

of His divine life of love and words of wisdom. By no other means could He touch with His presence and life, men who had sunk, and lost the higher life, till they knew no desires but the material appetites of the brutes that perish. Submitting Himself, as a man, to the actions and actual contact of men, He lived, and He was slain for, and by, men—slain as to the human form He had assumed. But the love and wisdom which lived in that life and that death, worked an answering love in the hearts of others, conquered and subdued by love—Infinite Love, that strongest force in all the universe—the powers for evil which man in this world, or in the other, had become, and made it possible for man again to ascend to a higher life, because through that Humanity which they could see, touch, handle, understand, new life from Him could be infused. And the man who knew Him best learned to write thus: "That which was from the beginning, which we have heard, which we have seen with our eyes, which we have looked upon, and our hands have handled of the Word of Life, declare we unto you; for the Life (the only origin and source of life) was manifested, and we have seen it, and bear witness and show unto you that Eternal Life which was with (or in) the Father, and was manifested (placed visibly before us)." Such is the Apostolic doctrine of the Cross. To follow Him who is God—Jehovah clothed with humanity—is the very life of law, and the very law of life to every faculty within man, regenerates, heals, saves him from the life of self, and teaches him practically, alike by precept and example, to devote every faculty of his being, will, thought, and deed, to the service of his brethren of mankind as He, his Master, did; for so God wills to save and bless others. The power of such life, from God and for God, is still the only force that can "keep the world from becoming altogether corrupt"—altogether sinful, selfish, and unnatural. Science and philosophy have no quarrel with such a law of life. Science and philosophy are seeking it; and "they who seek shall find."

"Student."

A TRIP TO CUBA.

No. II.

There is no more instructive stand-point from which to glean information as to the products, climate and general resources of any country, than a public market. I stood, then, in the market of Havana, the enclosed portions of which I should estimate at about twice the dimensions of our Viger Square, whilst outside the gates in picturesque confusion some two hundred mules and horses stand laden with baskets of delicious oranges, bananas, pine-apples, cocoa-nuts and a dozen other varieties of indigenous fruits. For on the favoured island of Cuba, the "Pearl of the Antilles," a climate remarkable for its uniformity, matures its vegetable productions throughout the entire year, and fills the market at Christmas as plentifully as in autumn or summer. The average registration of the thermometer, whilst not exceeding 87° Fah. in summer, falls only to 85° throughout the winter. What an entrancing contemplation to the rheumatic and catarrhal inhabitants of Canada and the New England States, where a fall or rise of fifty degrees in twenty-four hours is an event of not unfrequent occurrence! Here was a profuse supply of choice luscious fruit, which formed so marked a feature of this Cuban market as might excusably tempt gods or men, to say nothing of irrational and irresponsible small boys, into making experimental ventures with their eating and digestive faculties. I plead guilty to eating, on this occasion at any rate, quite enough. I would prefer not to go any further with my confession than that. And I may remark here that I have good reason for affirming that I was not born yesterday. My glossy locks are undyed, and my teeth are the genuine article, but I still feel painfully conscious that I cannot, with a due regard for truth, shelter myself under the designation of a boy; and therefore it is no use disguising the fact that I wish to get away from this subject of the romantic and sweet-tasting fruit, which to this present time still haunts me in my dreams.

One of the most important industries of Havana is the tobacco and cigar business. The "weed" is a native of the island, and from especial care and cultivation, added to its own valuable natural qualities, the manufactured tobacco of Cuba, exported throughout the entire civilized world in the shape of cigars, has long been held in the highest estimation by consumers.

Whatever may be the general social condition of the lower classes in Cuba—and I have no doubt it has been disgraceful, and is still bad—I must say that the breakfast at which I surprised the hands of one large tobacco factory, was a repast denoting that much care and attention are given the men by their employers. A bottle of wine to each, with an abundant supply of fresh fish, meat, &c., must form a pretty solid foundation for a day's work.

Havana boasts a fair supply of public buildings, civil, military and ecclesiastical. The residence of the Captain-General is a plain structure of stone surrounded by palm-trees. There is nothing imposing in the buildings, nor is there any attractive feature in the structure of the University, an important institution that I found to interest me but little. But the Payret Theatre is simply wonderful. Vast in dimension, the finish of the whole building, inside and out, is excellent in taste and execution, and most effective in appearance. My visit to the play was the occasion of the commencement of a very pleasing acquaintance with two young Americans, whom, although a man, I am justified

