THE CURSE OF EMPTY HANDS.

At dawn the call was hears. And busy reapers surred And by teaching to the wheat,
"Will reap with us?" they said,
I smiled and shook my bead;
"Disturb me not," said I; "my dreams are
sweet."

I sat with folded hands, And saw across the lands The waiting harrest shining on the hill;
I heard the reapers sing
Their song of harvesting, And thought to go, but dreamed and waited

The day at last was done, And homeward, one by one, The reapers went, well laden as they passed Theirs was no misspent day, Not long hours dreamed away In sloth, that turns to sting the soul at last.

A resper lingered near, "What I " cried he, " idle here? There are the sheaves your hands have bound to day?"

"Alas!" I made sepiy,
"I fer the day pass by
Until too late to work. I dreamed the hours 247

"O foolish one," he said, And sadly shook his head; "The dreaming soul is in the way of death.
The barvest soon is o'er;
Rouse up and dream no more!
Art, for the summer fadeth like a breath.

"What if the Master came To-night, and called your name, Asking how many sheaves your hands had made? If, at the Lord's commands, You showed but empty hands, Condemned, your dreaming soul would stand dismayed."

Filled with strange terror then, Lest chance come not again,.
I sought the wheat-fields while the others . slept. " Pethaps, ere break of day,

The Lord will come this way,"
A voice kept saying, till with fear I wept.

Through all the long, atill night, Among the wheat-fields white, I resped and bound the sheaves of yellow grain.

I dared not pause to rost,

Such fears possessed my breast;

So for my dreams I paid the price in pain.

But when the morning broke, And rested respers woke,
My heart leaped up as sunrise kissed the lands a
For, come He soon or late,
The Lord of the estate

Would find me bearing not the curse of empty

REV. JAMES McCOSH, D.D., LL.D.,

was one of the signatories to the Declaration of Independence. .But none of its presidents has done more for the prestige and usefulness of the institution than the venerable divine who on April 18th resigned the administration to younger hands.

perfervidum ingenium of his country-men. He has been unwearied in his His Belfast professorship lasted sixwent to America, in. 1868, and Princeton, under his regime, has fully vindi-

colleges in the States.

the religious element in the life of the leading distinctive contribution to the has been preparing, him. - London College has, even ordinarily, been re- literature of philosophy. markably pervasive. Seasons of special revival, too, have visited it from time to time, and not a few of the alumni have since so honourably held, the Presi-carried with them into the various pro-dency of Princeton College. The great born not in Toronto, but in Bermuda. fessions the abiding impress which such civil war had recently closed, and the He, however, received a portion of his seasons have left upon themselves. Dr. McCosh in his last Report is able to tion were at that time anything but Knox College. ED. REVIEW. say, "Thanks to God, I leave the College in a healthy state intellectually, imparted his enthusiasm to others. The morally, and religiously. ... We friends of the college rallied together have vice in our College, but I believe and were multiplied; and, year by it is reduced to a minimum. It; is a year, genuine progress in all departing ten or eleven years of age, greatly emacircumstance worthy of being men- ments of prosperity has been registered, ciated and exhausted by long-standing tioned that several students who have A handsome range of new buildings disease, was brought up in the hoist to travagance. As he sat down to the acquired a taste for drinking have put will be a lasting outward monument of the operating theatre of the Royal Inacquired a taste for drinking have put themselves under religious students to protect them from temptation. They are praying us to take steps to shut up are praying u erable depth of religious feeling in the largely through the energy of the Presi-College. The attendance at each of dent, on the accommodation without: four class prayer-meetings varies from He has made it his main business to forty to sixty-five."

