

crag, partly concealed among some bushes, crouched a panther. The bold youth was aware of the proximity of his parents and the presence of his dangerous enemy about the same time. He had rolled down the stone in exultation, to convince his parents of the high station he had attained, and he now stood with another in his hand, drawing it back, and looking at them as if to ask whether he should throw it at the terrible animal before him. Till then the mother stood immovable in her suspense; but, conscious of the danger of her son if he irritated the beast, she rushed some distance up the rock. Yet, with the fearless mind of childhood, and a temper little used to control, he fearlessly threw the fragment with all his might at the ferocious animal. It struck one of his feet. He gave a sudden growl, lashed his tail with fury, and seemed about to spring. "Get your rifle, Josiah!" The poor man stirred not. His glazed eye was fixed with a look of death upon the panther, and he appeared paralyzed with fear. His wife leaped from the stand, and, placing her hands upon her husband's shoulder, looked into his face and said—"Are you a man, Josiah Eaton? Do you love your child?" He started as if from sleep, and ran with furious haste from the ravine.

Again the mother looked towards her son. He had fallen upon his knees, and was whispering the little prayers which she had taught him, not in cowardly fear, but a thought came across his mind that he must die. The distracted mother could keep still no longer. She rushed up the steep ascent with an energy of despair, reckless of danger, thinking only of her son.—The rock crumbled and slipped beneath her feet, yet she fell not. On, on she struggled in her agony. The ferocious creature paused a moment when he heard the wretched mother approach. True to his nature he sprang at the boy. He barely touched the crag, and fell backward, as Hannah ascended the opposite side. "Ah!" said she, laughing deliriously, "the panther must try it again before he parts us, my boy; but we won't part." And sinking on her knees before him, she fondly folded him to her breast, bathing his young forehead with her tears.

Unaltered in his ferocity, and his manner of gratifying it, the panther again sprang from his situation. This time he was more successful. His fore foot struck the edge of the crag. "He will kill us, mother, he will kill us!" and the boy nestled close to his mother's bosom. The animal struggled to bring his body to the crag—his savage features but a step from the mother's face. "Go away, go away," shrieked the mother, hoarse with horror, "you shan't have my child!" Closer, still closer he came—his red eyes flashing fury, and the thick pantings of his breath came in her very face. At this awful moment she hears the faint report of fire-arms coming from the gulf below—the panther's foothold fails, his sharp claws loosen from the rock, and the baffled beast rolls down the precipice at the feet of Josiah Eaton.

The sun's last rays gleamed on the little group at the mouth of the gorge. They were on their knees—the mother's hands raised over the head of her son, and the voice of prayer going to their Guardian for His mercy in thwarting the panther's leap.

What are you living for?

Life is a good or an evil, a benefit or an injury, a blessing or a curse, according to the will of its possessor. Man's destiny is in his own hands, and upon himself must rest the blame, if it be one of interminable wretchedness. To that man who lives only for the gratification of his passions, who seeks his happiness in the pleasures, the honours, or emoluments of this world, who is incited to action by the goadings of ambition, or the desire of fame, life is only an evil and a curse. It were better for him not to be, than after toiling and struggling for vanities, to go down to misery and endless woe!

"He aims too low, who aims beneath the skies."

"I have created man for my glory," saith the Eternal, "and my glory will I not give to another." Regardless of this declaration, myriads are living for their own glory, self is the god who claims their highest devotion, and upon his altar, sacrifices, never so costly, are cheerfully laid! Reader, what are you living for? Has thirst for fame taken possession of your being, and, deceived by the siren's voice, are you willingly bartering heaven's glories for the applause of men, whose breath is in their nostrils? Does the glitter-

ing gold tempt you, and, in order to its acquisition, are you willing to forsake home and friends, and obliterate all your social affections? Do the fading honours of earth present more attractions to your soul than the imperishable glories of that city whose walls are of jasper, and whose streets are of gold? What are you living for? For yourself, or for God? For the baubles of time, or for the substantialities of eternity?

Aged man! what are you living for? You whose head is whitened by the storms of many winters, you—whose brow, once so smooth and fair, is now all furrowed by the hand of time; whose step, once so firm, is now so feeble; whose eye which shone so brightly, is now dimmed by age; you, whom a thousand voices warn, are soon to pass from earth!—what are you living for? Remember that the hoary head is a "crown of glory," only, "if it be found in the way of righteousness!"

