

Chapter II

Fiji

In 1843 there came from Fiji an earnest cry for help. A few years earlier the thrilling appeal by the Rev. James Watkin, *Pity Poor Fiji*, had greatly moved the heart of the Methodist Church. In 1835 a Mission was established in the group. Notwithstanding the ferocious character of the cannibals, some little progress had been made. But as one missionary had died, and another had been removed, help was urgently needed. The Rev. David Hazelwood and I were appointed to the Mission.

On February 8, 1844, my dear wife and I were married. For fifty-five years we have been toiling together in the work of the Lord. Lovingly and well has she helped and cared for me, and the children God has given us. On March 2nd Mr. and Mrs. Hazelwood, my wife, and I, left Sydney in the Missionary brigantine *Triton*. The Revs. J. M'Kenny, B. Hurst, F. Lewis, and many others, came on board to bid us farewell. The ship in which we sailed was famous for her pitching and rolling qualities. A captain who once came on board said, "I have never been on such a wretched old tub as this before." Our captain was a good sailor, but had little of the milk of human kindness. He found it difficult to understand how missionaries going to live among cannibals could be sea-sick. But he was a good Christian man, and often in stormy weather it comforted us to hear him as he walked the deck singing –

When passing through the watery deep
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head:
Fearless their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there.

We were one month on the voyage from Sydney to Tonga. It was Friday when we arrived. As soon as we anchored, one of the missionaries came on board. We had just sat down to dinner, and he was invited to join us, which he readily did. He was greatly enjoying the good things before him, not often seen in the islands, when the Rev. John Thomas, Chairman of the District, was announced. Soon the aged, pale-faced missionary appeared, and, after hearty greetings, was invited by the captain to dine with us. But, bowing and then shaking his head, he said, "No thank you, captain, this is our Quarterly Fast Day." The confusion of the missionary at the table may be imagined. Poor fellow, he seemed greatly distressed; and no wonder, since he well knew that what he had done would be regarded as a huge offence by his chairman, who practised weekly fasting all through life, and held the Quarterly Fast Day as a very sacred day indeed. We all, however, could readily forgive the brother, for we knew that in his joy at the arrival of new missionaries, and in the lower but quite natural joy of a table not seen every day in Tonga, he had forgotten everything else, fast day among the rest.

Dinner over, we were quickly on shore. Delighted with everything we saw, we made our way to the Mission House, where we were heartily welcomed by Mrs. Thomas. For more than three months we remained with Mr. and Mrs. Thomas. Their kindness to us we can never forget. Mr. Thomas had his peculiarities and eccentricities, but he was a good missionary, and it was no small privilege for two young men just entering

in their work to be under his training for a few months. Every morning at four o'clock we heard his flint and steel going, and, willing or unwilling, we had to turn out and accompany him to an appointment three or four miles from home. He never invited us to go, but simply told us over-night that *he* was going, and would call us. How I admired the old man striding along through the wet grass, and on reaching the appointed place commencing at once with all earnestness to preach the glorious gospel!

Just before we arrived in Tonga, a heavy blow had fallen on these devoted servants of God. Their only child had sickened and died while Mr. Thomas was on a visit to some of the distant islands. When he reached home his boy was in the grave. No trial more severe than this could have come to the parents, but the grace of God enabled them, while deeply sorrowing, to bow with perfect resignation to the Divine will. It was very affecting when, at a class-meeting, where all the brethren and sisters were gathered together, the Rev. S. Rabone, the brother of Mrs. Thomas, said to her, "Dear sister, it is well with thee, and well with thy husband;" and then, after a long pause, "and it is well with *the child*."

Mr. Thomas loved to tell of missionary work, and trials and success, and we loved to hear him. The old man's memory sometimes failed, and he told us the same tales over and over again; but they were good, and we never tired of listening to him. One thing we young fellows had to be careful of, not to say a word implying the shadow of disagreement with John Wesley's views. If we did, we caught it. I remember on one occasion when we were talking about grammar, Brother Hazelwood and I said that we thought John Wesley's grammars were all too brief, and were unfit for learners. Mr. Thomas was at us in a moment, and came down on us very severely. That two mere boys should dare to criticise the work of that great man was almost as bad as the unpardonable sin. Dear old John Thomas! We shall never forget him: we thank God that we ever met him. He has finished his course now. I was in the British Conference at Liverpool when his obituary record was read, and I was delighted to hear the many good testimonies concerning him. He is now before the throne of God, and a bright crown is that which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, has given him.

While in Tonga we had the great pleasure of often seeing King George. He was then in his prime – a fully consecrated Christian, and a zealous and successful local preacher. His people greatly loved him, and he had a wonderful influence over everybody. We were also greatly delighted at meeting many of the earnest local preachers and leaders, and in hearing their fervent prayers at the various meetings.

One of these brethren, Julius Naulivou, who went with us to Fiji, was one of the finest men I met in the South Seas. He was a chief of high rank, a very devoted Christian, and an eloquent and successful preacher of the Gospel. Mr. Thomas told us that at one of the missionary meetings he had spoken of the millions yet in darkness and in death. After the meeting Naulivou came to him and asked, "Why are not missionaries sent to preach the Gospel to those who are perishing without it?" Mr. Thomas replied, "Simply because the fathers at home have not money enough to send them." With the tears running down his face Naulivou said, "O Mr. Thomas, if my body were all one lump of gold you should have it all." On another occasion he was preaching to a large congregation, King George sitting near him. His subject was "The Gospel, the power of God to save." Referring to what it had done in Tonga, he said, "It found me

a poor benighted heathen, sunk in sin and misery; it brought me light, and lifted me up, and made me a man and a Christian. Who else has it saved?" In a moment the king was on his feet, crying, "Glory to God, it has saved me!" And then another and another rose, until scores were standing, and every man crying, "Glory to God, it has saved me!"

Julius Naulivou, as I have said, went with us to Fiji, but his work there was soon ended. He died a most triumphant death, and went to join the great company from Tonga who had washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

While in Tonga my dear wife was very ill, and for some days little hope was entertained of her recovery, but God in His great mercy heard our prayer, and raised her up again.

At the end of July we left Tonga, and in a few days were in Fiji. We first made the island of Lakemba, where the Rev. James Calvert was stationed. Mr. Calvert and his truly noble wife had then been six years in Fiji, and God had crowned their labours with success. Since then these faithful missionaries and their work have become known the wide world over. At Lakemba I left Mrs. Watsford with Mrs. Calvert until it should be decided what Station we should occupy. From Lakemba we proceeded to Somosomo, where the Revs. R. B. Lyth and t. Williams were labouring amid many discouragements and exposed to many dangers. Here I first saw that Fijian monster Tui-kilakila, who preferred human flesh to any other food. He was on the beach when we landed. When I was introduced to him he took me under his arm and carried me into his house. Being new in the mission-field, and having heard of this man, I did not altogether like my position, and was very glad when I was out of his clutches. He threw himself on his back on a mat, and when I presented him with a large iron pot he put it on his foot, and held it up for some time as high as his leg would reach. All that our missionaries suffered while living at Somosomo, where this savage was king, will never be known. Mr. Hunt has often told me how frequently they expected to be clubbed; how the king refused to allow them to shut their door when human bodies were being cooked in the oven just outside; and how they were tried and threatened by this fearful man.

When Commodore Wilkes of the United States Exploring Expedition visited Fiji he showed great kindness to the missionaries, and, pitying them in what he regarded as a wretched, perilous position, he offered to place one of his ships at their disposal to carry them away from Fiji. When told that they were unwilling to leave their post, that they had come to preach the Gospel to the savages around and could not now abandon them, he said, "Well, I can see no poetry in a life and work like this." No, but there was something better than poetry. The love of Christ constrained them, and for His sake they were willing to live, and, if necessary, die for the poor Fijians.

Some years after my first introduction to Tui-kilakila I was brought into close contact with him in Lakemba, where he was visiting. One of his principal men was very ill, and he sent for me to give him medicine and cure him. I told him that the man was dying, and that it was of no use giving him medicine. He insisted that I should do it. To satisfy him I put a little oil on the lips of the dying man, and went home. In half an hour or so the king sent for me again. When I arrived he pointed to the dead man, and, in a furious rage, cried, "There, you've killed him!" He had a large uplifted club

in his hand, which I thought he was going to use, so I merely said, "I told you, sir, that he was dying, and that it was of no use to give him medicine;" and I got out of his reach as soon as possible.

From Somosomo we sailed to Viwa, where I met that great missionary, the Rev. John Hunt. At the District Meeting immediately held, I was appointed to the Rewa Circuit; but as the war between Bau and Rewa was then raging, it was arranged that I should live at Viwa and visit Rewa as often as possible.

Viwa

At the close of the District Meeting I left in the *Triton* for Lakemba, and brought Mrs. Watsford to Viwa; and now our Mission life fairly began. For some months we lived in the same house with Mr. Hunt, and had his valuable help in acquiring a knowledge of the language and of Mission work.

In learning the language I had one of the best native teachers to assist me, Noah, of whom I shall have more to say later on. I undertook to teach him English, while he taught me Fijian. And so, when he laughed at my mistakes, I gave him a difficult English sentence, and laughed at his blunders. He learned many words, and how to construct short sentences, but English was a great puzzle to him. He amused me one day when he came to tell us that someone in the yard had a sow and four young ones for sale. Slowly pronouncing each word, he said, "Here is man, want sell one big pig and four nice little boys." We found that the best way to learn the language was to go among the people with two questions, "What is this?" and "Who is this?" and to get hold of words and use them, no matter how many mistakes we made. Strange mistakes are indeed often made. Instead of blessing the people a missionary has sometimes, unawares, cursed them. One of my colleagues in prayer used the word *vuku* instead of *vuka*, and so, while intending to ask God to make them wise, he prayed that He would make them fly. The Fijian language is very fine, and there is no special difficulty in acquiring the knowledge of it. The many dialects puzzled us at first, but it was determined to adopt the Bau dialect, and translate all our books into that alone. This has greatly simplified the language, and the wisdom of doing it has been acknowledged by all.

In about five or six months I began to give my first addresses, and conduct services in Fijian, no doubt making many errors. There was a grammar by the Rev. David Cargill that was a great help to me. Since then a very superior grammar by the Rev. D. Hazelwood has been published, and is greatly admired, not by our own missionaries only, but by those of other Societies. Mr. Hazelwood gave us a Fijian dictionary, which is of great value. He also translated many of the books of the Old Testament. But he was not permitted to labour long in the work on which he had set his heart. His health failing, he had to remove to Sydney, where after a few years' suffering he died.

