



June.						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30					

VOL. II.  
HOME JOURNAL PUBLISHING CO.,  
MANNING ARCADE, TORONTO.

TORONTO, JUNE, 1896.

No. 2.  
YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, \$1.00  
SINGLE COPIES, 10 CENTS.

Armenia.

**H**ow long, O ye halting lands! how long  
Shall the Ottoman Gorgon rage  
In fanatic hate that is only strong  
Till ye throw down the battle-gage?

Ye have prayers and pence, and pence and prayers  
For the wretches who on ye cry,  
But never a sword to smite the slayers  
Of those who for conscience die!

Nay, never a nation of all the earth,  
With its armed hosts, dare stir  
From its slothful sleep, or its dance of mirth,  
Towards Armenia's sepulchre.

O Britain! thy sons have for conscience died,  
Thy fleets are an ocean grove:  
Flash forth the lightnings thy steel walls hide.  
Till they fall like the bolts of Jove!

An avenging God, in His just design,  
Hath now in His dials up stored  
A wrath for those nations that rest supine  
Whilst His witnesses fall by the sword!

G. Duncan MacCall.

NOTES OF THE MONTH.

If brilliancy were the criterion of the importance of national events, then certainly the coronation of the Czar would stand first in the records borne by the past month.

The natural trend of the race is toward ceremonial pomp. Humanity, even in its highest development, is more or less impressed by richness and exclusiveness of ritual, while its effect upon the lower classes has been a matter of history.

That this characteristic may be of use in the government, as well as development, of national life at early stages, sacred history has shown, in the magnificence, awe and mystery with which the Temple services were enveloped. Yet happy is the nation who has passed the need of the outward signs, and learned obedience to the invisible.

It was a magnificent massing of ceremony and wealth that in its very form and glitter held a touch of the barbaric.

In nations wholly civilised, the impressiveness of mitre and cloth of gold has yielded, not entirely but largely, to the greater force of mental attainments and character.

The Head of All the Russias reigns over an empire that is yet semi-barbaric in development; and the august spectacle served duly its purpose of emphasising the sacred-

ness and majesty of absolute monarchy in the person of this slender young Czar.

There are none who envy him his position, despite the flash of crown jewels, the rising incense and homage

Yet greater than these might have been his on that august day—a gem lit with the tears of a thankful people, the incense and homage of grateful hearts,—had the Head of All the Russias come to the rescue of an outraged people, and commanded that Armenia be left inviolate and at peace.

CATASTROPHES involving great loss of life come, as do many other forms of disaster, in cycles or periods of swift recurrence.

Within a few closing days of May we have to record three on our own continent,—that in Buffalo, through the falling of a building; the greater one near Victoria, B.C., through the yielding of a bridge; and the greatest of all in the appalling effects of a cyclone.

The first two, humanly speaking, might have been prevented; the last must be looked upon as one of those fearful visitations which, by some immutable law, are permitted to do their deadly work.

The strength of the hills,—of the hidden forces of nature,—is an awful strength in its resistless might, its brutal disregard of all created life. It hurls the rocks, crushes the great trees, swells the vast rivers, and beats out the life-blood of animated things. How shall we who are so impotent stand against this blind fury of natural force?

There is only one hope,—one stronghold. "The strength of the hills is His also."

SINCE the above paragraphs were written,—before even the ink has dried,—comes the news of that fourth great calamity of the month, and the most appalling of all;—when, in full view of the participants in this barbaric splendour, occurred the maddest, saddest scene that the decade can show,—that of a half million mob of the starved Russian masses assembled for feasting, and presently fighting in wild death struggle, crushing the warm life each from each in their uncontrollable fear.

The pomp of wealth,—the passion of poverty; the flash of jewels,—the wild, fear-filled eyes; the crown of the sovereign,—the crucifix of the serf.

Shall mankind ever learn its lesson? And who is sufficient for these things?

The latest despatch from Cape Town regarding the possibility of a closer union between the Orange Free State and the Transvaal, recalls to the writer a recent conversation held with a resident burgher of the former, who was last month on a visit to Canada.

The gentleman in question is a Scotchman, a minister of the Presbyterian church, who has been six years in charge of a Church at Harrisburg, in the Orange Free State.

"A number of Englishmen have become burghers or citizens of the State," he said, "which is in alliance with the Transvaal. This alliance was made an issue at the last presidential election.

"In event of war with the British,—and, of course, our alliance would compel us to aid the Transvaal,—it would be brother against brother.

"For this reason many of the burghers of the Orange Free State are strongly opposed to the alliance. I hardly think it will endure beyond the next election. The trouble in Johannesburg has helped our citizens to see matters in a new light; and we object to being plunged into a war which is not ours."

THIS gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Porteous, speaks highly of the Boers, many of whom are members of his church. He asserts that, although conservative, they are yet progressive. The school system is national, and the English language is taught and spoken by the young people. The Boers are not only willing, but eager that their children should receive an English education. Presbyterianism is the State religion; the Reformed Dutch Church being similar in government.

Mr. Porteous sympathises largely with the Dutch in the recent Transvaal trouble.

President Krüger, he asserts, is an illiterate, although not unkindly man, and a skillful diplomatist, who has some fine men among his advisers. The general impression, he declares, is that a good understanding exists between the British Secretary of State and the President, and that all difficulties will be smoothed over.

As a non-prejudiced observer, and one whose position and residence in the Orange Free State gives him opportunity of dispassionate conclusion, the words of this gentleman are worthy of consideration.

MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S purpose in regard to South Africa is made very clear in his speech in the House of Commons early in May:

"The object of our policy in South Africa is to preserve our position as the paramount State; and, secondly, to engender union and concord between the two races there. The prosperity and happiness of South Africa are dependent upon the realisation of the same state of things we attained in Canada, where two races less closely allied than the English and the Dutch work, fight, and live side by side in perfect peace and good will."

The Colonial Secretary has evidently never been in Canada during an election campaign.

THE appointment of the Princess of Battenberg to the governorship of the Isle of Wight is possibly a nominal honour; yet, if