

MORNING STAR.

Jaffna, 8th October, 1846.

IMPORTANCE OF PEACE.

The London Times in an article on the "Moral condition of the Army," utters the following gratifying sentiments on the influence and importance of cultivating Peace.

We have done much for posterity by ceasing to punish mankind for involuntary religious faith, by breaking down the artificial barriers that have so long prevented the cordial intercourse of man and man, and forbidden that interchange of physical and intellectual wealth which God ordained when he gave to every land its climate and to every soil its fruit. But much as we have accomplished, there is yet still more to do. Above all, there is one achievement before us, without which every other must be insecure and of questionable value. It remains for the most powerful, the bravest, and the freest people of the globe to proclaim and establish the virtue and beauty, the holiness and necessity, of universal peace; and that they will proclaim it in due time we entertain no doubt. It has already occurred to the thinking masses of this great country, notwithstanding the humanising creed which we profess, the civilization that we boast, and the increased intelligence of all classes of the population, that the ferocity of warfare is as brutal today, as in the remotest times of savage ignorance; that the Christian and heathen are, to all intents and purposes, one and the same when they meet as destroyers on the battlefield; and that what we call the glorious victories of British arms are scarcely to be distinguished from the butcheries of barbarous ages that we pity, and of more barbarous fighting men whom we think proper to condemn. And it must be so! You cannot redeem under any circumstances the naked horrid aspect of war, the offspring of brutality and civilizations adopted child. War in itself is a mighty evil—an incongruity in a scheme of social harmony—a canker at the heart of improvement—a living lie in a Christian land—a curse at all times. Custom that makes us view all things that are essential to our well-being as the true exponents of a country's greatness, has taught us to regard systematic war as necessary to our condition, and reason and revelation appeal against custom in vain. We confess that we regard with infinite satisfaction every endeavour, come whence it may, to destroy the supremacy of a cruel deity, acknowledged on every ground. Kings who preach to their subjects the advantages and sacred character of peace are more than kings. Men who unite to promulgate the same doctrine, feeble instruments though they be, and liable to ridicule, claim respect for their Mission. But neither kings or small societies of well meaning men are strong enough to grapple with a power as firmly rooted as the rock. Before the reign of war can cease, education and mental liberty must have an empire co-extensive with the evil. It is not this nation that must be convinced, but all nations; not this division of the world, but every part of it—for war is everywhere. But it is time to begin. One step—it is but one—has been taken by ourselves, and we hail it as a presage of good omen. In the nineteenth century it is suddenly discovered that the soldier is a human being, with faculties and passions like other men; that, being something more than a useful machine, he deserves to be treated rather better than a brute. Books are written to maintain the fact, and to claim for the warrior the rights—moral, social, and intellectual—that you do not deny to the law-breaker and the felon. Convince the warrior that he is henceforward to enjoy them, and believe us, the war-god himself is taken on his throne.

RICH WITHOUT MONEY.

The real wants of man are few and easily supplied; hence wealth, in the general meaning of the term, is not necessary to gratify them. We can be rich in a well cultivated mind, it will be of more value to us than rubies, or the most precious jewels. What would be the value of wealth compared with knowledge; or the glitter of gold compared to a well cultivated mind? If we train and improve our faculties and habits, until we can understand and appreciate all that is going on in the world around us, it will be of more value to us than money. We can also be rich, in viewing and enjoying the works of nature, though we possess no wide spread fields or beautiful vallies. The poorest peasant, if his mind be cultivated, may enjoy himself while viewing the works of nature, as well as he on whom God has more bountifully bestowed his blessings. We can also be rich in moral worth, in love to our neighbors and the world—we may feel a kindred throb for all the miseries and sufferings of mankind. Richer still is the man whose dependence is in his Creator; in prosperity he feels his soul elevated with gratitude and love to that being who has given him all he enjoys; and when the clouds of adversity darken his path, when his possessions are swept away, when his friends forsake him, or death snatches them from his

side, he can look above all these and say "My best treasure is in heaven." We can be rich in the possession of a pure conscience, and in the favor of our Creator; if we desire wealth to make us happy, how much happier shall we be if we possess with it, a good conscience; but if our stores are gained by dishonest means, if we worship at the shrine of Mammon until the love of gain has caused us to wring the pittance from the hard hand of industry, or snatch the crumb from the lips of poverty, how little pleasure can wealth thus obtained yield to its possessors, or compared with that which springs from the thought of having faithfully performed our duty to our fellow-beings.—Selected.

FOR MODERATE DRINKERS.

