

**INDUCTION OF THE REV. DR. CHARLES.**—On Thursday, the 29th ult. the Rev. Dr. Charles, late of Calcutta, was inducted into the parish of Kirkcowan, Presbytery of Wigton, the Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Glasserton, presiding on the occasion. He was introduced to his people on Sabbath last by the Rev. Dr. Muir of St. Stephen's, Edinburgh. Though the weather was unfavourable, the attendance of parishioners was large; and nothing could exceed the cordial welcome given to Dr Charles by all classes of his people, among whom he has the prospect of labouring with acceptance and great usefulness.

**DR. THOMSON OF COLDSTREAM.**—A preliminary meeting took place here on Tuesday evening, at which it was agreed to call a public meeting to consider the claims of Dr. Thomson on account of the great loss he has sustained by his efforts for the abolition of the Bible Monopoly in Scotland. Monday, the 25th, is the time fixed for the meeting; and we learn that Mr. Maitland M'Gill Crichton, with other gentlemen, will attend and take part in the proceedings. Mr. Andrew Warnock was appointed treasurer for Paisley and neighbourhood.

**WATER, A MIRACLE OF CREATION.**—Is there any one who can elevate his mind above that indolence of observation and dulness of feeling, which result from the daily impressions of familiar objects? There are such: for of them is he to whom Nature has granted the power of seeing her as she deserves to be seen, and of teaching others how she ought to be contemplated. It is the poet of Nature who should write the history of water. Familiar, even to neglect, this is a wonderful substance, and we forget to admire;—beautiful, and we do not note its beauty. Transparent and colourless, it is the emblem of purity: in its mobility, it is imbued with the spirit of life: a self-acting agent; a very well in the unceasing river, the dancing brook, the furious torrent, and the restless ocean; speaking with its own voice in the tinkling of the dropping cavern, the murmuring of the rill, the rush of the cascade, and the roar of the sea-wave; and even in the placid lake throwing its own spirit of vitality over the immovable objects around. And, if its motion is the life of the landscape, it is, at rest, the point of contrast and repose for the turbulent multiplicity of the surrounding objects: a tempering shadow in reflecting the bright picture, and, as the mirror of the sky, a light amid darkness; while it is the colour to enhance what it contrasts, whether in its splendour or its shade.

Its singular oppositions of character are not less striking. Yielding to every impulse, unresisting, even to light, it becomes the irresistible force, before which the ocean promontory crumbles to dust, and the rocky mountain is levelled with the plain below;—a mechanical power, whose energy is without bounds. Of an apparently absolute neutrality, without taste, without smell, a powerless nothingness, that deceptive innocence is the solvent of everything, reducing the thousand solids of the earth to its own form. Again, existing at one instant, in the next it is gone, as if it were annihilated: to him who knows not its nature, it has ceased to be. It is a lake, and in a short time it is nothing; again it is that lake, and it is a solid rock. It is rock crystal at one instant, and in the next it is invisible; while the agent of its invisibility transports it beyond the earth: that rock is air! Thus sailing the heavens, it descends again unchanged, again to renew the same ceaseless round: forever roaming between the earth and the vacant regions of space; wandering about the earth below in the performance of its endless duties, and, though appearing at rest, resting nowhere. This and more is water: powerful in its weakness, and powerful in its strength; an union of feebleness and force, of incessant activity and apparent tranquillity, of nullity and ubiquity, of insignificance and power, a miracle of creation!—*M' Culloch.*

## POETRY.

## THE THREE CHILDREN.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old,  
With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould,  
They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears—  
That my child is wise and grave of heart beyond his childish years.  
I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair,  
And yet his chiefest comeliness is his grave and serious air.  
I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me,  
And loveth yet his mother more, with grateful fervency;  
But that which others most admire, is the thought that fills his mind,  
The food for grave inquiring speech he every where doth find.  
Strange questions he doth ask me, when we together walk;  
He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk.  
Nor cares he much for childish sports—dotes not on bat and ball,  
But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all.  
His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplexed,  
With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.  
He kneels at his dear mother's knee—she teacheth him to pray.  
And strange, and sweet, and solemn, are the words which he will say;  
Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me,  
A holier and a wiser man I trust that he will be;  
And, while I look into his eyes, and stroke his youthful brow,  
I dare not think what I should feel were I to lose him now!

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three;  
I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be—  
How silver sweet those tones of his, when he prattles on my knee.  
I do not think his bright blue eye is, like his brother's, keen,  
Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his has ever been;  
But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling.  
And his every look's a gleam of light, with depths of love revealing.  
When he walks with me, the country folks, who pass us on the street,  
Will shout for joy, and bless my boy—he looks so mild and sweet;  
A playfellow he is to all, and yet, with cheerful tone,  
Will sing his little song of love when left to sport alone.  
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home, the earth—  
To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth.  
Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove  
As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love;  
And, if beside his grave the tears our aching hearts must dim,  
God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him!

I have a son, a third sweet son—his age I cannot tell,  
For they reckon not by years or months where he has gone to dwell,

To us for fourteen anxious months his infant smiles were given,  
And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven.  
I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now,  
Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow.  
The thoughts that fill his guiltless soul, the bliss that he doth feel,  
Are numbered with the secret things that God will not reveal;  
But I know—for God hath told me this—that he is now at rest,  
Where other blessed infants be, on his Saviour's loving breast,  
Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease;  
Their lot may here be grief and pain, but his is certain peace;  
It may be that the Tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,  
But, if our poor faith fail not, he will be curs for ever.  
When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be,  
When we muse on that world's blessedness, and this world's misery,  
When we groan beneath this load of sin and feel this grief and pain,  
Oh! we'd rather lose the other two than have him here again.

We invite attention to the proceedings of the Lay Associations of Montreal and Halifax, which will be found in this number. For the account of the latter we are indebted to the *Halifax Guardian*, a contemporary which, we trust, meets with the success in the Sister Colony it deserves, as an able and faithful defender of the Kirk of Scotland. The kindred Association at Halifax appears to be animated by a warm and Christian spirit, and the efforts of so zealous and united a body of laymen must be a great source of encouragement to those who minister to them in spiritual things, and will, we hope, be productive of much good.

We regret that we are unable to furnish new subscribers with copies of the January number. We had thrown off a large number of extra copies of that number in anticipation of an increase to our list of subscribers, but the supply has been completely exhausted. Should any of the parties, who kindly act as agents for the *Presbyterian*, have any extra copies of the January number, it would be obliging if they would address them either to our publishers here, or to Messrs. A. H. Armour & Co., Toronto, as we have several applications for sets, commencing with that month, which we are unable to complete, though we can furnish complete sets for this year, with the exception of the number for January.

Communications intended for publication in the *Presbyterian* should be sent in by the 20th of the month.

## NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

N. S. Darlington. We think the publication alluded to is suspended, but will endeavour to ascertain.