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AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

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WEDNESDAY.....APRIL 5, 1893

EASTER.

On Friday afternoon the great sacrifice of Redemption was accomplished; expiring the Saviour turned His last loving gaze upon His agonizing Mother, upon the model of all penitents, Mary Magdalene, and upon humanity represented in the person of the Beloved Disciple St. John; then He looked aloft and, as the supreme moment approached, He cried out in a loud voice *Consummatum est*, "it is consummated." The Divine spirit left the human body, and the visible form of the Redeemer hung lifeless upon the Cross. There was joy in the hearts of the Jews, for they felt that they had conquered the One who had proclaimed Himself their king. The Roman soldiers were relieved, for their day's duty was done and the One whom they instinctively feared had succumbed to the fate of all men. The rocking of the earth, the darkening of the sun and the tearing of the temple's veil, were forgotten by the Priests, Scribes and Pharisees, in their exultation over the accomplishment of their bloody purpose. With scornful looks they turned towards the scene on Golgotha and pointed to the suspended and inanimate form of the Messiah. In their hearts they defied Him. "Carry Him to the tomb," they said; "place a heavy stone against its portal, put the seal of the city thereon, set guards to watch it by day and by night, let not His followers steal the body and then boast that He has arisen. Ah! Thou carpenter's son from little Nazareth, Thou leader of a few blind fishermen from Galilee, Thou imposter and pretender, where are Thy vaunted powers, Thy miracles and Thy royal prerogatives? Thou hast said it Thyself; in Thy utter despair, in the moment when Death claimed Thee, at the close of Thy audacious career Thou hast admitted Thy weakness and the failure of Thy plans. Did we not hear Him cry out in the agony of mortal pain, and in the greater agony of defeated ambition, *Consummatum est*—'it is consummated?'"

And thus they chuckled in their security; thus they rejoiced in their apparent triumph; three days did they congratulate each other on the success of their vengeance. Three days rolled past; the crosses still stood upon the Skull-hill; the tomb in the valley behind, which Joseph of Arimathea had carved in the rock, held the body of the Crucified; Roman guards kept watch over that sepulchre; the stone was sealed with the official stamp of doomed Jerusalem; nature was once more undisturbed by

extraordinary phenomena; the eagles of the Empire flapped their wings over a conquered world; peace reigned throughout the vast dominions of the Cæsars; the book of the prophets was laid aside by the Wise Ones who had pondered over it striving to disprove the truth of Christ's mission; on the Palestine hill, in a palace of glory sat the monarch of earth; in a tomb behind Calvary reposed the One who had proclaimed Himself "King of the Jews."

The sun arose on Easter morning, and its herald beams tipped the hills of Judea; they flashed upon the temple up on the sides of Moriah; they gilded the tower of David, off by the Damascus gate; they penetrated the valley of Giants and they fell upon the guarded tomb by the side of the Cedron. Was it the blaze of the Eastern sun, coming forth in morning glory, that dazzled the Roman soldiers by the sepulchre? Was it the power of the day-god that paralyzed their arms, and caused the swords and spears to clash upon the rocks as they fell from their nerveless grasps? Was it the genius of nature's revival that appeared in garments of incandescent whiteness, and approaching, rolled away the mighty stone, broke the city's seal, and flung open the entrance to the vault? The earth did not tremble, but the heavens were thrilled with jubilation; the sun did not darken, but he exulted in almost supernatural refulgence on that morning; the temple's veil was not torn, but the veil that hides from human eyes the majesty of the Invisible, was split, and through the rent the pagan soldiers beheld the Saviour of mankind come forth "glorious and triumphant" from the tomb.

Consummatum est was the burden of Friday's wail; *Resurrexit sicut dixit* was the chant of Sunday's triumph. It was taken up by the myriad host of heaven; it rang down the chancel of the Infinite; it awoke the souls of the patriarchs, the prophets and the just men of the past; it startled the Apostles and Disciples of the new dispensation; it re-echoed along the ages yet to come. On Friday they destroyed the temple, in three days He rebuilt it. All the promises of four thousand years had been fulfilled. From the hour when man first fell under the rightful anger of God, from the moment that Satan had conquered in Eden, the Second Person of the Trinity had offered Himself as the sacrifice of expiation for the sins of Adam and the untold sins of the millions that were to come. For this did the just look forward; for this did the children of Israel wait and long. In expectation of the accomplishment of that compact of Infinite Love, the prophets arose and proclaimed their messages, the white tents appeared in the desert, the decalogue was thundered from the summit of Sinai; and the years rolled past as the fulfilment of His time approached. At last it came. And in the exultant hymn of triumph that rang on Easter morning all through the universe, in that cry *Resurrexit sicut dixit* was heard the liberation of the millions from the chains of Limbo, the freedom of trillions from the power of Satan, the ending of the old laws of preparation and expectation, the beginning of the new dispensation of Love, Mercy, and Spiritual Emancipation.

