

A HEBREW UNIVERSITY IN JERUSALEM

E. GUTHRIE PERRY

IT was my privilege to represent the University of Manitoba at the Inauguration ceremonies of the new Hebrew university in Jerusalem some months ago, and my recollections of that visit may begin with a few incidents of the voyage.

A rabbi friend advised me to sail by the *President Arthur*. "On it," he said, "you will meet with different types of the Hebrew Diaspora, who will help you to understand some of the problems of Palestine, and assist you in estimating what the university will mean to Jewry both at home and abroad." He was right. For there was not a day of the voyage which did not contribute something towards better understanding of the hopes, longings and purposes of this people, schooled by bitter experience in many lands to mask their thoughts and conceal their ideals, yet never doubting that some day they will realize their dream.

In the streets of New York, on the morning we sailed, I was shown how much the Hebrews of America were interested in this academic opening. Two blocks away from the dock we had to leave our car, for the streets were crowded with the automobiles of prominent Jews who wished to bid God-speed to the ship. We found the huge shed, two hundred yards long by about fifty broad, densely packed above and below with perhaps not fewer than fifteen or twenty thousand people. A platform had been erected near the gang-plank, from which the Mayor of New York and many of the chief rabbis wished a safe voyage to the first Hebrew ship sailing under the *Magen David* (the blue flag with the shield of David) as she made her maiden trip for the inauguration and dedication of the Hebrew university in Jerusalem. The Jewish financiers who had purchased her from the American government evidently intended that this university opening should mark a new stage in the relations of Palestine to the United States, for she was to sail without stop from New York to Haifa. That her arrival was so interpreted by their co-religionists in Palestine was made evident in the reception given her by the large deputation from Jerusalem.

From the behaviour of my fellow-passengers, it was plain that the Jerusalem university was to have an advantage which few universities enjoy. Not only in Palestine but throughout the world she has already a large and compact community, deeply interested not only in the land to which the university ministers, but also in all that relates to the Jewish people as a whole,—to its history, its religion, its ethics, its politics, its culture and material well-being. When we passed Ellis Island and the great statue of Liberty, the remarks I heard were full of significance, as these men deprecated the closing of doors of refuge to their persecuted brethren by the quota-limit which America has set upon immigration. Clearly, whatever affects the standing or welfare of a Jew anywhere is of importance to Jews everywhere. I can still hear the quiet but impressive voice of a reformed rabbi, as with a touch of bitterness he told how in his city the papers make meagre comment on the many benefactions of prominent Hebrew philanthropists, but call attention in heavily leaded type to the misdeeds of every Jewish wrong-doer. With us, at the captain's table, sat a Jewish real estate man, who was going over to Palestine not only to be present at the university opening but also to secure a plot of land on which to settle his brother and his family. They had lived, under grievous disabilities, in a European country. Indeed before the voyage was over, a number of wealthy mens ubscribed \$300,000 for the purchase of land and the building of houses, which would be sold to their persecuted people at cost *plus* carrying charges.

Some pathetic incidents brought home to me how deep and enduring is this affection. The very first evening on board, I noticed a white-haired man with a refined and gentle face that spoke of clean living and much converse with God. I later learned that as the shades began to settle on his life, he desired to spend his last days in the Holy Land, and to find his resting-place in one of God's acres in the neighbourhood of the Holy City. His family being unable or unwilling to go with him, he had set out alone. That this love for the soil of their forefathers is not confined to the wealthy was shown as we approached the end of the voyage. A solemn funeral service was held over the body of a poor Jew, who had hoped to reach the Promised Land before the end came, that he might lie beneath its sacred dust. He passed before his hope was realized, but some of the aged Jews on the ship bore his remains to a grave on the slopes of Mount Carmel. It seems there is even a Hebrew tradition that the soul of a Jew never rests but floats uneasily through space, until the body at length finds resting-place in the land promised to the patriarchs. One rabbi told me how,

in order to bring comfort to the aged about to go Home, he has dust sent him from Palestine, and how he strews a portion of this in the coffin to soothe their last hours. On Friday, after the evening meal for an hour or more, a "sing-song" was held round the tables. All stood at the singing of the *Hattiqwah*, or "Jewish Hope," a national anthem, with a melody like that of the Covenanter's Communion Psalm. The sentiment which pervades it runs something like this:

So long as in the innermost heart the Jewish soul longs,
And to the ends of the distant east, to Zion, the eye looks,
So long is our hope not lost, a hope constantly renewed,
To return to the land of our fathers, to the city where David
dwelt.

