

began to reach our chief of police about Lily Vane, Mabel Santley and Ethel Dudley. Finally steps were taken to find out who was working a gold mine on the love-lorn celibates of the far west. Mr. Arnold was detected. In truth he hardly merits punishment, when the criminal idiocy of the victims is considered.

An Irish girl named Kate Cannon is the cause of another small sensation. Kate was employed as a domestic in the family of Mr. Friedman. She is reported as lithe and active, dark eyed and entrancing, in fact such another as Kate Kearney was said to be by the poets. Mrs. Friedman was a domineering mistress. She bullied Kate, but Kate remembered the play written by her countryman, Goldsmith, and "she stooped to conquer." She swallowed Mrs. Friedman's insults, but she captured Mr. Friedman's heart. So both eloped, taking with them \$25,000, and leaving Mrs. Friedman and five children to hold the fort alone. But the police are after Kate and her lover.

These Irish girls are troublesome. There were laws passed in Ireland at one time to prevent English colonists from marrying the Irish women. Cromwell sent 500 Irish women to the New England colonies, to be made wives of by Puritan bachelors. Richelieu Robinson says that is how the Yankees got their enterprise. Cromwell sent several instalments of Celtic beauty to the Virginia colonies, and that is how the Southern people get their spirit of chivalry and their love of dueling and faction fighting.

It was one of these irrepressible female Celts that caused the Robert Ray Hamilton exposure. Her name was Mary Donnelly. She proved a match for Mrs. Hamilton, and Mrs. Hamilton was a match for Old Nick. But then Mary Donnelly spoiled a fine picture of the future. She was the means of exposing that bogus Hamilton baby, which Mrs. H. procured from a Dutch midwife. If this baby had grown to womanhood, and was surrounded by all the glory, history and traditions of the Hamilton family, what a splendid alliance it would be for a British tory lord. What fine speeches could be made about the union of our cousins, and about America regenerating the decaying aristocracy of England! But that malaprop Bridget steps in and dispels the poetic dream. The tories might make this a strong argument against Home Rule for Ireland, and how Mr. Gladstone means to destroy "our grand old aristocracy."

Mr. Moody is still here, but he has his hands full. A regular Donnybrook racket is going on in his church. The pastor, Mr. Goss, has taken six months leave of absence, but it is well known that he has left for good. The congregation has split up into a kind of Cronin and anti-Cronin faction. This was one of the most flourishing churches in the whole country. Its Sunday school pupils were up into the thousands. It was undenominational, and it was a great work in a city of this kind where religious anarchy

prevails among the sects. The whole trouble was caused by a few kickers and grumblers who entertained personal grudges against the pastor and against Mr. Moody. It is saddening to think that a few persons who get up some hobbies can wreck a church organization consisting of thousands. But workers of evil are aided by the evil one, and they do not realize the extent of their destructive work until they find themselves enveloped in the ruins.

There is another of our eastern churches also in the middle of a glorious old Donnybrook, Kilkenny cat campaign. It was brought about very simply, much more simply than even treading on a coat tail. A lecturer came along. He took Job for his text. He departed slightly from the orthodox conception of Job. He contended that if Job were covered with boils as stated, he (Job) would have something else to think about rather than write literary essays. In fact this logical lecturer contended that it was physically impossible for a man in Job's condition to write at all.

Part of the congregation supported the lecturer, and part adhered to the old belief. A small minority believed that Job had the boils, and that he also wrote the book. But this minority held that it would be a hazardous experiment for the luckless individual who would happen to interrupt the afflicted sage while engaged in composition. And judging from the irascibility and pugnacity of modern writers who have no boils, I would not like the mission of presenting a laundry bill to old Father Job while writing. Carlisle kicked a Yankee autograph hunter out of doors for interrupting him, and Carlisle had no boils, though he had lots of bile. Dr. Johnson threw a plate of oatmeal mush at a fellow who interrupted him. The doctor though scrofulous had no boils. It is rather unfortunate that at this late day Job's boils should form a bone of contention in church circles. Dr. McCosh and the Presbyterians who are battling about pre-ordination ought to give blood enough to any number of religionists. Then there are Andover and Princeton annihilating themselves to save the heathen. And preachers blame John L. Sullivan for fighting straight from the shoulder, while they themselves knife each other in the dark.

Dr. Talmage, the Brooklyn pyrotechnic, is coming in for some hard knocks in Chicago at present. His appeal for funds to rebuild his church is received with derision. The appeal is looked upon as a piece of egotism characteristic of the man—equivalent to constituting himself a national necessity. It is said that the insurance and other funds in possession of the church are sufficient to rebuild it. Talmage is now charged with going about lecturing in aid of struggling churches. He did this in Chicago, but he was paid \$250 while the receipts netted \$100. He kept the money and left the church to struggle. He sells his sermons to the newspapers at three dollars a column, and gets

from \$100 to \$300 per lecture. He has a salary of \$12,000 a year and yet he wants more. A clerical correspondent writing to the *Herald* says of Talmage:

"The air is odorless with his unsavory doings. Last year the total membership of his church was 4,126, and it gave to the home mission \$151, and to foreign missions \$138, or three and a half cents per head to the former, and three cents each for the latter. Brother Talmage gets a salary of \$12,000 per annum, which he ekes out by 'assisting' distressed churches in the country."

The Chicago socialists are getting as demoralized as the religionists. There are now two factions in the American branch of the socialists. The anarchists are still pounding away, and hissing the American flag wherever they see it. Last Sunday the N. Y. Episcopal Convention got a scoring for not touching on social and economic questions. The convention confined itself to doctrinal matter, except that it denounced anarchy and socialism. The socialists say that if their principles are bad the churches must be blamed for it, because it is disgust of the churches that is driving the people out from them.

JUNIOR.

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CURRENT TOPICS IN EUROPE.

The three great names in the Russian literature of the present century are those of Tolstoy, Tourganieff and Dostoevsky. At one time the two latter names stood higher than that of Tolstoy, but his fame has at length outstripped them, even as the moon climbing the blue vault outsoars the mountain pines and even the clouds beyond them. Tolstoy is, without doubt, one of the greatest of living writers. Most of his works can be found in every city, town and village in Russia, though some of them have been obliged to seek a foreign land before they could be published. Strange it would seem that the Russian Government should thus treat one of Russia's noblest sons. Tolstoy possesses, in a remarkable degree, the genius that carries into the experience of mankind the kindness of heart of a little child. His individuality is as marked as that of Scott or Dickens, Irving or Hawthorne. He asks no one for help. The joy and the grief, the grandeur and the conflict of life are enough for him. It is as though a stranger came from another planet and looked freshly out upon this world with all its grandeur and its degradation, with all its glory and its shame, and then told us his experience. He does not go about begging or borrowing, here an idea, and there a figure of speech. He seems to stand like a wandering child, with a man's brain and a man's heart, in a world that is full of movement, and pathos, and passion; and he depicts it as he sees it, with a pencil dyed in the colors of a beautiful spring morning. He seems to be one of the founders of that school of authors who seek to represent life