Poetry.

A Prayer for India.

Gracious Father! King of Nations!
Look on India in her woe;
Full of cruel habitations,
Held in bondage by the foe.
King of Glory,
Now thy might and mercy show!

Lord, how long shall gloom and sadness,
Idol-gods with blood-stained hand,
Moslem pride and heathen madness,
Darken and pollute the land?
Mighty Saviour,
Let them flee at thy command!

Look, O Lord, in great compassion
On thy servants laboring there;
Let the joy of thy salvation
Nerve their hearts and banish fear.
Blessed Saviour,
Keep them in thy holy care!

Let the prayers of saints and martyrs
Now, O Lord, remembered be,
Pour the tide of living waters
Where they toiled and died for thee.
King of Glory,
Set the sin-bound millions free!

Literary Notices.

BOOKS sent to us for Notice, will be duly attended to. Those from publishers in Philadelphia, New York, &c., may be left at our Philadelphia Office, 111 South 10th St., below Chestnut, in care of Joseph M. Wilson, Esq.

THE DIVINE LIFE: A Book of Facts and Histories. By the *Rev. John Kennedy, M. A., F. R. G. S.* 12mo., pp. 378. Philadelphia: *Presbyterian Board of Publication*, 821 Chestnut Street. 1858.

This is one of the most valuable books for family and closet reading which our Board has published for a considerable time. Its object is to set forth a perfect picture of the Divine Life of the renewed soul, and this the author does in the most delightful manner, by the following order: Part I. is occupied with the Nature of the Divine Life. Part II. discusses its origination. Part III. treats of Providential occasions. Here the author is particularly happy in his illustrations. Part IV. describes the True Means of Nourishing the Divine Life, and then follows the Conclusion. This is an excellent work indeed.

OUR BOARD has added to the Catalogue of its small issues, the two following delightful Tracts:

ONLY BELIEVE, or The Sure Way of Peace, by the *Rev. Alfred Hamilton.* 18mo., pp. 50.

This is a valuable publication, and may be of great use to inquirers in this day of religious awakening.

THE HIGHLAND GLEN, or Plenty and Famine. Founded on Facts. By *Matilda Wrench.* 18mo., pp.

We have seldom read a more thrilling and affecting narrative of trial and faith, of suffering and triumph. It is well worthy of a wide circulation.

THE GIANT JUDGE, or The Story of Samson, the Hebrew Hercules. By *Rev. W. A. Scott, D D.*, of San Francisco. 12mo., pp. 324. San Francisco: *Whitton, Towne & Co.* New York: *Robert Carter & Brothers.* 1858.

We prefer this work before all the publications which have issued from the busy pen of the esteemed author. The book is replete with oriental and antiquarian information; and the results of modern explorations in Assyria, are used with great judgment and effect to expound the Scripture narrative. In one aspect the book is a real marvel. The neatness of the exterior, the illustrations, the paper, the typography, apart from the great literary merits of the volume, united to the fact that it is published in a city of some seventy thousand souls on the shore of the Pacific, which ten years ago could scarcely be said to have an existence—all these elements are surely eminently calculated to show the progressive tendency and indomitable energy of the American character.

AN EXPOSITION OF THE EPISTLE OF ST. PAUL TO THE COLOSSIANS. By the *Rev. Jean Daille*, minister of the French Reformed Church at Charenton, A. D., 1639. Translated from the French, by F. S. Revised and Corrected by the *Rev. James Sherman*, minister of Surrey Chapel, London. 8vo., pp. 698. Philadelphia: *Presbyterian Board of Publication*, 821 Chestnut Street. 1858.

When our Board lately published the Commentary on the Epistle to the Philippians by this eminent French Pastor, we expressed an earnest hope that his more important work on the Colossians might speedily be issued. Our desire is now gratified, and we have great pleasure in informing our readers that this valuable Exposition may now be procured from our Board.

Daille was eminently learned and clear in his views of the Gospel. The vast range of his information may be seen in his works on the right use of the Fathers (also published by our Board) and in his Apology. His theological attainments and his critical powers, are favorably displayed in these precious Commentaries in which the truth is set forth with singular clearness and wondrous eloquence. Daille does not content himself with merely announcing a truth, but in a dignified manner, and with irresistible power he overturns the antagonistic error. Both these great works are arranged in the form of sermons, and while pastors and licentiates may profit by their style and minuteness of exposition, the ordinary reader may calculate on being charmed by their manly eloquence and great power of thought. We are greatly gratified to know that these volumes are now on the shelves of our Board.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

Letters to a Friend on the Doctrines and Duties of the Bible.

Letter LIII.—Benefits of Redemption.