Another song took the form of a glee, in which the leader or a group would sing *Mi yibhneh Galel* (Who will build up Galilee?) The thundering response would be such as this—"Captain Breen will build up Galilee"—the name of every prominent rabbi or personage being inserted in turn. But it was on the morning when slowly out of the mists rose the promontory whence Elijah's servant had seen the cloud like a man's hand, that the Jewish love for Palestine revealed itself without restraint. Leaving their meal untasted, they rushed up on deck, and there—forming song and dance circles—with foot and hand and voice and tear they showed how deeply they were affected as little by little the eye picked up the steadings and homes on shore. Moving amid such scenes as these, I realized as never before the emotional depths out of which rose such Psalms as the 126th: *When the Lord turned again the captivity of Zion, we were like them that dreamed. Then was our mouth filled with laughter and our tongue with singing.* In such feelings the University of Jerusalem has a valuable asset.

At New York, when struggling through the crowd to the gang-plank, I was touched on the shoulder by a Hebrew lady who asked me if I were one of the passengers. "I am," I said, "if I succeed in reaching the ship." "Then will you please give this parcel to the lady whose name is written on it?" It was a gold pen, presented by a Hadassah or Esther society to Mrs. Bublick, wife of the editor of one of the chief Jewish papers in the United States. As I handed it to her she introduced me to her husband, an ardent Zionist, who proved a delightful and informing companion acquainted with every detail of the movements and series of events which culminated in the Balfour Declaration, the San Remo meeting of the League of Nations, the appointment of Sir Herbert Samuel to the High Commissionership of Palestine, the recognition of the Zionist

Executive as mouthpiece of the Palestinian Jews, the organizing of a Christian-Moslem body in opposition, and the founding of the university.

"How did you come to be an editor?" I asked him, in one of our frequent chats. He laughed, and said it was a long story. The chief points of it were that he had first attracted the attention of the Zionists in Poland by a paper he wrote on this theme: "Why is it that the Hasidhim, the deeply religious among the Jews, are so indifferent to Zionism and all its efforts to secure the return of exiled Israel to Palestine?" In his article he had developed the thought that just as in the human body, though arm or leg or some organ be lost, life persists provided certain vital functions are not impaired, so is it with national life. The nation is sustained by race, religion, culture, language, law, government. When the Ten Tribes were carried away by the Assyrian Sargon, they were quickly absorbed because their life differed so little from that of their captors. In the following century Judah prepared herself to resist absorption, in spite of her loss of land, culture and government, by pouring all her strength into her religion. By this religion her devout followers of the law had been carried ever since, and they felt the lack of nothing else. It was, therefore, those not deeply interested in religion, and who felt themselves slipping away to be absorbed in the Gentile world, that were trying to save themselves by reviving interest in other things—such as the recovery of the land, the revival of culture and language. In lands where the culture is high, where the difference in religion between class and class is small, the Jew tends to be absorbed and disappear. For his survival a national home is a necessity.

From a recent trip to the Holy Land Mr. Bublick was able to acquaint me with some of the problems the university had to face at the very beginning.

One of these, for example, was that of the language to be used as medium of instruction in school and college and university. The interest of prominent Jews in Germany, France and England had led to the establishment of important educational institutions in various parts of Palestine. In Haifa the Germans erected a very fine Technical Institute. In Miqweh Israel, near Joppa, the French had an excellent Agricultural College. In Jerusalem were some superior schools and orphanages for boys and girls. At each of these institutions the language of instruction was that of the land from which came the funds that supported it. In the course of time not only the language but the culture and politics of these countries dominated the thought and life of the students. But

to those interested in building up a united people in their homeland such diversity of tongue and division in loyalties seemed a danger.

This question of speech had yet another aspect. For centuries Hebrew had been largely a literary language, used only in works of theology and in poetry. Could it adjust itself, so as to become a fit medium of intercourse among people living in the days of automobiles, radio, and aeroplanes? Would it be flexible enough to meet the needs of modern chemical, physical and medical sciences, or to expound with sufficient accuracy the philosophic theories of our day? A solution of this problem was prepared by the Herculean labours of the philologist Ben Jehudah. For years this eminent scholar and patriot endeavoured to find the principles by which Hebrew might be made once more the language of home, market, school and synagogue. To such an extent had he succeeded before his death that to-day in Haifa the business of Tel Aviv and Jerusalem is transacted in pure Hebrew, spoken with a dialect closely akin to the Spanish Sephardic. By a strike in schools, gymnasia and colleges the pupils compelled their teachers to instruct them in Hebrew. In the Technical School at Haifa it is compulsory that instruction shall be given in this tongue. By the terms of the Palestine Mandate, Hebrew is recognized as an official language, side by side with English and Arabic. It was therefore to be expected that, on the day of Inauguration, President Weizmann should announce Hebrew as the language to be used in teaching. This does not mean, however, that an ancient equivalent will be sought for modern scientific terms. As in other modern languages, such expressions will be adopted with little or no change.

