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## The Meeting-Place.

Where the faded flowers shall freshen—  
Freshen never more to fade;  
Where the shaded sky shall brighten—  
Brighten never more to shade;  
Where the sunbeams never scorch—  
Where the star-beams cease to chill;  
Where no tempest stirs the echoes  
Of the wood, or wave, or hill;  
Where the moon shall wake in gladness,  
And the morn the joy prolong;  
Where the day-light rises in fragrance,  
Mid the burst of holy song,  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where no shadows shall bewilder,  
Where life's vain parade is o'er,  
Where the sleep of sin is broken,  
And the dreamer dreads no more;  
Where the bond is never severed—  
Partings, clasping, sob and moan,  
Midnight waking, twilight weeping,  
Heavy moonbeams—all are done;  
Where the child has found its mother,  
Where the mother finds the child;  
Where dear families are gathered,  
That were scattered on the wild,  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where the hidden wound is healed,  
Where the highest life is shown,  
Where the smitten heart is freshened  
Of its buoyant youth resumes;  
Where the love that here we lavish  
On the withering leaves of time,  
Shall fadeless flowers to fix on,  
In an ever spring-bright clime;  
Where we find the joy of living,  
As we never loved before;  
Loving on, unchilled, unhardened,  
Loving one and evermore,  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
Mid the holy and the blest!

Where a blasted world shall brighten  
Underneath a bluer sphere,  
And a sifter, gentler sunshine,  
Shed its healing splendour here;  
Where earth's barren wastes in blossom,  
Putting on her robe of green,  
And a purer, fiercer Eden,  
Be where only wastes have been,  
Where a King in kingly glory,  
Such as earth has never known,  
Shall assume the righteous sceptre,  
Claim and wear the holy crown,  
Brother, we shall meet and rest,  
Mid the holy and the blest!

## Pontius Pilate at Vienne.

Vienne 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 town of ancient architecture, which, according to tradition, is the tomb of Pontius Pilate—Pilate, under whose government Jesus Christ suffered. *Pontius est sub Pontio Pilato.* It was in Vienne also that the wandering Jew revealed himself in 1777—a most remarkable occurrence, the details of which 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. Marcianus was praetor 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 his house was written, in red letters, the name of P. Albinus. He was wearing an old cap and a simple robe. After mutual salutations, Albinus observed to him, that many years had elapsed since their separation. "Yes," replied Pilate, "many years—years of misfortune and affliction. According to the day on which I succeeded Valerius Gratus in the government of Judaea, my name is omitted; it has been fatal to whomsoever has borne it. One of my ancestors imprisoned an indelible mark of infamy on the late front of Imperial Rome, when the Romans passed under the *Cadina Furcula* in the Samnite war. Another perished by the hands of the Partisans in the war against Arminius. 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 Vienne, but for what crime. I have examined your affairs at *Tiberias*. You are denounced by Vitellius, 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 Garizim. You are also accused of acting thus out of hatred to 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, sensible, just, humane. I see—you are the victim of Vitellius. 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? Impious words! Adore a God born in a manger, and put to death on the cross?"

"Beware, Albinus, 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 Priest, and his officers. At the appointed hour, no guest appeared. This was a great excuse to my dignity. A few days afterwards the Tetrarch deigned to pay me a visit. His deportment was grave and deceitful. He pretended that his religion forbade him and his attendants to sit down at the table of the Gentiles, and to offer up libations with them. I thought it expedient to accept of his excuse; but from that moment I was convinced that 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 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. Instantly, I thrust of empire—to extend our conquests 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, presiding with a noble unctious, 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 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 that 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 golden colored hair and beard gave to his appearance a celestial aspect. Never have 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 escaped in Erasta, 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 at Portico, 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 which are God's.*

It was on account of the wisdom of his sayings that I granted so much liberty to the Nazarene; and it was in my power to have had him arrested and expelled to Pontus; but this would have been contrary to the 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 a man of a lofty spirit, to speak to assemblies and address the people, to choose disciples, unrestrained by any pretorian mandate.