And whom he justified, them he also glorified.—ROM. VIII: 30.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I may say to you, as Paul said to the Philippians, He which hath begun a good work in you will perform it unto the day of Jesus Christ.—Phil. i: 6. He will carry it on and cause it to progress until it is complete; as it is written in Rom. viii: 28—39: Whom he did predestinate, them he also called; and whom he called, them he also justified; and whom he justified, them he also glorified. For all the blessings of salvation are connected; they follow as the links in one perfect chain. Hence, where a work of grace is begun, it shall be carried on and completed. The application of redemption by the Spirit of God secures to us all its benefits here and hereafter. Justification, adoption, and sanctification, are connected with effectual calling; and I now add, from the Shorter Catechism, "The benefits which in this life do accompany or flow from justification, adoption, and sanctification, are, assurance of God's love, peace of conscience, joy in the Holy Ghost, increase of grace, and perseverance therein to the end."—Short. Cat., Ques. 36; see Fisher's Catechism, published by Presb. Board. Some call this the most precious answer in the whole Catechism; and surely if that which defines justification may be called the most important, this may be called the richest and most interesting, though each one is equally necessary and important in its place; none can be omitted; all must be studied. But here in this answer are several most precious benefits in this life. Consider them:

1. Assurance of God's love; not of our love to him, but of his love to us as reconciled through Jesus Christ, as in Rom. v: 1—11. We love him, because he first loved us.—1. John iv: 8—19. And the fact that he has called us, and justified and adopted us, and begun the work of sanctification in us, is proof that he has loved us with an everlasting love, and therefore has drawn us with loving-kindness, or extended loving kindness unto us.—Jer. xxxi: 3 The love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, which is given unto us. God commendeth his love toward us. What shall separate us from the love of God?—Rom. x: 5—8; and viii: 28—39. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins; and his calling, justifying, and adopting us, gives us an assurance of his love toward us.—1. John iv: 10, 11. And having an assurance of his love, we may also have an assurance of our salvation—the loved, and called, and justified, shall be glorified.—Rom. viii: 28—30. "The assurance of faith is founded on the *infallible Word* of God, who cannot lie; but the assurance of sense upon the person's *present experience* of the communications of Divine love. Hence, while we have assurance in the *root*, we may not always have the *sensible enjoyment* of it, because of sin or unbelief, &c." Yet this assurance may be ours.—Fisher's Catechism, Part I., pages 193—195.

2. Peace of conscience. As sin is forgiven and there is no condemnation, but peace with God, (Rom. v: 1, and viii: 1,) and as the heart is renewed, and our sins, both as to their guilt and pollution, are washed away in the blood of Christ, conscience is at rest; it does not condemn, because the soul rests on the sacrifice of Christ for acceptance with God. Conscience is purged and is at rest, at peace and quiet, because the demands of the law have been met by Christ in our stead, and the soul rests upon him; and we are accounted and treated as righteous for his sake He is received and rested on by faith, and he is the end of the law for righteousness; he has been made sin for us, and we are made the righteousness of God in him; and where sin is forgiven and not imputed, as in Rom. iv: 6—8, why should conscience condemn?—Rom. iv: 6—8; and x: 3, 4; 2. Cor. v: 21. As Paul says, where sin is purged—atoned for and forgiven—there is no more conscience of sins.—Heb. x: 1, 2. The one offering of Christ being accepted of God and rested on by us, conscience is at peace; at peace, because we are not only renewed, but justified and accepted; and so there is both peace with God and peace in our own souls.—Heb. x: 14—22. When the soul is renewed and reconciled to God, and the sentence of justification is pronounced, and the act of adoption passed, and the work of sanctification is progressing, there must be peace of conscience. True, some believers have it not, because they "have not a sight and sense of their justification, adoption, and sanctification, but are under doubts, and therefore fears that God hates them, and does not love them; therefore they have troubles of conscience instead of peace, and sorrow of spirit instead of joy of the Holy Ghost."—Vincent's Catechism, published by Presb. Board, page 129. But, like assurance, peace of conscience is the privilege of all God's children, because he loves them with a tender Father's love; and of this love they may have an assurance, for it is seen in what he has done for them. And when sin is committed, as all do sin, a fresh application to Christ and the blood of sprinkling, with penitent confessions, restores peace to the soul; for he is our peace—he of God is made unto us righteousness and sanctification; he is the Lord our righteousness; we are complete in him; and if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous—1. John ii: 1; Heb. xii: 22—24; 1. Pet. i: 2; Eph. ii: 14—18; 1. Cor. i: 30, 31; Jer. xxiii: 6; Col. ii: 10.

3. Another benefit is joy in the Holy Ghost, spiritual and heavenly joy, the joy of which the Holy Ghost is the Author, so that we can rejoice in the Lord. The Holy Ghost is the Comforter, and he gives peace and joy; joy in God as our reconciled Father and Friend, the rest and satisfying portion of the soul. Hence we can say with the prophet, Although the figtree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labor of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.—Hab. iii: 17, 18. And with Paul, as sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.—2. Cor. vi: 10; Phil. iv: 4. Did we always rejoice in the Lord, as is our privilege, we should be stronger for duty and for trial, and our lives would better recommend to others the religion we profess. Rejoice evermore. Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, Rejoice.—1. Thess. v: 16; Phil. iii: 1, and iv: 4—See Fisher's Catechism.

