no small measure from the admirable harmony that existed. The sound, too, of the never absent note of that religion which had played and which still plays so large a part in the lives of the sons and daughters of la belle France and their descendants, sounded loud throughout the entire demonstration and no one tried to deaden its pealing nor stay its sounding, but rather all heads bent to do it reverence, worshipping where they might and giving attention and respect where the path to worship had not yet been lighted.

The Tercentenary is past, but its results shall live. It has demonstrated to the world how two great nations can amalgamate in as much as that they live under the same laws, mindful each of the traditions of the other, and with the courtesies which is the outcome of the highest civilization, walk hand in hand for the general good of their common home. The Tercentenary was something that in many ways could not be paralleled. The days of Greece and Rome may have seen pageants and ceremonies of greater magnificence but for presentations which so nearly equalled the reality, nowhere in the world are historic resources so plentiful, and nowhere, too, in the world has there been such a demonstration of friendliness between peoples once twain but now united, as that exhibited during the past few

weeks on the site and in the vicinity of Canada's Gibraltar, the quaint and picturesque old city of Quebec.

### THE CATHOLIC NOTE IN VIEW.

It is not the intention of the Catholic Register to give in detail the story of Quebec's great Te Deum, for in reality such it was. The secular daily press has already done this and for the most part has done it generously and well. In the space at our command all we can do is to touch upon a few of the more prominent events and to bear in mind the things to which Catholicity particularly attaches itself, this being of particular interest to our readers.

### FESTIVITIES OPEN.

The festivities really opened on Sunday, July 19th, when every church and chapel had special devotions and "L'Association Catholique de la Jeunesse Canadienne Française," a society of young Canadians descendants of Champlain and his pioneer companions, marched in procession, all bearing amongst them the tri-color and other flags, to salute the statue of Champlain and recount his works and virtues. Thousands accompanied them and the square surrounding the monument was packed with a patriotic and enthusiastic multitude, who heard related the story of their hero and sang of the glory of Le Canada. Monday was devoted to the reception of the soldiers of the Empire, who in thousands marched through the narrow streets to their temporary homes in the tents or other quarters provided. From this on until the arrival of the Prince of Wales on Wednesday afternoon, the entire city resolved itself into an extensive reception committee, and for the entertainment of the guests the first performance of the Pageants was given, the opera of Christophe Colomb was sung and in grand mood the Congress of the French-speaking Physicians of North America was held.

### THE PRINCE ARRIVES.

Noon Wednesday saw the brown sides and grassy slopes of Quebec thronged by pedestrians from every direction, anxious to take possession of any coign of vantage from which they might view the coming of the Prince of Wales, whose ship, the Indomitable, was due to arrive about 2 p.m. By the time appointed the grassy slopes were covered with a mass of seated humanity and thousands had patiently waited on the broad foot of Dufferin Terrace for hours in order to obtain a first glimpse of the arrival. Meantime active preparations were going on below. The white arches massed with flags and royal armorial bearings were the entry for many flying officials, and for the squad of diligent workers who up to the last moment were engaged in laying the vivid flooring of scarlet carpet over which the Prince should walk. The troops, infantry and cavalry, headed by their bands, marched gallantly to the ground fronting the wharf and deployed into the different positions assigned them. The sun, strong and brilliant, shown overhead and the charming scenery across the river made a pleasing resting-place on which to turn from the gay coloring of the uniforms and the civic decorations. As the hour approached all eyes were turned to the point at which the vessel should first be sighted, a certain uneasiness was discernible amongst the great men-of-war

that already lay anchored, and launches and other small craft flitted about with the incertitude of expectation. At last when many glasses and innumerable eyes were fixed on the spot, the dark grey outline of the "mystery ship" came into view, and the first of the twenty-one guns of the Royal Salute rang out from the Citadel near, while all the vessels in the harbor joining at the signal, opened up their guns, until the cliffs rang with the sound, and uniting in the uproar fairly belched forth the notes of their song of welcome. The vessels in the river simultaneously "dressed ship," lines of flying pennants outlining their sides and masts, the air became gay with their fluttering and in this way the dark grey vessel with its companion ship the Minotaur, following closely in its wake, steamed quickly up the river and shortly dropped anchor between the attending vessels of England and France and the great yellow funnels of the United States vessel, the New Hampshire. Then there was another long wait and the assembled multitudes subsided almost into silence while small boats shot out from the great war-ships and admirals in uniform and civic officials of many ranks, went to pay their respects to the arriving Prince on the deck of his own boat, the Indomitable. At last the wait came to an end, the Royal Standard was seen to glide from its place and a bright little barge whose green edge made it conspicuous, left the vessel's side, and to make things certain the Royal Standard was seen to float at its mast-head. The guns again belched forth, the National Anthem was heard from the bands—the Prince at last would land.

