

ment Associations, and unite together in these societies, that they may receive the benefit of the same.

Brethren and sisters, God bless you. Let us labor with one heart and one mind, and make our wants known unto the Lord. Let our prayers ascend unto the ears of the Lord of Sabaoth, and they will be heard and answered. I know that if we are blessed, if we are preserved, and if we are saved, it is and will be through the mercy and blessing of God. I know also that inasmuch as we will obey His commandments we will receive His protection and blessing. Zion will arise. Zion will be clothed with the glory of God. Zion will be redeemed. Zion will be prepared for the coming of the Son of Man. The Jews will be gathered home to Jerusalem. And the promises and prophecies concerning both the Jews and the Saints of God will all have their fulfilment in the earth. My prayer to God is that we may be true and faithful to the end of our days, and that we may magnify our calling as Apostles, Elders and Saints while we dwell in the flesh. Amen.

FROM PALESTINE.

In company with Brother F. F. Hintze and Brother G. Grau, of Haifa, I left this little place, situated at the foot of Mount Carmel, on the 15th of February. The object of our excursion was Jerusalem and other historically celebrated places. The little company consisted, besides the two already mentioned Elders, of myself, two Arabs, three horses and one donkey.

It was a lovely day, neither too hot nor too cold; but the roads in this part of the world are in a wretched condition. The previous rain had so softened the road in places that the horses sank down to their knees, and could only with the greatest difficulty work themselves through the mud; and while the animals were doing this, the riders had to display considerable acrobatic skill in order to keep themselves in a dignified sort of position, or else try the softness of the mudholes by "personal" experience. In other places the road was studded with rocks and pebbles of all sizes, making it a very complicated matter to move forward. Over the rivers our horses waded, their bodies half buried in the water. Otherwise, the journey from Haifa to Nazareth was a most pleasant one. The ven-

erable oaks on the roadside were sprouting forth their leaves, preparing their best shrouds for the coming summer; the flowers were in full bloom, and gave to the landscape an appearance of abundant richness; while the flowers that grow wild here are of such luxurious colors that, having seen them, you no longer wonder that our Savior could say: "Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

On our way we passed several caravans, and these were all very large, proving that a considerable transport of goods is being made between the coast and the interior. For here, where no "steamhorses" enliven the routes of traffic, everything is transported on the backs of horses, camels, or donkeys, and the camels are particularly useful. I counted in one caravan not less than thirty-six camels (or rather dromedaries), eleven donkeys, and four horses. It was curious to see the large animals, "the ships of the desert," go rolling along, slowly but steadily, carrying immense loads on their backs, and linked together and towed, as it were, by a little donkey, which runs in front of them. Among other curiosities seen on the way I would mention the women carrying water. Whenever you approach a village or town in the morning or evening you will see a number of women of all ages hastening to or from the wells with their waterpots. These, whether full or empty, they carry upon their heads, generally without the support of their hands. It is really wonderful how they balance these waterpots on their heads. But they do, and that well. No matter whether running at full speed, walking slowly, standing still, or picking up a piece of wood from the ground with their toes, there is the waterpot, as if glued to their head, and not a drop of the water spilt. What practice it must take in order to attain such skill; and some of these burdens are not very light. I once lifted one of these waterpots full of water, and judge the weight to have been between forty and fifty pounds, a considerable burden to hold on your head for a quarter of a mile or more. It is not always considered safe to travel in this country, as it is swarmed in every direction by Bedouins, genuine sons of Ishmael, whose "hand is against every man, and every man's hand against them."

The name *Bedouin* (plural *el-Bedu*) really means nomades. It is applied

chiefly to those Arabs who have no settlements, but wander from place to place. They live in tents, and have kept themselves pretty free from mixing with other people. Their religion is professedly the Mohammedan; but they are very ignorant, and have only imperfect ideas of Islam. They are, therefore, not considered fanatic, but are always represented as lazy, cunning, unreliable, greedy, thievish, and without conscience. Generally they kill strangers who do them no harm, but sometimes it happens that an inoffensive traveler is killed and robbed of everything. Such deeds, however, they usually execute in the dark, as though they could not muster courage enough in the daytime. The government have not been able to gain much supremacy over this people, although probably they do not amount to more than 200,000 souls. So that they stand here as living witnesses to the truth of the prophecy of Daniel, when he speaks of the conquest of the Turks and says: "But these shall escape out of his hands, even Edom and Moab, and the chief of the children of Ammon." (Daniel, xi, 41.) On our road we met several of these dark sons of the desert, and it was not always with a feeling of pleasure that we viewed their long guns or spears. Nevertheless, everything came off well, and to our friendly greeting, *Saba-el-khair* or *Mar-haba*, we always received a friendly answer.

It was about 5 o'clock p.m. when we arrived in Nazareth. As we came on one of the surrounding heights we obtained a fine view of the city and its vicinity. A flock of children just out from school came running down a hill, and our minds were naturally carried back to the time when our Savior, a happy child, used to play upon these hills. The whole scene became so vivid that I was almost led to ask, "Which of those boys is Jesus, Joseph's son of Nazareth?" For a little while we stopped our animals and enjoyed the scenery, and my soul was filled with one thought alone: "I thank God for having permitted me to see this land."

Nazareth, the spot where our Savior spent most of His childhood, is now a place of about 6,000 inhabitants. Of these, 2000 are Mahomedans, 2500 orthodox Greeks, 1000 Roman Catholics, 200 United Greeks, 100 Protestants and the rest Maronites. At the time of our Savior it must have been a very small and insignificant place,