James McCosh was born in the Burns' country, at a place called Carskeoch, near Ayr, on the banks of Doon, own college, whose flag, as an Amerinass away. After reaching the theatre, in the year 1811. His birthday, like can correspondent declares, he has which is seated like the gallery of a that of Bismarck, and others who might be named, fell on April' 1st, a circumstance to whose supposed fateful significance he has sometimes humorously he has been far more than a mere referred. His father was a farmer of organizer and caterer for Princeton considerable enterprise, but some of the While bestowing his first care on his son's distinguishing qualities are more large classes in the college, he has "Will one of you gentlemen put up just directly traceable to his energetic and gifted mother. After the usual course opinion throughout Americs, by his use great trouble and distress—just a wee myself?" in one of the old Scottish parochial schools, he was sent at thirteen to Glass from his pen have appeared in the gow College, where he reudied from leading Transatlantic periodicals, one on the shoulder, spoke kindly to him; 1824 to 1829. In the latter year he of which, The New Princeton Review, passed to Edinburgh, and there came he had the merit of organising. Among under the influence of the greatest the separate volumes he has issued, his Scotchman since Knox—Thomas "History of the Scottish Philosophy"

that young McCoch's philosophical admirable volume of discussions, en-powers showed marked development. titled, "The Realistic Philosophy." It An essay of his on the Stoic philosophy may be added, that not only are several attracted such notice that it procured him the degree of M.A. without further | books in the land of his adoption, but

He was licensed to preach the Gospel in 1833, and, having given proof of his of India and Japan. ministerial gifts, he was appointed to the old. Abbey church at Arbroath in 1835 By this time the Ten Years' Conflict was in full swing, and the young minister, besides being known as an earnest and scholarly preacher, with special influence over young men, was soon recognized as an ardent local champion of the Lyangelical party. In that cause he fought side by side with down the gauntlet to him in that field his friend and co-presbyter, Thomas Guthrie, then settled in the sweet neighbouring village of Arbirlot. It may here be mentioned that Mr. McCosh was married to a niece of Dr. Guthrie's, who task which he performed with such has proved herself 'a true helpmeet for him in all his subsequent life.

In the year 1838 Lord John Russell, on the recommendation of some of the as the standard bearer of the religious Church leaders in Edinburgh, selected element in the country." In the dis-Mr. McCosh for the important congre-eation of the East Parish, Brechin, we find Dr. McCosh himself testifying where he ministered to no fewer than 1,400 communicants. While giving student of philosophy. I have been devoted attention to pulpit preparation and the great amount of pastoral work involved in such a charge, Mr. McCosh continued to do hearty service in the However important in enlarging and cause of non-intrusion in the district; stablishing the mind, they cannot give and when at length the crucial Disrup peace and stability to the soul." The tion year of 1843 arrived he was found patriarch, back among the scenes of his ready to support his protestations by youth, adds, "In all my experience I deed, laying his living freely and with. have found no other name than the out hesitation on the shrine of the One by which I must be saved. How

the veteran recalling in a discourse he this question. All its investigations | yet distinct pressure of the little hand; gave at Brechin, some of the memories | conduct into ever-thickening darkness of those early days: "We had many and gloom, in which fear and doubt faith and courage among old men and nothing to rest on, no truth on which women, among young men and maid; the understanding can rest and the again, and gave gifts, and made sacri-fices willingly and cheerfully, blessing of the throne of God." God that they were called to bear re-proach for His name."

After the Disruption, Mr. McCosh remained in Brechin as a minister of lowed into his retirement by the prayers the Free Church of Scotland till 1852, of many who are thankful for the noble and greatly helped its extension and consolidation in that part of Forfarshire. Meanwhile he found time for the use of his pen, and in 1850 he published EX-PRESIDENT OF PRINCETON COLLEGE his first book, which was destined to THE College of New Jersey, situated give a new turn to his life. This was do, be long seen going out and in in the academic little town of Prince. "The Method of the Divine Governton, has had some notable men in its ment,"-a work probably as well known presidential chair. One of these was even yet as any of his subsequent writthe famous Jonathan Edwards, and ings. The first edition was sold out in another the doughty Dr. Witherspoon, six months, and the book, which was who, though a Scotchman from Paisley, soon stamped with the favourable judgment of men like Hugh Miller and Sir William Hamilton, attracted great attention both in this and other lands. It is related that the Earl of Chrendon, Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, chanced to take it: up one Sunday morning, and became so fascinated that he forgot to tic as one of the brightest intellects the Like-Witherspeon, Dr. McCosh is go to church! A further consequence nct a born American, but an importation was, that he soon after appointed from Scotland, and like him he has McCosh Professor of Logic and Metabeen gifted with a double portion of the | physics in the Queen's College, Bel-

