BLUE AND WHITE.

"Of all the colors, sweet sir, what may your favorite be?"
And he laid I had burst back to life locked up, and made answer to me:
"Two colors I choose—blue and white." Then up from my throat did there spread
Yes, to my very temples, a dye of the happy red;
For a maiden's face will flush at the lightest thing overmore;
And blue was the ribbon that bound my hair, and white was the gown that I wore.

"May I tell you all, lady sweet?" "Ay, sir, an' if please you so."
All alone with each other we sat in the firelight's glow:
He, the lad whom our men had found nigh dead close by,
And the maiden but him could never have mans him more gently than I.

"Sister—nay, pardon my freedom—but O, you have been so good,
I will could wish that I owed you the duty of brotherhood;
Crowns your sweet favors with this, the greatest of all, I pray
As tender to her I love, as you have been tender to me."

Then over every sense there swept down a terrible dim
Dusk of oblivion, as there I sat, and listened to him.
Silence a moment, and then by the helping of God His grace,
I answered: "Yes, brother, I will," with a very smile on my face."

"Now, God bless you, sister. Listen. A year ago She gave herself to me forever and ever, and we,
Over yon mountain ever, in the time of the falling of dew,
I gemmed her little white hand with a circlet of sapphire blue.

"She, my own lady, taketh ever the most delight in the calm virginal colors—the delicate blue and white;
And, while my mine eyes were soothed with a sense of loveliness repose
When I saw you this evening wear the hues that my darling chose."

Oh! but the bonnie blue ribbon pressed on my head as I rose;
Oh! but my heart beat wild beneath its virginal white;
Oh! but the hours were long as I knelt in the dark alone,
Musing, my Father, teach me to say but, Thy will be done."

—*Every Saturday.*

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

"Jesus of Nazareth; his life and teachings. Founded on the four gospels, and illustrated by reference to the manners, customs, religious beliefs and political institutions of his times." By Lyman Abbott. With engravings by Doré, DeLaroche, Fenn and others. Harper & Brothers, publishers; for sale by Turner, Brothers & Co.

Mr. Abbott, after much study and balancing of authorities, has written out a Life of Jesus which proposes to give familiarity to the details of a career which has so swayed the destiny of the world. In one of Rome's obscure eastern dependencies transpired the existence which has shaped the civilization of the West, and to which the throned governments of our time, under the general name of Christendom, all trace their prestige. The historian to whom we look for the precious facts of that career were provincial in the utmost degree, and while their narratives breathe all the charm of provincial candor and immaturity, they take for granted the reader's knowledge of the customs and small politics of the petty Tetrarchs in whose dominions the time the Christian religion has shifted its seat from place to place, and has infused itself into societies stamped with all the energetic traits of the Northern or Canadian spirit. The Four Evangels or Stories are therefore filled with allusions supposed to be obvious, and obvious indeed to the modern reader, but obscure to the fair-skinned European. Hence the fantastic conceptions which the middle ages, working in the dark, superimposed upon these historic allusions. Not all things are born of the Apostle James, a superb monarch of Peter, &c. The Testament narratives, in fact, became dim, and subject to the distortions of the dark, in ratio as Christianity moved away from its local ground; and the proportions of the entire picture which they compose, together with the images of its characters, have got to be all wrong in the minds of whole populations of honest and devout Christians. If the conception of Jerusalem life, for instance, in the mind of Rubens or Knapp's most enthusiastic disciple, could somehow be made visible or tangible, and then the conception of an oriental scholar, we should find about as much difference as between the Behemoth of the old missals and the photographs of the hippopotamus of the Zoological Gardens. Yet the image in the mind of the scholar would be much more like that intended to be conveyed by Luke. Therefore, the efforts to popularize the Bible narrative—to set before the reader such an idea of its era similar to the idea existing in the mind of the Evangelist and taken for granted by him—are, if conducted reverentially and cautiously, of value to the cause of Christianity. Pious and simple minds may be shocked when confronted with images so different from their preconceptions. But, nevertheless, the image buried by the Evangelist and excavated by the student is the true one.