4. There is also an increase of grace, growth in all the Christian graces and virtues. This secures a progressive sanctification. He giveth more grace, grace according to our day, whether a day of duty or of trial; for God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace unto the humble. To him that hath shall be given.—Jas. iv: 6—10; 2. Pet. i: 1—14; Matt. xiii: 12.

5. And there is also perseverance therein unto the end; he who begins the good work, perfects it; for we are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation.—1. Pet. i: 5. For grace will complete what grace begins. Being confident of this very thing, that he which hath begun a good work in you will perform it until the day of Jesus Christ.—Phil. i: 6. Only they who persevere unto the end shall be saved; and perseverance unto the end is secured by the covenant of grace, by the union, legal and spiritual, between Jesus Christ and his people, and by the purpose and the promise of God. He is faithful and will do it They who are effectually called and justified, adopted and sanctified, shall persevere unto the end. United to Christ by faith, they shall never be separated from him. This is rendered certain by the covenant of grace and the whole scheme of redemption. Hence their path shall shine more and more unto the perfect day. The new creature in Christ Jesus is immortal; it shall never die; for all the blessings of salvation are connected, and glory shall crown the work of grace. For this God is our God for ever and ever; he will be our guide even unto death; yea, through death and beyond it, for he will never leave us nor forsake us. Whom he justified, them he also glorified.—Ps. xlviii: 14; Heb. xiii: 5; Rom. viii: 30.

Such are the benefits in this life—assurance of God's love—peace of conscience—joy in the Holy Ghost—increase of grace, and perseverance therein unto the end, or till death comes? And there are also benefits at death. For "the souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection."—Short. Cat., Ques. 37. For as they are sustained in life, so shall they be in death; God is not only their guide unto death, but through death, and their everlasting portion beyond it.—Ps. xlviii: 14. Their souls are at death made perfect in holiness, and do then pass immediately into glory; absent from the body, they are present with the Lord. Thus Paul had a desire to depart and to be with Christ.—2. Cor. v: 1—10; Phil. i: 21—24. The souls of believers do not sleep or remain unconscious between death and the judgment, nor are they confined in some intermediate place; but they at once enter heaven—immediately pass into glory. And their bodies sleep in Jesus; still united to Christ, they rest in their graves till the resurrection—1. Thess. iv: 13—18; Fisher's Catechism, part I, pages 162—215.

And there are also benefits at the resurrection, as well as at death; for "at the resurrection, believers being raised up in glory, shall be openly acknowledged and acquitted in the day of judgment, and made perfectly blessed in the full enjoying of God to all eternity."—Short. Cat., Ques. 38. Here are several things to be noted:

1. The body is raised up from the grave—the same body, but raised in glory, like unto Christ's glorious body; for there is to be a resurrection of the dead, both of the just and of the unjust.—Phil. iii: 20, 21; John v: 28, 29; and read 1. Cor. chap. xv

2. And believers being raised up in glory shall be openly acknowledged and acquitted—sentence of acquittal and of reward shall then be pronounced, as in Matt. xxv: 31—46—Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father.—Matt. xiii: 36—43

3. And hence they shall then be made perfectly blessed, both soul and body, in the full enjoying of God to all eternity. They are happy before the resurrection, but their happiness is not complete till the body is raised up and united with the soul, and they, as men, soul and body, are received into heaven and glorified. Hence, we wait for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body—its resurrection—its redemption from the grave. This is the manifestation of the sons of God—their open acknowledgment—when it will appear what we shall be. They are then for ever with the Lord, and that is heaven.—Rom. viii: 16—23; 1. John iii: 1—3; Eph. iv: 30; 1. Thess. iv: 17; Fisher's Catechism, part 1. But I must make one more letter. Adieu.

YOURS, TRULY.

Traveling Correspondence.

STEAMSHIP BLACK WARRIOR,
Harbor of Havana, Cuba,
May 15, 1858.

About two o'clock, this morning, we hove in sight of the Pharos of this Harbor. It was then distant twenty miles, and appeared like a rising star. Captain Slater called on me to "turn out." I did so; slept no more, but went on deck to look and wonder. And during this whole day, I can say in truth one unbroken panorama of novel and picturesque scenes, has been passing before me. Of some of these, I purpose speaking. A description of all I cannot give. Prolix I may seem; if so, I ask the reader's indulgence; for brevity seems impossible in this new world of wonders.

Stand here on this deck. The day is dawning, and the heavens clear! How calm the sea is, how balmy the air! How beautifully the canvas fills with the gentle breathings of the morning! How smoothly the ship glides over the deep blue waters! The "stars and stripes" float proudly from the mast-head. The Spanish flag is also up; a signal-gun is fired; a response from shore is given; all hands are at their posts; and now we are about to enter one of the finest harbors in the world.