Meantime a gorgeous entourage awaited him. Sir Wilfrid Laurier and his Cabinet, wearing for the most part their Windsor uniform, representatives of the Ontario Government, Archbishop Begin and Bishop Roy, Premier Whitney and Mr. R. L. Borden, Vice-President Fairbanks of the United States, Earl Dudley, Lieutenant Governor of Australia, Sir Louis Jette and Hon. Lomer Gouin of Quebec, Mayor Garneau, Quebec, our old friends Colonel Denison and General Otter, and many others. Lady Grey, whose white dress was conspicuous amidst the multi-colored surroundings, was the only lady present when, when on landing the Prince after being welcomed by Sir Wilfrid Laurier and others, was conducted to the marquee, where an exchange of addresses in French and English took place.

After this sharp words of command were heard, the bat'ions wheeled, the squares of gallant looking horsemen fell into line, the guard of honor opened ranks, the bands struck up the National Anthem, the Prince was conducted to the auto in waiting, and then through the soldier-lined streets and amid the buzzes of welcome the Prince of Wales, the son of Britain's King, made his Tercentenary entry into Quebec.

George, Prince of Wales, is conspicuous above all for a quiet gentleness of demeanor which seems conscientiously anxious to leave nothing undone, which duty or kindness of heart would demand. No salute is left unreturned, and his powers of endurance must have been taxed to the utmost during his stay in Quebec, for his every move was accompanied by the recognition of the people. He usually appeared in uniform, the blue sash of the Order of the Garter signalling him out from those about him. His figure and countenance are well known to Toronto, where he became highly popular during his visit as Duke of York, and time has added to the ease of his bearing and to the esteem of those with whom he comes in contact.

### MASS ON THE PLAINS.

Rome, the ancient city of the hills, has witnessed scenes for which man has laid the theatre. The world-famed dome of St. Peter's has been the canopy under which the one Great Sac-

riifice has been offered to the accompaniment of ceremonies the richest conceivable. Yet it is possible that the Mass offered on Sunday on the historic field of Abraham, of which the hand of God was the architect, surpassed in setting and equalled in devotion, the most solemn religious function to which the walls of the Eternal City have ever yet borne testimony. As a background the hills opposite stretched out to a far and wide distance, their green softened and subdued by the silvery blue mist of the atmosphere, the uniformity broken here and there by clustering cottages or the upward pointing spire of the omnipresent church. The St. Lawrence supporting Champlain's ship, Don de Dieu, upon its surface, and being an attraction for many, flowed majestically between the hills and the bells of the surrounding village spires at intervals broke upon the quiet of the expectant air. Facing the grand-stand, capable of seating 15,000, stood the temporary shrine. A conspicuous erection in dull red and gold, it became the cynosure for all eyes. An immense dome topping an oblong canopy with draped sides shaded the floor of the temporary chapel thus formed. Lattice work and a pretty railing in white surrounded the foundation and broad steps carpeted in crimson led up to the altar, which adorned as is customary, seemed as if erected by magic hands on the unaccustomed floor of the broad green field. Dome and canopy were covered with red cloth, festoonings of yellow making a vivid contrast, and beautiful silken flags floated languorously in the light morning breeze. The golden lilies of France on their spotless background, the new French flag of the Sacred Heart on its azure surface, the Tri-Color, the Stars and Stripes, the Harp of Gold on the field of green,

where they grounded arms and awaited the Mass.

Presently another stir was audible and the March of the Priests, played on brass instruments, was heard in the distance. Following came six mounted heralds in coat of mail acting as couriers to the open carriage in which His Grace, the Most Rev. Monsignor Begin, and His Lordship, Bishop Roy, chief pastors of the city of Quebec, were seated. As the prelates' carriage passed the grand stand the people rose and a shower of greetings went all along the line, the purple birettas being lifted at almost every step of progress in reply to the welcome given. The multitudes had given cordial reception to the nation's Prince, given it, too, without stint, and now the hour to honor these Princes of the Church was come, and with pride and enthusiasm was the march past of the loved and honored pastors witnessed.

A short while, and the first lines of the ecclesiastical procession were seen approaching. Up the slight declivity which leads to the Plain came the gorgeously appareled processionists, the gold Cross conspicuous, the multi-colored cassocks, red, purple, black, blue—chasuble and dalmatics in cloth of gold—the purple capes and biretta of bishops and monsignors—censers swinging in the breeze, casting their fragrance abroad, the magnificently vested Archbishop in heavily embroidered and jewelled cope and mitre, carrying the heavy crozier with all the dignity of the Archbishop—it was a sight impressive and ever memorable. The band still played the March of the Priests and the ranks of the Zouaves opened and again closed as the "Introibo ad altare Dei" was intoned and the last diminutive acolyte took position upon the Altar steps. The celebrant was His Grace Archbishop Begin,

Lomer Gouin, Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, Hon. R. N. Scott, D'Arcy Scott, Hon. R. Lemieux, Hon. A. Turgeon, Hon. L. A. Taschereau, Mr. George Wolfe and many officers of the men-of-war then in the harbor.

