

Our Contributors.

A Man of Character.

BY REV. PROF. JORDAN, D.D.

For a few days before the end it was known that there could only be one termination to Sir Oliver's last illness; when a man has passed four score years he cannot, as a rule, contend long with pain and weakness. The people of this Province in the closing days of last week knew that they were watching by the death bed of one of their most faithful servants and the manifestation of interest and sympathy was deep and widespread. On the first day of the week about the time that many people were wending their way to their place of worship the news went forth that the end had come. Sir Oliver Mowat after a long and varied career had entered into rest.

Those who wish to read elaborate sketches of his career and appreciations of his character may find them elsewhere, but we feel that in our pages there should be, at least, a brief word of respectful recognition. It is always appropriate to express appreciation of the life of able, good men who have given their lives to the service of society. We may be reminded that in so far as they are successful, they all receive a certain amount of reward in the recognition of their services by the country, in the admiration of friends and respect of opponents. That is quite true, but we do well to remember, that in the case of the really great men, the reward is not the chief thing that stimulates and sustains them. Those who seek mainly the reward never reach the highest greatness and usefulness.

Sir Oliver Mowat was a scholarly able man, who guided the affairs of this Province during many years, his qualities and virtues were of the solid rather than of the showy kind. It is true that he had strong intellectual powers but he owed his success quite as much to his patient perseverance and honourable diligence. He was regarded as the embodiment of accuracy, carefulness and reliability. If he lacked the suavity, the cleverness, the plausible power of some public men, he made up for it, in the possession of those qualities that wear well and prove their usefulness by constant loyal service.

It is saying very much the same thing to declare that Sir Oliver Mowat's power was largely, the power of moral character. The use that was made of his name when he was retiring from active service, showed the common belief that character and the reputation that comes from it, is a great influence. We are glad to pay this tribute to the character of a man who had lived his life and rounded his career as a member of the Presbyterian Church. As a citizen, as a leader of men he was consistent and faithful. The best tribute we can pay to the memory of such men is to show that we are not attempting to live in any shallow way upon what they have done, but that we are loyal to the same principles and cultivate the same virtues of truth and honour.

Notes by Nemo.

December 21st 1838.—Of Rome itself, as a whole there are infinite things to be said, well worth saying; but I shall confine myself to two remarks; first, that while the Monuments and works of Art gain wondrousness and significance by familiarity with them, the actual life of Rome, the Papacy and its pride,

lose; and though one gets accustomed to Cardinals and Friars and Swiss Guards, and ragged beggars and the finery of London and Paris, all rolling on together, and sees how it is that they submit in a sort of spurious unity, one loses all tendency to idealise the Metropolis and System of Hierarchy into anything higher than a piece of showy stage declamation, at bottom, in our day, thoroughly prosaic. My other remark is, that Rome, seen from the tower of the Capitol, from the Pincian or the Janiculum, is at this day one of the most beautiful spectacles which eyes ever beheld. The company of great domes rising from a mass of large and solid buildings, with a few stone-piles and scattered edifices on the outskirts; the broken bare Campagna all round; the Alban Hills not far, and the purplange of Sabine Mountains in the distance with a cope of snow;—this seen in the clear air, and the whole spiritualised by endless recollections, and a sense of the grave and lofty reality of human existence which has had this place for a main theatre, fills at once the eyes and heart more forcibly, and to me delightfully, than I can find words to say.

"January 22nd, 1839.—The Modern Rome, Pope and all inclusive, are a shabby attempt at something adequate to fill the place of the old Commonwealth. It is easy enough to live among them, and there is much to amuse and even interest a spectator; but the native existence of the place is now thin and hollow, and there is a stamp of littleness and childish poverty of taste, upon all the great Christian buildings I have seen here,—not excepting St. Peter's; which is crammed with bits of colored marble and gilding, and Gog-and-Magog colossal statues of saints (looking prodigiously small), and mosaics from the worst pictures in Rome; and has altogether, with most imposing size and lavish splendor, a tang of Guildhall finery about it that contrasts oddly with the melancholy vastness and simplicity of the ancient Monuments, though these have not the Athenian elegance. I recur perpetually to the galleries of sculpture in the Vatican, and to the Frescoes of Raffael and Michael Angelo, in inexhaustible beauty and greatness, and to the general aspect of the city and the country round it, as the most impressive scene on earth, but the Modern City, with its churches, palaces, priests and beggars, is far from sublime."

"I have seen the Pope in all his pomp at St. Peter's; and he looked to me a mere lie in livery. The Romish Controversy is doubtless a much more difficult one than the managers of the Religious Tract Society fancy, because it is a theoretical dispute; and in dealing with nations and authorities, I quite understand how a mere student in a library, with no eye for facts, should take either one side or either. But how any man with clear head and honest heart, and capable of seeing realities, and distinguishing them from scenic falsehoods, should, after living in a Romanist country, and

especially at Rome, be inclined to side with Leo against Luther, I cannot understand."

Recently I was reading once more Carlyle's interesting biography of John Sterling, and the passages quoted above, dealing with life in Rome, seemed to me to be worth reproducing. They show how a man of pure life, high intelligence and keen perception looked upon the centre of Romanism seventy years ago. He was not bewildered by the glitter but saw that with all the external splendour, there was much spiritual poverty.

Preparing for the Golden Age.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON, MIMICO.

I presume it would generally be agreed that the world has just now reached a higher level of material prosperity than at any former period of its history. As to the moral level of the world to-day, I have no doubt there would be some difference of opinion; yet I believe the consensus of mature judgment would award the palm to the present age.

Are we, therefore, approaching that happy condition of society forecasted by Bellamy a few years ago? Bellamy had just two factors for the production of the golden age. The first was abounding material prosperity; the second was an equitable distribution of that prosperity. The first factor we certainly have now in a large enough degree to show a marked improvement in the condition of society—if Bellamy's estimate is right. How far are we in possession of Bellamy's second factor—the equitable distribution of wealth? I think it will hardly be questioned that there is a marked advance along this line as well. It will not do, however, to make any very sweeping claims here. They would be sadly discounted by the sharp antagonisms of man with man almost at every point. Especially in the relations of capital and labor it is too plain that we need almost a revolution yet. Witness two extreme conditions that are very pronounced at the present moment. Witness on the one hand the United States Steel Trust. By its own confession the profits of that trust for the past year amounted to \$140,000,000. Then witness on the other hand the thousands of coal miners on strike for a few cents more of wages, and the consequent semi-starvation of a multitude of innocent wives and children. No; we need not boast much yet of our approach to the golden age.

There is no doubt that Bellamy's two factors would right immense and innumerable wrongs. There are thousands of lives soured by discontent; there are thousands of homes kept on the scramble for a bare subsistence; and there are thousands of men and boys and girls launched on a course of crime—because of the unequal and unfair distribution of wealth. It is no wonder that Bellamy lays so much stress on the righting of this wrong.

But Bellamy's great mistake lies in not going deep enough. He makes no provision for a change of heart. Without this there can never be a thoroughly regenerated society. For everyone merely to have plenty will never heal the woes and sorrows of the world. We see too many instances, every day, of mere plenty only fostering discontent and crime.

At the same time, while we must recog-