* * * * *

Between Naples and Haifa the radio operator posted this news item which, until contradicted, turned gladness into gloom:

So opposed are the Arabs to the Inauguration of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, that their leaders have proclaimed a fast and mourning on the day of the opening. On this day also Moslem places of business will be closed. Further, owing to this opposition, Lord Balfour will be forced to give up his purpose of participating in the inaugural ceremonies.

The last part of this mischievous rumour was false. However, the incident gave me an opportunity of learning the Hebrew view regarding the hostile attitude of Moslem and Christian in Palestine toward the Jews.

As soon as the Turk took sides with Germany and Austria in 1914, the safety of the Suez Canal was imperilled. It became

apparent, as Lord Allenby's successful campaign proceeded, that some friendly and reliable people must control Palestine. At this crucial moment Weizmann and Sokolow, with other Hebrew statesmen, urged the claims of the Jews. In 1917 Lord Balfour, with the assent of the British Cabinet, sent Lord Rothschild his famous Declaration:

His Majesty's Government view with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

In 1920 the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers ratified this at San Remo. Two years later, at London, the Mandate for Palestine was confirmed by the Council of the League of Nations, and England was appointed as Mandatory. But to this the Moslem and a part of the Christian population were opposed for religious, political and economic reasons.

Throughout Palestine, from Hermon to Hebron, are scattered many "holy places." Before the war the recognized guardian of these—especially of the Roman Catholic holy places—was France. When the Mandate placed Palestine under British protection and guidance, neither France nor those who had enjoyed her fostering care liked this arrangement. There was perhaps a fear that as the Jew became more and more a dominant power in the land, certain old privileges might be abridged or abolished. On the other hand, prominent native Christians perhaps hoped that as the Turk had been ejected by Christian forces, the government of Palestine would be entrusted to Christian hands, and it was by no means acceptable to them to find the country recognized as a Jewish national home—with Sir Herbert Samuel, a Hebrew, as the first High Commissioner. But when complications arose later in the relation of France with Turk and Arab, it was seen to be an advantage that England was to help in maintaining peace and order. The just and tolerant administration of the Hebrew statesman went far to disarm resentment, so that gradually the alliance of Moslem and Christian began to disintegrate.

In Jewish eyes the opposition of the Arab was due largely to political and economic causes. In 1922 the population of Palestine was made up as follows:—Moslems, 583,000; Christians, 84,500; Jews, 79,300. The Moslems, I was informed by an old resident, are not of pure Arab extraction, and in Jerusalem there are not

perhaps more than four great families which can truly claim that racial stock. The rest are conglomerate, preserving relics of every conquest from the earliest times,—Canaanite, Philistine, Egyptian, Greek, Crusader, Arab, Turk. They are bound together by only one tie, their common religion. By vocation they are divided into two great classes; the nomad Bedouin, who wanders to and fro on the edge of the desert with his black tent, his flocks and his herds; and the stationary *fellahin*, who dwell century after century each on his *tels* or hills, cultivating in the valleys below, with most primitive implements, his meagre eight or ten acres. National consciousness, in our sense of the word, is unknown to both these classes alike.

During the Turkish régime, government was carried on largely by the *Effendi*, or landed gentry class, under an over-lord who was always a Turk. To the toilers, politics were a matter of small concern. Wealth and power were concentrated in the hands of the upper class. When the war broke out, under the inspired leadership of Lawrence the Arab was won to the cause of the Allies. It was thought possible to build up a league of Arab States in the East, friendly to the Allies and a counterpoise to the Turk. When this foe was broken, many Arabs expected that Palestine would be handed over to them, or at least—as I learned from a young Arab at Beyrouth University—that representative and responsible government would be introduced, similar to what had been enjoyed in part during the Turkish régime. This, through their preponderance in population, would assure the Arabs of political control. To them the Balfour Declaration and its subsequent ratification by the League of Nations were such a disappointment that they refused to co-operate at all in the government of the country. In the meantime, to the complete satisfaction of the Jews, the British are forced to carry on with an Executive Council in which various interests are represented, but which cannot be called representative government.