On that Easter morning the standard of Pagan Rome was flung out over every portion of the then known world; soon was it to be replaced, all over the earth, by the banner of Christian Rome—the immortal Cross. On that day of the Resurrection the Emperor sent forth his commands from the golden palace by the Tiber; soon was the Vicar of Christ to issue his mandates from the down fallen throne of the Cæsars. The rays of that glorious Sun of Redemption flashed upon

the darkness of Time, lit up the clouds of paganism and illumined the shades of barbarism. They penetrated the groves where the priests of the idol-faith held worship; they descended into the catacombs, where the living adored in the abode of the dead; they tipped with splendor the monuments of ages, and crowned those storied works of a buried time with the light of undying Truth; they came forth from the darkness of the subterranean temples to fling their glories upon the cross that towers sublimely above the dome of St. Peter's; they followed the human race into all lands; they have been conserved and transmitted throughout the ages by the unbroken series of Christ's Vicars upon earth; and to-day they gleam anew—even as of old upon the first Easter morning—upon the clouds of infidelity that thicken along the horizon. In the brilliancy of those beams the wonderful figure of Leo XIII. appears to-day, an object of universal admiration, of untold veneration, of unbounded love. Transformed in the glow of his Jubilee Easter, another transfiguration, the grand old Pontiff appears before the world the personification of all that is great and good, of all that is supernaturally noble in man, of all that is inspired by heaven, as he transmits to each one the blessings and the graces of the Holy season of the Resurrection.

From the centre of Christian unity; from the home of Catholic devotion; from the burning focus to which converge all the rays of redemption, the Holy Father calls upon us—upon all Catholics, yes, and upon non-Catholics—to arise from the tomb of spiritual death, to come forth from the moral sepulchre in which nearly all have slumbered, and to participate in the resurrection of Easter. Upon this his jubilee year, amidst the throngs of pilgrims that surge around the Vatican, in the midst of the universal manifestations of Faith and Love, in presence of these wonderful evidences—not only of Christ's resurrection, but also of His fulfilled promises to His Church, surrounded thus, the great Leo XIII. calls upon each one of his children to shake off the trappings of the grave, to fling aside the chains of sinfulness, and to unite with himself and with the Holy Church, in a worthy participation in the merits of the Saviour's resurrection.

In wishing our readers a happy Easter, we cannot express our hope in a more befitting manner than by saying, "may each one enjoy both the temporal and spiritual blessings of the season; and of each one may it truthfully be said, *Resurrexit sicut dixit; he has arisen as he promised the Church he would do.*"

THE SHEPHERD CASE.

Our readers need not be alarmed, we have no intention of entering into the details of the now famous Sheperd case which has attracted so much attention of late, and of which our daily press was so full. It is well known that the two Sheperds, and their associate, Hamilton, were about the very worst samples of public swindlers that ever appeared in Canada. They were most heartless scoundrels, because it was not the rich that they fleeced, but the poor and almost penniless. They were at last brought to time, through the efforts of Detective Grose and others. They were indicted before the Grand Jury; True Bills will returned; their trial, on one indictment was fixed; and the prosecution was immediately proceeded with. On all this we have no remarks to make. Our object in referring at all to the case is to express a square opinion upon the course pursued by the Montreal Star with regard to Mr. M. J. F. Quinn, Q. C.,

and Mr. J. L. Archambault, Q. C. the joint-crown prosecutors. We desire to call special attention to Mr. Quinn's case.

For reasons which His Honor Judge Taschereau most clearly explained on Saturday morning last in Court, the first case came to a somewhat sudden and unexpected termination, owing to the prisoners having pleaded guilty. The fine imposed by the Court was \$100 each or a term of imprisonment. This penalty was severely commented upon by the press, and in regard to it the Honorable Judge, said:—"The Court could only take into consideration what was before it, and under the circumstances the sentence passed appeared to me to 'avenge public morality and punish the guilty parties. I am accountable to no one except God and my conscience, I am not, thank God, accountable to the newspapers, who, no doubt would have desired that my sentence be based on their partial appeals, or on facts which had not as yet been legally established, but published by newspapers as certainly incriminating the accused."

His Honor then expressed regret at the charges or insinuations, made by the newspapers, to the effect that the Crown lawyers, and even those for the defence, were guilty of a shameful compromise; It was clearly demonstrated that not even the shadow of a shade of evidence existed to justify any such suspicions. Mr. Quinn, in his remarks, said:—

"The article to which I particularly refer is that appearing in the STAR of Thursday last. This, or rather these articles, for there are two, are headed in a most sensational manner, and I think in a manner that reflects on the dignity of the Court. It is not my intention to refer to these articles in so far as they treat with the Crown prosecutors. I and my colleagues will have an opportunity of expressing our opinions in all probability under different circumstances. But what I wish to draw the attention of the Court to is the manner in which the Court is being titled in the eyes of the public. This is an outcome of a system of journalism which is a disgrace to the continent of America, but which exists happily to a small extent only in Canada. I have nothing further to say about the matter further than to draw the attention of the Court to the articles, and, as I said before, as far as I am concerned personally I will have other opportunities of discussing the matter. There is no charge made except a low, calumnious and malicious insinuation, which of course cannot be borne out by facts; but the attack upon the Court is something of a more grave and serious nature, because if confidence is lost in the court, what confidence can the public have and what can be the result? Simply ruin and anarchy and the reign of mob law."

As we said in opening, we have no intention of entering into the merits of this case, nor of commenting upon the course pursued by the Star with regard to the publication of sensationally headed articles and reports, while the matter was *sub judice*; but we do intend pointing out a couple of the obvious reasons that have caused the Star to make a special target of Mr. M. J. F. Quinn. In the first place, the sudden termination of the Sheperd case, robbed the Star of what it had expected, namely, a long series of sensational reports with equally sensational comments. That case meant money for the Star. It is well known that the Star lives upon the sensational: it breathes that unwholesome atmosphere,—therefore, are so many of its flaming articles, its loud announcements taken with a mighty big grain of salt. Its style reminds us somewhat of the remark of a New York editor to a new reporter: "Get facts and make them sensational, and if you can't get facts—well, make them sensational all the same." This Sheperd case was a bonanza for the Star; and its abrupt termination created