At Viwa some of the people had embraced Christianity, and among them their chief, Namosimalua. It was generally believed that he had done so because he thought it would protect him from his foes. He had been a desperately bad man, always engaged in some treacherous plot, and he was in constant dread of losing his life. As

a professing Christian he was, during my acquaintance with him, a great hypocrite. No one ever knew what he really meant. He was often concocting the most diabolical scheme when he seemed fair and pleasant. I have known him, when kneeling near me in church, cry most earnestly, "Glory! Glory!" and looking up I have seen the old fellow watching me with the only eye he had, to observe what effect his devotion had upon me. No one believed in him; the great wonder was how he had escaped the club so long.

Verani, the second chief, was a remarkable man in many ways. He was the king's adviser and greatest soldier. Some years before this a French vessel visited Fiji. The king determined to take the vessel and seize the property. For the dreadful work he employed Verani, and horribly he fulfilled his commission, murdering the captain and all the crew. From that time he was called Verani or Feranse, the nearest a Fijian can get to pronouncing "France." Though some of his people embraced Christianity, Verani had determined never to do so. But he wished to learn to read, and one of the teachers undertaking to teach him, he could soon read as well as any of them. One day, as he was reading Matthew xxvii., a teacher lying near him heard a loud sob, and, looking up, saw the tears running down Verani's face. Turning to the teacher, the chief asked, "Why did Jesus suffer all this?" "For you, sir," replied the teacher, "to save you." "Then," said Verani, "I am His. I'll give myself to Him." He resolved to embrace Christianity, but delayed, fearing Thakombau's wrath, and became greatly troubled about the matter. When he went to war, he told us, he trembled lest he should be killed and perish. At length he sent word to Thakombau that he intended to be a Christian. The king sent back a message that the day he did he would kill and eat him. Verani still hesitated, but the Spirit strove so powerfully with him that soon he could hold out no longer. He determined publicly to embrace Christianity on Good Friday. He sent to inform Thakombau of this, and added, "I fear you, but I fear the great God very much more. It will be a bad thing if you kill and eat me; but it will be very much worse if Jehovah casts me into hell. If you kill me, you will one day repent, for you will become a Christian, and then you'll be sorry that you killed Verani." Good Friday came, a day never to be forgotten by us. No one who has not been in Mission work can have an idea of our joy that day. We walked in procession to the church, and then Verani bowed in prayer, and called on the name of the Lord, while we, with hearts brimful of gladness, praised our God. Surely in the presence of angels in heaven there was joy over that one sinner repenting.

For some time before this a chief named Komai Boli, head of the Lasakan people, had been living under Verani's protection, having fled for his life from his own tribute. Some days before Good Friday they professed to be friendly towards him, and invited him to return. On the Thursday he had gone to drink *zangona* with them, as a sign of reconciliation, and that night they killed him. He had ten wives living at Viwa with him. When they heard of his death they went crying to Bau, desiring to be strangled that they might go with their husband; but the Lasakan people, intending to disgrace the chief, refused to strangle them. Verani was the only relative left who could do it, for none but a near relative could do the strangling work. They determined to return to him. He had just come from church, and Mr. Hunt and I were sitting with him in his house when the women entered. They pleaded as if for their lives that he would strangle them. Verani answered, "You're too late; a short time ago I would gladly have done it, but I'm a Christian now. Death is past, and Life has come. You must live." Poor wretched women, they went to their home, and cut and burned their

bodies in a frightful way, and wept and wailed night and day. It was painful to see them. We visited them frequently, and they promised that when the days of their mourning were ended they would embrace Christianity. And so they did. In after-days I often heard some of them tell how near to hell they were when the Lord in mercy saved them.

Verani gave up all his wives but one, to whom he was married in due form. After the usual term of probation he was received as a member of the Church, and baptized by the name Elijah. Very soon after his conversion the news came to Viwa that an American ship was wrecked at Ovalau, and that the heathen had gathered to kill the crew and seize the cargo. Verani's large canoe, the *Lagolevu*, was immediately launched, and with a good company of picked men he started for Ovalau, which he reached just in time to prevent the massacre and plunder. What a wonderful change had Christianity already made in this man! How good the fruit that so soon appeared! The enemies of Missions, if they will close their eyes against other things, surely must feel the force of this contrast. Here was a man, who, when a heathen, had cruelly murdered a French crew and taken their ship, but now, converted through the instrumentality of Christian Missions, he is the first to hasten to the rescue of shipwrecked men, and saves them from the ferocious savages who were ready to kill and devour them.

After Verani's baptism, Thakombau sent him a command to lead his men against his enemies. The chief came to the Mission House to know our mind, whether it was right for him to go to war or not. We were divided in opinion. One thought that he ought to obey the chief; the other two thought that he should not go, for Fijian warfare was such that no Christian man could engage in it. While we were debating the matter, with little hope of being of one mind, Verani came and said that the matter was settled, that he had prayed to the Lord to guide him, and had come to the conclusion that it was no right for him to go, and he was prepared to take the consequences. I think that the Lord did guide him in this matter, and saved him from much evil. The Fijians in their wars are cruel and bloodthirsty, they show no mercy to women and children, and many of the slain are cooked and eaten. Had Verani gone to war at Thakombau's command, I am persuaded it would have done much harm in many ways, - to himself, to Thakombau, and to the great work in which we were engaged. I think that Thakombau respected Verani all the more for having resolved to have nothing to do with their terrible wars. The change in Verani in this respect was very marked and very delightful. He had been a man of blood, and had acted a horrible part in war from his youth up; now he was a man of peace, resolved to have nothing more to do with the work of destruction.

When H.M.S. *Calypso*, under Captain North, came to Fiji, the captain determined to punish the people of a certain town where two white men had been killed. The vessel was going in the direction of my Station, and the captain kindly gave me a passage. Verani was on board as pilot: when we anchored opposite the town, shot and shell were thrown into the place for some hours, and then a party of marines and bluejackets were sent ashore to take and burn the town. Verani had given all the information the captain required, but when he was asked to land with the men and lead them to the town he refused. The captain pressed him to go, and asked why he refused. Verani replied, "I have been fighting and destroying men all my life, but I

am a Christian now, and I'll have no more to do with it." The captain was very angry, but Verani was immovable.

Shortly after his conversion, Verani began to preach, and was made a blessing to many. He was a true Christian, meek and humble, and doing all he could to win souls for Jesus. He was not spared many years to work for God. Hearing of war between two tribes at Ovalau, he went to them with the hope of making peace. But one of the parties, still cherishing an old grudge against him, when they had him in their town took their long delayed revenge, and he and a number of his faithful followers were slain. I never looked at Verani after he became a Christian, without praising God for the grace that had made such a wondrous change. The difficulty was to realise that this quiet, loving, humble man had ever been a cruel, ferocious cannibal. I often thought that if the enemies of our holy Christianity could have seen and known this man they could never again say anything against it; and if the members of our Church could have seen and known him they would do more than ever for our Missionary Society, so that many more might be made what he was.

Some time after Verani became a Christian, we heard that the old priest of Bau had declared that it was the will of the god that Verani and the Viewa people should be killed, and the missionaries driven away or killed. Again and again the report was brought to us. One day Thakombau, with a great number of warriors, all blackened, and armed as if for some dreadful work, came to Viwa. The news spread that we had all to die. Vatea, the wife of Namosimalua, went to Thakombau and presented *zangona*, but he kicked it away. He came to the Mission House while we were at dinner, and, calling me into my room, asked which was Mr. Hunt's room and which was mine. He said little, and soon left. Verani came over from his side of the town into a house near us, saying that if he had to die he should like to die near the missionaries. We and our wives met together, and, on our knees, praying to our Heavenly Father, waited to see the end. Thakombau and his men wandered about two hours, and then started for home. As they passed the house where Verani was, he ran out and, bending very low, asked to be allowed to carry the chief's club. It was handed to him, and he walked behind, carrying the club to the canoe, and then returned. All regarded it as a special interference of God on our behalf. Thakombau and his men said that something had tied their hands, and they could do nothing.

I learned at Viwa that to have the respect of the natives, and to be saved from endless trouble with them, I must be firm as well as kind. Some of our friends used to give them all they asked for, and allow them to do as they liked. This made many difficulties for those not willing to follow this course. One day two of the greatest chiefs next to the king came to my house, and wanted to examine my boxes. I did not think it well to allow this, and told them so. They answered, "The captains of vessels, and the white men, and some missionaries, allow us to look at everything in their boxes." I told them that such a thing would be regarded by us as very unbecoming in a chief. They said they would not be refused; they had come to see what was in my boxes, and were determined to do so. I replied that Queen Victoria was the greatest chief I knew in the world, and if she were to come into my house and insist on looking into my boxes I should have to tell her she should not; but Queen Victoria was too high a chief to wish any such thing, and as I had heard that were two great chiefs, I expected they would not do what was unbecoming a chief. They said, "All

right,” and soon went away. Those two men were ever afterwards among my best friends.

Viwa, during the first year of my residence there, was divided into two parties. Many had become professing Christians; but nearly as many remained heathen, and carried on their cruel, hellish practices. One day a heathen chief had gone out with his followers in canoes, and they came back dancing, blowing horns, and yelling fearfully. We knew that something terrible had been done. As the canoes approached the shore we hastened down to meet them, and found that there were eleven dead bodies on board, and one man badly wounded. These it was intended, as soon as the dancing and boasting at Viwa were over, to take to Bau; the wounded man to be roasted alive, as their cruel custom sometimes was. We went among the warriors as they danced and shouted and waved their clubs in the air, and, laying hold of the wounded man, led him through their midst to our house. It was wonderful that they permitted us to do this; but they expected to have no difficulty in securing him when their dance was over. When they then found that we would not give him up, they stormed and raved fearfully; but all in vain. We kept the poor fellow until night, and then got one of our Christian people to take him home in a small canoe.

There were many white men living in different parts of Fiji. A few were decent men, but generally they were a bad lot. One of them, who had been in the islands many years, had eight or ten native wives. When reprov'd by the missionary for his polygamy, he said, “Sir, I am compelled to have them. I travel as a trader all over Fiji, and am in constant danger; so I have brought one woman from one place, and one from another, and thus have my friends all over the islands, and feel pretty safe.” This man took Mr. Hunt in his schooner on one of his long visiting journeys, and Mr. Hunt fared very badly. The last day at sea, when coming home, a couple of fowls were killed for dinner, and seeing Mr. Hunt greatly enjoying them, the owner of the boat said to him, “Oh, I see, Mr. Hunt, that you like fowls. What a pity I did not know it before, that I might have given you plenty of them!” Most of these whites were as ignorant of religion as the heathen. Mr. Hunt told me that on one of his journeys he stayed a night with one of them who was known in Fiji as “Tom.” Talking in the evening, Tom told Mr. Hunt of an extraordinary cat he had, which never killed a mouse without bringing it and laying it at its master’s feet, crying “Mew.” Before retiring for the night, Mr. Hunt proposed prayer, and while he was praying the cat cried “Mew,” whereupon Tom called out, “There, Mr. Hunt, didn’t I tell you? See, here it is.”

