

At a very early hour we are in the saddle and away on our journey, travelling through a broken country about due north, and passing Shiloh (to the right), where the tabernacle first stood, and where were enacted some tragic scenes in the history of Israel. We met a strong party of Arabs, who without doubt were hanging on the road for mischief. They were on a halt by the wayside when we came in sight of them. They exchanged no salutation, contrary to the usage of the country, but eyed our party with scowling faces, counting apparently our men and the number of our weapons, which, fortunately, were considerable. We rode quietly past, and as Bunyan would express it, "*saw them no more again*," for which we were not in the least sorry. We are now rounding the base of Gerizzim, nearing Jacob's well, and Joseph's tomb, and Sychar, places of deep interest, a description of which we must reserve till another time.

NEW BOOKS.

ON SELF-CULTURE—*intellectual, physical and moral,—a Paide Mecum for young men and students.* BY JOHN STUART BLACKIE, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas. 1874.

Professor Blackie is well known all over the world; in Greece, where he goes about talking Greek, as well as in the Highlands of Scotland, where he goes about talking Gaelic. He is an eccentric man of genius, who in his day by tongue and pen has uttered many wise sayings, and not a few sayings very foolish. Among the students he is a great favorite, running with the fastest on holidays, laughing with the loudest, and on some privileged days (last day of session for instance) full of uproarious fun. But that is only the surface of the man. Underneath all this there is solid sense and sound piety, as any one can see who reads this little book, with its glittering style, its keen-sighted, subtle thinking, its manly, stalwart theology, and safe counsel to young men and students. In these days of loose theology and low piety, it is refreshing to get from the pen of one of the foremost literary men of our day, and one of the most accomplished classical scholars, a book like this.

We open the book at random and find this, where he is advising young men against the company of those who would

lead them into "haunts of dissipation and debauchery:"

"There can be no toleration for vice. We may, yea, we ought to weep for the sinner, but we must not sport with the sin. Remember in this regard what happened to Robert Burns. He knew very well how to preach, but his practice was a most miserable performance, reminding us at every step of the terrible sarcastic sentence of Pliny, '*There is nothing more proud or more paltry than MAN.*'"

And here in another place, where speaking of the "Life of God in the soul of man" and showing the necessity of certain seasons for religious retirement, he defends what some have called the *better observance of the Sabbath by the Scotch.*"

"The eternal whirl and fiddle of life so characteristic of our gay Celtic neighbors across the channel is apt to beget an excitability and frivolity in the conduct of even the most serious affairs, which is incompatible with true moral greatness. If we Scotch impart somewhat of an awful character to our piety by not singing on Sunday, the French certainly would march much more steadily and more creditably on the second day of the week if they cultivated a more sober tone on the first."