

Toronto City Circuit during the past ecclesiastical year. When I recollect, Sir, that you are both young in years, and of very recent standing in the Church; also, as a Minister, but of yesterday,—to which I might add, as to influence, talent, and weight of character, at the bottom of the list, it occurs to me that you are rather presumptuous in coming forward as the champion of the Conference, and that the cause you advocate does not require the best men to be brought forward to plead for it. I notice your letter more for the object of giving you a little advice, and of making your present charge a little better acquainted with their preacher, than of replying to the many crudities and inconsistencies it contains,—leaving this till I am quite sure that you are the authorized champion of the Conference.

I regard your letter as one of the most slender productions I have ever read. You do not scruple to censure the private character of one individual, and expose yourself to a prosecution, and you call those in whose families you have enjoyed the privileges of hospitality, a set of self-styled gentlemen and professed Methodists, which you knew to be untrue. At the very time you condemn evil speaking, you are guilty of it yourself; and you hypocritically and profanely compare your situation to that of the burning bush. You might have been on fire, but it certainly was not by fire from heaven.

Allow me, Sir, as to the first, as one of longer standing in the Church, to suggest a few hints for your guidance in your new circuit. Try to avoid your Scylla and Charybdis a little better than you have done in Toronto, for you have evidently dashed against both. Avoid tale-bearing: remember the rights of family hospitality; that it is not expected that ministers should tell in one family what they hear in another: remember that some gratitude is due to your late circuit, which is not repaid by your saying you are glad to get away from it. Think how intolerable it must be to an enlightened congregation to hear broken English from the pulpit, and make yourself more proficient, in order that so many proofs of a defective education may be in future concealed. Do not meddle with things in which you have no concern. It is not you who are attacked in the *Wesleyan Methodist*, but certain abuses not in your power to remove; you are not the Conference, nor a person of sufficient importance or ability to represent that body. And as to the second, let me remind you of your own words, spoken with reverence to the cause of the present agitation in the Wesleyan Methodist Church. You said that if you had known the character of the leading men in the Conference before you joined that body, you would never have been among them; and that you disapproved of the conduct of your then "excellent Superintendent"; that had you to begin your year again, you would take care not to take part with him, as you had done; and, that what you had said in his favour was in consequence of his being your Superintendent; and also, that while officially you approved, unofficially you condemned his proceedings. I congratulate you upon having an official and an unofficial conscience: we laymen members of the Church have only one conscience; but it appears that we need not be afraid of not making a better use of it than you have done of your two. From your own language, it must be evident to all that you are quite an unsuitable person to undertake the defence of the Conference.

Wishing you more success in your next literary campaign,

I am yours, &c.,
AN OFFICIAL MEMBER.

POPULATION RETURNS OF UPPER CANADA.

Extracted from the Journals of the House of Assembly.

Districts.	1842.	1849.
Eastern,	21,765	29,718
Ottawa,	5,223	6,927
Bathurst,	19,646	21,671
Johnstown,	21,299	31,750
Midland,	37,457	32,750
Prince Edward,	1,111	14,253
Newcastle,	12,321	39,010
Durham,	8,716	
Victoria,		15,629
Hornby,	40,650	57,449
Gore,	27,224	33,727
Middlesex,	15,226	
Norfolk,	6,031	31,821
Oxford,	7,471	
Niagara,	21,181	32,504
Talbot,		9,219
Brook,		14,155
Western,	10,627	21,221
	280,992	412,906

The Mormonists.—This singular sect of Americans formerly have installed themselves in Theobald's road, London, where on Sunday evening, "E. H. Davis" styling himself companion and intimate friend of the late martyr Joseph Smith, delivered the first of a course of lectures on their particular views and opinions.

TO WESLEYAN METHODISTS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

Just published, price 2s. 6d., cloth.

LETTERS TO WESLEYAN MINISTERS, on MINISTERIAL DUTIES; and an Address to the Members of the Convention, Second Edition, with an Account of the Trial and Execution of the Author.

Published by Simpkin and Marshall, London.

It is on a subject of the most vital importance to Christians, and new to this question.—Considering the immense number of Preachers in the Methodist Societies throughout the World, how comes it to pass that there are comparatively so few persons brought over from the kingdom of Satan to the kingdom of Christ? It proves that the cause rests chiefly with the Preachers, and exposes and condemns, by constant appeals to the Holy Scriptures, the practice of preaching the same sermon in substance through a whole Circuit, and accompanying its delivery with the same actions, stamping, and weeping, having committed the whole to memory, and delivering it as an actor would in a theatre; and of preaching, not even reading, old sermons, instead of studying the Word of God by faith and prayer, thereby bringing the rich treasure to the House of God, and in the fulness of the Spirit delivering them to the people. It condemns, it is to be feared, a great majority of the travelling preachers, and that they are not like the Editor of the *Highland Record* newspaper, in a notice of the book on the 26th of June, "It is too strong for him. He dare not give it an impartial review, and his notice is a full testimony on the book and its pious author." All genuine Wesleyans will love the book; but the idle, the lax, and those who believe a preacher can do no wrong, will condemn the book.

A WESLEYAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL.

N.B.—For writing this book, which is unanswerable, the Author was expelled from the Society.

[The above work, as it will be seen, has passed through two editions in London, and consequently has excited considerable interest there. We hope to have a copy of it shortly, and will make our subscribers acquainted with its contents as soon as we are able.—Ed.]

It used to be the custom with the public bodies to propose to the church, in connection if not with the Queen, at least as a toast of equal importance, *Tempora mutantur*. At the end of the toast given last week at Fishmongers' Hall, the chairman gave—"The Ministers of all religious denominations." The Bishop of Norwich and the Bishop of Worcester severally acknowledged the toast.

New Feature in Congregationalism in England.—Mr. James, of Birmingham, has lately proposed to relieve individual churches from the responsibility of choosing their own pastors. He suggests that there should be appointed "a small committee in London, appointed by the Congregational Union, to whom application should be made through the medium of county associations," by the "smaller churches in remote places, who want pastors." He remarks in the same document that "the pulpit is the pivot, so far as means are concerned, on which our whole system turns." The people are resisting this new doctrine as "a clumsy substitute for a presbytery" and synod.

"John Ronge, the Holy Coat of Treves, and the New German Catholic Church," is the title of a new work just issued by the Harper. It gives an account of the exhibition, in Treves, of the "Holy Coat," said to have been worn by our Saviour, and brought by the mother of Constantine from the Holy Land, in the fourth century, and deposited in the cathedral of Treves. Price only 2s. cents. To be had at H. Adriaens' Bookstore.

From the Louisville Journal.

PONTIUS PILATE AT VIENNE.

Translated and abridged from "Le Courier des Etats Unis."

Vienne in Dauphiny, a Province of France, the ancient capital of Transalpine Gaul under the Romans, is situated on the Rhone. There, on the left bank of that beautiful stream, is seen a tomb of an ancient architecture, which, according to the tradition, is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. *Pussus est sub Pontio Pilato*. It was at Vienne 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 to be trodden upon by a descendant of his accuser.

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

It was under the reign of Caligula, when C. Marcus was proctor at Vienne, that an old man, bent with age, yet of a tall stature, was seen to descend from his litter and enter a house of modest appearance near the temple of Mars. Over the door of this house was written, in red letters, the name of F. Albinus. He was an old acquaintance of Pilate's. After many salutations, Albinus observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—many years of misfortune and affliction. Accused on the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judea! My name is ominous; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprinted an in-

delible mark of infamy on the fair front of imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the *condemna Ferenda* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Parthians in the war against Artabanus. And I miserable me!

"You miserable!" asked Albinus: "what have you done to entail misery on you?" True, the injustice of Caligula has exiled you to Yenne. But for what crime? I have examined your affair at the *Tabularium*. You are denounced by Vitellus, 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, Albinus, it is not the injustice of Caesar that afflicts me."

"What then is the cause of your affliction?" continued Albinus. "Long have I known you—reasonable, just, humane. I see it;—you are the victim of Vitellus."

"Say not so, Albinus—say not I am the victim of Vitellus—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 Pharisee; the Christians, as the executioner of their God!"

"Of their God, did you say, Pilate!—Impious wretches!—Adora a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross!"

"Beware, Albinus. Beware!" continued Pilate. "If the Christ has been 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 fest to be prepared, to which I invited the Tetrarch of Judæa, with the high priest and his officers. At the appointed hour no guest appeared. This was an insult offered to my dignity. A few days afterwards the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and decent. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the guests, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of his excuses, but from that moment I was convinced the conquered 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 suppress 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 enough to defend his own province. Insatiate thirst of empire,—to extend our conquest beyond the means of defending them!

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

One day, in passing by the place of Silos, where there was a great concourse of people, I observed, in the midst of the group, a young man leaning against a tree, who as calmly addressed the multitude. I was told that he 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 golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never had I seen a sweeter or more serene countenance. What a contrast between him and his hearers, with their black beards and tawny complexions! 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 Catalus. Manlius was an ancient inhabitant of Judea, 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 Silos. Never have I heard 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 which are God's*.

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings, that I granted so much liberty to the Naziræe: 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 prætorian mandate.

Should it ever happen—may the gods avert the omen!—should it ever happen, I thought, that the religion of our fathers be supplanted by the religion of Jesus, it will be to his noble toleration that