

MR. BEGIN ENTHRONED.

An imposing Ceremonial at the Basilica.

His Grace Receives the Congratulations of the Clergy and the Laity—The Address of the Irish Catholics of the Ancient Capital.

QUEBEC, April 26.

Never, since the time the tiara was conferred upon His Eminence the late Cardinal Taschereau, has the venerable Basilica of Quebec witnessed so grand a religious function as that which occurred on last Wednesday evening, when Mgr. Begin was enthroned and clothed with full Metropolitan jurisdiction in succession to the lamented Cardinal whose body was placed in the tomb the day before. The solemn majesty of the Catholic Church was brought out with striking emphasis. Most of the Church dignitaries who had gathered for the Cardinal's funeral remained over and were present in the Sanctuary, which barely afforded standing room for the throng of learned divines, reverend professors and prominent ecclesiastics who were present. At 7 p.m. the ceremonial began. Mgr. Begin was attended by the reverend curés of the three chief parishes of Quebec, Rev. Father Faguy, of the Cathedral; Rev. Father Gauthier, of St. Roch, and Rev. Father Demers, of St. Jean Baptiste Church; all of whom as well as His Grace, wore the superb gold-brocaded vestments presented to the Church by Louis XV. of France. On entering the church from the choir, the Rev. Father Arsenault, as Secretary, read the Papal brief, dated 22nd March, appointing His Grace to be the successor of His Eminence as Archbishop of Quebec, whenever the See should become vacant either by reason of death or from other cause. His Grace having formally accepted the sacred office, the Rev. Curé Faguy handed him the crozier, which he kissed. Then, preceded by hundreds of acolytes, priests, professors and students, and followed by the whole body of archbishops, bishops and Monsignors who attended the Cardinal's funeral, Mgr. Begin walked in procession around the church to the altar, and then a grand Te Deum was sung. This over the Graces Archbishop Duhamel, of Ottawa, and Archbishop Bruchesi, escorted the Most Rev. Archbishop Begin to the Archbishop's throne, and, being now clothed with the full plenary and canonical power of Metropolitan, he was pleased to receive the

FORMAL SUBMISSIONS AND CONGRATULATIONS of his suffragan Bishops, Vicar-General, Monsignors and the priests of his archdiocese, several hundreds of whom had gathered for the occasion. He then bestowed his episcopal blessing and this was followed by the presentation of addresses. The first came from the Mayor and City Council, as representing the citizens at large. It was a scholarly and eloquent production and spoke the warmest feelings of regard and attachment to the sacred office and person of the newly enthroned Archbishop.

"Our eyes, Monseigneur, have been permitted to witness in Quebec a reflection of the royal obsequies so often held at St. Denis. We have seen all that was mortal of a Holy Pontiff borne to his last home amid the tears of his entire people. We have seen every head bowed down with respect as passed before them all that was left of one who had truly filled the place of a king among us, especially since the memorable day when the Supreme Head of the Church put the crown on his noble career by investing him with the Roman purple, the true insignia of royalty. Was he not truly endowed with a kingly heart, and worthy of being raised on the shield of honor, amid the unanimous applause of his people: the valiant knight, the self-sacrificing young priest who at the age of twenty-seven, of his own free will, went to face almost certain death in bearing the consolations of his sacred ministry to the unfortunate sons and daughters of Ireland who were dying by thousands on the ill-fated shores of 'Grosse Ile.' And now that he who was the most illustrious and most Reverend Cardinal Taschereau has left us to go to his eternal reward, we, the Mayor and City Council of Quebec, as the mouthpiece of all the races and creeds established in our city, have come to salute, in your Grace's person, the representative of an authority recognized and respected by all, him whom his heart had chosen to continue his work of peace and mercy, etc."

