

The War in Cuba.

BY REV. A. J. DIAZ, M. D.

When in Cuba, I had a very handsome church and a large congregation, nearly 3,000 persons having professed religion and been baptized during the last ten years, and we have organized six common schools in the field, also one female high school, one hospital with fifty beds, and a large cemetery which covers over forty acres of land. This cemetery has been in existence about nine years, and has had nearly 17,000 interments, the majority of them being members of the Roman Catholic Church. The average death rate of the city of Havana is from 600 to 1,000 a month. You must remember that Havana is a very large city, with a population of a quarter of a million and very bad sanitary conditions. There is a very fine Roman Catholic cemetery there, as handsome as any in America, but the expense of interment in it is so exorbitant that the people are unwilling to pay it, so they come to us, not even regarding the penalty of excommunication thereafter pronounced against them by the Pope. As the price of each interment in the Roman Catholic cemetery is about \$100, this movement on the part of the Catholics of coming to us deprives the Bishop of Havana of at least \$300,000 in cemetery revenues. Of course we do not receive this amount, but he loses it by default, and the people have the benefit thereof.

Besides, and this gives us much encouragement, the families of those who have been buried in our cemetery can never return to the Roman Catholic Church, so that we practically have under our influence over 30,000 people, for which we thank God.

I have been teaching for the last fourteen years how we can be free religiously as well as politically, and the people in Cuba are both hungry and thirsty for the Word of Life. They are firm believers and faithful followers, and long for freedom in the cause of Christ. At the beginning of the war, my congregation called for a meeting in the church, and we held one in private, for so great was our persecution that we were not allowed to sing our hymns aloud, and could have only one-half of our door open so as not to attract the attention of the passers-by. I have been in prison six times, was once in a mob, and was shot while preaching the Word of God; have been three times brought to trial. One of my children was stolen and carried away in order to drive me from the island. Eight months ago, while we were worshipping, the Spanish people, though knowing that our beautiful church was an American institution, placed two dynamite bombs under it, but with no other result than producing a panic in the congregation. In view of all these persecutions at the hands of the Spanish, our church people decided that all the male members of the church join the insurgent forces, as on the freedom of Cuba depended their religious as well as political liberty, so nearly 1,000 of them went to the war.

Of course I could not take part in the movement, and being anxious to help the cause, I have done all I could by establishing the White Cross Society for the benefit of the sick and wounded, and while in Cuba I organized over forty hospitals on the field, and many hundreds of the sick and wounded were cared for by them. There is in Cuba a Spanish branch of the Red Cross Society, which is as you know, an international organization, each established Government having its own separate and distinct branch; but the Spanish people have never given any benefit of its good offices to the Cubans. Our society has been on the field from the beginning of the war up to the present time, and has cared for more than 5,000 soldiers, both Cuban and Spanish. While a Cuban institution, it knows no difference in giving aid to suffering humanity. As long as General Campos was in the island, there was no interference with our care of the insurgents; but upon the arrival of Weyler, the first man summoned before him was myself, and I was ordered to stop at once the aid I was extending to the insurgents. I explained to him the nature of my society, and told him that, as the Spanish soldiers had few doctors and nurses, I had extended my kind offices to them also. He said, "Well, if you wish to aid my Spanish soldiers, all right. I have no objection to that, but you have got to stop aiding those insurgents at once." Of course I could not enter protest with him, but I made up my mind to take my chances, and many times I have slipped out and cared for the insurgents. The insurgents have never molested any of our doctors, nurses or hospitals, and never interfered with our ambulances. Many times I have brought over twenty wounded Spanish in my ambulances, and though the insurgents inspected the wounded they have never molested them. The Spanish, on the contrary, searched our ambulances every time they left or entered the city, and never allowed us to bring an insurgent into the city. My last proposition to the Spanish was rejected by them. My proposition was that in the hospital I had in Havana, where we had accommodations for 300, I would give seventy-five beds to the Spanish and seventy-five to the insurgents; but my prayer was not granted, and at once they began to regard me with suspicion.