And you! you active, business-like looking man, just in the prime of life—what are you living for? As you go forth morning by morning, with firm tread and self-confident air, to your counting house, or your workshop is it to lay up treasure on earth, or do you feel yourself to be the almoner of God's bounty to the perishing poor around you? Are you reaping the rewards of labour blessed by God and are the "Lord's poor," whom "you have always with you," perishing for want of life's necessities? Are you a Christian professor, living in a land of Bibles and ordinances, yourself indebted to Christianity for all the blessings you enjoy, and do you retain in your own possession "the Lord's money," which he has given you to aid in disseminating the gospel over the whole earth? "Give an account of your stewardship." What are you living for?

Young man, endowed with intellect, energy and will,—what are you living for? Is the world rising up before you in its boasted magnificence, and presenting its extravagant promises to lure you to its service, or is your enlightened and expanding vision taking in the imperishable rewards of adhesion to God, and under the influence of high resolve, are you laying all your redeemed powers, a voluntary sacrifice, upon his altar, to be employed for his glory? God has claims upon you:—the world has claims upon you:—friends, neighbors—all have claims upon you. Opportunities and privileges will soon end, the grave will soon be your home, the earth your mantle, eternity your sphere of existence! What are you living for?

A MAD ELEPHANT.—The Providence Journal gives a detail of the destruction committed by the elephant, reported to be at large near Pawtucket, by the telegraphic despatch in Tuesday's paper:

"When about seven miles from Pawtucket he got free from the control of his keeper, and meeting a horse and waggon, belonging to Mr. Stafford Short, he thrust his tusk into his horse and lifted horse, waggon into the air. He mangled the horse terribly, and carried him about fifty feet and threw the dead body into a pond. The waggon was broken to pieces, and Mr. Short considerably hurt. The elephant broke one of his enormous tusks in this encounter. A mile further the elephant, now grown more furious, attacked in the same manner a horse and waggon, with Mr. Thomas W. Peck and his son. He broke the waggon and wounded the horse, which ran away. Mr. Peck was pretty badly hurt in the hip.

Two men took horses and drove ahead to give warning to the passengers whom they met on the way. They came up with a Mr. Pearce who was riding with his little son in a one-horse waggon. He was coming towards the elephant, and being warned by the out-riders, turned round and put the horse to his speed, but the elephant overtook him, and seizing the wagon, threw it into the air, dashing it to pieces and breaking the collar bone and arm of Mr. Pearce. The horse, disengaged from the wagon, escaped with the fore wheels, and the elephant gave chase for eight miles, but did not catch him. The elephant came back from his unsuccessful pursuit and took up his march again on the main road, where he next encountered Mr. Jabez Eddy, with a horse and wagon. He threw up the same establishment in the same way as before, smashed the wagon, killed the horse and wounded Mr. Eddy. He threw the horse twenty feet over the fence into the adjoining lot, then broke down the fence, went over and picked up the dead horse and deposited him in the road, where he had at first met him.

He killed one other horse and pursued another, who fled to a barn. The elephant followed, but at the door was met by a fierce bull dog, which bit his leg and drove him off.

Once on the route, the keeper being ahead of him, saw him plunge over a wall and make for a house. The keeper got to the house first, hurried the frightened people within to the upper story and providing himself with an axe, succeeded in driving off the furious beast.

On his route, the elephant killed three horses, and seriously injured two men, besides the damage to wagons. He was covered with blood from the horses he had killed. His strength was surprising, for he seemed to handle a horse with as much ease as a terrier dog does a rat. The horses were terribly frightened when they saw the wild elephant. It is believed that a part of the time he ran at the rate of a mile in three minutes. He finally exhausted his strength, and laid himself down in the bushes, about two miles from Slade's Ferry. Here he was secured with chains, and carried over the ferry to Fall River.

