

the gospel of Christ without charge. But now he saw himself compelled either to desert his field of labor or starve.

He sailed for New York, hoping and praying that he might find the means by which to return and go on with his work. Finding that the Ladies' Bible Society of Philadelphia wanted a colporteur for Cuba, he offered his services and was accepted. Joyfully he went back, and once more was among his people; on week days he scattered Bibles and Testaments, and on Sundays met his congregation and dispensed to them the Word of Life. For more than a year the work went on; his brother and sister embraced the faith. Persecutions arose, but this fearless man continued his work.

One day he went to a town in the interior to preach and distribute books. In Cuba no religious service can be held except indoors; and he found every available place to preach barred against him. Nobody dared to allow him to hold religious meetings on their premises. At length an old, unoccupied frame building was found near the Catholic church. At one end a rude platform was built, and Diaz began the services. The multitude thronged the place, but were ready on the slightest pretext to break into open violence. While Diaz was preaching a shot from behind and above him was fired; and the ball, passing close to the intended victim, struck a boy in front of him. The deadly shot had been fired through an opening in the weatherboarding from the tower of the Catholic church, and the priest was the assassin. He was tried and convicted, and sent to Spain for punishment.

The screams of the wounded boy excited the multitude to frenzy. "Kill them!" "Kill the Protestants!" "Shoot the heretics!" was heard on every side. Diaz and his brother who was with him entered a room close at hand and barred the door against the mob. With howlings and curses the infuriated rabble demanded their blood, and nothing but Divine interposition saved their lives. When the tumult died away they unbarred the door and Diaz's brother went out to see if they could find better protection or make their escape. Soon some one ran to Diaz and told him that others were beating his brother to death. He sprang from his place of concealment and ran to his relief. The mob seized him and would have killed him had not the police come to the rescue. With their coats torn off and their hats and shoes gone, bruised and bloody, they were taken before the mayor. They represented to him their treatment by this lawless mob. He promised them protection, tried to dissuade them from prosecuting their persecutors, and ordered his police to see them safe upon the cars. They returned to Havana, glad to escape with their lives.

Meanwhile at Key West, in Florida, W. F. Wood was laboring among the English-speaking population. In that city more than a thousand Cubans were at work in the cigar factories. No attention had been paid to their religious condition. It was taken for granted that, being