

poets; it has been transferred from generation to generation upon the painter's canvass and in the sculptor's stone; it adorned the cold walls of the catacombs beneath Eternal Rome, and it appeared in fresco upon the walls of the immortal temples of the deathless city; Luca della Robbia has preserved in its terra cotta, and Correggio, in his masterpiece "The Holy Night," has glorified art and immortalized himself, by leaving in the Dresden gallery this imperishable commemoration of that wonderful scene.

Nineteen centuries have rolled into the great gulf of eternity; each year has the birth of that Divine Child been commemorated by the faithful shepherds of the Christian flock; and each year the great world has slept, and the mass of the human race has been oblivious of the mighty things that were transpiring. Once more has Christmas come to us; will 1894 go past and the miracle of Bethlehem be repeated only for the shepherds from the hill-side? No; not so; let us go the Crib; it is in yonder Church; there let us hearken to the celestial hymns that are chanted; there let us adore the new born Saviour of the world. While His representatives offer up the perpetual sacrifice of the altar, while the incense curls around the deep-pealing organ, while the lights flash brightly upon the sanctuary of devotion, the Christmas chant will again ring in our ears: "Gloria in excelsis Deo!" "Glory to God on High and peace, on earth, to men of good will."

GOLDWIN SMITH.

We have had, more than once, occasion to write severely of Prof. Goldwin Smith, and many a pointed criticism his uncalled-for and prejudiced attacks upon Irishmen, and upon Catholic-Irishmen in particular, has provoked. But, unlike that great master of English, we can see good when it exists, even in those with whose principles we could never agree. In the December number of the North American Review, Goldwin Smith has a somewhat strangely contradictory contribution upon the late James Anthony Froude. While falling into the same errors that he condemns in Froude, still Mr. Smith, whether by accident or otherwise, strikes a severe blow at the so-called historian. We suspect, however, that Goldwin Smith's predominating passion of fault-finding has led him by mistake into a single example of just criticism and of thorough appreciation.

Our readers are well acquainted with the history of Henry VIII. the murderous-adulterer, who sent wife after wife to the scaffold, in order to gratify his lust in another form. The day after the execution of one wife "he takes another on whom it is certain that he had previously fixed his eyes."

Upon this Froude's observation is: "The precipitancy with which he (Henry) acted is to me a proof that he looked on matrimony as an indifferent official act which his duty required at the moment, and if this is thought a novel interpretation of his motives, I am merely to say that I find it in the Statute Book."

Upon this brutal remark of Froude, the critical Goldwin launches out in a strain that is not customary with him. The comment reads like a streak of light between two clouds upon the Western sky, when the winter sun has just departed.

"A grosser outrage against affection," writes the Professor, "never was committed than the King's act, and surely a grosser insult to affection has seldom been offered than the comment." Thus continues this suddenly converted critic, and never did he write more truly: "In

the Statute-Book, especially in the preambles of Acts, Froude would find wonderful things. But he should have inquired how the Parliament which made the Statute-Book was composed. He would have found that it was packed and generally controlled by the Court, though it might show a spark of independence on the question of taxation, where it had strong popular feeling behind it. It passed the most profligate of repudiation Acts; it infamously extended the law of treason; gave the King's proclamations the force of law; empowered him to dispose of the Crown by will; humored him servilely in his marriages and divorces; and attainted his victims without trial or confession. It enabled a King on coming of age to rescind by letters patent all acts passed during his minority. The House of Lords was degraded enough to rise and bow at the mention of the King's name, as people bow in church at the name of the Lord. It had been pretty well weeded of the old nobility, whom the Tudor (Henry) lost no opportunity of sending to the block, as Froude innocently suggests, to enforce the responsibility of rank. Not that the remnant of the old nobility showed much more independence than the upstarts. The verdicts of juries again are taken by Froude as proof of guilt, though, as Hallam says, in cases of treason the courts were little better than caverns of murderers."

Perhaps never before did Froude receive such a severe handling as that Goldwin Smith gives him in the remaining paragraphs concerning Froude's tactics in striving to hold Henry VIII. up as a model and to cast blame upon Pope, Church, people, wives and courtiers—on any one and every one, provided his idol, Bluff Harry, were exonerated. Prof. Smith's definition of the Pope's attitude and obligation, as well as the law of the Catholic Church on marriage, is strikingly exact. We will return to this at another time. Meanwhile we must congratulate Mr. Smith upon the exceptionally just manner in which he deals with this subject; even if his passion for tearing others to pieces were the cause of his criticism.