Should it ever happen—may the Gods avert the omen!—should it ever happen, I say, that the religion of our forefathers should be supplanted by the religion of the Nazarene, I would be the first to resist. Rome shall owe her premature obsequies—wilt I, miserable wretch!—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 freedom of speech which was granted to his actions. Herod, smiling maliciously, and with ironical respect, 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 the 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 to 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, believed on the faith of their leaders, and were 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 appeared 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 scowled at. The Pharisees were the avowed enemies of Jesus. They cared not for the Governor; but they bore with bitterness the severe reprimands which the Nazarene had, during three years, been continually throwing out against them wherever he went. Too weak and too 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 a reckless and profligate populace, always ready to join in a sedition, and to profit by the disorder and confusion that result therefrom.

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plains of Esdrelath. All Judaea appeared to be pouring into that devoted city.

I had taken to wife a girl from among the Gauls, who pretended to see into future. Weeping and throwing herself at my feet, "Beware," she said for he is holy. Last night, I saw him in vision. He was walking on the water—he was flying on the wings of the wind. He spoke to the tempest, to the palm tree, to the fishes of the lake, all were obedient to him. Behold him! Herod of Mount Cedron flows with blood, the statues of Caesar are sold with the filth of the gentiles; the columns of the Pretorium have given away, and the sun is veiled in mourning like a vestal in the tomb! O, Prate! evil awaits thee. If thou wilt not listen to the words of thy wife, dread the curses 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? "For the blasphemy of calling himself the Son of God, the Messiah, King of the Jews," Roman Justice, said I, punish not such offences with death. "Crucify him, crucify him!" shouted the relentless rabble. The vociferations of the infuriated multitude shook the palace to its foundation. One man alone appeared calm in the midst of the tumult. He was like the Statue of Innocence placed in the temple of the Emmentines. It was the Nazarene.

After many 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 be the only one that could save his life. I ordered him to be scourged, then, calling for a ewer, I washed my hands in the presence of the clamorous multitude; but nothing could ever be compared to the belief in the present instance. It might have been truly said, 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 porch of some palace, or some narrow street, with howlings, screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia, or the tumults of Forum.

By degrees the day darkened like a winter twilight, such as had been seen at the death of the great Julius Caesar. It was likewise towards the end of March. The contemned Governor of a rebellious province, was leaning against a column of my basilica, contemplating with a dreary gloom, this Theory of Tartarus dragging to execution the Nazarene. All around me was a desert. Jerusalem had vomited forth her indwellers through the funeral gates that lead to the Germonica. An air of desolation and sadness enveloped me. My guard had joined the cavalry, and the Centurion, who what was my opinion concerning the Nazarene.

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

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Sabbath Morning.

Dear is the hallow'd morn to me,  
When village bells awake the day,  
And by their sacred minstrelsy  
Call me from earthly cares away.

And dear to me the winged hour,  
Spent in thy hallow'd courts, O Lord!  
To feel devotion's soothing power,  
And catch the manna of thy word.

And dear to me the loud Amen  
Which echoes through the best of choirs,  
Which swells and sinks, and swells again,  
Dues on the walls, but lives to God.

And dear the rustic harmony,  
Sung with the pomp of village art;  
That holy, heavenly melody  
The music of a thankful heart.

In secret I have often prayed,  
And still the anxious tear would fall,  
But on thy sacred altar laid  
The fire descends and dries them all.

Oh when the world, with iron hands,  
Has bound me in a six days chain,  
This bursts then, like the strong man's bands,  
And lets my spirit loose again.

Then dear to me the Sabbath morn,  
The village bells, the shepherd's voice;  
That have found my heart's repose,  
And always bid that heart rejoice.

Go, man of pleasure, strike thy lyre!  
O broken Sabbaths sing thy charms;  
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,  
That bears us to a Father's arms.

## Why Dread to Die?

Very nearly twenty centuries have elapsed since that Divine Personage appeared upon the earth to abolish the despotism of death, by revealing the knowledge of the true and immortal life, of which it is the minister. His name has been ever since invoked with faithless ritual honour and benediction by innumerable sincere hearts; and yet whenever death is in question, especially a sudden and calamitous death, like that just transacted on the bosom of the broad Atlantic, no person seems so timorous and dejected as the disciples of this sublime and beneficent Master. I have no doubt that in that trying moment, on board the Arctic, when early hope was definitely shut out, many a person found comfort and a stout refuge from despair in the remembered words of Holy Writ. So it has been before, and so it will be, it will long continue to be. The agonizing soul, wrenched from its familiar fastenings, turns its imploring arms to Heaven, and even while the roaring waters close about its head, hears, perhaps, the voice of some pious or good soul, who, with howlings, screams, shrieks and vociferations, such as were never heard either in the seditions of Pannonia, or the tumults of Forum.

