

win the benediction of millions of sufferers, to be the saviour of innumerable lives and the benefactor of mankind.

THE FALL OF PARNELL.

One of the most encouraging signs of the times is the revulsion throughout English-speaking lands at the lapse from virtue of the trusted leader of the Irish Home Rule party. Thirty years ago even more pronounced lapses than that of Parnell scarce attracted attention. But so great has been the advance in public morality that he is hurled from his pedestal of power into deserved ignominy and contempt. The man who to-day will be a patriot and a hero must be a man who will command the moral respect of his fellow-men.

The erratic and ill-starred career of Mr. Parnell since his deposition seems to well illustrate the old saying, "Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat." The man seems, like a frenzied Malay, to be running "amuck" among his former friends and supporters. He has shown himself a thoroughly selfish, reckless egotist, ready rather to wreck and ruin his party than to sink into deserved obscurity to which his shameless libertinism should consign him. Seldom have the words of Wolsey to Cromwell been more strikingly fulfilled: "And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer; never to rise again."

STANLEY.

A considerable number of the people of Canada have had the opportunity of seeing the great African explorer, Stanley, and hearing from his own lips the thrilling account of rescue of Emin Pasha. One cannot withhold the need of praise for the pluck and courage and dauntless dar-

ing of the great explorer—probably the greatest explorer who ever lived. But one cannot help feeling that his last exploit was in many respects a failure. At the cost of hundreds of lives and ineffable suffering he rescued a man who did not want to be rescued, and was unworthy of rescue and who would not stay rescued. Stanley's greatest exploit, that for which he will live in history is his finding of Livingstone and his founding of the Free State of the Congo. It is questionable how far a great expedition, armed with repeating rifles, machine guns and the most deadly enginery of war has the right to plough a furrow of death through primitive tribes and bring to pass the dreadful tragedy but partially revealed to the world in the story of the "Rear-Column."

DR. JOHNSTON.

AN entirely different sort of hero is the tall, gaunt, homely, Scottish preacher who left Toronto a few days ago to lead a forlorn hope of eight coloured men into the heart of darkest Africa to preach the Gospel of peace and salvation. Without arms, without prestige, without royal patronage, they go forth not knowing whither they go, but trusting in the power of God to preserve and direct them and to bless their labours. However much we may hear about "the Gospel riding for'ad on a powder cart," we deem the nobler and more heroic method that of taking one's life in one's hand and going forth like the primitive apostles without sword or staff, scrip or purse. Such men as Moffatt, and Livingstone, and Johnston, are to our mind truer heroes than those who with carnal weapons seek to win their victories through the slaughter of their fellow-men.

I WATCH the old moon in its slow decline.

So pass, Old Year; beyond life's stormy sea!

Whate'er the waiting New Year bring to me

I know 'tis ordered by a Hand divine.

So, fearless, 'mid the wild bells mingled din,

I open the door and let the New Year in:

—Independent.