When vessels carrying intoxicating liquors came to Fiji, there was much drinking and dissipation among these white men. A number of them lived at Viwa, and among them were some desperately bad fellows. One Sunday when a drink vessel was in the harbour ten or twelve of them came to our English service. One of the men interrupted the preacher, the Rev. James Calvert, declaring that something he had said was not true, whereupon another rose and challenged his companion to fight; a third, in trying to rise, fell on the floor, and we had a scene not often witnessed at a religious meeting. In the morning Mr. Calvert persuaded the men to give him the drink they still had, and he brought it to the Mission House. On the following day Mr. Calvert and others left Viwa in our Mission vessel for the District Meeting. The next day the white men came to me for the drink Mr. Calvert had got from them, and threatened to burn the house down if I did not give it up. Two of them, half drunk, came over, as

they said, to fight me. One became very violent, and I had to threaten to send for the chief before I could get rid of them. The next evening, as I was standing at my door, one of them, named Jackson, came out of the house opposite, and, putting himself in a fighting attitude, and swearing terribly, moved toward me. I made up my mind that if he troubled me much more I would send for the chief, who would deal effectively with him. On he came, boasting what he would do. When he was eight or ten years away I stepped forward and said, "Now, Jackson, if you are not off at once you'll be sorry for it." Thinking that I was going to "pitch into him," he ran home as fast as he could stagger along, and soon after sent me half a pit, with a message that he would publish an apology in all the newspapers of New York.

These men by their profligate lives did much evil among the natives. Some of them laboured to set the chiefs against us, but the chiefs had sense enough to see through them and to take no notice of what they said. Two of them once tried very hard to prejudice Thakombau against us, but having heard them through he replied, "Oh yes! they are false; you only are the true men. They came here and got Fiji women to be their wives; you brought your wives with you. They never have an English vessel calling to see them; yours comes every year. They have to get food as best they can from Fijians; you have property brought you to buy it with. Oh yes! they are false; you are the true men." After this irony he gave them a bit of his mind, until the fellows were glad to get away. And yet these men knew that they owed much to us, and in the time of danger they quickly fled to us for protection. One man, who had said hard things against Missions and missionaries, was on a vessel bound for California that was wrecked on the reef near one of the Leeward Islands of Fiji. All on board took to the boats, and were compelled to make for the shore. The natives ran down in great numbers to meet them, and the whites gave up all for lost, knowing well that many a sailor who had escaped the jaws of the hungry shark at sea had been devoured by the cruel cannibals on shore. The natives led them into their town, and put them in a large house. After a while food was brought, and a native with English cloth about him came in and asked a blessing. "Oh," said the enemy of Missions, "we are all right, we are among the missionary's people." To the despised and hated missionary he owed his life, and he had the manliness to come back and acknowledge it.

Some of these men were brought under the influence of the blessed Gospel, and were saved. We had one living near us at Viwa, an old sailor, known by everybody as "Old George," who had somewhere been injured by an explosion of gunpowder. He was a great sufferer, and only found relief when we gave him soothing medicines. The Saturday before he died he came to see us and to bid us "good-bye," for he said he knew the end was near, and he wanted to thank us all for our kindness to him. We thought that the old man was going wrong in his mind; but on Monday morning I heard crying in George's house, and, hastening down to inquire what it meant, I found that he had just passed away. I believe he got safely to heaven, for he was a converted man, and had been for some time waiting and watching for the coming of his Lord. In Tonga I met with another of these old sailors who was "a character." His vessel had been wrecked, and he and some others were cast away in an open boat. After many days of terrible suffering they reached Tonga. There, under the ministry of Mr. Thomas, "Jack," for so they called this man, was converted to God. I many times met in class with him, and his experience and prayers, all given in sailor language, were very original and very good. One day when calling at his house I noticed that rafters,

beams and posts were covered with marks of various kinds. I inquired into the meaning of it. "Why," said he, "you see I can't read or write much, and so when I get any great blessing from the Lord I put up a mark there. Do you see that cross? That I made when God pardoned all my sins. That circle I made when He raised me up from a great sickness." Thus he went on to explain all the marks I saw. He was anxious not to forget the goodness of God.

At Viwa I had a very large school. We generally had school for the children at nine o'clock in the morning, and for the adults at four o'clock in the afternoon. It was delightful to see the old men and women learning to read. We brought them spectacles, for which they were most thankful. "See," they said, "how good the Lord is! He gave us His word, and when our old eyes were worn out He gave us these glass eyes to see with." These "glass eyes" were among their most precious treasures, and were kept with peculiar care. Mr. Thomas told me once an amusing story of an old chief and his spectacles. The scented coconut-oil is largely used by the natives. They oil themselves, their clubs, spears, ornaments, indeed almost everything. One day this old chief, who greatly valued his spectacles, and made good use of them reading his Bible, came to Mr. Thomas complaining. "Mr. Thomas, my glass eyes are getting very bad. At first I could see so well with them, but they are now getting so dim that I can hardly see at all, and yet I have carefully attended to them, and have regularly oiled them morning and evening." Mr. Thomas sent for a little hot water, took the spectacles from the chief, washed them well, and, having wiped them dry and clean, handed them back to the old man, who, when he put them on and looked at his book through them, was delighted and astonished beyond measure. Of course Mr. Thomas pointed out to him the cause of the dimness, and the chief went home rejoicing, and determined that his "glass eyes" should have no more anointing.

Some of our people at Viwa, too old to learn to read, came to school and committed to memory what others read to them. One old woman could recite the greater part of our hymn-book of between forty and fifty hymns, pointing to each word as she repeated it, so that a stranger standing by would think that she could read very fluently, whereas she did not know a letter.

The children's school was most interesting. They learned to read and write as quickly and as well as children anywhere, and would pass an examination in natural history, geography, and Scripture history that would not be a disgrace to any of our elementary schools at home. I cannot sing, and therefore my wife had to teach them our English tunes, which they soon learned. We also used their own chants, some of which are very good. When I went to Fiji the second time I took with me a pair of pea-fowls. These the natives came miles to see. They were greatly excited and delighted when the peacock spread out his tail, and began to dance, as they called it. The proud bird got to know how greatly it pleased the people, and he was always ready to oblige them. I made a song on the peacock to be sung to one of their own tunes, and it became very popular, and was sung everywhere, sometimes when not at all appropriate.

Our schools were a great puzzle to those who were yet heathen. How a letter could make anyone know what we wanted they could not understand. I was sitting in my study one day when a great heathen chief, who had arrived in his canoe from a distant island, came in and handed me a letter from the teacher on that island. Missionaries

in Fiji had to buy pigs, and keep them as food for their households, for there were no butcher's shops, and there was neither beef nor mutton at that time in the islands. On the island from which this chief had come the Rev. J. Waterhouse had a number of pigs running on the teacher's grounds. On opening and reading the letter presented to me I said, "So you have been killing and eating one of Mr. Waterhouse's pigs." Amazed and confounded the chief replied, "What! Who told you that?" "Oh," I said, "this letter you brought tells me all about." "Well, well," he exclaimed, almost overwhelmed with astonishment, "that's a pretty thing, that I should bring that letter myself, and then it should go and tell all about me: I'll never carry another."

At Viwa, in 1846, we had the first revival in Fiji. Many of the people had become nominal Christians, but very few knew anything of the life and power of godliness. We missionaries felt deeply about this, and determined to pray in private, and to hold a special weekly meeting to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Associated with us in this was our excellent teacher, Noah, who had long known the saving grace of God. Week after week we pleaded, and God greatly blessed us. One Friday evening we were praying, and all rose from our knees convinced that God had heard and answered prayer. On Saturday afternoon we rang the bell, and the people flocked from every quarter to the house of prayer. The church was crowded when Mr. Hunt and I entered; we felt that God was present. There was deep feeling while we sang the first hymn. Then we went to prayer, and continued praying for four or five hours. The mighty power of God came in a remarkable manner upon the people, and there was a great cry for mercy from the hundreds bowed in deep distress. The floor of the church was wet with the tears of the penitents. When the wave of power first broke upon us, Noah jumped upon a form, and, his black face shining, cried, "This is that which was spoken of by the prophet Joel, 'And it shall come to pass in all the last days that I will pour out of my Spirit upon all flesh.'"

The distress of some was very great, and so was the joy of others who were trusting in Jesus. One giant of a man who had been a fearful cannibal was in such an agony that four or five men had to hold him; but when he obtained the blessing of salvation he broke from them all, and bounded out of the church crying, "Let me go! My soul is on fire and my heart is burning; let me go!" and away he went to tell the news to his friends in the town, and to urge them to come to the church and be saved. As I was going about among the penitents I saw a young chief standing at one of the doors, surrounded by a group of wild young fellows. He was playing a Fijian musical instrument something like a Jew's harp. I thought of a boy whistling to keep his courage up, and resolved to keep my eye on this young man. Going around again I found that he had moved to another door, and was still playing away most energetically. When I went in that direction once more he was gone, and for some time I knew not where. Presently I noticed an unusual stir in the lower part of the church where a group of persons had gathered. Hastening thither I discovered my Jew's harpist on his knees crying to God to save him, and soon the blessing came. Oh, what a meeting that was! How many were saved I know not. Many left the church, and went to their homes weeping aloud, and all through that night there was distress all over the town. We could get no sleep, for again and again we were sent for to pray for some who refused to be comforted until Jesus came and saved them. Day after day the good work went on. The people were so affected that they neglected to prepare their food; nothing was thought of but salvation.

Some Christians are very anxious to have all men saved in a very quiet way, free from all excitement; but I think their view is very unreasonable, and certainly unscriptural. Some of whom we read in God's word were saved without much excitement, but others were greatly moved, and so it has always been and always will be. The Holy Spirit has linked together two cases of conversion in the Acts of the Apostles to teach us this. In the one case the heart of Lydia was gently opened so that she attended to the things spoken by Paul, and was saved; in the other case the soul of the Philippian jailer was mightily agitated. "He called for light, and sprang in, and, trembling for fear, fell down before Paul and Silas, and brought them out and said, 'Sirs, what must I do to be saved?'" and when he believed "he rejoiced greatly with all his house!" When these poor Fijians, lately fierce and cruel cannibals, were brought under the influence of the Holy Ghost, and saw their sins in all their vileness, who can wonder that they cried out in deep distress and anguish of spirit; or that when the peace and blessing of Heaven came down into their bleeding broken hearts, they rejoiced with joy unspeakable and irrepressible!

