

to put any man to death." It is more serious than he thought.

Pilate turned and entered the palace. He will cross-question Jesus. Can turbulence and crime be concealed behind that quiet and simple exterior? And has He really the ambition of a pretender to the throne? Pilate cross-questions Him. It is a strange examination. Pilate finds himself landed in old subtleties of the debating school. Is a lie ever justifiable? What is truth? He suddenly passes out to the people again. For a fortunate recollection has come to him. To-morrow is the Passover. He has always released some prisoner on that day, letting the people choose the man. He will offer to release this Jesus. "Then cried they all again, saying, Not this man, but Barabbas. Now Barabbas was a robber."

That was Pilate's first error. Jesus did not need to be released as a favour. He was guilty of nothing; He should have been simply let go. And then they could have got their Barabbas also. Pilate had openly let his own sense of justice be over-ridden by the clamour of the priests. From that moment it was a losing battle. Every step is only more unjust, and leads more surely to the inevitable end.

First comes the scourging. Pilate feels that these priests have some bitter hostility to this man. He will scourge Him to please and satisfy them, and then let Him go. They accept the scourging, but they are not satisfied. They see the blood

that flows from the wounded back, and they only cry for more. Pilate hates the whole proceeding; but he fears these bloodthirsty priests. He fears them, and yet he cannot refrain from insulting them. They watch his soldiers dress Jesus as a king; they see them come up to Him one by one and make their mock obeisance. Does Pilate hope to turn the matter into ridicule, and so get Jesus off? He brings Him out. "Behold the man!" But they are in no mood for humour, however grim. With startling decision the cry breaks upon his ear, "Crucify, crucify."

Pilate is driven to be serious. They now send home their double accusation with irresistible force. "He is a blasphemer, for He calls Himself the Son of God; He is an enemy of Cæsar, for He calls Himself a King." The one plays upon Pilate's superstitious fears, the other recalls his political danger. For Tiberius, the ruling Cæsar, is a fickle master, and Pilate is no favourite with him now. In recent months he has heard of one after another of his friends who have fallen and lost their heads through such an accusation as this: "Thou art not Cæsar's friend."

He makes his choice. As Caiaphas had already done: It is expedient for us that one man die. "Then delivered he Him therefore unto them to be crucified."

"Choose ye this day." It is a choice always; and now, as then, a personal choice: Jesus or myself; and the children know it already.

Point and Illustration.

"For I am not ashamed."

Macrae's Gilfillan: Anecdotes and Reminiscences.

WHEN EMERSON visited Dundee he was Gilfillan's guest at the manse. A story is told of this visit, that after supper, when the time drew near for family worship, Gilfillan took Emerson and showed him to his room. When the household assembled, Mrs. Gilfillan observed that Emerson was not present. She said quietly to Gilfillan, "Where is Mr. Emerson?" Gilfillan said, "He has gone to his bedroom." "Have you not asked him to come to worship?" "No, I don't think he would like it. His views are very different from ours. It might embarrass him." "Never mind that, George. Go and ask him. Let the refusal come from him."

He went upstairs to Emerson's room, and found the philosopher with his coat off, sitting on the bed. He said, "The goodwife, Mr. Emerson, wants you down to worship. Will you come?" "Of course I will," said Emerson, and went.

Afterwards he said, with reference to this incident, "I thought more of the goodwife in that matter than of the goodman."

Not a Minister.

The Christian Leader.

NOT many Sundays ago, a precentor in Scotland, whose daily occupation is that of a mason, made his way into the vestry to see about the psalms. He was received with a deeply drawn sigh, and the exclamation, "Thank God, Mr. Livingstone, that you're not a minister." "And thank God, Mr. Chalmers," was the immediate reply, "that you're not a mason." The psalms were ready, and the list was handed over without another word being said. But at night, when the worthy workman reaches his home, his fingers worn to the quick and bleeding with handling rough heavy stones, his good wife brings, if not comfort to his heart, yet a very merry twinkle to his eye by saying, "Thank God, Mr. Livingstone, that you're not a minister."

Inspiration from Experience.

By Rev. O. C. S. Wallace.

The Standard (Chicago), July 16, 1891.

ABOUT thirty years ago a steamer bound for the East was burned, and many passengers perished. An account of the tragedy, which appeared in a London magazine, was written with an energy and vividness of style which seemed to indicate that the author was a writer of literary experience as well as of genius. He was not. Among the passengers was a young Nova Scotian, unskilled in letters, who by some means was saved. He was the author of the powerful description at which readers marvelled. Neither before nor after did he exhibit any gifts as a writer. The secret of his extraordinary power in telling the story of what he had seen lay in the fact that the horrors of the scene made an extraordinary impression upon his mind. Powerful impressions prepared the way for powerful expressions.

Old Morality.*Macrae's Gilfillan: Anecdotes and Reminiscences.*

ONE day Gilfillan got the loan of a pony—a somewhat ancient and phlegmatic specimen of its race—to take him part of his way to his destination. He had never apparently been on the back of a horse before, and when he found himself astride of the pony, sat for some time motionless; then, looking round at the family, who were waiting to see him start, he asked innocently, "What am I to do to make it go forward?"

Thy Will be Done.

By John Hay.

Harper's Magazine.

NOT in dumb resignation,
We lift our hands on high;
Not like the nerveless fatalist
Content to trust and die.
Our faith springs like the eagle
Who soars to meet the sun,
And cries exulting unto Thee,
O Lord, Thy will be done!

When tyrant feet are trampling
Upon the common weal,
Thou dost not bid us bend and writhe
Beneath the iron heel.
In Thy name we assert our right
By sword or tongue or pen,
And even the headsman's axe may flash
Thy message unto men.

Thy will! It bids the weak be strong;
It bids the strong be just;
No lip to fawn, no hand to beg,
No brow to seek the dust.
Wherever man oppresses man
Beneath Thy liberal sun,
O Lord, be there Thine arm made bare,
Thy righteous will be done.

At the Literary Table.**THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.**

MANUAL OF THE SCIENCE OF RELIGION. BY P. D. CHANTEPIE DE LA SAUSSAYE. (*Longmans*. Crown 8vo, pp. 662. 12s. 6d.) In reply to a question in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES as to the best introduction to the Comparative History of Religion, Professor Salmond named Chantepie de la Saussaye. That judgment it is now in the power of every English reader to verify. There is little doubt that it will be confirmed. Indeed, the book is a model of what an introductory manual ought to be. How gladly would many a hard-driven student welcome the like of it in other branches of study. Though it is a student's book, with all the things a student loves,—clear arrangement, straightforward style, masterly selection of literature,—yet it is a book which the unscientific, and he whose student days are over, will right well enjoy. The translation is by Professor Max Müller's daughter, and Max Müller himself has watched the progress of it and lent his aid.

TEXTS AND STUDIES: CONTRIBUTIONS TO BIBLICAL AND PATRISTIC LITERATURE. Edited by J. ARMITAGE ROBINSON, B.D. (Cambridge: *At the University Press*. 8vo, vol. i., in Four Parts.) Since the notice in THE EXPOSITORY TIMES for October of the third volume of *Studia Biblica*, a number of inquiries have been made whether Mr. Gore's article can be had separately. To all we may here reply that, for the present at least, it cannot. But should any one desire to possess one or other of the *Texts and Studies* separately, the wish may at once be gratified. *Texts and Studies* may be described as the Cambridge counterpart of the Oxford *Studia Biblica*. But while the latter appear only in volumes, each volume containing a number of independent essays by different men, the former has been issued, in the first place, in unbound parts, each part being the work of one scholar, and dealing with a single subject.