exertions during the past twenty years | teen years, and his success as a teacher | verities of the Christian faith. Presito promote the best interests of the amply fulfilled the high anticipations of dent Patton, who is still in the prime College, and the consequence is that those interested in his appointment. of life, has announced his intention of its popularity has advanced by strides Besides, directly influencing a large conducting the College on the lines laid under Dr. McCosh's presidency. The body of students, Professor McCosh down by his predecessor, and its internumber both of students and professors | did not a luttle during his residence in has been more than doubled, since he the sister island for the cause of educa- not have been entrusted to abler or tion throughout Ireland; and this period of his life was signalized by the publi- ago were anxious for the transference cated its claim to front rank along with cation of several important works-Harvard and Yale, among the many notably, his "Intuitions of the Human colleges in the States.

Mind," which, though less popular than It is gratifying to add that, largely the "Divine Government," will pro- long and largely used of God in the through the influence of the president, bably continue to be regarded as his important sphere for which Providence

In 1868, unexpectedly to himself, he promote the interests of sound education and high scholarship in the United borne aloft all over the country, "from

of his works extensively used as text fluence is deing felt among the students

While Dr. McCosh's life has thus in the main, during the last thirty-six years, been devoted to philosophy he has held true to his early faith, and has ever striven to make philosophy a hand maid to religion. He has had his own share of controversy, and has never shrunk, or had reason to shrink, from the ablest antagonists who have thrown When Prof. Huxley visited America a few years ago, it fell to Dr. McCosh to desend the interests of religion against the attacks of the English scientist-a cogency of argument, as well as moral fervour, that, as was witnessed by the American daily press, "he was hailed "I have for most of my life been a Presbyterian Council in 1884, we find intelligent, no satisfactory answer to wringings of heart; but we had strong sbide. The mind feels that it has ens, who bore revilings without reviling heart repose, till such time as it sees a

Though Dr. McCosh is retiring from active public duty, he is to continue to reside in Princeton. He will be solservice he has rendered to the cause of truth, that "the Sabbatic period" of his life may be one of peculiar serenity and joy. May his tall, masculine form though stooping more than it used to among the Princeton elms, and may many an ardent young student day inspiration still from grasping the kit'd ly hand and looking into the handson thoughtful face of the old Christian philosopher.

It must be no small gratification to Dr. McCosh to have as his successor Professor F. L. Patton, who till has occupied one of the chairs in American Church has produced. It is worthy of note that he, too, was originally a British subject, having been ests, educational and religious; could worthier hands. Those who some years of Dr. Patton to the Presbyterian College in London will be not the least hearty in their prayers that he may be Christian.

The writer of the above interesting was called to the position which he has sketch is in error as to the birth-place condition and prospects of the institu- education in Toronto University and

ten or eleven years of age, greatly ema- of consecration. was so low and unsatisfactory that there States, through the advancement of his strength might give in and his spirit is finished." church, and while, the, operating table Maine to California, and from the great was being got ready, the little fellow was seated on a cushioned seat, and looking up towards some students, who were there to witness the operation, with a pitiful; tremulous voice he said ; greatly helped to mould philosophic a wee prayer for a wee boy-I am in but as he heard no prayer, and saw rying his own bag and striding at a pace

Chalmers. It was while in Edinburgh | should be named, and especially his | and words, which were sufficiently au-Jesus, his friend, "the friend of wee boys who loved him," to be with himto have mercy on him (in his distress. And while the young doctor was putting that through the same medium his in the boy under chloroform so that he might feel no pain during the operation, so long as he was conscious the voice of the boy was still heard in words of prayer.