In shape, it is like a horse-shoe. On our left is Moro Castle; on our right, La Ponto. The latter is a regularly built, formidable fort, memorable as the place where Lopez and his confederates met their doom, a few years since. The former is a most remarkable structure, apparently void of architectural design; appearing like a huge excavated rock, rising abruptly from the sea! It seems to me that few battlements on earth can present a more terrible front than this Moro Castle of Cuba. It is filled with soldiers, and all the various munitions and implements of war. Under it are many subterranean passages and dungeons, used as prisons by the Spaniards! Its top bristles with big guns of all calibres. These, with others grinning at us, through numerous dark port-holes in its grim-visaged walls, made me *feel* that old Moro must be feared. Woe to the ship or fleet that attempts passing it *sine permissione!*

Having passed between these strong fortifications, we sailed gently up the harbor, amid scenes too grand for description. Ships, city, country—all are truly magnificent. The great God of Nature seems to have cut this amphitheatre in the rocky edge of this island, and let in the water from the sea, on purpose that poor, tempest-tossed mariners might find a safe retreat from the destructive winds and waves. Vessels from almost all civilized nations of the earth, ride safely at anchorage here. The sailors on some of these are singing. Bands are playing. Flags and marine symbols of all colors, flutter in the breeze. Havana, with its royal palaces, gilded spires, and polished domes, glitters gloriously in the light of the rising sun. The luxuriant verdure around is tinged with that rich, emerald hue, described so beautifully by the author of *Paul and Virginia*; and so characteristic of the tropics. Sky and sea are adorned with the rosy tints of the morning; and rocks, earth, and trees, are draped in the richest robes of light. This is the torrid zone. Nature glows in beauty. The atmosphere is redolent with sweetness, shed from a thousand flowers.

Through a glass, I viewed the country back of the city. First-class residences of planters; elegant mansions of the wealthy; snow-white cottages for slaves, and the picturesque hamlets of the poor, appear; and far beyond looms up the green Sierra del Cobre, as a back-ground to a picture of inexpressible loveliness. Here, "every prospect pleases." But alas, still, "man is vile." So we must now turn to scenes less beautiful, yet not a whit the less novel and instructive.

We respect the laws, and drop our anchor a mile from shore. Soon we are visited by two Spanish officials, in as many canopied barges, each rowed by ten uniformed oarsmen. These officers' costumes were rather foppish. They consisted of white linen coat, pants, and vest; white hats, gloves, and slippers. They were gaudily ornamented with costly decorations, in the form of rings, chains, epaulletts, buttons, pins, fringe, and spectacles. They came aboard with *immense* dignity!—far more, we thought, than the exigencies of the occasion required. Their visit had one excellence—it was short. Through the exuberant condescension of their wonderful majesties, we were allowed the distinguished privilege of going into the city, *provided* we would pay well for it. How kind! How proudly they stepped from the Purser's room on the deck to the gangway.

Poor, vain creatures! How contemptible such peacocks appear to true Republicans! What are they, or all their Island, to Uncle Sam? The weight of his little finger would crush them.

No sooner do they leave, than little sail-boats crowd around our ship, thick as hungry sheep about a hay rick, and clamorous as Cincinnati hackmen. They come to traffic; some bring flowers, others fruits; others come to take all who wish, ashore. The confusion is great, the jargon perfectly unintelligible to most of us. There is one man with a nice barge. He can say some words of English. We will go with him. This boat has a little mast with a sail, near the prow. Aft, there is a rounded awning, similar to a wagon cover. Under this are seats; on them we sit. Now, brawny Spaniard, pull away! See, how nicely we shoot along amid numerous vessels, and are soon at the "Derrick," where all strangers must land, according to law. Here we pass the ordeal of a Custom House inspection, and get a passport, or permit, to visit the city and its environs. This is a wonderful document; so much so, that most likely men in Havana, wearing uniforms and carrying bayoneted muskets, will ask to see it. And if you don't produce it *instanter*, they will get mad, fine you ten dollars, and imprison you fifteen days in La Ponto. As this would be a matter of some inconvenience to a transient passenger like myself, I let this paper be read whenever required; which, after all, was seldom. For the satisfaction of the curious, I will give it. Here it is:

JURISDICCION DE HABANA: REGISTRADO AL *No.* 1021.

"EL BRIG. GOBERNADOR DE ESTE JURISDICCION *concede permiso para desembarcar y pernoctar en esta ciudad y sus barrios bajo las reglas que se expresan al respaldo a Don F——— pasajero de transito llegrado a este puerto en Black Warrior procedenta de N Orleans. Habana,* 15 *de Mayo, de* 1858.

(*Signed,*) EL BRIG. GOBERNADOR.