The news of the revival spread everywhere, and the natives came from far and near to see what they called "the fire of love from heaven." It exerted a blessed influence all through the islands, and it gave hope and faith to many Christians in pleading for the success of Mission work elsewhere. When I visited Rome in 1881 I told there the story of the first Fijian revival. After the service our Italian minister came to me and said, "You have six students hearing you, and they say if you want missionaries for Fiji they are willing to go." They begged me to tell of the revivals again. I did so, and they said, "That's what we want in Rome." Yes, and that's what we may have everywhere. The promise is one to us, and to our children, and to all that are afar off, and the prayer of faith shall secure its fulfilment.

When we could get away Mr. Hunt and I left in our large canoe for the out-stations, and everywhere we saw the grace of God, and were glad. The Christian natives with us, their hearts warm with their first love to Christ, witnessed for Him in every place. Many believed and turned to the Lord.

The Viwa Circuit at that time included Bau, the most important island in the group. It is about two miles from Viwa, is very small, not being more than two miles in circumference, and has a population of about one thousand. All the great chiefs in Fiji either reside or have come from there, and are recognised in nearly every part of the group. In the early part of my time the king of Bau was Tanoa, an old and feeble man. His son Thakombau - who was really king - was a great and powerful chief, and a cruel, blood-thirsty heathen. I very often preached in Bau in one of the king's houses, the use of which he readily granted; but he would not then hear of our building a church there. I had many conversations with Thakombau about Christianity, but he refused to become a Christian. Still he was greatly restrained, and the fear of our God was upon him; as it was, too, on the people generally. Even the crafty old priests felt it, and very soon in their prayers to the gods introduced the name "Jehovah - Jesus." I was once speaking to Thakombau, and telling him how the nations of old were spared until they filled up the measure of their iniquities, and then the wrath of God came upon them. Seizing a drinking-bowl near him, and handing it to me, he said, "Mr Watsford, show me how high my sins have reached." He seemed really alarmed for a time, but this fear soon passed off.

The heathen priests had a wonderful hold of the people, and were much feared by all. Thakombau, however, long before he embraced Christianity had nearly lost all faith in them, and sometimes treated them with great contempt. To all the heathen it is an important matter when the priest is possessed, as he professed to be, by their god. He is consulted in times of sickness, and when the chief is about to sail, or he is going to war, property, sometimes in large quantities, has to be taken to the priest before the god will enter into him. When the priest is satisfied with the contribution, he, having drunk freely of *zangona*, begins to tremble and shake. This increases in violence until he froths at the mouth, his veins stand out like whipcord on his brow, his eyes swell and protrude as if they would start from their sockets, and his whole body seems convulsed from head to foot. Now he is supposed to be possessed, and whatever he utters is regarded as the word – the will of the god. Thakombau continued to consult the priest even when he had lost nearly all confidence in him. One day he said to Mr. Calvert and me, “My priest is going to shake this evening, come and tell him that he is a liar and a deceiver.” We gladly went. It would probably have cost us our lives had we gone unprotected by the chief. When the other chiefs saw us they looked very angry, and the old priest was in no little degree confused. He, however, began his work, and when he was fairly warming to it, Thakombau touched us and whispered, “Now then.” We at once told the priest that he was deceiving the people. In a moment there was a great stir. Some of the chiefs looked as if they would like to strike us down; but we were protected. The old priest became more and more confused, and, finding that the thing would not go, he said, “I can’t go on while the missionaries are here;” and he gave it up.

On another occasion, when Thakombau was inquiring concerning the life of his daughter who was very ill, the old priest demanded more property. It was brought, and yet he asked for more. When more was brought, he still demanded, till Thakombau said, “What do you want?” Now the chief had two horses, which he had just bought from the captain of a vessel that had called there, and the priest coveted these. So he replied, “The two horses – bring the horses; I must have the horses.” Losing all patience, Thakombau said, “Look here; if you say another word about the horses I’ll go right away to Viwa and embrace Christianity, and where will you be then?” “Oh,” said the priest, “this is enough, quite enough; bring no more.”

The greatest heathen temple was at Bau. Just outside the temple was a large stone slab placed in an erect position. Those killed in war were carried to this temple and presented to the gods; but before this was done, the warriors laid hold of the arms and legs of the corpses and dashed their heads against the slab, which was generally covered with blood. The bodies were then distributed among the people, and cooked and eaten. During the two years I lived at Viwa, a very large number of the slain must have been carried to Bau, and there devoured, for scarcely a day passed without our hearing the death-drum beating. I have gone through Bau when the pigs were eating human flesh in the street.

During the whole of my residence in Fiji, war was raging all around us. The Fijians believed that women were made to work and men to fight. They kept the women pretty closely at work, while they were always fighting. Their original weapons of war were spears, clubs, bows and arrows, slings, etc. They knew nothing of pitched battles. Their mode of warfare was to attack their foes unawares, to catch them on the reef fishing, to get into a town while the inhabitants were sleeping, or to find someone

in the town to open the gates and let them in when the people knew nothing about it. After the white traders came among them, they purchased a large number of muskets, which took the place of their former weapons. Some of them were "dead shots," but the greater number, though firing at a large object, were more likely to miss than to hit. Firing into a great crowd they might kill some, but very frequently the balls went harmlessly over their heads. I once met a hundred or more men going away to war, each carrying his musket. I asked them to present arms and fire. Being willing to oblige, they did so, and I noticed that when they pulled the trigger the muzzles of the muskets rose so considerably that very little damage could be done to anyone by the volley. I have heard them tell the first musket in Fiji. It was bought from a trader from Tahiti. One of the king's soldiers was taught to load and fire, which he did with much trembling. They went to war, a large company following the man who carried the musket, but at a great distance, for they knew not yet what that weapon might do. When about two miles from the enemy the soldier loaded and fired, then threw down the musket, and the whole company ran away as fast as their legs would carry them. The general testimony of the natives was that since the introduction of muskets fewer were killed in war than formerly, because people kept at a respectful distance from them. Thakombau at one time thought of calling them all in. Said he, "When we fought with clubs and spears I could go right up to an enemy's fence, and, being a great chief, no one would think of killing me, but from these muskets the shots come whizzing out, and they never ask whether you are a great chief or a common man."

In the heathen Fijian wars the women and children were the greatest sufferers. The men when attacked could run away; but many of the women and children could not, and they were slain, for heathenism shows no mercy to the helpless. What a change Christianity makes even in war! One of the Fijian missionaries has told me that after Thakombau embraced Christianity he sent his soldiers to an inland town to demand the surrender of certain murderers. When the army approached the town the people fled, many of the mothers leaving the babies and little children by the wayside. Thakombau's soldiers found these, but instead of killing them, as formerly they would have done, they carried them safely to the town, where the mothers could get them again. A young heathen chief who was present was so impressed by this merciful spirit that he then and there became a Christian.

I cannot conclude the record of my life and work in Viwa without referring more fully to two with whom I was closely associated in Mission work there. One was the Fijian whom I have spoken of as my teacher, and as taking part in the great revival. Noah was in many respects one of the most remarkable men of my time. He knew his own language better than any other native, and was invaluable in the work of translating the New Testament, and for that precious work the Mission owes as much to him as to anyone except Mr. Hunt. He was a good preacher, and quite original; a little quaint, but very effective. Mr. Hunt and I once heard him preach a wonderful sermon on the conversion of the jailer of Philippi. It was impossible to help laughing and crying as we listened. His gesticulations were a little violent sometimes, his body swayed to and fro as he poured forth important truths, and at last the stool on which he was standing gave way, and he was landed on the floor. Noah stopped in a moment, saying, "I've done," and the sermon was ended. When we came out of the church Mr. Hunt said to me, "That sermon would not have disgraced Dr. Bunting." In one part, speaking of full salvation, the entire destruction of sin, Noah used an old and terrible

war-cry with great effect. The Fijian word for “to club” is *moku*, to club by knocking on the head is *saku*, but when the attacking party were full of wrath against their foes they uttered the fearful shout, “*Ai valu, saku vaka namara!*” which means to knock the top of the head off. Said Noah, “You must not *moku* sin only, but *ai valu, saku vaka namara!*” he shouted, thus conveying to the natives a truer idea of what he meant by the destruction of sin, than perhaps he could have done in any other way. The illustration came with much power to those who heard him, and moved them greatly. The strain on Noah in translating work was too much; his mind gave way, and he never recovered. I saw him many times afterwards when he was a complete wreck. When I saw people laughing at his strange doings, I thought that they little knew the great work the poor fellow had done. But the Master knows it all, and He never forgets.

The other to whom I must refer I is that greatly beloved servant of the Lord Jesus, the Rev. John Hunt. For two years I lived in the same house, or was his next-door neighbour. We studied together, met in the same class, and had daily intercourse with each other; and the more I saw of him, the more I loved him. He was a very holy man, so humble, so fully consecrated to God, and so earnest in his work. When he wrote his letters on Christian perfection, so widely known and so highly valued, he wrote his own life. I heard those letters delivered as lectures, and a specially powerful influence was on all who heard them. As a preacher I have never known his equal. His exposition of God’s word was so clear that in listening to him I felt greatly surprised that I had not before seen those truths that now appeared exceedingly plain and simple. His praying was indeed pleading with God. With mighty faith he laid hold of God’s promises, and wrestled until he prevailed. I shall never forget some seasons of prayer we had together, when the Lord very graciously revealed Himself to us. He was a diligent student. He always followed Mr. Wesley’s directions to his helpers: “never be unemployed; never be triflingly employed.” He was not continually studying; he had his times for walking, gardening, or other recreation. Often he would come to my study window, and, in his own cheerful manner, say, “Come away, come away; let’s have a run;” or, “Let us do a bit of gardening.” But when in his study he did his work with all his might. By hard labour he had acquired a good knowledge of Greek and Hebrew, which was invaluable to him in the work of translating. He was better acquainted with the Fijian language than any other missionary. As a translator all his brethren regarded him as their chief. His translations may have been improved, and may be still further corrected as the language is better known, but the value of his work will ever remain. In his home everyone admired him. A loving, attentive husband; a kind and happy father; meeting everyone with a smiling face and a pleasant word, - it was simply impossible to be dull and mopish when he was near. He had afflictions and trials, but the grace of God sustained him. While I lived with him I heard him every morning playing his little accordion, and singing with a glad, trusting heart to the tune “Pierpoint” –

Believing against hope
We hang upon They grace,
Through every lowering cloud look up
And hope for better days.

His spirit was truly Christ-like: free from self and wrath and pride. Only once did I see his temper ruffled. A brother, who would have driven some persons wild, was arguing a question with Mr. Hunt, and his points were so indefensible and absurd, and he was so persistent in maintaining them, that Mr. Hunt spoke rather unadvisedly,

ridiculing the position taken by him. This aroused an angry spirit in the man, and he said such insulting and aggravating things that Mr. Hunt was thrown off his balance for a moment, and replied a little in the same way. When the matter ended, and his visitor had left the room, Mr. Hunt, trembling from head to foot, and with a face as pale as death, turned to me and said, "O brother, why did you not knock me down?" It was a sore trial to him, over which he mourned for many days.

