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That God in all things may be glorified through Jesus Christ—Peter.

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Religious.

PONTIUS PILATE IN VIENNA.

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Vienna, in Dauphiny, a province of France, the ancient capital of transalpine Gaul under the Romans is situated on the river Rhone. There, on the left bank of that beautiful stream, is seen a tomb of an ancient architecture, which, according to tradition, is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. It was in Vienna also that the wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, the spot that contained the ashes of the Judge of the Righteous was trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

The following chronicle was extracted from an old Latin manuscript found in a monastery near Vienna.

It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcellus was prefect at Vienna, that an old man bent with age, yet tall in stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of humble appearance, near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written in red letters, the name of F. Albinius. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate's. After mutual salutations, Albinius observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of misfortune and affliction. Accused by the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judaea! My name is ominous; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprinted an indelible mark of infamy on the fair front of imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the *Centurie Furens* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Artabanus. And I—miserable me!"

"You miserable!" cried Albinius; "what have you done to entail misery on you? True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Vienna, but for what crime? I have examined your affair at the *Tabularium*. You are denounced by Vindex, prefect of Syria, your enemy, for having chastised the rebellious Hebrews, who had slain the most noble of the Samaritans, and who afterwards withdrew themselves on Mount Gerizim. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred against the Jews."

"No!" replied Pilate. "No! by all the gods, Albinius, it is not the injustice of Caesar that afflicts me."

"What then is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinius. "Long have I known you—sensible, just, humane. I see it—you are the victim of Vindex."

"Say not so, Albinius—say not that I am the victim of Vindex—no: I am the victim of a higher power! The Romans regard me as an object of Caesar's disgrace, the Jews as the severe Proconsul; the Christians, as the executioner of their God!"

"Of their God, did you say, Pilate? Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross!"

"Beware, Albinius, beware!" continued Pilate. "If the Christ had been born under the purple he would not have been adored. Listen. To your friendship I will submit the events of my life; you will afterwards judge whether I am worthy of your hospitality."

On my arrival at Jerusalem, I took possession of the Pretorium, and ordered a splendid feast to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judaea, with the high priests and officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterwards, the Tetrarch designed to pay me a visit. His department was grave and doleful. He presented that his religious fanaticism and his attendants sat down at the table of the gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept his excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that the conqueror had declared themselves the enemies of the conquerors.

At that time, Jerusalem was, of all conquered cities, the most difficult to govern. So turbulent were the people, that I lived in momentary dread of an insurrection. To repress it I had but a single Centurion, and a handful of soldiers. I requested a reinforcement from the Prefect of Syria, who informed me that he had scarcely troops sufficient to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire—to extend our conquest beyond the means of defending them!

Among the various rumors which came to my ears, there was one that attracted my attention. A young man, it was said, had appeared in Galilee, preaching with a noble intonation, a new law in the name of the God that had sent him. At first, I was apprehensive that this design was to stir up the people against the Romans; but soon were my fears dispelled. Jesus of Nazareth spoke rather as a friend of the Romans than of the Jews.

One day, in passing by the place of Siloe, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed in the midst of the group a young man leaning against a tree who was calmly addressing the multitude. I was told it was Jesus. This I could easily have suspected, so great was the difference between him and those who were listening to him. He appeared to be about thirty years of age. His gold-colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never have I seen a sweeter or a more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beard and tawny complexion! Unwilling to interrupt him by my presence, I continued my walk, but signified to my Secretary to join the group, and listen.

My Secretary's name was Manlius. He was the grandson of the chief of the conspirators, who encamped in Etruria, waiting for Catalina. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judaea, and well acquainted with the Hebrew language. He was devoted to me, and was worthy of my confidence.

On returning to the Pretorium, I found Manlius, who related to me the words that Jesus had pronounced at Siloe. Never have I heard in the Pretorium, or read in the works of the philosophers, anything that can be compared to the maxims of Jesus. One of the rebellious Jews, so numerous in Jerusalem, having asked him if it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not, Jesus replied: "Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; for it was in my power to have him arrested and exiled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to that justice which has always characterized the Romans. This man was neither seditious nor rebellious. I extended to him my protection, unknown, perhaps, to himself. He was at liberty to act, to speak, to assemble and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any previous mandate.