To all this there has lately been added a fresh grievance. Having seen what education and improved methods of agriculture are doing for the Hebrew colonies, the *fellah* will no longer remain the plastic mass he previously was in the hands of the *Effendi*. When not irritated by hostile propaganda, such as emanates from Egypt or from interested political parties like the Moslem-Christian Alliance, these simple folk live on the best of terms with their Hebrew neighbours. When they are inflamed by indiscreet speeches of Jingoist Jews, or by political lies—such as the report that England is going to dispossess them of their farms—such outbreaks will

occur as the riots between Jaffa and Tel Aviv where men were killed on both sides, or the unexpected attack upon Lord Balfour at Damascus, when he had to be hurried in an armoured car to the protection of a British ship at Beyrouth. If ardent Zionists will cease to regard the present inhabitants of Palestine as the sons of robbers who are depriving them of the land God promised to their fathers, and be willing to interpret the Balfour Declaration in such a sense that Jew, Christian and Arab may live amicably together each enjoying his own language, customs and religion as French and British do in Canada, then there need be no strained relations. On the contrary, the whole land will be benefited, and it already shows marked improvement through the advent of this type of Jew, filled with patriotic ardour towards the land of his fathers, ready to advance it through lofty educational ideals, mature business experience, and better methods of farming.

* * * * *

When I returned from a trip across the desert from Baghdad, I suddenly realized that the division between East and West is no longer at Port Said or Palestine, but the desert itself. Already Palestine belongs to the West. The change that has taken place there since the war is incredible. In 1913 it took our stage four days to travel between Jerusalem and Tiberias on the Sea of Galilee. One morning, on this trip, I took my breakfast in Jerusalem about eight o'clock, and at half-past two I had lunch by the shores of Galilee, having whirled over as good roads as one finds anywhere. On April 1st our ship cast anchor at Haifa. What a change! Whole sections of beautiful stone houses clustering around the fine Technical High School. On the top of Carmel a School of Agriculture. As our special train swept round the feet of this mount, one noticed how once again its naked sides were being covered with trees as in ancient days. Near Zikron Jacob, groves of eucalyptus and skillful ditching are making malarial swamps fit for habitation. Benjamina with its neat cottages, almond orchards and well kept fields, stood in rather striking contrast over against the *fellahin* villages with their mud huts and general slovenliness. Having crossed the thirty miles of Philistine plain between Jaffa and the foot of the high plateau upon which Jerusalem stands two thousand feet above the Mediterranean Sea, we emerged from Wady Sarur upon the plains of Rephaim, and entered Jerusalem about ten o'clock, too late for the opening ceremonies connected with Inauguration. There was a reception in the High Commissioner's residence, and the city was full to overflowing with those who had come from all parts of the land to see the ceremonial of the following day. Four

of us slept in one room that night, and paid fifteen dollars each for what would ordinarily have cost five.

Two long ridges constitute the eastern bounds of the tableland upon which the Holy City stands. On the first of these is Jerusalem, while the second has two crests, Olivet to the south, separated from the Temple Mount by the Kedron Valley, Mount Scopus further north, separated from the northern section of the city by the Valley of Jehoshaphat. For fifteen cents the little Ford bus will carry you the three miles from the post-office to the gates of the university or to the High Commissioner's residence on Olivet, half a mile further south. But no line of busses could grapple with the crowds that meant to be present at the Inauguration. Though this was not to take place until three in the afternoon, by eight o'clock every path up the opposite hill was packed with people. The road was kept free for vehicles by British soldiers who, acting as pointsmen, directed traffic with the effectiveness of a London "bobby." At strategical points small groups of Palestine *gendarmarie*, armed with wicked looking lances and mounted on fine horses, showed that neither riot nor violence would be tolerated. Order was perfect, but Arab shops were shut.

As the road from Jerusalem winds slowly up from the Vale of Jehoshaphat to the university gates, it passes the beautiful and well-kept military cemetery, where men from many nations and continents lie side by side under their memorial Cross. It comforted me to think that this awakening of Palestine was one of the fruits of their sacrifice.

