

—The McAll Missions in Paris, France, numbering some 23, are doing a noble work.—13,000,000 pages of Christian literature have been scattered through Turkey during the past year—The London Missionary Society, in 1799, sent out 4 missionaries to the "Dark Continent." There are now in all 33 distinct missionary agencies at work in Africa, having 730 ordained missionaries, 73,000 native communicants, and 250,000 under instruction.—The missions in the Islands are in a flourishing condition, and great progress has been made.—At the close of this report communications were read from Drs. Carrol and Hall, consenting to lecture in aid of the Society. Dr. Carrol will lecture on the 10th of February, and Dr. Hall on the 1st of March. The gentlemen who have consented to lecture, in addition to the above-named, are Prof. Campbell, Revs G. H. Wells, and James S. Black, thus making a course of five lectures. After devotional exercises the meeting adjourned.

The Modesty of Merit.

THE Montreal PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE JOURNAL suggests that some of the Colleges with a superabundant stock of D.D.'s should attach those mysterious symbols to the name of Mr. *Grip*. The reverend Raven appreciates and esteems this compliment, but begs in all humility to decline. Life is real and earnest, and Mr. *Grip* hasn't time to think of these empty embellishments, which are only calculated to please theological children. Besides, he can beg a few big letters when he cares to have them.—*Grip*, 8th January.

Honour from Abroad.

THE Oriental Atheneum of Paris, presided over by Abbé de Meissas, D.D., Honourary Canon, Almoner of the Brothers of St. Jean de Dieu, and by General Baron Boissonet, and counting in its ranks all the Orientalists of France, has, we are pleased to hear, elected the Rev Principal Macvicar to their membership, an honour altogether unsought and unexpected on his part, and which is therefore so much the more welcome. We heartily congratulate the Principal of the Presbyterian College upon this flattering recognition of his attainments and labours.—*Montreal Herald*, February 7th.

THE public debate of the Philosophical and Literary Society will take place on Friday evening, February 18th, at 8 o'clock. We predict a crowded hall.

"Address to Time."

Standing, standing, ever standing,
Like a great and peaceful sea,
With its surface decked with flowers,
And its shores with fairy bowers,
Thou, in childhood, seem'd to me.

Ebbing, ebbing, ever ebbing,
Gently from the fairy shore;
Leaving me to dream with pleasure
Of the mines of hidden treasure,
Which thou hast for me in store.

Swelling, swelling, ever swelling,
From the ripple to the wave;
With here and there a broken flower.
Riven by the surge's power,
Sinking to a mystic grave.

Rolling, rolling, ever rolling,
Clouds begin to mar the scene,
And the distant shores are nearing,
Hidden shoals are now appearing,
Rend'ring danger more extreme.

Onward, onward, ever onward,
Who, or what, can stay thy flight?
Who can heal this heart forsaken,
For the joy which thou hast taken,
Turning sunshine into night?

Surging, surging, ever surging,
Wrecks are scatter'd far and wide;
And I see the sailors clinging,
Waiting for the life-boat bringing
Safety from the foaming tide.

Sweeping, sweeping, ever sweeping,
To that once far-distant shore;
Lo! the banks are swiftly nearing,
Hark! I hear the ransomed cheering,
Time,—O Time,—thou art no more.

An Explanation.

WE purposed adorning the pages of this number with a description of the David Morrice Halls, illustrated with wood cuts. These were to have been in our hands several weeks ago, but are not ready yet. We now go to press a week beyond our day of publication, apologizing to our readers for the needless delay, and fully convinced that architects are not *always* infallible. We hope Mr. Browne will have finished his work in time for our next issue.