Should it ever happen—may the gods avert the omen!—should it ever happen, I say, that the religion of our forefathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to the noble nation that Rome shall owe her premature obscurity—whilst I, miserable wretch!—I shall have been the instrument of what the Christians call Providence and we Destiny.

But this unlimited freedom granted to Jesus, revolted the Jews—not the poor, but the rich and powerful. It is true, Jesus was severe on the latter, and this was a political reason, in my opinion, not to control the liberty of the Nazarene. "Scribes and Pharisees!" Would he say to them, "ye are a race of vipers—ye resemble painted sepulchres." At other times he would sneer at the proud aims of the Publicans, telling him that the mite of the widow was more precious in the sight of God.

New complaints were daily made at the Pretorium against the insolence of Jesus. I was even informed that some misfortune would befall him—that it would not be the first time that Jerusalem had sinned them that called themselves prophets—and that, if the Pretorium refused justice, an appeal would be made to Caesar.

This I had prevented, by informing Caesar of all that had happened. My conduct was approved of by the Senate, and I was promised a reinforcement of troops after the termination of the Parthian war.

Being too weak to suppress a sedition, I resolved upon adopting a measure that promised to re-establish the tranquility of the city, without subjecting the Pretorium to humiliating concessions. I wrote to Jesus, requesting an interview, with him, at the Pretorium. He came.

Oh, Albinius! now that my blood runs cold in my veins, and that my body is bent down under the load of years, it is not surprising that Pilate should sometimes tremble; but then I was young—in my veins flowed the Spanish blood with the Roman blood, as incapable of fear as it was of peevish emotions.

When the Nazarene made his appearance, I was walking in my basilica, and my feet seemed fastened with an iron band, to the marble pavement. He was calm, the Nazarene—calm as innocence. When he came up to me, he stopped, and, by a single gesture, seemed to say to me: here I am.

For some time, I contemplated with admiration, and with awe, this extraordinary type of man—a type unknown to our numerous sculptors who have given form and figure to all the gods and to all the heroes.

"Jesus," said I to him at last—and my tongue faltered—"Jesus of Nazareth, I have granted you, for these last three years, ample freedom of speech; nor do I regret it. Your words are those of a sage. I know not whether you have read Socrates and Plato; but this I know, that there is in your discourses, a majestic simplicity that elevates you far above those great philosophers. The Emperor is informed of it; and I, his humble representative in this country, am glad of having allowed you that liberty of which you are so worthy. However, I must not conceal from you, that your discourses have raised up against you powerful and inveterate enemies. Neither is this surprising. Socrates had his enemies, and he fell a victim to their hatred. Yours are doubly increased; against you, on account of your sayings; against me, on account of the liberty extended towards you. They even accused me indirectly of being leagued with you for the purpose of depriving the Hebrews of the little civil power which Rome has left to them.

My request—I do not say my orders—is that you be more circumspect for the future, and more tender in rousing the pride of your enemies, lest they rise up against you the stupid populace, and compel me to employ the instruments of justice."

The Nazarene calmly replied: "Prince of the earth, your words proceeded not from true wisdom. Say to the torrent to stop in the midst of the mountain because it will unroot the trees of the valley; the torrent will answer you, that it obeys the laws of the Creator. God alone knows whether flow the waters of the torrent. Verily, I say unto you; before the rose of Sheme blossoms, the blood of the just will be spilt."

"Your blood shall not be spilt," replied I, with emotion. "You are more precious in my estimation, on account of your wisdom, than all these

turbulent and proud Pharisees, who abuse the freedom granted them by the Romans, conspire against Caesar, and construe our bounty into fear. Insolent wretches! They are not aware that the wolf of the Tiger sometimes clothes himself with the skin of the sheep. I will protect you against them. My Pretorium is open to you as a place of refuge it is a sacred asylum."

Jesus carelessly shook his head, and said, with a graceful and divine smile: "When the day shall have come, there will be no asylum for the Son of man, neither on earth nor under the earth. The asylum of the Just is there, (pointing to the heavens.) That which is written in the book of the prophets must be accomplished."

"Young man," answered I mildly, "you oblige me to convert my request into an order. The safety of the province which has been confided to my care, requires it. You must observe more moderation in your discourses. Do not in fringe my orders; you know them. May happiness attend you. Farewell."