Mr. Hunt was greatly beloved by all his brethren, by the Christian natives, and by many of the heathen. When he was ill, and it was feared that he would die, the distress of everyone was very great. I was at the special prayer-meeting held in Viwa to pray for his recovery, and I heard that wonderful prayer by Verani which has often been referred to. Telling the Lord what His servant had done, and was still doing, and how much needed to be done, he cried, "If someone must go, Lord, take me, but spare Thy servant. If one will not do, take ten; and if ten are not enough, take twenty: only spare Thy servant to do Thy work in Fiji." As the end drew near, Thakombau came to see the dying missionary, and was greatly affected. Well he might be, for Fiji was losing one of its best friends. Verani's prayer was not answered; Mr. Hunt died – died most triumphantly – died praying for Fiji, and his prayer has been answered, for today heathenism in Fiji is a thing of the past.

Ono

At the District Meeting of 1846 I was appointed to labour in Lakemba with the Rev. James Calvert, the Rev. R. B. Lyth removing from Lakemba to Viwa. After the District Meeting we left in our Mission vessel, Mr. Lyth accompanying us. When two days out we were terribly beaten about by a heavy gale that lasted a whole week. For seven days we had nothing but the storm trysail set. On the weather moderating, the sea, however, being still very rough, we moved forward a little, and in the middle of the night were very nearly on a detached reef. It was the second mate's watch below, but he could not sleep. Feeling very uneasy, he went on deck, ran a little way up the rigging, and then raised the fearful cry, "Breakers ahead! Breakers ahead!" The ship was put about just in time to save us. The reef was so near that we could almost have thrown a biscuit on it. We all saw the good hand of our God in this deliverance, and praised His name. Getting better weather we tried to make Lakemba, but were baffled every time we made the attempt. At last we were driven down into the neighbourhood of Ono, one of our Mission stations under the charge of a Tongan native teacher. We determined to visit the station, and had no sooner landed than we clearly saw that the good Providence of God had brought us there. Everything was going wrong. The teacher had run, wild, and was introducing the most extravagant things among our people. Affairs were in such confusion that our great work here was in danger of being wrecked. We heard, too, that a French vessel had visited the place, and had left word that a Roman Catholic priest would be brought soon. In view of the whole case, Dr. Lyth and I concluded that it would be well for the native teacher to go and for me to remain for the year. So, getting such things as I could ashore in the boats, the teacher was sent on board. Soon the ship was sailing with a fair wind for Lakemba, and we were left on the last island of the group, far away from our brother and sister missionaries.

The chiefs gave me a good native house. There were no glass windows, or wooden doors and floors. The earth floor had on it a thick layer of dried cocoanut leaves, covered with clean mats; and mats were hung at the openings for windows and doors. In our own country we needed strong doors with bolts and bars, and well-fastened windows; here we did not need them. The natives could come in at any time if they wished; but we had no fear of them. We were kept well supplied all the year with native food, which was remarkably good in Ono. Yet we greatly felt the lack of bread, for of this we had none. In our hurried removal from the ship Mr. Lyth's barrels of flour, being more easy of access than mine, were brought ashore for us, and ours were left for him. Every pound of flour in the three barrels we had was bad. It was made from what farmers, I think, call grown wheat, and when water was poured on it it turned nearly black, and was almost as sticky as glue. Every ounce of it had to be thrown away. My wife being very ill, I tried my hand at making bread without flour. I mixed arrowroot and boiled yam together and baked it. This gave us a cake which while hot was fairly good, if not very digestible, but when cold was almost as heavy as lead. Some months after, when Mrs. Calvert sent us a small bag of flour, we thought it about the greatest treasure we could have received, and the bread made from it was a luxury indeed.

We had found the mosquitoes troublesome in other parts of Fiji; but nowhere were they so bad as in Ono. The hum of these insects on summer evenings, accompanied by the squealing of pigs tormented by them, was something dreadful. There was no getting away from them. In our own land they sting by night, but generally rest by day; at Ono they "never tired nor stopped to rest," or if one party retired another immediately took its place. Their work was incessant. The natives often dug holes in the sand on the beach and lay down, covering themselves all over except the nose and mouth. One circumstance will give some idea of what we suffered from these little pests. One evening, just as the lamps were lighted, a canoe arrived bringing a bundle of letters from our friends, from whom we had not heard for many months. But the difficulty was how to read them, for the mosquitoes were out in full force. The way we managed was this. Taking a letter in one hand and a lamp in the other, I walked the room as fast as I could, reading aloud as I walked, and my wife came after me with a mosquito whip thrashing away with all her might, and thus only could we beat our tormentors. One month they became so bad that we were glad to escape to a little island about a mile from Ono, on the edge of the reef and in the eye of the wind. There we built a booth and lived in picnic style for some time, free from the terrible mosquitoes.

Yet, notwithstanding the privations, discomforts, and annoyances we had to endure, we spent a delightful year in Ono. The natives had indeed been led into much wildness by the foolish teacher, and the Church needed careful watching and working; but we had little difficulty in getting things into proper order, for we had a loving and earnest people to deal with. All the inhabitants of Ono were professing Christians, and the great number were members of the Church. All except the sick and feeble regularly attended the Church services, and no member was absent from his class without sending to inform the leader of the reason. In every house there was family prayer. Praise and prayer were heard in every dwelling the first thing in the morning and the last at night. Only in three cases had I to reprove anyone for wrong-doing during the twelve months. We had no police, no jails, and yet I could have left any amount of gold outside my house all the year round without fear of losing a gain. The

Sabbath was a day the like of which I have never known elsewhere. Not a fire was lighted from one end of the island to the other. All the food was prepared and cooked on Saturday. At the dawn of the Sabbath the song of praise was heard in every quarter. Prayer-meetings were held as soon as day fairly began. At nine o'clock there was public service; then rest during the heat of the day; public service again in the afternoon at four o'clock, and all the evening singing and prayer in every home. It was indeed a day of rest and worship; a foretaste of the blessed Sabbath in the better land.

While I was in Ono they determined to build a new, larger, and better church in the principal town, and at once began to cut wood, plait sinnet, and in every way prepare for the work. When they began to build, the chiefs and most of the men were present a part of every day for weeks; some doing the building work, some preparing the food for the workers, and all at times joining in singing one of our soul-stirring hymns. I tried my hand at pulpit-making. I had not been much accustomed to handle the hammer and saw; but I did my best, and, after hitting my own nails sometimes instead of those I was driving into the wood, I succeeded in producing a good large box, capable of accommodating about half a dozen preachers at one time. The natives thought it a most extraordinary piece of furniture. The church was finished at last; and a beautiful church it was, its variegated sinnet work being especially admired.

First we had a week of special prayer for God's blessing on the opening services, and then came the never-to-be-forgotten opening day. At the grey dawn I entered the large church, which was crowded – many coming from far. Each person had on a new dress, made for the occasion, and each face was lit up with joy. I gave out the first hymn, and our excellent choir tried to sing, but failed. I said, "Try again;" and they tried, but again failed. "Ah," I said, "you can't sing today; your hearts are too full: let us pray." But the influence was so overwhelming that I could scarcely utter a word. We knelt there before the Lord for an hour or more, weeping out our thanks to Him. It reminded us of what we are told took place at the dedication of Solomon's temple, when the priests could not minister because of the glory. When at last I pronounced the benediction, the people went weeping to their homes. About nine o'clock we met again, and had a similar service. At one o'clock they sent for me to "ask a blessing," as they were about to distribute the large quantity of food they had prepared. I went and asked God's blessing, and then one, whose duty it was to divide out the food, stood up and said, "Take this to --- and this to ---." Here his voice began to tremble, and after a while he broke down altogether. Another and another tried, and failed; and at last the old chief came to me and said "We have been long preparing this food, but we don't want it today; let us go to the house of prayer." Away we went, and held a "fellowship meeting," the like of which I have never known. Eighty-six persons spoke, sometimes six being up at once. I closed the meeting again and again, but each time someone rose and said, "Oh, don't go until I've told you what Jesus has done for me." And oh, what clear, simple, blessed testimonies to the Saviour's power to save! It was indeed good to be there. I had never felt nearer heaven than I did that day. I lay down in the large pulpit I had made, and wept for joy. It was eight o'clock when at last I succeeded in closing the meeting, and then I left the communion rail crowded with our noble praying men, who were pleading with God for the salvation of all Fiji. That was one of the grandest days I have ever known; the remembrance of it fills my soul with joy even as I write.

It was a pleasant sight to see our Ono Christians gathered together on a Sunday to worship God; all of them clothed in neat, clean dresses. The Fijians while heathen go almost naked, both men and women; but when they embrace Christianity they at once begin to clothe themselves decently. The greater number wear their native-made cloth tied round the waist, and reaching below the knees, sometimes to the feet. Their cloth, made from the inner bark of the Chinese mulberry, is not very strong, and will not stand many showers of rain; yet it makes a good dress. But most seek to have some article of English clothing; the women wearing long or short pinafores with their native dress, and the men a fathom of two of print or calico, or native cloth, about the body, with a shirt, and, if they can get it, a waistcoat. They do not require very much clothing; anything like the amount we wear would be a burden to them. We expected our teachers to wear a cloth about the loins, and a shirt and vest if possible; but even this was most trying to some of them. I have seen a great fat local preacher coming to his appointment on a hot day with his waistcoat and shirt under his arm, and on arriving at the church go to the back and put them on. Then after conducting the service, all the while perspiring like an ox, he went again behind the church and off with shirt and vest as soon as possible.

In beginning to use English clothes some of the natives did not think it necessary or desirable to follow our custom. I have seen a big chief come into church with a lady's silk gown on. Of course it did not meet by a long way at the back, but what cared he for that? I remember on one occasion being thrown off my equilibrium, when in the pulpit, by the entrance of a new convert, who marched up the church with an old-fashioned swallow-tailed coat on, the large collar turned up, an old broken black hat stuck on the top of his great head-dress, and beside these nothing more than a narrow strip of native cloth about his loins. I have no doubt he thought that he was doing it in grand style. I have known a man who had a pretty good supply of clothes put them all on, some high day or holiday, and all the wrong way according to our ideas; the coat first, then the vest, and last of all the shirt. This was on the first days. We never wondered at anything we saw, for we had seen strange things in this line in our own highly civilised country.

While we were in Ono, a little girl was added to our family. Her mother and I were, as regards human help, all alone at her birth, no white friend nearer than a hundred miles, and we had a difficult case and a trying time, such as persons never placed in similar circumstances can have any idea of. But when in great difficulties, and knowing not how to act, we determined to trust in God, and, blessed be His name, He did not fail us. Our dear little girl was a great sufferer from the beginning, for a cruel nurse, who had been reprov'd for some offence, squeezed the child in her arms and so injured her that she never recovered. She lingered until we were exposed to the terrible hurricane at Nandi, of which there is some account in another chapter.

