

REV. JAMES ROY, M. A.

COMPLIMENTARY ADDRESS BY HIS CONGREGATION—THEY DECIDE TO ADHERE TO HIS FORTUNES AND SHARE HIS FATE—MR. ROY'S REPLY.

The unusually large attendance at the Wednesday evening preaching service in Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church, showed that something unusual was expected to happen. The services progressed as usual, however, until the concluding prayer, when Mr. Thomas Costen requested the audience to wait for a few moments on some very important business. A deputation consisting of the leading members of the church then proceeded to the vestry, whither Rev. Mr. Roy had retired, and informed him that his return to the lecture-room was desired, for the purpose of receiving an address from the members of his congregation. On his return, the following

ADDRESS WAS READ:

To Rev. James Roy, M. A.:

"The undersigned, office-bearers and members of the church and congregation worshipping in the Sherbrooke Street Methodist Church having heard that a charge has been laid against you of publishing heretical doctrines, desire to approach you with the assurance of our sympathy with you in the trials to which you are subjected, and to testify our very high esteem and regard for you as a true and faithful minister of our Lord Jesus Christ.

"Having that knowledge of your views of God and of His truth which has been acquired by our having for nearly two years listened from Sabbath to Sabbath to your most scholarly expositions of the Holy Scriptures, and yet plain, practical and loving enforcement of God's truth, we are not anxious about the estimate that may be formed of your doctrines and teaching by persons who have not enjoyed the opportunities which we have had of forming an opinion.

"We venture to hope that those whose province it may be to sit in judgment on your case will come to the conclusion, that, although you may differ from others in the phraseology you employ, and in the lines of thought you pursue in the study of God's Word, and the preaching of His truth, that the Methodist Church of Canada still retains enough of John Wesley's breadth of view and large Christian spirit, to admit of your continuing to exercise your office and ministry within its communion and under its direction. But if it should be otherwise determined, we desire to assure you that having that confidence in you which is begotten of our observation of your manly, upright character, of your godly life and conversation, of your humble Christian spirit, of the performance of your duties as preacher and pastor, of your zeal for God and fidelity to the religion of Our Lord Jesus Christ, we will still adhere to our fortunes and share your fate.

Thos Costen, Mrs T Costen, E W Costen, A G Costen, T W Costen, Jennie E Costen, Maria Suedden, Geo W Costen, Thos Costen, sr, T A Crane, Alice A Crane, Jas Popham, Emma Popham, H R Popham, Miss Popham, Miss Lizzie Popham, Miss Louisa Popham, P Hood, F J Hood, Sarah T Rorke, Jenny Rorke, F B Dakin, Mrs F B Dakin, W C Pridham, E Pridham, M Pridham, G Pridham, Chas H Pridham, Jas C Pridham, E J Pridham, G B Burland, Jeffrey Hale Burland, H R Burland, G N Burland, Mrs Burland, Clarissa J Burland, Mrs H Matthewson, G Matthewson, H M Matthewson, Wm S Gillelan, J T Gillelan, Nellie Rorke, Mary Wyard, Sadie C Wyard, Arthur E Palmer, Miss Ethel Linton Popham, Ann Palmer, Annie Palmer, Emily Palmer, Edith Palmer, Arthur Palmer, W Armstrong, Agnes Armstrong, Maggie Armstrong, Mary Johnston, Wm Goodbody, Miss Williamina Goodbody, Ellen V Goodbody, Sophia Goodbody, Wm McGowan, Annie McGowan, W R McGowan, Annie F McGowan, Jno H McGowan, Mary Morris, Lillie Morris, Amy Morris, A Gillelan, T J Gillelan, D T Gillelan, George James Bowles, J Bowles, H M Bowles, G Bowles, Edward Russell, M A Pickup, Catherine Pratt, J Henderson, E Patterson, C L Rorke, A E Kemp, T Wm Rodden, David Watson, Hannah Watson, W T Johnson, A E R Johnson, Ellen Johnston, Maria R Johnston, John A Watkins, C W Black, R Black, Jno Wilson, Kate Wilson, Annie Farquhar, H Morgan, Mrs H Morgan, Mary Clark, Ruth Morgan, H A Morgan, J Douglass, C G Douglass, Sam Matthewson, Mrs Sam Matthewson, Jane Wilson, Sarah Risebrough, Mrs Day, Mr Day, Thomas Day, Miss Day, Robert C Ayer, John Ballard, M A Ballard, Maria Ballard, Mary R Ballard, Mrs H Ransom, Henry Price, Mrs H Price, Mrs J Price, Mrs S Price, C A Wilson, H E Wilson, J Wilson, R Wilson, M Wilson, F N Wilson, A M Wilson, George Bridgman, M A Eastman, L A Bridgman, L E Russell, A E Kemp, Wm Rodden, Rachel Henderson, David Watson, Hannah Watson, C W Hilliard, John Sinclair, Mrs Sinclair, W Taylor, Jeanette Henderson, Thomas Davis, Alice Davis, Esau E Phillips, J F Raymore, Henry Raymore, John Cooper, Miss Cooper, J A Cooper, Charles Wesley Cooper, Wm Arthur Cooper, Charles Gyde, Crawford Johnson, Phillip J Elliott, Mrs P J Elliott, Norman McLeod, Frederick Baker, Mrs F Baker, James Burr, Ann Burr, James Barker, Brown, Abner Brown, George Yale, Maggie Walker, Mrs John Featherstone, Jos Percival, Jas Backer, Maria Phillips, Thomas Dumas, Janet Henderson, Thomas Davis, A Benfield, William J McMillan, Wm H Kerfut, M Kerfut,