Next in order came the address of the Irish Catholics of St. Patrick's, representing the English-speaking Catholics of the city, signed by Rev. Philip Rossbach, C. S. S. A., Rector of St. Patrick's, and by Messrs. Felix Carbray, John Sharples (Hon.), D. O'Meara, Edward Foley, and L. J. Gilmartin, trustees of St. Patrick's Church. The address was presented by Felix Carbray, Esq., M.P.P., and Senior Trustee of St. Patrick's Church, and it was a well-conceived and eloquent utterance, breathing the deepest loyalty and submission to the office and episcopal rule of the newly invested Metropolitan, together with warmest regards for his amiable personality. Among other noteworthy sentences referring to Mgr. Begin's noble and saintly predecessors, it said: "Not the least illustrious occupant of that seat was the saintly and devoted Cardinal Taschereau, whose recent loss we so deeply deplore. Never can we, Irish Catholics, forget his noble ministrations to the plague-stricken Irish emigrants of '47, in which he nearly paid the penalty of his life. He has gone to the better land, to there receive the great reward due his saintly labors at the hands of that God whose cause he so faithfully served on earth." Again: "To his loving forethought for the future care of his flock we owe it that we have today in the person of your Grace a most worthy and fitting successor, and a Prelate who has already given the most

brilliant guarantees of his ability and fitness to continue the proud, the illustrious traditions of his predecessors in the Episcopal See of Quebec." After this came a most feeling and cordial address from the diocese of Chicoutimi, of which Mgr. Begin had been for three years Reverend Bishop. The filial message was spoken by Grand Vicar Leclerc, curé of Murray Bay, following which Mgr. Marois, V.G., read the loving and moving address of the clergy of Quebec to their new Archbishop, expressive of their devotion and loyalty, and asking his acceptance of a splendid portrait of himself, just painted by Mr. Wickenden, who is here from Paris. The picture is realistic and vivid in the reproduction of the Archbishop's features, "and due," in the language of the address, "to the able brush of a truly distinguished artist."

HIS GRACE'S ADDRESS.

When all this was over, the Archbishop rose to make his reply. In returning thanks for the heart-felt outpourings of his devoted people, both French-Canadian and Irish, His Grace was deeply moved in his emotional feelings, and he spoke with an affection and gratitude truly admirable. He dwelt upon the virtues of his predecessors in the long line that began with the saintly and famous Bishop de Laval, and of his immediate predecessor, who was buried yesterday, he spoke in tones and in language that touched the heart of all who heard him. He referred in profound language and sentiment to the responsibilities of his own position and the enormous episcopal burden it entailed, to govern, protect, sustain and to feed the sheep as well as the lambs of his flock, so as to answer for them and to give an account of their souls. His discourse was brilliant and affecting, and having delivered himself in French he addressed his English-speaking hearers in their own tongue.

To his faithful Irish Catholics he said: "Their address was very dear to him, and their expressions of faith and loyalty did not surprise him for they were known throughout the Christian world. They were the more gratifying that they testify to a gratitude to the Canadian clergy for what they had done in the past for their afflicted fellow-countrymen, of which testimony had been rendered by one of their own historians—in his book, 'The Irish in America.' This writer—John Francis Maguire—had paid a noble tribute to the devotion of the Canadian clergy to their plague-stricken countrymen, and in many a homestead their orphan children had been adopted and trained often for prominent positions in Church and State. He rejoiced at the remembrance of what his lamented predecessor had done for the Irish sufferers. Truly, 'greater love had no man shown than to give his life for others.' He hoped that the necessity would not arise to require similar labor at his hand, but should the contrary prove the case he would remember the duty of spending and being spent for others. He appreciated what the Irish of Quebec had done for the embellishment of their Church which was the House of God, as also their devotion to their clergy the good sons of St. Alphonsus, and reminded them that in obeying their clergy they obeyed their Bishop and thus stood firmly united to the great Head of the Church.

Later on Mgr. Begin said: 'The Bishops had made France, says the historian Gibbons, as the bee makes the hive. The Bishops of Quebec had done their part in the early days of the country, his lamented predecessor had certainly done his part, and, and if he (Mgr. Begin) must be as adamant as the stone, he might at the same time be a magnet to attract them by the love of Jesus Christ.' He then paid a warm tribute to the authorities of the Anglican Cathedral for the many proofs of their consideration and good will, instancing their delicate courtesy and sympathy in ringing the bells to salute the remains of the late great and good Cardinal. The benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the imparting of the Episcopal blessing brought the sacred and imposing ceremonial to a close in the Basilica; and then the great audience hurried to the

GREAT SALON OF THE PALACE, where his Grace held a reception, which was attended by all the Bishops, hosts of priests and most of the leading citizens of Quebec.

