

describe Tiberias as the most wretched of all the towns in Palestine.

It lies directly upon the shore on a narrow strip of undulating land, beyond which the mountains rise very steeply. Near the celebrated hot springs are found various fragments of columns of red and gray granite and marble, together with other indications which mark the sight of the ancient town. The water flows from the earth too hot to be borne by the hand, and it is excessively salt and bitter and emits a strong smell of sulphur.

The heat of the summer at Tiberias, as at Jericho, is almost insupportable, and the climate sickly. The inhabitants of the coast find profitable employment in raising early vegetables, grapes and melons for the markets of Damascus. These productions mature in this valley much earlier than on the high land of Galilee or Gilead. The scenery of the lake has not the stern and awful features of the Dead Sea, but is more rich in hallowed associations, and more attractive in the softened beauties of the landscape. The view of it from the western height, when I last saw it, breaks upon the approaching traveler with singular power.

Near the northern extremity of the lake there were in the days of the Savior two towns of the name of Bethsaida; one is in the neighborhood of Capernaum and Chorazin, on the west side of the lake; the other, on the eastern shore. The situation of the former, which was the city of Peter and Andrew and involved in the doom of Capernaum and Chorazin, is lost; the latter, mentioned by Luke (chapter 9, verse 10), near which Jesus fed the five thousand, was enlarged by Philip the tetrarch. The ruins of it are just beyond a small plain of surpassing fertility, at the distance of a little more than an hour's journey beyond the Jordan, where it enters into the lake. They occupy a knoll, or hill, which is a spur from the mountain on the east, running down into the plain toward the Jordan. After feeding the five thousand, Jesus ordered His disciples to cross over into the other Bethsaida on the western shore, which he went up into the eastern mountain to pray. It was while crossing the lake on that occasion that a storm struck their little craft, and that Jesus, who had been asleep, rebuked the wind. (Matt. 8: 18-27.) Modern Bible students, however, disclaim the theory of two Bethsaldas, and assert that there never was but one place of that name.

As I sat alone upon the top of the ruined walls of the ancient castle at Tiberias, and looked upon the desolation around me, I tried to conceive of the days of Christ, when he and his disciples traveled through the numerous towns and villages situated on the shore of this beautiful lake, teaching the plan of life and salvation to the inhabitants. There are no Prophets and Apostles in this land now. The voice of inspired men have not been heard for many generations, save on a few occasions during the present century when Elders of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints have visited Palestine, and then, like myself, they have had no real opportunity of teaching the people the Gospel in its purity.

But while I sighed over the great change which had taken place both physically and spiritually in this once favored land, I felt truly thankful to the God of Israel that I could think of some other country far away beyond the broad expanse of the "great sea" and the Atlantic ocean where the inspired teachings of Prophets and Apostles are still heard, and where the ordinances of the everlasting Gospel are being taught and administered in the same manner and by the same divine authority as they were eighteen

hundred years ago, around the beautiful Sea of Galilee.

Friday, July 3rd.—After several fruitless endeavors the day before to get a muleteer on reasonable terms to take me back to Nazareth, I at last obtained one by waking up the hotel servant in the middle of the night. About 4 a. m. just at the break of day, an Arab with a grey horse appeared at the hotel door; and I, being in readiness, mounted at once, and started on my return trip to Nazareth, but taking a more northerly route than the one leading past Mount Tabor. After climbing the long hill we traveled through a broken country to the village of Lubiye, which lies on a hill of considerable height. Immediately north of the village, in a narrow valley, we passed a great number of the inhabitants, both men and women, engaged in harvesting barley in real oriental fashion. Every village has its common threshing floor, and in every town through which I have passed so far in Palestine some of the people have been engaged in threshing grain in ancient fashion. My muleteer falling behind, as he was walking and the animal I rode was a good traveler, I took the wrong road; and before the native could overtake me I had reached the little village of Turan, situated on the north boundary of the plain of Buttauf, and surrounded by a greater growth of cactus than I have ever seen up to date in any part of the world. Near by, however, there are some fine olive groves. Changing our course we now crossed the valley or plain mentioned in a southwesterly direction, in doing which I saw the longest caravan that I had seen yet. There were over seventy-five camels traveling in a string nearly a mile long from the sea inland. We soon reached Kefr Kenna, the ancient Cana in Galilee where Jesus changed water to wine. Here I visited the Greek church where the hypocritical-looking priest showed me, among other things, one of the earthenware jars claimed to have been used at the time of the miracle. (John 2: 1-11.) There were also a number of beautiful pictures of the church walls illustrative of Bible scenes. Cana is about four miles northeast of Nazareth and lies between the lower hills bordering the plain of Buttauf on the south. It has about 600 inhabitants, half of whom are Muslims and the remainder mostly Greek Christians with a few Latins and Protestants. Immediately south of the village is the only spring of the neighborhood, from which I drank water and by which we rested for a short time. If the Kefr Kenna really is the ancient Cana, the tradition alleging that from this spring was obtained the water which Christ turned into wine is undoubtedly correct.