Mr. Abbott has, on the whole, done his task carefully and well. He intercedes between the congregation and the scholar more genuine than Renan, and yet takes advantage from that horror of scholarship so deeply planted in the congregational mind.

Readers will comprehend the author's plain and honest ground, that, believing the Bible inspired, he assumes as sufficiently certain the authenticity of the Gospels. The work contains no discussion concerning the authority of the Scriptures or the legitimacy of particular passages. This, says Mr. Abbott, belongs to the critic, not to the historian. By thus separating himself from the critical questions of criticism, he endeares himself to his Christian reader, while infinitely mitigating the perils of his task. The plan of his work, thus simplified, is natural and plain. It is a candid synthesis of profane and sacred history. Beginning with a little study of physical geography, the reader traces before our eyes a panorama of the Holy Land, as divided into the Jordan Valley, the Hill Country, and the Plains. Then comes the whole history of the Jewish commonwealth, reduced to the shortest statement, down to its decay and its division, upon Herod's death in the infancy of Jesus, into petty provinces from which even the spacer of Jewish royalty was obliterated. Upon the background thus prepared he places the radiant figure of the Nazarene, tracing his life from point to point of the Syrian landscape, and from epoch to epoch of that progressive existence, so hard to arrange correctly from the unsisted Bible. At the last, after a picture of the closing scenes, in which archæology is reverentially subdued to the sentiment and lesson of the theme, the narrative concludes with two vitally-important chapters, "Whose Son is He," and "The Resurrection."

Mr. Abbott's style is familiar to the verge of inelegance, and sometimes clears the verge. His faulty taste once or twice slips with him into the pictorial style adopted by the author of "The Prince of the House of David." But these occasional blemishes cannot dim a certain manlike fairness, an air of teachableness, an evident desire to detect the truth, which will be certain to find their reward in the popular confidence.

Messrs. Harper have come up generously with their assistance, and made this volume one of the handsomest of its kind. The prints are borrowed from Doré, Richter, Pickersgill (wrongly credited to Tennie) Ary Sheffer, and other favorites. There are three maps. The cover has a kind of rich simplicity. The book means a thickish 500 page octavo.—Sold by Turner, Brothers & Co.

The *Nation*, speaking of Miss Martineau's Reminiscences, says in reference to her treatment of Lord and Lady Byron that "she is so decided an admirer of the latter, that his lordship, wherever he is, may rest assured that he is better off than he would be with Miss Martineau."

We now taken pleasure in noticing and commending the successive issues of *Hearth and Home*, the excellent family paper edited by Donald G. Mitchell and Harriet Beecher Stowe. No. 8, now ready and for sale by the newsboys, is an extra number. Every person buying a copy of this number will receive with it a copy of a fine engraving from the recent German picture entitled "The Pet of the Village." It is printed on a separate sheet of thick, tinted paper, and is a "Valentine" from the publishers to the readers of *Hearth and Home*. No. 8 also contains a first page Valentine picture by Nast, a "*jonx*" Valentine, by Hockstein; and the usual variety and excellence in all departments. Price 10 cents.

[For the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

MY VELOCIPEDE EXPERIENCE.

BY PAUL PARALLEL.

King Solomon was strictly correct when he said "There *is* nothing new under the sun." He spoke in the present tense, and, being a wise man and understanding, meant, he knew what he said. But if he had made the egregious mistake of saying that there *never would be* anything new under the solar boundary—in that case there would be good ground for discarding him as stand and authority in matters of wisdom. But with all his smartness, I don't believe His Majesty ever had the remotest idea that there would ever be such a thing as a *velocipede*, a contrivance by which not only is space annihilated, but the laws of gravitation are set at defiance. Sol. may have had visions in his dreams, perhaps, of the wheelbarrow, or the palanquin, or the hansom-cab—but you will bet that the velocipede is a vehicle which his prescience could not touch. And yet it is no reflection on the ancient Brahman that he did not know that he did not. Why should he? Why should he? Why should he?