On the summit of Mount Scopus stands the university site, at present some forty acres in extent. The outlook is most impressive. On the south, Mount Olivet, crowned with the fine residence of the High Commissioner, once designed for the Kaiser; on the west, the long slope of the Vale of Jehoshaphat; and high on the opposite ridge, ancient Jerusalem surrounded with its massive walls. Northward of this is the new town, with fine stone buildings; north, in the far distance, is the tower of Neby Samwil, where the British troops first gained access to the plateau and the white slopes of Gibeah of Saul. There Professor Albright excavated the home of Israel's first king. Eastward, the ridge drops down in long steps of limestone to the Jordan Valley eighteen miles away, and the blue gulf of the Dead Sea, twelve hundred feet below the level of the Mediterranean, while beyond these there rise out of the distant haze the purple hills of Moab. Few universities look forth upon a more interesting landscape. The colours shift and change with every hour of the day.

Though as early as 1882 Hermann Shapira had dreamed of the founding of a Hebrew university in the Holy Land, and in 1902 the Zionist Congress in Basle had considered it seriously, it was not until 1914 that the real father of the university—the eminent scholar and diplomat, Chaim Weizmann—succeeded in acquiring the present site, once the residence of Sir John Gray Hill. The outbreak of the war hindered further progress, until in 1917 General Allenby captured Jerusalem. In his presence, the following July, the foundation stone was laid of a university that was to form “a unifying centre for Jewry’s scattered elements,” “to teach everything that the mind of man embraces”, “to maintain the highest level of scientific research, and at the same time to be accessible to all classes of the people.”

Seldom does one have an opportunity of seeing together in a single room so many distinguished scholars as were gathered for the Inauguration in that upper Assembly Hall of the University of Jerusalem. After the singing of a Hebrew hymn, that sounded like Addison’s *Spacious Firmament on High*, unaccompanied, but with heart-satisfying simplicity and sweetness, Rabbi Koch delivered a powerful address in Hebrew. Weizmann gave a brief history of the university, after thanking the delegates for the honour of their presence, and then outlined thus the university’s policy:

Hebrew will be the language of its schools and colleges. But a university is nothing if it is not universal. It must stand not only for the pursuit of every form of knowledge which the mind of man embraces, but also for a commonwealth of learning, freely open to all men and women of every creed and race. Within the precincts of these schools political strife and division cease. Our university would not be true to itself or to its Jewish traditions if it were not a house of study for all peoples, and more especially for all the people of Palestine.

When a Hebrew who has waited long for the fulfilment of some hope has it realized for the first time, he utters the beautiful little prayer with which Sir Herbert Samuel closed his address,—one of the most moving of all those delivered. After conveying the greetings of the British Colonial Secretary and the Palestine Government, which were afterwards translated into Arabic and Hebrew, he thanked General Allenby, Lord Balfour and the delegates for their attendance, by which the occasion had been made so inspiring and so memorable. This university, he said, began with four institutes, and three more were soon to be added. It called to mind that passage in the Book of Proverbs: *Wisdom hath builded her*

house..she hath hewn out her seven pillars..She crieth upon the high places of the city; Whosoever is simple let him turn in hither. In the Middle Ages, a chemical laboratory managed by an alchemist would, no doubt, have sought the philosopher's stone to transmute baser metals into gold. But the true philosopher's stone was just the faith and enthusiasm so visibly at work in Palestine. This had turned swamps and barren sands into gardens; it was turning poor and barren land into a thriving, prosperous State; it would yet succeed in turning animosities into friendship. In the synagogues, before the Ark containing the sacred scrolls, there had burned age after age the Everlasting Lamp,—that symbol of hopes unrealized:

Now in our own day we seem to see that little flame growing and brightening, till we hope and believe it may yet throw illumination upon the world. Happy are we that in these years have been privileged to tend it. Blessed art Thou Who hast caused it to live, and hast raised us up and brought us unto this time.

To the modern Jew, especially the Jew of Palestine, Lord Balfour is a second Moses, who has led the Chosen People out of bondage. While that great statesman lives, he will never receive a warmer or a more sincere ovation than greeted him when he rose to speak that day in Jerusalem. Turning to the distant hills of Moab, beautifully distinct, and coloured by the afternoon sun, he said:

As I came here, a friend informed me that from this platform I should be able to see the very valleys down which your forefathers descended to enter the Promised Land. When I mentioned this to a companion, he added "Yes, and the university is built upon that hill where Titus pitched his tent when he directed the attack that led to the capture of Jerusalem." These two events mark the limits of one great epoch of your life. Thereafter, though Jewish culture did not cease, it was scattered, and has not been the culture of a people living within the limits of the country which they have rendered so famous. To-day a new epoch has begun. The great cultural effort which came to an end so many hundred years is going to be resumed in the ancient home of the people.

