

he grew to be a man, he would go as a missionary to his countrymen and tell them about God who loves them better than father or mother even.

The Australian blacks, you must know, are a very low and degraded race. They go about quite naked, without any sense of shame, and they seem to have hardly any idea of morality. They think of nothing but the selfish animal wants of the moment, abandon their fathers and mothers when these get old and infirm, and treat their wives with the most horrid cruelty. No one takes a woman's part. "They are knocked on the heads with heavy clubs, speared through the legs and arms, or deeply gashed with flints in various parts of the body; so that an Australian woman is usually a mass of scars and the majority are said not to live much beyond the age of thirty."

The native population of Australia was never very large, perhaps not more than 150,000, when white men began to settle in the country. It is now hardly half the number. In the beautiful island of Tasmania, to the South, there were six or eight thousand natives, but like so many other races they have withered away before the whites, so that there is not one now left. William Launy who died in 1869 was "the last man;" and Truganina or "Lalla Rooke" who died in 1876 was the last woman. I saw the portraits and skulls of these in the Museum of Hobart; and I think that within the next fifty or sixty years there will be nothing of the native Australian to see but some similar remains in Museums. Even those who are well cared for and who are kept free from the temptations to which they readily yield, seldom live long. They have few children, and most of these die young. It would take me too long to go into all the reasons for this decay of a race; but I may say that the sins of their fathers have poisoned the very fountains of their life. Sin is the curse of man. It curses the sinner, and curses his children and children's children. So low was the condition of the Australian blacks, and so feeble their mental capacity that many said that it would be a

waste of time to try and make Christians of them; that they could not understand the truths of religion, and that they would never give up their own customs or live holy lives. But different attempts have been made, and though some of them failed others have succeeded.

I visited one mission station at Ramah-yuck, in Gipps-land, Victoria, managed by Mr. and Mrs. Hagenaner, two devoted Moravians from Germany, who are agents of our church. As early as 1850, the Moravians sent missionaries to Australia, believing that the gospel which had touched the hearts of Greenlanders and West India slaves, could find its way to the hearts of even the Australian natives. In 1853 Mr. Hagenaner and a good brother began work at Ebenezer in the Wimmera district of Victoria, and there in 1860 an awakening among the blacks commenced that gladdened the hearts of Christians. Other churches seeing this were encouraged and joined in the work. The Presbyterian Church, soon after its union, began to think that the dying aborigines had a claim on them;—and, with the full consent of the Moravian Mission Board in Germany, engaged Mr. and Mrs. Hagenaner as their missionaries, and started a mission in Gippsland. In 1866, Rev. A. F. Campbell of Geelong, the Convener, had the happiness of opening a church at Ramah-yuck that the blacks had built and of baptising the first Gippsland convert. The Government helped the missionaries by making their school for the children a State-school under the Department of Education, and to every one's amazement this school had for many years the highest percentages of any in the Colony at the Inspectors' Examinations. This one fact shows that the brain of even the lowest savages is of as high an order and as far from that of the brute as the brain of a civilized man.

Mr. Hagenaner gathered about 300 in all, round his mission station. "Where did you get them?" I asked his wife. "From the public houses," was her significant answer.

You see, the half-civilized are in a far