In naming those at the reception we speak also of those who were present at the function in the Basilica, namely: His Honor the Lieut. Governor, Madame and Miss Jettie; Major Sheppard, A.D.C.; Premier Marchand; Hons. Messrs. Sheehy, Duffy, Dechenes, Speaker Tessier, T. C. Chapais, V. W. La Rue, P. Garneau, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Napoleon Caumont, Hon. Judge and Madame Rouhier, his Worship Mayor Parent, Felix Carbray, Esq., M.P.P., Hon. E. J. Flynn, Q.C., LL.D., ex Prime Minister, accompanied by his eldest son, whom the Archbishop familiarly patted on the cheek, the foreign Consuls, the officers of the Civil and Military forces, etc., etc. The Very Rev. Rector Rossbach and Rev. Fathers of St. Patrick's were, of course, included in the body of the clergy as above. To those who had seen the deep gloom and emblems of mourning for the dead Cardinal just the previous day, the transformation into a scene of gorgeous splendour was surprising; one silent reminder of departed worth and dignity, honor, remained—the late Cardinal's red hat hangs from the ceiling just over the entrance to the sanctuary, and will remain there for all time to come in accord with the prescribed form on the death of a Prince of the

Church. Nor was there aught unbecomingly in the rapid change from death mourning gloom to tokens of rejoicing within 24 hours, for it is the natural law of progress in the Church as well as in the State or things earthly. The great living and teaching Church does not halt in her divine administration because on her pallars and princes dies by the way. In the plenitude of her wisdom and authority she appoints a worthy successor who carries on the works of religion, charity, education and morality, taking heart and inspiration from the example of saintly predecessors, and toiling in the vineyard until he too transmits the sacred inheritance to another. Besides, nothing more could be done for the great departed except to offer Requiem Masses and prayers for his eternal repose.

In his invalid years the tenderest filial hands provided for his every want, and in death his mortal remains were laid away with equal tenderness and affection.

WILLIAM ELLISON

OUR PHILADELPHIA LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, April 25, 1898.

How many Americans—true-born Americans with as long a line of American-born ancestors as is compatible with the existence of the New World—have had the delightful experience of planting the seed of an Irish shamrock and watching it grow? I, at least, have been one of them. Last year a friend gave me at Easter a pot of shamrocks, and for several months they flourished vigorously under the tender shelter of the moss they had brought from Ireland. But, as everyone foretold, they at last began to wither, drooping hour by hour, until they vanished in September. But before their decay they had done about everything possible to shamrocks. They had borne a heavy crop of gay yellow blossoms, had seeded, and the seed had ripened, while four-leaved sprays were quite an ordinary thing with the dear little exiled plants. I had studied them carefully, and found many things that accounted for the loving veneration in which they are held. Nothing, however, was more beautiful than the nightly folding of the three leaves—just the other way from our clover and the oasis-making an emerald cup for the drop of water that fell on each. I was sorry to see it dying, and gathered the ripe seed as a memento of my summer's darling.

The little thinkable of shining black particles were carefully tucked away in a small box in my desk, and, in the course of a regular housewife's house-cleaning, I found them just before St. Patrick's Day. I soon found a flower-pot, had the soil carefully prepared, and watered the planted seed with an atomizer, lest the fall of water applied in any other manner prove too much for the dainty strangers. Every morning I went first to look at my nurslings—it they would appear. Presently, two small oval leaves peeped out in seven places. 'They are the right color,' said our flower fairy. 'But there are only two leaves,' I said disconsolately. 'I don't believe they are shamrocks at all. They must be from seeds left in the pot.' 'There were no seeds in the pot. And don't you know everything starts with leaves? Besides, there is one with the little nightcap of the seed still on its head.' But I was fearful, and watched more and more closely. There was certainly no look of shamrock about it. Then, a small green point appeared between each pair of oval leaves. It was a clover shaped leaf—or rather, a leaf the shape of one lobe of a clover leaf. That looked more promising, and I 'took heart of grace.' Lo! when these second appearances had fully developed and lifted themselves heavenward on quite long green, thread-like stems, I found one morning where they had not been the night before, shamrocks indeed—the three parted leaves delicately folded together, and slowly opening to the day. Since then they have come thickly over the pot, and are doing finely. I suppose I must see them fade and die—for everyone says they will not grow in America, although I read of them at John Boyle O'Reilly's grave and on Grindstone Point—but I cannot forget their birth and growth so far, the doubt and hope of my watching, and the changes in their modest forms. From the very first, however, one thing was noticeable—the dew-drop in the emerald heart. When the two small oval leaves were barely visible, the spray from the atomizer gathered between them and lay sparkling and glimmering to the faintest ray of sunshine. And the green of a shamrock is certainly unlike all other green—it is 'living green.'