After Mass a French hymn followed by the Te Deum and then God Save the King were sung. The band again struck up the March of the Priests, the procession of ecclesiastics marched from the fields and the crowds dispersed.

As was fitting the Solemn Mass on the Plains of Abraham was the sublime note in the great Tercentenary celebration. The seal of Civic and Imperial approval had already been impressed upon the fete. It remained for the Church whose teaching had made the people loyal to still further implant the sentiment by celebrating its greatest mystery in the midst of the general programme.

It has been reported by some of the papers that the sanctity of the moment was disturbed by unseemly cries of vendors of wares and by the ever-present camera. The former—if present at all—were only heard by those unable to join in the solemnity of the religious celebration, and cameras in the large space were hardly noticeable and certainly not obtrusive. None present but must ever remember the magnificent and impressive ceremony.

AT OLD LAVAL.

A meeting of the Royal Society of Canada at old Laval was an opportune occasion to see the venerable college, around which centres so much of the past and present of the life of Quebec and the history of Canada. Through the courtyard which leads to the white walls of the famous institution, and through the gate, which in honor of the festival was a blaze of light and a blare of banners, those invited made their way. Cor-



COMING OF THE URSULINES TO QUEBEC.

the Union Jack—all flew freely, having for centre the large Celtic Cross, which stood conspicuously out from the dome.

An hour before the appointed time the crowds began to come in until the great stand was nearly filled and those who had not place there lined up on either side, forming a wall which enclosed the vast arena in which the Holy Mass would later be offered. Soldiers in red stouter here and there amongst the people, and shortly a murmur went up when the men of the guard of Champlain, Jacques Cartier and de Salaberry, the one in black uniform and the other in their bright blue, with white gaiters, three-cornered hats, white wigs tied with black, carrying side arms and bearing with them the beautiful French-Canadian flag, marched to the grounds and took position on either side of the altar. The French sailors 400 strong, the English numbering 200, and 100 Americans, had already come upon the scene followed by admiring eyes, for the Jackies were everywhere prime favorites.

Another stir amongst the standing lines and a burst of applause swept the air as the Papal Zouaves, seven of the old guard being still to the fore, wheeled in, carrying with them the flags of the Pope and Carillon. Very neat and soldier-like were the men in grey, with baggy trousers reaching just below the knee, the short, tight coat piped with red, white gaiters and smart black shako making a becoming ensemble. The Zouaves lined up in front of the altar

and as the Mass proceeded the solemnity of the moment was impressively felt. Prayer-books and beads were everywhere carried. The congregation knelt or rose unaniously. At the Elevation and again at the Communion the word of command cut the silence and the Zouaves presented arms, while their beautiful colors were draped to do honor to Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament. At these moments the tension was at its height, the supreme silence broken by the clear clash of arms making a grand climax of sound, while the eye was visited by the flash of swords, and the reverence of the kneeling multitude seemed intensified by the fervor of the surroundings.

The singing was by a mixed choir with organ and the band of the Royal Artillery accompanying it. The Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus and Agnus Dei, were by Laurent Rille, and the Credo from the Mass of the Second Tone. The Offertory was Gounod's Nazareth, played by the band. Hymns for the church, army and nation were sung at different parts of the Mass. Leaders of different Quebec choirs directed alternately and the voices and instruments were exceptionally fine, reflecting credit on all taking part and adding to the harmony of the occasion.

Amongst those in the Royal Box were the Duke of Norfolk, Lord Lovat, Sir George Garneau, Mayor of Quebec; Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier, the Marquis de Levis, the Marquis of Levis-Mirepoix, the Count de Montcalm, Sir

ridor after corridor was traverse, meeting at every few steps the black-cassocked seminarian or ecclesiastic, and after climbing several flights of stairs, we found ourselves in the hall, which garlanded and festooned, received the guests.

Savants great in science and art were undoubtedly assembled, the platform containing a notable gathering mostly of French nationality, amongst whom was a white-robed Dominican, Ontario being represented by Chancellor Burwash of Victoria College, Toronto, Mr. Cumberland, Mr. E. J. Thompson of Toronto and Miss Mather of Kingston. His Lordship, Bishop Roy, was present, and the priests and seminarians were everywhere seeing to the comfort of their guests and participating in the honors conferred by the Society. Addresses in poetry and prose on Champlain and his labors were the chief work of the gathering, the enthusiastic eloquence of the speakers helping in no small degree to supply the lack of familiarity with the tongue of the ancient Gauls. The delegates from Ontario were the only English-speaking representatives, Chancellor Burwash being most happy in his tribute to the Jesuit missionaries and to the French people who since he had been able to visit their little villages near, had gained so high a place in his estimation. He spoke, too, of their honor and honesty as well as fidelity, and he expressed the wish that before long all might unite in one faith and that every dusky head of the tribes

(Continued on page 8.)



BISHOP LAVAL MEETS MARQUIS DE TRACEY.