

Poplar Grove Church. The congregation was organized in 1843, and Dr. McGregor, then a young man, was their first pastor. Mr. Simpson is their second. It is not often in these days of change that two pastors complete fifty years. When the church was organized 18 were received by certificate, none of whom are living to-day. The membership is 300. The Sunday school has a membership of 400. The contributions last year nearly totalled \$4,000, which is larger than in the palmiest days of the congregation. The church organization is complete in every respect. Mr. Simpson was thankful for three things. The first was for health to carry on the work. During all that time he had not lost ten Sabbaths through illness. The second was for the assistance he had received. He had never been left without wise counsellors—a good Session is the very backbone of a Presbyterian Church. The officers of the Church have been faithful and hardworking. Out of the \$100,000 which had passed through their hands not one dollar has gone astray. The third was for the peace and harmony which has prevailed. During the past twenty-five years every Church in the city, both Protestant and Catholic, has changed its pastors, some of them a number of times.

The semi-annual meeting of the Owen Sound Presbyterian W.F.M.S. was held in Chatsworth on June 14th, at 2.30 p.m. There was a good attendance, several of the Auxiliaries being largely represented. The meeting was opened with devotional exercises, led by the President, Mrs. Somerville. A Bible reading was conducted by Mrs. Rodgers, on the subject of "Fellowship of the Lord Jesus," which was most interesting and profitable. Mrs. Somerville followed with a brief, earnest address, which was listened to with very close attention. After some consideration it was agreed, as so much valuable time was wasted at our annual meetings in the election of officers, to adopt the method followed in the Guelph Presbyterian Society, which was suggested by Mrs. McCrae, of Guelph, at last annual meeting. Mrs. McLennan then gave a most interesting address, pointing out that while our first duties are to our own homes, we should not let home work take up all our time and thought; that first at home, and then abroad, should be our motto; and that we should never allow ourselves to look upon our responsibilities as burdens, but rather as privileges to be highly prized. A solo, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel," was sung with fine effect by Mrs. Mitchell, of Halifax. Mrs. Waits then read a paper on "The duties of officers of Auxiliaries and Mission Bands," after which a few minutes were spent in conference on methods of conducting meetings of Auxiliaries and Mission Bands, in which Mrs. MacLennan, Miss Carr, Mrs. Gardner, and Mrs. Somerville took part. A collection amounting to nearly \$11 was taken up and a very pleasant and profitable meeting closed with singing "Let people praise the Lord." All delegates were most hospitably entertained by the ladies of the Chatsworth congregation. The tables were loaded with good things, which were much enjoyed by all.

The Ville Marie Convent, at Notre Dame de Grace, two miles north of Montreal, was destroyed by fire last Thursday. The loss, it is said, will exceed \$1,000,000.

Harriet Beecher Stowe is living her childhood over again, cutting out paper dolls, and singing the old-time songs and hymns and nursery ballads. Her health seems to grow better as her mind becomes more and more impaired.

Just as the tested and rugged virtue of the moral hero is worth more than the lovely, tender, untried innocence of the child, so is the massive strength of a soul that has conquered truth for itself worth more than the soft peach-bloom faith of a soul that takes truth on trust. —F. E. Abbot.

The real rulers of India, says Dr. Murdoch, are the women. The men have, it is true, tried to make women their slaves. University graduates will, at public meetings, talk of the reforms needed in India, but at home they are timid, crouching Hindus, submitting to every superstitious requirement of the women. As a native writer says: "In battles between wisdom and prejudice, between knowledge and ignorance, the Hindu grandmother often proves successful, and so tenacious is she that she can be conquered only by death."

### DIALECT LITERATURE.

Any lover of literature cannot help noticing that dialect writing is coming more into vogue than formerly. From India, in the east, where Kipling has been celebrating the praises of "Tommy Atkins," as the "hero of the barrack-room," in strains that go off with a rush and a crackle and a sparkle that fairly take one's breath away—to the free and almost boundless cattle-ranches of America, in the west, where the cow-boy also finds his poet, dialect literature has been making strong claims upon the attention of the reading public. It is evident, however, that the bulk of this literature is an imitation of dialect, rather than the genuine article itself.

A writer in a recent issue of The Week made some reference to dialect poetry, observing that it ought to be cultivated as worthy of a place in a nation's literature. His remark, though true with some qualification, can scarcely be regarded as very original, seeing that dialect poetry has held no mean place in our literature ever since the time (to go no further back) when Robbie Burns opened up the flood-gates of Scottish poetry and song.

It seems of more consequence to inquire on what grounds should dialect poetry, or dialect writing, be deemed worthy of a permanent place in any literature. For it is plain that, while there may be dialect poetry or dialect literature, worthy of the name, there is also such a thing as dialect rubbish.

Dialect forms of expression are such as prevail in outlying localities of any country among the uncultured and illiterate; or such as are used by certain classes, more or less circumscribed, at the very centres, it may be, of a nation's life and thought. There is perhaps no influence so democratic as that which goes to build up a nation's language. Pure English, as a spoken language, is just that which is in use by the great majority of the Anglo-Saxon race to-day. The usage of the educated middle classes has been the chief factor in the formation and preservation of it. Hence the speech of the English Cockney may vary as much from pure English and be as much a dialect as that of the native of the Orkney Islands. The same is true also of that of the English Yude, or Upper Ten-don, the "la-de-da" speech to which a recent correspondent of The Week, Mr. Hamilton, refers—so far, at least, as regards the peculiarities which it has taken on, such, e. g., as the broad, almost nasal (and therefore objectionable) sound given to the vowel "a" in many words, the effeminate, lisping pronunciation of the letter "s" and the ridiculous pronunciation, or rather non-pronunciation, of the letter "r," exemplified in making the word "morn" rhyme with "dawn." Although these peculiarities are sometimes observable even in the services of the Church, yet they are as much impurities in the "well of English undefiled" as the part, ridiculous and incomprehensible, which the letter "h" is made to play in the speech of many Englishmen.