LORD ELGIN.—The National Intelligencer in announcing the departure of Lord Elgin from Washington, takes the following notice of his late mission:—

It was incidentally stated in this paper a week or two ago that Lord Elgin had come to Washington on a mission of amity, and we have the pleasure now of saying that we believe that mission has been crowned with success. Through the good offices of this enlightened nobleman, combined with the efforts of the popular Minister of England, and the just and pacific dispositions of our Secretary of State, acting of course under the sanction of the President, we believe that the terms of a treaty on the Fishery and Colonial questions have been negotiated and signed by the respective parties, which will, when ratified by the respective Governments, settle finally the last link in the chain of knotty questions which have so long perplexed and fretted and withstood the diplomacy of the two countries, and furnished so much capital for demagogues and fomenters of strife to work upon the popular mind with. We do not profess to know and do not care to inquire into the terms of this adjustment. We are satisfied for the present to know that an old and irritating sore has been healed, and we think it is a great point gained in the happiness of the world, amicably to settle a national dispute upon any terms reasonably fair. In this case we are sure none other have been demanded or conceded, and we are quite content to leave the conditions of the settlement to the good sense, fairness, and responsibility of the respective negotiators.

We presume that we express only the common sentiment of the persons, official and unofficial, who had opportunities of nearly observing Lord Elgin, when we say that his courteous and frank deportment during his sojourn in this city was such as to conciliate the general respect and esteem.

ST. PETERSBURG.—The capital of the Russian empire, situated on the eastern extremity of the Gulf of Finland, at its confluence with the river Neva, is 1700 miles from London. The ground is low and swampy, and the city has suffered greatly from inundations. The population exceeds half a million. Cronstadt, its port, which is strongly fortified, is 18 miles from the city, and its population exceeds 50,000. The depth of water between Cronstadt and St. Petersburg does not, in some places, exceed six or seven feet; but it is increased about a foot by westerly, and diminished about a foot by easterly winds. The transfer of goods between the two places is managed principally by steam tugs. All vessels drawing above eight feet water, load and unload at Cronstadt, which is situated on a small island right in the gorge of the Gulf. It will be seen, therefore, that the capital cannot be approached by a fleet, but only by a flotilla of gun-boats or from land.

DIVING FOR MONEY.—C. B. Pratt left Worcester, on Tuesday evening, with his assistants, to renew his operations for recovering the treasure from the British ship of war Huzzar, which was wrecked off Stony Island, near Hurlgate, during the Revolutionary war. About a million of dollars were on board at the time, which were destined to pay off the troops of the British army, then in the Highlands. The vessel lies in seventy feet of water, and the difficulties in the way of recovering the treasure would intimidate most men from such an undertaking, but by means of Taylor's submarine armor, and his thorough experience in the business, there is little doubt that Mr. Pratt's labors will eventually prove successful.—Worcester Spy, 8th June.

WOMEN SELECTED FOR TRANSPORTATION.—The London Times says that, on the 25th ult., two Emigration Commissioners, accompanied by the Government officer, visited Cork, Ireland, workhouse, for the purpose of selecting a number of female paupers to emigrate to Van Diemen's Land. All the healthy, able-bodied women of the house, amounting to about 1100 having been assembled in the upper room of the Industrial Department, 200 women of good character and sound health were selected. Several of the guardians, the Protestant and Roman Catholic chaplains and their officers, were present.

A letter from St. Petersburg states that Count Nesselrode has been recently insulted by the people of that capital. On passing through the streets in his carriage, he was hissed, hooted, and menaced, and was forced to take refuge in the house of a friend. He was accused by the people of being the cause of the war, of not having taken sufficient care to provide against its casualties, and of having shown indifference and negligence. But whatever be the cause, the symptoms of popular indignation were not to be mistaken, and it is certain that much fermentation prevails in the Russian empire.

The Road to Health.



Holloway's PILLS.

CURE OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND BAD DIGESTION.

Copy of a Letter from Mr. R. W. Kirkus, Chemist, Prescott Street, Liverpool, dated 6th June, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR.—Your Pills and Ointment have stood the highest on our sale list of Proprietary Medicines for some years. A customer, to whom I can refer for any enquiries, desires me to let you know the particulars of her case. She had been troubled for years with a disordered liver, and bad digestion. On the last occasion, however, the violence of the attack was so alarming, and the inflammation so severely, that doubts were entertained of her not being able to bear up under it; fortunately she was induced to try your Pills, and she informs me that after the first, and each succeeding dose, she had great relief. She continued to take them, and although she used only three Boxes, she is now in the enjoyment of perfect health. I could have sent you many more cases, but the above, from the severity of the attack, and the speedy cure, I think, speaks much in favor of your astonishing Pills. (Signed) R. W. KIRKUS.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF RHEUMATIC FEVER, IN VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

Copy of a Letter inserted in the Hobart-Town Courier, of the 1st March, 1851, by Major J. Walsh.

Margaret M'Connigan, nineteen years of age, residing at New Town, had been suffering from a violent rheumatic fever for upwards of two months, which had entirely deprived her of the use of her limbs: during this period she was under the care of the most eminent medical men in Hobart Town, and by them her case was considered hopeless. A friend prevailed upon her to try Holloway's celebrated Pills, which she consented to do, and in an incredible short space of time they effected perfect cure.

WONDERFUL EFFICACY OF HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, IN CASES OF DROPSY.

Persons suffering from Dropsy, either about the turn of life, or at other times, should immediately have recourse to these Pills, as hundreds of persons are annually cured, by their use, of this direful complaint in its different stages, when all other means had failed.

CURE OF A PAIN AND TIGHTNESS IN THE CHEST AND STOMACH OF A PERSON 84 YEARS OF AGE.

From Messrs. Thew & Son, Proprietors of the Lynn Advertiser, who can vouch for the following statement.—August 2nd, 1851.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR.—I desire to bear testimony to the good effects of Holloway's Pills. For some years I suffered severely from a pain and tightness in the stomach which was also accompanied by a shortness of breath, that prevented me from walking about. I am 84 years of age, and notwithstanding my advanced state of life, these Pills have so relieved me, that I am desirous that others should be made acquainted with their virtues. I am now rendered, by their means comparatively active, and can take exercise without inconvenience or pain, which I could not do before.

(Signed)

HENRY COE.

North Street, Lynn, Norfolk.

AN EXTRAORDINARY CURE OF THE GRAVEL, AND A MOST DANGEROUS FEVER COMPLAINT.

Copy of a Letter addressed to J. K. Heyden, Esq., Sydney, New South Wales, dated Feb. 25th, 1851.

SIR.—A Mr. Thomas Clark, a Settler at Lake George was for a considerable time seriously afflicted with a Complaint of the Liver, together with the Gravel. His medical attendants, after trying all their skill, candidly told him that his case was hopeless, and any further efforts useless. In this situation, and when expecting every day would terminate his existence, a friend recommended him to try Holloway's Pills, and as a forlorn hope he did so, the first gave him considerable relief, he therefore persevered in taking them according to the directions, and is now restored to health. He will feel great pleasure in confirming this statement, or even make an affidavit to the same effect, should it be required.

(Signed)

WILLIAM JONES, Proprietor of the Goulburn Herald, New South Wales.

These celebrated Pills are wonderfully efficacious in the following complaints.

Ague, Asthma, Bilious Complaints, Blisters on the Skin, Bowel Complaints, Colics, Constipation of the Bowels, Consumption, Debility, Dropsy, Dysentery, Erysipelas, Female Irregularities, Fevers of all kinds, Fits-Gout, Head-ache, Indigestion, Inflammation, Jaundice, Liver Complaints, Lumbago, Piles, Rheumatism, Retention of Urine, Scrofula or King's Evil, Sore Throats, Stone and Gravel, Secondary Symptoms, Tic Douloureux, Tumours, Ulcers, Venereal Affections, Worms of all kinds, Weakness from whatever cause, &c. &c.

Sold by the Proprietor, 244, Strand, (near Temple Bar), London; and by S. L. THILEY, Provincial Agent, No. 15, King Street, St. John, N. B.; A. Cuy & Son, Fredericton; W. T. Baird, Woodstock; Alexander Lockhart, Quaco; James Beck, Bend of Petitcodiac; O. K. Sayre, Dorchester; John Bell, Shediac; J. A. Lewis, Hillsborough; John Curry, Canning; and James G. White, Belleisle.—In Pots and Boxes, at 1s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 7s. each. There is a very considerable saving in taking the larger sizes.

N. B.—Directions for the guidance of patients are affixed to each Box.

ONE Thousand Bargains can be had by calling at No. 5 Prince Wm-street.

A. A. COUGLAN.

Call soon and ensure the best of them.