> The surgeon, as he stood by the table on which the boy lay, knowing that he had to perform an operation requiring some coolness and calmness and deli cacy of touch, felt just a little overcome. There was a lump in his throat that rather disturbed him. Soon, however, he heard the words from the assistant who was administering the chloroform, "Doctor, the boy, is ready;" and taking the knife in his hand, lump or no lump, had to begin the operation. Soon the surgeon was conscious that the prayer which the little boy had offered up for himself had included in its answer some one else, for the coolness of head, steadiness of hand and delicacy of touch all came as they were needed, and the operation was completed with more than usual ease, dexterity and success.

On the following morning the surgeon, going round the ward from bed to bed, and coming to that on which the little boy lay, saw from the placid. comfortable look on his face that his sufferings had been relieved, and that all was well with him. Going up to little wasted hand, which scemed no larger than that of a bazaar doll, the surgeon whispered into his ear, "The lit up the boy's face, and with a feeble, taineers gazed at as wonderful. He was ward, too, higher, higher—a horrid tyet distinct pressure of the little hand; the great artist Titlan. he looked up in the doctor's face and said, "I ken't He wud." And then he added, "You, doctor, were gude to me, too." But, apparently, thinking and said, "That boy will beat me one strength that seemed to belong to his pot and brushes, easel and stool; were gude to and brushes, easel and stool; Near it was a tree. Struggling with a strength that seemed to belong to his pot and brushes, easel and stool; were gude to and brushes, easel and stool; were gude to and brushes, easel and stool; were gude to belong to his pot and brushes, easel and stool; were gude to an additional to be a strength that seemed to belong to his pot and brushes, easel and stool; were gude to an additional to be a strength that seemed to be form, and required something tangible Angelo.

from and where he had learnt to know so much about Jesus and to love Him'so much about Jesus and to love Him'so dearly. He answered, "I come frae Barrheld." "And were you in a Sabbath-school there?" "Oh, yes, in the Free Church Sabbath-School."

Our readers will be pleased to 'learn that the boy made a successful recov ery, and is now at home. - Philadel phia Presbyterian.

A GOOD SHEPHERD.

chester Cathedral were heard above the solemn strains of the choir, and the procession of robed clergymen who met the dead body of Bishop Fraser. The bishop had been the people's good pine tops anglimpse of a dark angry born in: Toronto; and, which is of more importance, that he is as loyal as President McCosh himself to the great President McCosh himself to the great last of him whom they called "the bishop of all denominations."

The writer in Temple Bar, from The writer in Temple Bar, trom whom we quote, tells several anecdotes that illustrate the secret of the bishop's sympathy with the poor and the toil-

ers.
One night he returned by the last train to the railway station at Manchester, and found a poor girl sitting on her box, not knowing what to do, as all the cabs had left.

It was natural for the good bishop to help her. His man was waiting for him, and the two carried the woman's box to her destination in an obscure the Church of God. part of the town. From that night the bishop's name was reverenced in that district of the poor.

At his consecration he made such an impression that, as he was walking me your hand, boy, and we will trudge home after the long service, a labouring on side by side," replied the superinard who passed him touched his cap, and said, "God bless you, my lord I" tered school-house door, and then halt-When the bishop reached home, he ing one moment to watch his flock fold the incident, and confessed that scattering down the country road or this single benediction had touched along the footpaths leading across the him more than the impressive service green fields.

The bishop hated luxury and ex-

The table was amply supplied, but no go with you." was some fear not only that the operativaste was allowed. A guest, one day, tion might not be successful in its was putting a knife and fork into a

One very wet day, as he was walking in the street, a wealthy manufacturer stopped his carriage and persuaded the bishop to get in.

"Why don't you keep a carriage, my lord ?" asked the rich man.

"To teach the simplicity of life," re plied the bishop; "and how can I do that if I'am octentatious and luxurious

Lancashire folks are not very obseryant of etiquette, but they," hatted bishop Fraser when they met him, carprobably only a pitying smile on the fact would have taken away an ordinaces of some of the students, he turned his head away, and in childish tones the tall, erect, broad-shouldered man, asked Sammy.

with a frank, genial look, who seemed dible to those around him, he asked to be "a rejoicing Christian, who, would take a five-barred gate as soon as look at you."

