

Fiji 7 missionaries, 2 English school masters, 10 ordained native assistant missionaries, 253 local preachers, 298 chapels, 483 day-schools, 21,917 scholars; fully and accredited church members, 12,000, and about 30,000 who can now read the Scriptures. Thus, through the labours of a few devoted servants of God, 30,000 Fijians who a few years ago knew not that there is one true God and Saviour, Jesus Christ, can read the Bible. But if you ask the great majority of this multitude, "Understand ye what ye read?" they will reply, "How can we understand, except some one teach us." How sad! that freedom from the restraints of civilization, the love of pleasure, sin and money, will induce multitudes to come and reside in heathen lands, while so few will volunteer to come to teach those who are perishing for lack of knowledge. Christendom has good reason to blush, that so many go forth from her shores, not to diffuse her blessings and privileges, but to render the condition of heathen nations still more degraded, miserable and hopeless. The missionaries complain that wherever foreigners reside, they counteract their labours, by their counsels and ungodly example.—I have seen the most baneful and painful influence which the whites exert over the natives. Among the evils they have introduced and promote is, drunkenness. Tui Levuka, king of Ovalau, a promising young man, has yielded to the temptation, and is rapidly sinking to ruin. The missionaries and native converts have prayed and laboured to save him. On one occasion, as the missionary was speaking very plainly and faithfully to the king, he replied, "It is no use speaking to me. You cannot tell me anything about the badness of my heart and the evils of drunkenness that I do not know, but I cannot give up my *grog*. Ask me to give you my pigs—this is difficult, but still I can do it. Ask me to give you my wife, I love her, but still I can give her up.—Ask me to give you my land—and what can I do without my land? but still I can give it up; but I cannot do what you ask—give up my *grog*. I must have my *grog* though I know it is my ruin, and will be the DAMNATION OF MY SOUL." This man acquired his unconquerable love of strong drink from those who call themselves "moderate temperance men." When men-of-war are

lying here, the officers always have the king on board daily to dine with them, and always gave him what they call a *social glass*. Here you see the result. Let those who entertain moderate views respecting the temperance reform, listen to this man's confession, and tremble. I tremble when I reflect upon the misery, ruin, and awful eternal results which the example and influence of those who hold that it is right to take a *social glass*, may and do produce. No, my friends, let us for the sake of humanity and the honour of God, adopt the motto, "taste not, handle not, touch not," and we shall never to the latest ages of eternity have cause to regret.

A few general remarks. The gospel is now exerting a powerful influence over the entire population, even over the heathen, so that the horrid practice of cannibalism is no more; wars have ceased, and you may now go any where in safety. I have heard the whites lamenting and saying: "It is not now as it was once. A few years ago we could purchase any amount of native produce with muskets, balls and powder. Then every tribe was engaged in fighting; but now they have left off fighting, and care nothing about our *guns* and *powder*. This complaint speaks volumes respecting the nature of the gospel, and the influence it exerts over the minds of men. Let this glorious gospel be diffused through the world and we shall have universal peace.

My heart is more glad as I have an opportunity of seeing the great and glorious change wrought upon this people by the gospel of peace. My heart thrills with joy as I meet with those who a few years ago were cannibal savages, in the school, in the class-room, in the house of prayer; hear them sing the songs of Zion; see them reverently bow the knee in prayer, and attentively listen to the gospel message. Never have I experienced more pleasure, in seeing the man of God enter the sanctuary and ascend the pulpit, than I have experienced in beholding the native ordained preacher, enter the native house of worship, clad in a white shirt, a robe of native cloth round his waist flowing down to his knees, a black coat on top of the shirt, bare head, neck, and feet, and the sacred scriptures under his arm, gravely passes along through a crowd of worshippers sitting cross-