I have witnessed dreadful barbarities by the Spanish in Cuba, even upon the wounded. I had a hospital for the Spanish in the city of San Philippe, and three miles

distant, located on a sugar plantation, was one for the insurgents. The Spanish General Ruiz bombarded the Cuban hospital, killing the helpless inmates. Once I was carrying a Spanish officer on a stretcher to the city of Guatmo, and had covered him to protect him from the pouring rain, and as I came within sight of the city, we were met by a squad of Spanish cavalry, who were stationed there, and before I had time to speak to them, they ran their swords through the stretcher, cutting it literally to pieces and slaughtering the Spanish officer therein, thinking him to be an insurgent. I have attended over thirty women who were shot by the Spanish soldiers; also a number of children among whom were two babies, one of six months and the other one year old. In passing through the city of San Miguel, I saw the Spanish general, Fondevilla, making twenty-five poor countrymen dig their own graves, and when they had completed the task, he had them shot. The war in Cuba, on the Spanish side, is not conducted with any degree of civilization. The insurgents, on the other hand, endeavor even in the smallest detail to act in a warlike and humane way. I was present once at an execution ordered by General Gomez upon a man who had attempted a criminal assault upon a woman, while prisoners of war are merely deprived of their weapons and turned loose without parole, and if wounded they are cared for until well.

In regard to the issues of the war, nothing else but unconditional independence will be accepted; no autonomy, no home rule; it is independence or death. The Spanish will never crush these brave insurrectionists. They grow stronger every day, while the Spanish notwithstanding that Spain has sent over 300,000 men to conquer Cuba, are being diminished in number daily, as added to the ravages of war, many are perishing from illness, yellow fever, etc.

The Cuban insurgents are well organized, being firmly established on a civil and military basis. As regards the civil government, they have a president, Mr. Salvador Cisneros, two Houses of Representatives, a tax collector, post offices, postage stamps, mail carrier and commissaries. With regard to military organizations, they have divided the island into five provinces, and to each province are attached one commander, a major-general, and four brigadiers, with an average of 12,000 soldiers. The commander-in-chief of all the Cuban forces is General Maximo Gomez, "a man without fear and without reproach."

The last time I saw the insurgents was in the city of Baines, where I was commissioned by General Weyler to bring to the city of Havana an American citizen by the name of Delgado, who had been wounded by the Spanish General Maljuzo. He was the owner of a large sugar plantation, and his only crime was that he used his papers as an American citizen in order to prevent his place from being interfered with. I brought this man sixty miles on a stretcher to the city of Havana, and placed him safely in his house there. On returning to Baines I met a strong force of insurgents, under the command of General Aguirre now the commander of the province of Havana, who is a member of the Baptist church, and with him were 800 Baptists. Of course, meeting my people and being requested by them to hold a religious meeting, I did it cheerfully, and preached to them and prayed for them. The result was that as soon as I reached the city of Havana the order was given to arrest and imprison me, my only guilt being that I preached the Gospel to my people. As long as I confined myself to cutting off arms and limbs the Spanish people did not molest me; but as soon as they found out that I was preaching and holding religious meetings in the open air, the Bishop of Havana used his influence to stop my holding these revival meetings with the insurgents, and secured my arrest and imprisonment, as you may remember. I was in jail eight days, as was also my brother, surrounded by a strong guard and we were not allowed to see any one from the outside world or to speak to each other. I was, as the Spanish say, "in communication." I was also condemned to be shot. I cannot be too thankful for the fact that I was an American citizen, for as soon as the Baptists in America learned of my danger they held indignation meetings, passed resolutions and sent letters to the State Department in such numbers that Secretary Olney told a friend of mine that they received as many as 10,000 letters in a single mail about the imprisonment of Diaz and his release. It was owing to the intervention of the United States, as managed by the State Department, that Weyler ordered my release, but upon the condition that I leave with my family and my brother on the first steamer that went from Cuba to the United States. Since I have been here I have continued my work for my poor Cubans, but although our "Liberty Bell" has been ringing for nearly two years, very few seem to have heard it.

