

in a chariot of fire, after which Elisha passed back in the same manner. We saw the place where it is supposed the children of Israel, under Joshua, crossed over the river dry-shod. There is good reason to suppose that they crossed in harvest time, and that the waters were high. They say the waters of the Jordan are highest in harvest time. We had a ride across the plain probably seven or eight miles. That plain could be watered by irrigation. I was often asked if we were going to settle in Palestine. I replied that we were not, but I could take a thousand "Mormons;" go up the Jordan, put in a dam to take out the water, and irrigate several thousand acres. But there is little, however, at present inviting about the country, but it would no doubt be productive if irrigated. The valleys near the source of the Jordan would be much the best for cultivation, and the climate would be more agreeable.

Jericho, or rather the old site of that city, has a good many mounds. Men have dug into many of them, but we were told that no valuables had been found. We camped that night at Aines-Sultain, generally called the fountain of Elisha, because tradition says that, on his return after Elijah had ascended to heaven, he healed the waters of this fountain. Before then they were salt, but by a miracle he made them sweet. They are now delicious, and after our hard day's ride in the heat and dust, we found the waters of the fountain of Elisha very palatable.

That night there was a company of Bedouins came and danced and sang for us. They had a sham fight, and I think it requires a man of pretty good nerve to sit and look at them and not be afraid that they would whip some of their crooked scimiters through his body. Each

one of our party paid them something like two francs, which satisfied them. I believe a ticket at our theater here in Salt Lake would cost more than that, and take it as a whole their performance was not very expensive. They went off in a very fine humor. I could not understand their songs, but our dragoman interpreted the chorus of one of them to be, "May the ladies' eyes be like the moon."

From that place to Jerusalem the route is very rough. Some years ago a Russian lady, a very pious woman, went on a pilgrimage to the Jordan, and while riding over some of these rough ways she was thrown from her horse and had her arm broken and was badly hurt. She expended her money in improving a portion of the way, and on this account one of the canyons was much easier to go through than before that time.

We passed by other ancient sites, spoken of in the Bible as having been large cities, and no doubt they were; but we must bear always in mind that that was an age when Israel paid their tithes and offerings, and God blessed the land. At noon we stopped at a place called Christ's Hotel, all of us very much fatigued. Our luggage train went ahead. In the afternoon we passed by Bethany, where Christ raised Lazarus, and saw what was pointed out to us as the house of Mary and Martha, and also the tomb of Lazarus. In the evening we camped again at Jaffa's gate at Jerusalem, finding our tents pitched and everything comfortable. We used to sing about the flowery banks of Jordan, but it takes off the romance to go and see them; yet when irrigation and industry and the blessing of the Lord prevailed along them, I have no doubt they were as beautiful as any places in the world.