El Sub Com de Policia encargedo del reconocimiento de barques
Vale 82*s* 7*s.*"

This is Spanish; and so similar to the Latin, that any one acquainted with the one, could make out the other. It is about as follows: "The Jurisdiction of Havana: Register No. 1021. The Brigadier Governor of this Jurisdiction gives permission to go on shore and stay overnight in this city or its environs, agreeably to the rules expressed on the other side of this paper, to Mr. F——, transient passenger now in this port, on board the *Black Warrior*, a steamship coming from New Orleans to Havana, the 15th of May, 1858

"N B—The Sub-Commissary of the Police is charged with the oversight of the ships. Charges $1 00."

With this paper in hand, you can enter almost any gate or door in Havana. The city is walled, and guarded by many soldiers in gay uniforms. The streets are narrow and tortuous, but well paved, and generally covered with awning to shield the head from the vertical rays of the sun. In some places neighbors living opposite might almost shake hands from attic windows. You seldom see a side-walk. Most of the houses are of stone, rough cast. Many of them are painted blue; low, and flat roofed Iron bars fasten the doors, and iron gratings cover all the windows. The latter have neither sash nor glass in them. Dwellings look like prisons. The antiquity of the buildings and the similarity in structure, gives many of the streets a dingy, dead, monotonous appearance, rather distasteful to the eye of a Yankee. Many of these buildings are covered with moss, and going to decay. The churches, too, present a sombre aspect from without; but within, they appear indescribably gaudy and magnificent. They are all Catholic. A few of us from the ship, spent a short time this morning in the greatest Cathedral in the city. It is erected on the spot where Christopher Columbus first said Mass, on the discovery of the New World, in 1492. It is said to be one of the oldest buildings in America. On entering it, pictures, paintings, statuary, crucifixes, chandeliers, candalabras, and other Popish ornaments and fixtures, meet the eye in every direction. Many of the paintings are exceedingly fine, and very impressive. The altar is truly splendid. A number of white-robed priests were officiating at it. Very many star-candles burned on and about it The smoke of burning incense perfumed the room. Heavy, but solemn music, from a thunder-toned organ, rolled through all the capacious edifice. The marble floor was covered with a multitude of distressed looking worshippers. There being no seats, all were kneeling or sitting flat on the floor. We walked amid these superstitious creatures till we came in front of the altar. No one appeared to take any notice of us. The scene I thought both sorrowful and solemn. On looking around, I saw upon the wall a life-like painting of the passion of Jesus. The Savior is represented in a most lovely and lamb-like countenance, and is saying, in Latin, "Father, forgive them; they know not what they do." One could almost fancy that these were NOW the words of the great Intercessor for pardon on these prostrate, silly zealots of these heathenish rites of Rome.

By this picture, hung another equally beautiful. It represents Christ as bowing his head in death, exclaiming, "*It is finished.*" Both are exquisitely fine paintings, and both cannot fail to move the emotional in every Christian beholder's heart. Not indeed so much by the artistic skill with which they are executed, as by the awful events they are designed to represent. It is not what is on that canvas, but what *was* on Calvary, that the pious soul sees in such representations. But, how can poor ignorant creatures like these Cuban Catholics, understand this, since perhaps not one in ten of them has ever read the Bible? Many of them, doubtless, have never seen it in their vernacular. Theirs is a religion of form, superstition, and pictures; they know nothing of faith, truth, and holiness. O Rome! thou hast sunk thy blinded subjects here still to deeper depths of ignorance and sin, than thou hast ever yet been able to do in my own much loved land. When will the time come when thy power shall be broken, thy kingdom crumble, and thy reign cease? Lord, hasten that day! The bones of Columbus are buried in this Cathedral. Having gazed about awhile in wonder, we passed into the street, where we met a number of Spanish *deunnas* coming to church to say their *matins*, having black lace veils on their heads, and rosaries in their hands. Negro slaves in livery, bearing prayer-books, kneeling rugs, and small stools, followed them.

Ladies in Cuba wear no bonnets; and seldom walk the streets in day time, with the other sex. They spin but little street-yarn, and hardly ever *enter* a store. They do their shopping in *volantes*. These are driven to the store door. In them they sit till the clerk brings out his goods.

But, are Cuban women handsome? *Indeed they are not!* And, let me tell your reader, the exorbitant accounts you may have had to the contrary, have been for the most part exorbitant exaggerations. I have seen the ladies of almost every class and age in this city, and the fact is, that whilst their eyes, and teeth, and hair, and hands, and feet may be said to be rather beautiful, yet their person is as shapeless as a seed cucumber, and as formless as a yam. What beauty is there in graceless motion, sallow complexion, thick lips, large mouths, coarse features, and harsh voices! Besides, many of the women smoke tobacco in the form of *cigarettos*, which would soon make the most lovely female hateful.

