

schools as a foundation broad and secure, with colleges forming the strong and massive walls rising into glorious and sublime form, and withal, the graduate schools crowning the structure with brilliant domes of exquisite beauty, will the American people have an intellectual temple of which any nation might be proud. Kalamazoo College.

An Acadian in the Holy Land.

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It was as beautiful a day as ever God made when we first sighted the Holy Land. The sun was just rising, and the whole land was glorified, as should be that country around which hover so many sacred associations. As the steamer approached the coast, Palestine appeared like a stretch of blue set in a sky of gold. No sooner had we dropped anchor before the little city of Jaffa than we were surrounded by a struggling, screaming, shouting mob of Syrian boatmen, each fighting with his neighbor in his efforts to secure passengers to the shore. Rather reluctantly we committed ourselves to these turbulent fellows; but they proved to be masterly boatmen, and brought us safely to the shore through the dangerous reefs where so many voyagers have lost their lives.

So we came to Jaffa, noted in ancient times for the episode of Jonah and the whale; in Christian times as the residence of Simon the tanner, and the home of Dorcas; and in modern times for its oranges which are said to be the best on earth, and for its landing-place which is said to be the worst in the world. Up through the narrowest of streets, between the quaintest of houses built of stone and covered more or less recently with white-wash, we went till we came to the house of Simon the tanner,—the very house, says tradition, where Peter beheld his vision. It is a house of only two rooms, and with steps leading up the outside to the roof, upon which we found a white sail spread as though it were indeed the very sail which Peter saw let down from heaven containing all manner of beasts. We spent several hours in this old city, wondering through its markets, strolling through its lemon and orchard groves, watching the countless lizards as they dart beneath the Cactus nedges at our approach, and riding upon its little donkeys. Then we went to the depot and took our train for Jerusalem.

Imagine going by train to Jerusalem! What could be more incongruous than a screaming locomotive in the country of caravans? A modern ticket puncher in the home of the prophets? Gladly would we have mounted the uncouth camels that were standing idly in the market-place of Jaffa, and have taken our way in real pilgrim fashion