DEATH OF PONTIUS PILATE.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 26, 1868.—*Mr. Editor*:—It was my privilege quite lately to hear an address of his discourse from one of our most eloquent divines, on the Trial of our Blessed Lord before Pontius Pilate. The subject was treated dramatically and vividly, in a way to command the unfaltering attention of the hearer. His remarks he proclivities of this unfortunate Roman governor, and then introduced a scene. The preacher grouped the characters of this eventful drama with the skill of a master. Never, that one could in imagination behold the excited mob, the infuriated accusers, the bewildered Judge, and the calm victim—all precipitated in a single scene which was to eclipse in importance and in grandeur all other scenes enacted in this world since the death of righteous Abel.

The character of Pontius Pilate,' as evolved from the narrative, brought to my recollection the tradition of his remorse and unhappy fate, which is here translated from the French of Méry, and which the author hopes will prove an acceptable contribution to your instructive columns.

W. L. M.

PONTIUS PILATE.—THE ROMAN GOVERNOR OF JUDEA.

Pilate, feared himself environed by the surging populace, and his vacillating mind was tossed as always happened under such fascinating singly in a direction opposite to that of an assemblage of Hebrews.

His centurion, moreover, would have smiled at such feminine fears. Dashing his long-tailored charger into the midst of the crowd, he would have scattered it with flying hoofs, like a flock of sheep, and with his short sword, his face and shoulders covered with the skin of a wolf's head (Pilate's copied Quirinal' cried voices at his side.

"Mothers, guard well your children!" cried a sculptor.

These threats were without end. Pilate, with downcast head and ringing ears, passed through the crowd and reached the top of the street of Spurious. There another scene awaited him. A door was open—he thought he recognized the voice of his wife, which seemed to be in the midst of the neighborhood, and he entered precipitately, closing the door behind him. A dreadful cry from him with horror—he heard his name pronounced in one of the low tones, and he closed his ears with his hands. The master and his family labored in the manufacture of baskets under the interior portico. They called (16) implements. Upon seeing Pilate enter, the master recognized him, and to his knee' the name, too celebrated, of the stranger who had carried in exile at the city of Vienna, upon the evening before. "Pilate!" he cried out, and the women and children, dropping their work, looked in terror, repeated the terrible name—a name cowering with the blood of Christ. In the unfortunate family, Pilate contended asylum, but they understood his fear. He spoke a word to the master of the Hebrew to Galilo Alcibrogo. Nevertheless, as the name of Judea was often repeated in the conversation, the father of the family signed to the women and children to withdraw, and remained in it some divine precept gathered on the previous day. (15) *Pucere quod non fecisti, videberis facere superior.* Go and be happy. Then soon that could to my assistance were suspicious. Pilate, in calm, I took possession of the preceptor, I entered into possession of the rights of that day. It wind the Tetrarch of Judea, the Pontiff and the Sanhedrim. The agonized Jew was dead, and he invited approved. The affront was bloody. Order done after the Tetrarch departed, and now with a visit; he was grave and dissembling. The terror of the Jews had not prevented them from seating themselves at our tables—of making libations with us from our cups. It sufficed to accept good-bye this excuse; but from that day forward they declined to receive them with their wives.

The name Jerusalem was the most difficult to pronounce to my mouth to grasp. Pilate was so terrible that I expected each day to see a sedition break out. To repress it I had not occasion, and a handful of soldiers. I had to do it. Perfect of the city, and the detachment of troops; he replied that he had hands sufficient for that. It was a mistake to make that the Empire was so great; we had more people than soldiers. Amongst the many reports which circulated each day around the preto me. From public rumor and my secret spies, I learned that a man had appeared in Galilee with an exceeding charm of words and a so to sweetly of company, that he went to meet him, in the city and by the shores of the lake. Everywhere he was followed by men of God who heard him. I believed at first that this man might come to excite the people against me, but in discovering that his doctrine was of peace, my fears were dissipated. Jesus, the Nazarene, spoke only of love and of the heavens that of the dove. One day I passed it on the road, and I was struck with the majesty of His countenance. He was not conscious of people and of Himself, and I was astonished at the power of a man, with his back against a tree, who calmly addressed multitudes. I said nothing to Him, and I might easily have divined it, so different was he in the midst of other men from what he was in public, the Christians, the executioner of their God, and the God of their executioner. Jesus."

"Alibius, guard thy tongue. . . . They accuse us of a God this day of Nazareth. . . . They would put to death, upon a cross." . . . They would put to death, upon a cross, the man who wears upon his shoulders a purple, and respired under rather than Cæsar. Alibius, I am going to submit my life to the tribunal of the Hebrews. I am about to see if I am worthy of, the hospitality which you have given me. Pilate passed from the street and after receiving alibius to command the guard to be closed, and to watch upon the threshold, as the car of Cæsar was every-

"In the original the color of the hair of our Saviour is described as 'chestnut-color,' which it is difficult to translate, probably it meant a shade between chestnut and auburn.

Manlius. One of those rebellious Jews who pretended to be persecuted by the hand of Jesus of the Nazarene, and already he was in the midst of the people, but the people rich and mighty. The e, it is true, Jesus spared not, and therefore it were for me a matter of policy to allow the accusation to proceed. Pontius, you have a heart. Scribes and Pharisees,' add he to them, 'you are a generation of vipers—you are whitened sepulchres.' At other times, he called bitterly against the ostentatious alms of the publicans, telling him that the secretly deposited milk of the poor woman was more precious before God. Each day these complaints reached the prefecture against the Nazarene, and I was forced to summon him, that I might learn from his own mouth the foundation of these accusations. He appeared before me in the Prætorium, and in the midst of the people—the standard-bearer had veiled his eagle—the fasces were lowered, and the axes of the men in my bands. The terror of the Jews was in my heart, which beat, and I was astonished at the sight of this man, who had neither the Roman world. Pretention cannot emanate from a man who has not power to exert it. I was not. I go before it, to obey the will of my Father, Who has traced my path, and whereof I am ignorant. It is not in your power to save the life of a man, who has on his face of the divine seal. Saying this, he disappeared, as a bright cloud which had left the curtain of the tabernacle. I was astonished at the words which have so often been repeated to me by the mouths of the prophets, and that it justice was done. Pontius, you have a heart. Scribes and Pharisees,' add he to them, '