in eulogizing as specimens of gentlemen in the fullest sense of the term. One was the son of the late Judge Doolittle, of Utica, N.Y. Both he and his companion, Mr. R. Peabody, were educated at Yale University, an institution deserving of the highest commendation, as judged by the character and subsequent standing of the men it has turned out. I may mention, as an instance of American push and talent, that the first-named gentleman, though only twenty-six years of age, is already a lawyer of some note in Utica, and director of a bank. May my friends' shadows never grow less. We went about considerably together. I don't know whether they or I were most impressed with our evening at the theatre. To this day the magnificent scenery floats in a hazy glory before my eyes; the dance of the pretty ballet girls still enraptures my senses, as once did the performance in the Grand Opera house of Vienna. The orchestra was composed of about seventy performers on stringed instruments, and the effect was perfect. The audience overflowed the vast building, presenting a striking contrast to a Montreal house, which is notoriously thin, except when Nigger Minstrels are the attraction. The Cubans, however, are strikingly wanting in enthusiasm, and have strange habits of expressing disapproval, and some other emotions by a hissing sound. Had a few hundreds of them made a virtuous resolve to hiss down a very immoral theatrical performance at a theatre I chanced to look in at, near the Louvre restaurant, they might have done a real service to public decency and put to shame a government which openly allows such infamous sources of villainess and corruption to exist in a nominally religious country. An official informed me, in reply to my enquiry as to whether the Government gave its sanction to the existence of this hole: "Oh, yes, the Government allows everything." How closely allied are superstition and vice, an inordinate zeal for the forms of religion with an entire absence of its power, which develop such scenes of ignorance and depravity as some nations so frequently exhibit.

The Park Isabella is a luxurious compound of nature and art, and forms a delightful breathing place in the cool of the evening, "when the band begins to play," and the swells drive up in their carriages, and the revolutionary mechanic saunters in, eyeing the scene with a scowl of malignant jealousy. But the aristocrats get the lion's share of the enjoyment, as is usually the case, and a thousand gaslights illumine the beautiful scene, and "all goes merry as a marriage bell." By-the-by, I must here suggest to the respected President of the New City Gas Company, and the Chairman of the Lighting Committee of the City Council to take a trip to Havana in the interests of science and for the future better enlightenment of us poor benighted Montrealers. The "witching orb of night" hangs just as brightly above the warm West Indian Islands as over our northern shores, but in Havana she is spared the indignity of being commercially utilized as a substitute for gaslight, as is the case in our own dark and dangerous thoroughfares. The lamps, too, are in much closer proximity to each other. From eve till morn I could have stayed with pleasure in the Park Isabella, but the flight of Time compelled me to visit the interiors also of some private Cuban residences. My researches in this direction resulted in the discovery that the good people of Havana are possessed by a perfect passion for rocking themselves in cane-bottomed rocking chairs. Formal visits are conducted with a due regard to this universal custom. The visitor and lady of the house place themselves vis-à-vis, and commence to rock as if the destinies of the human race were involved in the operation. Perhaps the motion is productive of thought and expression. I make bold to hazard an opinion, however, that it rather tends to develop idiocy.

A bookseller here would settle in insolvency with little unnecessary delay, and no vexatious raising of the hopes of his creditors. The large proportion of the Cubans are in blissful ignorance of all learning, and the remainder is too lazy to improve itself by reading. Spacious churches exist all over Havana, all Roman Catholic, and the people are kept in a rigid state of intellectual bondage. Of late years, however, rays of light have been discovered struggling through the gloom, and thoughtful working-men have commenced a bold strike for liberty of thought. Thus we see latent forces slowly, but surely, gathering throughout the world for the great unshackling of the mind which must ere long burst upon the affrighted horde of tyrants and bigots, and all upholders of mental tyranny. A Protestant service was announced to take place at the Pasacha Hotel, but I saw nothing of it, nor do I think that it was held at all.

From churches to water-works may seem a somewhat abrupt transition, but I have to touch on so many subjects that I must be brief and to the point. The water system is admirable, the entire city being supplied with spring water, which is brought a distance of eight miles. The eatables at the hotels hardly came up to the excellency of the water standard. A dinner I took at the Pasacha with Doolittle and Peabody convinced me that the principal drawback to Cuban cookery consists in the unconscionable flavor of garlic which pervades every dish set before you. The soup contained garlic in undisguised quantity, and the fish was seasoned with a moderate allowance of the obnoxious vegetable. The *entrées* swam in the odorous thing, and the joints and boiled chicken were painfully impregnated with it. I suppose the Cubans must really be fond of garlic, but when I can be persuaded that an eel gets used to skinning, and comes to like it, then, and not till then, will I believe that any reconciliation between your humble servant and that weed is ever destined to take place.

D. A. Ansell.