

Church service having been held in it! The blacks who swarm in all the other islands of the West Indies, are hardly to be seen in Havana. Nearly every face seen is Spanish, and speaking has to be done through an interpreter, though many waiters at the hotels can speak English fairly well, having learned it from Americans, who often spend months there to escape from their own cold winter. The churches, unlike those in Europe, are usually closed, to be opened at certain times with a golden key.

A place in Havana is shewn as the tomb of Columbus, though the people of St. Domingo claim that his body rests with them—a dispute which probably will never be settled. The Church (Roman) is said to have but little influence in Cuba; she has had no rival and has grown lazy. On this point, Mr. Froude says:

"The churches on Sundays were thinly attended, and men smiled when I asked them about 'confession.' I inquired about famous preachers. I was told that there were no preachers in Havana, famous or otherwise. I might, if I was lucky and chose to go there in the early morning, hear a sermon in the church of the Jesuits; that was all; I went; I heard my Jesuit, who was fluent, eloquent and gesticulating, but he was pouring out his passionate rhetoric to about fifty women with scarcely a man amongst them. It was piteous to look at him."

"The same Sunday morning," continues Mr. Froude, "there was to be a bull-fight, such as had never been seen in Havana. A lady from Spain, Gloriana they called her, was to meet and slay a bull in single combat. To those who went the performance was a disappointment. The bull provided turned out to be a calf of tender years, and when the spectators demanded a bull of strength and ferocity, Gloriana declined the adventure."

Such appears to be the Lord's day in Havana. Might there not be some chance for true evangelistic preaching in this lethargic town and country?

The next largest island of the West Indies to Cuba, is that of San Domingo, the western portion of which is called Hayti, and is given over entirely to the blacks, who have their own republic there. They have it all to themselves. They are French in language, and nominally Romanists in religion, though in the villages of the interior where they are out of sight, they are apt to revert to their old heathen customs, and sacrifice children to the serpent. The chief town of this black republic is Port-au-Prince. About this place Mr. Froude says:

"Long before we came to shore there came off whiffs, not of drains as at Havana, but of active dirt fermenting in the sunlight. Calling our handkerchiefs to our help and looking to our feet carefully, we stepped upon the quay

and walked forward as judiciously as we could. With the help of stones we crossed a shallow ditch, where rotten fish, vegetables and other articles were lying about promiscuously, and we came on what did duty for a grand parade. We were in a Paris of the gutter, with boulevards and *places*, *fiacres* and crimson parasols. The boulevards were littered with the refuse of the houses and were foul as pig sties, and the ladies under the parasols were picking their way along them in Parisian boots and silk dresses. I saw a *fiacre* broken down in a black pool, out of which a blacker ladyship was scrambling. Fever breeds so prodigally in that pestilential squalour, that forty thousand people were estimated to have died of it in a single year. There were shops and stores and streets, men and women in tawdry European costume, and officers on horseback with a tatter of lace and gilding. Above the market was the cathedral, more hideous than even the Mormon temple at Salt Lake. It was full of ladies; the rank, beauty and fashion of Port-au-Prince were at their morning mass, for they are Catholics, with African beliefs underneath. They have a French clergy, an archbishop and bishop, paid miserably but still subsisting; subsisting not as objects of reverence, as they are at Dominica, but as the humble servants and ministers of black society. I was assured that Hayti was the most ridiculous caricature of civilization in the world. Whites have no rights there. Black dukes and marquises drive over them in the street, and swear at them as 'white trash.' Immorality is so universal that it almost ceases to be a fault, for a fault implies an exception, and in Hayti it is the rule."

All this shews, as Mr. Froude well remarks, what negro self-government really means, and what, if ever permitted in the British West Indies, it will really bring them to. English statesmen who allow things to drift in this direction are "no better friends to the unlucky negro than their slave-trading forefathers."

"It is strange to think, he says, 'how chequered a history these Islands have had, how far they are even yet from any condition which promises permanence. The man-eating Caribs first, then Columbus and his Spaniards, the French conquest, the English occupation, but they have left behind them no self-quickening seed of healthy civilization and the prospect darkens once more. It is a pity, for there is no real necessity that it should darken. The West Indian negro is conscious of his own defects, and responds more willingly than most to a guiding hand,' and he should be governed, he thinks, as the natives of India are governed in the East. 'Our world-wide dominion will not be of any long endurance, if we consider that we have discharged our full duty to our fellow subjects when we have set them free to follow their own devices. If that is to be all, the