

ble to circulate gratuitously several numbers of our paper among Presbyterians who would not otherwise receive any information regarding our Church. We commend this example to our friends, and would strongly recommend them to do likewise.

An old familiar landmark has disappeared. A beacon lit up seventeen years ago, which has shone with increasing brightness ever since, has suddenly *gone out*, and the watchman who has during that long period faithfully trimmed the fire has abandoned his post, ill-requited we fear for his disinterested efforts in behalf of his Church.

With no ordinary regret, says the *Scotsman*, do we transmit to our readers the intelligence that McPhail's Edinburgh Journal is no more, and that its late publisher seeks to hide his grief and forget his disappointment "in some distant land."

This periodical announces this month its own approaching demise, after an existence of 17 years, during which it has often put forth much clever writing, and done good service to

the cause to which it chiefly devoted itself—the vindication and advocacy of the Church of Scotland. In a paper entitled "Our Farewell," the publisher relates the history of his magazine—its establishment in consequence of the generally hostile attitude of the press towards the Church after the Disruption, the distinguished contributors it drew towards it, the many opponents it has survived, and the many battles it has fought. "We know well" he continues, "that we did this at the cost of worldly wealth and quiet; that the position we occupied as a publisher during the long controversial warfare reacted injuriously upon our general business, and cost us many private friends, and consumed hours that might have been otherwise agreeably devoted to useful purposes. Enough of this cost in suffering is known to those who have watched the struggle, but we have at least the consciousness of feeling that unselfishly we have laboured in the common cause of religion, and not for worldly profit or the clamours of popularity, for we never received any pecuniary assistance from the Church in any shape or form." Mr. McPhail also announces that he is about to "depart for a foreign and distant land, with little of sunshine on our individual pathway across the ocean." We understand that a committee has been formed with the view of raising, chiefly among the friends of the Established Church, some substantial acknowledgment of Mr. McPhail's services.

Literary Notices.

GOD'S GLORY IN THE HEAVENS: By William LEITCH, D.D., Principal and Primarius Professor of Theology, University of Queen's College. Dawson Brothers, Gt. St. James St., Montreal.

The work before us, several chapters of which have already been published in "Good Words," is one of considerable interest. It treats chiefly of the higher questions of astronomy, and gives the reader a full idea of how these questions are discussed by the foremost thinkers of the day. Nor is its learned writer merely a retailer of other men's ideas; he thinks for himself, and maintains and illustrates his opinions with considerable ability. He also writes in a very transparent style—his thoughts shining through it as pebbles through a running brook:—while entering keenly into the poetry of his sublime subject, he at once enlists the enthusiasm of the reader on its behalf. These are the qualities in a writer which can render science popular; and though some may be apt to suppose that Principal Leitch is superficial, because he makes everything so plain and simple, this is far from being the case. Many of his chap-

ters, both in the arrangement and the matter, must have cost him much patient labour and thought. The following description of a total eclipse of the sun will illustrate the elevated style he can command, when his subject calls for it, and shows as well the peculiar mental phenomena which such a rarely witnessed event calls forth:—

"It is however, when men are massed together that the finest opportunity is afforded for watching the effect of an eclipse. Such an opportunity was enjoyed by the French astronomers, when observing the total eclipse of 1842 at Perpignan. The observers were stationed on the ramparts with their instruments; the soldiers were drawn up on a square on one hand, and, on the other, the inhabitants were grouped on the glacis, so that the station commanded the full view of twenty thousand up-turned faces. The astronomers did not fail to watch the phases of feeling in the crowd, as well as those of the eclipse. The moment the people, with smoked glasses to their eyes, marked the first indentation on the sun's disc, they raised a deafening shout of applause, much in the way in which they would salute a military hero, or a popular actor. The moon gradually crept over the sun, and, for a considerable time, there was nothing observable but the ordinary loquacity of a French crowd. As the eclipse drew towards totality, the murmur of twenty