

judging from the question of the Jews, "Can anything good come from Nazareth?" (John i, 76). At present it looks very nice and respectable from the outside, but, like all Oriental cities, as soon as you enter the narrow, dirty streets the charm is over. In Nazareth the streets are particularly narrow. The main street—a long winding lane—consists of two narrow sidewalks, separated from each other by a ditch. That is as near as I can describe it.

The most important building at the present time is a monastery belonging to the Franciscans. This building dates its existence from the early part of the eighteenth century, is surrounded by high walls like a fortification, and has as its great attraction the so-called Church of the Annunciation. This edifice is twenty-one metres long and fifteen wide. Its walls are hung with embroideries, representing episodes in the childhood of Jesus. The high altar is dedicated to the angel Gabriel. Under this is the place where the angel is supposed to have found Maria and announced the glad tidings: "Thou hast found favor with God, and behold! thou shalt conceive in thy womb and bring forth a Son, and shall call his name Jesus. He shall be great and shall be called the Son of the Highest; and the Lord God shall give unto Him the throne of His father David. And He shall reign over the house of Jacob forever; and of His Kingdom there shall be no end." The guide still shows the place where the angel stood when he spoke these words, as well as the spot where Maria sat, wondering at this announcement. Over the entrance opposite the altar is the following inscription: "*Hic verbum caro factum est.*" In this place once stood the house in which Maria lived. The tradition says that it was discovered by the Queen Helena, but when the Mohammedans destroyed everything in the country, the angels took the house in 1291, and carried it to a mountain near Tinme, three years later to Recanati and finally to Looeto, where it is still shown under the name of "*Casa santa.*" In connection with the cave of annunciation is another cave, which is shown as the kitchen of the Virgin Maria. The chimney is still smoky, as a proof of the truth of the tradition.

Nazareth has several wonderful things to attract the tourist. There is the place where Joseph's home once stood, and also his workshop, in a wonderfully good condition, con-

sidering its pretended age. In this place a piece of a stone pillar is shown as a real remnant of the house of the parents of Jesus. Farther on is to be seen the Synagogue, in which Jesus preached His remarkable sermon (Luke 1, 16-19), and also "*Mensa Christi,*" a large stone table, which, if the Catholic monks are to be credited, was once used by Christ and His disciples. Near the Maronite church is a high precipice pointed out as the place from which the people once intended to precipitate our Lord, when His speech did not suit them. (Luke 4, 28-30). The genuineness of all these places and things is, of course, supported only by tradition, which is by no means always supported by facts. On the contrary, some of the suppositions on which they rest are nothing but absurdities. Yet, as it always costs something to see all these things, a large business is maintained here, and, after all, modern religion and business are pretty good synonyms; so what is the difference?"

South of the Greek monastery is a spring known as the "Maria well." As this is the only one in Nazareth it is certainly no mere supposition that the mother of Jesus often visited it in order to supply her household with water. The well is still frequented every day by the women, who are here to be seen from morning till night filling their waterpots, chatting with each other, washing their feet, and so on.

In Nazareth we had the pleasure of forming the acquaintance of two German gentlemen who appeared to be much interested in religious questions, and we spent a very agreeable evening in conversation upon matters pertaining to life and salvation.

A short anecdote may wind up my letter for this time. In a certain congregation, when the sermon was finished, the preacher asked if any one of those present was sure of eternal salvation? There appeared to be considerable hesitation about the matter, but finally a dusky fellow held up his hand, and said he was. "Well," replied the preacher on what ground are you sure of eternal salvation?" "Because," came the answer, "I was born in Nazareth." "And how can that make you sure of eternal salvation?" "Why," was the explanation, "do you think the Lord could act so shabbily as to turn a fellow townsman out, when he has come traveling all the way to heaven?"

Now this was very loose ground upon which to build the hope of salvation; but have the majority of mankind today any more durable foundation for their hopes, when the matter is fully investigated? This is a question by J. M. S.

February 19th, 1889.

WOODRUFF JOTTINGS.

Some of the farmers are busy putting in their crops, while others do not feel that they dare risk it on account of the scarcity of irrigating water. There is water enough in the Woodruff Creek, if properly divided, to irrigate every acre of land in and around this place; but it seems as though there will be trouble this summer, owing to the want of water, as a few of the most prominent farmers claim all that which comes down the canyon. But farmers should not be discouraged, because the Lord has promised us that as long as there appears a rainbow in heaven we may be sure of raising crops. He has blest our land, and if we have faith in Him, He will supply us with all the necessities and comforts of life. Therefore I would say, put in your crops and be faithful, leaving the result to God. We cannot expect to reap if we do not sow.

The health of the people here is excellent, and we can see that the Lord is pouring out His blessings upon us more abundantly than ever.

We are about to have a railroad through our quiet little burg, which will add greatly to the beautifying of the place. It will no doubt be a great advantage in one way, but in another a decided disadvantage. However, we must let it come; we cannot stop it.

Our ward organization is now in a flourishing state, and thoroughly equipped, and the general feeling of the people is of the best.

The Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association has adjourned until next November.

Our Sabbath school is also prospering. It has recently been reorganized. Indeed, taking the condition of the people of Woodruff generally, it is nothing less than encouraging. Woodruff has not been represented very frequently; hence my contribution to your columns.

"BEESWAX."

WOODRUFF, Utah, April 6th, 1889.

Love looses its heart; temper its head.