

Only Gone Before.

THEY are not lost who are gone before,
The loved but not the lost,
Oh, no—they have not ceased to be
Nor live alone in memory—
'Tis we who still are tossed
O'er life's cold sea, 'tis we who die,
They only live whose life is immortality.

The loved, but not the lost:
Why should our ceaseless tears be shed
O'er the cold turf that wraps the dead
As if their names were crossed
From out the Book of Life? Ah! no,
'Tis we who scarcely live, who linger here
below.

The spirit was but born,
The soul unfettered, when they fled from
earth
The living, not the dead
Then, wherefore should we mourn?
We, the wave driven, tempest tossed;
For still they linger near us,
The loved, but not the lost.

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TORONTO, JUNE 7, 1884.

Centenary Greetings.

THE centenary of Methodism on this continent is an event of such importance that we feel constrained to celebrate it by a memorial number of HOME AND SCHOOL as well as of PLEASANT HOURS. The best commemoration of this great event that we have seen is the centenary number of the *Sunday School Journal*, edited by Dr. Vincent, from which we largely borrow. Among its greetings are the following earnest words:

Nearly nineteen hundred years of "Methodism" have blessed the world. "Christianity in earnest," that began when angels sang over the plains of Bethlehem, has made a place in human history, with alternations of progress and delay, now mighty with tongues of fire at Jerusalem, now lingering only in a few quiet haunts during the Dark Ages, now coming again with new energy in the days of Luther and of Wesley. Never has earth been so near to heaven, never have the forces of the Gospel been more effective, than today.

Let us seek the "power of God" as revealed to obedient souls who know His truth! And may the century now beginning witness larger results in the lines of spiritual and social progress, that more than ever the people of the earth may be glad because of the founding of our glorious Church!

Sunday-School Greetings from the Bishops of Methodism.

DR. VINCENT secured a word of greeting from nearly all the Bishops of the M. E. Church. From these words of wisdom we quote as follows:—

FROM BISHOP SIMPSON.

As the wise men of the East brought their choicest offerings to the Infant Jesus, so, in the unfolding ages, the wisdom of the Church turns toward infant humanity. True philosophy, as well as true Christianity, calls for increasing attention to childhood. The children of to-day will, in twenty years, wield the social and civil power of the globe. Whosoever wins the youth will govern the world. The motto of Sunday-school workers everywhere should be, "All the youth for Christ."
M. SIMPSON.

FROM BISHOP FOSTER.

All hail, fellow-workers! If the Master hath called us, hath He not called you also? "Go ye also into the vineyard, and whatsoever is right I will give you. —Mat. 20. 1. Psa. 126. 6."
R. S. FOSTER.

FROM BISHOP MERRILL.

To Sunday school Officers and Teachers: I have seen them in their sacred work from the "Land of the Rising Sun" to the "Golden Gate" of the Occident, and heard their glad songs of worship, and rejoiced in their joy. When He cometh to make up His jewels, these shall shine as stars in the firmament for ever and ever.
S. M. MERRILL.

FROM BISHOP ANDREWS.

The teacher is more than all Sunday-school appliances, even when these are of the very best. Given, in the teacher, knowledge, heart-knowledge, of God in Christ, and all the love, zeal, cheerfulness, hope, and patience which flow from this, and the work of the Sunday-school will be well done, the kingdom of heaven will have its own.
EDWARD G. ANDREWS.

FROM BISHOP WARREN.

This is the era of the children. The grandest outlook in the Old Testament is in its closing words. "He shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers." This beautiful prophecy is being unrolled and fulfilled in our day. Happy is the man who helps fulfil the prophecies of God.
HENRY W. WARREN.

FROM BISHOP FOSS.

Dear Brothers and Teachers: You are by far the most important part of the working force of our laity, and you have it in your power largely to mould the Church of the future. Your responsibility would be appalling were not your labor so exceedingly hopeful. March on, a quarter of a million strong, with a million and a half young recruits at your backs; bear aloft the blood-red banner; wield "the sword of the Spirit," which is the word of God; charge on all sin, and teach and exemplify all virtue.
Yours sincerely, C. D. FOSS.

FROM BISHOP HURST.