The Rev. Walter Lawry called Ono "a gem," and so it is. Nowhere have we seen the Gospel more gloriously triumph, and nowhere from the very first have we had a more prosperous Church, or a better class of native converts. I have often heard the people tell of the time when all Ono became Christian. About half of the people had embraced Christianity; but the other half were bitterly opposed to it, and determined to make the converts abandon it. The Christians were at last compelled to build a fence for their own protection, and there the heathen besieged them. Their food being all gone, they determined to rush out, and, if possible, break through the ranks of the

heathen, trusting in God to help and deliver them. When the gates were thrown open and they sallied forth, the heathen fled to a fortification in the mountains. The Christians followed and entered the fort close behind their enemies. But, instead of striking them down with club and spear, each one seized a heathen and pleaded with him to become a Christian at once, until he prevailed, and then they all went together to the large church and called upon the name of the Lord. Thus heathenism was stamped out in Ono.

Another case in which the Lord signally interposed on behalf of His Ono people has been related by others, but it is worth being told again. The chief's daughter had been promised in marriage to Tui-na-yau, king of Lakemba. He had many wives already, but was exceedingly anxious to secure this one, because Ono could give much property with her. When the people became Christians, and this girl and others were converted, she refused to go to Lakemba as the king's wife, and the people resolved to stand by her. Tui-na-yau threatened repeatedly, but all his threats were in vain. At last he prepared a large fleet and a great many fighting men to go to Ono. He intended to punish the inhabitants and bring the girl away by force. The fleet reached Vartoa, or Turtle Island, the nearest land to Ono. From thence he sent on two canoes with his messengers to tell the Ono people to give up the girl or prepare to die. Those canoes were never heard of afterwards. A few days later the king, thinking that his canoes had reached Ono, set sail thither with all his company, the wind being moderate and fair. The Ono people have often told me how they gathered on their high hill, watched the canoes approaching, and prayed to God to deliver them. When the Lakembans were a few miles from the entrance they saw a black cloud hurrying with fearful speed to meet them. Soon the squall struck the canoes and scattered them. Some sank at once, others drifted to leeward. Only one canoe reached Ono. The king's canoe was carried many miles away, and, eventually making his way from island to island, he reached Lakemba again. But he never forgot that squall. He used to say sometimes, "I can do with the little gods of Fiji, but that Great God of yours, I fear Him. He can send the wind after you, and you cannot escape Him."

In Ono I had a number of local preachers and young men training for our work, whom I met regularly every week for instruction. Some of these became valuable teachers in different parts of Fiji.

Like most of the South Sea Islanders, the natives of Ono were great in feast-making on special occasions. At the opening of a chapel, scores, sometimes hundreds, of pigs were killed and cooked, and large quantities of other food were prepared for the visitors. The officiating minister generally got "Benjamin's mess." I have had placed before me as my portion at one of these feasts, two large pigs, many fowls, scores of large yams, taro, bread-fruit, bananas, puddings, etc. And there is this peculiarity about their feasts, that you are expected in some way to appropriate all that is set before you. However, we never had much difficulty in arranging that. We generally, when travelling, had a good number of natives with us, and they quickly made rough baskets from the cocoanut leaf, and in these the surplus food was carried for our use as we journeyed along.

When I left Ono I felt almost as much as I did when I left home. The people had become very dear to me, and I glorified God in them.

Nandi

In 1847 we had a visit from the General Superintendent of our Missions, the Rev. Walter Lawry, who presided at our District Meeting, and saw us settled in our new Stations. At that meeting I was appointed to open a new Station at Nandi. The Rev. W. Ford, just arrived from England, was sent as my colleague.

In the Fiji group there are many islands, the two largest being *Viti Levu* (Great Fiji) and *Vanna Levu* (Great Land). A new Station opened on Vanna Levu was Bua, where the Rev. T. Williams had to labour. About thirty miles farther up the coast was Nandi, where Brother Ford and I had to live and work for God.

We landed at Nandi on November 9th, and met our grand Tongan minister, of whom I shall have more to say farther on. We had but one house for the two Mission families. It was built on the banks of the Mission families. It was built on the banks of the river, among dense forests of mangrove. The heat was very oppressive, and the mosquitoes very numerous and lively.

We began our work with encouraging signs of success. At our Watch-night Service, on December 31st, we had a number of professing Christians in distress seeking salvation. Many of the heathen had embraced Christianity since our arrival, and many others promised to do so. But trouble and suffering soon came, as the following extracts from my diary will show:--

On Thursday, J. "13," 1848, we had a severe storm, and many houses were blown down; our house stood, but was greatly shaken.

Sunday 16th. – A day long to be remembered. All Saturday night the wind blew furiously. About 10 o'clock this morning the hurricane broke upon us. Our house, already much shaken, we knew must fall, and we therefore made all preparations for turning out. We wrapped the children in blankets, and gave them to the natives, and all stood near the door ready to rush out if the roof fell in. About noon the wall-plate broke, and one side of the roof fell down. The door was opened, and we attempted to rush out, but were beaten down by the wind and rain. Recovering ourselves, we made as fast as we could for our kitchen through the awful storm. On our way there the cry was raised that my little boy James was missing. This caused us for a few moments much anxiety and sorrow; but we were presently relieved, for we found him safe in the kitchen with some natives. The kitchen had been made strong, and now Joeli Bulu (the Tongan native minister) and others set to work to strengthen it still more, and we hoped that it would be proof against the hurricane. While Joeli and his few friends were doing all they could think of for us, someone suggested that we should send to the town for help. This Joeli strongly opposed, saying, "If they have not love enough in their hearts to come and help the missionaries without being sent for, we don't want them; I'll break my back, but I'll keep the house up;" and he pushed against the post as if he would defy the hurricane. But now a messenger came hurrying to say that the back floodwaters were coming down, and that the sea was being driven in by the furious storm, and soon all the land would be overflowed; we must escape at once or we should certainly perish. For a moment we knew not what to do. It seemed like running into the jaws of death to go out and face the tempest, and yet if we stayed or delayed we must be lost. Hesitating no longer, our arrangements were quickly made. The children were given to the natives; one strong

man was appointed to help Mrs. Ford, and another to help my wife. Joeli carried my dear little dying girl, who had been suffering for months, and was now rapidly sinking, and our we rushed into the howling storm. We could scarcely stand against the wind; the rain beat like shot in our faces; the water was sometimes breast high; the cocoanut trees were bending and breaking over us, and the nuts flying in every direction. It was an awful time as we hurried along to the town. There we found shelter for about an hour in a little house that stood when nearly all around it had been levelled to the ground. But the flood continuing to rise rapidly, we had to devise some plan for reaching the mountains, the road thither being now covered with water fathoms deep. Joeli gave me my suffering child, and he and others set to work to make a raft, which was readily done by tying together the bamboo rafters of the fallen houses. We then sent Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Watsford forward on the raft, Joeli and his comrades swimming and pushing it along, and, returning, the raft took Mr. Ford, myself, and our children. On our way my dear little girl ceased to moan, and became very cold. I thought that she was dead in my arms; but when we reached a house at the foot of the mountains she revived. The waters still rising, we sent on the children up the mountain, and were preparing to follow, with the prospect of being out all night, when we noticed that the flood had stayed. We waited a little longer to be certain, and then sent for the children, who, when brought back, were almost dead with cold. It was now nearly dark. We had been battling with the hurricane since 12 o'clock, and were all thoroughly soaked, very cold, and very hungry. Joeli soon had some food for us, for which we were very thankful. He also obtained somewhere a quantity of dry native cloth, and we slipped off our wet things and wrapped the native cloth about us. The storm was now abating; so, having had family prayer, we were about to lie down and try to sleep, when a report came that the heathen were gathering and intended to attack us. That was the way in heathen Fiji: any in trouble were supposed to be given up to them by the gods. They thought it, too, a good time to make an attack when they were likely to get something. But Joeli was equal to the occasion. Said he, "It is our work to guard the missionaries; let the heathen come, and we'll teach them a thing or two." He was a man of God, who felt he could "chase a thousand." The heathen never came. Oh, what a day has this been! In all how great has been the goodness of our God! Had the hurricane come at night, what must the consequences have been! How bravely have our dear wives borne up all through this trying day! How nobly has Joeli Bulu acted: what do we not owe to him! Glory be to God!

Monday 17th.—We have been trying to find some of our things today. What a wreck! Brother Ford's fine library is under the mud, the debris of the flood. Half of the roof had fallen against my bookshelf, keeping it up, and preventing many of the books from being wet. Sad havoc has been made with our groceries and furniture; everything seems more or less damaged. We have secured a small native house to live in. It is very damp, but it must do until we can get better.

Tuesday 18th.—Today Brother T. Williams came from Bua to sympathise with us. Right glad are we to have him, with all his kindness, near us for a day or two.

Wednesday 19th.—Very early this morning another child was added to Brother Ford's family. Dear Sister Ford, who behaved so nobly during the storm, and the little stranger, are doing well. Praise the Lord! My dear little girl is very low. Lord help us to be fully resigned to Thy will!

Monday 31st.—Our darling child died today. Dear little sufferer, all her pain and trouble are over! Her sufferings had drawn her closer to our hearts. We had watched over her, had prayed for her, had hoped and feared; but all is now over. Dear

as she was to us, we give her up to Him who calls her from us. Lord, strengthen and comfort and bless us in this time of sore bereavement. Now came the question where and how to bury our child. We were surrounded by cruel heathen, and we feared lest they should dig open the grave to get the coffin. They had done it before; they might do it again. Our Christian natives dug a very deep grave, and there we laid all that was mortal of our dear little girl. Then the grave was filled in, and a high heap of stones raised over it, thus making it as secure as possible. My dear wife is very poorly; constant waking and watching have much weakened her. We fear the effects of the hurricane are not yet over. A canoe that left here the day before the gale has been wrecked, and most on board perished. Among them were Abraham, one of our teachers, and other Christians.

February 17th.—Mr. and Mrs. Williams kindly invited my wife, who has been very ill, to go to Bua for a change. About 3.30 a.m. we started. A number of natives carried Mrs. Watsford in an easy-chair, and I walked or ran by their side. It was a trying journey; part of it through water up to our knees. By the time the sun rose we had done nearly half of our journey, having travelled more than fifteen miles. We rested at noon until the heat of the day was past, and then pressed on our way to Bua, which we reached about 5 o'clock, and were warmly welcomed by Brother and Sister Williams. I was very tired.

Sunday 29th.—Preached at Bua in Native "English," and had a good time.

Monday 21st.—Set off for Nandi. We walked over the mountains. The sun was very hot, and the road very bad; but we reached home before dark.