It cannot be denied that the ranks of the intemperate are recruited from the company of moderate drinkers. It is therefore certain that many moderate drinkers will become drunkards. No moderate drinker can say with certainty he shall not be of this number. The only person then who can be sure he will not become a drunkard is him who drinketh not a drop.

THE POISON IS IN THE DROPS.—Oh, how long have we been deceived! We long searched for the poison that was destroying our life. The drop said, it is not in me. I am but a drop, and can do no harm. The little stream said, it is not me. Am not I a little one, and can do no harm? And the demon of intemperance, as she prowled around us, said, let my drops and rivulets alone, they can do no harm. Go stop, if you can, the mighty river. We believed her, but the river baffled our efforts. Its torrents rolled on, and for a time we contented ourselves with snatching here and there a youth from destruction. But we now see that the poison is in the drops and rivulets, and without these, that river which is still sweeping the young and old into the ocean of despair, would cease forever.

SPEAK TO THAT YOUNG MAN.—What young man? To him who just entered yonder splendid saloon, where the wine and brandy sparkles brilliantly in the elegant decanters—where is heard the voice of mirth and revelry; and where the young and the gifted of our sex have assembled to make themselves merry over their cups. Tell him to beware of the tempter, tell him to look upon the wine when it is red, tell him of those of your acquaintance who have been lured by the siren into the foulest depths of infamy and guilt. Point him to that young man, the only son of his mother and she a widow, who wasted her substance in riotous living, and brought her through his profligacy, to the alms-house and himself to the prison. Tell him that that young man entered upon life with the fairest prospects—with talents which, if improved, would have made him the ornament of society and the pride of his friends; with wealth sufficient, if judiciously expended, to have carried him through the world; with every facility for eminence and for high respectability! But alas! he visited the drinking saloon and then, surrounded by jovial companions, he partook of the poisoned cup, and descended step by step in intemperance, till he became a drunkard—a loathsome and abandoned creature, became a criminal, and was immured within the walls of a prison.—Selected.

FACTS FOR THE PEOPLE AND—THEIR GOVERNORS.—From a return lately laid before the House of Commons, and printed, we collect the following particulars concerning the staff of the Church of England:—

Number of benefices	10,987
Resident incumbents	6,699
Non-resident incumbents	3,736
Vacancies and recent institutions	199
Sequestrations	37
No returns	316
	10,987

Of the non-resident incumbents, there are absent from their livings 1,632 from residing on other benefices; 360 from infirmity or illness of the incumbent or his family; 421 from want or unfitness of the parsonage house; 969 absent without licence or exemption (though some of these "performed the duties of their respective parishes," and the remainder absent from miscellaneous causes. Only conceive of such an order of things as this in the army or navy. Only conceive of the same man being a lieutenant in one regiment, a major in another, a captain in a third, a general in a fourth, pocketing the pay of all, and doing the duties of none! Only conceive of 1,632 such officers in the British army. Conceive again of 969 officers of the navy "absent from their ships without leave," leaving the war to go as it may, but still regularly drawing their emoluments.

The number of glebe-houses is 7,589. The number of Curates serving benefices on which the incumbents are non-resident is 2,711. The number of Curates assistant to resident incumbents is 2,032. Total number of Curates 4,743. Think again, then of 4,743 of the East India Company's servants serving by deputy, and receiving from the Company, ten, fifteen or twenty times the sum they paid for their substitutes? What would the Court say to such a system?

It is not possible to ascertain from this paper the number of the Clergy, because it is not stated how many of the incumbents hold more than one living; but at least 1,632 do so, because they are resident on other benefices, but others of the non-resident clergy are also pluralists. Perhaps the 3,736 benefices where the incumbents are not resident may have 1,736 clergyman belonging to them (2,000 of them being assumed to be held by pluralists.) Was there ever corruption like this corruption? Then the number of the clergy would be 13,178.

It ought to be mentioned, that a considerable number of the benefices where the incumbents are not resident are of small value; 467 of them are of the value of £100 a year or under; and 312 of them are of the value of £50 or under. Even were we to concede the principle of Church and State, it would not at all affect our views of the inexpressibly unjust, the unparalleled monstrosity of the system. Great equality prevails among the revenues of the Bishops; and it is infinitely increased among the Clergy. The state of more than one half of the Curates is one of great hardship. A number of Curates larger than that of all the Congregational pastors in England, that is to say, 2521 have not a salary amounting to £100 a year!

Under £ 50 a year	312
£ 50 and under £ 60	575
" 60 and under £ 70	336
" 70 and under £ 80	482
" 80 and under £ 90	642
" 90 and under £100	184

Total under £ 100 2,521
[Christian Witness.]

Cholera at Kandy.—We are happy to learn from the Observer of the 28th ult. that the ravages of this fearful disease, had very much subsided.

Appointments.—His Excellency the Governor has nominated E. J. Wood, Esq. to be Commissioner of the Court of Requests and Police Magistrate of Jaffna; and L. Jumeaux, Esq. to fill the same Offices lately held by Mr. Wood at Chavagachery.

Ceylon Tariff.—Mr. Hume has brought to the attention of Parliament the existing grievances of the Tariff of Ceylon preparatory to a motion next session for its reform in which we earnestly hope he may prove successful.—Times.

America has adopted a Tariff, whereby Coffee is admitted free. May we not shortly expect to see the Planters of Ceylon, shipping Coffee to the U. States, and receiving in exchange good staves for casks, Timber, such as Cedar, for building purposes, Flour, Meal, Maize, and perhaps salt beef and pork!—Observer.

Ceylon Railway.—A meeting of the Ceylon Railway Directors, was held this morning to receive Mr. Drane's Report on the Ambegamoa Line, which was completely condemnatory, and the first or Hingool Line is now pretty certain to be the one to be adopted.—Examiner, Sept. 30.

Return of Mr. Horsford.—The Rev. Mr. Horsford, the Evangelical Chaplain of St. Paul's, Colombo, is about to proceed to England on account of Mrs. Horsford's ill health. The absence of this gentleman, though but temporary, will be much regretted.—Examiner.

Poisoning by a Brahmin.—A Brahmin is under trial in the north of India—for administering a dose of poisoned sherbut to an acquaintance—having been paid by a debtor of the victim to clear him out of the way by magical incantations—that the payment of the debt might be avoided.

THE JESUITS ARE GOING.—The Jesuits, being about to quit Calcutta, have disinterred the bodies of two of their number Messrs Weld and Bond, from the French cemetery; their remains, it is said, are to be conveyed to family vaults in England.—Friend of India.

NARROW ESCAPE.—The Bombay Papers announce the narrow escape of the chief officer of one of the largest merchant's ships in that harbour. While sitting on the poop, a large 36lb. ball whizzed between him and the mizen mast, and fell into the water, about half a mile distant, close to a large cargo boat. The men on the Hastings were exercising their guns at the time; but the officer on board positively declared that no ball had been put into any of them; yet it was impossible that the ball could have come from any other quarter.

POOR CLERK.—A clerk in the Post Office at Madras, went on board the Hindustan Steamer with the mail; and having a great desire to see the machinery, went down into the Engine room, leaving a peon to give him notice when they began to get the anchor and the steam up. Suddenly he perceived that the vessel was in motion, and going on deck, found that the peon was on his way back to the port. He begged to be put ashore, but as this could not be done without much delay, he was obliged to go on to Calcutta.

The Bombay Gentleman's Gazette, which is usually well informed on all Scinde matters, states that orders have been received by the last mail to prohibit the farther expenditure of public money in public buildings in Scinde.

ATTACK ON ADEN.—An attack was made on Aden by a fanatical Mahomedan, on the evening of the 17th August, with some five or six hundred followers; but they were speedily driven back with the slaughter of ten or twenty of their number.

POET'S CORNER.

THE SONG OF SEVENTY.

[By Martin Farquhar Tupper.]

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though threescore years and ten
Have wasted away, like a tale that is told,
The lives of other men:

I am not old; though friends and foes
Alike have gone to their graves,
And left me alone to my joys or my woes,
As a rock in the midst of the waves:

I am not old—I cannot be old,
Though tottering, wrinkled, and gray;
Though my eyes are dim, and my marrow is cold,
Call me not old to-day.

For, early memories round me throng,
Old times, and manners, and men,
As I look behind on my journey so long
Of threescore years and ten;

I look behind, and am once more young,
Buoyant, and brave, and bold,
And my heart can sing, as of yore it sung,
Before they called me old.

I do not see her—the old wife there—
Shriveled, and haggard, and gray,
But I look on her blooming, and soft, and fair,
As she was on her wedding-day:

I do not see you, daughters and sons,
In the likeness of women and men,
But I kiss you now as I kissed you once,
My fond little children then.

And, as my own grandson rides on my knee,
Or plays with his hoop or kite,
I can well recollect I was merry as he—
The bright-eyed little wight!

'Tis not long since—it cannot be long—
My years so soon were spent,
Since I was a boy, both straight and strong,
Yet now am I feeble and bent.

A dream, a dream—it is all a dream!
A strange, sad dream, good sooth;
For old as I am, and old as I seem,
My heart is full of youth:

Eye hath not seen, tongue hath not told,
And ear hath not heard it sung,
How buoyant and bold, though it seem to grow old,
Is the heart, forever young;

Forever young—though life's old age
Hath every nerve unstrung;
The heart, the heart is a heritage
That keeps the old man young!

NEARNESS OF ETERNITY.

Eternity is very near. But a step, and we pass into the unseen world, and are fixed in an everlasting state. It may seem otherwise to us. Amid the busy cares of life, we are very apt to forget that we are mortal. Like the rich fool in the parable, we are prone to delude ourselves with the thought that we have goods laid up for many years, shall live to accomplish all our plans, and realize all our pictures of earthly happiness. But the summons comes, and we are hurried away. The Stream of time, on which we are embarked, is bearing us silently but swiftly to the end of life's voyage. As we pass down the current, we may sometimes imagine that we stand still, and are wont to amuse ourselves with looking at the objects on either side, and with plucking here and there a flower from the shore; but ere we are aware the roar of the ocean is heard, and we are off upon the unknown deep. O! that we were more regardful of the notes of warning which God is continually addressing to us, that there is but a step between us and Eternity! Indeed, we are all standing at the very door of Eternity! Those before us are fast pressing through—we as fast pressing after them: soon we shall have passed within, and the gate closes upon us forever. Every time the pulse beats, a soul passes into Eternity; and more than eighty thousand every day. Within the last year upwards of thirty millions of immortal beings have finished their earthly course, and become inhabitants of Eternity! In twenty years, in ten years, where will the most of us be? In Eternity, dwelling beneath the smiles of God, or lying under his righteous condemnation. Some will remain awhile longer; but the longest life is but a span, and it ends in Eternity.—Dr. Hawes.

A CHILD'S FAITH.

A beloved minister of the gospel was one day speaking of that active living faith, which should at all times cheer the heart of the sincere follower of Jesus, and related to me a beautiful illustration, that had just occurred in his own family.

He had gone into a cellar which in winter was quite dark, and entered by a trap-door. A little daughter only three years old, was trying to find him, and came to the trap-door, but on looking down all was dark, dark—and she called, "are you down cellar, papa?" "Yes, would you like to come, Mary?"

"It is dark. I can't come, papa."
"Well, my daughter, I am right below you, and I can see you though you cannot see me, and if you will drop yourself I will catch you."

"Oh! I should fall, I can't see you, papa."
"I know it," he answered, "but I am really here and you shall not fall, or hurt yourself. If you will jump I will catch you safely."

Little Mary strained her eyes to the utmost, but she could catch no glimpse of her father. She hesitated, then advanced a little father, then summoning all her resolution, she threw herself forward, and was received safely in her father's arms.

A few days after, she again discovered the cellar door open, and supposing her father to be there, she called, "Shall I come again, papa?"

"Yes, my dear, in a minute," he replied, and had just time to reach his arms towards her, when in her childish glee she fell shouting into his arms, and clasping his neck, said, "I knew, dear papa, I should not fall."

And now, my dear readers, the Lord Jesus is calling you to come to himself. Many of you, I trust, have already obeyed his call, and chosen him for your portion, but he is still saying, "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." And "they that seek me early shall find me." Though like little Mary, you cannot see him visibly present, yet he assures you he is willing and waiting to receive you, and you have only to drop yourselves into the arms of his sovereign mercy, and he will as surely receive you now, as when, while on earth, he "took little children in his arms, laid his hands on them, and blessed them."

THE LOVE OF GOD.

Who has seen the smiling earth lit up with sunbeams, the lambs skipping in the mead, the bees roving among the flowers, the joyous birds on the wing, and the rejoicing insects playing in the air? Who has seen the Book of truth, and read therein tidings of great joy? Who has seen legibly written therein the gracious promises of God to all that seek salvation through his Son?

I have seen the smiling earth gloriously gilded with sunny brightness, while the gentle and delighted lamb has frolicked in the kindly field. I have seen the busy bees tumbling into the buttercups and garden flowers, the joyous birds as they warbled their raptured notes, and the myriads of rejoicing insects sporting in the sunbeam. The Book of truth, too, I have seen, abounding with the Saviour's love, and the innumerable precious promises that clear the shadowy brow, and cheer the burdened heart.

If thou hast seen these things, thou hast had proof of the love of God. "The Lord is gracious and full of compassion, slow to anger, and of great mercy. The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works" Psalm cxlv. 8, 9. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him: Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be a propitiation for our sins." 1. John iv. 9, 10.

God reigns above through every hour,
In love, in wisdom, and in power;
Let every tongue thanksgiving raise,
And every heart proclaim his praise.

ஓரடிப் படம்.

பல்லவி—யூதாத்தபகிர்ஸ்து
நாதாந்தாதாவேன்ன
வோதீயபுகாய்மனமே.

அனுபல்லவி.
போதாதீயமரியைமாதாபிதாசுதர்
(துள்ளல்) புடவியின்டடவியமடயூதர்கள்
கோடுமைகள்போடிபடவீடமீடடவிய, யூதா.
பாட்டுநிலத்துக்கோடுங்காட்டிநீக்கீடத்துமாட்டுப் (ப்
பட்டியவணயிற் பெற்றுத்தோட்டிமுன்னணைவைக்க
பதைத்துப் பதைத்தழிதும் வதைக்கத்தோட ரோ
தை
சீதைக்கப்படாமல்வேதம்புதைக்கப்படாமற்றப்பிப்
(துள்ளல்)—பற்பலவீடுகள் பற்பலநாடுகள் பற்பல
காடுகள்பற்பலமேடுகள்
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ற்பலபாவிசுள்
பாபந்தணைவிடவுங் கோபந்தணைவிடவுஞ்சாபந்தணை
விடவுமலோபந்தணைவிடவும்
பாச்சமையத்தஞ்ஞானவரிச்சணையைக் கேடுத்துப்
பாவப்போறுத்தலுலகியாலும்பேறக்கோடுத்த, யூதா.

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Oct. 6, 1846. }

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Oct. 6, 1846. }

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Applications may be made to AROOLAMPALA MODALIAR MAYILWAGANA MODELLIAR, or to this Office.

FOR SALE

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Apply to H. O'Grady Esq. Batticaloa.

விளம்பரம்.

ஒரு இலட்சங் காரைக்கால் ஒடு தேவையாயிருப்பதால் ஒப்பந்தம்பண்ணிக் கொடுக்கப் பிரியமானவர்கள் மாணிப்பாயில் அச்சுக்கூடத்துக்கு முதலாளியாயிருக்கிறவரிடம் வந்து பேசி ஒப்பந்தம் பண்ணிக்கொள்ளலாம்.

மாணிப்பாய், துராசசு ம் ஆண்டு, அந்தி மீ. சுந். தேத.

விளம்பரம்.

சுறுசுறுப்புஞ் சாமார்த்தியமும், நாயமுமுள்ள மேட்டி வேலையொன்று தேவையாயிருப்பதால் அவ் வேலையைச் சாமார்த்தியமாகவும் நேர்மையாகவும் நடப்பிக்கத் தகுபானவன் மாணிப்பாய் அச்சுக்கூடத்துக்கு முதலாளியாயிருக்கிறவரிடம் வந்து பேசி வாங்கிக்கொள்ளலாம்.

விளம்பரம்.

இங்கிலாந்து சீமையிலே செய்யப்பட்டதும், மாட்டி வண்டிலுக்கு அல்லது பல்லாக்கு வண்டிலுக்குப்போடக்கூடிய துமான ஒரு கூட்டம் வண்டில்விடிக் கொண்ட விலைபோலே வீற்றுப்போட வேண்டிய தசரமிருப்பதால் அவைகளை வாங்கப் பிரியமுள்ள பெர்கள் மல்லாகத்து அருளம்பல முதலியார் மயில வாசனமுதலியாரவர்களிடம் அல்லது மாணிப்பாயில் அச்சுக்கூடத்து முதலாளியிடம் விலைகொடுத்து வாங்கிக்கொள்ளலாம். அவைகளின் சொர் விலை பவுண், அ. சிலீங்கு, உ. பெஸ்ஸ், சு.

CONTENTS.

On Hindu Idolatry	137
A few chapters from the Life of Luther	138
The power and wisdom of God	139
Refutation of Hinduism, &c.	140
Importance of peace—Rich without money	141
For moderate drinkers	ib.
Speak to that young man—Facts for the people	ib.
Summary of English Intelligence	ib.
Monthly prayer meeting of the Jaffna Missionary Union	142
Steam Navigation—The Horse charmer	ib.
Summary of Tamil Intelligence	ib.
English and Tamil Communications	143
Poet's Corner—The song of Seventy	144
Nearness of Eternity—A child's faith	ib.
The love of God	ib.