

with "that just Man." Pilate accordingly made several shrewd attempts to have Jesus released, or at least to evade the responsibility of condemning Him; but all to no purpose. The Jews are implacable, Herod declines, and Jesus is silent. Pilate must answer the question himself.

What shall the answer be? Justice and self-interest ride in the balance. The Jews play their last card, "If thou let this man go, thou art not Caesar's friend." For a man as thoroughly self-seeking as Pilate, the choice between Caesar and Jesus is easily made. And so, for the sake of his worldly position and prospects, Pilate delivered Jesus to be crucified, little dreaming that mightier far than Caiaphas or Caesar was this silent, defenceless Jew, or that by this one act he had branded his name in immortal infamy as the crucifier of the world's Saviour.

But Pilate is not alone in the guilt of Christ's crucifixion. The writer of the Hebrews speaks of those "who crucify the Lord afresh, and put Him to an open shame." Pilate is but the prototype on which many a human life since is patterned. They all share in the tragedy of Pilate who cower before public opinion and retreat from the discharge of duty, who silence the voice of conscience with the loud clamorings of expediency, who sacrifice the interests of Christ's cause or deny His name for the sake of worldly advantage. "What shall I do with Jesus?" is our question as well as Pilate's. He is ever before us to be released or crucified in the persons we respect, the causes we espouse, and the decisions we make.

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SECRETS OF POWER

As a teacher, the late Principal MacVicar stood among the two or three of the first rank which Canada has seen. He not only, as one of his old pupils put it, made his material "quiver with life," but through that living material he awakened to intellectual and spiritual quickness the most dormant minds. He would have made a famous teacher of young boys. He was a famous teacher of young men. The extracts which we are permitted to give from advance

sheets of the Life of Principal MacVicar, by his son, Rev. John H. MacVicar, B.A., Fergus, Ont., reveal some of the secrets of his abiding power as a teacher:—

His own view of the influence of ideal class work was that the teacher, if rightly directing the power within his grasp, and making all due allowance for the difficulty of impressing a dull nature, would reproduce himself in the pupil.

"It is no easy task," he would say, "to emancipate one self from the influence of what is incorporated in his very nature by the efficient drill of the class room."

For that drill, he took infinite pains to prepare. He gave himself up to vicarious toil in order to become saturated with the discussions predetermined by the curriculum. In the intervals between his whirl of engagements he studied incessantly. It mattered not how foreign to his own views a new theological work happened to be, pencil in hand, he plodded through it, intimating assent or dissent by some mark on the margin, and reading out, in the family circle, passages that struck him either for their sanity or audacity.

His lecture notes were written, re-written, and written again. He never felt satisfied that he had reached finality! Like the watchmaker's apprentice in "The Fortunes of Nigel," he knew critical excellence too well ever to be satisfied with practical mediocrity.

After unrelenting preparation, he would sit in his study with the note-book open before him, brooding over the theme, till his face became transfused with the glow of thought and (as it seemed to one observer) of prayer. "It was part of his theory that the lesson to be taught must take thorough possession of the teacher's own mind and reach white heat in the communication of enthusiasm. A teacher without enthusiasm had no right to usurp the teacher's desk. He had no use for mere 'dungeons of learning.'"

"When the soul of the teacher," he said, "is burning with intense, consecrated enthusiasm, over the matter in hand, whatever it may be, he will lay the truth thus apprehended upon the mind of his pupil with such transforming power as to throw