In this place there are neither wagons, nor carriages, nor four wheeled vehicles of any kind. The same is true of the country. Every thing is packed on the backs of horses, mules, and men, or moved in carts and 'barrows. Even such bulky commodities as cornfodder, sugar-cane and hay, are thus transported from the country to the city, being bound in bundles and strapped lengthwise on the animal's back! We met quite a number of mules to-day, in narrow streets, thus ladened. At first we could not imagine what it was. But when we came near, and spied the donkey's muzzled nose sticking out before this walking stack, and the rope-bridle of the second tied to the plaited tail of the first, and the bridle of the third fastened in like manner to the caudal appendage of the second and so on, to the end of the long caravan, then, reader, we took a good laugh, and so would you had you been there to see. The loads thus carried are truly enormous. We also met many donkies ladened with *sarroons*, a kind of bags made from palm splits, and filled with all kinds of things to eat and wear. Ox yokes have no bows in them as with us, but are fastened to the neck by strong, hemp ropes, put around and through them, and then about the ox's horns, coming down in front of his head, and fastened in a perforation in the bridge of the animal's nose. This looks too cruel to be *funny*.

The *volante* is THE vehicle par excellence of Cuba. Here is a very imperfect sketch of one. It has two large wheels connected by a strong axle. To this, two very long, limber shafts are attached, between which there hangs, nearly equidistant from the wheels and mule, a snug shaped bed with a Gallash top, an apron in front, and one little, cozy seat, large enough for two. It is indeed an odd affair, and would be regarded as a curiosity in any city in the States. This town is full of them. But the harness? It is rather handsome, being made of straps of patent leather, and profusely ornamented with silver mounting. The donkey's tail is neatly plaited and tied with pink ribbons at the end, and looks like a huge whip-lash as it is fastened round the animal's flank to the pad of the saddle. The saddle is mounted on two well-stuffed pads, and turns up both "fore and aft" at least six inches. It has a singularly colored cloth, bespangled with golden stars, and two big stirrups made (I think) of wood. In short, it is the ugliest thing of the kind I ever saw. But the driver? Well, the driver is a *rider*. You have had a glimpse of the volante, the donkey, and the harness. Now imagine yourself in, and the mule hitched to this noted vehicle. If you will look out you can see your postilion holding the lazy beast by the reins of a big blind-bridle. He is indeed a darkey of the purest Ethiopic blood. He is almost so black you cannot see him! No amalgamation has ever corrupted his genealogy; his teeth are as white as ivory, and shine like two rows of Indian corn on the cob; his lips are as thick and red as two full blown June roses. His jacket is of crimson cloth, embossed with gold; his vest is open, and rich and gayly trimmed; his shirt-bosom is ruffled and edged with costly lace; his pants are tights, and his boots! —— *are* boots with high tops that come up far above his knees, and are inlaid and finished with golden fringe, and to them hang a golden cord and tassel! His hat's a beaver, with a gilded band, and gay cockade. His costume glitters in the sun, and he looks as elegant and as gallant as a French officer; yet, he is only *our driver*! His volante, mule, and services, will cost us a dollar an hour. For a short time they are worth it. He mounts into the saddle, and grins as he mounts; cracks his Cuban whip, and away we go, down the street, with an *a la mode* dromedary gait!

A young Creole gentleman from Louisiana is with me. The rest of our company have gone in other volantes. By signs, we told our driver where we wished to go; and we had thought he understood us; but in this we were much mistaken, for he took us again to the sea by the Derrick, where we had just been, supposing, doubtless, that we were "Yankees," lost in the city, and desiring to return to the ship. The moment we passed out of the gate, a band of lazy, hungry barge boatmen, came around us, and pointing to the *Black Warrior* as she lay at anchor in the harbor, clamored in broken English, "Boat, boat, boat." We shook our heads, sat still and answered no; and pointing back to the city, said we wished to see it. They slunk off, and away we went again into the city in another direction. This time we were taken through many streets, and saw some horrible sights: poor, old negroes, with sun-blistered backs, sitting on old wheelbarrows; others naked, excepting a cloth about their loins; children perfectly so, licking the ends of sugar hogsheads; wretched mothers, destitute of clothing, holding naked infants to their breasts; half-starved Indians, eating dirty, half cooked meat; poor, distressed Coolies, apparently sick, and about to die; human beings of different ages, color, and hue, sitting or sleeping about on boards and boxes; beggars at every corner—in a word, poverty, misery, and wretchedness everywhere. The streets are indescribably filthy, and the atmosphere intolerably hot. Turkey buzzards hopped and flapped about as tame and numerous as city pigeons. We made signs to our postilion to take us out of this place. He turned down a street, and to our amazement, took us again to the same old wharf another way! Again the cry of "Boat, boat," was made by a dozen of fellows coming to us; and again we shouted, No, NO. My Creole friend got angry, and swore most profanely. We both got out—he at one side, I at the other. Going up to the driver, we tried on him the virtue of a scolding. One talked, the other shook his cane, and for the first time our darkey really understood us, for we spoke in as good a Spanish accent as we could, the names of the places we wished to see, such as *El Paseo, Plaza de Alma, Plaza de Armes, &c., &c.* And the louder our tormenting boatmen called out, "Boat, boat," the louder we responded, *El Paseo, Plaza, La Ponto.* Our getting out of the volante, made them suppose we had come to be taken to the ship, and hence their impertinence and importunity. Had they but understood a word or two of English or we as much Spanish, all would have been explained in a trice. Surely ignorance is not a bliss, but the worst of *bothers*.