The bishop exchanged friendly greet-ings with every one. He found oppor-tunities to show all men that he was their friend, and gathered together railway men, canal men, factory hands, scavengers, brick-makers, foundry-men. that he might learn something from them and they something from him-

The cotton-spinners of Manchester, the idea is that you are to look after after a long strike, chose him to arbi trate the matter, and he regarded it as with them. Therefore it is appropriate the bottom of the valley. that his epitaph should speak of him as

them his own."- Selected.

SHORT SERMONS FOR BOYS.

Most boys and girls do not like sermons—they say they are too long for Suddenly Uncle John caught the sound their highnesses. Perhaps they may of a tumult that was something more give food to think over, and must not thought he saw the white flash of a huge be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of the window

be read too hastily.

A Swedish boy fell out of the window and was badly hurt, but, with elenched line; he kent hack the arrest of the window way! Quick, quick!" he shouted, "Up lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The in my arms boy !" king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him king, Gustavus Adolphus, who saw him Then came a terrible struggle amid fall, prophesied that that boy would rocks and trees up the side of the valall was well with him. Going up to make a man for an emergency. And ley. Sammy clung to the strong prothe head of the bed, and taking the so he did, for he became the famous tector who was pressing forward and Gen. Bauer.

A boy used to crush the flowers to eyes off the maelstrom that suddenly get their colour, and painted the white had plunged down into the valley and spiritual independence of the Church. Can God be just, and the justifier of the On the occasion of his visit to Belfast ungodly? Human reason can give no day." A bright, happy, confident look all sorts of pictures which the mount feet. This may be the control of the control o A bright, happy, co.asident look all sorts of pictures, which the moun-feet. This maelstrom was boiling up-

An old painter watched a little fellow that the doctor was on a different plate day." So he did, for he was Michael

form, and required something tangine for his care and trouble, in a plaintive voice he said, "But I had naething to gie you." And then a bright thought came into his mind, and, with a little cheer in his tone, he added, "I will just pray to Jesus for you, doctor."

The surgeon, before leaving the The surgeon, before leaving the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher.

A German boy was reading a blood and thought ing: "Hold on to me too, hold on!"

Then he grasped a limb of the tree, and swinging himself up into it, he clung for his life. Sammy clung. Once the boy looked appealingly to Uncle John as if he wanted to come to his companion. The water, though, and would

mons mean? Why, simply this, that in boyhood and girlhood are shown the traits for good or evil which make the man or woman good or not .- Selected.

The Children's Corner.

"HOLD ON TO THE ROCK, SAMMY, HOLD ON."

"THE storm is coming back over the mountain again, children," said the old gray haired superintendent of the Sab-The tears of the poor are a good gray haired superintendent of the Sabman's best eulogy. The sobs of the bath school in the little red school vast crowd assembled in front of Man-

Here Uncle John Graham; for that was his title among all the children,

"And I think," continued Uncle ful sick, and he has been calling for John, "We had better close as soon as you. Couldn't you come?" pleaded possible. Some of you have a long way to go. We will sing, children, and then close with prayer."

The children's sweet voices were joined in the singing of one of the blessed Psalms that have been for the comforting of God's people in all ages, the one hundred and twenty-first. The superintendent caught one sweet:voice

soaring like a bird above all the others. "That's Sammy," thought the super-intendent, and he looked upon a boy's dark, earnest eyes, lifted, as it were, to the invisible hills ever over-shadowing

"May I go along with you?" said the, same voice at the close of the school

"Yes, come with me, Sammy ! Give

"Now, Sammy, I am ready," said the superintendent, seizing the child's little hand and covering it with his

"Ha, ha, to look after me because I am so little? I am not to go with you results, but that during, or immediately game-pie. The bishop stopped him so much as you go with me and look following the operation, the boy's with "No, don't cut that till the other after one another, and as we are neighbours, we can keep one another company very conveniently. Hark !"

The old man's merry, laughing mood ceased in a moment. With an anxious face, he listened.

"What is it, Uncle John?"
"Weil, child, the country is full of water. The streams are all swollen, and

what we are afraid of is that the dam back in the hills—the upper dam as we say—may give way. And there it is, raining again i "

As Uncle John looked up, big, bold drops, without ceremony, splashed into

his face.

"Couldn't we take the short way home, down through the valley?"

Down through what was known as the valley," went "Swift Stream," leading from the upper dam. Uncle John hesitäted.

"It will shorten the way, Sammy, but-"

"Swift Stream too high?" "Oh; we can get across; but-"

Uncle John again paused. He was rather uneasy about that upper dam.
"However, Sammy," said the old man with a hearty laugh, "I think that

me, and come ! I'll go your way." Down through the shadowy valley one of the highest compliments ever they went, hand in hand, careless of paid him. He talked with men rather the wind that blew harder every minute, than to them, putting himself on their of the rain that fell faster, of the in-plane of thought that he might feel creasing roar of the swollen stream in

"The water is almost up to the ne.
"Who won all hearts by opening to don't care," said Uncle John, "We shall get across safe."

The passage of the bridge was made in safety, and they began to climb the half rocky, half-wooded wall of the valley on the other side of the bridge. like these short sermons. They will than the rage of Swift Stream. He

upward, but the boy could not take his The water was now around his feet. younger days rather than the present, he

was flowing about the child, and would have swept him away if he had forsaken his grasp.

"Hold on to the rock, Sammy, hold on !" shouted the old man's voice, "Don't leave ! The water is not-" Could be say "not rising?" Yes, joyful assurance! In a moment be

added, " Hold on! The water is not rising!" Quickly, with angry remonstrances from its many frothing waves, the flood subsided. The water beyond had

reached the more open country and was spreading out over the level fields. Sammy, and his guardian left their places of refuge and went home together, and in safety.

A few weeks later, one evening Uncle John was hurriedly summoned to the broad windows, and caught amid the door of his home by a loud, imperative knock. "Ob, Uncle John! Sammy is dread-

> Sammy's oldest brother. "Why, yes t Isn't this sudden, Ephraim? I'll come right off."

!! Sudden? You knew he had been sick?"

"" Oh, yes, but not dangerous." !' Well, somehow-you know he had the fever-his sickness has turned for the worse; and it has been dreadful quick, and the doctor says there is no

"My poor little Sammy! I, can seem to hear him now, in the Sabbath school, singing the tarst Psalm, the very day the flood came when the dam gave way, "Well, sir, his mind has been on

that flood. He seems to think the great water is coming, as he calls it." "My poor little Sammy!" sympa-

thetically said the superintendent again. He found Sammy lying very still on his bed, and he saw that the deathmark was on the boy's face.

"Sammy !" he softly called, leaning, over the child. "Oh, Uncle John, is that you?" "Yes, dear."

The child's mind now seemed to wander. !! He thinks, sir," sobbed the mother,

he-is-in the valley-again-and the water is coming." " It is another valley," murmured the

superintendent, "another valley, and it is, a flood that is, coming—the deathflood."

He now turned to the white little face on the bed. "Sammy, there is a rock in the val-

ley-a great, high Rock-and it is Jesus," softly spoke the gray-haired man. "You holding on to Him?" . The boy opened his eyes and spoke,

"Jesus? He—the—Rock in the val-ley—Uncle John? You want me—to hold-on-to-Him?"

His hands began to rise. A beautiful light came into his eyes, as looking upwards, he held out his thin, wasted arms. He spoke not again, but in his face still lingered the peace of the blessing of Him who for ever and aye is to all trusting souls a Rock in the Valley of Death. United Presbyterian.

THE best place to prepare for the duties of life, is that of Mary : at Jesus' feet. - Rev. John Love.