

Youth's Corner.

A MOLEHILL BECAME A MOUNTAIN.

Thomas Ball and William Meadows were at work in a large field, called the forty acres, one summer's day, when they saw the earth suddenly move close by them. At first they knew not what to make of the matter, but soon after they found out that a mole was at work, and in a few minutes a good-sized mole-hill of fresh earth was thrown up before their eyes. Ball had seen this done often, but it was a new thing to Meadows. It was about half an hour after this that they went up to the gate, for their wooden bottle lay there under the hedge, with their jackets upon it. Pincher, a little black terrier, who had curled himself round upon the clothes, was up in a moment, wagging his tail, and leaping up with his paws on the knees of Meadows. While Ball was taking a hearty draught at the wooden bottle, Mary Tummins, who was passing by with a bundle of sticks in her apron, came up to the gate, and Meadows out of a joke told her of what they had seen, without saying anything about what had caused it. "I reckon there's a matter of a scuttle full o'dirt thrown up," said he, "I never see'd such a thing afore."

The affair was now in proper hands to be set a going, and Mary Tummins had not gone half a mile before she had told twenty people that a rumbling noise had been heard in the forty acres, and that more than a wheelbarrowful of earth had been fairly pushed out of the ground. Among those who heard this wonderful story was Richard Harris, a man silly enough to believe every thing that he heard, and who was sure to add something to every thing he related. Harris's account was quite an improvement upon that of Mary Tummins; for he declared, with a look of fear and astonishment, to Luke Barnes, that something had been heard under ground in the forty acres, as loud as a clap of thunder, and that at least a cart-load, or a waggon-load of earth and gravel had risen suddenly up in the very middle of the field. Now Luke Barnes had quite as much right to add a little to the account as Richard Harris, so he posted off across the fields to the lime-kilns, and gave it out at once that an earthquake had taken place in farmer Burton's big field, and thrown up a high hill of gravel stones, and it had so frightened the men who were at work there, that they had run away for their lives.

It is a very odd thing, but it is the truth, that let a story be ever so marvelous, three out of every four who hear of it, and relate it again, will make it still more wonderful. Matthew Stubbs no sooner saw Bill Pointer than he told him, that after a loud bellowing under-ground, a mountain of earth, gravel, and limestone, had forced its way through the surface, and almost filled the forty acres. All the time this rumour was running abroad, and like a rolling snow-ball, increasing in importance the further it went, Thomas Ball and William Meadows were quietly pursuing their work, little thinking how much had been made of what the latter had told Mary Tummins. Now though so many people occupied themselves in spreading the report, not one of them came to see if it was really true. No! There was more pleasure in making other people gape and stare, than in trying to correct a report, which a moment's thought would have convinced them was not at all likely to be true. Experience tells us that it is by no means necessary to believe a statement, to become a spreader of it, for things not believed are spread abroad with quite as much diligence and rapidity as those which are.

"Have you heard the news, Harry?" said Bill Pointer, as he came breathless up to Squire Holmes' groom. "Have you heard the news?" "What news?" asked Harry, "I have heard o' nothing." "Not heard on it!" said Bill, with his eye-brows lifted up. "Not heard on it! why it is the wonder-fullest thing that ever happened in the world. Never heard tell of such a strange thing in my born days. It's enough to make one's hair stand upright." "But what is it," inquired Harry, "that is so very wonderful?" "Why, ten minutes ago I was told that in the very middle of farmer Burton's forty acres, a great mountain has suddenly risen up; you can hardly see the top on it, it is so high! I am making the best of my way to Billet's the carpenter on an errand, but my best leg shall be put forwards, for in half an hour I'll be in the forty acres." "O," said Harry, "I'll never believe that, you don't think it's true, do you?" "True!" replied Bill, "I've no more doubt on it, than I have of my hat being on my head."

Away scampered off Bill Pointer one way, and with equal speed ran the groom in the opposite direction, his head full of the mysterious tale of the mountain in the forty acres, which he half-doubted and half-believed.

It is wondrous what a sudden importance a man acquires in his own estimation, by becoming acquainted with something marvellous unknown to his neighbours! All the breathless impatience of Bill Pointer seemed at once imparted to Harry, who bustled along, as though his life was at stake, towards the forty acres. Had the groom taken the opposite direc-

tion, it is hard to say what increased wonders he might not have heard. When a splash is made in a pond by casting a stone into it, the first circle around the spot is a small one, the next somewhat larger, and the succeeding one larger still; till at last a round ring may be seen almost the size of the pond. It is just the same when a commotion is made in a village by some wonderful report; the further the commotion is spread, the more wonderful it becomes; but when any one approaches nearer the place whence it first sprung, it gets less and less marvellous, until it often turns out that there is, in reality, little or nothing wonderful about the matter.

Before the groom had travelled far, he was sadly disappointed to learn that the mountain, the top of which could scarcely be seen, was all an idle tale, trumped up to set people talking, and that, in reality, it was only a hill that had risen up in the forty acres, the top of which might very well be seen, as it was not much, if any, higher than the house. Harry was certainly not pleased at this intelligence, yet still it was a wonderful thing for even a hill to lift itself out of the ground unawares; so on he went. But soon after this he was told that he might rest assured, the thing had been made more of than it ought to have been, seeing that instead of a high hill, it was but a low one, not more mayhap than a few waggon-loads of earth at the most. Though it seemed hardly worth Harry's while to take the trouble of going on, yet on he went, sadly put out of temper by having so little to look at. He had now got to the blacksmith's shop, and no sooner did he speak of what he was going to see, than old Foxall fairly gave over hammering at the red-hot horse-shoe that he held by his tongs on the anvil, to laugh at him outright. "Ha! ha! ha!" said he, "and have you been fool enough to be gulled by such a clinker as that? if you had said a barrowful instead of a waggon-load, you would a bin nearer the mark. I have not seen it myself, but I'll be bound for it, you'll find it hardly two feet high."

If Harry had not been so near the forty acres, he certainly would have turned back again, but five minutes' walk would bring him to the very gate, so on he went, and stared about with all his eyes when he came to the place; for though he could not positively tell whether there had been a mountain there or not, it was very certain that no mountain stood there then. With his temper quite soured, he asked Thomas Ball and William Meadows the truth, when they took him straight up to the Mole-hill. "Well," said Harry, as much cut up as if he had been nipped by the frost, "I have been made a fool of many a time in the course of my life, but I never thought, long as folks' tongues are, that they could have made a mountain of a mole-hill."

When the whole of the affair was made known, Meadows blamed Mary Tummins, who, in her turn, spoke loudly against Richard Harris. Richard could hardly say any thing bad enough of Luke Barnes, Luke declared that Matthew Stubbs ought to be ashamed to show his face, and Matthews scrupled not to rail bitterly against the long tongue of Bill Pointer. Thus they all blamed each other, but not one among them blamed himself.

No doubt, reader, you consider these people acted a very foolish part, but are you quite sure that you have not done the same thing? Weak and absurd as it was to make a mountain of a mole-hill, the report was not intended to do mischief. It flattered no one's vanity, it excited no envy, it hurt no one's feelings, took away no man's character, and provoked no heart-burnings in families disposed to dwell in peace and quietness. Now this cannot be said of all reports. How many an erect head and upright heart have been bowed down by calumny! How many a reputation has been destroyed by the poisonous breath of slander! Have you never felt pleased at the hint of another's error? Have you never been a tale-bearer, when you more than doubted the truth of the unjust report you were spreading? Have you never, willingly, put a matter that was bad enough of itself, into a worse light, and commented upon it with severity? Have you never neglected the opportunity of stopping the progress of a falsehood injurious to your neighbour? If you have done all, or any of these things, you have done worse than Meadows, Tummins, Harris, Barnes, Stubbs, or Pointer. "Whoso keepeth his mouth and his tongue, keepeth his soul from troubles." "In the multitude of words there wanteth not sin; but he that refraineth his lips is wise." "Surely the serpent will bite without enchantment; and a babler is no better.—Children's Friend."

A SCHOOL AS IT OUGHT TO BE.

That school would in reality be the one to be proud of, where order was thoroughly maintained with the least admixture of fear—where you would have most chance of meeting with truthful replies from the children, in a matter where such replies would criminate themselves; and where you would find the most kindly feelings to each other prevalent throughout. Yet these are things not to be seen on show days—that cannot be got up for exhibition—that require unwearyed supervision on the part of masters and bene-

factors—that will never be attempted but by those who themselves feel deeply the superiority of moral excellence to all else. Such teachers will see how the kindness of children to each other may be encouraged; they will take more notice of a good-natured thing than a clever one; they will show how much, even in the minutest trifles, truth and fortitude weigh with them; they will be careful not to stimulate an unwholesome craving for praise in their pupils; they will look, not only to the thing done, but also to the mode and spirit of doing it. That this spirit and mode may be the means of generating and guiding future endeavours, will be a main object with such instructors. The dignity of labour, the independence of thrift, the greatness of contentment, will be themes dwelt upon by them in their loving foresight for the future welfare of the infant labourers entrusted to their care. To endear holy things to these little ones, would delight such teachers far more than to instil the utmost proficiency in any critical or historical knowledge of the sacred writings; not that the two things are in the least degree incompatible—far from it; indeed, all I mean to insist on is, that such teachers will perceive what are the great objects of culture, and how subservient even the best knowledge is to the apprehension of duty: they will see, too, more clearly, the necessity of bearing in mind the pre-eminence of moral and religious culture, when they reflect that many of their pupils come from places which cannot be called homes—where scarcely any thing like parental love sustains or informs them, and where, perhaps, confusion, discontent, and domestic turbulence prevail.—Claims of Labour.

NEW ZEALAND.

Extracts from letters written by the Right Rev. George Augustus Selwyn, D. D., Bishop of New Zealand, in 1842 & 1843.

The probable increase in the number of small secondary settlements in this country, will make the necessity apparent of my having the means of educating my own clergy, at least the greater number of them. This object I hope to accomplish with no other expense to the Society than an allowance for outfit and passage, similar to that already granted to the three young students who accompanied me from England. It has pleased God to deprive me of the assistance of one of them, Mr. Evans, who died at Wellington on the 3d of October. I have lost a most faithful and valued friend; one who promised to be a zealous and able minister in the Church. My brother William has a candidate named Hutton, who has been studying under him; and will probably be recommended to the Committee to supply the place of my departed friend. These young men will, I hope, be able to maintain themselves during their preliminary course by private tuition in connexion with the collegiate school, which I have been encouraged to undertake to establish in the immediate neighbourhood of my own residence at the Waimate.

Our institution there will probably consist of a small college for candidates for Holy Orders, under the care of the Rev. Thomas Whytehead; a collegiate school, under the direction of a competent master, assisted by the young students of the college; and a native boarding-school for the education of native children, selected from the different mission stations. By putting our plan of life upon a collegiate system, and by aid of a good extent of land, formerly the farm of the Church Mission, I hope to be enabled to make the whole institution support itself without much assistance from home.

We begin now to be quite settled at Waimate, and every day convince me more and more that we are better placed here than in one of the English towns. The general laxity of morals, and defect of church principles, in the new settlements, would make them dangerous places for the education of the young, and render it almost impossible to keep up that high tone of religious character and strictness of discipline, which is required, both as a protest against the prevailing state of things, and as a training for our candidates for Holy Orders. At the Waimate, I am fettered by no usages, subject to no fashions, influenced by no expectations of other men; I can take that course which seems to be the best, and pursue it with unobtrusive perseverance. When we have been strengthened in our entrenched camp (if it be God's will), we shall sally forth. My vacations I hope to spend in the English towns, between which I propose to divide the portions of the year during which I am absent from the College.

We have now nine students in the College, and nine boys in the Collegiate School, formed on the basis of the former Mission School. Of the nine students, six are candidates for Holy Orders, and are going through a course of Divinity lectures with me, and of Greek with Mr. Cotton, besides lectures in the native language, medicine, and Latin. The regularity of our course has been more interrupted than I could wish, by the first difficulties of settling, by the illness of Mr. Whytehead and Mr. Dudley. The ordination of Mr. Davis and the recovery of Mr. Dudley, having enabled me to provide for the native duties of the station, I

am now more at liberty to devote myself to the instruction of my students, for which my admirable library, now opened at the Kerikeri, will supply me with abundant materials. All things, in fact, seem, by the mercy of God, to be moving on, through much anxiety and affliction, towards the settled and peaceful state which has in it the promise of present contentment, and of better things to come.

The plan of the Society in furnishing me with the means of educating young men for the ministry, has given me the greatest comfort and hope during the many losses we have sustained. If it can be carried on, I trust in God that we shall never want a supply of men to fill the numerous village stations into which the population of the country will soon be divided. The great towns, with a temporary expenditure of capital forced into existence, cannot, I think, be expected to increase; but I look forward to the attainment of a healthy, and I trust a godly population in every beautiful little valley, and by the side of every running stream, of which there are hundreds in every part of the Islands.

To supply these country curacies, for they will be nothing more, we must have men bred on the spot, men of simple piety and simple habits, accustomed to live at small expense, and acquainted with all the little difficulties—for privations there are none—of a colonial life in New Zealand. The numerous mission families will supply several candidates of this character, who, by their intimate acquaintance with the native language, will be well qualified to act as mediators and interpreters to smooth down all the little disagreements which occur between the New Zealanders and the settlers.

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THE Subscriber informs his customers and the public, that he has just received his spring supply of ENGLISH and FRENCH LEATHER, consisting of Calf-Skins, of a beautiful description, direct from Paris, Boot Morocco, Patent and Elastic Leather, Plain and Enamelled French Fronts, Maxwell's Spurs, with a great variety of other articles in his line. The universal preference given to his work for many years past by the Military Gentlemen of this Garrison, is a proof of the superior style in which orders entrusted to him are executed. For Boors made to order. THOMAS COWAN, Quebec, June 27, 1844.

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