So, in we got again, and turned to the gate. Our driver looking back, smiled and said something that we took to be "all right;" and so we found it. We were taken to the above-noted places, and saw the Captain General's Paradisial grounds and royal residence. Of these hereafter.

W. M. F.

For the Presbyterian Banner and Advocate.

From Rev. G M. Swan.

LAWRENCE, K. T., June 12th, 1858.

DEAR DOCTOR:—Please permit me to address my hundreds of warm friends and acquaintances, through the medium of your far spread *Banner*. On parting with my friends in the States, the universal injunction was, "Be sure and write and tell me all about Kansas." Now, to say the least, this is quite a comprehensive injunction. To tell all about Kansas is much more than I can do at present, seeing I have been in the territory so short a time; yet I presume that there are but few, if any, in Kansas who have seen as much in so short a season. To sit down and write to each one separately, would require much time, and much money to pay the postage. Hence to lighten the burden and to expedite the whole affair, I seek to use your welcome weekly messenger as the medium of communication.

My dear friends, presume not that your parting injunction will be wholly complied with in one short message, or that it will be complied with at all but in part. I crossed the Missouri river, near St. Joseph, into Kansas Territory, and remained with brother D. A. Murdock, at Doniphan, from Friday till Monday. On Monday evening I reached Leavenworth City, where I tarried till Tuesday and then went on to Lawrence. During the remainder of the week I visited Tecumseh and Topeka. On the second Sabbath I preached at Big Springs in the morning, at Bloomington in the afternoon, and at Prairie City in the evening. On the third Sabbath I preached at Tecumseh and near Topeka. Thence I left for the Neosha country, in company with two young men, in a wagon. We laid in plenty of provisions, so that we could camp by night when necessary, aiming for a creek or river where we could catch fish for breakfast. We passed through many villages; some of them quite thriving and some of them not growing rapidly. One by name, Nashville, and another by name, Aurora, consists each of one house and a number of staked off lots.

On Saturday we traveled late in order to reach comfortable quarters for tarrying over the Sabbath. However, soon after breakfast the team was harnessed for a new start. I protested against traveling on the Lord's day. There was no necessity. Though in the red man's reservation, the Lord of the Sabbath would preserve those who put their trust in him. In keeping his commands there is a great reward. The two young men started and I remained there spending the day in reading, and praying, and singing, and preaching for my own special edification. At dark I laid down to sleep under a large oak, where I passed the night. Before 4 o'clock on Monday morning I was on my way toward the Sac and Fox Agency. I arrived there about 10 o'clock A. M., and relished my late breakfast very much. I will not mention what I found on the road, but suffice it to say that it paid well for resting on the Sabbath. I have not seen or heard of J. J. B. and S. R. since that Sabbath morning. On the fifth Sabbath I preached in Lecompton, Lawrence, and Blue Mound. Last week I visited Kansas City, Mo., and Wyandotte, K. T., and remained over Sabbath in W., and preached. My health is pretty good, and I expect to visit the Missions in the Northern part of K. during my meandering to and from Kansas.

The Northern portion of the territory, as far as I know, is generally high, rolling prairie; pretty good water, but timber is, beyond all controversy, scarce. Kansas valley is generally dry land. The timber is plentier than it is in the North. The Neosha valley is the richest soil and there is an abundance of timber. The prairie is not so much rolling as the prairie either in Northern or Central Kansas. There is a great abundance of rock in all the parts of the territory where I have visited. The natural aspect is beautiful, and shows forth the handiworks of God. The climate is somewhat milder than it is in Iowa.