Wednesday, March 1st.—Brother Ford and I, neither of us first-class carpenters, had to set our wits and hands to work to build a stronger house that would be hurricane-proof. We had only poor tools and materials to work with; but with the help of the natives we put up what we think is a pretty decent house. We are of opinion, however, that we and the natives ought to remove to some better position.

Wednesday 8th.—A letter from Bua informing me that my dear wife was very ill. I set off at once about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, and by walking quickly, and running some parts of the way, I reached Bua a little after 9 o'clock at night. I was very thankful to find my wife somewhat better. Very tired; could not sleep.

Friday 10th.—Started for Nandi. After a smart walk I reached home about 5 p.m., and found Mrs. Ford very ill with inflammation of the throat.

Friday 17th.—I intended going for my wife today; but Mrs. Ford is dangerously ill with dysentery. We all feel poorly. I have had my hands and heart full lately.

Monday 20th.—Started for Bua, where I arrived about noon, and was thankful to find my wife pretty well.

Tuesday 21st.—We took our leave of our kind friends at Bua, and journeyed as far as Dama, where we rested for the night.

Wednesday 22nd.—Started before daylight, and reached Nandi in the afternoon. Glad to find Sister Ford still improving. On these journeys to and from Bua some of our teachers and local preachers generally accompanied me, and were pretty well tired out before we reached our destination. They have not much staying power. When I arrived at home today I found that a parcel of New Testaments had just come from Viwa. I at once determined to give one to Sampson, local preacher living with us, who had just come with us from Bua, and had gone to his house thoroughly wearied out. I took the book, and calling him, said, "Sampson, here is a New Testament for you which has just come." He needed no second call. Running and seizing the book

he pressed it to his heart, and literally danced for joy. No more valuable present could have been given to him.

Wednesday, April 5th.—My dear wife is very ill again. These repeated attacks are wearing her out. Lord help us! If it be Thy will, spare my wife's life that we may still labour for Thee where work is so much needed.

Tuesday 11th.—Another furious gale this evening.

Wednesday 12th.—We have been up all night. It has been a fearful time. The terrible hurricane again beating upon us. Our house is standing; but it has been shaking over our heads. We knew not what to do. Neither Mrs. Ford nor my wife could move out of bed, and if we had to turn out into the storm we knew not what must be the consequences. We dreaded the rising flood. We cast our burdens on the Lord, and He sustained us. The tempest continuing to rage, the natives recommended to us to fly at once to a house on the hills, lest the flood waters should come down during the night. We prayed about the matter, and then determined to do so. We carried our wives to a bed laid on bamboos, and the natives conveyed them up into the mountain, we walked by their side. In the evening the storm abated; but we remained all night in the house to which we had fled. These are trying times. From January to April we have had one trouble after another. We men could endure it ourselves; but it what our wives and children suffer that makes us feel. But it is all right. "Our Father's hand prepares the cup, and what He wills is best." Glory be to His name, He has never left us.

Sunday 16th.—We hear today that a vessel was lost during the gale on Wednesday last, and that our beloved Brother Lyth, who was coming over to see Mrs. Watsford, had a very narrow escape.

After these afflictions we again pressed upon the natives the importance of removing to a healthier and safer position. There was a splendid site for a town on the coastline, and we proposed to go there. The scheme met with opposition at first from some of the natives; but at last they yielded, and we removed to the new site. We had hardly got settled there when our Christian natives were attacked by the heathen living near. They had entered the town, and were chasing and ill-treating our people. I hurried down among them pleading for peace, whereupon the leader of the heathen party, who was very angry at my interference, fell on one knee, and, pointing his musket at me, threatened to shoot me there and then. I stood still, looking him in the face, and dared him to fire. I told him that I knew he was doing wrong, and that I was their true friend. He lowered his musket in a moment, saying, "Ture, sir; so you are;" and the disturbance was over.

A little blind boy embraced Christianity at Nandi, and was baptized by the name of Seme (Shem). He learned to sing well, and had some skill in hymn-making. In many parts of Fiji he was known as the blind singing poet. I shall have more to say of him farther on.

Our work in Nandi had been greatly interrupted by the various troubles that came upon us, yet we had some measure of prosperity, and the word of the Lord grew and was multiplied. My wife continuing to suffer greatly, I had to remove her to Viwa to be near the Rev. R. B. Lyth, who was our medical adviser. I had to return to Nandi, as Brother Ford had not learned the language, and was not therefore in a position to carry on the Mission. This was a trying time to me; but the Lord was my helper. My colleague at Nandi was a good brother, and an eloquent preacher; but his coming to

the mission field was a mistake. He was too old to learn the language correctly, and his health was never good. The hot weather in England tried him; how then could he be expected to stand the heat of Fiji? He had a short but trying time on the islands, and I am sure was glad to get away from a work to which he was not at all equal. He returned to England, and was there appointed to some of the best Circuits, where he laboured successfully.

The native minister who laboured with us in Nandi, Joeli Bulu, was a grand man. He was a Tongan. When he first came to Fiji his wife was restless and dissatisfied, and longed to return to her own land and friends. Joeli tried to persuade her to settle down quietly to the work, and crush out the desire to return home; but all his pleading was in vain. "One day," said he, "I told my wife to come with me to the missionary; and she came. When we stood before the missionary I said, 'I came to Fiji to preach the Gospel, and try and save the people: my wife came with me, and I thought she would be willing to remain with me in the work; but she is now constantly begging me to go to Tonga again. I cannot go, for it would be running away from my work. The only thing that can be done is for my wife to go home and leave me here. I am come to ask you to send her home.' When I had said this my wife began to weep, and said, 'No, I will not go home without you; if you remain in Fiji, I stay; so let that end it;' and I never heard another word from her about the matter." Joeli was a thoroughly consistent Christian, and a capital preacher. He was a man to be fully trusted with the charge of any of our Mission stations, and was very successful in the great work of winning souls. Any missionary might be very thankful to have Joeli for his colleague.

At Nandi, my colleague, his wife and two children, and my wife and I and two children, lived in one house. Each family had a separate bedroom, and we had a common dining- and sitting-room. My good brother was a great preacher, and most carefully did he prepare every sermon he preached in English. After preparing them he had to commit them all to memory. This was rather an awkward affair in our house. It was sometimes very amusing to hear him, in the most retired spot he could find, muttering away by the hour to fix in his mind all he had written. His sermons always did us good, and I was prepared to testify that a memoriter preacher may be a powerful preacher, but still I was thankful that I was not one.

We had ourselves to help in many things to have them done at all, or done in our way. Among other things we had to kill and clean our own pigs. We might have got the natives to do this; but they would have done it in their own peculiar way, and we preferred to do it ourselves. Being strangers altogether to butcher's work, this was to us at first somewhat difficult and troublesome. In certain parts of the pig we found what we did not at all like, and, being ignorant of the anatomy of the pig, we came to the conclusion that it was diseased, and told our people to take it away, which they joyfully did. We killed pig after pig, and there were these little black threads, and our delighted natives had to carry them off. We wrote to the Rev. T. Williams, who was living about thirty miles from us, and told him of the discovery we had made of this disease in the pigs of Fiji. He wrote back a characteristic letter, telling us to please keep our discovery to ourselves, and not try to set him against pork; but at the same time asking for particulars. These we gave in our next letter, and we soon had a reply from him in which he ridiculed our discovery, and made sport of our simplicity and ignorance, informing us that these thread-like things that alarmed us so much were

found in all pigs. I need scarcely say that after that Nandi natives had less pork for dinner.

We tried our hands at many things. My brother missionary thought he could make with native fruit some jam that our wives would like. He made the jam, if such it could be called, but the difficulty was to get it out of the basin after it was made. We had at last to use a chisel and hammer in order to secure any portion of this great delicacy.

As a father, my colleague was very tender-hearted and indulgent, and it was a most difficult thing for him to correct a child. I used to tell him that his whipping would scarcely drive a fly away, and the whipping was generally followed by a sweatmeat, given to stop the crying. So Master Johnny knew very well how to get the lollypop; some wrong-doing, the softest touch of the hand as a punishment, after that the howling, and then the sweatmeat to heal the bruises. Getting Johnny to sleep at night was a laborious task. Tramp, tramp, up and down, for an hour or more, the father went, singing all the time. But the little rogue would soon be to yell if laid in his cot, and on and on still went the patient, long-during father. What was, I suppose, a labour of love to him, was a great trouble and vexation to us in the next room with only a reed partition between, for while getting his own boy to sleep he was most effectually keeping mine awake. I do not make any pretence to perfection in parental government and training; but from Mrs. Wesley, and Abbott's *Mother at Home*, I had learnt that it was possible to put a child to bed without all this trouble; that it is no use correcting a child if you let him have his revenge after by crying and bawling to his heart's content; and that correction must be repeated till the child gives in. It is Abbott, I think, who tells of a child that was whipped because she would not say "A," and was whipped again, and the third time, because she still refused to say the letter, but then the stubborn will gave way, and no more whipping was necessary. Mrs. Wesley says the child's will must be broken or conquered. Bushnell I think it is who says, "You might as well break a child's neck." But what Mrs. Wesley meant was that the child must be taught to obey, to yield to his father or mother. I have seen a father trying for hours to subdue the will of his child, and although correction was repeated the little stubborn thing held out; but at last the father's patience was rewarded, and to his unspeakable comfort the child gave way. That child needed very little correction after that. Poor trainer of children though I was myself, I resolved to try and help my brother in his work. I knew that it was almost as difficult coming between a man and his child as between a quarrelling husband and his wife; but I determined to run the risk. I cannot say that it was my brother's good only, or the good of his child, that I sought; it is very probably that there was a large amount of selfishness in it, for that business of getting the child to sleep every night had become an intolerable nuisance. Mustering courage, I said one day, "Brother, you have a good deal of trouble in getting your boy to sleep at night; I think I could put you in the way of doing it in a much shorter time." He asked what I would advise. I told him that I thought my recipe might wound his tender heart for the moment, but if he would only try it I was sure it would bring unspeakable relief to him and benefit to his boy. I did not tell him what a relief it would be to us. After some hesitation he agreed to try my plan. Night came, and the hour for Master Johnny to have his long, long walk; and I was at my post. "Now," I said, "put him into his cot." He did so. Johnny at once began to holloa at the top of his voice. "You must stop that," I said. "You must whip him, and do it really and thoroughly." Urged on by me the poor fellow did it, to

John's astonishment. Still the boy cried loudly. I said, "Now command him to cease crying." The father did so; but the son was deaf to all his father's commands. "You must whip him again; don't hesitate," I said; and he did so. Still Master Johnny kept up his music. I begged of the father not to give in; for his own sake, for his child's sake, to be firm. "You must whip him again," I said; and he did it. Very soon Johnny thought he had had enough, and was presently fast asleep. I was at the father's side at the right time the next night, and begged him to put Johnny into his cot at once. When he had done so the boy began to yell most furiously. I said, "My brother, you must whip him." It would have been much easier for the poor father to have taken twenty lashes himself; but he did what I told him. Johnny at once surrendered, and in a few moments was sound asleep. The next night there was no trouble; and what a relief for all of us!

