

Dr. Tichenor's brief and beautiful accounts of the work supply the main sources from which we draw the material for this little sketch, which we are confident no one can read without thanksgiving to God.

During the last Cuban rebellion Captain Alberto J. Diaz, then in the rebel army, was dispatched to one of the army outposts to warn against an expected attack by Spanish forces; and in obeying the order he and those with him were surrounded by the enemy. The only avenue of escape was by the sea, and to that they intrusted themselves. They were, however, borne out from shore, and would have perished had they not been picked up by a small vessel.

Captain Diaz then went to New York. Having already been graduated from both the literary and medical departments of the University of Havana, he resolved to prepare himself to treat especially diseases of the eye. During the winter a severe attack of pneumonia brought him to the gates of death. Among those whose regard this polite and intelligent Cuban had won, was a Christian young lady, who visited his room and vainly sought to converse with him. He could speak but little English and she did not understand his Spanish. Leaving the room, she shortly returned with her New Testament, read a portion, and then silently prayed. This she repeated for several days, until the patient sufficiently recovered to write to her, in broken English, his heartfelt thanks. He inquired what was the little book out of which she read every day, and why "she closed her eyes and talked to herself"? She replied that the book was the New Testament, and that, after reading it, she had prayed for him. He had never seen anybody pray in that way before. In the great cathedral of his native city he had seen people kneel upon its marble pavement, count their beads, and, with "vain repetitions," mutter the lifeless forms and call it prayer. But this was a new idea of religion to him. He expressed his desire for the "little book," that he might find out what it was that could make her so love it. She gave him a copy, and he began to translate it into Spanish, as best he could, so that he might the better comprehend its teaching. While thus engaged, he learned that he could procure a Spanish translation at the American Bible Society; and having obtained one, he read that new and wonderful story of the life, suffering and death of Jesus.

Toward the story of blind Bartimeus his mind and heart were peculiarly attracted. The helplessness of the poor blind man, and the wonderful goodness and power of Jesus overwhelmed him. Again and again he read it, until it dawned upon his soul that he was *just like blind Bartimeus*. Christ had been standing before him, but he had no eyes with which to see Him. He fell prostrate on the floor, and in speechless agony lay for a long time. He had never prayed and did not know how. Only with the "groanings unutterable" could he cry unto God. But God who hears just such moans and groans heard the