From Kefr Kenna the road leads up among the hills, and after crossing several ridges and passing several villages we reached Nazareth about 11:30 o'clock a. m. Among the villages named between Cana and Nazareth was El Meshhed, the ancient Gath-Hepher, a town in the territory of Zebulon and the birthplace of the Prophet Jonah. (2 Kings 14: 25.) The tomb of that Prophet is shown here.

On my arrival in Nazareth I dismissed my muleteer, after which I spent the afternoon taking in the sights of that town. First, I visited the Latin monastery, in which the Church of the Annunciation is situated. It contains several altars, one of which is dedicated to the angel Gabriel. A handsome flight of fifteen marble steps descends to a vestibule called the angel's chapel. From here a passage leads to the chapel of the

Annunciation, to which two steps descend. The chapel was originally larger than the angel's chapel, but is now divided by a wall into two parts, the first of which contains the altar of the Annunciation with the inscription on the back: "Hic verbum caro factum est." (Here the word was made flesh.) Immediately to the left of the entrance are two columns, one of which marks the place where the angel stood, while one and one-half feet distant is the column of Mary. It is really a fragment of a column depending from the ceiling and said to be miraculously supported above the spot where the Virgin received the angel's message. On the rock here, which is now richly overlaid with marble, the House of the Virgin is said to have stood. Adjoining this chapel is a second dark chamber called the Chapel of St. Joseph, which contains an altar bearing the inscription: "Hic erat subditus illis." (Here he became subject to them.) From this chamber a staircase leads into the monastery; but on the way is still another dark chamber—an old cistern called the Kitchen of the Virgin, the mouth of which is said to be the chimney. A kind, German-speaking monk took me through the whole, and explained all to me.

I next visited the United Greek church, where I was shown an old synagogue, in which tradition alleges that Christ preached. This tradition is traceable as far back as the year 570. The building has experienced many vicissitudes. In the thirteenth century it was converted into a church and has had different situations at different periods. My next visit was to the Church of Gabriel, or the Church of the Annunciation of the orthodox Greek, which is partly under ground. Under the altar is a well connected with a spring situated north of the church, which spring is the supply source of Mary's well near by. Greek pilgrims use the water drawn up by the priestly attendant from under the altar for bathing their eyes and heads; but being thirsty, I drank with great relish the cup offered me. One of the priests, after being told that I was from America, asked me if I was a Mormon. Receiving a reply in the affirmative, he held a consultation with several of his fellow priests, the substance of which I never learned. But he must have met some of our Elders before. Though he spoke Greek and I English, we managed to exchange views on different points, among which the mode of baptism by immersion, which the Greeks have always maintained as the proper mode. He seemed pleased when I made him understand that I also believed in that form and condemned sprinkling as being no baptism at all. A large and rather richly embellished baptismal font which I examined with considerable interest gave occasion for their remarks.

St. Mary's well situated near the Church of Gabriel supplies the whole town with water. The spring is also known as Jesus' Spring and Gabriel's Spring, and a number of different traditions are connected with it. As this is the only spring that the town possesses, it is all but certain that the child Jesus and his mother were once among its regular frequenters. Toward evening, which was the time I visited the well, a motley throng, mostly women, had collected around the spring waiting for their turn to get water. The water is brought in a conduit from the spring some distance up the hill to the forks of the road, where an arch of masonry has been built, from the front of which the water flows regularly in two small streams through pipes placed sufficiently high up in the wall for the jars or water vessels to be