By a dialect, however, is generally understood the rude, uncultured speech of the peasantry of a province or district. When deliberately employed in literature it is for the purpose of producing more graphic, realistic effects; for it is taken to be the natural expression of genuine, unsophisticated feeling. Dialect writing seems to bring the reader nearer to nature's heart; and therefore it may possess a charm of its own, and yield a pleasure akin to that which we derive from the artless prattling of a little child. The use of dialect is likely to attract attention and impart a quaint and piquant character to a composition. But for that very reason it is evident that it should not be often indulged in. Hence Tennyson, although a master of that style of writing, showed his good taste by only making use of it occasionally. No man of culture will make it the constant vehicle of his ideas.

Dialect poetry or prose—while it may possibly possess some extrinsic, illustrative value to the linguist, or some one else—can only win a permanent place in a nation's literature on the ground of intrinsic literary merit, just like any worthy composition in the pure and genuine lan-

guage of that nation. The mere employment of dialect forms cannot make up for the want of original ideas, clearness and vigour of thought, constructive skill, or any other good qualities that render any composition meritorious. Scott and Burns did much for the Scottish dialect; but it cannot be denied that a vast amount of rubbish has been written in imitation of them. In America the late James Russell Lowell made a hit with his Biglow Papers; but just as we sometimes see writers making use of slang (the vernacular of the street Arab) under the impression that it is humour, so many American writers, since Lowell's successful venture, have sought apparently to make dialect serve the purpose of original thought and genuine literary merit. The writer who has perhaps been led most astray in this respect is J. Whitcomb Riley, who has already dumped a good deal of dialect rubbish upon the outskirts—the vacant or empty lots, so to speak—of the literary world.

The taste for dialect writing is one that should be sparingly indulged in by a professional writer if he wants to leave behind him an enduring name. The reason is obvious. The purity of literature would be endangered, if we were to foster the growth of what is abnormal or merely an exerescence. Hence one does not like to see the youth of our land, who are daily in our schools supposed to be acquiring a knowledge of and a taste for genuine English literature, so liberally supplied outside of school with stories, etc., in dialect, in which words are misspelt and the language distorted almost out of recognition. There has been too much dialect trash appearing of late. Lovers of pure literature should join their voices to that of the "poet of the Sierras" in protesting against the influx of so much "cow-boy" or slang literature, which does not even need to be turned into good English to disclose its utter worthlessness. Why, for example, should a bar-room yarn, merely because rhyming syllables occur in it at regular intervals, be regarded as worthy of a place in the poets' corner of a respectable journal? A poem that is intelligible only to card-players or gamblers is not worthy of a place in literature.

### WOMEN IN JOURNALISM.

In its report of the recent meeting of the Editorial Association of America, in Chicago, the Record of that city says that the two papers of the day that surpassed all the others in point of literary quality, were those of Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, of London, Canada, and Miss Eva Brodlique, formerly a parliamentary correspondent at Ottawa, Canada, on the "Canadian Women in Art, Literature, and Journalism." Miss Wetherald's paper dealt with art and literature. She acknowledged that Canadian women had not done much for either, but the explanation made it clear, that the field of literature was not entirely neglected.

Miss Brodlique spoke about the Canadian women in journalism. She said in part: "The women of Canada have not been dawdlers. That they had not done more in journalism, has been from lack of opportunity, and not from lack of energy. One of the difficulties in their journalistic pathway has been the restricted scope of most of the Canadian papers. But the outlook holds much of encouragement. Even though literary journalism is in its infancy in Canada, there has been significant progress during the last decade. The largest Canadian dailies, have become more liberal, and following the American example have devoted a weekly supplement to literary articles, stories, and poems. This has been the women's opportunity. They have accepted the limitation for the sake of the training. Nowhere, perhaps so much as in Canadian newspaperdom has there been so great a need for the women's point of view on current questions and events, and the demand has been well met."

Whenever we do what we can, we can immediately do more.—Clarke.



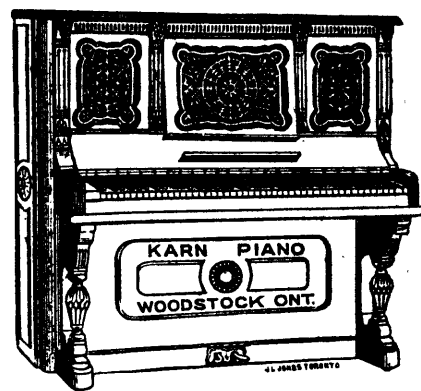
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Of the 8,000 foreigners residing in China, 1,000 are Americans and a little over 3,000 are British subjects; one half of these foreigners reside at Shanghai. The population of China, being based upon no recent census, is always a matter of dispute. The best authority on the subject, now places the population at 350,000,000. In the year 1889 the total value of the foreign trade of China was, in exports \$111,490,000, and in imports \$123,500,000; somewhat less than one-third of these imports was in opium it is estimated.