Not now or just here, but hereafter and beyond, comes the priceless and enduring reward. To have been the instrument of bringing the truth of God, His own precious word, home to the conscience, and out from that into a pure and unselfish life for Him and His needy world, will outweigh the conquest of an empire or the discovery of a continent.
JOHN F. HURST.

Centenary Greeting from Dr. Daniel Wise.

WHEN the immortal Raikes gave the world a description of his original Sunday-school, and Wesley, ever alert to seize new modes of doing good, commended the scheme in his *Arminian Magazine* in 1784, Asbury promptly acted upon his recommendation, and only two years later organized "the first Sunday-school in the New World." Four years after, our Church directed her pastors "to labor as the heart and soul of one man to establish Sunday-schools," by which grand act she earned the honor of being the first Church in America to give formal recognition to our then infant institution. That act, though feeble in its first results, was, nevertheless, like a tiny spring which is the fountain-head of many a magnificent river.

To-day you see the original, simple Sunday-school marvelously improved, through the zeal, the wisdom, the experience of a century.

But with better appliances you ought to do better work. Your instruction ought to be more edifying and more productive of spiritual results. Your altitude at the summit of a century suggests that you are in a fitting spot to orient yourselves, to pause, to inquire, to compare your fruits with those of the dead past. How is it? Is your teaching more thorough, more intellectual, broader, deeper, more successful in winning souls than the teaching of the olden time? Of the superiority of your teaching there is little ground for doubt. Of your comparative spiritual success it is less safe to speak with positiveness, albeit from the aggregate number of conversions annually reported in our Church schools, there is reason to hope that it is much greater. None but the Omniscient, however, can know whether it be or not. Still, it is within your power to make it so by an increasingly devout consecration of yourself to the spiritual side of your honorable work.

As the second century of our Church history opens, our great army of Sunday teachers, instead of being content to keep things as they are, should write Progress on their banners, should study how to improve themselves and the institution at all points. Broader culture for the mind, deeper devotion for the heart, more enthusiastic effort for the immediate conversion of every pupil, and stronger determination to train every Sunday scholar for Church membership, are the aims to be energetically pursued. Working with these ends in view, the present-generation of teachers may, if they but resolutely will it, hand the Sunday-school to those of the coming age so improved that, by the close of the second century of our Church life, it may be as much superior to its present condition as it now is to the Sunday-school established by Bishop Asbury in 1786. With this end in



UNDER GREEN LEAVES.

view, go forward, my fellow-workers, into the new century, and may He who blessed little children help you to succeed!

Under Green Leaves.

PLEASANT it is, when woods are green,
And winds are soft and low,
To lie amid some sylvan scene,
Where, the long drooping boughs between,
Shadows dark and sunlight sheen
Alternate come and go.

Beneath some patriarchal tree
I lay upon the ground;
His hoary arms uplifted he,
And all the broad leaves over me
Clapped their little hands in glee,
With one continuous sound;—

A slumberous sound,—a sound that brings
The feelings of a dream,—
As of innumerable wings,
As, when a bell no longer swings,
Faint the hollow murmur rings
O'er meadow, lake, and stream.

Dreams that the soul of youth engage
Ere Fancy has been quell'd;
Old legends of the monkish page,
Traditions of the saint and sage,
Tales that have the rime of age,
And chronicles of Eld.

The green trees whispered low and mild;
It was a sound of joy!
They were my playmates when a child,
And rocked me in their arms so wild!
Still they looked at me and smiled,
As if I were a boy;

And ever whispered, mild and low,
"Come, be a child once more!"
And waved their long arms to and fro,
And beckoned solemnly and slow;
Oh, I could not choose but go
Into the woodlands hear;

Into the blithe and breathing air,
Into the solemn wood,
Solemn and silent everywhere!
Nature with folded hands seemed there,
Kneeling at her evening prayer!
Like one in prayer I stood.

And, falling on my weary brain,
Like a fast-falling shower,
The dreams of youth came back again,
Low hispings of the summer rain,
Dropping on the ripened grain,
As once upon the flower.

Visions of childhood! Stay, oh, stay!
Ye were so sweet and wild!
And distant voices seemed to say,
"It cannot be! They pass away!
Other themes demand thy lay;
Thou art no more a child!"

—Longfellow.