ONE DISCORDANT NOTE.

In all the universal chorus of sympathy that has swept around the British Empire, on the occasion of Canada's loss in the death of the illustrious Premier, whom all classes, creeds, races and parties mourn, it was reserved for a certain Mr. Lebeuf, of Montreal, to raise the solitary discordant note. Without wishing to judge of that gentleman's motives, we can only express our deep regret that any such untimely incident should have taken place as that which created so much noise on the occasion of the citizen's meeting last Friday. Narrow, indeed, must be the mind that that could torture the debt which Canada owes to Sir John's afflicted family into a petty political affair. Much as we lament the ungenerous incident, we can still feel consoled in the fact that this single exception proves the general rule. The filing of a saw, or the harsh and unmusical sound of a cow-bell, cannot affect the harmony that falls from the thousand chiming the British Empire all over.

While Sir John's remains were being transferred to the British man-of-war, on Saturday, the great bell of famed Westminster tolled during an hour. That funeral knell will be wafted over the Atlantic in the wake of the "Blenheim," and on reaching our shore will be caught up by and repeated from a thousand steeples. A giant of intellect has disappeared from the arena; while, certainly, the leader of one political

party, still his services were not confined to that section of the people, they took in all Canada, they embraced the whole Empire at large. The record is to be read in Washington; it is found in the annals of Parisian tribunals; the very white-crested breakers of the Behring's Sea proclaim his greatness, and there is not a fine or appreciative mind in the Dominion that does not harmonize with the spontaneous movement in favor of the afflicted family which he left as wards to the land he served.

It would be unfair, ungenerous and unjust to hold any party or any person (except its individual author) responsible for the miserable attempt made to introduce sentiments so foreign to such an occasion. None were higher or more sincere in their praise of the dead statesman than the very leaders of the political party which circumstances obliged him to combat. None can feel more the shock which this unpatriotic, un-Canadian act produced. It is, however, a mere pebble dropped in a mighty ocean of sorrow; it disturbs a little circle for a passing moment and then sinks into oblivion.

Thank God, the vast majority of our Canadian population can rise sublimely above all differences of a minor class, and in presence of a national calamity unite in sympathy, in generous impulse, in lofty appreciation of the good and the great. Were it otherwise little hope would remain for the future glory and

prosperity of our country. In the inverse ratio of the contracting of a few smaller minds is the general expansion and intellectual development of all true Canadians, irrespective of creed, race, or social and political difference. So may it continue.

PERSONAL.

In referring to the magnificent plans drawn by our popular and gifted fellow-citizen, Mr. W. E. Doran, for the renovation of St. Patrick's Church, we omitted to mention that Mr. Doran's is not a mere local fame, nor has his splendid work been confined to Montreal. He was the architect of the new and imposing temple known as St. Joseph's Church, in Ottawa. That model design will stand as a monument to his ability and talent as long as the Capital of our country exists. It is with pride we make special mention of this fact, for it is the work of an Irish Catholic and a citizen of Montreal.

In Rome a charitable institution, carried on by the Popes, giving hospitality and refuge to the Jews and unbelievers who are about to be received into the Church, has been seized and the property confiscated by the Italian Government, that is by Crispi. There is no pretense that it is State property.

The energetic Father Biaschelli, of Italy, chief of the missionaries of the Precious Blood, is organizing a league against bad newspapers.

THERE IS NO QUESTION ABOUT IT.

Whether the weather is wet or dry, no matter if the atmosphere be clear and cold, or mild and humid, such as we are experiencing now; be there sleighing or wheeling, take it any way it comes, dear to the British heart is

GRAND OLD CHRISTMAS DAY.

There is no holiday to the Briton in all the year like it, and for the best of all reasons, old and young, parent and child, all look forward with eagerness to the great Christian Anniversary.

We question very much if any trade contributes more or as much to the proper enjoyment of the day as ours. For months past we have been preparing for it, laying in stores for consumers until the very floors of our stores and cellars are fairly groaning beneath the weight of the accumulations, and

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