

Greek, Hebrew, Blackstone's Commentaries, and English literature, and writing a work on Sanctification, which he illustrated in his own religious experience.

Such devotion, however, could not fail of its glorious reward. A great religious awakening took place. Among the converts was the Queen of Viwa. "Her heart," says Mr. Hunt, "seemed literally to be broken; and, though a very strong woman, she fainted twice under the weight of a wounded spirit. She revived only to renew her strong cries and tears, so that it was all we could do to proceed with the service. The effect soon became more general. Several of the women and some of the men literally roared for the disquietude of their hearts. As many as could chanted the *Te Deum*. It was very affecting to see upwards of a hundred Fijians, many of whom were, a few years ago, some of the worst cannibals in the group, and even in the world, chanting, 'We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;' while their voices were almost drowned by the cries of broken-hearted penitents."

Soon a bitter storm of persecution burst on the Christians of Viwa. The neighbouring heathen made relentless war upon them. "Oh, if you missionaries would go away!" they said. "It is your presence that prevents us killing them. If you would go away, before long all these Viwa people would be in the ovens!" "It is very easy," said the Christians, "for us to come to Mbau and be cooked; but it is very difficult to renounce Christianity."

Mr. Hunt's continuous toil at length told seriously upon his health. The man of iron strength, who had come up to London from the fields of Lincolnshire only twelve years before, was evidently dying. Of him, too, might it be truly said, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." The converts from heathenism, with sad faces, flocked to the chapel and prayed earnestly for the missionary: "O Lord!" Elijah Verani cried aloud, "we know we are very bad; but spare Thy servant. If *one* must die, take me! Take ten of us! But spare Thy servant to preach Christ to the people!"

As he neared his end, he confidently committed his wife and babes to God, but was sorely distressed for Fiji, sobbing as though in acute distress, he cried out, "Lord, bless Fiji! Save Fiji! Thou knowest my soul has loved Fiji: my heart has