

**Over Against the Treasury.**

Over against the treasury this day  
The Master sat silent, whilst, unaware  
Of that Celestial Presence still and fair,  
The people pass or pause upon their way.

And some go laden with His treasures sweet,  
And dressed in costly robes of His device  
To cover hearts of stone and souls of ice,  
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

And some pass, gaily singing, to and fro,  
And cast a careless gift before His face,  
Amongst the treasures of the holy place,  
But kneel to crave no blessing ere they go.

And some are travel worn, their eyes are dim,  
They touch His shining vesture as they pass,  
But see not—even darkly through a glass—  
How sweet might be their trembling gifts to Him.

And still the hours roll on; serene and fair  
The Master keeps His watch, but who can tell  
The thoughts that in His tender spirit swell,  
As one by one we pass Him unaware?

For this is He who on one awful day,  
Cast down for us a price so vast and dread,  
That He was left for our sakes bare and dead,  
Having given Himself our mighty debt to pay?

O, shall unworthy gifts once more be thrown  
Into His treasury—by whose death we live?  
O shall we now embrace His cross, and give  
Ourselves, and all we have, to Him alone?

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TORONTO, MAY 26, 1883.

**The Salvation Army.**

So much has been said about the "Salvation Army" in Canada—both for and against it—that the Editor of HOME AND SCHOOL determined to see for himself the character of their meetings, and to give a fair report thereof. So, one Saturday evening, we proceeded to their "barracks" on Allen Street, Toronto. It was the busiest night in the week. The streets were crowded with people. The shops were all lit up with gas, and the dazzling glare of the electric lights produced a very brilliant effect. At a distance was heard the sound of a drum and of singing and was a detachment of the Army was met coming up Yonge Street. At its head marched a young man with a flag, then the drummer, and a couple of men playing violins, and three or four young women, keeping time to the marching hymn with tambourines. The men wore a plain, dark uniform, faced with red, with the letters 'S. A.' on their coat-collars.

In procession behind them were perhaps fifty persons, singing lustily—

"Marching along, marching along,  
The Salvation Army is marching along,  
Marching along."

A large and rather noisy mob, chiefly of turbulent young men, accompanied the procession, and all swarmed upstairs to the third story of the "Coliseum" or "barracks." This was a large, bare room, which would hold about 300 persons. Across the end was a platform, on which were Capt. Wynn and his helpers—a young man with a large accordion, the tambourine players, and a chorus of singers. The drum was not used.

The audience were mostly young men of a rather rough class, such as are seldom seen in church. The presence of a policeman and of officers of "the Army" ensured good order. The service consisted largely of singing, to very martial airs, very martial songs, such as—

"I am sure, I am sure we shall win,  
For we fight in the strength of our King."

And another, with a ringing chorus—

"Death or victory!"

At this the tambourines resounded, and everybody joined lustily in singing.

Then a few short, fervent prayers were offered, not always very grammatical, nor in the best of taste, but coming from the heart. Then followed a fervent exhortation from the "Captain," and several short experiences. One young Irishman spoke with a decided brogue. He warned the young men against the saloon and strong drink. "It stingeth like a serpent," he said; "and it stung me pretty badly," but at last he was free, and rejoicing in the favour of God. One young woman, a servant girl, had just been converted a week before, and in the warmth of her zeal began to talk with her mistress of her newfound joy and peace. The mistress resented the liberty and dismissed the girl. But, rejoicing in the favour of God, she feared no future, and exhorted those present to flee from the wrath to come. One young man said, in giving his experience that he had a good many outs while he was in the devil's service. Some of them were

**OUT AT THE TOES,**

out of clothes, out at midnight, out of money and out of character, and very soon would have been out of home and into hell. But God had saved his soul, and now he was out of the degradation of sin and into Christ.

Converted drunkards and Sabbath breakers related their experiences, and several persons went forward for prayer. It was certainly very noisy—just as noisy as we have often heard it at a camp-meeting or Methodist revival. Some of the young roughs laughed, some mocked, and some, doubtless, remained to pray. And night after night, month after month, this interest is maintained, and is spreading from town to town, and many are being converted whom it seems almost impossible to reach by the more decorous services of our churches. On Sundays they have services nearly all day long, and recently they had one which lasted all night.