"Prince of earth," replied Jesus, "I come not to bring war into the world, but peace love and charity. I was born the same day on which Cassar Augustus gave peace to the Roman world. Persecution proceeded not from me. I expect it from others, and will meet it with obedience to the will of my Father, who has shown me the way. Restrain therefore, your worldly prudence. It is not in your power to arrest the victim at the foot of the tabernacle of expiation."

So saying he disappeared like a bright shadow behind the curtains of the basilica.

Herod the Tetrarch, who then reigned in Judaea, and who died devoured by vermin, was a weak and wicked man, chosen by the chiefs of the law to be the instrument of their hatred. To him the enemies of Jesus addressed themselves, to wreak their vengeance on the Nazarene.

Had Herod consulted his own inclination, he would have ordered Jesus immediately to be put to death; but though proud of his regal dignity, yet he was afraid of committing an act that might diminish his influence with Caesar.

Herod called on me one day at the Pretorium, and on rising to take leave, after some insignificant conversation, he asked me what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

I replied, that Jesus appeared to me to be one of those grave philosophers great nations sometimes produce; that his doctrine was by no means dangerous; and the intention of Rome was to leave him that freedom of speech which was justified by his actions. Herod smiled maliciously, and saluting me with ironical respect he departed.

The great feast of the Jews was approaching; and their intention was to avail themselves of the popular exaltation which always manifests itself at the solemnities of a passover. The city was overflowing with a tumultuous populace, clamoring for the death of the Nazarene. My emissaries informed me that the treasure of the Temple had been employed in bribing the people. The danger was pressing. A Roman centurion had been insulted. I wrote the Prefect of Syria, requesting a hundred foot soldiers, and the same number of cavalry. He declined. I saw myself alone with a handful of veterans in the midst of a rebellious city too weak to suppress disorder, and having no other choice left than to tolerate it.

They had seized upon Jesus; and the seditious rabble, although they knew they had nothing to fear from the Pretorium, believing on the faith of their leaders, that I winked at their sedition, continued vociferating—"Crucify him! Crucify him!" Three powerful parties at that time had combined together against Jesus. First, the Herodians and Sadducees, whose seditious conduct seemed to have proceeded from a double motive; they hated the Nazarene, and were impatient of the Roman yoke. They could never forgive me for having entered their holy city with banners that bore the image of the Roman Emperor; and although, in this instance, I had committed a fatal error, yet the sacrifice did not appear less heinous in their eyes. Another grievance also rankled in their bosoms. I had proposed to employ a part of the treasure of the Temple in erecting edifices of public utility. My proposal was scouted at. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Government; but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had for three years been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and pusillanimous to act by themselves, they had eagerly embraced the quarrel of the Herodians and Sadducees. Besides these three parties, I had to contend against the reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

Jesus was dragged before the Council of the Priests and condemned to death. It was then the High Priest, Caiaphas, performed a derisory act of submission. He sent his prisoner to me to pronounce his condemnation and secure his execution. I answered him that, as Jesus was a Galilean, the affair came in Herod's jurisdiction, and ordered Jesus thither. The wily Tetrarch professed humility, and protesting his deference to the lieutenant of Caesar, he committed the fate of the man to my hands.

So my place assumed the aspect of a besieged citadel; every moment increased the number of the seditious. Jerusalem was inundated with crowds from the mountains of Nazareth. All Judaea appeared to be pouring into the devoted city. I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into futurity. Weeping, and throwing herself at my feet, "Beware," said she

to me, "beware and not touch that man, for he is holy. Last night I saw him in a vision,—he was walking on the water—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempests, to the palm-trees, to the flashes of the lake—all were obedient to him. Behold! the torrent of Mount Cedron flows with blood—the statues of Caesar are soiled with the filth of the gentiles—the columns of the Pretorium have given way, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb! O, Pilate! evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread the curse of a Roman Senate—dread the frowns of Caesar!"

By this time my marble stairs groaned under the weight of the multitude. The Nazarene was brought back to me. I proceeded to the Hall of Justice, followed by my guards, and asked the people in a severe tone, what they demanded? "The death of the Nazarene," was their reply. "For what crime?" He has blasphemed: he has professed the ruin of the temple, he calls himself the Son of God—the Messiah—the King of the Jews. "Roman justice," said I, "punisheth not such offences with death." "Crucify him, crucify him!" shouted forth the relentless rabble.