We have begun the war. How quickly the intervening years slip away, and the long unused terms, the half-forgotten words, of the time when it seemed as if it had been always war-time are with us again. And how strongly is emphasized the fact that the active spirit of "today" are altogether ignorant of the real "yesterday." A great deal is said about the changes since the last war, the wonders that may be accomplished now, the difference our progress will make in everything, etc., but there can be no doubt that men and women are the same. The very expression, the tones of the young voices and the things they say, are a repetition of the past. It would be impossible to convince these gallant young bloods that the same current exactly ran in their fathers' veins, and the same shrinking—spite of bombastic protestations—was visible in their fathers' faces. And "the girl I left behind me" is just as fashionable now as it was so long ago. Solomon was right every time, but in nothing more wise than in the clear sight which foresaw that, so long as time lasts, there will be "nothing new under the sun" where men and women are concerned. The war of Mexico and the war of 1812 were both too far off—in different ways—to lend either glamor or shadow to the war between South and North. But the interval since the peace of 1865 has not been long enough for even the middle-

aged to forget. Those who remember dimly, yet certainly remember, take up the burden of day with an overwhelming fear they knew not then. War is so dreadful! The city is gay with flags, and the people are brave and strong-hearted—for it is not the man who shrinks who is a coward—but there is a sense of being nerved to it, coolly and deliberately, not in glad and contemptuous ignorance of the possible horrors before us. The feeling in Philadelphia is more earnest and more like that of sensible, modest, determined human beings than it has been for years. The way in which this country—in staid old Philadelphia, at least—has shown itself off for the last twenty years is enough to prove that a war is needed. We are a new nation, and we have had 'a bee in our bonnet' and an overpowering draught of the 'wine of foolishness' gone to our brain ever since we could stand alone. We need a little—just a little—taming, and it is far better it should come now than later. It will not do to forget the past, not alone of our own successes but of the failures of the lost nations. This war, be it short or long, will remind us of our real weakness, as well as of our real power, and there will be such an adjustment of the scales of justice and mercy, such a reckoning up of what we possess and what we dream of possessing, as shall lift us to a far higher place than we have ever held. Horrible as it is, a war is a blessing to the many. We lack stern truth and patient forbearance and steadfast holding to the right, with humble acceptance of our right place in the story of the ages, and war will teach us all these. Not that I think our right place beneath any other, but I do think that it is not half so high as we have so boast-

ingly and so blatantly proclaimed it to the four winds of heaven. Of one thing I am sure—that it is under the rule and law of God, and must yield to Him when He so wills. Many, very many among us, have forgotten this, or set the truth of it at defiance.

Having, then, the firm determination to do our best for our country in a whole-hearted, modest, earnest way, let the world lie in the hands of its Creator and go forward. There is no more reason for scolding and fretting at a bad neighbor in the wholesale than across the back fence. Great evils ought to tranquilize and strengthen, while the 'infinitely little' that eats up half our days may be allowed to rattle us at times. The change of air at such explosions sweeps away the midgets, and leaves us better off in the way of temper. But we are to have now a season we dare not lightly regard, and we must look at it in that way from the start.

There is all around us now that sad coming home of the wives who are to be husbandless and the children who are to be fatherless—perhaps forever. The men are going bravely when they do go, and that higher value of those who held cheaply is beginning to lift up to better things those who hold life carelessly. God bless the soldiers!

SARA TRAINER SMITH.

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