There are several churches of our order in Northern Kansas; three or four on the Missouri river. Brother D. A. Murdock is at Doniphan; brother Pitzer is at Leavenworth City; Father Blachley is at Wyandotte. In the territory South of the Kow river are two other Presbyterian ministers. Brother F. Monfort is preaching at Brownsville and Tecumseh, and brother W. Willson at Lecompton and Lawrence. But a small number of the places in Southern Kansas are supplied with Presbyterian preaching. We have no minister South of the centre of the territory; and, I presume, that there has never been one Presbyterian sermon preached in the territory South, except four that I preached on one day. When I came to Lawrence it was with great difficulty that I could get on the track of any Presbyterian. I would have given up in despair, had I not had the name of a man given me who had been a Presbyterian where he came from. On the first day's search I could get no encouragement in relation to finding either Presbyterian church or minister. On the second day I succeeded in finding the man whose name I had; he referred me to another man, who is the elder, to get intelligence in relation to the minister. He could only tell me that brother W. Willson lived eight or ten miles off at a saw mill, or on his claim in that region. So that you may infer, and that truly too, Presbyterianism here, as well as elsewhere in Kansas, is not very popular. After all the gassing in the prints, from some quarters, I must say that it is yet a day of small things in Church matters in Kansas Territory. Other churches are endeavoring to possess the land. Many professors when they come to Kansas forget or lay aside their profession, if not their religion. They come to get gain, consequently there is much more zeal for things of the world than for things pertaining to the kingdom of God.

The Free State men are gaining ground in Kansas fast, and, of late, have been committing some depradations on the pro-slavery party. The pro slavery party have gave up contending for a slave State and are generally willing to sell out and leave the territory quietly. The noted James Lane, a Free State man, shot another Free State man, by name, Jenkins, on the 3d inst., and three other men shot at Lane and wounded him about the knee; and, it is said, he entertains no hopes of his recovery. While, in a moral point of view, there is nothing flattering, yet there are many things to constrain the Christian to exclaim, "How long, O! Lord, how long?"

G. M. SWAN.

ROMANISM—THE BIBLE.—The Church of Rome has preserved the volume that is destined to destroy her. Like Pharaoh's daughter, she has taken up the child of God, and nursed it as her own, for the destruction of her own kingdom.—*Carson.*

HE that smarts for speaking truth hath a plaster in his own conscience.—*Fuller.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

IRON CITY COMMERCIAL COLLEGE, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA. CHARTERED 1855.
Board of 12 Trustees—Faculty of 14 Teachers.
300 STUDENTS ATTENDING, JANUARY, 1858.
Young Men prepared for actual duties of the Counting-Room. Instruction given in Single and Double Entry Book-keeping, as used in every department of Business, Commercial Arithmetic, Rapid Business Writing, Mercantile Correspondence, Commercial Law, Detecting Counterfeit Money, Political Economy, Elocution, Phonography, and all other subjects necessary for the thorough education of a practical business man.
J. C. SMITH, A.M., Professor of Book keeping and Science of Accounts.
J. A. HEYDRICK and H. A. HUTSON, Assistant Teachers of Book keeping.
ALEX. COWLEY, A. T. DOUTHETT, and H. A. HUTSON, Professors of Penmanship. Twelve first premiums over all competition for best Pen and Ink Writing, and not for engraved work.
A. C. PORTER, A.M., Professor of Mathematics.
TERMS, &c.—Full course, time unlimited enter at any time, $35.00. Average time, eight to twelve weeks. Board about $2.50. Entire cost, $60.00 to $70.00. Graduates assisted in obtaining situations. Specimens of unequalled writing and circulars sent free. Address,
F. W. JENKINS, Pittsburgh, Pa.
☞ One half the tuition fee is deducted for clergymen's sons. de9-tf

NEW BOOKS JUST RECEIVED BY SMITH, ENGLISH & CO., BOOKSELLERS AND IMPORTERS, No. 40 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia.
Vol. 7 and 8 Stier's Words of the Lord Jesus; completing the work.
"One of the most precious books for the spiritual interpretation of the Gospels"—ARCHDEACON HARE.
"Dr. Stier brings to the Exposition of our Lord's Discourses, sound learning, a vigorous understanding, and a quick discernment; but what is better, he brings also a devout mind, and a habit of thought spiritual and deferential to the truth."—EVANGELICAL CHRISTENDOM.
Vol. 4 of the Translation of Bengel's Gnomon of the New Testament. Also, a fresh supply of the 1st and 2d volumes.
Foote's Lectures on the Gospel of Luke. Third edition, 2 vols. A truly valuable exposition.
Hackett's Commentary on the Acts. A new edition, revised and enlarged.
Reid's Collected Writings, with Hamilton's Notes and Dissertations. Fifth edition.
Constantly on hand, a large assortment of Standard and rare Theological Works, for sale at low prices. A complete catalogue furnished upon application. my5-1y

PITTSBURGH WATER CURE ESTABLISHMENT—Located at Haysville Station, on the Pittsburgh, Ft. Wayne and Chicago Railroad, and Ohio River, ten miles West of the City. This institution combines superior advantages, for the successful treatment and complete cure of disease. We would especially invite the attention of females who have suffered for years, and have almost despaired of ever finding relief to our establishment. We can recommend this institution to female sufferers with great confidence, as in our long experience in diseases peculiar to their sex, we have had an almost uniform success. We will gladly give any further information to those who desire it. Address Box 1304, Pitsburgh, Pa.
JOSEPH HURFORD, M. D., H. FREASE