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## A Remarkable Incident.

In a quiet village situated on the shores of a beautiful lake, lived a man of some wealth and independent manners. He disregarded the Sabbath entirely, and pursued his business or pleasure as best suited his convenience. He commenced building a boat principally for pleasure excursions on the lake. While he was proceeding with the enterprise, which it was whispered abroad, would afford opportunity for Sunday sailing, he was called on by a minister, who inquired about the boat, and expostulated with him, as the enterprise would increase the wildness and immorality of his village. "I am afraid," said the minister, "your boat will prove a Sabbath-breaker." The man looked him in the face, and with much assurance said, "Yes, it will; that's what I'll name my boat. 'I've been thinking some time what to call her, and you have just hit it. I thank you for the suggestion. The boat shall be called 'The Sabbath-breaker.' As he said this, he bid the minister good-day, with a chuckling at his evident surprise and mortification. The building went on, and especially on Sunday. She was soon ready to launch, and was launched on Sunday, and named 'The Sabbath-breaker,' amid the cheers of some seventy or eighty well-intentioned on-lookers, and a few who were not. An old sailor or two shook their heads at the scene, and we all, newspapers and pulpits alike, do our best to deepen the terror of the scene, and blaspheme by implication those tranquil upper realms which foresaw the cruel blow, and yet interfered not to prevent it. What is the meaning of this? There is a fault somewhere, or such things would not be. There is no foul so frantic as seriously to incultuate the Unseen Powers that watch over human destiny. Let us accordingly look for the fault somewhat nearer home. Let us ask why it is, that when such things suddenly confront us, our serene spirits are so often so violently shocked, and we all bring him to our feet, the kindly and vigorous servant we so much need?

The pity reason is, that we none of us priests and people alike, though we devoutly claim to believe in Christianity, do not practically believe a word of it. Christianity is the revelation of a superior or interior life to the natural one, and we all go on Sunday in our most shining garments to the house of God, to hear the time-honoured story of our again, and shout with musical breath, glory to God in the highest! great is Christianity! But here we rest contented, as if our opinion about God and Christ were the thing that is going to save us. As for practically letting go of the natural life in the least, who thinks of it? Do we not all know that the men of most influence in the Christian Church are the men who have heaped the most treasures of worldly wealth on the world, and are the earliest who English children learn by rote. They are food alike for tender nurslings and for strong men. We may not be very enthusiastic over them. They do not excite us to any prodigious heights of admiration—perhaps they do not often stir any profound depths of emotion within us; but we always approve, we always sympathize with, we always love, we are always grateful to the poet. The sound sense and sound morality of his writings open wide every door to him—and aware, or unaware we may be sure that we entertain an angelic and what fame is more to be coveted than this? Is not such a reputation more to be desired than gold, yea, than such fine gold? What is a great poet who is not also a great teacher? It is the proud distinction of William Cowper that he never uttered any manly words that no one ever stood a better for the study—that no English parent in his household ever hesitated, or ever will hesitate to place Cowper's poems in the hands of his child.

We are thankful that there is a sufficiency of good healthy English taste and feeling, among us, to keep alive the popularity of such writers as William Cowper. We are not unmindful of the claims of poets of another class. They write under different influences, and they have their reward. Even the writers of what is now called the "spasmodic school" are entitled to some consideration, any may be too severely handled. But what schools may rise and fall—come

## The Watchman.

CONCLUDING PARAGRAPHS OF A SERMON.

