

A few years ago, Melbourne was booming. Banks, with their hundreds of branches throughout the colonies, caught the speculative spirit, inflated land values prevailed, fancy prices were placed on desirable spots, some in Melbourne being quoted at \$45,000 a foot—through the block. Massive buildings, twelve and thirteen stories high, were erected without prospects of tenants. At last the crash came. Values came down. Shareholders were reduced from luxury to beggary, and the country was strewn with financial wrecks. The cry of retrenchment was heard in every department of government; public works were suspended, and the whole country suffered from the evil effects of speculation. It was recently asserted in parliament that there are over 10,000 empty houses in the metropolitan area.

Notwithstanding all these disasters, Melbourne is steadily endeavoring to regain its former prestige. Colossal structures are still being built in the city, and American capital is being invested in them. It is feared, however, that if the citizens continue to "sow to the wind, they will surely reap the whirlwind."

During a few weeks' stay in Victoria, a visit was paid to the town of Bendigo, about one hundred miles northwest of Melbourne, for the purpose of obtaining genealogical information and visiting kindred. Over thirty-five years ago, a beloved uncle, with a numerous family, left old England in order to seek a home in the colonies, and very little had been heard of them in the meantime, though it was known that some were lost at sea.

After a wearisome ride of four hours, in uncomfortable railway carriages, passing through many towns and villages en-route, the town of Bendigo was reached, and, stepping from the train to the platform, the stranger waited for recognition. A lady hesitatingly enquired if he was Mr. G— and the prompt answer was "Yes! and this is Cousin Annie." A strange meeting indeed! They parted as children, and only remembered the games of childhood, and now meet surrounded by numerous children, whose presence indicate the lapse of time. Reminiscences of days of yore were exchanged and memories of dear departed ones were revived. Visits were paid to many family connections, whose existence was almost forgotten, but alas! the abode of the best remembered loved ones had to be sought in the city of the dead! In the cemetery were pointed out the last resting places of uncle, aunt and cousins, and small tokens were plucked from the graves in loving remembrance of the departed. While reflecting on the glorious work of redemption, the epitaphs were copied and earnest hopes were entertained that these dear ones may come forth with the redeemed of Israel in the resurrection of the just.

Bendigo is a town of 25,000 inhabitants, and possesses many attractive features. It flourished greatly in the golden days of Victoria, when mother earth yielded so bounteously its shining treasures to the thousands of hardy diggers who sought wealth in all its hills and gullies. Mining is still the chief industry, and one of the busiest spots in the town is the stock exchange. A number of pleasant resorts and parks provide ample recreation ground for the citizens.

Christmas eve was spent in rambling through the streets, listening to the numerous bands of carol singers who were heralding "the glad tidings of a Savior's birth in the city of David."

After the Christmas celebration the return trip was made to Melbourne, and an urgent request was received to visit a branch of the Church at Harrow, a remote village about 240 miles distant. After a monotonous all-day ride, through an unattractive country, the little town of Horsham was reached, where a halt had to be made till the following day. The journey was then continued, till the village of Noradjuha was reached. The Elders anticipated friends meeting them, but were disappointed, and it was subsequently learned that letters had been delayed. A conveyance was hired, and before night the travelers arrived at Salt Lake. The name was so familiar that it almost made the Elders homesick, but there was no other resemblance to the beautiful city of Zion. The surrounding country is very sparsely settled, and much of the land is unfit for anything but grazing purposes, and very poor even for that. The locality receives its name from the salt water lakes in the vicinity, near which are a number of scattered houses, settlers having located on all the desirable land in the neighborhood.

