

famishing hundreds gather every Sabbath morning, when a substantial breakfast is served out to them by willing lady and gentleman volunteers. Then an opportunity is presented to the workers to "speak a word in season," and tell of Him who is "the bread and the water of life." During the warm summer months a large tent capable of holding hundreds of people, is pitched on Glasgow Green, and to this tent is transferred the Sabbath morning breakfasts and Sabbath and week-evening evangelistic meetings. Much good is done by this practical method of working. During Messrs. Sankey and Moody's visit to Scotland the work in the city received considerable impetus; and as a result sprang into existence the "Glasgow Mizpah Band," concerning which we will allow Mr. Moody to speak:—"When we were about the close of the work we did in Glasgow," he says, "the question came, How we should reach the drinking men? We got a band of holy people together, and they went down into the streets and into the drinking places, and we got together all the men we could—no matter who they were, we got them together. For several weeks we were at this work, until we had a band of a thousand reformed drunkards. But the question came, What were we to do to keep them together while we had to be away? It was a curious question. Take a man who has been every night in the week for years in the tavern, take him out of that society and put him right into the church, and there's not enough excitement to satisfy him or keep him there. The churches are closed in the evenings, and they can't spend their time there. We formed a male choir, and we called them the Mizpah band. We found that there were four hundred men who could sing—some. You might call it pretty poor singing. We got a good leader and set them to work. The first time they were singing, people with high musical taste, or people who knew anything about music, would have been shocked. Their voices were worn out singing their drunken songs in the taverns. I went to Glasgow six months after, and I heard those men. I never heard singing that would move so much. The result is that no four buildings in Glasgow will hold the crowds that come out to hear those men sing the Gospel." This is a remarkable statement; since in Glasgow there are among the many, two very large halls, the smaller of which will hold full 2,000, and the larger nearly 4,000 people.

**PHILOSOPHY A MEANS OF MENTAL DISCIPLINE.**

WE cannot over-estimate the power of Philosophy upon the mind. "Man, Know thyself," is an injunction applicable to all. Were there more inquirers there would be less depravity in the world. Philosophy leads to truth; and absolute truth can be found in Him alone who is "the Truth." The study of Philosophy sharpens perception and increases man's delight in natural objects. It quickens thought and judgment, and intensifies desire for knowledge. Memory, also, is sharp-

ened thereby, and it aids one in the arrangement and adaptation of his thoughts, both in speech and in writing. Philosophy points out the truth, and prevents error; and, if it attains its end, it will teach humanity; because, stretched to its utmost limits, it yet fails in fully unfolding to man the Infinite. Neither does it leave man disconsolate, since it gives assurance of another, even an eternal world, and good ground for confidence in a Being in whom he may rest his everlasting destiny.

**\*CONTRIBUTIONS\***

**REFLECTIONS OF THE COLLEGE MOUSE.**

ROUSED the other day from a four o'clock repast of Hebrew roots in the Rabbi's ante-room by a commotion in the hall, myself, the wife and the bairns rushed out to see what was the matter. In the forenoon we had heard mutterings, and knew that the storm would soon break, but we were not ready for such a tornado. I packed the family off to safer quarters, and, betaking myself to a retired nook, watched the fray. The freshmen were ranged against seniors, juniors and sophomores.

"'Twere worth ten years of peaceful life,  
One glance at their array."

I could not tell in the melee who were seniors, or who freshmen. I would have thought they were all freshmen. Mice manage to live in comparative peace. It is left to men who stand upright, to mar their fair forms. I had rather possess a hairy hide and love within it, than a white skin and hate therewith. Even the youngest of my weans, little Bright-eyes, could have told them

"Children you should never let  
Your angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each others' eyes."

Robbie Burns, who was ever a good friend to mice, might teach the students this lesson,

"But human bodies are sic fools,  
For a' their colleges and schools,  
That when nae real ills perplex them,  
They mak 'enow themselves to vex them;"

and Robin Goodfellow says a word, the truth of which all mice will at once attest.

"Lord, what fools these mortal be!"

Two dogs Cæsar and Luath long ago, after a chat together about the ways of men

"Rejoiced they were not men but dogs,"

and the wife and myself have concluded to side with dogs or even with cats rather than with men. If seniors and freshmen are specimens of rational beings (as they call themselves), then wife and I congratulate ourselves that we are not men but mice.

I hurried away to report proceedings to the dear ones in the nest, and, after a family deliberation, we thought that if the students were to sustain their reputation they would have another pow-wow. So true enough on Saturday night following there was a famous gathering of the clan.