I dare not suppress or soften those sublime and terrible truths which the Divine law pronounces, lest my God should take me away; and, with my present convictions, I never shall, unless upon one condition, and on that I will make the agreement with you. If you will all, my dear hearers, become the friends of God, I will sound his threatenings against you no more. I would be true! I confess I am weary of this gloomy part of my duty. I would much rather from the fountain of the promises pour into your yielding hearts the consolations of religion. Come, be the friends of God, and I will give you pain no more. But while many of you delay, neither tenderness to you nor the dread responsibility of a watchman will allow me to suppress these awful truths. Do any yet plead, that they might be influenced by more tender topics? Have I, then, been influenced by them. By the tenderest accents of mercy you have often been addressed. Arguments have been brought as was fit, from the yearnings of immortal love and from the bloody dust of Calvary. Every wound of a dying Christ has pleaded with you, and a thousand melting, inveterate warm from Heaven, have mingled their sounds about your ears. Prove, then, your doctrines true by turning to God. Mercy has exhausted her sounds upon you; and if she would continue to plead, she must repeat the same sounds again. If, then, such sounds can move you, why, I believe I tried, do you not come? What obstruction is there in the way? Oh come! Else, if you still complain that harsh means are used, what a strange appearance will you make in the eyes of Heaven! Refusing to be melted by the voice of mercy, yet unwilling to hear the voice of justice! A King finds some of his subjects in an unreasonable rebellion, and condemns them to the rack, but in mercy sends his servants with offers of pardon, on condition that they lay down their arms. They reject the offer, and then complain that punishments are awarded. "Let the king," say they, "change his words, or let his servants change them. Perhaps we might consent if softer terms were used." Pusillanimous men! And did you think to counter a favor on the king by accepting pardon. Know ye that he has no need of you, and that it was in mere pity that he had made the offer. And, since you will not accept of mercy, receive your sentence: "Ye shall surely die!"

Now, then, my friends, my reasons are all before you; and I hope to be justified by your consciences when I proceed to execute the commission given me in my text—God has said to the wicked, Oh, wicked man, thou shalt surely die; and the watchmen are commanded, upon their peril, to sound the alarm. I therefore solemnly declare, in the name of God, that there is a dreadful war waged by all the Divine perfections against sin; that all the power which supports the rights of Heaven has taken the field; that every glory of the Godhead points a vivid lightning at your breast; that the inviolable honor of Heaven's King is enlisted, and is coming down to crush a rebellious world.

In equally solemn tones, I declare, as my office bids me, and call every angel to witness, that in this war God is right, and the world is wrong. This great truth, while I live, I will declare, and hope to pronounce it with my dying breath. God is right, and the world is wrong. I wish it were set forth in broad letters on every forehead, and, with a pen dipped in heaven, were written upon every heart. I wish it were posted in sunbeams at the corner of every street, and were graven with the point of a diamond on the forehead of every man, and I wish that from land to land, to prostrate nations of unknown tongues, and rolling through every clime, bring an humbled world to their Redeemer's feet.

Standing on my watch-tower, I am commanded, I see signs of evil coming, to give warning. I again repeat, that I do not see evil approaching; I see a storm collecting in the heavens; I discover the commotion of the troubled elements; I hear the war of distant winds. Heaven and earth seem mingled in the conflict; and I see, that as some light upon the world, a storm! Get into the ark, or you are swept away! Ah! what is it I see? I see a world convulsed and falling into ruins; the sea burning like oil; nations rising from underground; the sun falling; the damned in chains before the bar, and some of my countrymen with their hands on their necks from the battlements of the judgment seat. My God! the eternal pit has closed upon them forever!—*Vermont Chronicle.*

## Cowper—Why his Works are Prized.

We take him to our hearts fearlessly, trustfully. There is scarcely a library in the kingdom containing a hundred volumes in which Cowper is not placed. His poems are the earliest which English children learn by rote. They are food alike for tender nurslings and for strong men. We may not be very enthusiastic over them. They do not excite us to any prodigious heights of admiration—perhaps they do not often stir any profound depths of emotion within us; but we always approve, we always sympathize with, we always love, we are always grateful to the poet. The sound sense and sound morality of his writings open wide every door to him—and aware, or unaware we may be sure that we entertain an angelic and what fame is more to be coveted than this? Is not such a reputation more to be desired than gold, yea, than such fine gold? What is a great poet who is not also a great teacher? It is the proud distinction of William Cowper that he never uttered any manly words that no one ever stood a better for the study—that no English parent in his household ever hesitated, or ever will hesitate to place Cowper's poems in the hands of his child.

We are thankful that there is a sufficiency of good healthy English taste and feeling, among us, to keep alive the popularity of such writers as William Cowper. We are not unmindful of the claims of poets of another class. They write under different influences, and they have their reward. Even the writers of what is now called the "spasmodic school" are entitled to some consideration, any may be too severely handled. But what schools may rise and fall—come

mission and infamy, and to make men than