

a column of editorial, weekly, to the *Globe*. Since his return from the Northwest, he has also written a Biography of Dr. Fyfe, revised and reconstructed a MS. by an author now dead, on the History of Liberalism in Canada, completing the work by original portions of his own. He has also prepared copiously annotated editions of a book of Caesar, two books of Thomson's Seasons, notes on the greater part of the High School Reader, with much other work of this kind. He has frequently entered the field of the publicist, and with commanding success. His articles on the Manitoba School question were unapproached in Canada for their keen analysis and logical conclusiveness, and moved deeply the public mind. His exposition and defence of the policy of New Testament churches, and the spiritual mission and freedom of the churches, as opposed to state churchism in any form, has always been noble and adequate. Any one who has followed the voluminous issues of his pen will be prepared to believe that no other journalist in Canada has within a given period, often covering years, produced work of such uniformly high character, both in ethical quality and literary form.

Mr. Wells received the degree of M.A. in course at Acadia in 1863, and of LL.D., McMaster University, honoris causa, at McMaster, 1897.

THEODORE H. RAND.

An Acadian in the Holy Land.

BY REV. ARTHUR C. KEMPTON, '91. M. A., JANESVILLE, WIS.

(No. 2.)

Twenty miles south of Jerusalem is Hebron in a beautiful valley filled with olive-trees and vineyards. Four of us drove down to see this city with its Cave of Machpelah in which the patriarchs Abraham, Isaac and Jacob lie buried; and there we lunched beneath the oak which tradition declares to be the very tree 'neath which Abraham built his altar!

Returning at the evening hour, we stopped at Bethlehem, and knelt for a moment in prayer in that cavern of rock where our Saviour was born, a spot now marked by the Church of the Nativity, the oldest church on earth. The stars were twinkling when we left this little city, and we wondered on which of those starlit hills the shepherds were tending their flocks by night, when they heard the angels' song. As we drew near Jerusalem, I looked back, and, lo, the brilliant evening star was hanging over Bethlehem, as centuries ago that other star hung over the place, where the young Child lay! We had been traveling the road trodden by the wise men from the East, who came bringing their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh.