







TRUE DUNCAN AND THE CAT.

Once there was a little boy named Duncan. The boys used to call him True Duncan, because he never would tell a lie. One day he was playing with an ax in the yard of the school and while he was chopping a stick, the teacher's cat, Tabby, came along; Duncan let the ax fall right on poor Tabby's head, and killed her. What to do he did not know. She was a pet of the master's and used to sit on a cushion at his side while he was hearing the lessons. Duncan stood and looked at the dead creature. His face grew very red and the tears stood in his eyes. All the boys came running up, and every one had something to say. One of them whispered to the others and said—

"Now fellows, we shall see whether Duncan can make up a fib as well as the rest of us."

"Not he!" said little Tom Pooley, who was Duncan's friend. "Not he! I'll warrant you Duncan will be as true as gold."

Big Jones stepped up and taking the cat by the tail said, "Here, boys, I'll just fling her into the alley, and we can tell Mr. Cole that the butcher's dog killed her; you know he worried her last week."

Several of them thought this would do very well. But Duncan looked quite angry. His face swelled, and his cheeks grew redder than that before.

"No!" said he, "no! Do you think I would lie for such a creature as that? It would be a lie, a lie, a lie!" And every time he said the word, his voice grew louder. Then he picked up the poor thing in his arms, and carried it into the school-room, and the boys followed to see what would happen. The master looked up, and said—

"What is this? My faithful monster dead! Who has done me such injury?" All were silent for a moment. As soon as Duncan could get his

very sorry—but here is the truth. I killed Tabby. But I am very sorry I have been more careful, for I saw she was nibbling her sides against the log. I am very sorry, indeed, sir."

Every one expected Mr. Cole to take down his long rattan. On the contrary, he put on a pleasant smile, and said—

"Duncan, you are a brave boy! I saw and heard all that passed from my window above. I would rather lose a hundred cats than miss an example of truth and honor in my school. Your best reward is what you now feel in your own conscience; but I beg you to accept this very handsome penknife, as a token of my approbation." Duncan took out his little handkerchief and wiped his eyes. The boys could no longer restrain themselves; and when Tom Pooley cried, "three cheers for true Duncan!" all joined in a hearty hurrah. The teacher seemed willing to allow this, and then said—

"My boys, I am glad you know what is right, and that you approve it; though I am afraid you would not have done it. Learn from this time, that nothing can make a falsehood necessary. Suppose Duncan had taken your evil advice, and had come to me with a lie; it would have been instantly detected, for I was a witness of what passed. I trust he has been governed in this by a sense of God's presence, and I exhort you all to follow his example."—Penny Gazette.

ORIGIN OF PENNY POSTAGE.—A traveler sauntering through the lake districts of England some years ago, arrived at a small public house just as the postman stopped to deliver a letter. A young girl came to receive it. She took it in her hand, turned it over and over, and asked the charge. It was a large sum—no less than a shilling. Sighing heavily, she observed that it came from her brother, but that she was too poor to take it in, and she returned it to the postman accordingly. The traveler was a man of kindness as well as of observation; he offered to pay the postage himself, and in spite of her reluctance on the girl's part than he could well understand he did pay it, and gave the letter. No sooner, however, was the postman's back turned than she confessed that the proceeding had been concerted between her brother and herself; that the letter was empty, that certain signs on the direction conveyed all that she wanted to know, and that, as they could neither of them afford to pay postage, they had advised this method of franking the intelligence desired. The traveler pursued his journey and as he plodded over the Cumberland fells, he mused upon the badness of a system which drove people to such straits for means of correspondence, and defeated its own objects all the time. With most men such musings would have ended before the close of the hour, but this man's name was Rowland Hill, and it was from this incident and these reflections, that the whole scheme of penny postage was derived.—Times.

ATHEISTS AND LUNATICS.—When the people of Paris were worshipping the goddess of reason, Pinel, an illustrious medical professor, was accosted by a celebrated literary man, who said to him, "I am writing an encyclopedia of atheists, and intend to give you a place that shall be worthy of you." "I thank you," replied Pinel, "for the honor you design for me, and in return let me say, that in the second edition of my work on lunatics and idiots, which will soon be published, I shall not fail to insert your case."

A SINGLE SENTENCE.

On the 8th of February last there died in Edinburgh a venerable Baptist pastor, Mr. James Alexander Haldane, in his eighty-fourth year. In his early life, he commanded the man-of-war Melville Castle. While engaged in an action one day, the decks of his ship were cleared by the broadsides of the enemy. Captain Haldane ordered a fresh set of hands to be "piped up," to take the place of the slain. The men on seeing the mangled bodies of their comrades scattered over the deck, instinctively drew back; at which their commander poured forth a volley of oaths, and wished them all in h—l. One of the seamen, who had been religiously educated, shortly afterwards said to the captain, in a respectful and serious manner, "If God had heard your prayer just now, where should we have been?" The engagement terminated; but a greater victory had been achieved over Captain Haldane than by him. The old sailor's words were winged by Him, who never sleeps in vain; and from that day the gallant and reckless officer became a changed man. He lived to preach the gospel for fifty-four years. Among the early fruits of his ministry was the conversion of his brother Robert, now well known as an able, learned and pious commentator. Robert went to Geneva; and during a sojourn there of several months (about 1814), he labored with unwearied assiduity to reclaim the pastors and theological students, whom he met with from their rationalistic errors to indocinate them in the evangelical faith, and to lead them to seek a personal interest in the Savior. The blessing of God was with him. A considerable number of young men became hopefully pious, and among those in whose conversion he had a main agency were Frederick Monod, now one of the pillars of the Evangelical Church in France; Felix Neff, the devoted young pastor of the High Alps, whose memory is held sacred in both hemispheres; and Merle D' Aubigne, the eminent historian of the Reformation. To pronounce these names is to show how impossible it must be for any created mind to gather up the results of that single conversion on board the Melville Castle. And that conversion was brought about through a single sentence addressed by a sailor, to his commander, firm, but courteously reproving him for his profanity!

This case, it is conceded, is a strong one. But is it not instructive? Does it not shame our remissness in the great duty of bringing men to Christ? Does it not hold out the amplest encouragement to fidelity and zeal in this most important work? "They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars, for ever and ever." How glorious a crown, then, will adorn the brow of that poor seaman who maintained his loyalty to Christ at the hazard of offending his commander, and whose faithfulness has already told with an efficacy so powerful and so conspicuous upon the church and the world!—Dr. Boardman.

WATTS' PSALMS AND HYMNS.—The following tribute to the poetic powers of Dr. Watts is from the pen of the celebrated Wm. Wirt, for fourteen years' Attorney-General of the United States:

"I bought the other day," he says in a letter to his wife, "a copy of Watts' Psalms and Hymns. Do you know that I never think of this man, without such emotions as no other human being ever inspires me with. There is a loftiness in his devotion, and an indifference approaching to contempt, for the praise or censure of the beings of this nether world, which is heroic and sublime. It is so awfully great that even Johnson, with all his pride and arrogance, felt its influence, and scarcely dared to whisper a criticism in his life of Dr. Watts, which is a curiosity in this particular. What a soul of celestial fire, and at the same time of dissolving tenderness was that! How truly did he devote all the faculties of that soul to the contemplation of the glory of God and of the Savior! He was indeed, 'ever journeying home to God,' and seems to have stopped half-way between earth and heaven to compose this excellent book. His was a rapt soul, and I never felt my own worthlessness so forcibly as when I read his compositions and compare my spirit with his."

DISSENT IN ENGLAND.—The following extract will give our readers a correct idea of the comparative number and strength of the different religious dissenting bodies in England.

The Wesleyan denomination has 4,450 chapels, the Independent 2,572, Baptist 1,943, Primitive Methodist 1,662, Roman Catholic 597, Calvinistic Methodist 778, Bible Christian 415, Society of Friends 330, Wesleyan Methodist Association 322, Methodist New Connection 281, Unitarian 260, Church of Scotland 12, Free Church of Scotland 77, United Presbyterian Church 61, Lady Huntington's Connection 30, New Jerusalem Church, Jew, and minor sects, 550. Total 14,340.

It is supposed that "the number of churches of the establishment is about the same, or rather fewer, than the number of dissenting chapels."

Calcutta Christian Advocate.

"A subscriber" is requested to send the "reason," that we may see "process" and "reason" together.

ANECDOTES OF THE ELEPHANT.—The Tinnevely elephant was seized with madness (as they frequently are for a season) while a brahmin at one of their feasts was sitting on his neck, offering a pot of ghee (clarified butter) to the idol. The keeper, whose seat the brahmin assumed, was standing before the elephant, when the huge beast, suddenly seized by the madness, rushed at him, threw him down, and stamped on him. The priest soon alighted and retreated as quickly as possible out of harm's way; while the elephant went forward into the temple, smashing the small lamps on both sides the entrance with his trunk. The son of the poor keeper, not staying to bemoan his father's death, followed after the elephant, climbed up his tail, ran along his back, seated himself on his neck, and struck him with his mahoo (iron hook). Instantly the animal, mad as he was, yielded to authority, obeyed the well known sceptre, and allowed himself to be secured with ropes without doing any further mischief.

The other anecdote was told me by the lady who herself forms part of the story. The Dewan or prime minister of the Rajah of Travancore, sent an elephant with his keeper to Nagercoil, near Cape Comorin, to pile timbers; and with him a letter to Mrs. Maul, requesting her to see the elephant fed every day, as he could not depend upon the honesty of his keeper. The elephant was brought daily before the raised verandah of the house, and the man standing before it showed the rice allowed for its meal. One afternoon Mrs. M. complained that the quantity was less than usual, and charged the keeper with filching it. The man looking up, earnestly protested against the accusation, and not being believed, said, "What, Ma'am, would I rob my own dear child!" at the same time raising his hands as the natives do, to give energy to his protestations. At this moment the elephant quietly put his trunk round the man's waist, untied the bulky cloth which the Hindus wear as a kind of girdle, and let out upon the ground before Mrs. M. the rice which his paternal keeper had stolen from his meal.—Tinnevely Mission, page 98.

THE TAYLOR JUG.—Dr. Tyng an eminent Episcopalian minister in New York, addressing a public meeting a short time since, said a friend had told him that in his travels he had one day encountered an emigrant journeying with his family to the fertile regions beyond the Mississippi. He had all his worldly goods packed on wagons, and on one load there hung a huge jug with the bottom broken out. He asked him why he carried that with him. "Why," said he, "that is my Taylor jug." "And what is a Taylor jug?" asked my friend. "Why," said he, "I had a son with General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the old general always told him to carry his whiskey-jug with a hole in the bottom; and since that I have carried my jug as you see it, and I find it is the best invention that I ever met with." "Now," said Dr. Tyng, "if our presidents, and governors, and legislators would only carry such whiskey-jugs as this western emigrant carried—if their jug had no bottom to it, we should have much less drunkenness in high places. It is their example that does more mischief than rum-sellers do. My brother Chambers has said that the ladies do much toward sanctifying drinking, by the example which they give, in offering their wines to the young and inexperienced; and this is too generally the case even among members of the church. Yet I am happy to have it in my power to say that all do not do this. Of the six hundred members of the congregation which I have the honor to address from my pulpit, I do not know a single person who drinks wine or offers it to others, and I have never seen in any of their dwellings any of the paraphernalia of drinking."

Christian Witness.

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SHIPPING NEWS.

POINT PEDRO.—ARRIVALS AND DEPARTURES.—February 25, 1852.—Arrived Schooner Anna Maria, Marillamany, from Trincomalee, Feb. 23, bound for Negapatnam in ballast, passenger for Jaffna Rev. J. Phillips. February 28.—Arrived Brig Mohediny bag, Vava, from Colombo, Feb. 17, bound for Trincomalee, cargo sundries, passengers Mr. and Mrs. O'Grady, Dr. O'Grady, and 3 children. Sailed the next day for Trincomalee, passengers as above.

KAY'S.—February 28.—Arrived Brig Wanderer, J. Hendrick, from Colombo and Pambay, Feb. 11 and 20, bound for Jaffna, Tondy and Negapatnam, cargo sundries, passengers for Jaffna, A. Murray, Esq., D. Quilton, Esq., and servants.