In order to help the sick and wounded patriots, I have opened an office in this city in the interest of the Cuban White Cross Society, whose object is the relief of these sufferers, where I gratefully receive and forward any donations of money or medical and surgical appliances that may be contributed. I would be very glad if you would interest your people in my undertaking. I commence next week to deliver a series of lectures with stereoscopic views on the present condition of Cuba, and will go from here to New York.

Atlanta, Ga., Jan. 16.

The Late George Muller.

BY REV. D. F. MCPHERSON.

A great man is fallen in Israel. And yet not fallen. He has risen before earth and heaven; perhaps George Muller was never so much alive in this world as he is this present time. For seventy years he has been quietly, hopefully making the world cleaner and sweeter,

more like heaven. He has "robbed the cruel streets of victims, the jails of felons, the workhouses of helpless waifs." Every time his name is named, a virtue, a thrill of inspiration will go forth upon the church world. He began as a very devil of a lad, and ended as a mighty man of God. At nine years this Prussian youth was a thief. At fourteen he lost his mother but grew worse and worse. At his confirmation he kept back eleven-twelfths of the clergyman's fee which his father had allowed him. At sixteen he was in jail with thieves and murderers. In 1822 he was sent to school and stayed for over two years studying Latin, French and German literature. He possessed 300 books but no Bible. Then he entered Halle, still sowing his wild oats. Then God met him, but not in the tempest or the earthquake. A Christian student led Muller to a little prayer-meeting in the house of a tradesman. The attendance was small but precious—"two or three" always make up a divine and mighty assembly! George Muller for the first time saw persons kneeling in prayer; and he felt a something, he knew not what; and he felt himself a very guilty and sorrowful sinner. He left the godly tradesman's place of prayer resolved on being like those three or four kneeling Christians. His life was changed in that meeting and remained a changed life ever after. How simply but mightily God works! How really—here was Muller, a new man. He at once resolved to be led, not by man but directly and in detail by the Holy Ghost. In 1829 he was in London. At the close of the same year he was in Devon. He opened a little conventicle in Teignmouth in the channel, near Exeter, and called it Ebenezer Chapel. He married twice; his first wife was Mary Groves, a Devonshire woman, and with Muller's spirit. Scruples began now to work in his conscience about taking a stated salary, and one Sunday he told his congregation that hereafter he was going to live by faith. Rumor often had it that Mr. and Mrs. Muller were starving, but they went smilingly forward, declaring that they lacked "no manner of thing that is good." God spread their table, perhaps simply, but substantially enough to live and labor divinely on. The ravens were not all dead, nor the angels—so simple George Muller thought.

IN 1832

he stepped out of the stage-coach upon the streets of Bristol. He gave his first sermon in Gideon Chapel, in the afternoon preached again at the old Pithay Chapel, Mr. Henry Craik, his life-friend, had led his steps to Bristol. The two became the lay pastors of the Gideon flock, with no salaries or pew rents. Gideon Chapel was later given up, and Bethesda opened, where Muller ministered till his death. In 1834, after incessant and anxious prayer, he started the Scriptural Knowledge Institution for Home and Abroad. It was never to contract debt, to avoid all worldly patronage, and on no account to ask any one for money. All help was to be drawn down, from heaven. And heaven responded to the faith! In sixty years about £1,500,000 came down from heaven. Perhaps the "bank" is on earth, but the "Governor" is above.