The vociferations of the infuriated multitude shook the palace to its foundations. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like unto the Statue of Innocence placed in the temples of the Eumidians. It was the Nazarene.

After my fruitless attempts to protect him from the fury of his merciless persecutors, I had the baseness to adopt a measure which, at that moment, appeared to me to be only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged, then, calling for an ewer, I washed my hands in presence of the clamorous multitude, thereby signifying to them my disapprobation of the deed.

But in vain. It was his life that these wretches thirsted after. Often, in our civil commotions, have I witnessed the furious animosity of the multitude, but nothing could ever be compared to what I beheld in the present instance. It might have been truly said that, on this occasion, all the phantoms of the infernal regions had assembled together at Jerusalem. The crowd appeared not to walk, they were borne off and whirled as a vortex, rolling along like living waves, from the portals of the Pretorium even to Mount Zion, with howling screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia, or in the tumults of the Forum.

By degrees the bay darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It seems likewise toward the ideas of March, 1, the costumed governor of a rebellious province, leaning against a column of basilica, contemplating arduous the dreary gloom, the Theory of Tartarus dragging to execution the innocent Nazarene. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers though the funeral gate that leads to the Gemonium. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guards had joined the cavalry, and the centurion, to display a shadow of power, was endeavoring to maintain order. I was left alone, and my breaking heart admonished me, that what was passing at that moment appertained rather to the history of the gods than to that of man. Loud clamors were heard proceeding from Golgotha, which, borne on the winds, appeared to announce an agony such as never had been heard by mortal ear. Dark clouds lowered over the pinnacle of the temple, and large ruptures settled over the city and covered it as with a veil. So dreadful were the signs that were manifested, both in the heavens and on earth, that Dionysus, the Aroopagite, is reported to have exclaimed, "Either the Author of Nature is suffering, or the Universe is falling apart."

Toward the first hour of the night, I threw my mantle around me, and went down into the city toward the gate of Golgotha. The sacrifice had been consummated. The crowd was returning home, still agitated, it is true, but gloomy, and taciturn, desperate. What they had witnessed, had struck them with terror and remorse. I also saw my little Roman Cohort pass by mournfully, the standard bearer having veiled his eagle in token of grief, and I overheard some of the soldiers murmuring strange words which I did not comprehend. Others were recounting prodigies almost similar to those which had so often smote the Romans with dismay by the will of the god. Sometimes groups of men and women would halt; then, looking backwards toward Mount Calvary, would remain motionless, in the expectation of witnessing some new prodigy.

I returned to the Pretorium, sad and pensive. On ascending the stair, the steps of which were still stained with the blood of the Nazarene, I perceived an old man in a supplicant posture, and behind him, several women in tears. He threw himself at my feet and wept bitterly. It is painful to see an old man weep. "Father," said I to him mildly, "who are you, and what is your request?" "I am Joseph of Arimathea," replied he, "and I am come to beg of you upon my knees, the permission to bury Jesus of Nazareth." "Your prayer is granted," said I to him; and, at the same time, ordered Manlius to take some soldiers with him, to superintend the interment, lest it might be profaned. A few days afterwards, the sepulchre was found empty. The disciples of Jesus published all over that Jesus had risen from the dead, as he had foretold.

A last duty remained for me to perform. It was to communicate to Caesar the details of this deplorable event. I did it the same night that followed the fatal catastrophe, and had just finished the communication when the day began to dawn. At the moment the sound of clarions playing the air of Diana, struck my ear. Casting my eyes

toward the Caesarian gate, I beheld a troop of soldiers, and heard at a distance, other trumpets sounding Caesar's March. It was the re-inforcement that was promised me—two thousand chosen men, who to hasten their arrival, had marched all night. "It has then been decreed by the 'Fates,'" cried I, wringing my hands, "that the iniquity should be accomplished."—that, for the purpose of averting the deeds of yesterday, troops should arrive to-day! Cruel destiny, how thou sportest with the affairs of mortals! Alas! it was but too true what the Nazarene exclaimed when writhing on the cross. *All is consummated.*

THE INNER LIFE—ITS SELF-RENOVATING CHARACTER.

