

menced, a desire arose among these people for better gods than they had. One of their chiefs had heard from a friendly islander that there was but one God, and that one day in seven ought to be set apart for His worship. As soon as this news reached them, they determined to worship this unknown God. A difficulty arose as to who should officiate for them. In their dilemma they sent for the heathen priest. Moved either by fear, or compassion, or honour, he consented, and asked this new God to keep and bless the people, at the same time acknowledging that he himself worshipped a different god, and that he was only acting as spokesman for his neighbours. This kind of worship continued while the longing for more knowledge grew upon them every day. It was a long time before their wishes for a teacher could be made known. A storm drove a boat full of Tongans—returning home—far out of their course. They landed on an island fifty miles from Ono. One of them was a Christian, and when he heard of what was going on at Ono, went there and taught them what he knew. When a regular Christian teacher reached them, he found one hundred and twenty persons who had renounced heathenism. The work spread on every hand. The missionaries bore testimony that, "Of all the work in Fiji that at Ono has been the most permanent and successful. More native teachers have been raised in proportion to the population than in any of the other islands." The genuine and sturdy character of the religion of these Fijian converts has proved itself on many signal occasions. Manfully have many of them endured persecution, exile and death, rather than compromise their principles.

They became some of the most rigid Sabbath-keepers in the world. This was severely tested in 1874 and 1875, when the Balolo festival occurred on Sunday. To use Miss Gordon Cumming's description, "The balolo is a small sea-worm, long and thin as ordinary vermicelli. Only on one day in the whole year do these creatures come to the surface of the water. The natives know exactly when they are due, and are all on the lookout for them. At certain well-known points near the reefs the whole sea, to the depth of several inches, is simply alive with them. As the day dawns these mysterious creatures with one accord sink once more to their native depths; nor will another be seen for twelve months. Well do the natives know how needless it would be to look for one after sunrise, so all the canoes then return to land, wrap their balolo in bread-fruit leaves, cook them in ovens and have a great feast. In both these years the balolo rose on Sunday, but *not one canoe* was put to sea except by some Roman Catholics." Miss Cumming adds, "Certainly, they are the most devout race for Christians that I have ever seen."