Carolina Roberts, Lizzie Peyton, Lily Henderson, Jennie Peyton, Isabella Henderson, Mr Wyard, Esther Lindsay, John McMillan, Elizabeth McMillan, Mr J B Clearihue, Mr J B Clearihue, Mr George Brown, Mrs George Brown, Mrs S Brown, F E Brown, J C Brown, A Brown, George Rorke, Ebenezer Popham, Mrs E Popham, Maggie Price, Mr and Mrs Lamb, Miss Hill, W B Matthewson, M Matthewson, Miss M A Baker, S M Baker, Henry Yale, Murray Yale, A M Yale, D Yale, Z Yale, S J Yale, H Y Yale.

THE REPLY.

Rev. Mr. Roy replied as follows:—
Mr. Costen and dear Friends:

I wish I could fitly express my gratitude to you for this expression of your sympathy with me in a time of great trial. If any one had told me, less than two years ago, that in so short a time an attachment so strong as to produce this testimonial would have sprung up between us, I should not have believed him. It is known to some of you that for fourteen years I have been undergoing a kind of living crucifixion, not because of any immoral conduct on my part, but simply because I have persisted in interpreting the Bible according to my own judgment, and not in subjection to that of any other man. But this expression of your confidence repays me for anything I have suffered. From my earliest childhood, before anyone had ever said to me that I had a soul, it has been my ambition to be a true and faithful missionary of the Cross; and my desire has ever been to be a follower of Him who shrank not from death for us, I have had, and have no higher desire than to cry, at the end of life, "Behold, behold the Lamb!" Yet, while desiring this most earnestly, I have determined that I must do it in my own way, and not under bondage to the creeds of any man, even the best that ever lived. I am glad to know that you sympathize with my determination to maintain my Protestant right of liberty of thought and speech, even when you may not be able to coincide with every one of my views. I wish I could tell you how much I feel your kindness to me; but I cannot, and you must just believe me when my heart is full. I can only say, God bless you.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE GRAND DUKE NICHOLAS NICHOLAIEVITCH, Commander-in-Chief of the Russian Forces, is the younger brother of the Czar, and, until the recent mobilisation of the Russian army, commanded the troops in the military circle of St. Petersburg. Of his military talents very little is known out of Russia, as during the Crimean War he was scarcely twenty-four years of age, having been born in 1831, while since his appointment he has been lying between life and death with an attack of typhoid fever. He was married in 1854 to Alexandra, the daughter of Prince Peter of Oldenburg, and has two sons, the eldest of whom, Nicholas, aged twenty, is with him at Kischineff.

ABD-UL-KERIM PASHA, the Generalissimo of the Turkish army, has distinguished himself of late by his successful campaign against the Servians. It is somewhat doubtful, however, whether the credit of this should not go to the generals who served under him, as Abd-ul-Kerim achieved little himself in the field, but remained at headquarters at Nisch until a way had been opened for him to Djunis, and thence to Alexianatz. Abd-ul-Kerim, like many of the leading men amongst the Turks, received his education in Europe, having studied at Vienna under General Hausslab. In appearance he is somewhat corpulent and a trifle lame. He is said to have very pleasant manners, but to be extremely taciturn except when at table, to the pleasures of which it is reported he is somewhat addicted.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE.—Our information, as to the Professors of the Medical College at Kingston, was erroneous, in so far as the Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine is concerned. Dr. Yates, who has occupied that chair for 23 years, occupies it still. Dr. K. N. Fenwick has this year received the appointment to the chair of Medical Jurisprudence and Histology.

BURLESQUE.