There were certainly extravagant in speech and action of which we could

not approve, but the conviction on our mind was: These are good and earnest men; they are doing an important work for God and for man, and we could not but wish them God-speed in the name of the Lord.

**A Living Sponge.**

SPONGES are found in a great many parts of the sea, and are very varied in shape and colour. The sponge has a framework of horn or pure flint. The young sponge floats from the parent one to some suitable place, where it fixes itself permanently. Sponges, in process of ages, become flints. This fact has been ascertained by means of the microscope. When sponges are examined in their living and natural state, a constant and rapid stream of water is seen to issue from the larger openings, whilst the water as constantly enters the pores; the nutrition of the sponge seems to depend on this circulation of water through it.

The dried sponge is only the skeleton of the living animal. Some of the sponges, such as the Mermaid's Glove, the Green Sponge, and the Great Funnel Sponge, are very beautiful.

The coasts of Great Britain may be said to be rich in sponge growth; twenty-four kinds have been discovered. Fresh-water lakes and rivers also possess their sponges. Those found on our coasts, although unfit for the sponge market, form most interesting objects for the cabinet or aquarium. A warmer sea and more genial climate than ours appear necessary to develop the sort of sponge sought by the merchant, who obtains the great bulk of his supply from the ports of the Mediterranean—the coasts of Syria, the Greek islands, and Barbary, being noted for their yield of sponges. The Turkish sponge trade is also of considerable importance, from 4,000 to 5,000 men, and between 600 and 700 boats, being annually employed in it.

The Greeks may, however, be considered the principal sponge fishers. Much experience, skill, and hardihood are needed to qualify a man for a first-class place among sponge divers; many of the most valuable specimens, which sell readily in Paris or Vienna for from £7 to £10 each, being obtained at depths varying from ten to thirty-five fathoms. To aid in the descent, the divers make use of a triangular stone, with a hole in one corner through which a rope is spliced. On reaching the deep sea gardens, where the rock ledge and pinnacles are clothed with marine growths, the diver, retaining a hold on his rope, dexterously breaks away the holdfast of the sponges, places them with their foundations under his arm, until a sufficient load has been gleaned, when a pull of the rope signals to haul up, and he ascends to the surface with his ocean treasures.

—*Cassell's Popular Educator.*

*Walks and Words of Jesus, a Paragraph Harmony of the Four Evangelists.* By the Rev. M. N. Olmsted. New York: Hall & Co. Toronto: Wm. Briggs.

As a specimen of the original manner in which Mr. Ormsted has executed



A LIVING SPONGE.

his task, by bringing together all that is recorded by the four writers, and weaving it into one harmonious narrative, we copy below a single paragraph from his book, without intimating the parts of the four records from which it is taken; and then repeat the same paragraph, with the credit given in brackets at the commencement of each sentence or part of sentence quoted. This brief specimen will give some idea of the great value and beauty of the Harmony, as well as of the long and careful labor the work has cost:—

Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties, in number about five thousand. And when Jesus had taken the five loaves and the two fishes, and when he had given thanks, looking up to heaven, he blessed them, and brake the loaves, and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude that were set down, and likewise the two fishes divided he among them all, as much as they would. And they did all eat, and were filled. When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, &c.

The following is the same, with the proper credit given:—

[John vi. 10] Now there was much grass in the place. So the men sat down [Mark vi. 40] in ranks, by hundreds and by fifties, [John vi. 10] in number about five thousand. [Mark vi. 41] And when [John vi. 11] Jesus [Mark vi. 41] had taken the five loaves and the two fishes [John vi. 11] and when he had given thanks, [Luke ix. 16] looking up to heaven, he blessed them, and brake [Mark vi. 41] the loaves [Matt. xiv. 19] and gave the loaves to his disciples, and the disciples to the multitude [John vi. 11] that were set down; and likewise [Mark vi. 41] the two fishes divided he among them all. [John vi. 11] as much as they would. [Matt. xiv. 20] And they did all eat, and were filled. [John vi. 12] When they were filled, he said unto his disciples, &c.

This is but a fair sample of the entire work, and unless we are greatly mistaken, such a collation of *The Walks and Words of Jesus*, with its harmonious blending and natural self interpretation, must be received with gladness by all Christian people, but more especially by ministers and Sunday-school teachers, without respect to creed or church organization.

The book contains 400 duodecimo pages, well bound in cloth, and retails at \$1.25.