

he preferred the opinion of Dr. Cook, as it contained all that, as a Church, they could say.

Mr. Richard Campbell referred to an overture from the Presbytery of Irvine, presented last year, against the test and corporation acts, which overture the Assembly declined to take up. Therefore he thought they would, with a very bad grace, express gratitude for a boon which they refused to lift their voice to attain. (Hear.)

Dr. Chalmers replied, if his motion were rejected, the effect of that discussion would be to lay an interdict on all future addresses to his Majesty on any subject whatever. They could never more address the throne on any conceivable topic that could occur within the circle of their contemplations.

The vote being loudly called for, a division took place, when the motion of Dr. Cook was carried, the numbers being for Dr. Cook's motion 124, for that of Dr. Chalmers 87—majority 47. Two members declined to vote.

The Assembly then adjourned.

IN SEASON AND OUT OF SEASON.

The following anecdote of Dr. Chalmers, will be read with interest.—It is related by an accomplished and pious lady, the wife of a clergyman of Peebles, near Edinburgh.—*New York Paper.*

Dr. Chalmers, on his return from London a few years ago, lodged in the house of a Nobleman, not far distant from Peebles. The doctor excels most men in conversation, as he does his associates in the pulpit. He was the life and soul of the discourse in the circle of friends at the Nobleman's fireside. The subject was pauperism—its causes and cure. Among the gentlemen present, there was a venerable old Highland Chieftain, who kept his eyes fastened on Dr. C. and listened with intense interest to his communications. The conversation was kept up to a late hour. When the company broke up, they were shown up stairs into their apartments.—There was a lobby of considerable length, and the doors of the bed chambers opened on the right and left; The apartment of Dr. C. was directly opposite to that of the old Chieftain, who had already retired with his attendant. As the doctor was undressing himself, he heard an alarming noise in the Chieftain's room, the noise was succeeded by a heavy groan! He hastened into the apartment, which was in a few minutes filled with the company, who all rushed in to the relief of the old man. It was a melancholy sight which met their eyes. The venerable white-headed Chief had fallen in the arms of his attendant. It was evidently an apoplexy. He breathed a few moments and expired. Dr. C. stood in silence, with both hands stretched out—and bending over the deceased. He was the picture of distress. He was the first to break silence. "Never in my life, (said he, with a tremulous voice) did I ever see—or, did I ever feel, before this moment, with an equal force, the meaning of that text 'Preach the Word: be instant in season, and out of season, reprove, rebuke, exhort, with long suffering and doctrine.' Had I but thought that my venerable friend was so near the brink of Eternity, I would not have dwelt on that subject which formed the topic of this evening's conversation. I would have addressed myself earnestly to him. I would have preached unto him and unto you, Christ Jesus and him Crucified. I would have urged him and you, with all the earnestness befitting the subject—to prepare for Eternity. You would have thought it—you would have pronounced it *out of season*. But ah! it would have been '*in season*'—both as it respected him, and as it respects you!"