BY THE REV. OCTAVIUS WINSLOW, D. D., LEAMINGTON.

I live, yet not I. The life of Christ and the life of self cannot co-exist in the same heart. If the one lives the other dies. The sentence of death is written upon a man's self when the Spirit of Christ enters his heart and quickens his soul with the life of God. "I live," he exclaims, yet not I. What a striking and beautiful example of this we have in the life and labours of the apostle Paul. Does he speak of his ministry? What a renunciation of self appears! Lost in the greatness and grandeur of his theme, he exclaims, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord." Again,—"UNTO ME WHO AM LESS THAN THE LEAST OF ALL SAINTS, IN THIS GRACE GIVEN, THAT I SHOULD PREACH AMONG THE GENTILES THE UNSPEAKABLE RICHES OF CHRIST." Does he refer to his office? What self crucifixion! "I magnify mine office." In what way? Was it by vaunting proclamations of its grandeur and legitimacy, its divine institution, or its solemn functions? Never! But he magnified his office by diminishing himself and exalting his Master. He was nothing—ay, and even his office itself was comparatively nothing—that "Christ might be all and in all." Does he speak of the gifts and labours, what absence of self! "I am the least of the apostles, that am not meet to be called an apostle, because I persecuted the Church of God. But by the grace of God I am what I am; and His grace, which has bestowed upon me, was not in vain, but I laboured more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God which was with me." Such was the religion of Paul.

His Christianity was a self-denying, self-crucifying, self-renouncing Christianity. "I live, yet not I." O what a self-denying spirit was his! But every truly spiritual man is a self-renouncing man. In the discipline of his own heart, beneath the cross of Jesus, and in the school of trial and temptation, he has been taught in some degree, that if he lives, it is not he that lives, but that it is Christ that liveth in him. Upon all his own righteousness, his duties and doings, he tramples as to the great matter of justification; while as fruits of the Spirit, as evidences of faith, as pulsations of the inner spiritual life, as in a word tending to authenticate and advance his sanctification he desires, to be "careful to maintain good works," that God in all things might be glorified. This thought suggests another of much importance. We should be always careful to distinguish between the denial of the life of God within us. The most entire renunciation of ourselves, the most humiliating acknowledgment of our personal unworthiness, may comport with the strongest assurance and profession of Christ living in us. *Self-denial* does not necessarily involve *grace-denial*. It is the profoundest act of humility in a Christian man to acknowledge the grace of God in his soul. Never is there so real a crucifixion of self as when the heart, in its lowly but deep and grateful throbbings, acknowledges its indebtedness to sovereign grace, and, in the fervour of its adoring love, summons the whole church to listen to its recital of the great things God has done for it. "Come all ye that fear the Lord, and I will tell you what he hath done for my soul." O yes! it is a self-denying life. "I live yet not I." Thus does a sense of sin, and a believing sight of Christ, lay the soul low before God in self-renunciation and self-abhorrence. Judge your spiritual condition, dear reader, by this characteristic of the inner life. Is it yours? Has there been this renunciation of your sinful self, and of your righteous self? Has the Spirit of God emptied you? Has the life of God crucified you? Are you as one in whom Christ lives, walking humbly with God? O, it is the essence of vital godliness, it is the very life of true religion. If Christ is living in you, you are a humble soul. Pride never existed in the heart of Christ. His whole life was one act of the profoundest self-abasement. In the truest and in the fullest sense of the emphatic declaration, "He humbled himself." It is impossible, then, that He who was thus "meek and lowly in heart," can dwell in you whom "pride compasseth as a chain." "I live, yet not I," are two states of the renewed soul as inseparable as any cause and effect. A humble and a self-denying Christ dwells only with a humble and self-denying soul. If your gifts inflate you, if your position exalts you, if your usefulness engenders pride, if the honour or distinction which God or man have placed upon you, have turned you aside from the simplicity of your walk, and set you upon the work of self-seeking, self-advancing, so that you are not meek and gentle, child-like and Christ-like in spirit, be sure of this—you are either not a partaker of the life of Christ, or else that life is at a low ebb in your soul. Which of the two, think you, is your real state? And have the self-denying, the self-renouncing no reward. O Yes, their reward is great. They are such as the king delights to honour. When John the Baptist declared, "He must increase, but I must decrease,"