Lakemba

At the District Meeting in 1848 I was appointed to the Lakemba Circuit, with the Rev. John Malvern as my colleague. This was the first Station formed in Fiji, and a good work had been done there by the missionaries who preceded us. It was a very large Circuit. Many of the islands connected with it were twenty, thirty, sixty miles away, Ono being the most distant. On all these islands we had native teachers; but they had to be regularly visited by the missionaries. The chief of the Windward Island, who lived at Lakemba, was Tui-na-yau. "*Au Eglu*," Mr. Lawry called him, "rolling in fat." When I went to Lakemba he was still a heathen. The brethren before me had faithfully tried to lead him to embrace Christianity; but the old chief was immovable in his heathenism. He was a great *zangona* drinker; indeed, one of the worst I ever knew. He was never satisfied until quite stupefied by the drink. He used to say that he liked to drink *zangona* "till it made him to sailing all over the world – to England, to France, and everywhere;" in other words, until he was thoroughly intoxicated. He had often opposed the missionaries; but he was terribly afraid of the Great God, for he had again and again been compelled to acknowledge Jehovah's hand in upsetting his plans and thwarting his wicked designs. The Lord our God had sometimes interposed in a wonderful way on behalf of His Church and people, and taught the old king a lesson he could not forget. A very striking case occurred during my time in Lakemba. At a certain season the waters on these coasts are for miles covered with little worm-like things called *Balolo*. The natives know well the time of their coming. When a certain tree is in flower, and so many days after the full moon, the first fruits are found one morning, and the full harvest the next day. A few go out the first morning, and gather the little; all who can go the second day and bring in a rich supply, which serves for the day's feasting.

One Saturday afternoon our people from one of the towns came to me with their teacher, and said, "The king has given orders that we are all to launch our canoes tomorrow, Sunday, and go out for the *Balolo*; and we are come to ask what we are to do." "Well," I said, "what do you think you ought to do? We have taught you always to obey your chiefs when obeying them does not mean breaking God's law. You all know what day tomorrow is, and what the Lord our God says about it. What do you think you ought to do?" "OH," they said, "we know what we ought to do, and what we will do; but we thought we ought to come and inquire of you about it. Tomorrow is the Sabbath of the Lord our God, in which He has commanded us to do no work,

and we mean to obey Him. The consequences may be very serious; the chief will be very angry, and he may kill us for disobeying him; but we are prepared to bear all the consequences." Sunday morning came, and as we were going to the prayer-meeting the heathen were going for the *Balolo*. In an hour or so they returned with empty baskets. The *Balolo* had not come! Such a thing had never been heard of before. The king sent for me, and stormed dreadfully; said it was our doing, that we had influenced our God to keep the *Balolo* back, and that he would punish the Christians who had dared to disobey him. I reminded him that he had tried his strength against our God before, and had failed, and that he had better take care what he was doing now. After a while he was thoroughly subdued, and we heard no more about the matter.

In their simple faith in those days the Christian Fijians believed that God was connected with all the good, and the devil was connected with all the evil that came, and, looking to the Lord for help and direction in all matters, He sometimes wonderfully interposed on their behalf. Sailing in canoes, if overtaken by a storm and in danger, they went to their knees, confessed their sins, and prayed for deliverance; and when the deliverance came they acknowledged God's hand.

Many of the heathen, when they had in any way done wrong to the missionaries, and evil came upon them, regarded it as the punishment of their sin sent by the missionary's God, and were filled with fear. One day two heathens were on board a canoe with a number of Christians, when a violent storm came down upon them. The Christians were soon on their knees confessing and praying, and still the storm raged. After much tossing about, and narrowly escaping being wrecked, they reached the land. Then the heathen said, "You did not know that we were the cause of all that tempest, for the night before we left Lakemba we stole two of the missionary's ducks."

We had two Roman Catholic priests in Lakemba, both Frenchmen and Jesuits. Opposed as I am to the errors of popery, I could not but admire the zeal of these men. They ere landed on the island with little beside what they had on them. They had to do their own work, wash their own clothes, and live entirely on native food. And yet, with very little to encourage them, they remained at their post, doing their best to win the people over to their Church. Where popery gets into a place before the Bible it may succeed; but where God's word is read Rome finds it hard work to make proselytes. With a system that has many attractions for the natives, they plodded away most perseveringly; but with little success. They tried very hard to get on with the king; but, instead of being influenced, the old man had sometimes a little fun at their expense. One day he sent in a great hurry for Mr. Malvern and me. When we arrived at his house we found the two priests sitting with him. Addressing us, he said, "I have sent for you two to talk to you in the presence of these my priests. You are deceiving me; you have merely come to prepare the way for your ships of war to take my land. These my priests are true men; I can trust them." We understood the thing at once, and said but little; but the priests thought they had the king at last. They little knew the man they had to deal with.

At one of our country places there was a sick man whom the priests had been to see. Mr. Malvern and I called on him, and found a large cross on his breast. In answer to our inquiry if he wished to have it there, he said, "No, the priest would have me wear

it.” I advised him not to be led astray by priest or anyone, but to trust alone in Christ for salvation. Some few days after, we heard that both the priests had gone to see him again, and as he had been one of our people, and indeed was one still, we went to see what they were doing. On our way we met the two priests returning. Someone invented a story about my laying hold of the priests when we met, and throwing them into a water-hole – a story that just suited the natives, one they greatly relished and that was told for years. The truth is, we met the priests in a narrow path, turned aside to let them pass, and went on our way. When we reached the house we found the man with the cross about his neck. We had scarcely got seated before one of the priests came in and sat down. I asked the man if he had turned Roman Catholic. He said, “No.” “Do you want that cross about your neck?” “No, I do not.” “Then,” I said, “take it off and give it to the priest.” He was proceeding to do so when the priest came forward, and seizing the cross held it firmly on the man’s breast. I remonstrated with him; but he insisted that the man should wear it. I did not think it prudent to continue the conversation any farther, as the man was really ill, and, I saw, had no intention of yielding to the priest. We went outside, and there the priest and I had a long discussion before hundreds of people who had gathered together. I had a great advantage over the priest in that he could not pronounce the *th* so often occurring in Fijian. He pronounced the *th* as *d*, and some good Fijian words become very bad ones when *d* is substituted for *th*. This mistake he made so frequently that the people at last roared aloud, and he became so confused that he thought it best to end the discussion, and quickly retire. The natives said he “ran away”; but that was a Fijian’s way of putting it.

One day I was preaching in a place not far from the priests’ residence. In the middle of the service a shot was fired, and the ball struck the side of the place where I was preaching. I knew not where the shot came from, but the Tonganese living near maintained that it came from the house of the priests. I advised our people to take no notice of it, as it was impossible to tell who fired it. I was amused by a Tongan chief who had been much among white people, and on board ships, and had picked up many English words and sentences. He contended that the shot must have been fired by a lay-brother who was living with the priests, and said he to me, “Mr. Watsford, suppose you no have the grace of God in your heart, you knock that fellow down.”

In Lakemba, as indeed everywhere in Fiji, we had much to do in giving medicine to the sick. This was a very important part of a missionary’s work. In going to a new Mission, every missionary ought to have some instruction in medicine. The diseases most common in Fiji are dysentery, ophthalmia, and elephantiasis. They had doctors and medicines of their own, but preferred ours. Many of our missionaries had little knowledge of the healing art, but by careful study, and the use of simple remedies, they relieved much suffering, cured many, and did much good. Many a Fijian has come to us, saying, “I tried my own gods, and my own doctors and medicines, and they could do me no good; I came to you, and the first dose of your medicine relieved me, and now I mean to try your God.” In building our houses we generally arranged to have one room as a consulting-room or dispensary, with a window at the end where we could attend to the sick who came. In Lakemba I have had as many as thirty patients on a morning waiting for medicine, and sometimes as many more to visit in the town. We used large quantities of Epsom salts, castor oil, and such like drugs – capital medicines for the natives. The Fijians were very good for taking any medicine, however nauseous, and for submitting to any operation, however painful. I

have known them drink the most unpleasant mixtures, and smack their lips as if they had taken some delicious beverage. I have seen a Fijian doctor cutting away with a sharp shell at a poor fellow's back for half an hour or more, and the patient enduring it all without wincing. But they are desperately bad in following the doctor's prescription. I have given half a dozen pills to a sick man, with the direction to take on every night, expressing at the same time the hope that he would then be better. Wanting to sail on the morrow, he argued thus: "That missionary tells me that if I take one pill every night for six nights I shall very likely be better at the end of the week. Surely they will make me well tonight if I take them all at once;" and down they went, to the doctor's annoyance and the patient's injury.

Our work in the Lakemba Circuit was very heavy. We had many towns in Lakemba where we had teachers and a growing cause, and these needed constant care. Then we had to be very frequently from home on visits in our canoe to the many islands under our charge. But our work was very delightful, and the Lord was with us. My wife's health, however, was so bad, and she was so nearly worn out, that the brethren at the District Meeting thought I ought to go to Sydney, and, however unwilling to leave the work that I loved in Fiji, I was compelled to do so. When I had made all preparations for leaving, and my goods were on board our Mission vessel, I went to bid Tui-na-yau goodbye. Having made him a present, I said, "Sir, I am now leaving you. I have told you of Jesus, our blessed Saviour, and have tried to do you good; but you have refused to be a Christian. I shall probably never see you again till we meet at the bar of God." "Oh," he said, "so you are going, are you? How glad I am. You have been the torment of my life. I've had no peace while you have been here. I hope you'll never come back again." I was deeply wounded, and went away greatly grieved. An hour later, having sent Mrs. Watsford and our two children down to the boat, I was just getting away, when Tui-na-yau entered my gate dressed in his best, with a beautiful necklace about his neck. I thought, "He is just coming to tease me before I go, and I'll not let him;" so I hurried down the path. But when I came near him he stepped out quickly and laid hold of me, saying, "No, no, you are not going yet. I want to tell you I'm sorry for the nasty words I said. I had to say them to keep my mind quiet, for I was greatly troubled. I'm a bad man. I have greatly tried and wronged you; but I repent. I'm come to tell you that this very day I'll become a Christian. You go to your own land, and I'll go to the church, and bow to Jesus. And now," taking off his necklace and putting it on my neck, "let me put this on you as my love, and - one thing more - let me kiss you." Before I could say "yea" or "nay" he rubbed his great black nose against mine and wept like a child. No one can tell how I rejoiced that hour; and still great was my joy when, soon after my arrival in Sydney, I received letters informing me that Tui-na-yau had kept his word. I hope he lived and died a true Christian.