MARK TWAIN'S LAST.—"The other day a delightfully pretty woman bowed and smiled in my direction in the cars. I didn't take any notice at first for I thought she meant some other fellow. But after a while I saw she meant me and I bowed back. Then she said: 'Why, Mr. Clemens, I'm so glad to see you again.' I said I was glad to see her again, though I didn't know if I'd really seen her before, whether it was in Egypt or England or the Sandwich Islands or San Francisco. We talked a while and she said: 'How is George?' I didn't know who George was, but I said that George was pretty well, and trusted to luck for the truth of it. She said she was real glad George was pretty well, and asked how Henry was getting along. It was hot work, but I risked it, and said Henry didn't get along so well lately as we had hoped he would. I didn't know who Henry was, but I was sorry I said what I did when she looked sad and said she was sorry he didn't get on. Then she said, 'Oh! Mr. Clemens, what did they name the baby?' and I didn't even know what kind of a baby it was. But I thought of a name that would do anyway and I said, 'Oh, the baby! Yes, they called

the baby Francis.' And she said it was a pretty name and I told her I thought so too. And after a while she said: 'It seems a long time since we were in Virginia City, doesn't it?' And I shouted: 'Why didn't you say Virginia City at first, and then I would have known who your George and your Henry and your baby were, and who you were.'"

THE TRAMP.—The tramp is a cross between a camel in endurance and a pair of seven-story stilts in getting over ground. His legs are his salvation and his feet the foundation of his fortune. His path through life is full of troubles and crosses. He despises monopolies and shovels up intense hatred upon the embankments of grasping, iron-souled railroads. Wash-women are classed by him among the monopolies and he endeavors to crush them by wearing his socks till the heels melt away into nothingness and the toes glide away into the emptiness of space. Red liquor is his stronghold. In it he sees and feels the full swell of ecstatic bliss and elegant enjoyment. In three fingers of rye there is a panacea for every ailment and a balm for every wound. The world may vibrate, shake and quiver in its convulsive death-throes, the millions of poor, unsaved souls may moan their anguish and cry out aloud for bread and salvation, but the tramp with his three fingers of red liquor looketh not at the raging storm nor lendeth an ear to the howling of the multitude. He sinketh himself into the utter depths of forgetfulness and the three red fingers tickleth his soul in dreamy ecstasy. The world is his home, the railroad track his place of business, and the next town his highest ambition. He starts on his journey without good byes and kisses, and receives no cordial welcome at the end. He has no friends, not even among his fellow tramps, because friends are too much trouble. He prefers to exult from town to town alone, unfettered and fancy free. Conversation detracts from the beauty of the surrounding scenery, besides two chews eat away a plug of tobacco sooner than one.

WHERE THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS AT FAULT.—"Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" He was not a very large spark, but he declared that his love for her could never be extinguished. More than once she had acknowledged to herself that he had quite fired her heart. Often when she thought of it her cheeks burned, and she felt that she was, indeed, his little flame.

They were sitting in her father's parlor, the other evening, on the South Side. As to that, however, it matters little which side they sat upon. Suffice it to say that they sat side by side. That is, he sighed to her while she sighed to him.

They sat upon a sofa.
"Sophia," said he, "I met Charlie Jones this afternoon, and he said that he had seen you weighed, and—"

Sophia started, not as if she were going somewhere, but as if she had been struck in the very smallest of the back with a base ball.

"Seen me wade?" exclaimed the little lady, while her eyes lit up like savage watch-fires.

"Yes," continued the lover, "and he says you weighed a great deal more than he supposed you would; but then Charlie don't know you as well as I do," and he winked and pinched her plump arm knowingly.

The little lady was dumfounded and confounded. She could not account for the scandalous story.

"What! I wade?" thought she. "Preposterous!"

It weighed heavily upon her.
She mused as one in a dream: "I have not been gathering shells; neither have I been with any fishing excursion; besides the water is not warm enough to wade," and she buried her face in her jewelled hands.

There were two faces at the funeral. The one that was buried, and another that sighs to be buried beside it.

"Well, dearest," said he, after a moment's reflection, "this troubles you, although I don't see why it should, and we'll say no more about it. Sing to me, pet."

It was her time to reflect for a moment; and she did—in a manner opposite; and then seated herself at the piano.

She could not wholly dismiss the subject from her mind, so she sang—

"Water the wild waves saying 'I'—"

She thought perhaps they were saying something about her, although she knew she had not been near them, and when Charlie Jones said he had been, he simply—and she could prove it.

She returned to the sofa.

He also moved nearer to Sophia.
"You know, darling," he said, hoping to divert her mind from the recent conversation; "you know in South Carolina Chamberlain has withdrawn in favor of Wade."