At Salt Lakes, Brother Wm. Brooksby extended a cheerful welcome to the Elders, and the following day (Sunday) drove them over to Harrow, about fourteen miles distant, to the hospital home of Brother Eli Cox and family, who were delighted to have the privilege of entertaining the servants of God. In the afternoon a Sacrament meeting was held, and encouraging addresses were delivered and counsel given to the members. Remarking on the singularity of Saints residing in such a remote and sparsely settled region, good old Sister Cox (Sen) promptly explained that she and her husband joined the Church in England, and that she had been a member since 1849. In the early fifties, the British government offered great inducements to settlers in the colonies, and Brother and Sister Cox availed themselves of the opportunity of bettering their condition, believing that it would assist them in gathering with the Saints. Her dear husband, however, was not privileged to enjoy his Australian home long, and passed away to the great beyond without attaining the great desire of his heart. A few years ago Sister Cox learned of the presence of the Elders in Melbourne and finally corresponded with them, resulting in a visit to Harrow, when Brother Eli Cox and family quickly obeyed the laws of the Gospel. The whole family are now anxious to gather with the great body of the Church and expect to go with a company of returning Elders in May.

Brother Brooksby became interested in the Gospel by meeting a lone traveler, seated on the side of the road reading his Bible. On inquiry, he learned that the weary stranger was an Elder of the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, engaged in preaching the Gospel in the same manner as the Apostles of old. He invited him into his cart and they traveled along, as did Philip and the eunuch of old, with the same result, as the Scriptures were explained in a new and true light. Thus did the

leaven commence to influence honest-hearted souls and lead them to a knowledge of the truth.

Eight days were spent by Elders Lewis and Goddard in Harrow, and meeting were held in the public hall and at Salt Lakes. At the former place an interested congregation listened attentively, and a good spirit prevailed while the Gospel message was delivered and the principles of eternal life were explained. At Salt Lakes, however, a bitter spirit of opposition was manifested. The hoodlum element predominated and it was somewhat embarrassing to sing praises to God accompanied by the loud gaffaws of the larrikins. However, Elder Goddard addressed the people at some length on the principles of the Gospel, and rebuked the spirit of evil which prevailed among the people. Slanders were rebutted, and Scriptural truths were made plain. At the close of the services, the crowd noisily filed out, and conversed in groups outside. Shortly afterwards a number returned, bent on disputation and manifesting an unchristian spirit. They were emphatically told that no questions would be answered or discussion allowed, unless good behavior was guaranteed and a patient hearing granted. These stipulations being agreed to, many queries were replied to and principles further explained. During the conversation an intelligent young lady pertinently asked why the Saints were called "Mormons." In replying to the question, reference was made incidentally to the early disciples being called "Christians first in Antioch," the title undoubtedly being conferred in derision and reproach by their enemies, and yet people are now proud to be ranked as "Christians." One replied the fair disputant, "we are not called Christians, we are Wesleyans." The Elder was almost non-plussed by the naive admission, but was too gallant to contradict it, in view of the conduct of the congregation during the evening. It was 11:30 p. m. before the Elders were permitted to retire to rest—not to sleep, as they had to start at 1:30 a. m. for Noradjuha, Brother Brooksby kindly driving them over in time for the 7:20 a. m. train.

Arriving in Melbourne, arrangements were made for Sabbath meetings, and an enjoyable time was spent with the scattered Saints residing in that vicinity. On Sunday, January 20, while assembled in Footscray, Father Charlton, a good old veteran in the cause truth, remarked that the well-known lecturer, Mr. T. W. Glover, was advertised to lecture in the Temperance Hall, Melbourne, in the evening, on temperance among the Mormons. Accordingly a visit was paid to Melbourne. A large audience had assembled, and an opportunity was sought to inform the lecturer that Mormon Elders were present. Mr. Glover appeared gratified to learn that such was the case, and, in a brief interview before the meeting commenced, stated that he would always retain pleasant recollections of a visit to Salt Lake City eleven years ago. A forcible and interesting lecture was delivered on the subject announced, in which the speaker referred to his experience in Utah. He spoke in complimentary terms of the morality and sobriety of the Mormon people, referring humorously to the subject of polygamy and especially recognized the kindly aid extended to