IN 1835

the Spirit came on Muller and bade him arise and build the Orphan House. He was not disobedient, though he had neither money nor tools. He announced a public meeting, and a few days afterwards a poor missionary sent him one shilling to build the house. The second contribution was also a shilling. These were the "droppings" became showers, and goods and money flowed in. The house rose, and thirty orphan girls found a home. A second house speedily rose, and thirty-six infant orphans were taken in. Then a third house for thirty orphan boys. Many "wise heads" shook their heads as they smiled at the "silly scheme," but some of them lived long enough to shed honest tears of repentance and gratitude. Muller's object in this orphan work was "the glory of God, that it might be seen by the whole world a real whole church of God that in these days God listens to prayer, and that God is the same in prayer and in love that he ever was." Days of trial came to George Muller and his homes, as trials come to all things, to see what of sobriety or morality is in them. But Muller's Lord was with the trial, and never came too late. Sometimes only two-pence came in at a time, but the meal and the oil did not quite run down. What a splendid gymnasium for faith—better than the Grecian.

One day dinner in the Boys' House could not be bought for lack of just one penny. The box contained seven, but eight were needed. The box at the Girls' House was opened, and lo, one coin was there—and it was the needed penny. This time it was the box, not the fall! He never turned the fatherless and motherless from his door. He took them in, and still took them in, and then prayed God for more meat and drink and money and clothes. And they came, always—before it was too late. Once he received £12,000 by letter; by letter; and in another envelope handed in at the door he found one farthing, with a fervent benediction. A one-horse car once came to him for sale. Canaries, plenty of them live oxen, sheep, pigs—all to be converted into use for his homes and the glory of God. Five pounds sterling once came in, "instead of being spent on a wedding trip." Another unknown man sent him £2,000, "the produce of a sale of property, which has given more trouble than blessing." "A thank-offering for having broken my left arm instead of my right." To-day the homes on Ashley Down, Bristol, cost £90 a day, and the money comes in—somehow!

When seventy years old (in 1875) Muller went round the world—not to canvass for his homes, but to preach the gospel. He journeyed 200,000 miles and saw forty-two lands. He preached in English, French and German. He just prayed God to meet his touring expenses; he left without the "needful," but he got around the world! He was found "dead"—no, asleep, on Thursday morning, March 10, in his room in his homes. He "slipped away" as quietly as he had lived. God took him. All Bristol was moved to its depths, for its great personality had passed from it. Men wept who had never wept before. Masses of people lined the long way from the

homes to the cemetery flowerless by request. "George Muller, for ninety-third year." Bethesda Chapel. Mr. Muller had an evening before he died high." Mr. James director, spoke from have the rule over saint had faith as inspired "Thus faith he had a Ser the passage on wh when encouraging straight through son gry man. He thou from compliments.

OFFERED £500

But he magnified Cl gripped the atonesm bugged the Rock, an from the mother's h and able to serve wi or physical." He p the least thing. Go life and work were wives, in Armos Val The mayor's state whole great city an grave all was simpli know. The hymn Christ, the Son of G versal church, have and immortality. said one preacher, gospel round the wo he had understood Romanism. "But st Muller had taught th trust in the Father," are taken-home? "a doesn't depend on p childlike reply. W lieved this to the hi child of God, if God dissolves with the m

in a thorough, evan the world-wide indiv believer. The Daily simply. The St. Jan removes mountains" points to the Bristol ing built into stone. says that all over B 100,000 children, gr God's noble ves; spiritual sheet—wri words, with the swe and work; by their press even a sceptic be God, you and I, k ble measure at least, gentle and simple influential with God he was not rich; h quest; he had no so God's dear child, re did not really know Muller! ever exist earth!—The Standar Exeter, Eng., Mar

Dr. Sanday

Rev. William San Anglican church, a most eminent scholastic has recently published his Epistle to this Epistle, the author's portion under consideration this by a commentary upon the leading the 6:1-14, his summary. "Baptism has a Christian into person it may fitly be dees presses symbolically redeeming acts of sion—burial (the r resurrection. "All these the Christ by his death with sin, so the Christian, has done once a reformed life ded ideal, whatever may who have thrown off your powers to God, superseded in its hol We quote also fr "All of us who were Christ—i. e., into th him, were so immer to his death. I mean not only professes of relation to him so i actual union. When water, that meant th the water closed over buried with him; in death, was real. W