

rests on the race, he thinks that missionary work among them is a mistake. He says, "The game is not worth the candle." What is the missionary's answer to the literary man? Here it is:—

"A learned countryman of mine, a great German philosopher, most carefully analysed the afflictions, sufferings, and miseries of mankind on the one side, and the pleasures, joys, and happiness on the other, and having impartially weighed both in the balances, answered the question, "Is it at all worth while for man to live?" with a decided "no, it is not." Shortly after, the cholera broke out in the city, and the great philosopher was one of the first to order his carriage and run away into the country. When asked why he acted in contradiction to his own philosophy, he said that there were other and higher principles of philosophy, and according to these he had acted. Sir, I say, well done. It is according to such principles that we carry on missions among the Aborigines of Australia. Let us ask, what is the value of a human soul? Is it not the price of the blood of Christ? We preach Christ to perishing souls and are fully aware that it is worth while to do so."

Here is his answer on another occasion:—"Of one thing I am certain, and I speak of what I have seen during 28 years of my life,—that in the black man's heart are feelings buried, which when touched by the gospel of Jesus will produce the great change from death to life, and the influence of the gospel will show at once the most pleasing fruits of righteousness. Having passed from darkness to light and life, the black man, as well as the white man, understands and knows the power of the religion of Jesus, lives according to it, and passes away in faith and full assurance of life and glory hereafter. To say it is no use to do anything for these people because they die, discloses a very wonderful weakness in those who say or think so. Do we not show the most tender care to our sick friends though it may be quite known to all that they cannot live? And how many poor and sick people are so well attended in our hospitals, and yet we know

that they die? The fact, however, is that those who make such difficulties for mission work never spent a penny for the spread of the gospel. We met daily large numbers of poor Aborigines in the dense scrub of Northern Queensland; the same people of whom police records and newspapers give such bad accounts, which I have no doubt are perfectly correct. Whilst we were there, one of the leading papers in the colony asserted in a joking manner that hitherto the blacks had occasionally feasted on the body of a Chinaman but they might for once change their taste, and their doing so would materially interfere with the benevolent intentions of the Moravian missionary; but the fact is that we did not see anything of that danger, for we were among people who had been met by kindness, firmness, and carefulness."

Everyone will acknowledge that the missionary has the best of the argument, and that a life like his is better than any argument. It may be that the church has made mistakes in spending so much of its strength on dying races instead of on those that are likely to be permanent factors in the history of humanity. But, whenever a man or woman stands up and says, "here am I, send me to this or that tribe, to those degraded beings, to whom I desire to devote myself for Christ's sake," the church not only dare not refuse, but should thank God that the Spirit of the Cross, which always turns apparent loss into gain, and sees success where the world sees only failure, is among them in power.

Mr. Hagenauer is under no illusions in carrying on his work. He knows quite well that the "noble savage" of poet and novelist has no existence, but just because the savage is sunk so low, does he need our help all the more. Besides, he too can, by the power of the Spirit, be "born again." Here is how the grand old man puts it:—"I wonder where the noble savage may be found? The bare and stern reality of seeing yourself in the midst of hundreds will soon drive away the romantic idea of "the noble savage." We had the privilege of spending a week at Vilele,