

hall were many curious people anxious to catch a sight of "Chiniquy." At the sheriff's office when giving bail the hall was also crowded, and the door was constantly being opened to admit the head of a gazer, while now and then a bolder spirit would walk in on some presumably important business, vacantly stare at Mr. Chiniquy, and disappear as he came. Mr. Thibault offered to allow Mr. Chiniquy to dispense with the trouble of getting bondsmen by giving him, Mr. Thibault, \$100 as a guarantee that he would be present at the trial; but Mr. Chiniquy declined the kind offer, Messrs. W. Drysdale and W. Neil considering it unnecessary, and they became his bondsmen in the sum of \$100 each. He was arrested on a *capias* for \$50,000 the amount of the suit of damages taken by the Baron against him. The hearing was fixed for June 30th.—*Ex.*

EXTRACT FROM JOHN PLOUGHMAN'S SERMON ON RELIGIOUS GRUMBLERS.—Everybody thinks himself a judge of a sermon, but nine out of ten might as well pretend to weigh the moon. I believe that at bottom, most people think it an uncommonly easy thing to preach, and that they could do it amazingly well themselves. Every donkey thinks itself worthy to stand with the king's horses; every girl thinks she can keep house better than her mother: but thoughts are not facts, for the sprat thought itself a herring, but the fisherman knew better. I dare say those who can whistle fancy they can plough; but there is more than whistling in a good ploughman; and let me tell you there is more in preaching than taking a text and saying firstly, secondly and thirdly. I try my hand at preaching myself, and in my own poor way I find it no easy thing to give the folks something worth hearing; and if

the fine critics who reckon us up on their own thumbs, would but try their own hands at it; they might be a little more quiet. Dogs however always will bark, and what is worse, some of them will bite too; but let decent people do all they can, if not to muzzle them, yet to prevent their doing any great mischief. It is a dreadful thing to see a happy family of Christians broken up by talkative fault-finders, and all about nothing, or less than nothing. Small is the edge of the wedge, but when the devil handles the beetle, churches are soon split to pieces, and men wonder why. The fact is, the worst wheel of the cart creaks most, and one fool makes many, and thus many a congregation is set at ears with a good and faithful minister who would have been a lasting blessing to them, if they had not chased away their best friend. Those who are at the bottom of the mischief have generally no part or lot in the matter of true godliness, but like sparrows fight over corn which is not their own, and, like jackdaws, pull to pieces that which they never helped to put together. From mad dogs and grumbling professors may we all be delivered, and may we never take the complaint from either of them.

The English Presbyterian Church united with the United Presbyterian Church, in England at Liverpool, on the 14th June. It was resolved to establish a memorial thanksgiving fund.

CASH FOR RECORD.

Samuel Fraser, Bridgeville,	\$1.50
Neil McDonald, Lake Ainsley,	\$1.00
Daniel Graham, Halifax,	0.35
Alex. McDonald, Sunny Brae,	2.40

FOR F. MISSION.—George Holmes, Port Hastings, \$1.00.