

been devoted was the last to be left. He had lived for Fiji, and his every thought, and desire, and purpose, and plan, and effort had long gone in this one direction, the conversion of Fiji. For some weeks he had been laid by from his work, his voice hushed and his hand powerless. Yet he had never ceased to pray for the people of the Islands; but now his prayers were also to cease. Never till then did he feel how Fiji had become identified with his very life. And in his utter feebleness the spirit within him strove and struggled with its great burden. Those who stood by feared to see the weak frame so tossed about, and tried to sooth him. Mr. Calvert said:

"The Lord knows you love Fiji. We know it, the Fijian Christians know it; and the heathen of Fiji know it. You have laboured hard for Fiji when you were strong; now you are so weak you must be silent. God will save Fiji. He is saving Fiji."

At this the dying missionary was calmer for a little while; but still he wept. The burden was there yet; and his spirit, strengthened with the powers of an endless life, shook the failing flesh as it rose up and cast the great load down at the cross. He grasped Mr. Calvert with one hand, and lifting the other, mighty in its trembling, he cried aloud:

"O let me pray once more for Fiji! Lord, for Christ's sake, bless Fiji! save Fiji! Save thy servants, save thy people, save the heathen in Fiji!"

After this he gradually quieted down, and his peace was unbroken.

Two days later he said to Mr. Calvert: "For two days I can think of nothing but St. Paul's words: 'I am in a strait betwixt two, having a desire to depart and to be with Christ; which is far better.'" He then added, with great feeling: "'For me to live is Christ.' If needful for my family and the Church I shall be raised. I have no choice. I am resigned to the will of God. I am more: I *love* the will of God. He rules."

His friend said: "If we ruled we should keep you. But the Lord knows best."

"Yes," he quietly answered, "he is my Ruler, my Proprietor. He will soon make it up in many ways."

The next day was the quarterly fast. Some one told him, "We have had very good meetings to-day. The natives pray earnestly for you; they never forget you in their prayers."

He rejoined: "I have no doubt of it. I feel the benefit of them."

On this day Mr. Hunt received, for the last time, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. His peace was perfect.

The following Sunday found him much weaker, but still more tranquil, and refreshed by a better night's rest. He told Mr. Lyth, in answer to an inquiry about his state of mind:

"That continues the same. I have no anxiety, nor is any temptation permitted to assault me." Yet in all this he said: "I have comfort, constant comfort, but I have not joy. I desire a great manifestation of God's love; but perhaps I could not bear more in my weak state."

On the Monday he said to Mr. Lyth: "I can fully confide in Jesus. Jesus is very precious to me, he is very present with me; I only want more of him."

Tuesday brought a slight return of pain. When Mr. Lyth asked