"There you go again!" exclaimed she, the watch-fires in her eyes flashing up as if a bucketful of benzine had been thrown upon them. "If you want to break off your engagement and go back to that flat-nosed Sue Mulligan, just say 'wade' to me again. When Charlie Jones, or any other Jones, says he has seen me wade, he tells me a lie as big as the State of Pennsylvania, and he knows it."

"Why, really, my little love?"

"Yes, I am becoming aware of our little love," snapped she; "and if it gets much smaller you won't be able to find it!"

"For the life of me," returned he, almost beside himself, and altogether beside her; "for

the life, I can't see what there is to be angry at. Charlie Jones merely said he had seen you weighed, and that you were a great deal stouter than he had sup'—"

"Seen me wade!" Stouter! Charley Jones!" gasped the little lady, snatching her skirts closer about her; "O, that I had the wings of a—O, O, that I had that hateful fellow by the hair of the head; I would make him sing for this! I would teach him what it is to wade! I would turn his hair gray in a holy second!"

As she uttered these words a ray of light broke in upon the fond lover like a burglar with a bull's-eye lantern.

The same ray made a raid upon the lady's intellect.

"I'm sold!" exclaimed she.

"And so am I sold," said the young man, grinning from ear to ear, as if he had intended the whole business as a stupendous joke.

Apologies and explanations were not called for, and the regular order of business was at once taken up. The first matter disposed of was "ten kisses short as one, and one as long as twenty." A recess of a second and a quarter, and then 320 kisses a trifle shorter than one, and one as long as any mortal could hold his breath and live. Adjourned at 1 a. m. to meet at the same place on the following evening.

A SERENADE.—C. Claude Culpepper came down from Dayton Wednesday evening with an intention. During the bright Lexington of youth he had met a Baymiller street belle who smote him heart and soul. Mr. Culpepper's intention in coming to Cincinnati was to serenade his love. So, gathering a quartet of his tuneful friends, he started Wednesday evening for the house of his heart's idol. It was twelve o'clock when the boys anchored under the window of what C. Claude believed was the sheltering fold of his dear laub. It wasn't however. He had made a mistake of one hundred in numbering the houses, and it was John Sanscript's humble abode that was about to be favored with the serenade. John, however, is one of those misanthropic men who never seem to recognise a favor when they meet one; and when he was awakened from his slumbers by "Don't you remember sweet Alice, Ben Bolt?" sung in one treble, one tenor, two basses and four keys, he was, to draw it mild, ruffled in his temper. Mrs. Sanscript heard the melody, too, and whispered:

"Them's serenaders."

"I'll serenade them," snarled John, getting up, opening the blinds slyly and looking down upon the choristers below.

"What in the name of the Numidian lions are you going to do, Sanscript?" asked Mrs. S. rather uneasily.

"Just wait and see," said he, gathering up an armful of boots and laying them down handy near the window.

Just then the boys turned up on

"Thou art so near and yet so far."

"Not so far as you imagine," growled Sanscript, as he dumped the coal from the scuttle conveniently by the window. Then he tugged the brimming slop-bucket across the room and added it to his armory just as the gay gamblers switched off into

"What has a poor girl

But her name to defend her!"

"She sometimes finds her father to do that pleasing duty," muttered the desperate man. The boys were singing a medley, and while Sanscript was gathering in the tongs and shovel they began to warble:

"My heart is broke, God knows it is!"

"And your heads will be in the same condition when I get through with you," panted the avenger. Then he added the family Bible and Webster's Unabridged Dictionary to the pile of missiles by the window at the very moment there floated up from below:

"I shall ne'r forget the day!"

"Nor will you ever forget the night when you came to serenade my house," smiled the old man, reaching for the coal oil can.

"Oh, my heart is gone."

sang the boys under the window.

"Yes, and if you saw me piling up these bricks from the fire-place you'd follow your heart mighty quick."

"Thou art sleeping, my love,

Thou art sleeping,"

chimed the quartet.

"I'll be hanged if I am," declared Sanscript, as he scooped up the hair-brushes and toilet set from the dressing-case. While he was totting the ottoman across the room the boys pitched into

"Don't forget your little darling."

"Oh, I'll not forget you, never fear, and you won't forget me either after I'm through with you."

"Open the window, my sweet one."

sang the choristers.

"Blast me if I don't," grinned Sanscript, as he added a painful of ashes to the pile of destruction by the window.

"Come, birdie, come—"

"I'm coming, you yelping hounds," yelled the old man, thrusting his head out of the window. It took him only ten seconds of standard time to pitch boots, shoes, coal, hair brushes, books, toilet-sets, ottoman, slops, ashes and all upon the heads of the horror-stricken serenaders below. Before the quartet realized the situation, the storm was over. They all survived, but were unmercifully demoralized. And when a voice came from above, articulating in the key of J the one word "git," they got.