Lord Balfour declared his belief that the experiment of adapting a western form of university to an eastern site and an eastern language was an experiment destined to succeed. He was convinced that Hebrew would prove a suitable medium for instruction in modern science and philosophy. No translation did justice to the original, and yet the English Old Testament—a translation from the Hebrew—had exercised a most powerful influence upon English literature.

A language capable of so much in translation had a greatness equal to this new task. Would the university be able to find among its people professors adequate to teach all branches of modern science? The work of the philosopher Bergson, the psychologist Freud, and the mathematician Einstein gave a sufficient answer. Lord Balfour hoped that as during the tenth century Jew and Arab had worked together for the illumination of Europe, so again they might cooperate to make the Palestinian university the source of intellectual and spiritual benefit for all classes in Palestine. He heartily approved of not attempting too much, but making of high quality what was actually undertaken.

As we travelled from Jerusalem to Jaffa, across the Plain of Esdraelon from Haifa to near the Jordon Fords at Beisan and the land between Nazareth and the south end of the Sea of Galilee near Dagania, we had a good opportunity to see the effect of a sound policy upon the manhood, womanhood and childhood of the place. In this native population the university will find real strength. The motto *Back to the Land* has had a most beneficial effect upon this virile and adaptable people. Nothing furtive, nothing cringing, —strong, self-reliant, even-voiced men, who quietly and directly answered one's questions. I smile yet when I think of the little independent Hebrew at Beth Jacob, who after proudly showing me his neat cottage, his stable and garden, told how he had been in the American Legion and had stayed. He loved the land, and would never go back to America. When his little lad was naughty, he was promptly checked by the threat of being taken back across the ocean. It is a pleasure to think of the fine type of girl we saw at Nahlat Jehudah on the Girls Training Farm. A healthy, hearty, brown-faced lass told us she had been a stenographer in London, and how she enjoyed this life among plants, trees, bees, fowl and dairy cattle. This little farm pays its way with its eggs, honey, fowls and plants. In the creche at Ain Harod, by the Well of Gideon, were as fat, healthy and happy babies as I have ever seen. These people are not the sweepings of slums and ghettos, but enthusiasts, who are determined to demonstrate what the Jew can do on his own land.

In the north quarter of Jerusalem stands the Bezalel Art School. This might well constitute the Fine Arts Department of the university. It was founded by a brilliant artist and sculptor, Dr. Schatz. This wealthy man not only gave his own art treasures to the school, but gave also his services as director. His devotion has evoked like generosity from other prominent Hebrews, such as

Max Nordau who contributed to the galleries some valuable and classic masterpieces. But I blush for what calls itself Christianity when I think of what I saw in one room,—scenes from the pogroms. A number of pictures there depicted a mob wrecking the homes of Jews. They showed little children hiding in the woods by the river and waiting for the parents that would never come; a hungry babe with helpless little hands trying to bare the breast of its dead mother; a synagogue filled with the dead heaped on the floor; white beards dappled with life blood; an aged mother with her little grandson tugging at her skirt, the bowed old father dragging along their daughter whose mind had cracked under outrage and with the foolish laugh of the insane upon her lips. One picture showed a snow-clad plain, night falling, and a snug village from which peasants were driving with pitchforks and clubs a homeless band of Jews out into the bitter cold to perish, while three venerable Jewish fathers were hanging by their necks from a tree. As I viewed these terrible scenes, I noted that one of the lads had suddenly left the room. When I turned to speak with his companion, at first he could not answer, but when he recovered his voice he whispered "I have seen such things." It was the sight of such pictures that helped me to realize why the Hebrew is so grateful for the Balfour Declaration.

Without good schools and high educational opportunities, Palestine could never hold the people she needs for her development. Backed by the loyalty, sympathy and support of Jews throughout the world, her university will not fail to fulfil her ideals. Before that impressive assemblage of university representatives in the High Commissioner's residence, I did not speak for my own *Alma Mater* alone when I said this:

We on the western plains of Canada realize what you are doing. You are planting on the hills about Zion a tree that will be growing when all of us are sleeping,—a tree whose leaves will be for the healing of the nations. If in your high enterprise it is a comfort to you to know that you have the love, sympathy and good wishes of a struggling university on the prairies of Western Canada, then I have been authorized to convey to you that assurance from the University of Manitoba.